



Can Success Like This Be An Accident?

"THE fellows who used to work with me while I was plugging along at \$25 a week are convinced that I either had a 'pull' or just fell into a good thing—that my \$9,000 a year position is a sheer accident.

"When I told them I had found an easy way to earn big money as a salesman, they laughed at me and called it a hare-brained idea. They told me 'salesmen are born, not made.' But I decided to see my hare-brained idea through. I was sick of slaving for a pittance.

"I started studying the secrets of master salesmanship as taught by the National Salesmen's Training Association—and almost before I knew it I had confidence to tackle my first selling position. And why not? I had mastered the very secrets of selling used by the most successful salesmen.

"My earnings during the past month were \$750. I now have better than a \$9,000 a year position—with lots more room to grow. I can state positively that my sudden success was not an accident. It came because I knew how to sell scientifically. And how simple it is to sell when you know how. My regret is that I did not know these secrets ten years ago."—Ellis Sumner Cook, Manufacturers' Agent, 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Why Not Make More Money?

If you want to get out of the wage-earning class, if you want to make good money without loss of time—then do as Mr. Cook and thousands of others have done.

The secrets of salesmanship which Mr. Cook learned are available to you.

There are certain ways to approach prospects, to stimulate interest, to overcome objections, and to close sales. Every move in selling is governed by certain rules. Once you know these success is yours.

Success Like This Yours

Adam Horneber, Bay City, Mich., writes, "I have increased my earning power 500% since I secured your training in the Science of Selling."

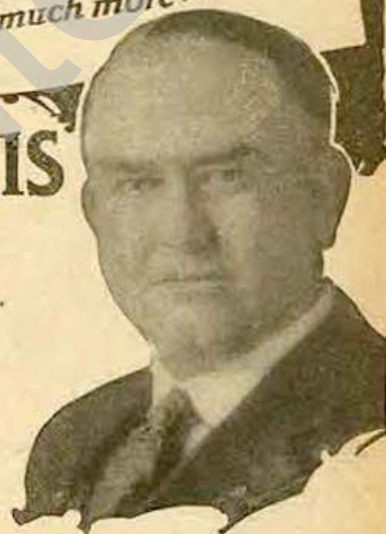
Lewis A. Tinnes, Minneapolis, Minn., writes, "When I finished your training, I left my job at \$160 a month and took a job as salesman. The first month I made over \$600 and I expect to go higher yet."

N. D. Miller, 1705 S. Clark Street, Chicago, says, "I place the credit for my success where it rightfully belongs. I owe my present position wholly to the N. S. T. A. In July, 1919, I studied your selling secrets and in September you secured me the position which I now hold. I am earning in excess of \$100 a week."

Pear in mind that these stories of real success—the kind that is waiting for you in

EMPLOYERS

are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. We can put you in touch with just the men you need. No charge for this service to you or our members. Employers are also cordially invited to request details about the N. S. T. A. Group Plan of instruction for entire sales force. Synopsis and charts sent without obligation.



this field of unlimited money-making opportunities—are but a few of thousands on file. You will find scores of them in our literature.

Valuable Book Free

No matter what you may now think it is only a thought. Get the facts. See for yourself how you can easily duplicate any of these stories of success. NOW and no other time is the minute to mail the coupon below. Our big free book, "Modern Salesmanship," will be mailed promptly. And there's no obligation.

National Salesmen's Training Association

Dept. 21-B, 53W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Dept. 21-B, 53 W., Jackson Blvd.
Chicago, Ill.

Send me FREE your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and proof that I can become a master salesman.

Name.....

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City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....



Strength

Edited by
Carl Easton Williams

Vol. VIII FEBRUARY, 1924 No. 6



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Stop putting "ashes" in your stomach!

The best furnace ever made won't give heat if it is stoked with ashes. Everybody knows that. Yet millions of people expect nourishment from "dead" foods—foods that stifle the fires of human life as surely as dead ashes kill the fire of a furnace.

It is amazing how little the average man or woman knows—or cares to know—about the food he eats. Every year 400,000 infants die because they are not fed properly! Over 75% of all school-children are suffering the evil effects of pernicious anemia and malnutrition! Yet how few mothers and fathers know that they are slowly starving their sons and daughters by giving them the wrong kind of foods. Reputable physicians stand aghast at the rapidly increasing spread of diabetes, constipation, chronic indigestion and the great host of other digestive diseases. They say that nearly every American is suffering from premature senility, and that most of us die years before we should!

What is the reason for this? Surely you realize that without food you cannot live. Surely you know that your health, your strength, your energy and virility are derived from the food you eat. Then learn for yourself what your food is doing to you and to your family. Find out if you are eating food as worthless to your body as dead ashes to a furnace. Learn for yourself if you are eating certain food combinations which react upon each other so they distill a deadly slow poison in your system.

Let Alfred W. McCann, the famous pure-food crusader, tell you the truth about food.

He says that millions of people are being victimized by the greatest food crime of all time. Mr. McCann is not an alarmist. He is not sensationalizing a few random cases. He gives *positive proof* that food frauds are being forced upon us. He gives you the most dramatic, yet convincing proofs that we are being compelled to eat devitalized foods—foods "refined" of all their nourishing, life-giving properties—foods that are robbing us of health, of strength, even of years of life.



Alfred W. McCann

The Madeira-Mamore Poison Squad

Does it seem incredible that conditions like these can be true? Does it seem incredible that, in this land of record-breaking crops and billion-dollar meat industries, a whole nation should be eating worthless foods. Alfred W. McCann shows you the terrible proofs of this alarming condition.

You have heard of experiments which proved that *white mice* have died through eating certain foods which form the greater part of our daily meals. But did you know that *men*—human beings—have gone insane, have suffered disease, have died, simply because their meals were limited to these same foods. It will seem almost unbelievable to you that this is possible. Yet in the pages of Mr. McCann's great book you can read the actual stories of eight of these "poison squads!"

One of the worst of these poison squads was the force of men employed by the Madeira-Mamore Railway Company. Although attempts were made to hide the tragic facts, Alfred W. McCann secured the diaries of two engineers which revealed that 4,000 men, of the 6,000 employed, died in less than fifteen months!

What was the reason for this wholesale death toll? Remember that these 6,000 men were "huskies"—sturdy, strong-bodied

men, specially selected because they were physically able to work in railway construction. From the diaries of the two engineers mentioned, it was proved that these 4,000 men were killed in 15 months by the food they ate!

Is Your Food Poison?

But what makes this fact even more startling—what makes the tragedy of these men even more important to you, is that these men ate food which most people call good and wholesome. They had bread and biscuits baked from patent white flour, coffee sweetened with refined sugar, dried beef, ham, pork and beans; sauerkraut, canned spinach, frankfurters, corn flakes, jam.

It doesn't seem possible that these foods, so nearly like those you eat every day, should cause such ravishing disease, untold misery, death! Yet if you knew the truth about many foods considered pure and wholesome, you would revolt at the thought of putting such deadly substances into your stomach.

Alfred McCann Shows How Right Foods Bring Health, Strength and Vitality

Let Alfred W. McCann show you the way to glorious new health, strength and youthful vitality through his revolutionary book, "The Science of Eating." Mr. McCann's methods are literally making men and women over. People who previously were constantly run down, tired out, listless, are astonished to find themselves bubbling over with new energy, vitality and strength. Those who had been thin, anemic, emaciated, put on new firm, solid flesh while those who suffered from excessive fat quickly reduced themselves to normal weight.

Proper foods eliminate a host of disorders arising from impure blood. Skin eruptions, sallow complexions, pimples vanish like magic. CONSTIPATION—the most common ailment in America—is ended, within twenty-four hours by Mr. McCann's methods. Other troubles of the digestive tract—indigestion, dyspepsia, diabetes, edema, acid stomach—can be eliminated in a brief time when you eat health-giving foods.

5 Days' Free Trial

Prove to yourself without risking a single penny, that Alfred W. McCann's amazing book is the one best investment in health you can possibly make. Send for a copy of this wonderful book and if you are not thoroughly convinced that it will literally make a new person of you, return it at the end of 5 days and your money will be refunded. At the same time we will send you, FREE, Elizabeth A. Monaghan's pure-food cook book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It," which tells you how to put Mr. McCann's startling food revelations into daily use. But order your copy at once as we cannot long continue this unusual offer of two great books for the price of one.

EUGENICS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. S-322
1658 Broadway, New York City

Two Books for the Price of One!



The regular price of Alfred W. McCann's "The Science of Eating" has always been \$3.00. But even that low price becomes insignificant when you realize that through it you can learn the secret of glorious health, vitality and youth. Yet under this amazing, short-time opportunity you not only get this great work, but also, without an extra penny's cost, you get that remarkable new cook-book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It," written by Miss Elizabeth A. Monaghan, so you can apply Mr. McCann's great food discoveries in your own home. Think of it! Two books—that mean health beyond measure—at the cost of one! Take advantage of this offer. Read the coupon for details.

The Science of Eating, by Alfred W. McCann \$3.00
What to Eat and How to Prepare It, by Elizabeth A. Monaghan 1.50
\$4.50

Special Offer to Strength Readers, \$3.00

Eugenics Publishing Co., Inc. Dept. S-322
1658 Broadway, New York

Please send me Alfred W. McCann's wonderful book, "The Science of Eating," also FREE Elizabeth A. Monaghan's pure-food cook-book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It," for which I will pay the postman \$3.00, plus postage. It is understood that if I am not satisfied, I will return both books to you within 5 days, and you will refund my \$3.00.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Orders from outside United States must be accompanied by money order for \$3.75.

Strength Means More Than Just Muscle



Otto Cushing

There is another kind of strength—vital strength—which comes from within, and is the product of perfectly acting organs. The outward signs of vital strength are an erect carriage of the body, a rounded neck, a deep chest, broad shoulders, muscular loins and shapely legs. Vital strength does not come from "exercising" a few minutes a day—but from your muscular habits.

A man like the one shown in the pictures at the top of this page can never become really strong or really well built by practicing exercises for fifteen or thirty minutes a day, unless he changes his habits of posture and breathing, and learns to carry his weight by his muscles instead of letting it sag on his bones.

No amount of "rising on the toes" will make any noticeable difference in the size or shape of the calves of his legs, until he learns how to use his feet properly when walking. No amount of squatting or other special exercises will give him a pair of big, well rounded thighs until he learns to walk from the hips and not (as he and most other people do), from the knees. He can practice bending exercises every day, and yet they will not cure his round shoulders, raise his flat chest, or give him any vitality until he learns to always hold his body in the proper "balanced" position.

Such a man as this one can, by slaving at exercises, add an inch or so to the size of his arms, and possibly two or three inches to the size of his chest, but the extra chest girth will come only from thickening the muscles which lie outside the ribs. He may add a trifle to the size of his thighs. But all these small gains for which he has worked so hard will disappear—fade away—just as soon as he stops his daily grind of exercise.

If your case in any way resembles this one, you had better read *Checkley's Book*, for it will teach you how to grow strong and shapely without the necessity of dieting, or of doing any monotonous and exhausting exercises. If you can learn from this book how to acquire certain muscular habits, you can grow into a superman. If you give your body a chance, it will develop itself, and gain for you health, strength and a wonderful figure—all at the same time—for no one of them is worth much without the other two.

The man shown in the pictures at the bottom of this page does not have to exercise, because the same muscular habits which developed his magnificent body will keep him healthy, shapely and strong, without any special effort on his part. Almost everyone who reads this advertisement has among his friends a man like this one; a chap who never exercises, who laughs at gymnasiums, and yet has a magnificent figure, perfect health, and the strength of two or three ordinary men. Such fortunate individuals are the best proof of the upbuilding value of certain muscular habits. That their physical powers are due to their habits is proven by the fact that they retain their beauty of figure and their muscular and vital power into advanced age.

Do you know (if you happen to be a fat man) that you can never get thin by "exercising" as long as you hold your hips in a way that tilts the weight of all the digestive organs against the front wall of the abdomen? *Do you know* that there is a certain "balanced position"—a certain angle at which to carry the hips—which not only prevents anyone from becoming fat, but which actually abolishes abdominal fat in a stout person? If you can learn this balanced position, you will not only rid yourself of your fat, but you will automatically develop abdominal muscles like Sandow's or Checkley's. This same balanced position will give you a back of splendid outlines and tremendous strength.

If you are a thin man, *do you know* that there is a method of walking that will automatically add inches to the size of your calves and thighs, and which will give you a pair of legs with outlines like the limbs of a fancy dancer or a Swiss mountaineer? You can get this development even if you walk only a mile or two a day.

Do you know that there is a method of breathing—breathing with the upper part of the lungs—which will automatically increase the size of your chest and broaden your shoulders? This method is not the so-called "forced deep breathing." You cannot develop your lungs by taking deep breaths a few times a day. The only way to get great lung power is to breathe correctly *all the time*. Lung power is the keystone of vital and muscular strength.

LEARN HOW TO GROW STRONG

instead of slaving at exercises and getting a few muscles that fade away as soon as you stop exercising.

Read this book

Checkley's Natural Method of Physical Training

Cloth Bound Over 200 pages Fully Illustrated

Price **\$2.00** Postpaid

Send cash, check or money order to

THE CHECKLEY BUREAU 114 North Ninth St.,
Dept. B.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Otto Cushing



Otto Cushing



Otto Cushing

Has the Fountain of Youth Been Discovered — At Last?

Is the Miracle of Rejuvenation an Accomplished Fact? Can we make Old Bodies Young—Weak Bodies Strong—Sick Bodies Well—Almost Overnight? Can We Banish Disease—Cheat the Advancing Years and Regain the Vigor and Vitality of Youth?

IT sounds too amazing for belief. Think of it! A fountain where all may bathe and emerge reborn and vigorous! A fountain where aging, failing, discouraged humanity may regain the health, strength and energy of youth.

Is it true? Can it be true? Christos Parasco, who has suddenly leaped from obscurity into the limelight as a discoverer, says yes. Dr. Benedict Lust, prominent New York physician, and an expert on hydrotherapy, says yes. Bernarr Macfadden, world-famous exponent and teacher of physical culture, says yes, as do many others who can speak with authority.

When this new, wonderful discovery is revealed, it promises to startle the world. Men and women who have made the tests say that "it has made them over." That it has freed them from the shackles of disease; that the years have slipped from their shoulders like a discarded cloak; that they are throbbing once more with energy, vigor and power.

Treatment Amazingly Simple

So amazingly simple are the means employed that it comes as a revelation to all who hear of it.

When Dr. Lust first heard of it, he couldn't believe it. He said: "I know a lot about this kind of treatment. I've been administering it most of my life, but I have never struck anything like this."

Later, after he had personally observed its action on others, and finally tried it himself, he said, "There is nothing in any way comparable to this treatment. I am not exaggerating when I say that it made me, a man of sixty, feel twenty-five years younger.

"Then there is the case of Dr. Warsaw, who weighed 240 pounds and was not well. Also for a year he had had a stubborn bronchial trouble which had prevented him from singing. This was a great trial to him, for he had long been an accomplished singer.

"He took the new treatment for eight hours. At the end of that time he had lost fourteen pounds, and his waist measure had been reduced two inches. He was so light on his feet that he could leap over the table on which he had been lying. And—this is the most wonderful part of it—he had his voice back. With my own ears I heard him render the Prologue from Pagliacci perfectly. He is a man of seventy."

You owe it to yourself to learn all you can about this amazing discovery—which washes away your years, your ills, your aches, your extra pounds; which makes you feel the thrill of renewed desires and impulses, and tunes your body once more to the call of Youth.

Get this Remarkable Book— FREE

Mr. Macfadden arranged with Dr. Lust to write a book covering every detail of the treatment. This book is not for sale. So anxious is Mr. Macfadden to put this priceless knowledge within the reach of everyone, that he has decided to give the book FREE with a four months' subscription to Physical Culture, beginning with the current issue.

The price of the four months' subscription is only \$1.00. Simply fill in the coupon below, attach a dollar bill and send it today. Don't miss the great opportunity to learn the secret of renewed health, vigor and vitality. Remember, the 144-page book is FREE. Attend to this right away.



Macfadden Publications, Dept. S2
1926 Broadway, New York

Here's the dollar. Please enter my name for four months' subscription to Physical Culture, starting with the current issue, and send me the FREE 144-page book by Dr. Lust explaining in detail the marvelous treatment described above. Money back if not satisfied.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Again She Orders — “A Chicken Salad, Please”

FOR him she is wearing her new frock. For him she is trying to look her prettiest. If only she can impress him—make him like her—just a little.

Across the table he smiles at her, proud of her prettiness, glad to notice that others admire. And she smiles back, a bit timidly, a bit self-consciously.

What wonderful poise he has! What complete self-possession! If only she could be so thoroughly at ease.

She pats the folds of her new frock nervously, hoping that he will not notice how embarrassed she is, how uncomfortable. He doesn't—until the waiter comes to their table and stands, with pencil poised, to take the order.

“A chicken salad, please.” She hears herself give the order as in a daze. She hears him repeat the order to the waiter, in a rather surprised tone. Why had she ordered that again! This was the third time she had ordered chicken salad while dining with him.

He would think she didn't know how to order a dinner. Well, did she? No. She didn't know how to pronounce those French words on the menu. And she didn't know how to use the table appointment as gracefully as she would have liked; found that she couldn't create conversation—and was actually tongue-tied; was conscious of little crudities which she just knew he must be noticing. She wasn't sure of herself, she didn't know. And she discovered, as we all do, that there is only one way to have complete poise and ease of manner, and that is to know definitely what to do and say on every occasion.

Are You Conscious of Your Crudities?

It is not, perhaps, so serious a fault to be unable to order a correct dinner. But it is just such little things as these that betray us—that reveal our crudities to others.

Are you sure of yourself? Do you know precisely what to do and say wherever you happen to be? Or are you always hesitant and ill at ease, never quite sure that you haven't blundered?

Every day in our contact with men and

women we meet little unexpected problems of conduct. Unless we are prepared to meet them, it is inevitable that we suffer embarrassment and keen humiliation.

Etiquette is the armor that protects us from these embarrassments. It makes us aware instantly of the little crudities that are robbing us of our poise and ease. It tells us how to smooth away these crudities and achieve a manner of confidence and self-possession. It eliminates doubt and uncertainty, tells us exactly what we want to know.

There is an old proverb which says “Good manners make good mixers.” We all know how true this is. No one likes to associate with a person who is self-conscious and embarrassed; whose crudities are obvious to all.

Do You Make Friends Easily?

By telling you exactly what is expected of you on all occasions, by giving you a wonderful new ease and dignity of manner, the Book of Etiquette will help make you more popular—a “better mixer.” This famous two-volume set of books is the recognized social authority—is a silent social secretary in half a million homes.

Let us pretend that you have received an invitation. Would you know exactly how to acknowledge it? Would you know what sort of gift to send, what to write on the card that accompanies it? Perhaps it is an invitation to a formal wedding. Would you know what to wear? Would you know what to say to the host and hostess upon arrival?

If a Dinner Follows the Wedding—

Would you know exactly how to proceed to the dining room, when to seat yourself, how

to create conversation, how to conduct yourself with ease and dignity?

Would you use a fork for your fruit salad, or a spoon? Would you cut your roll with a knife, or break it with your fingers? Would you take olives with a fork? How would you take celery—asparagus—radishes? Unless you are absolutely sure of yourself, you will be embarrassed. And embarrassment cannot be concealed.

Book of Etiquette Gives Lifelong Advice

Hundreds of thousands of men and women know and use the Book of Etiquette and find it increasingly helpful. Every time an occasion of importance arises—every time expert help, advice and suggestion is required—they find what they seek in the Book of Etiquette. It solves all problems, answers all questions, tells you exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion.

If you want always to be sure of yourself, to have ease and poise, to avoid embarrassment and humiliation, send for the Book of Etiquette at once. Take advantage of the special bargain offer explained in the panel. Let the Book of Etiquette give you complete self-possession; let it banish the crudities that are perhaps making you self-conscious and uncomfortable when you should be thoroughly at ease.

Mail this coupon now while you are thinking of it. The Book of Etiquette will be sent to you in a plain carton with no identifying marks. Be among those who will take advantage of the special offer. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1352, Garden City, New York.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 1352 Garden City, New York.

I accept your special bargain offer. You may send me the famous two-volume Book of Etiquette, in a plain carton, for which I will give the postman only \$1.98 (plus delivery charges) on arrival—instead of the regular price of \$3.50. I am to have the privilege of returning the books within 5 days and having my money refunded if I am not delighted with them.

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Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege.

(Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, outside U. S., \$3.44 cash with order.)



A Social Secretary for Life!

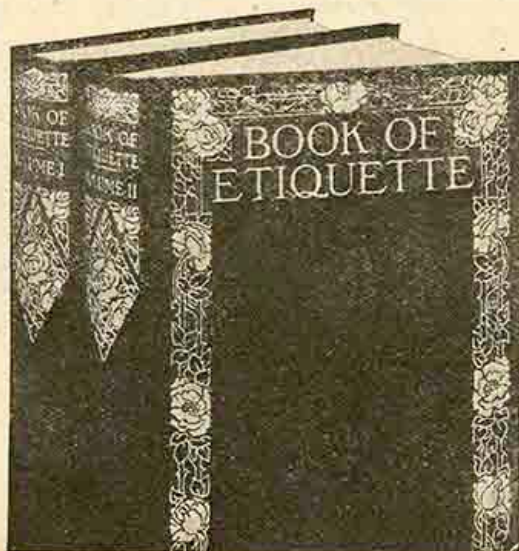
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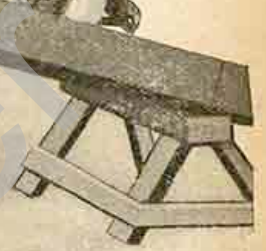
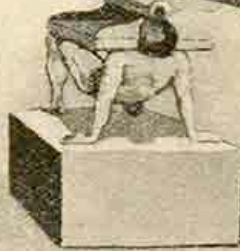
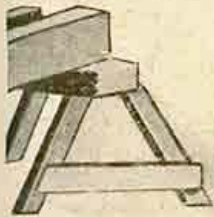
We have on our shelves at the present time several thousand sets of the Book of Etiquette in the regular \$3.50 edition. To clear the shelves quickly and make room for new editions now being printed, Nelson Doubleday, Inc., makes this unusual offer: To the next few thousand people who order the Book of Etiquette, the special bargain price of \$1.98 will be extended. In other words, if you act without delay you can secure the complete, two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette at practically half the usual cost.

Use the special coupon. It will bring the Book of Etiquette to you promptly, at the special bargain price.



THE HUMAN BRIDGE

A Massive Bridge of Steel
A Gigantic Touring Car
Six Heavy Human
Passengers



THE GREATEST FEAT OF STRENGTH IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY! THE HUMAN BRIDGE performed by LIONEL STRONGFORT

IN all the larger cities of Europe and America, LIONEL STRONGFORT has performed his amazing "Human Bridge" feat of supporting a huge bridge of 1,500 pounds over which travels a heavy, steel-bodied automobile, carrying six to seven passengers; total weight sustained—over 3½ tons. There is no record of ancient or modern times of any other athlete ever performing a feat that required such enormous strength.

To support a weight which would unquestionably crush a dozen ordinary men and, at the same time, resist the jarring and swaying of the enormous load makes this feat a terrific test of superhuman strength. It is the contractile power of the muscles that makes performance of the feat possible. Should anyone attempt to depend upon his bones to help him support the weight, he would find they would snap like pipe stems. This is generally known by both professional and amateur strong men, and, for this reason, no one has ever accepted Strongfort's challenge to duplicate his tremendous "Human Bridge" feat. LIONEL STRONGFORT is, therefore, the most remarkable and the foremost athlete the world has ever known.

HOW DID HE GAIN SUCH HERCULEAN STRENGTH?

That is the secret LIONEL STRONGFORT is now able to impart to the world. He has been studying, practicing and teaching Physical Development and Health Culture for more than 25 years. These years have been spent in the painstaking task of developing a perfect and complete Science of Health and Strength Building, one that would produce the best results in the shortest time. The years of effort have been rewarded and LIONEL STRONGFORT is now able to give to the world his famous Science of

STRONGFORTISM—The Miracle Science of Health and Strength Development
STRONGFORTISM has been a God-send to suffering humanity all over the world. It is the acme of perfection—the truly perfect system—and can be, with equally effective results, adjusted to the weak as well as to the strong. It has made physical giants out of puny, despondent, sickly weaklings. It has shown thousands of men, suffering from all manner of physical ailments, the road to perfect Health and Strength.

When LIONEL STRONGFORT tells you he is going to help you, he is speaking with more than twenty-five years of careful study, practice and experience to his credit, backed by the enthusiastic endorsement of thousands of pupils, each one a happy, living testimonial to the wonderful Health-giving, Strength-producing principles of STRONGFORTISM. LIONEL STRONGFORT alone can give you Physical Perfection, Health, and the great enjoyment of life that comes only with a perfect body.

YOU ARE NOT A 100% MAN if your muscles are flabby and weak, if you suffer from Colds, Catarrh, Lung Trouble, Short Wind, Obesity, Thinness, Headaches, Lumbago, Kidney Trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Flat Chest, Round Shoulders, Weak Back, Anemia, Fear, Despondency, Nervousness, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Poor Circulation, Skin Disorders, Lost Vitality, Youthful Errors, General Debility or any other ailment which makes life a nightmare when it can and should be one long dream of joy and happiness. If you want to shake off the shackles of disease of any kind, if you want symmetrical bodily development, or big, powerful muscles, or great strength, or increased height—WRITE LIONEL STRONGFORT TODAY.

YOU CAN possess a splendid, virile body with the physical beauty of Apollo and the strength of a Hercules. You can have muscles of steel, vibrant vitality and robust Health. LIONEL STRONGFORT can and will show you HOW. Write him personally in confidence. Explain your troubles fully. He will write you a frank, full, friendly letter telling you just what to do to gain your heart's desires. He is devoting his life now to helping others. He will help YOU.

If You Want REAL Muscular Development COME TO HEADQUARTERS

Let LIONEL STRONGFORT tell you the secrets by which he developed his own body so marvelously. Let him tell you how he developed a PERFECT physique, the marvel of the world. Let him show YOU how to gain Health, Strength and Physical Perfection easily and quickly—no matter how you may have abused your body previously.

LIONEL STRONGFORT'S scientific secrets are PRICELESS—not to be confused with cheap, amateur physical culture instructions now flooding the market. STRONGFORT'S methods are complete, expert, personal—you can DEPEND upon them, and you can DEPEND upon LIONEL STRONGFORT to keep his promises; he is responsible and established.

DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME experimenting. There is only one LIONEL STRONGFORT, with years of the most remarkable professional and teaching success. Send TODAY for his ambition-stirring book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY." It has a glorious message for YOU—the most marvelous ever put on paper for sincere men and women who can tell the true from the false and who prefer PLAIN FACTS to empty boasting. Send only ten cents (one dime) to cover mailing expense for this masterly volume. It may be the turning point in your life.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 1376

Newark, New Jersey

NOTE—PAUL KRONOS, champion Strong Man of Europe, now appearing on the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit in extraordinary feats of strength, is a graduate of STRONGFORTISM, the world-wide standard of Physical education. Watch for his appearance in your city. LIONEL STRONGFORT will consider a limited number of applicants who wish special training for the stage—boxing, wrestling, tumbling, acrobatic, gymnastic or feats of strength.



LIONEL STRONGFORT
Dr. Sargent of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

CONFIDENTIAL CONSULTATION COUPON

LIONEL STRONGFORT, Dept. 1376, Newark, N. J.—Without obligation to me in any way, please send me your 54-page book. I enclose a 10-cent piece (one dime) for mailing expense. Also send me FREE information on subjects marked (X) below.

Colds	Neuritis	Poor Memory	Gastritis
Catarrh	Flat Chest	Debility	Heart Weakness
Asthma	Short Wind	Round Shoulders	Increased Height
Too Fat	Insomnia	Weak Back	Skin Disorders
Too Thin	Bad Breath	Flat Chest	Stomach Disorders
Headache	Anemia	Constipation	Weakness (specify)
Rupture	Poor Circulation	Biliousness	Vitality Restored
Lumbago	Nervousness	Torpid Liver	Muscular Develop-
Kidney Trouble	Fear	Indigestion	ment
Neuralgia	Despondency	Rheumatism	Great Strength

Mention other ailments here.

Name _____
Age _____ Occupation _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

This Terrible Truth

Vitally Concerns Your Future Health

The dreadful facts presented on this page are known to every doctor. You should know them also, so that you may protect yourself against the most treacherous enemy of the human race.

WHEN sickness or disease assails your home and the doctor comes, what is the first question that he asks? "How are your bowels?" He asks it so regularly that you have come to look upon it almost as a formality to be expected. However, it is not a formality but a tremendously serious question which harsh experience has taught him to always ask because in nine cases out of ten where sickness is present it is due to constipation, that state of bowel inactivity which is sooner or later directly responsible for nearly all the diseases that afflict the human flesh.

One Famous Doctor's Experience

Less than 10% of the cases examined by Dr. H. T. Turner, eminent specialist, were found to be free from the insidious ravages of constipation. Like a thief in the dark it attacks its victims, robbing them of brain energy, physical strength, and the vitality of life itself.

If you could only recognize this menace in time; if you could only see the terrible results of its neglect—but read this experience of Doctor Turner's. It is not at all an exceptional case, but, as he himself says, "Out of two hundred and eighty-four cases (representing nearly all the diseases known to our climate) two hundred and fifty-six were more or less as this one described."

"I opened the colon (in post-mortem examination) throughout the entire length of five feet and found it filled with faecal matter, encrusted on its walls and into the folds of the colon, in many places as dry and hard as slate, and so completely obstructing the passage of the bowels as to throw the patient into violent colic (as his friends stated) sometimes as often as twice a month for years, and that powerful doses of physic were his only relief."

This condition, Doctor Turner further states, was the cause of hemorrhoids or piles of years' standing.

and still this man had no trouble in getting his life insured by one of the best companies in America, and was considered a strong and healthy man by his family and neighbors."

This man and many others, says Doctor Turner, had regular evacuations of the bowels each day. How could they know the deplorable condition of the intestines—the condition that caused the doctor to say:

"As I stood there looking at the Colon, that reservoir of death, I expressed myself, as my patients do daily, in wonder that anyone can live a week, much less for years—with this cesspool

of death and contagion always within him. The absorption of this deadly poison back into the circulation can but cause all the contagious diseases."

Laxatives Aggravate and Irritate but do not cure

It is useless to attempt to remove this encrusted matter with physics, says the doctor. Laxatives only empty the small

Is It Any Wonder?

that men and women die of premature old age, apoplexy, paralysis, dropsy, consumption, dyspepsia, so-called liver complaint, biliary derangement, Bright's disease, or any other kidney trouble? Catarrh, epilepsy, rectal disease, syphilis, rheumatism, female diseases of all kinds and names, spinal irritation, peritonitis, all kinds of skin diseases and impurity of the blood, cancers, and lastly, all kinds of fevers of a malarial or contagious nature, nearly all of which have their origin in the colon.

intestines, giving temporary room to the overloaded stomach. *The colon is left with its deadly accumulation.*

There is no man or woman who can read these terrible facts without asking himself or herself, "What am I doing to protect myself?"

What answer can you give to the question? You have seen that physics only aggravate the trouble. What then? Can you afford to let yourself slip knowingly into the conditions so graphically described by Doctor Turner?

How you can protect yourself

In speaking of the intestines, Bernarr Macfadden, the great Physical Culturist

and health expert, said, "The bowels are sewage pipes of the human body." No better definition of their function could be made. Your bowels are as truly the sewage system of your body as the maze of pipes and masonry beneath the streets are the sewage system of a city. When the sewage system of a city clogs no substitute has been or ever will be found for a copious flushing out with nature's cleanser but water. And for the human sewage system the same holds true—water and only water, properly applied will cleanse your colon and remove the prospect of an otherwise cureless disease.

It is the internal Bath, properly administered, that removes easily and painlessly the impurities in the Colon. And it is the Internal Bath, properly administered, that will KEEP the Colon sweet and clean through the length of your life.

Properly administered, we have said. Unless properly administered the Internal Bath may do more harm than good. There is ONE way of applying the treatment with absolute safety. That ONE way makes use of Nature aided to her greatest efficiency by the latest scientific methods.

The complete story of the Internal Bath, together with a detailed description of its CORRECT application, is available in the form of an interesting booklet, "Internal Bathing."

You will be amazed at the revelations it makes, at the facts it discloses, at the secrets it bares. But what is more important, you will be thankful that you learned in time the information to save you ill-health and sorrow and gain you good health and happiness.

This vital booklet will cost you nothing. There is no obligation of any kind entailed. We are glad to furnish it absolutely free. Send in the coupon today.

USE THIS COUPON TODAY

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,
152 West 65th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dept. 45

I will appreciate your sending me immediately your interesting free book, "Internal Bathing." This is to obligate me in no way.

Name

Address

City State



Tobacco Is Hurting You

Look at the facts square in the face, Mr. Tobacco User. You may think tobacco is not hurting you.

That is because you haven't as yet, perhaps, felt the effects of the nicotine poison in YOUR system. For you know that nicotine, as absorbed into the system through smoking and chewing tobacco, is a slow working poison. Slow, yes—but sure.

Tobacco is lowering your efficiency. It slows a man down. Makes it harder for you to concentrate your mind on your work. You haven't near the amount of "pep" and energy you would have if you stopped using it. There's many a man twice as old as you in years who's twice as young in energy, simply because he lets tobacco alone.

Some day you will realize to what an alarming extent tobacco has undermined your system.

When your hands begin to tremble—
and your appetite begins to fail—
and your heart seems to "skip a beat" now and then—
and slight exertion makes you short of breath—
then you have a right to suspect that
TOBACCO is getting the upper hand.

Any well-informed doctor will tell you that these are only a few of many symptoms of tobacco poisoning.

And YOU know that the use of tobacco in any form is an expensive, utterly useless habit. You know you ought to quit.

Tobacco Habit Banished

Let Us Help You

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in a very few days. Not the slightest shock to the nervous system. Your tobacco craving will usually begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is marvelously quick, scientific and thoroughly reliable.

It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It helps to quiet the nerves and make you feel better in every way.

Results Guaranteed

A single trial will convince you. Our legal-binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. We will refund every cent you pay for the treatment if, after taking it according to the easy-to-follow directions, it should fail to banish the tobacco habit completely.

SEND Coupon for Free Proof

Let us send you our free booklet on the deadly effects of tobacco, together with testimonial letters from men all over the country telling how they have been absolutely freed from the tobacco habit by this simple home treatment. You could not ask for stronger proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will free you from the habit than the evidence we will gladly send on request. Just mail the coupon—or a postal will do.

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 974

St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 974

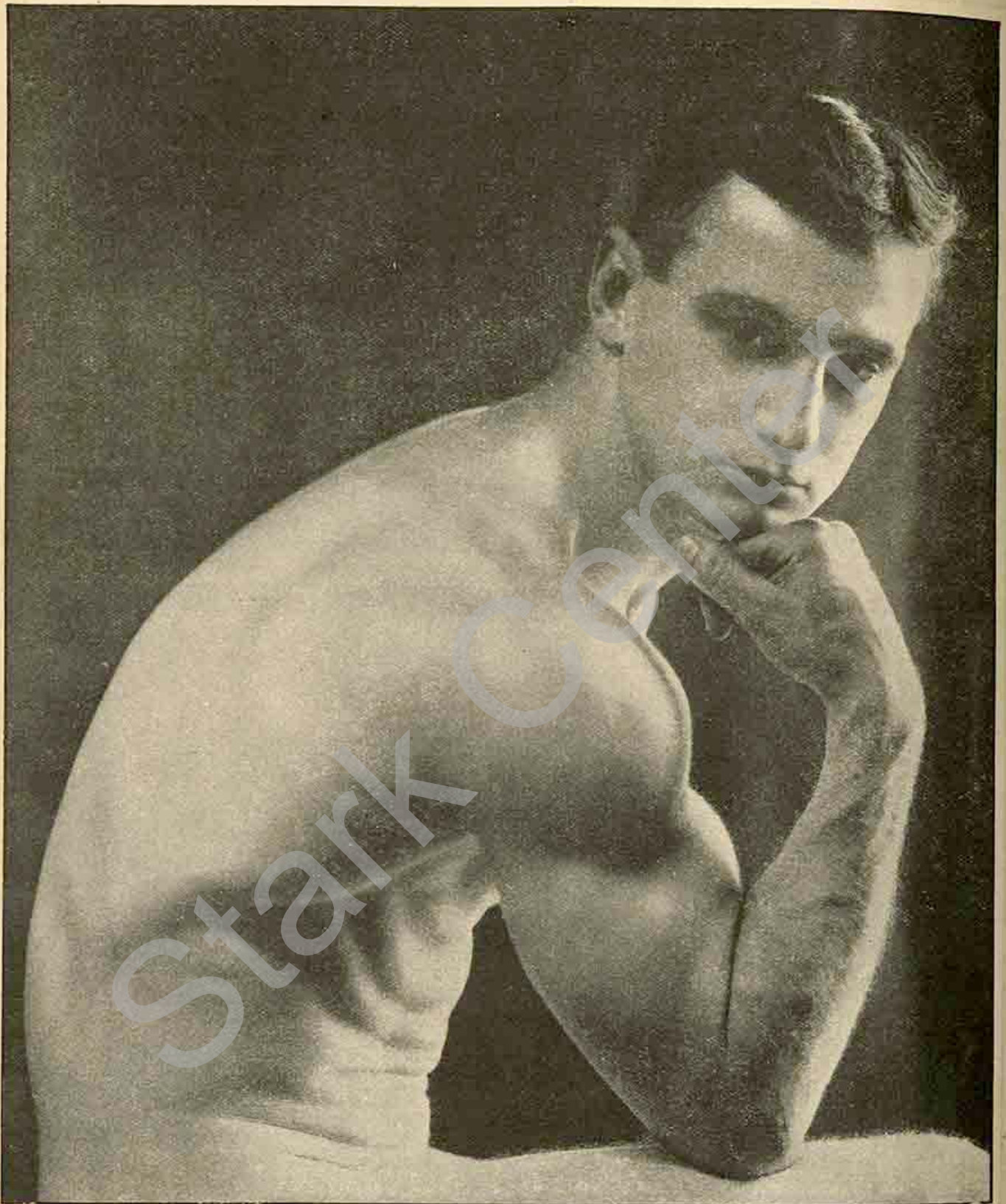
St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit or my money will be refunded.

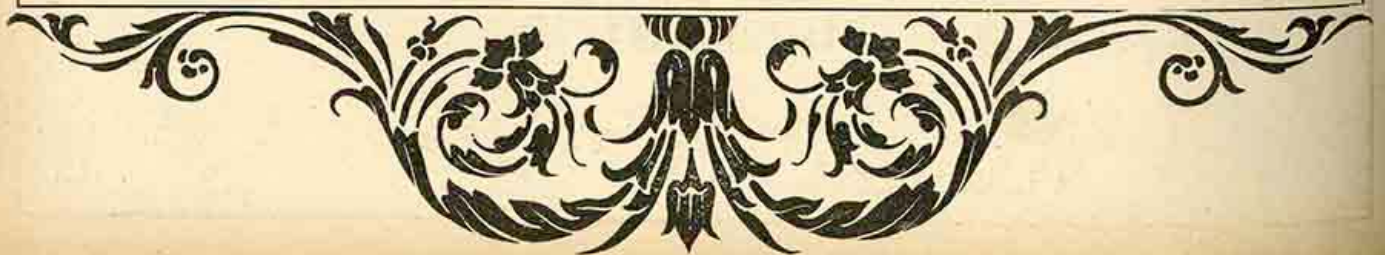
Name

Street and No.

Town State



CHARLES MACMAHON—THE FOREMOST "BODY-BUILDER"



THE WAY YOU FEEL IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD

Health means more than having just enough energy to get through your daily work. Real health means the possession of considerable muscular strength combined with great powers of endurance. It means that your internal organs are in first-class working order. It means that immunity from temporary sickness and chronic disease which shortens life.

THE WAY YOU LOOK IS THE NEXT MOST IMPORTANT THING

Your personal appearance counts for a lot in these times. It is nice to look well in a bathing suit, but it is far more important to be able to create an impression when in your street clothes; to have people exclaim, "My, what a *finely built* chap!" after one glance at the broad shoulders, deep chest, trim waist, and beautiful proportions which are noticeable even when you are fully dressed.

Your aim in training should be, not *health alone, not appearance alone, not strength alone*, but that combination of all three which is the surest sign of real vigor.

I am looking for the man who wants to save time; the man who knows that he needs to improve his physical make-up, who has very little time to exercise and who *must have results*.

I HAVE AN ENTIRELY NEW TRAINING METHOD

which contains a time-saving element found in no other course of training. The principal muscles are exercised in groups. There are but few exercises in each lesson, and after you have mastered these exercises you drop them and substitute the more advanced exercises in the next lesson. Under my tuition you never have to practice more than a few minutes a day. The effect is so sure and rapid that:

1st. Weak beginners, who can't even chin themselves with both arms, soon find that they can easily chin the bar with one arm.

2d. The stout beginners who cannot even reach their ankles can soon learn to bend over and put the palms of their hands on the ground, without bending their knees (and, incidentally, reducing their waist girth by eight to ten inches).

3d. That scrawny beginners soon find themselves gaining weight and shapeliness as a result of their increased digestive powers.

4th. That undeveloped beginners soon find themselves taking pride in their unusually large and clean-cut muscles.

5th. That non-athletic beginners soon find that they are in possession of the speed and strength that makes them winners in sports and games.

ABSOLUTELY FREE

You will positively get more valuable information on physical culture FREE from my *sixty-four-page ART BOOK* than you would get from many of the incomplete and so-called physical culture courses.

Besides many beautiful half-tone pictures of myself and a great number of my numerous and progressing pupils, there is included in its pages a thorough description of my methods; several pages on actually how to learn muscle control, with illustrations; action pictures on tumbling and hand balancing (not only the common kind, but also many stunts performed with *weights*); and also pages on what my pupils have to say about my course, reproduced exactly as sent to me and signed in their own handwriting.

YOU NEED THIS BOOK

which I will gladly mail to you absolutely without charge, although its value to your mind and its beauty to your eyes can well be measured in dollars.

IMPORTANT

My New Leaflet, "Your Muscles, Where They Are and What They Do," will be sent with my Book and it is also FREE. Every person contemplating physical culture should get this Leaflet first. Then you will really know what you are doing. GET BOTH OF THEM BY RETURN MAIL.

CHARLES
MacMAHON
Studio A-13,
2109 N. Orianna St.,
Philadelph'a, Pa.

CHARLES MacMAHON

Studio A-13

2109 N. Orianna St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Please mail me a copy of your valuable book, "THE ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH," which you are to send me without charge in accordance with your special offer.

Name

Address

City and State

A Beautiful Art Album of PERFECT MEN AND WOMEN

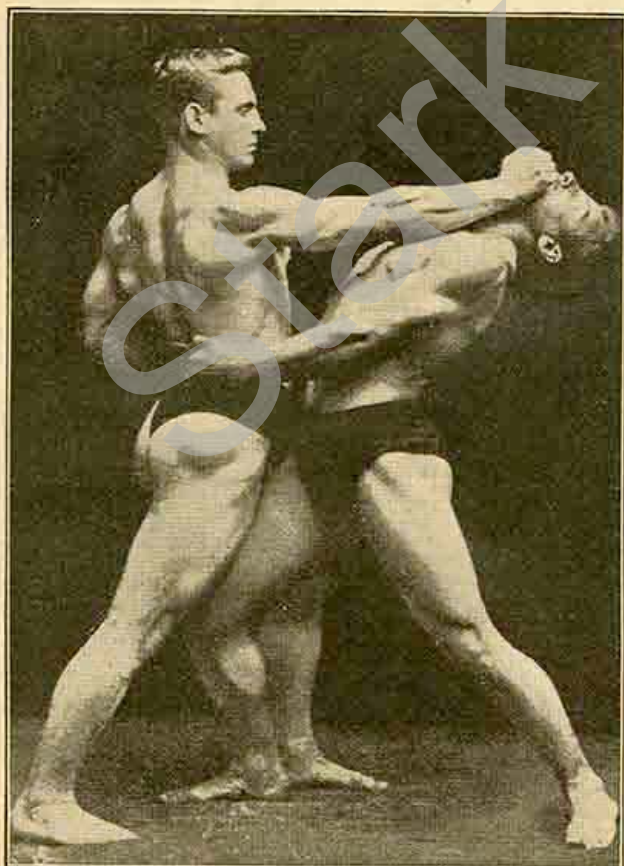
for Lovers of the Body Beautiful

All lovers of the body beautiful will be delighted with this beautiful ART ALBUM, containing 120 glorious pictures of perfect men and women physical culturists. All the beauties of muscular development in men and all the glory and grace of the perfect contours of the best known women physical culturists are illustrated in this Album. It is indeed an art masterpiece, and no lover of the glories of the human body will want to be without it.

The greatest men and women athletes and physical culturists have been chosen as subjects for this Album, so not only does it constitute a beautiful work of art, but also a **gallery of athletic physical culture heroes and heroines.**

This beautiful ART ALBUM is one you will never tire of looking through again and again. Each picture is an inspiration and a joy to behold.

* If you have been making a collection of athletes and physical culturists, you will have all the favored ones here, all ready for you. You will be able to show it to your friends, and they will envy you the possession of it. **Only 500 copies are in existence**, and they will only last a short time, so if you wish to have a copy of this wonderful and beautiful Album for yourself, send your request at once.



The following is a list of the athletes, physical culturists and artists' models who posed for the pictures:

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

Ethelda Bleibtrey (several poses).
Charlotte Boyle.
Ida Schnall (several poses).
George F. Jowett.
Bernard Bernard (several poses).
Charlie Postl.
Ray Johnson.
Marie Curtis.
Edward Aston.
George Dimbinski.
Laura Bennett.
Mary Jane Lowe.
Carrie Keeley.
Marion Fletcher.
Nursie King.
John G. Paine.
Charles Shaffer.
Al. Treloar.
Maurice Deriaz.
Hilda Curtis.
Strangler Lewis.
David Willoughby.
Al. Bevan.
Sam Clapham.
Maxick.
Walter Klee.
Stanislaus Zbyszko.
Captain Johns (several poses).
Ottley R. Coulter.
Antone Matysek.
Sybil Bauer.

Jair Ray.
George Calza (several poses).
Arthur Saxon.
S. V. Bacon.
E. H. Bacon.
Sergeant Swimmer.
Joe Stecher.
Jack Dempsey.
Mark Jones.
Arthur F. Gay.
Marin Plestina.

John M. Hennie.
A. P. Hedlund.
Mrs. Hedlund (several poses).
Rose Kinder.
Polly Walker.
Doris Wilson.
The Vanities.
Ann Hyatt.

ARTISTIC

Strength and Beauty.
Les Syrenes.
Salambo and Mattho.
A Study of the Nude.
The Slaves.
The Vine.
The Sundial.
Ecstasy.
Consolation.
Le Baiser.
The Tempest.
Rising Woman.
Braccio Nuovo.
L'Aurore et Cephalie.
Apollo.
Energy in Repose.
Psyche Receives the First Kiss of Love.
The March of Love.
Beauty and Development.
Climbing Up the Cliff.
Hail to Life.
Bacchante.
Pygmalion and Galanthee.
Devant La Mer.

PHYSICAL CULTURISTS

Mrs. Earle Liederman — (Miss Alaska (several poses).
J. Richmond (several poses).
Earle Liederman.
Charles Atlas (several poses).
Dorothy Knapp (several poses).
Kathleen O'Connor.
Olive Ann Alcorn.
Lionel Strongfort.
Jovita Dardon.
Helen Chadwick.
Joe Bonomo.
Madge Merritt.
Marjorie Barker.
Rev. B. E. Brown.
Gladys Walton.
Priscilla Dean.
Dr. C. B. Severn.

Send now for this Art Masterpiece. It will be your most treasured possession.

Send No Money

Make sure of getting one of the only 500 copies in existence by sending now—no money. Pay only on arrival the special price of \$2.75—no more. You will be pleased beyond expression, we are sure.

Health & Life Publications

Room 419, 333 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

(As a special offer, a copy of the great "Health & Life" Magazine will be included.)

Men ^a _n d Women

ANSWER THESE VITAL QUESTIONS!

Are you dying by degrees?

Is your health and vitality gone?

Has life become unbearable?

Are you sick—tired—worn out—fatigued—from the daily struggle to keep up with the fast pace of modern life?



THE important question is: What are you doing to improve your condition and restore yourself to robust health? Dieting, exercising and adhering to Nature's laws of clean, natural living will tend to aid in fortifying your system against a physical breakdown.

BUT—exercising and physical training alone won't put you in the "pink of condition." Rather that is an after effect or result. First, a human being in order to attain perfection in health must be absolutely normal and healthy internally. The vital organs must function properly.

Ofttimes, people go thru life trying all sorts of new-fangled methods to develop their muscles and improve their chest expansion. These people foolishly are putting the "cart before the horse."

Dr. Benedict Lust, pioneer and founder of the Science of Naturopathy or drugless healing, has discovered a remarkable treatment (medical and scientifically sound) whereby people suffering from various internal troubles can be restored to normal after several of these treatments.

STRENGTH Magazine in commenting on this New Blood Washing Method said that Dr. Lust had discovered "THE MODERN FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH."

THE NEW BLOOD WASHING TREATMENTS

Will wash away all impurities in the blood in a similar manner that you wash foreign substances off the surface of your skin.

DR. LUST SAYS: "After testing and experimenting on hundreds of my patients in my three sanitariums, I am absolutely and firmly convinced that the Miracle of Rejuvenation has been found. To the readers of Strength Magazine, I want to make known the fact that the results I have obtained through this amazing discovery has far exceeded my wildest expectations and dreams."

"Through a series of remarkable BLOOD WASHING TREATMENTS, I have seen before my very eyes weak, frail bodies become revitalized, charged with energy and the vigor and desires of Youth. These Blood Washing Treatments will wash away your years and with it your ills, aches and pains. After several treatments you will be astounded at the change that takes place. You will begin to feel like your old self. It will put a spring in your step and a flash in your eye."

And Only Then Will your body begin to fill out.

Healthy muscular activity will give you firm muscles, broad shoulders, and deep chest.

Learn all about this truly miraculous Blood

Washing Treatment and how you can live longer and happier, free from drugs medicines and operations. Learn why the leading medical authorities have unconditionally endorsed this method of treating people who are tired, worn out and diseased.

Fill out the convenient coupon and mail it today. Attach \$1.00 and I will send you full information and complete instructions how you can take these Blood Washing Treatments in the privacy of your own home.

NOTE.—The new Blood Washing Treatments are given at Dr. Benedict Lust's 3 Sanitariums—Tangerine, Florida, "Young Born," Butler, New Jersey, and B-10 Institute, 7 W. 76th Street, New York City.

DR. BENEDICT LUST
110 EAST 41st ST., Dept. SM, NEW YORK CITY



Excerpts from an advertisement now appearing in a number of publications, part of a national campaign by a well-known publisher to familiarize the general public with the Blood Washing Treatments.

"Has the Fountain of Youth Been Discovered—At Last?"

"Is the Miracle of Rejuvenation an Accomplished Fact? Can we make Old Bodies Young—Weak bodies strong—Sick bodies well—almost overnight? Can we banish disease—Cheat the advancing years and regain the Vigor and Vitality of Youth?"

It sounds too amazing for belief. Think of it! A fountain where all may bathe and emerge reborn and vigorous! A fountain where aging, failing, discouraged humanity may regain the health, strength and energy of youth.

Is it true? Can it be true? Dr. Benedict Lust, prominent New York Physician, and an expert on hydrotherapy, says yes. A world famous exponent and teacher of physical culture, says yes, as do many others who can speak with authority.

Treatment Amazingly Simple

So amazingly simple are the means employed that it comes as a revelation to all who hear of it.

When Dr. Lust first heard of it, he couldn't believe it. He said: "I know a lot about this kind of treatment. I've been administering it most of my life, but I have never struck anything like this."

DR. BENEDICT LUST
Dept. SM, 110 East 41st Street
New York City

I am attaching herewith \$1.00 bill for which you will kindly mail me, postpaid, Dr. B. Lust's Book, also full information and complete instructions of how I can take these Blood Washing Treatments in the privacy of my own home.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....

800,000 People Will Die This Year of Preventable Disease

BARRING accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these 800,000 people should die. Every year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "off" right now will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

That occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, the casual cold—all these are danger signals you should heed. Nature is warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious troubles taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

World famous Physical Culturist—guiding health seekers successfully for more than 30 years has qualified him for preparing the wonderful Encyclopedia of Physical Culture—the most comprehensive, valuable general treatise on health ever given to the world.

The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctor's Bills

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuses—she accepts no apologies. Animals instinctively know what to eat and how to exercise to avoid sickness. And even if through close confinement or when wrongly fed they become ill, they quickly recover their health when allowed to eat and exercise as their intuition guides them.

How To—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
 know your own body
 eat for health
 diet for the cure of disease
 know the art of food preparation
 build a powerful physique
 correct physical imperfections
 become a physical director
 avoid unhappy marriages
 avoid disease
 last as a curative measure
 cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)
 apply all methods of drugless healing
 give first aid in emergencies
 apply home treatment for disease
 recognize diseases by manifestations
 build nervous energy
 treat the common forms of disease
 understand the process of reproduction
 benefit by the laws of sex and marriage
 treat diseases of women
 diagnose diseases
 have healthy and vigorous children
 treat female disorders
 treat male disorders
 obtain virility and manhood
 care for the complexion
 manicure; care for the hair and feet
 cultivate the mind
 These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

You can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. The person who does not understand Nature's method of preventing and curing sickness is ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends \$4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

Nature's Methods and Secrets of Perfect Health Revealed

Berrarr Macfadden is the world's outstanding exponent of physical culture. He has had more than thirty years' experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

This marvelous work tells you how to build rugged health, vitality and strength. It is for every member of the family. No matter how young the person may be or how old, the great "natural methods" which this Encyclopedia teaches will be of inestimable benefit. It gives invaluable information on fasting, diet, exercise and hydropathy for health and beauty building. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for the diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

At 70 He Brought Himself Back to 50

Sanford Bennett was seventy years old before he learned Nature's secrets, yet in spite of his advanced age, he was able by applying the principles laid down in Mr. Macfadden's great work to restore the energy, vitality and vigor of fifty. Recently he wrote, "For the first time in the history of the world, what I regard as a complete presentation of the true curative measures in relation to all kinds of disease is to be found in this set of five most remarkable books."

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness that might overtake you or any member of your family? What would it mean to you to have glorious health, almost complete freedom from sickness or disease, no doctor bills to meet, no hospital bills to pay, no days of suffering and worry no lost salary? What would it mean to you to be able to give proper treatment while any illness is in its earliest and most easily controllable stage and so effect a prompt cure?

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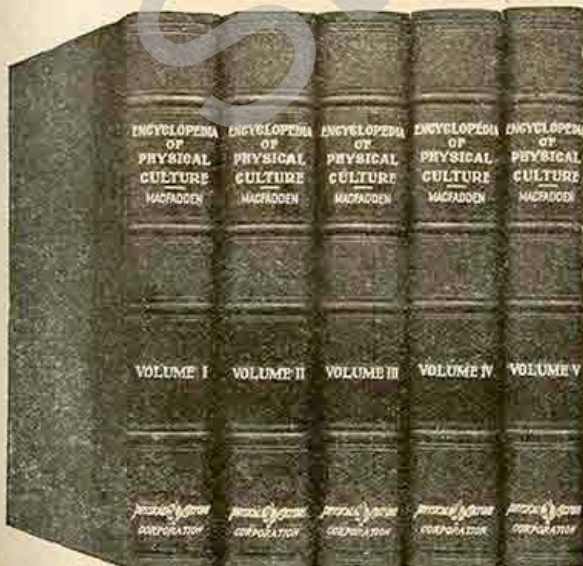
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Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

Editorial

Making Americans—Out of What?

Of course we all want a stronger nation. But one cannot build a good house out of worm-eaten, crumbling wood. When you stop to consider the material out of which we will build the future of our nation, the quality of our immigration at once becomes an extremely vital matter. And unless we take definite steps in the right direction, and at once, the outlook is not encouraging.

Here is the story of a significant happening. After you have read Mr. McConnell's story in this magazine, "Heroism—the Highest Form of Strength," setting forth the courageous spirit of true American manhood, then come back to this following incident, just by way of contrast.

The other day a young woman, carrying the payroll of a manufacturing company from the bank through a crowded New York street in broad daylight, was attacked and robbed by a thug in sight of hundreds of people. He used and needed no weapon. Although the girl struggled with her assailant for fully a minute, screaming and begging for help, not one of the by-standers made the slightest move to go to her assistance. Eventually the thief succeeded in wrenching from her the envelope containing the money, some eighteen hundred dollars, and ran through the streets with the girl in pursuit. Again, not a soul in the crowd of on-lookers raised a hand or took a step to help her.

There you have a picture of a brand of manhood that should make every American hang his head with shame. The only consoling thought is that it was not an "American" crowd. But is there any consolation in that, since these people represent the Americans of the future? This incident happened on Christie Street, New York City. We do not know just what sort of people live or do business or make up the throngs on Christie Street, but it is known that only 1,500,000 of the people of New York are Americans of native born parents. Two million people in New York City are foreign born, 2,300,000 are native born of foreign born parents.

We might add that on the same page of the newspaper reporting this incident, the *New York Evening World*, of Saturday, December 8th, appeared the picture of an alleged gun-man accused of a double murder, and the picture of a feeble-minded character of thirty years of age, held in conjunction with the fiendish murder of a child—both obviously of imported lineage.

All of which has a concrete bearing upon the facts and suggestions presented by Secretary of Labor James J. Davis in his recent report and in his two illuminating articles published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of December first and eighth, which we had been reading just before noting these three items in the newspapers mentioned. Of special significance is the report cited by Mr. Davis on the mental level of foreigners, as shown in a survey recently completed for the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, and expressed in the following figures, representing 13,920,692 foreign-born persons in this country:

		Per Cent
Very superior.....	153,128	1.1
Superior.....	403,700	2.9
High average.....	1,016,211	7.3
Average.....	3,702,904	26.6
Low average.....	2,296,914	16.5
Inferior.....	4,287,573	30.8
Very inferior.....	2,060,262	14.8

Even if you consider the so-called "low average" as desirable in America for purposes of labor, the astonishing fact remains that about 45 per cent of all these people are of "inferior" or "very inferior" classification.

The operation of the present immigration law, limiting immigration to a certain quota, will expire July 1st. Secretary Davis pleads for action in the matter of permanent limitation of immigration by way of the selection of those whom we are willing to admit. Mr. Davis, himself an immigrant from Wales, represents the kind of desirable material out of which to make the American of the future. The Secretary of Labor outlines a plan for the selection of immigrants abroad, before they pay for passage to America. He should have support. Legislators act only under pressure. Readers of *STRENGTH* should write to their Congressmen and Senators demanding support of the program outlined by the Secretary of Labor. We want good immigrants, but we want to pick them out.

The "melting-pot" theory is a fallacy, as everybody now knows. The prevalence of small families and no families at all among our better native American stocks is sufficiently threatening so far as the future of America is concerned, without damning our race hopelessly and everlastingly by the unlimited importation of the poorest human material in all the rest of the world.

"Europe Will Adopt Prohibition"

Says G. Bernard Shaw

"The Existing National Ideal Is That of a Sober Nation, Not a Drunken One," Says Brilliant Dramatist in a Written Interview

By Carl Easton Williams

SOME day the world will look back on its alcoholic past much as the United States now looks back on the slave-owning period.

But just as the old-time slave-owners of the South could not then conceive of the abolition of slavery, so in the midst of the present stormy controversy on the subject of the permanence of Prohibition in the United States it is impossible for many of those whose personal habits have been disturbed to conceive of a future of universal sobriety. But while certain difficulties of Prohibition enforcement were to be anticipated, and it is to be taken for granted that in spite of the law some of our alcoholic anarchists will contrive to "get it" and continue to drink it, the virtues of Prohibition can be judged only by the conditions which will prevail after the present generation of inebriates will have expired, through either alcoholic or natural causes.

To read the future through the eyes of a prophet, therefore, should be illuminating. We know of no better prophet than George Bernard Shaw, British dramatist, critic and satirist, regarded by many as the most brilliant writer of the present time. So far we have personally met nothing else in all modern literature as big and dramatic as "Back to Methuselah," embracing a scope of human life from the time of Adam and Eve to a future period "as far as thought can reach," offering glimpses of a super-race to be developed in the future in conjunction with the lengthening of human life, including the hint of a non-alcoholic world, and giving the clear-visioned author an outstanding place as a prophet in matters affecting human progress.

And so we wrote to Mr. Shaw and asked for some expression of opinion on the subject of Prohibition, "particularly with reference to the matter of *personal liberty*, which constitutes the chief argument of the anti-Prohibitionists, and which is based on the theory that when a man drinks it is the business of no one but himself."

"This is a complete mistake," says Mr. Shaw. "When a man abstains it is nobody's business but his own, because nobody is a penny the worse; but when he drinks he becomes a dangerous nuisance, which at once makes his drinking everybody's business."

"Is Prohibition unwise because impossible, or difficult, to enforce?"

"It is not unwise at all," replies Mr. Shaw. "Quite the contrary. It is the toleration of drink that is unwise."

Frequently one meets people who declare that while they are opposed to drink they personally think Prohibition is a mistaken means to achieve the desired end,

saying that the situation is now worse than ever, including a spirit of lawlessness. So we asked Mr. Shaw:

"Does Prohibition so conflict with human nature as to lead to other evils, worse than those which it aims to remedy?"

"No; it leads directly and obviously to dozens of public benefits, including the self-destruction of the fools who redouble their drinks to show that they will not be coerced by any Government; in short, intemperate Anarchists."

"Can we achieve or approach the ideal of a temperate nation through education—if such a thing is possible—or changing public sentiment, or the fostering—by whatsoever means—of the ideal of a clear head and self-control?"

"The existing national ideal is that of a sober nation, not a drunken one," replies Mr. Shaw. "It is not the conscience that opposes Prohibition, but the habit of drinking, which nobody is stupid enough to idealize."

"Henry Ford says that 'booze' is the most important problem in the United States just now."

"He is right," returns Mr. Shaw. "But booze will presently be seen to include tea, the swilling of which at all times is probably doing more widespread harm than whiskey drinking."

"Will England ultimately adopt Prohibition?"

"Yes."

"Europe?"

"Yes."

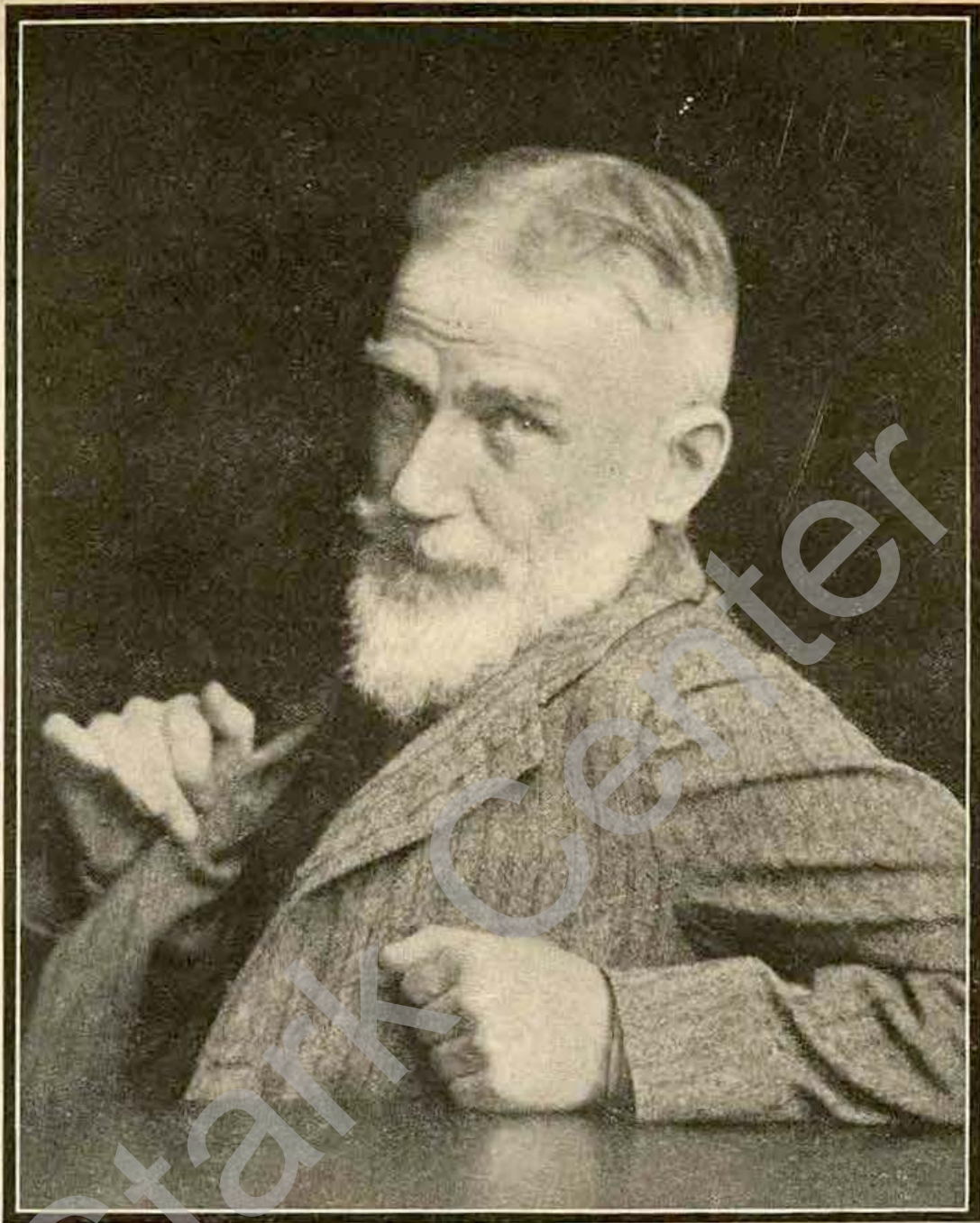
"Will industrial or economic considerations serve to accomplish what moral considerations fail to bring about?"

The reply to this is characteristically Shavian:

"Industrial and economic considerations ARE moral considerations."

And now, a few words as to some of the considerations which prompted our questions, our interview with Mr. Shaw being as brief as it is vigorous.

The question of drink has to do primarily with our ideals of life. Conspicuous lawlessness may prompt one to infer that after all Prohibition is useless, inasmuch as people who want to drink will drink in spite of everything, just as they will steal and kill in spite of the law, and that the only solution lies in the development of a universal ideal of sobriety. All of which is largely true, except for the supposed uselessness of Prohibition. So far as that is concerned, the outstanding fact is that the world at large is gradually acquiring a better sense of values in this matter, Prohibition itself being the crystallized expression of a nation-wide ideal, an ideal which, according to Mr. Shaw's prophecy, will



C. Malcolm Arbuthnot.

George Bernard Shaw.

© Paul Thompson.

eventually embrace the world—or, at any rate, the civilized world. Gradually also the working out of this ideal will bring about better Prohibition enforcement, just as it has already brought about Prohibition legislation. Prohibition represents the formal statement of the people on this subject, the passing of resolutions, the act of making known the sentiment and wishes of the nation.

People move blindly and stumblingly in matters of conduct. It is sometimes only by experience that they acquire a better sense of values such that they cease to act like infants and learn to conduct themselves like grown-up human beings. Many picturesque traditions surround the practice of drinking. Many people have still to learn that to drink and to do the things that one does when drunk are unworthy of the pride and dignity of a human being.

Many people drink because they think it is smart.

It is not smart.

It is only cheap.

Human nature is so constituted that to do a thing that one feels is cheap is far more insufferable than to do a thing that is merely wicked. Of course the two things are usually identical, but the nature of one's attitude toward an act is most important. And it is obvious that the cheapest thing in the whole field of human conduct is getting drunk.

People drink because they think that it will enable them to have a good time. As soon as they realize that they can have a much better time with a clear head and their sensibilities and faculties unimpaired, they will no longer be willing, even if only on the basis of an epicurean philosophy, to look for vulgar pleasures at the sacrifice of the sense of the fullness of life.

But so far as ideals and standards of conduct are concerned, there is now growing in the world a healthy sentiment on the subject of good sportsmanship, representing certain values in (*Continued on page 88*)

The Athletic Basis of a Successful Life

By Lewis
Edwin Theiss

DECORATIONS BY RIPLEY



The Moral Value of Athletics, Offering the Test Not of Muscular Excellence, But of Soul Supremacy, and Teaching a Correct Viewpoint Concerning Difficulties

WHEN Ulysses S. Grant was a lad on the farm, he was sent to the woods with a team to haul logs that some woodsmen were to load on the wagon for him. The woodsmen failed to appear, and young Grant loaded the logs himself. He had been sent to get the logs and he did not mean to return without them, even though he had to perform the well-nigh impossible task of getting them on his wagon without assistance. Years later, it will be remembered, he found himself in a desperate campaign; but instead of retreating he gave utterance to that famous pronouncement: "I propose to fight it

out on this line if it takes all summer." He did; and though it took more than one summer to defeat the Confederates, he hammered away at them unceasingly, with bulldog courage, until Lee gave up his sword. I have always suspected that there was a direct connection between the loading of those logs and the carrying through of that bulldog campaign, that beat the South and put Grant in the White House.

Certainly it was not soldierly ability alone that made Grant the hero of the Civil War. He was only one of many men in that war who had had a complete technical training at West Point. Perhaps he was not as brilliant

a tactician as some of his subordinates. The thing that made Grant a conqueror was not technical training but character. And in the long run that is what makes every successful man successful.

For character is the framework on which technical training is superimposed, just as weather-boards and sheathing are fastened to the stout framework behind them. The framework does not show, yet without it the sheathing and the weather-boards would make but a sorry structure indeed. So Grant's soldierly ability was only the outer shell that men saw. The thing that gave it strength and vitality was Grant's character.

When I was a student at Bucknell University, our athletic team was one time engaged in a desperate struggle on the track with the Carlisle Indians. Never were two teams more evenly matched. The year previously, on our own grounds, a like contest had ended in a score of 52 points to 52. This year, on the Carlisle grounds, the Bucknell team was resolved to win.

But everything broke badly for Bucknell. We felt absolutely certain of winning the dashes, but at the very start of the first dash our star sprinter pulled a tendon and was definitely out of the meet. Bucknell lost both dashes—events she had counted upon with assurance—and so started the meet at a disadvantage. It was a discouraging situation. But the team rallied with wonderful spirit, and fought for every point desperately. Slowly the Bucknell men pulled up on even terms with their opponents. Neck and neck the teams contended until the final event was reached—the two-mile run. The score was practically a tie. Whoever won that run would win the meet.

I happened to be captain of the Bucknell team. Going up to our two-miler—we had only one man who was really a distance runner—I put my arm on his shoulder and said: "Fetz, it's up to you. You know what we expect of you." He turned and looked me full in the face. His eyes were clear and steady, and the light of determination shone in them. But his words at first staggered me. "This is my Waterloo," he said. Before I could find words to express what was in my heart, he smiled and added, "But I am Wellington."

And Wellington he was, too. The best distance man the Indians ever had he played with. He ran him clear off his feet. And as I recall it, that Indian dropped exhausted a hundred yards from the finish line. But Wellington came steaming home like a racehorse fighting for his head.

Like Grant, this fighting man was also a farm boy. For fighting man he became. He went to France, and before he was blown to pieces by a German shell he became Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace W. Fetzner. Had he



"But I am Wellington!"

lived to finish the war, he would almost certainly have gone higher still. For always he bore in his mind the belief that he was Wellington.

He had risen in his chosen calling, too. Beginning his work as an educator, he was first a teacher in the public schools, then principal of a large high school, then County Superintendent of Schools. Higher he would have gone without doubt, but the war stopped him there.

We shall never forget him at Bucknell, for a bronze tablet in his memory greets the eyes of every person who ascends the path to Old Main, and the story of his life is graven even more indelibly on the hearts of his fellow alumni. Wallace Fetzner and the things he stood for have become a living tradition at Bucknell.

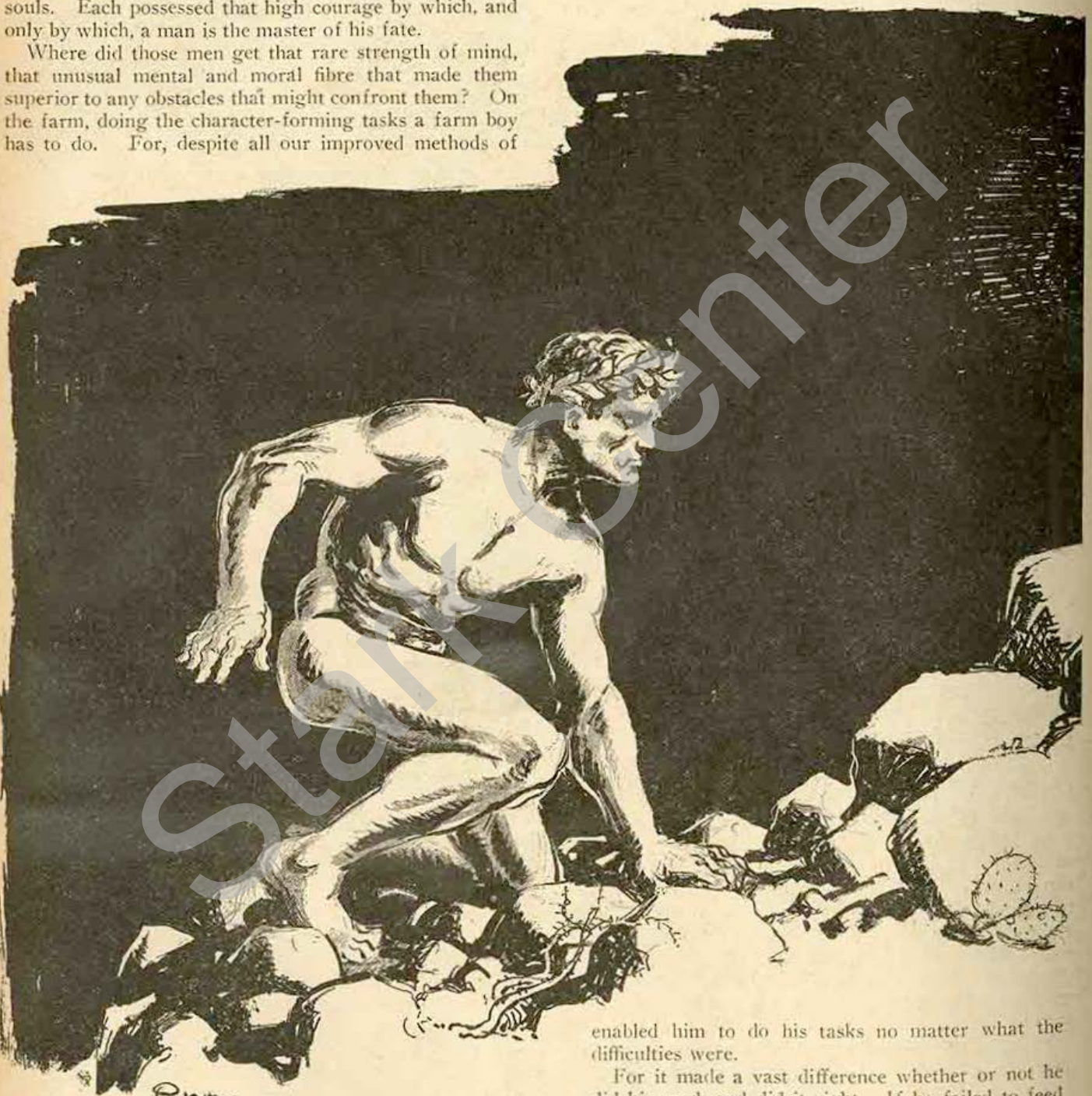
More famous than either of the soldiers I have named is another, who led the Allies during their final victorious rush against the Germans. He, too, was a Wellington, though he never put it that way. What Marshal Foch did say was that an army is never beaten until it admits

it is beaten. As if our General Grant had said it!

Now, these three men—the one who, as a lad, unassisted, got those heavy logs on his wagon; the runner who beat an able opponent in a grueling duel; and the great general who defeated the mightiest single army in the world—were as much alike as three peas in a pod. They were triplets, soul mates, if you will. And the thing they had in common was character, strength of character. For each was the captain of his soul. And thereby each became the captain of many other souls. Each possessed that high courage by which, and only by which, a man is the master of his fate.

Where did those men get that rare strength of mind, that unusual mental and moral fibre that made them superior to any obstacles that might confront them? On the farm, doing the character-forming tasks a farm boy has to do. For, despite all our improved methods of

schooling, the fact remains that no educational scheme has yet been devised that excels or perhaps even equals the old, natural method of farm training. And the reason is that modern systems of education are largely and often wholly systems of training in technique alone. The natural training boys got on the farms developed strength of character as well as technical skill. Not only did a farm boy learn how to plough or cut logs or harvest grain; but also he acquired something that

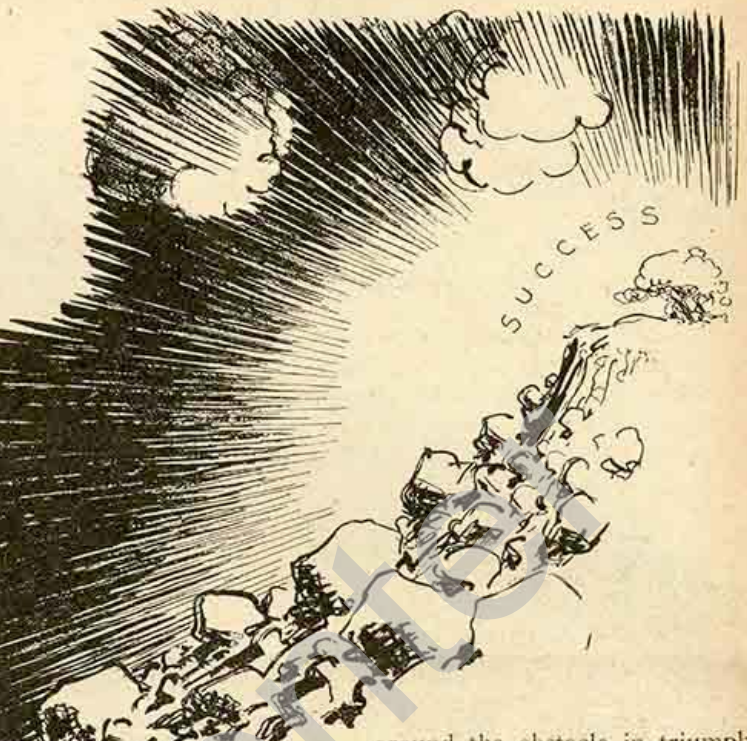
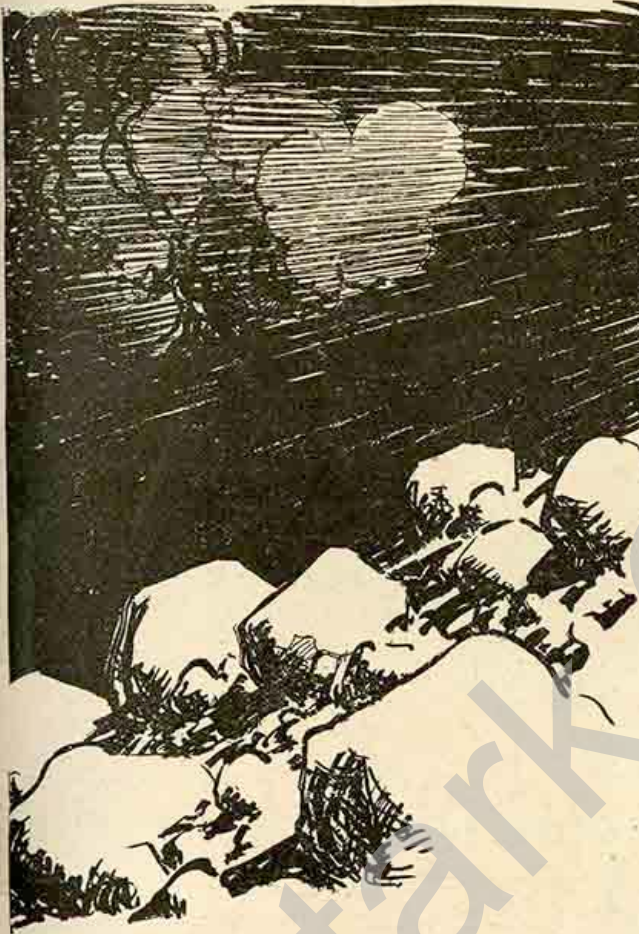


You get knocked down again and again in the game of life. You just get to your feet, wipe the mud off your face and dig in again. Have you the grit to stick it out?

enabled him to do his tasks no matter what the difficulties were.

For it made a vast difference whether or not he did his work and did it right. If he failed to feed the horses properly and at the right time, some harm might come to them. If he milked the cows at times other than just the appointed hour, the cows would yield less milk. If he did not see that the little pigs and chickens were looked after, they might die. And wood must be sawed and cut in preparation for winter, or the family might become ill. The fields must be ploughed

and seeded, in the right manner and at the right time, or the wolf would soon be gnawing at the door. And the harvest must be gotten in when it was ripe, no matter what the conditions or how great the hardship. For all these things were vital. They were a matter of life and death to someone or something. They simply had to be done. Not to do them was unthinkable. The farm lad had his part in them all. To be remiss



around the obstacle in triumph. Now, the life of the farm lad is full of obstacles. He goes into the barn in the morning and finds that a vicious bull has gotten loose. What does he do? Run away? No. He realizes that the bull has to go back into his pen, no matter what the consequences are—and he puts him there. Or he finds the horses have been fighting in the night, and the stall partitions are kicked down and one horse has a leg caught between two planks, in imminent danger of being broken. It's a dangerous job, but the farm lad gets that horse loose and patches up the stall. Or his horse may fall and become entangled in the harness, while skidding logs down a steep slope. What does the lad do? Run home and tell his father? Not much. He gets that horse straightened up himself and somehow manages to patch the broken harness. And he gets his logs out. Young Grant did.

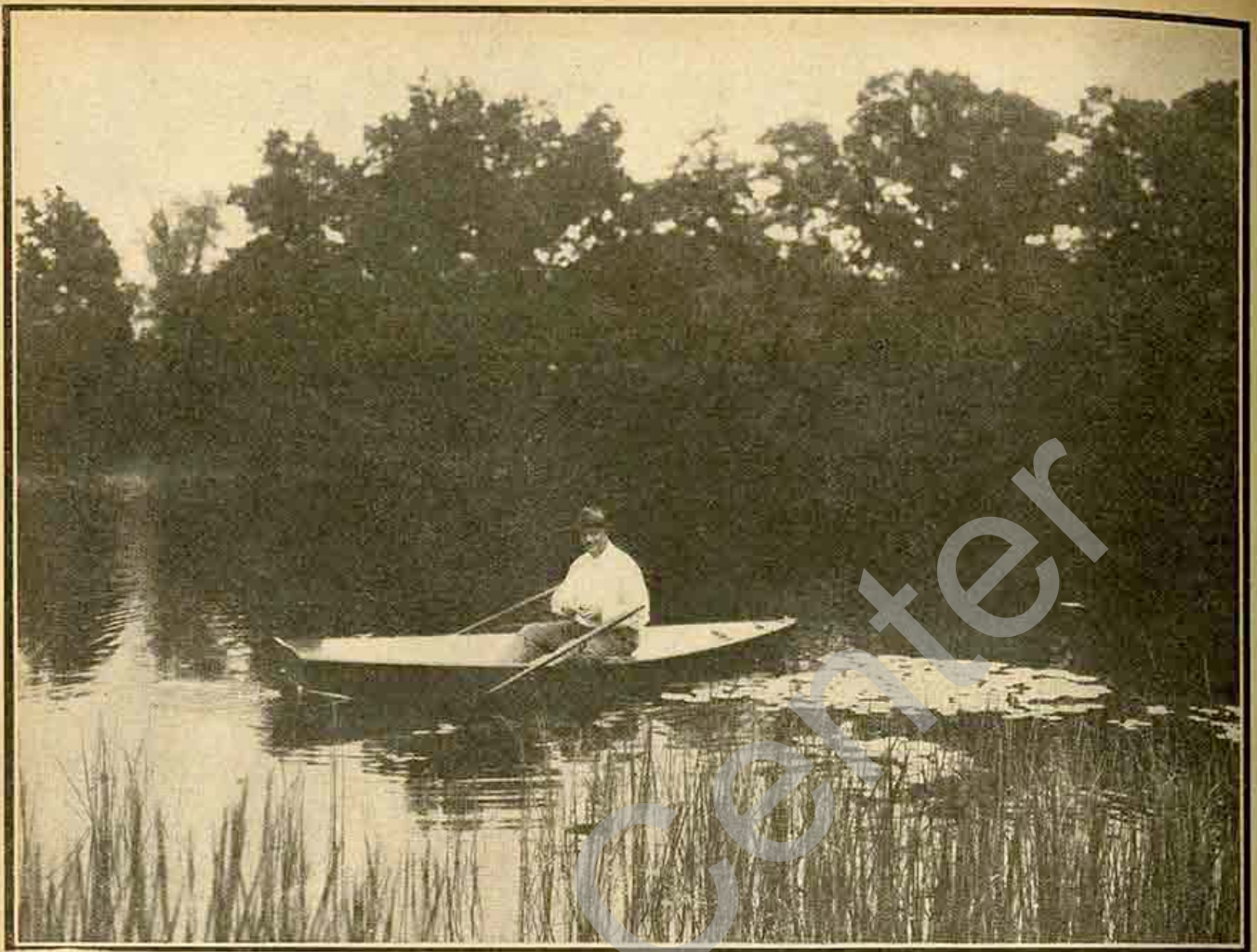
When Wallace Fetzer was trying for the Bucknell track team he had something to do besides prance around the running track. He had his farm work to do. And he did it, too. I've known him to follow a plough for hours, then walk two miles over to the college track, and practice the two-mile run. And when he came steaming down the home stretch at the end of his two miles, nobody ever would have guessed that he was weary enough to drop in his tracks. But though his legs were tired, his mind remained in command and he made them work. For he was Wellington, even to his own muscles. He learned to be a Wellington by following the plough on his father's farm, by overcoming the million difficulties that beset the lad in the country.

And so he learned what every lad learns who does that often enough. He discovered that there is no such thing as an insuperable obstacle. Surely it was a farm youth in whose bright lexicon there was no such word as "fail."

It matters not how or why one acquires this psychology of success. In years past it may well have been that the farm lad was (Continued on page 92)

in a duty was an offense so grave that it resulted often in the harshest punishment.

So the lad on the farm came to acquire that most valuable of all mental traits—a correct viewpoint concerning difficulties. A difficulty is always either one of two things, depending upon the psychology of the person concerned. Either it is an insurmountable barrier or else it is an obstacle to be gotten around. Consider the difference in these points of view. They are as wide apart as the poles. In the final analysis there are none but these two positions that one can have toward a difficulty. Either you are going around it or you are not. That is where your attitude of mind inevitably puts you. For, if the trouble ahead of you appears to be an insuperable obstacle, you at once take the mental attitude that since it is insuperable there is no use trying to get past it. So you quit dead. But if you take the attitude that the difficulty is merely an obstacle around which you must go, you at once begin to hunt for ways and means to get past that difficulty. And the contest stimulates and arouses you and gives you new strength and greater power; and the first thing you know, you have gotten



International

Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby, a lifelong athlete, still realizes the need of physical recreation and keeping fit. This is his private "navy" on Lake Oakland, adjoining his farm at Clintonville, Mich.

How Our Statesmen Keep Fit

The "Power of Achievement" Through the Conservation of Health and Energy, as Illustrated by Secretary Wallace, Secretary Denby and Senators Ashurst and Borah

By Langston Moffett

SECRETARY HENRY C. WALLACE of the Department of Agriculture is an outdoor man and looks it, a plain product of the soil, the sort of person who can mingle with farmers and talk to them in an understanding and sympathetic way. He weighs about 160 pounds and seems to be mostly muscle and sinew. A fine strong face, sprinkled here and there with freckles. Sandy red hair, inclined to be rebellious. Eyes that twinkle genially.

The Secretary's rugged constitution may have come from the farming life he led during his youth on the family acres in Iowa, for the Wallaces have been farmers for generations, their slogan being "Good farming, clear thinking, right living."

An incident in his babyhood shows what physical vigor the Secretary has inherited. On a winter morn-

ing his mother was driving him across the frozen expanse of the Mississippi when suddenly the ice gave way, spilling the buggy and its occupants into the freezing water. Despite his tender age, young Wallace sustained no ill effects from his icy plunge.

Secretary Wallace appreciates the importance of keeping physically fit.

"I believe every representative of the people has a very real duty to his constituents in the matter of keeping his bodily and mental machinery in the best possible condition," he said to me recently. "This is a duty that is too often neglected. I walk to my office nearly every morning and I play golf whenever I can find the time. I am very fond of the game, but I think there is danger in overdoing it. Some elderly men will play eighteen holes on a broiling hot day, which is extremely foolish."

Each player should carefully consider just how much he can stand.

"In the winter when I haven't time for sufficient outdoor exercise by walking, I play with a medicine ball for five or ten minutes with some of the boys in the office. I find this particularly beneficial in getting rid of that tired feeling we often experience in the afternoon."

Speaking of diet, he said: "I believe in extremely simple food. I would be entirely satisfied with a dinner every evening consisting solely of crackers and cheese. That is my regular Sunday night supper."

Secretary Wallace deplors the general tendency of our people to flock to large cities. He regards this as a menace to the virility of the nation which has always been maintained by the flow of fresh blood from the great open country. He is especially concerned over the unfavorable effect on agriculture of the present economic conditions, and the bad after effects on national life.

There are few more energetic office workers than Wallace. His daily routine, except when business appointments or social obligations make this impossible, is to rise at seven, get to his desk about eight, work until five-thirty or six. When possible he walks a mile to luncheon and a mile back. He retires at ten o'clock as a rule.

"I find it better to get a good night's sleep than to waste time during the day taking naps," he laughed.

Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby is another man who has been endowed with a fine physique and who realizes the necessity of keeping himself in good condition. He is a massive, towering figure, being over six feet tall, and weighs about two hundred and fifty pounds. A hearty, jovial person, known among his intimates as the "Duke." He speaks with a deep powerful voice.

His present physical fitness can, no doubt, be attributed to the continued vigorous life which he has led since his earliest youth. As a boy he used to spend much of his time swimming in the Wabash River, scrambling over the river boats and diving off into the water. At college he was a noted football star, and

won high honors and great popularity through his ability to play the game. He experienced difficulty, however, in finding a suit large enough to fit him. He had this same trouble during the Spanish American war, when he enlisted in the Navy and received a strenuous training as gunner's mate.

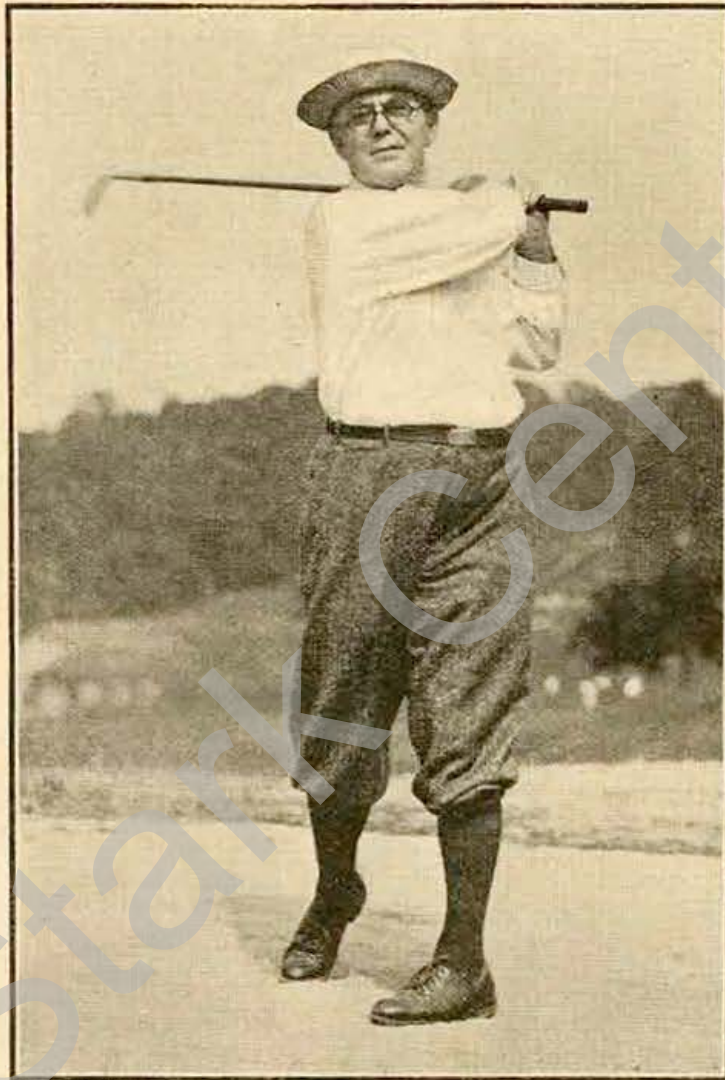
He is still fond of football, and is always ready to lend his influence in favor of clean football and other sports. During his entire life he has never given up his early habit of regular swimming and, at the present time, he can be seen every day, weather permitting, at the Model Basin at the Navy Yard, swimming about with the strong, steady stroke of an expert.

During his vacations the Secretary spends much of his time on a farm near Pontiac, Michigan, where he does a great deal of walking and is an enthusiastic hunter. He tramps through the woods for hours in search of game.

The unfortunate injury which he is now suffering from was caused last summer while playing a game of baseball with some friends at a small place in Michigan. He was running for first base when a tendon in his foot snapped. At the time he did not realize the seriousness of his injury and paid no attention to it, but continued his regular life and his usual swims. Six or seven weeks after the accident, however, he was forced to call in a doctor, who found that the Achilles tendon in the heel was parted. His foot was put into a plaster cast after an immediate

operation, and but for his robust constitution he would have been in a serious condition. As it is, the bodily resistance which he has developed will soon restore his former health.

Speaking of physical and mental recreation in the Army and Navy, the Secretary once said: "Recreation is now recognized as a military necessity for the production of well rounded and symmetrically trained officers and enlisted men. It is interesting to note that practically the only appropriation which was not cut down in a recent bill presented to Congress was the one for 'Recreation of Enlisted Men.'"



National Photo.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace was raised on a farm and looks it, still fit and rugged, and obviously intending to remain so.

At the age of ten Henry Fountain Ashurst put his name on the fly leaf of one of his school books and after it wrote "United States Senator from Arizona." This incident is characteristic of his indomitable will which has defied all obstacles in his rise from a cowboy to a senator.

Physically Senator Ashurst is a tall, powerful man, broad shouldered and heavily set. His hair is black, slightly streaked over the temples with gray. His laugh is hearty; his voice deep and commanding.

In his youth he rode the ranges; he led the life of a lumber-jack; then he suddenly plunged himself into the sedentary pursuits of a lawyer and later a politician. We may well wonder how he has managed to preserve his iron constitution.

"It is surprising how little exercise we need," the Senator told me. "The secret is moderation and regularity. Many of us simply exercise when we feel like it, and then usually overdo it. Most men who play eighteen holes of golf should only play nine. An astounding number of men have died on golf courses, usually because the hardened arteries of old age cannot stand the excessive pressure.

"A wild animal caged up for ten years will still be in as good condition as the day he left the jungle, because he knows how to exercise. The laboring man never contracts the diseases of those in sedentary pursuits because he is forced to take his exercise regularly.

"We all admire physical perfection, but we refuse to make the sacrifices necessary to attain it. For one thing, you can't touch alcohol and expect to have a sound body. You have to choose one thing or the other. Also, you have to be abstemious in eating. Every man has to find out for himself what his bodily needs are, and then he has got to stick to his particular régime of living without wavering."

"What is your régime?" I asked.

"Every morning I go through a series of calisthenics which takes me fifteen minutes. This is the only regular exercise I need. Here, I'll show you." And, taking off his coat, he went through his series. He lay on the sofa, raising and lowering his legs. He kicked a newspaper out of my hand which I was holding eight inches above the level of his head. He performed various exercises with his arms. I noted with admiration how the muscles

bulged under his shirt. When finished, he was slightly flushed and seemed exhilarated.

"Another thing," he continued, putting on his coat again, "I never smoke more than one cigar a day, and I smoke that after dinner when it can do the least harm.

"But the most important thing of all is to have the right mental attitude. At about forty-five every man reaches the period of weariness, discouragement and sagging morals. His ambitions and his youthful hopes are either accomplished, lost, diminished, or faded in importance. Hence at this age a man must find some new interests in life—some hobby. It doesn't matter what as long as he likes it. Personally I have several hobbies. One is to dig into odd corners of American and British history. Another is to visit the zoo in every city that I go into—I think that the best one I have ever seen was in Dublin, Ireland. Here in Washington I walk to the zoo every Sunday afternoon, a distance of several miles, and I enjoy the walk immensely. It has always fascinated me to study the habits of animals, but curiously enough, nothing bores me more than to go hunting or fishing. As a child my father, a great hunter himself, was never able to understand this. And

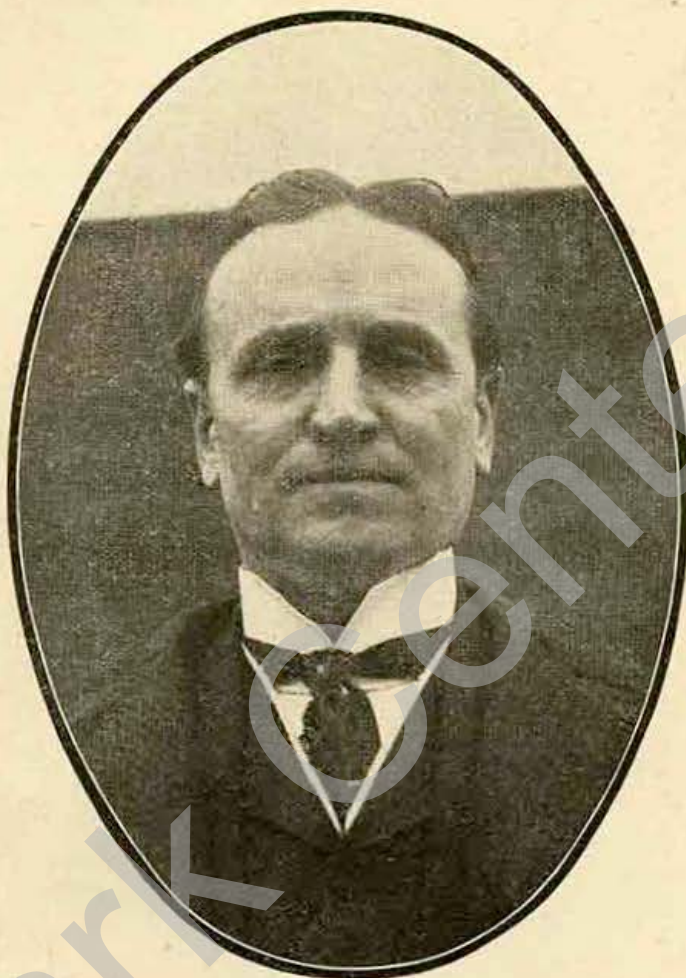
then I write a great deal—I write reams of stuff that is never published. Also, I learn a new word every day; I follow the baseball news; I dance occasionally.

"All these things interest me and help to carry me through moments of despondency. If men don't have diversions they become morbid or morose, to which emotions there is an actual detrimental physical reaction—the body breaks under the strain.

"It is a good thing to take everything in life seriously except yourself. Just stop and consider what an infinitesimal part of the universe you are. If you can laugh at yourself you are protecting your mind and body from disease."

Senator William E. Borah is a man of modest means who has cultivated none but the simplest tastes. He is rarely seen in society and has few intimates, believing that too many friendships interfere with public duty. He does not wish to be impeded by ties that might hold him back when he raises his hand to strike.

And yet he can be genial and friendly on occasions. His fellow senators like to talk to him,



Paul Thompson.

Senator H. F. Ashurst, a typical example of American vigor, of powerful build and iron constitution, which he retains because he has developed a system of living, a model for other statesmen to follow, and citizens.

despite the fact that he holds himself somewhat aloof.

Borah has a stern face marked by deep lines; a powerful and commanding face, yet there is something strangely boyish about the expression in the eyes; they are the inquiring eyes of youth and seem to look out on the world hopefully. There is not the slightest bit of cynicism in him.

Everyone knows that Senator Borah is a tireless worker, an indomitable fighter, a man capable of almost complete concentration. The question is where does he get his power of achievement? How does he bear the terrific strain that he lives under? How does he keep himself fit for the daily struggle? From what source does he gather fortitude to resist attacks of every kind that must be cruelly wounding to a sensitive nature?

Perhaps the greatest power behind Borah's achievements is his complete mastery of himself. He has a tremendously powerful will. He looks at himself impersonally as he would at a machine from which he strives to get a maximum efficiency without having the machine break down under the strain. However, he is an unusually modest man, and if you were to ask him to what power he attributes his successes he would probably deny that he ever had any, except in a very humble way. His enemies may smile at this, but it is true.

Of course Borah's ultimate power must be sought for in an underlying spiritual nature, a matter of inheritance, for his father was a strict Presbyterian who often preached from the pulpit, although not a regular minister.

It is true the Senator does not profess any particular creed or doctrine, but he accepts the Christian religion in its broadest sense and is a keen student of the Bible, often quoting from it. A minister, after a long talk with him, remarked that, although Mr. Borah

never once referred to the Bible or to anything spiritual, he could feel behind all his words a deeply religious nature.

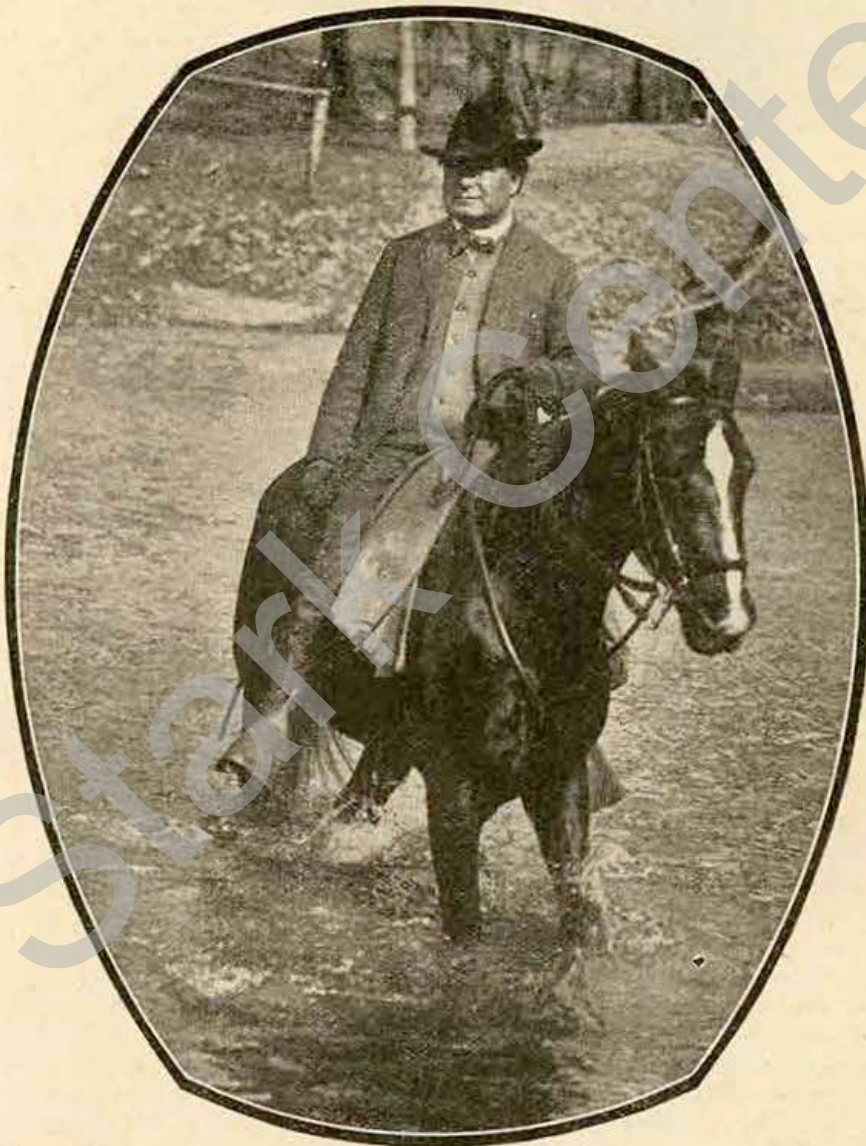
An amusing incident in Borah's college life illustrates his natural integrity and loyalty. It seems that one evening some members of his fraternity, feeling that they needed relief from the scholastic grind, conceived the idea of stealing some turkeys from a neighboring farm. Borah objected on conscientious grounds, pointing out that the farmer was a poor man who needed the money which the turkeys would bring, and refused to have anything to do with the escapade. His comrades, however, carried through their plan and that night feasted royally.

Several days later the members of the fraternity,

again feeling the need of mental relaxation, decided to make studious old Bill Borah the butt of a second escapade. So they enlisted the help of a passing stranger, arrayed him in the proverbial garb of a hick farmer, and thus outfitted, sent him thundering up to the room where Borah was diligently preparing his lessons. The stranger maintained in stentorian tones that he was the farmer who had been robbed of his turkeys, and that Borah, as a member of the fraternity, was responsible for the theft. He threatened furthermore to expose the whole thing and disgrace the crowd. Borah, somewhat non-plussed by the vigor of the attack, offered the man ten dollars to hush up the matter, ten dollars being a large sum of money in those days, but he paid

it willingly in order to save his fraternity from the lash of a small-town scandal. It is a matter of unfortunate record that Bill Borah's ten dollars provided another excellent turkey dinner for the members of the fraternity.

(Continued on page 100)



National Photo.

Senator William E. Borah's system is self-mastery. He does not smoke or drink, not even tea or coffee. He is an expert horseman and rides every morning regularly.

City Folks *versus* Country—

The Sources of a Nation's Physical
to Where Our Great Men are Born,
Present—Will City Life

By *Albert*

DECORATIONS BY

NOTHING is more firmly believed than that nearly all our great men come from the country. It is a part of our national tradition that the farm is the nursery of both physical strength and mental genius. All last summer on the subway trains of New York City was a large bulletin pleading with the young people to take the subway out to the parks and zoological gardens. The bulletin went on to state that a majority of men who attained fame and fortune had been country born and reared and that their strength of mind and body were largely due to the fresh air and sunshine. Nothing this side of heaven is better for people than fresh air and sunshine except just one thing, and that is to have been born from strong and healthy parents.

There have been volumes of nonsense printed upon this whole subject of the causes that underlie physical soundness and mental ability. The old Greeks and Romans believed that most of their men of power and influence came from the country. All through English poetry and literature we find the same theme rung with endless changes until one is led to believe that a city-born boy is foredoomed to failure, ill health and an early death. The German poet, Heine (or was it Schiller?) said that "genius is seldom born in a town," and I see one of the greatest sociologists of this generation some years ago repeated this statement in one of our standard works on sociology. President Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, is reported recently to have said that "country breeding gives a vigor and endurance which in the long run outweigh any city advantages

and enable the well-endowed country boys to outstrip their city-bred cousins."



Which Are Stronger, Abler?

and Mental Vitality—The Facts as
and the Supreme Problem They
Destroy Our Civilization?

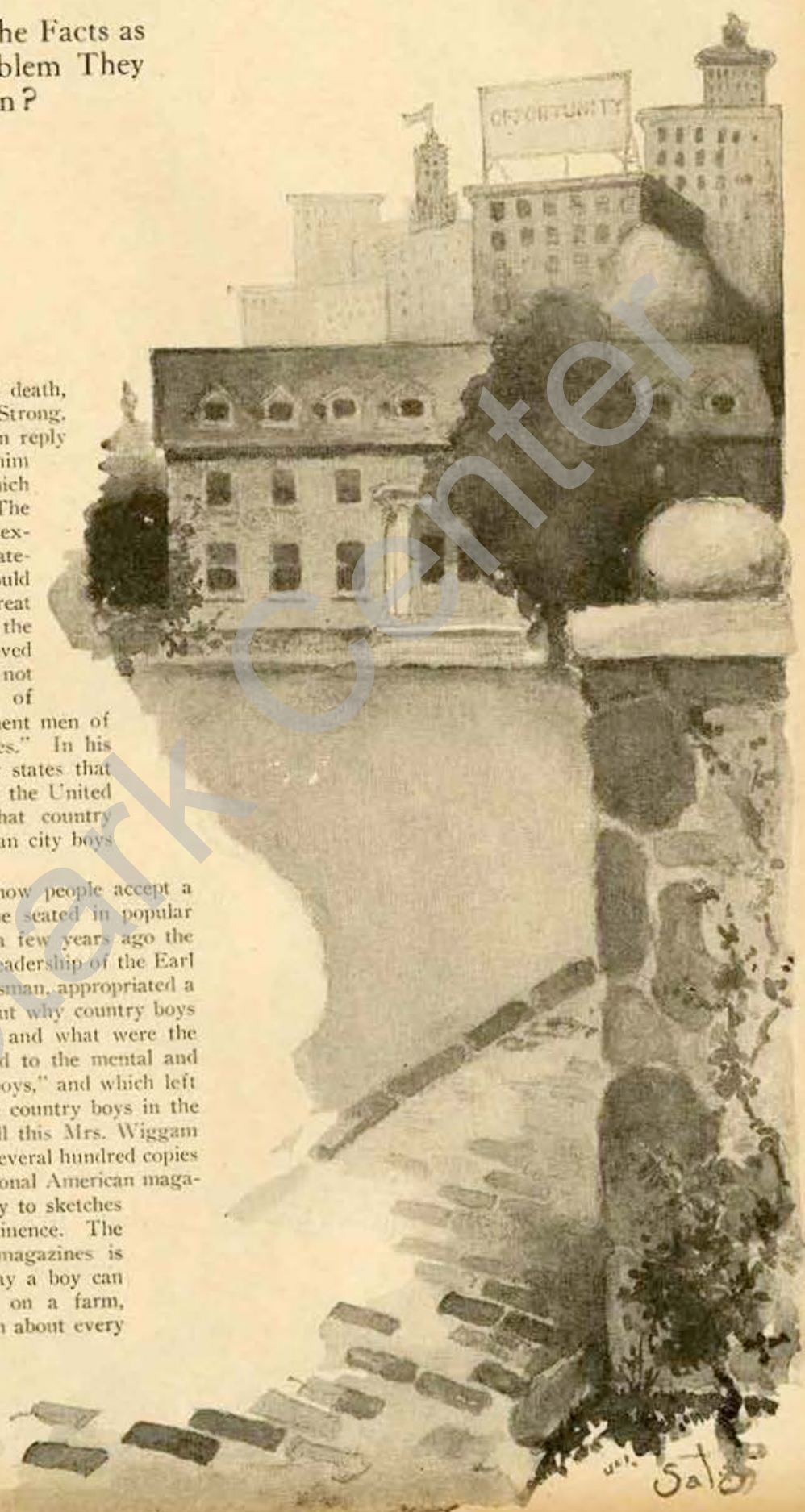
Edward Wiggam

BERT SALG

Just before his late, lamented death, that splendid American, Josiah Strong, wrote me a very cordial letter in reply to some questions I had asked him with reference to statements which he had made in his book, "The Challenge of the City." He expressed great surprise at my statement that "a biologist would naturally expect to find more great men born in the city than in the country," and said that he "believed investigation would show that not more than three or four out of every one hundred of the eminent men of America had been born in cities." In his very splendid book Dr. Strong states that "thousands of measurements in the United States and elsewhere show that country boys are taller and stronger than city boys of the same age."

Nothing could show better how people accept a thing when it has once become seated in popular belief than the fact that only a few years ago the British Parliament, under the leadership of the Earl of Meath, a distinguished statesman, appropriated a large sum of money to "find out why country boys were so superior to city boys and what were the influences in city life that lead to the mental and physical deterioration of city boys," and which left them so completely behind the country boys in the race of life. In addition to all this Mrs. Wiggam and I recently waded through several hundred copies of two or three of our big national American magazines which are devoted largely to sketches of the lives of our men of eminence. The whole atmosphere of these magazines is that if in some mysterious way a boy can manage to get himself born on a farm, especially a very poor one with about every earthly handicap, this will guarantee his future success and fame.

The fallacy has deceived even some of our scientists.





Studies of the pro rata production of eminent men must naturally be based upon a period of some fifty years ago, when most of our eminent men were born. Figures of that period show a population of 15% of city people and 85% of country people, producing 30% of eminent men city born, and 70% country born, indicating twice as many great men born in the city as in the country in proportion to population.

Some time ago an American scientist of international renown wrote an article for *Science*, which is one of the most ably and carefully edited scientific magazines in the world and one practically always to be relied upon in its statements. Yet this article was devoted to proving the advantages of country birth and breeding and to showing the enormous numerical preponderance of eminent men born in the country over those born in the cities. The author made the following statement: "I believe there are some things which have a higher educational value than anything taught in our schools; otherwise, why is it that, with only twenty-nine per cent. of our population living on farms, with miserable school facilities as compared with our cities, yet this 29 per cent furnishes about 70 per cent of our leaders in every phase of activity?"

As I have stated, all of this is precisely the opposite of what a biologist and student of organic evolution would expect. It seems, therefore, high time to examine this important problem by exact analytical methods. Nothing can be of more importance to mankind than to determine the sources of his strength and weakness, the springs of his leadership, and to unravel the underlying causes that lead him to racial glory and decline.

The eminent biologist and student of heredity, Frederick Adams Woods, of New York City, undertook an examination of the foregoing statement that 29 per cent of our people living on farms furnish 70 per cent of our leaders in every phase of activity. Since he has exploded so many popular as well as scientific fallacies as to the forces that make and unmake nations and peoples, he was able by a brief study of the birthplaces of our men of eminence to puncture for the first time, in so far as I know, this world-old fatuous assumption of the superiority of country people in furnishing national leadership.

Doctor Woods took the volume of *Who's Who in America* for 1912-13 as a basis for calculation. This work contains a list with short sketches of the lives of many thousands of our men of distinction in all walks of life. The birthplaces of some of these men were not recorded. All of these names Doctor Woods generously ascribed to the country. He also calculated that nearly all these men eminent in 1912 must have been about fifty years of age on the average and were thus probably born in the neighborhood of 1860. The census of 1860 does not give precise figures as to the number of citizens actually living on farms as distinguished from villages and towns, consequently he also generously ascribed all cities under 8,000 inhabitants to the "country." City heredity and city environment probably both begin in towns considerably under 8,000 population. The census of 1860 shows, to put it in round numbers, that 5,000,000 people lived in cities above 8,000 and 25,000,000 on farms and in cities under 8,000 inhabitants. This quite reverses the picture which our scientist claimed of only 29 per cent living in the country, which is supposed to furnish 70 per cent of our men of energy and brains. Reducing it to round numbers, at the time these eminent men were born, only 15 per cent lived in cities above 8,000 and the remaining 85 per cent lived in the country and in cities below 8,000 souls.

Now if country blood or country environment is as good as city environment and blood, then obviously this 85 per cent of country people ought to have produced 85 per cent of our great men. Doctor Woods found that they actually have produced only 70 per cent, which is only about eight-tenths of their proper quota. The city people ought to have produced only 15 per cent of our able men, but they have produced 30 per cent, or fully twice their quota. If the reader wants to go through the labor of a little mental arithmetic he will find that this means that the city has produced almost



exactly two and two-fifths as many great men in proportion to its population as the country. This means, while one million country people were producing 100 leaders, during the same time one million city people were giving us 240 leaders! What then becomes of the claim that genius is seldom born in town? The city has produced, even here in America, where until recently we have had very few cities, nearly twice as much brains as the country in proportion to population.

Let us turn next to the physical aspect of the matter and compare the strength and physical excellence or defectiveness of the two populations. In this connection the country people make a far better showing. Our largest scale investigation of the physique and stamina of the American people was of course the physical examinations for the Army during the war. Dr. Charles B. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution, assisted by Lieut.-Col. Albert G. Love, submitted the Army data to extensive analysis and found no very great difference in the proportion of men who had to be rejected from military service between the country and city bred men. Rhode Island, the most densely urban center in America, showed the highest defect rate. But this, Davenport and Love believe, was due to the enormous influx of low grade immigrants within the past few decades, attracted by the factories there. On the other hand, Vermont and Maine showed well-nigh as high a defect rate for the rural districts as was shown by the cities of old American stock. This they laid to the large immigration in recent years of French Canadians, which as a race showed the most extensive physical unfitness of any section of the whole American population. But averaging the whole country these authorities could find no significant differences in physical strength and fitness between country and city men.

This at least knocks out the national theory that fresh air and healthful life of the farm supplies that "vigor and endurance" which President Eliot thinks guarantees future worldly success. Unless farm work has changed since I was a boy, it consists largely in getting up at four A.M., winter and summer, feeding stock till daylight, then pitching hay, plowing corn or else in the winter time husking it until dark, then feeding stock or greasing harness until bedtime, finally tumbling into bed too tired to turn over, and then getting up the next morning at four A.M. and doing it all over again. I have never felt personally enthusiastic over this régime for developing athletic prowess, sound health or intellectual activity.

Another extensive comparison of city and country physique was made by Prof. O. C. Glaser of the University of Michigan and reported in *Good Health* magazine. The data used was again the Army examinations. I can do no better than quote Professor Glaser's findings. They are encouraging as to the physical stamina of our country stocks as compared with city stocks.

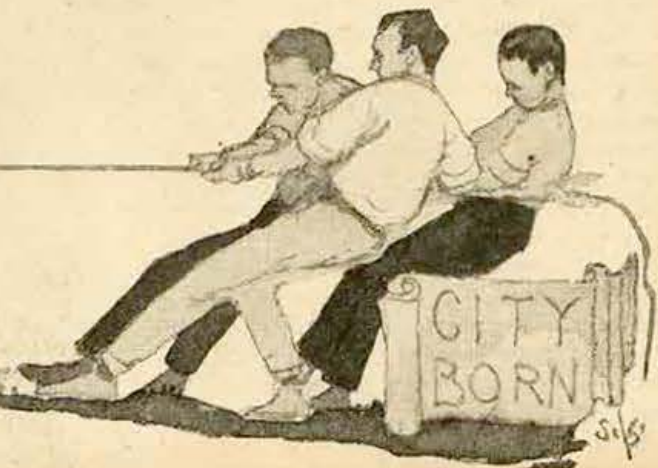
"In order to determine whether the average of physical soundness is higher among country boys than among city boys, the following comparison was made. Selection was made of a typical set of cities of 40,000 to 500,000 population with no large immigrant element, and distributed over nine different states (Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New York, and South Carolina) and a corresponding set of counties of the same total size located in the same states and containing no city of 30,000, the total number of registrants in the two areas being 315,000.

"The result of the comparison was as follows: Of 35,017 registrants in urban areas, 9,969 were rejected; of 44,462 registrants in rural areas, 12,543 were rejected, or 28.47% of the city boys and 27.97% of the country boys.

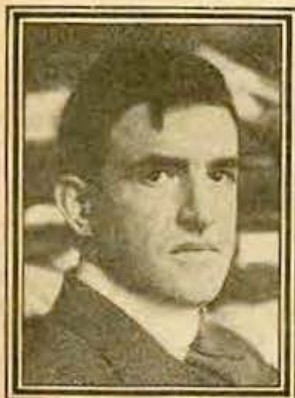
"The result, therefore, was practically a tie, showing that the country boy does not possess a greater degree of the physical soundness necessary for his acceptance as a soldier."

However, one very significant thing has developed from Army medical experience which seems to indicate a greater resistance to disease of the city-born recruits over the men from the country. The Surgeon General's Office has just supplied me with an extended report upon this phase of national stamina, worked out by Lieutenant-Col. A. G. Love and Dr. Charles B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution.

This report shows conclusively that the city recruits were to a marked extent more immune against disease than the country recruits. The particular diseases studied were measles, mumps, lobar pneumonia, scarlet fever, cerebro-spinal meningitis, and influenza. In every one of these diseases the sickness rate and death rate of the country men ran higher than those of the city men. Quoting from the report, it states that the data suffice "to indicate that the prevailing rural camps had at least 25 per cent more cases of influenza, 10 per cent more pneumonia, 10 per cent more (Continued on page 96)



Death Lies Chiefly In Food and Drink



And So Does Life—"Science" May Avail Itself of the Lesson Taught by a Nation of Three Million People Who Not Only Avoided Starvation Under "Famine" Conditions But Actually Reduced Their Death Rate Thirty-four Per Cent.

By Alfred W. McCann

IT is not known how many hundreds of thousands of families during the winter time make radical changes in their diet by reason of the belief that green vegetables and fruits at such periods of comparative scarcity are too expensive to be included in the weekly food budget.

There is an abundance of evidence to prove that physical infirmities increase and multiply as soon as cold weather begins, and that in places where careful observations have been made, as in South Carolina and Mississippi, there are tremendous outbreaks of food deficiency diseases attributable solely to an inadequate diet of refined, starchy pabulum.

There is also much evidence to indicate that in the large cities and congested industrial districts of the north, east, middle west and west, the winter habit of curtailing the per capita consumption of green vegetables and fresh fruits is reflected in a wholly preventable and therefore unnecessary harvest of physical ills.

People seem to forget that it isn't at all necessary to have an extraordinary variety of foods in order to keep well. There is scarcely any condition of poverty that justifies anemia or malnutrition, provided that during the period of distress sufficient whole grain bread, potatoes and cabbage are available.

It may astonish the average person to discover that an entire nation can subsist upon such simple fare, not for a few weeks or months, but indefinitely; not in a kind of spiritless fashion, but in such improvement of health that disease and death records within a year are actually cut in two.

Before the war Denmark had to import more than half of all its grain foods and feeding stuffs for domestic animals. When the

blockade cut off their supply of wheat flour and cattle feed, Dr. Hindhede, director of the Danish State Laboratory, realized that the Danes would be reduced to a half loaf of bread for themselves and no feed at all for their livestock.

This meant that they were to be denied butter, cheese, milk and meat, the very foods which the American authorities assumed to be essential to the maintenance of health, and so proclaimed on a score of public occasions by Dr. McCollum and practically all the other American scientists.

Dr. Hindhede had conducted experiments of his own described as "fanatical and outlandish" by most dietetic specialists, but sufficient to him to demonstrate the folly of dependence upon butter, eggs, milk and meat provided the people could get whole wheat bread with vegetables, fruits and potatoes.

He didn't mean to force upon humanity a monotonous diet. He did mean to save the Danish people by ignoring the scientific superstition of the age. He simply knew that whole wheat bread, with vegetables, fruits and potatoes, supplied all the mineral salts, all the vitamins, and all the other substances essential to a condition of perfect health.

He held that the so-called "protein minimum" regarded as essential to health and life by the universities of Europe and America was so low that it could never be reached even in times of great shortage aggravated by war, provided only that a sufficient quantity of cheap, natural and usually despised foods could be obtained to make up the deficit.

He also held that fats, about which so much commotion was raised during the war by the Food Ad- (Continued on page 98)

Can You Economize on Food With Safety?

THE vital facts about human nutrition presented in Mr. McCann's article are sensational even if not new. They are new, however, to the world at large, and especially to the nations of famishing Europe, who clearly will not learn the lesson held out to them by the war-time experience of Denmark.

Facing famine conditions and the most rigid restrictions, with no meat, this nation of three million people actually reduced the death rate and proved how necessary it is to know the truth about food. Particularly the Danes proved the value of bran and whole grain foods. The preceding death rate of 110 to 116 for the seventeen years from 1900 to 1917 dropped to 72 when the Danes were confined to whole grain bread, potatoes and cabbage.

Food economy may be expensive in health if one tries to live on cheap but worthless foods, but if on the other hand one knows what to eat and chooses cheap but valuable foods one can not only economize with safety but with an improvement in health and vigor. You will learn something of supreme importance by reading this article. —The Editor.

*Living
Sculpture*

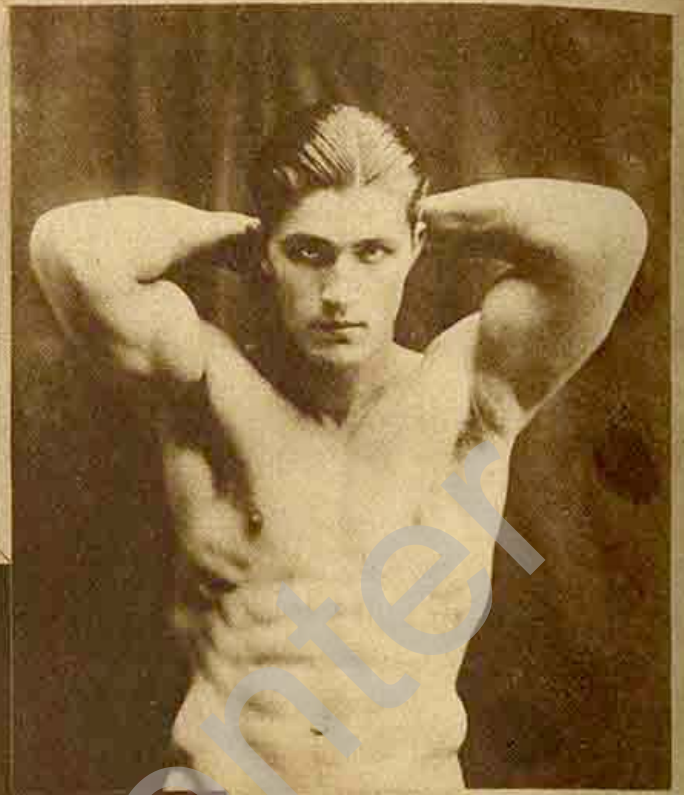


Photograph by Maurice Goldberg.

Courtesy B. F. Keith.

**If only all life should move like this! But why not? Marion Morgan Classic Art
Dancers in a charming open-air setting.**

Rivaling the best in classic art—the beautiful torso of Anthony J. Sansone. Below, a unique variety of hand-stand by Herbert and Bold, of Keith vaudeville. Try this on your partner.





Ruth Budd, whose perfect symmetry and feminine beauty were attained through aerial gymnastics, dancing and singing.

Courtesy B. P. Keith

Typical exponents of the strenuous life. A. J. Koser in a beautiful hand-stand, and (below) Arthur Gildroy, "every inch a man."



Lifting a live weight is interesting as well as impressive, for it calls for surplus strength by way of balancing a human being. This is William Many doing a spectacular lift.





The five oldest men in the Centenarian Club. From left to right: Galusha M. Cole, 97; H. L. Canfield, 95; Senator Cornelius Cole, 101; Rev. A. M. Morrison, 104, and Major Joe Siegel, 95.

Centenarians—Our Strongest Men and Women

Members of the Centenarian Club Have Proven Themselves the Best Made Up Representatives of Human Machinery—
How it Feels to Live a Hundred Years

By *Annie Riley Hale*

“THE days of our years are three-score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four-score years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow.”

Despite these words of the Psalmist, discouraging longevity beyond the time limit herein set for the human span, a number of men and women living in and near Los Angeles—California’s “City of the Angels”—have persisted in holding on to the fateful thread for twenty, thirty years beyond the allotted biblical age, and some have even passed the hundred mark. Whether the benign California climate is responsible for this—I feel sure the Los Angeles boosters would say it was for the joy of living in the vicinity of that city—or for some other reason, there are at present in this particular section of Southern California both a Centenarian and

an Octogenarian Club, both with goodly memberships.

Only those past ninety are eligible for the Centenarian Club, the presumption obtaining that a human machine with enough vital force to propel itself on life’s highway for 90 years would be carried through another decade by its own momentum, or the sheer force of habit. And experience seems to bear out this assumption. The number who have ambled along for ninety years or more and claiming membership in the Centenarian Club of Southern California, at present varies from twenty-five to thirty, owing to sudden depletion by death and constant accessions from the octogenarian ranks. The Los Angeles *Examiner* of Sept. 18, 1916, carried the following news item: “Cornelius Cole, former U. S. Senator from California, celebrated the 94th anniversary of his birth with a dinner party to fellow members of the Cen-

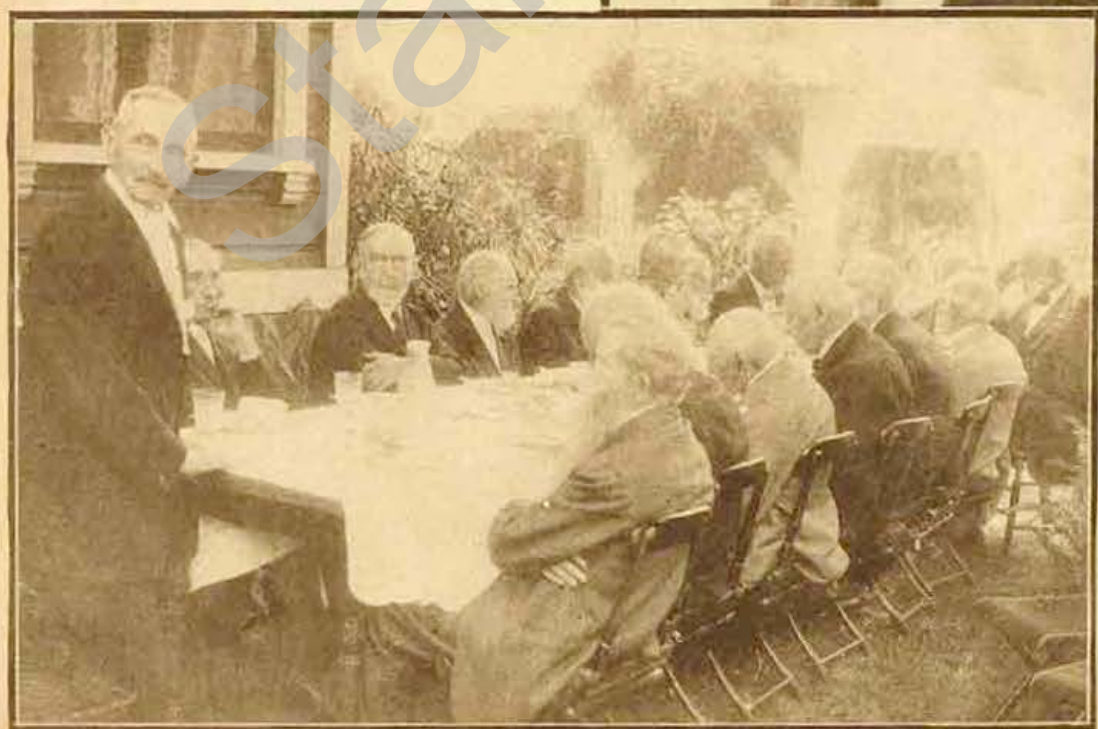
tenarian and Octogenarian Clubs, where the combined ages of Senator Cole and sixteen of his oldest guests made up the sum of 1516 years!"

Since that dinner party, some of the nonagenarians present have crossed the "Deep River"; while some of the octogenarians have attained their centenarian majority and been enrolled in the older organization. On October 5th (1923), the Centenarians celebrated the "coming of age" of three new members with an outdoor picnic in "Sycamore Grove," a picturesque park in the environs of Los Angeles, to which I received an invitation from the secretary of the Club. When I arrived on the scene with my note-book and lunch basket, the feast was already spread on a long table under the overhanging sycamores, and ranged on benches on either side of it were the centenarians and near-centenarians, deeply engrossed in the consideration of ham sandwiches, pickles, cakes, cheese and pie. I scanned the board for some evidence of dietetic intelligence or discretion, but found none. The length of days accorded these aged picnickers was apparently based on some other count than a knowledge of rational eating.

Even such prudence as to quantity manifested by some of them was overborne by the urgent insistence of the ladies—young things of fifty and sixty—who waited on the table; and volubly assured the hesitant ones that this or that deadly article of food "would not hurt them"! I was given a seat on the bench next to the president of the Club, Mr. Galusha M. Cole, a spry lad of 97 who scrambled over the bench by my side with the agility of a school-boy.

Mr. Cole, the most alert and intelligent among the male members of the Club—in my observation of them that day—is a native New Englander (as the name Galusha would in-

dicare), having been born in Connecticut, but early transplanted to New York, and received his education in New York City and in Newberne-on-the-Hudson. In his youth he taught in the public schools, but later became a music master, and taught music in Beaver College at Beaver, Penn., where the evangelist, Ira D. Sankey, was one of his pupils. Some years later Mr. Cole migrated to Missouri, and lived in several other Western States before coming to California 34 years



Above, S. H. Franklin. At the table, standing, G. M. Cole, 97. At the rear, second one, Dr. Lamport, Dr. H. L. Canfield, 95; Mr. Hedges, 94; J. R. Altar, 91; Gen. J. S. Wilcox, 90; Dr. A. M. Morrison, 103. Front row, Mr. Alexander, Senator C. Cole, 100; Maj. J. Siegel, 95; M. H. Merriman, 94; S. H. Franklin, 92; Mr. Wake, Mr. Goodge.



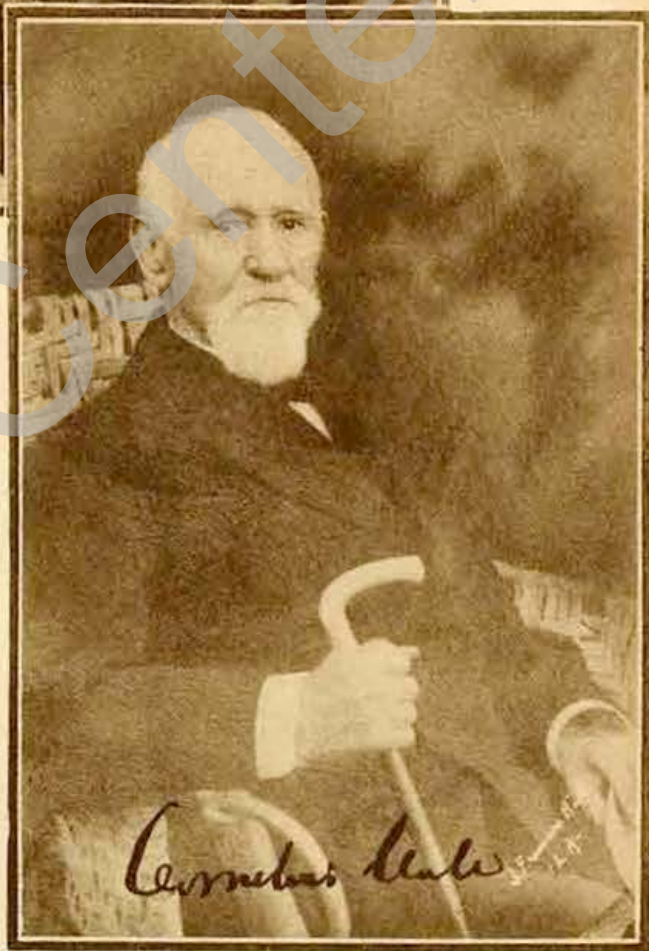
This photograph of the members of the Centenarian Club, taken a year and a half ago, shows most vividly some of the best men and women of the past century, as proven by the fact that they had the sound organs, vitality and endurance to keep alive and strong for around one hundred years—some of them beyond that mark. Stop to think of the significance of this fact when you meet very old people in future. At the right is Senator Cornelius Cole at the age of a hundred years.

ago; and in all of them he was associated with things musical, as choir leader, teacher, and organist. He helped Theodore Presser to organize the Music Teachers' Association. For some years his wife—now dead two years—was a prominent singer of Boston. At one time, Mr. Cole owned a large walnut ranch in Ventura County, California, and built the house in which he now lives at 306 South Lake Ave., Pasadena, the year after his arrival, when this thickly settled portion of the beautiful California city was an outlying waste district, and Lake Avenue with its double fringe of rose-covered homes was a cow-path.

Since he became president of the Centenarian Club it has been Mr. Cole's custom to entertain its members at dinner in his home on his birthday, the 15th of August; and three of the groups shown in this article were photographed there. Mr. Cole is seen standing at the head of the men's table in one of them, on the occasion of his 97th anniversary. When I called at his house a few days ago, I found him just starting to market, and when I expressed surprise at his doing the marketing for the family, his housekeeper and companion exclaimed: "Why, Dad goes everywhere; to market, to Los Angeles, and to Long Beach every Sunday to Sunday school at half-past nine!" And most marvelous of all, Mr. Cole in his various goings to and fro either walks or uses the Southern California trolley system, which even by the adoring, loyal natives—and the still more loyal "adopted sons"—is conceded to be the worst in the country, taxing the endurance and exhausting the patience of the most robust and long-suffering. Indeed, automobiles and private cars of

every description are so thick in this region that trolley cars are in the nature of an impertinent intrusion, and are as much of a nuisance as most impertinent intruders.

Mr. Galusha Cole is one of the five oldest men in the Centenarian



Club, and is featured at the left of that group in the picture which comprises also his namesake—though no relation—Senator Cornelius Cole, age 101; Rev. A. M. Morrison, age 104; Dr. Henry L. Canfield, a Universalist minister, and Major Joe Siegel, each of whom has rounded his 95th milestone. Senator Cole, in the center of this group of ranking seniorities, is also the central figure of the Club in point of public interest. Born in Seneca County, New York, in 1822, he studied law in the office of Wm. H. Seward in Auburn, and was there admitted to the New York bar. At the age of 27, he crossed the Continent on horseback in company with a party of seven who joined the mad rush of "gold

diggers" to California in 1849. He says his party were the first to reach the coveted "diggings," having arrived at Suter's Fort, on the Sacramento River, the morning of July 24th of that year.

"Did you find gold immediately?" I asked the venerable ex-senator and gold seeker, seated in the handsome parlors of his spacious home in Hollywood. "Indeed we did," chortled the genial old man. "We found gold right away—lots of it. We picked it out of the sand in the river-beds, and later we dug it out of the mines. At first we kept the placer gold in bottles and skin pouches. I lived in the mines practically for the first six months of my stay on the coast, and then I went to San Francisco and resumed the practice of law there in 1850. I was married in 'Frisco in 1852 and went to Sacramento to live for ten years. While there I was elected City Attorney, and left there when 'the great flood' came in 1862. Then I was elected to the 38th Congress from the Santa Cruz district for one term, and in 1866 I was elected to the United States Senate, in which I served for six years."

This Californian centenarian, therefore, is not only one of the few surviving original "forty-niners," but enjoys the distinction of being the oldest U. S. ex-senator now living, and the further distinction of being the last surviving member of the senatorial court which sat on the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson, Lincoln's ill-fated successor, who has ever been endeared to Tennesseans of every political faith by reason of what they felt to be the gross injustice of that impeachment trial. I was conscious of the only jar in my pleasant interview with Senator Cole when he told me he voted for Johnson's impeachment.

"Did your gold findings lay the foundation of your fortune?" I asked Senator Cole, who has the reputation of being very rich in this section. "Bless you, no!" he responded with his hearty laugh, which perhaps has been the chief factor in his longevity; as the only explanation he has to offer for it is, that he "was never one to worry." "No, I got cheated out of all my gold," he repeated, "and had to go to work at my law practice. While I was in the Senate, a friend of mine out here named Henry Hancock, a land surveyor from Massachusetts, wrote me to look into a land claim of his which had been thrown out by the U. S. Land Commissioner. This was several thousand acres in the Hollywood section of Southern California, which Hancock had acquired from an old settler who obtained it in one of the original Spanish land grants, which were invalidated in a number of instances. However, I defended Hancock's claim successfully before the Supreme Court in Washington, and it was allowed. In token of his appreciation, he gave me 500 acres of it which afterwards became very valuable. On a portion of it I built the home, which we named 'Colgrove,' for my wife, and where we lived for thirty years." So it was a Spanish land grant, and not a gold mine, which was the basis of Senator Cole's rich holdings in Southern California.

He came to the aforesaid October picnic, accompanied by his daughter, a handsome, portly matron who carried him away at the close of the varied program presented by the picnickers after lunch. This consisted of oratory, music, and original poems read by the authors. Senator Cole was of course one of the speakers, and there were a number of speeches, the chief feature of which was the unanimity of (Continued on page 100)



These ladies were all of them stronger than Bob Fitzsimmons, for they have lived nearly twice as long. At the rear of the table, E. F. Witter, Blanch Young, Mrs. E. F. Witter, Mrs. Mary Chalker and a neighbor. In the foreground, Mrs. Ida Choate, 94; Mrs. Mary Eldridge, 95; Mrs. G. B. Pease, 95; Mrs. J. M. Vandergrift, 97; and Mrs. J. F. Howard, 97.

Heroism—the Highest Form of Strength

A Personal Glimpse of Olaf Swenson, an Arctic Knight, and the Story of His Courageous Expedition to Wrangel Island to Rescue the Survivors of Stefansson's Ill-Fated Expedition

By Burt M. McConnell

NOWHERE is physical courage and strength of character at a greater premium than in the Arctic. For it is "north of 53" that the elements conspire to try men's souls, and to reveal their excellent as well as evil qualities. The pitiless polar regions make a more searching analysis of a man's character, courage, and physical endurance than the battlefield. At least, that has been my experience. There are occasions on an Arctic expedition when courage, coolness, presence of mind and promptness of decision are required of the explorer as truly as of the soldier on the field of battle.

When I think of personal courage and strength of character I immediately picture Olaf Swenson, who possesses in more than the average proportion all of these attributes. It was this big, blond giant who, at the imminent risk of his life and the lives of his crew, and at a financial sacrifice measured in thousands of dollars, defied the crushing force of the Arctic ice-pack and risked the loss of his vessel and her valuable cargo a few years ago. His purpose was to rescue the survivors of Vilhjalmur Stefansson's expedition from certain death on a bleak and desolate island a hundred miles off the coast of Siberia—and his tiny vessel succeeded where five other better ships had failed. From San Francisco to the mouth of the Mackenzie, Swenson is known as a "white man," than which there is no greater compliment in the lexicon of the adventurer.

This, however, is only one of his exploits. In the ten years that I have known him, as a fur trader in Siberia and Alaska, Swenson has been shipwrecked several times in the chill waters of Bering Sea and

the North Pacific. On one occasion he and his chief engineer were the only two men to win the fight to shore when a lifeboat was capsized in the heavy surf. In a second instance his ship was burned three hundred miles off the coast of Alaska, but the trip to shore was successfully made in open boats. At another time, off the north coast of Alaska, Swenson's ship was caught and held in the ice. Another vessel, less fortunate, was crushed and sunk, and her crew would have fared badly had not this Arctic knight shared his provisions and clothing with them. When this lavish generosity

threatened to reduce his ship's stores to the vanishing point by the next summer, Swenson bought a dog team and "mushed" over the mountains of northern Alaska, through an uninhabited country in the middle of winter, to Valdez, some thirteen hundred miles to the southward, where he could get a ship bound for Seattle. With the opening of navigation he was back in the Arctic with a badly needed shipload of food, coal, and clothing. This round trip of eight thousand miles, to him, was all a part of the day's work.

Swenson's tremendous strength and endurance have served him well in the Arctic. The first time I met him on shipboard, en route to Nome, he impressed me mightily. He was six feet two inches tall, without an ounce of surplus flesh upon his body. There was a magnetic directness about the steadfast gaze of his deep blue eyes, and a definite attraction in his frank, open countenance. He speaks Russian, Swedish, English, and the Tcheukchee (Siberian) dialect, and there could be no better evidence of his personal character than the fact that he

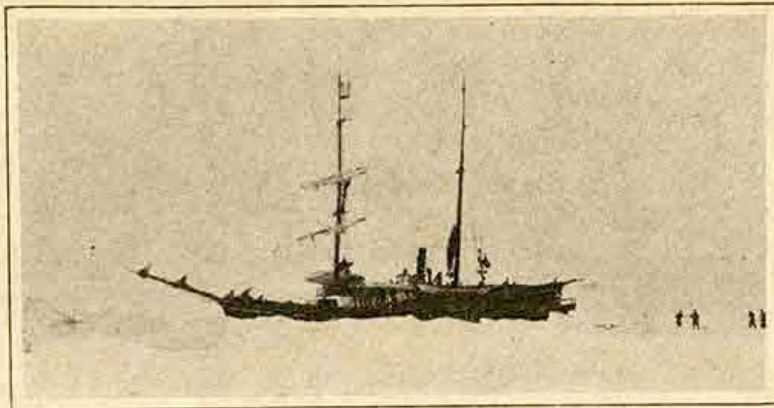


One might call Olaf Swenson, of Seattle, Washington, a modern Viking. Although only a business man, he went to the rescue of the "Karluk" survivors on Wrangel Island at the risk of his life and knowing also that he might lose his ship and her valuable cargo. He succeeded after five other better ships had failed.

is held in high esteem by the Russians as well as natives of the Siberian coast with whom he does business. The greatest feather in Olaf Swenson's cap, however—the one that gives each of us who was in the race against starvation and the elements a thrill of supreme satisfaction—is the voyage of six hundred miles, from Nome to Wrangel Island, and the rescue of the "Karluk" survivors from that desolate, ice-encrusted bit of rock.

In all the annals of Arctic history there is nothing to compare with the last voyage of the "Karluk." Scores of stout ships have been crushed and swallowed by the insatiable white maw of the Arctic, and hundreds of adventurous young men have lost their lives, but never before in history was a crew compelled to abandon a crushed and sinking vessel in the midst of the long Arctic night, with the temperature thirty-five degrees below zero, and in the midst of a raging blizzard. To make matters worse, the disaster occurred when it was darkest.

All this happened two hundred miles off the coast of Northeastern Siberia, after the vessel, caught and held in the ice pack north of Alaska, had been carried some fifteen hundred miles. The retreat of the shipwrecked lot—twenty-two men, one Eskimo seamstress, and her two children—over a hundred miles of chaotic ice fields



The "Karluk," Stefansson's ship, which drifted from the north coast of Alaska to a point two hundred miles north of Wrangel Island. She is seen here imprisoned in the ice from which she never escaped and in which she was ultimately crushed.

twelve castaways after they abandoned all hope, is the story I shall tell here.

This was Wrangel Island's first toll of human life. A few weeks ago, however, we learned that four of the five persons recently sent by Stefansson to take possession of the rocky, barren strip of territory had perished. That brought the total to fifteen.

Stefansson, with a scientific staff of nine, of which I was a member, and a ship's crew of fourteen, four Eskimo men, one Eskimo seamstress and her two girls—thirty-one in all—had set out in the whaler "Karluk" the previous summer, under the auspices of the Canadian Government, to explore as much as possible of the area lying between Alaska and the North Pole.

While the leader, with three of us, Wilkins, Jenness, and myself, with two Eskimos, were ashore on the north coast of Alaska, hunting caribou, the ice in which the ship was held eighteen miles north of Alaska broke

to Wrangel Island; the loss of eight lives before the party reached shore; the seven months' wait by the survivors, camped in flimsy tents, while two of their number pressed southward over another hundred miles of ice to Siberia in search of aid; the deaths of three others, two of them from a form of scurvy, before help came; and finally the heroic rescue of the



Members of the scientific staff, Canadian Arctic Expedition, a number of whom lost their lives in the expedition referred to by the author. Stefansson stands in the first row at the center, and the author is the second one from the reader's left in the second row.



The rescue of the "Karluk" survivors at Rodgers Harbor, Wrangel Island. At the right, "Chief" Munro, the first member of the marooned party to be seen, with the flag which he had placed at half-mast.

away from shore under the influence of a northeast gale, and carried the helpless "Karluk" westward to within two hundred miles of Siberia, then crushed her as you would break an egg shell.

Captain Bartlett, formerly Peary's ice navigator, was in command; Stefansson and the five of us who made up the hunting party were still marooned on the north coast of Alaska, fifteen hundred miles from the scene of the disaster. But Bartlett, in anticipation of the crushing of his ship, had removed several months' provisions to a safe place on the ice. The boxes were piled in brick fashion to form walls, with the tops of the boxes on the inside, convenient for opening. He had built houses in this fashion when on the North Pole dash with Peary. Covered with canvas and banked with snow, such a structure made a comfortable haven, which was named "Shipwreck Camp." The Eskimos also built themselves a shelter, and the twenty-five castaways settled themselves to wait for the end of the Arctic night so that they might retreat to Wrangel Island, a hundred miles away.

A phonograph concert was being given in the after cabin when the first warning of disaster came—a tremendous groan from the vessel's staunch timbers as the ice fields closed in. All worked desperately to save the necessary articles that had been left on board. Every care was taken to save the twenty-seven dogs, for only by their aid would retreat be possible over the treacherous ice fields.

Presently to the creaking of the ship's timbers, as they were smashed like pencils by the irresistible pressure, was added the touching sight of her actual writhings as she twisted and turned like an animal in a trap. Then came the rush of ingoing water. A few hours later the ice field receded,



and in a moment the spot where lately a gallant ship had floated became a mere blot of black water, strongly contrasted against the spotless white of surrounding ice and snow.

As the days lengthened with the return of the sun, Captain Bartlett began preparations for the grim race to land against starvation and the elements. First, an advance party of seven men and two sleds was sent to cut a trail with picks over which the retreat might be made. This required the utmost strength and endurance; often it was necessary to haul the sleds up steep acclivities with ropes, and to let them down on the opposite sides in similar manner. Finally, when they arrived at what they believed was Wrangel Island (but which was in reality Herald Island, a forbidding mass of rock rearing itself abruptly out of the sea), they found their way blocked by three miles of open water. Electing to wait until the ice on which they stood drifted ashore, the first and second officers, with two seamen—all inexperienced in Arctic travel—piled their provisions on the ice, pitched their tent beside them, and sent the other three men and the two dog teams back to "Shipwreck Camp." This whole procedure

was an error which Stefansson would not have permitted had he been present; he would have moved the entire camp as a unit from the scene of the shipwreck. For one of the fundamental things which we were taught in the Arctic, as in the Army, was never to lose touch with other units or individuals.

The officers and seamen who stayed with the provisions were never seen again; the shifting ice fields carried them off into that region marked "unknown" on maps of the Arctic. These four were the first pawns to



The rescue of the Cape Waring party on Wrangel Island. The author may be seen in a white Siberian reindeer skin "parka" bending over the party's sled.



This was "Shipwreck Camp," established by Captain Bartlett after the crushing of the "Karluk." Bartlett had anticipated disaster by removing a quantity of provisions from the ship.

be sacrificed by our expedition on that white chessboard which has claimed perhaps seven hundred lives since explorers first attempted to find a Northwest Passage to China

Against Captain Bartlett's wishes, and contrary to the advice of their companions, another party of four—three scientists and one sailor—next departed from the base camp, poorly equipped and pulling their own sleds. Two of the scientists had been with Shackleton, but their experience was no match for the furious blizzards which frosted their feet and hands and broke up the ice over which they laboriously made their way. Their impatience to reach Wrangel Island ahead of the others cost them their lives. Four more thus were added to the list, making eight in all.

The main party, under Bartlett, then set out, and in three weeks reached Wrangel Island. This party con-

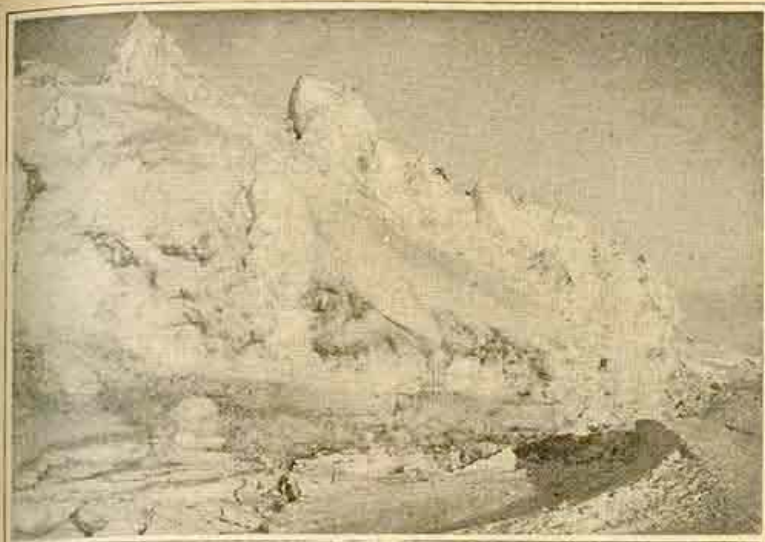
sisted of Captain Bartlett; George S. Malloch, Geologist and Topographer; Bjarne Mamen, Assistant Topographer; W. L. MacKinlay, Meteorologist and Magnetician; John Munro, Chief Engineer; Bert Williamson, Assistant Engineer; Fred Maurer, Fireman; Robert Templeman, Steward; Ernest Chafe; John Hadley; C. Williams; Katarktovik, the young Eskimo; Karraluk, the Eskimo hunter, and Keruk, his wife; Ellen, their eight-year-old daughter, and lastly the pet of the expedition, little Mukpie, the four-year-old daughter of Kurraluk. Their slow advance was marked by innumerable hardships. For five days in succession a blizzard compelled refuge in the tents. Trails had to be chopped with picks and spears through rough ice piled into chaotic ridges. Vast floes had been tumbled and thrust upward into barricades by pressure, as if by the hands of a giant. Irregular blocks the size of a cottage had been tossed about like toys.

First a comfortable camp was established on the beach, where driftwood was plentiful. Then Captain Bartlett and Katarktovik set out over the ice toward the mainland of Siberia, a hundred miles away, with seven dogs and a sled. Chief Engineer Munro was left in charge.

It was a terribly difficult journey, during which they lost several dogs and often fell into the water. Later in the Spring the trip from "Shipwreck Camp" to the island, and the trip to Siberia and along the coast to East Cape could safely have been made in Eskimo *umiaks*, but none of these sturdy walrus-



This map shows the drift of the "Karluk" and the line of attempted rescue. Swenson approached the Island from a different and more western route.



By way of suggesting the obstacles encountered in Arctic travel, this hummock is a veritable mountain of ice.

hide boats had been saved from the wreck. The lack of these staunch, flat-bottomed little skiffs, built like *bateaux* by stretching walrus hides over a driftwood frame, was sorely felt, particularly when provisions were running low and herds of walrus could be seen offshore. With no means of securing fresh meat, several of the survivors fell an easy prey to a form of scurvy. Had *umiaks* been saved from the wreck, the entire scientific staff and crew could have been transported to the mainland of Siberia, where there was an abundance of nourishing food.

Reaching the mainland, the travelers continued to East Cape and thence to Enma Harbor, a distance of several hundred miles. They were then taken on a whaler to St. Michael, Alaska, at the mouth of the Yukon, where Bartlett was able to communicate with the Canadian Government by telegraph. On its request the United States Government sent the revenue cutter "Bear" to the rescue.

On her first journey the "Bear" was unable to get nearer than twenty miles to Wrangel Island. The Russian Government, which also responded to Canada's appeal for aid, sent two ice-breakers, but Fate played another trick on the castaways—war was declared (this was in 1914) and Russia recalled her vessels by wireless. An effort also was made by an American whaler to reach the survivors, but the ice being heavy and densely packed, they were unable to get nearer than twenty miles to the island. At least three other whaling ships would have made the attempt from Point Barrow, but every one seemed to feel sure that the "Bear" would be able to reach Wrangel Island on her first voyage.

I happened to be at Point Barrow, en route to Nome, when the "Bear" arrived. When she did not succeed in her first trial, I became alarmed for the safety of the shipwrecked party, and telegraphed from Nome to the Canadian Government, suggesting that it

charter a vessel to proceed independently of the "Bear" and approach the island from a different angle. When this suggestion was rejected I went to talk the matter over with Swenson, owner of the "King and Winge," a tiny trading schooner. I assured him that I did not come as the representative of the Canadian Government, but urged him to attempt a rescue. The upshot was that he agreed to join in the race, and I was invited to go with him.

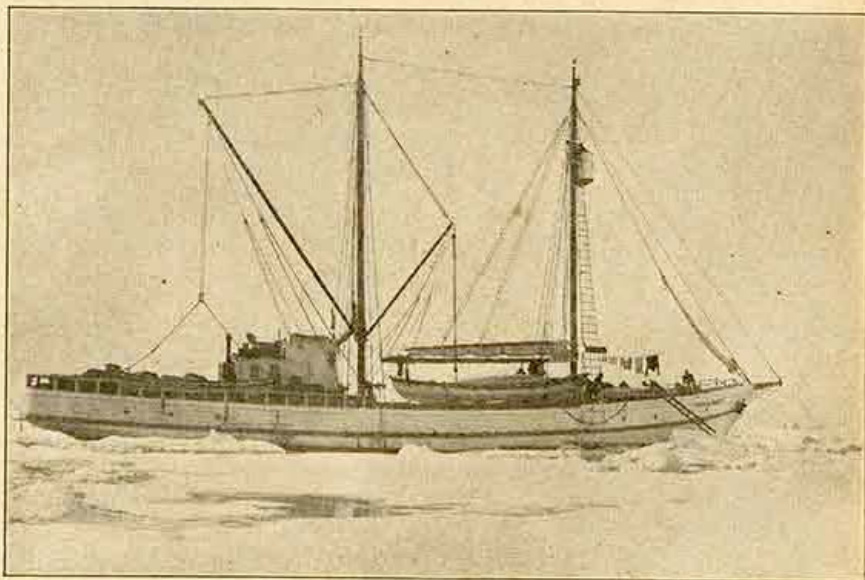
We left Nome for Wrangel Island, a distance of six hundred miles, on September third. On September fourth we reached East Cape, Siberia. Here Swenson engaged fifteen Eskimo, and secured an Eskimo *umiak*. This was for use in case the schooner should find herself, like the revenue cutter, unable to get near the island. Light in weight and covered with walrus hide, this boat could be dragged over the ice which might surround the island, and launched when open water appeared.

Swenson proposed to be prepared for all emergencies. The next day we sighted loose ice fields, and on September sixth entered the pack—a hundred miles short of our goal.

On the way up we were never in serious peril, save as any one entering an ice-pack is in peril. An ice-pack is a danger zone. It is always in motion, and at the mercy of winds, tides and unknown currents. The possibility of having one's ship crushed by the ice or frozen in for the winter with only two months' provisions on board was not a pleasant one to contemplate. Yet Swenson pressed on.

First came several hours of ice bucking. The staunch little vessel, only 110 feet long, but with excellent engines of 140 horse-power, forged her way through seemingly impassable fields, and when Captain Jochimsen encountered an ice field through which the schooner could not force her way he skirted its edge until he found an opening.

The ice was moving all this time under the influence of a southwest wind, which (Continued on page 94)



Swenson's schooner, the "King and Winge," a fur trading vessel which succeeded in reaching Wrangel Island after government vessels had failed.



Even in relaxation the massive character of Hackenschmidt's muscular make-up is apparent, giving a suggestion of his truly Herculean power.

“Hackenschmidt”— *Modern for “Hercules”*”

A Study of the Phenomenal Development
and Strength of the “Russian Lion”

By *Alan Calvert*

IN order to win universal fame in athletics, one must win championship honors in some universal sport. It is possible to win national fame by becoming the leader or champion at the national game, or at some special form of athletics, but if you wish your fame to spread around the world, you have to be supreme at a sport which is practiced everywhere.

There are only two forms of athletics which are practiced in every country on the globe, and those are running and wrestling. Even at that, there are some countries where foot races are practically unknown, but the men of every nation take part in wrestling bouts. Practically every one in this country knows all about Babe Ruth, but in England there are hundreds of thousands who never even heard his name. There are only a few people in this country who know the name of the greatest cricketer in England, and I doubt whether any one who reads this article could tell me the

champion fencer of France, or the champion ski runner of Sweden. The name of Jack Dempsey is famous in this country, in Great Britain and its colonies, in France, and in the Argentine Republic, but that is about as far as his fame extends.

In the history of sport, there have been few men as well known as George Hackenschmidt, the former world's champion wrestler. When at the height of his career his name and his record were known wherever a newspaper was printed; that is to say, over the whole civilized world.

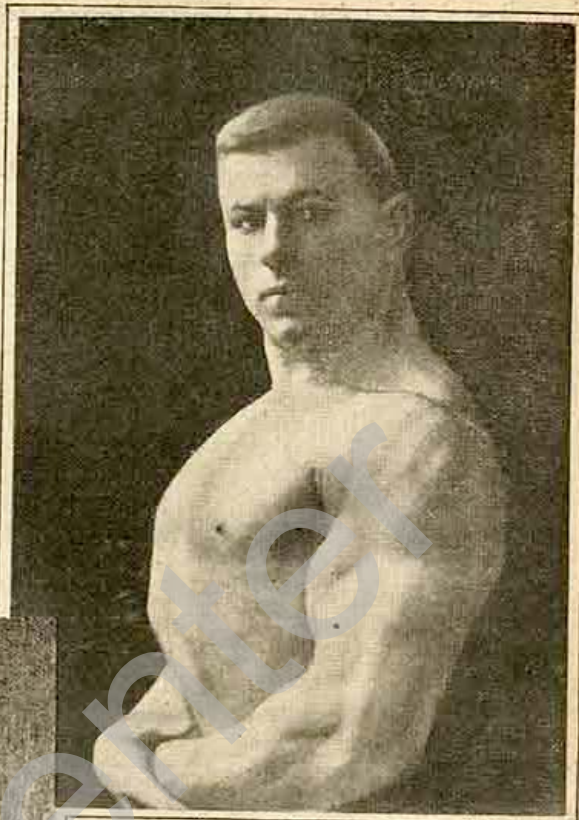
Even the fact that a man is a world's champion does not necessarily make him a popular hero. When old J. L. Sullivan was the champion prize fighter, he was a popular idol. Neither Jim Corbett nor Jim Jeffries enjoyed half the popularity that was Sullivan's. Hackenschmidt was undoubtedly the most admired wrestler who ever held the championship, but he owed

his fame not so much to his wrestling ability as to his striking personality, and his wonderful physical equipment. Very few people know anything about Hackenschmidt's career as a wrestler outside of the fact that he was defeated by Gotch in the championship, but almost every one knows that George Hackenschmidt is one of the finest built and strongest men in the world.

A fine personal appearance is certainly a wonderful asset. Huge audiences attended all of Hackenschmidt's later matches, but they went not so much to see him wrestle as to see the man who was the idol of the heavy type of athlete—a perfect Hercules in shape and strength. In other words, people admired the man more than they applauded the wrestler.

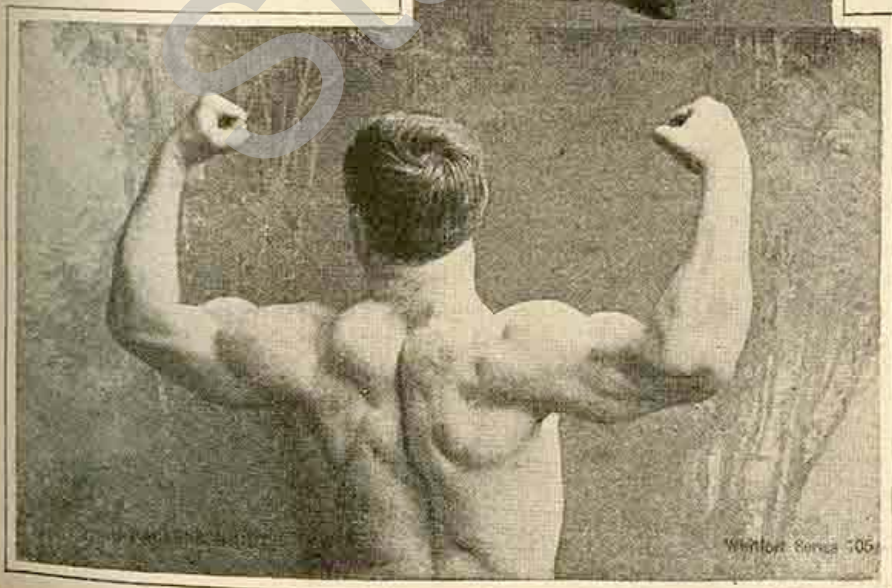
No one who ever saw Hackenschmidt in his prime can ever forget the impression he made when he stepped on the stage, threw off his heavy wraps, and stood stripped for action. There was about the man a suggestion of almost unbelievable power, combined with a smoothness of outline and a grace of movement that presaged uncanny speed. Until he met Gotch he had never encountered a man who could make him extend himself, and in the earlier part of his career, when wrestling in Europe, he overcame his opponents with such ridiculous ease that it seemed as though he stood in a class by himself.

Unlike many other strong men, Hackenschmidt never claimed that he had developed himself from a weakling. He comes of sturdy stock, and his brothers and sisters were above the average in strength. Two of his brothers were professional wrestlers, although neither of them was nearly as big or as strong as George. In his youth Hackenschmidt took part in all kinds of sports. He won



It is commonly known that strong men of short stature, that is, under 5 ft. 6 ins., very easily "bunch up" their muscles when posing, and when photographed present unusually muscular proportions, such as those shown in these photographs. Tall men, however, with longer muscles do not shape up so formidably in a photograph. When you consider this fact and realize Hackenschmidt's weight and stature, standing 5 ft. 10 ins. and weighing 215 pounds in hard training, you will better appreciate his terrific strength.

prizes in bicycle racing; he was a very good high jumper for a heavy man, and he was a fair runner and a first-class swimmer. In Petrograd (then St. Petersburg) there was a certain Dr. Krajewski, a physician who took great interest in the cultivation of athletics. The Doctor saw Hackenschmidt at an athletic meet, and was impressed by his vast possibilities, and he took the 17-year-old boy under his special care. For a while, young Hackenschmidt did nothing but developing exercises with moderate weights, but later on he was advanced to handling really heavy bells, and under the Doctor's careful training he soon developed into a phenomenon. Before he was 20, he had created several European records in weight lifting, although he was not training to become a lifter. The Doctor was what we would call a wres-

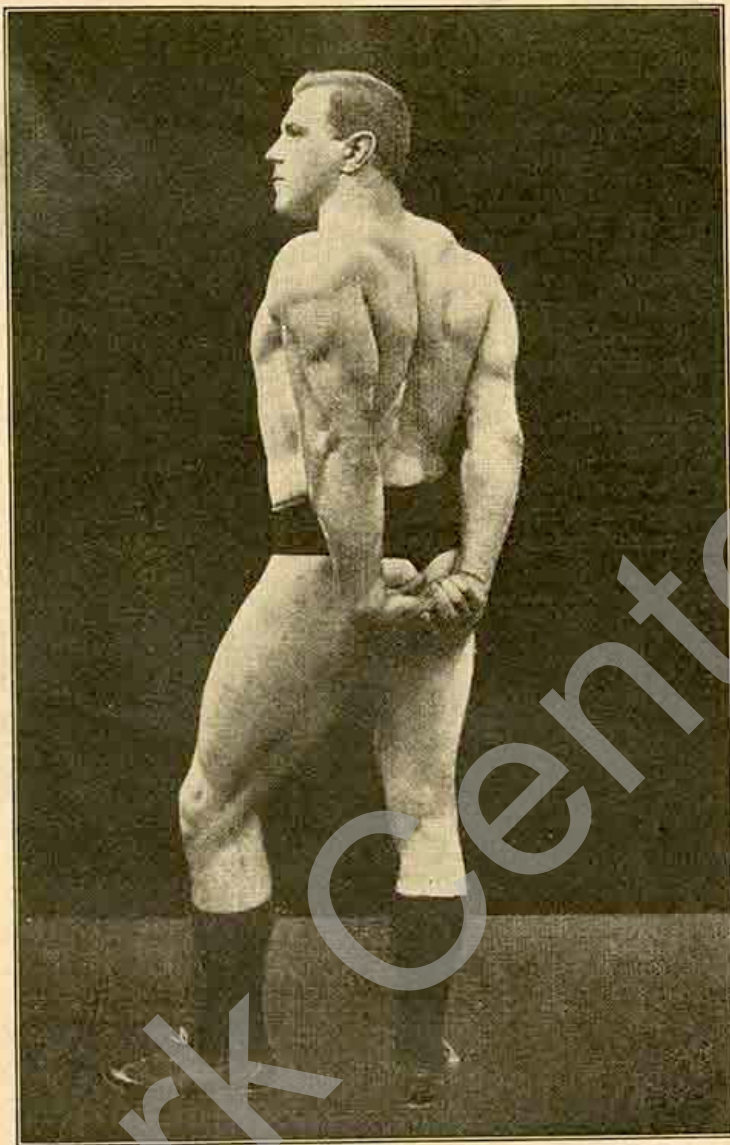


The back, arms and fore-arms that made him a "human bear."

ting fan, and he felt sure that in young Hackenschmidt he had a youth who would eventually wear the wrestling crown. He was clever enough to realize that it takes more than sheer strength to make a wrestler, and so he first pitted George against second-class men. Young Hackenschmidt fairly romped through this class. He admits that at that time his knowledge of wrestling was not very great, but he possessed such prodigious power that he was able to overcome his opponents by sheer strength. Later on he met and defeated a number of the lesser stars, and finally he was matched against the Bulgarian champion, Petroff, one of the old masters of the game. Petroff was himself a man of immense strength, and in addition he possessed a thorough knowledge of wrestling tactics, and he quickly made young Hackenschmidt realize that one could not arrive at the top of the highest class unless he possessed skill as well as strength. That Hackenschmidt profited by the lesson was proven by the fact that in the next few years he defeated Petroff, and all the other European champions.

Before the war professional wrestling in Europe was as well patronized as professional boxing is in this country. Wrestlers traveled in troupes and staged tournaments in the different large cities. These tournaments sometimes lasted for a month, and every man in the troupe had to wrestle several of the opponents until the weaker members were eliminated and the final bout was between the two best men; very much the same system as in our tennis tournaments. Therefore, a professional wrestler in Europe had to be in continual training. During the winter he would have at least a dozen matches every month. Hackenschmidt took part in many of these tournaments, and the only man who gave him serious trouble was George Lourich, who, by the way, is another great lifter.

In those days there was little chance for a wrestler to make big money on the continent of Europe. A first-class man might wrestle twice a week, and not make any more money than do the preliminary fighters in our



This photograph is a study in that it signifies all-round strength in legs, arms, back and chest.

small-town boxing bouts. The Anglo-Saxon seems to be the only race of people who are willing to pay high and continuously to witness champion athletes in action. The purses they give in England seem small in comparison to the fortunes we give in this country to our champion boxers; but when compared to the tiny purses given in Europe, the English purses seemed like a king's ransom. So it did not take much persuasion to induce Hackenschmidt to move to England. In the British Isles, where he lived for several years, he simply outclassed all competitors. (However, that is not saying much, because the British heavyweight wrestlers have not been conspicuously successful in recent years). Hackenschmidt met the British and Scotch champions and overcame them with the utmost ease. The British public was crazy to see him in action, and so various European wrestlers were

imported, but none of them lasted more than a few minutes against the mighty George. But his opponents were so few in number that he wrestled only five or six times in the whole season. In between times he filled engagements at the music halls—the English name, for a vaudeville theatre. The English public was anxious to see him even if he gave only exhibitions in wrestling and feats of strength, and they were willing to pay high for the privilege. No one can blame Hackenschmidt for reaping the golden rewards which came so easily, but I have always believed that it was the lack of competition in England which made Hackenschmidt bow to Gotch. No matter what the game, an athlete cannot keep at the top of his class unless he continually goes up against the competition of his peers.

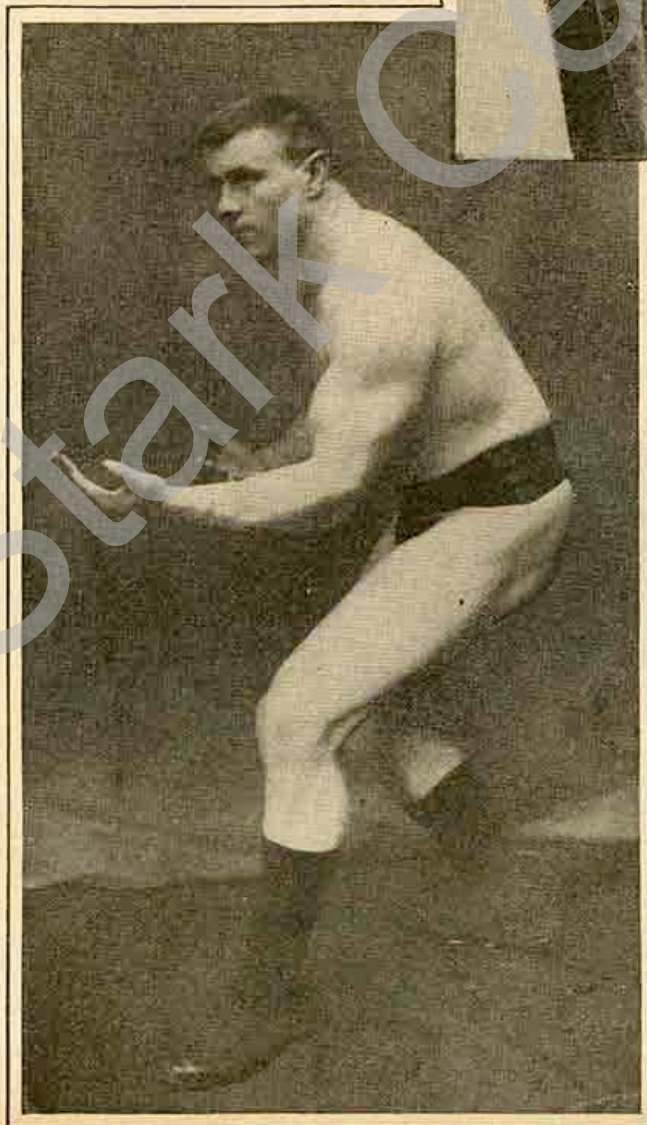
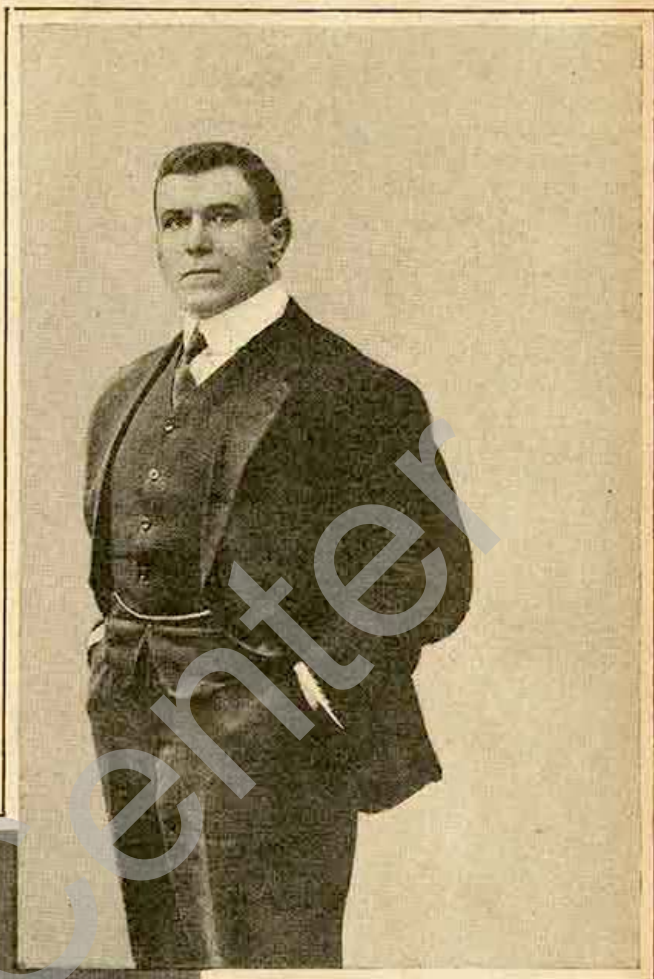
For several years Hackenschmidt was the athletic idol of England. For a while he almost monopolized the space in the English sporting and physical culture magazines. So far as I know, I was the first to introduce his name to the American public. In about 1904 I wrote an article, describing Hackenschmidt, which was published in a magazine called *Vim*. Very soon his reputation had spread over the whole country, not

because I wrote that article, but because he had such success abroad that his name was frequently mentioned in our sporting columns.

At that time the principal claimants for our wrestling championship were Tom Jenkins and Frank Gotch. These two men met continually, and sometimes one would win, and sometimes the other. Jenkins was rated as slightly the better man at the time when Hackenschmidt was invited to come to America; and so it was Jenkins and Hackenschmidt who met at Madison Square Garden. The match, as usual, was to be the best two out of three falls, but the third bout was unnecessary. Hackenschmidt handled Jenkins as though he were a child, and the sporting editors raved about the new phenomenon.

Hackenschmidt returned to England, won a few more matches, and then a year or two later came back to America, and lost to Gotch in Chicago. Before the match came off, he toured the big cities of the East, giving exhibitions; but either his name was not yet familiar enough to our public, or else he was not properly managed. The night I saw him in Philadelphia, he had engaged the biggest theater in town, and the house was not one quarter full. He wrestled three or four of the local champions, but one could see that he was not exerting himself. Nevertheless, his very evident skill and his overwhelming physical power made such an impression on me that I freely predicted that he would win.

When he and Gotch came together in Chicago there was no fall. Hackenschmidt resigned at the end of an hour, and so, of course, the match was awarded to Gotch. All sorts of stories were told about this match, but they are not worth repeating. Hackenschmidt himself gave no explanation, but a great many people felt that he thought it was impossible to win under the conditions. After that Hackenschmidt practically withdrew from the mat. Some time later he was tempted by an enormous purse to come again to America and take another chance at



Even the tailor could not disguise the Titanic proportions of this Hercules of modern times. The lower photograph appeals to the imagination, presenting the Russian lion in his favorite sport. As a grappler, there were those far in excess of his weight who refused to wrestle with him.

Gotch. I did not see him that time, but I saw his pictures in the papers, and they showed plainly that he had been living a life of ease, as he carried 30 or 40 pounds of extra flesh. This time Gotch won easily. If I remember rightly both the falls were secured by means of Gotch's famous toe-hold. All the authorities admitted that Hackenschmidt was so immensely powerful above the waist that no man could throw him by a neck or body-hold, so it was good tactics for Gotch to use the punishing toe-hold.

Notwithstanding Hackenschmidt's lack of condition, I had expected that he would win. After the match was over, one of our greatest training authorities wrote an article in which he extolled Gotch's training methods, and

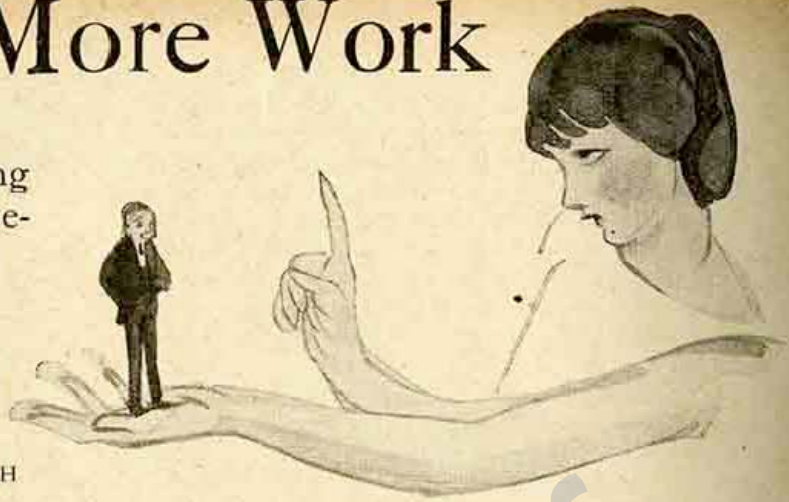
(Continued on page 82)

How to Do More Work

Here's a Scheme for Increasing Your Efficiency and Productiveness—Ask Your Wife About It

By Thomas Curtis Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH



IF you want to be perfect, there is, so far as I know, only one way by which you can reach that condition: Let your wife manage you. That's all. Put yourself in her hands as if she were the Sergeant and you the Private—Private Property, if you like.

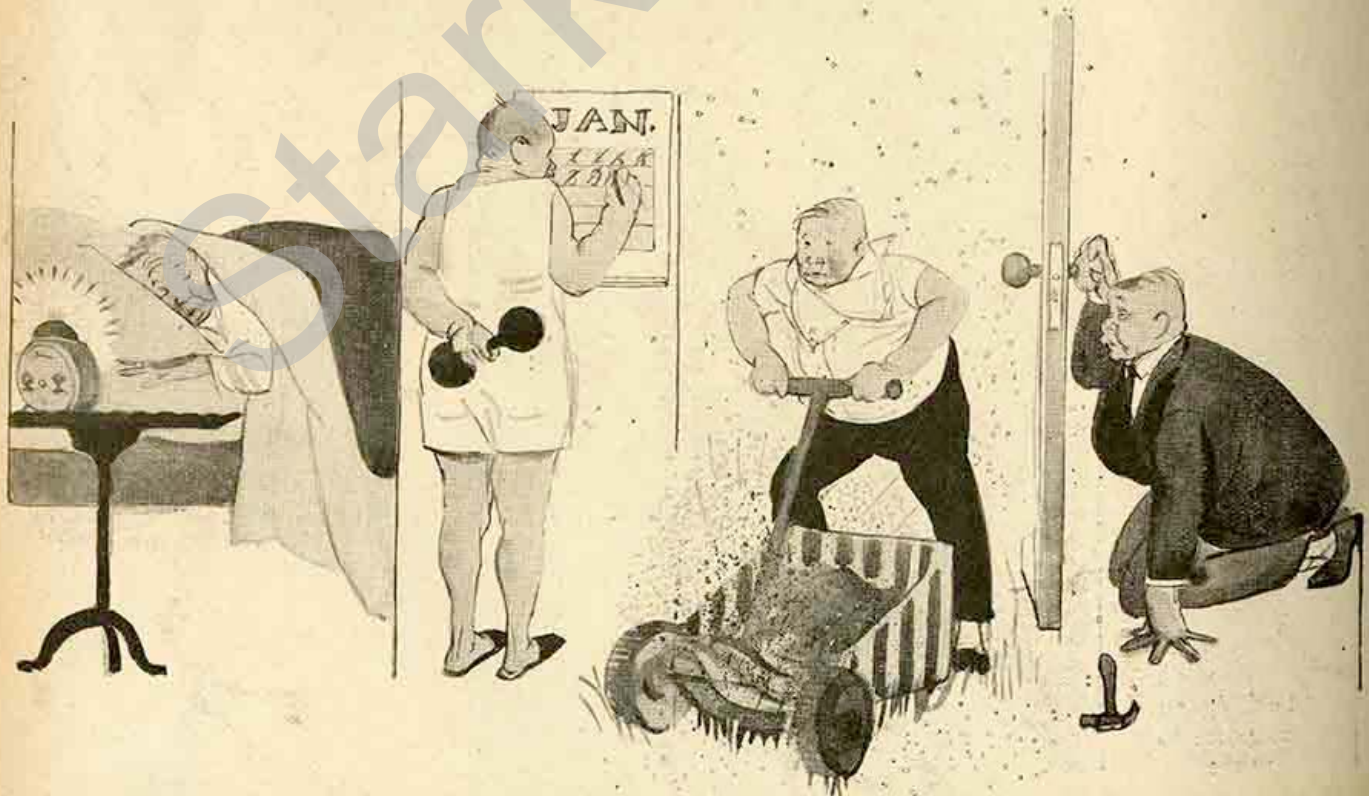
This prescription might, of course, be made to work the other way 'round; but since that involves the highly speculative assumption that a man might perhaps be able to manage his wife, I leave that part of the field till further research shall have developed the facts.

So far as the prescription as stated is concerned, it is borne out by theory and by experience. Women were put into the world to make men perfect. At least that was part of the idea; and the only reason they don't altogether succeed is that men perversely refuse to give them a chance.

I affirm that it works because— No, I regret to say that I haven't gotten around yet to trying it myself;

but I'm going to, just as soon as I can find time to explain it to Angelina, and to plan it out in such a way that I shall have a path to retreat over in case I find the notion unsuited, in practice, to my peculiar temperament. By every rule of logic, however, it seems to be the one cure for my many masculine inhibitions. I've tried everything else without result; I've tried Religion, I've tried Self-discipline, I've tried Efficiency Courses, I've read books about how to chin yourself by Will Power, I've even tried being good. But of what avail are such puny methods against the massive libido to laziness that apparently makes up 99 per cent of every man's cosmos? To let Angelina take the reins into her competent hands and do the driving is, so far as I can see, the only way left.

I have lots of confidence in Angelina. We have been married now going on sixteen years, and we have safely passed mid-channel. I have watched Angelina work wonders with our son Algernon, a singularly perfect



I will get up on time— do my daily exercises daily— mow the lawn— fix the back door so it will lock—

sort of an imp who reminds me vividly of what I used to be like. As I behold him now, in his fifteenth year, beginning to show signs of having some germ of culture under his engaging veneer of barbarism, I take off my hat to Angelina. She "done" it. She kept everlastingly at him when I gave up from sheer exhaustion; and when she simply had to lose her temper, why, she directed it at me, and Algernon came through a happy and carefree boyhood unblistered and unscathed.

What, then, could be more evident than that benefits would accrue from putting myself, so to speak, in Algernon's shoes, now that he is beginning to outgrow them? By that means a father might perchance catch up with his son.

For such reasons, then, I have every confidence in Angelina; and I have about concluded that instead of going with my limping and impotent soul to one of these hard-hitting psycho-analytic physicians who feel your mental pulse and ask you embarrassing questions about your libido, I'll try Angelina, who knows all about me already.

The mere thought of it puts pep and energy into my weary bones. I will make a sporting agreement to love, honor and obey; whereupon Angelina, bless her energetic soul, will do the rest. From then on my hitherto uneasy conscience will sleep twenty-four hours a day, and will have little to do when it's awake but suck its thumb. I will go to bed on time, get up on time, write the letters I ought to write, pay my bills, confine myself to one cup of coffee at breakfast, and to one helping of pie at dinner, mow the lawn, hoe the garden, water the flowers, wash the car, fix the back door so it will lock, do my daily exercise daily, paint the— Well, you see what a vista of perfection the thing opens up, don't you?

If you decide to try it, too, I can sum it all up by say-

ing that you will henceforth behave yourself. Of course if you don't *want* to behave, that's another matter; but I assume that you do if only you can find an easy and automatic way of achieving such a counsel of perfection.

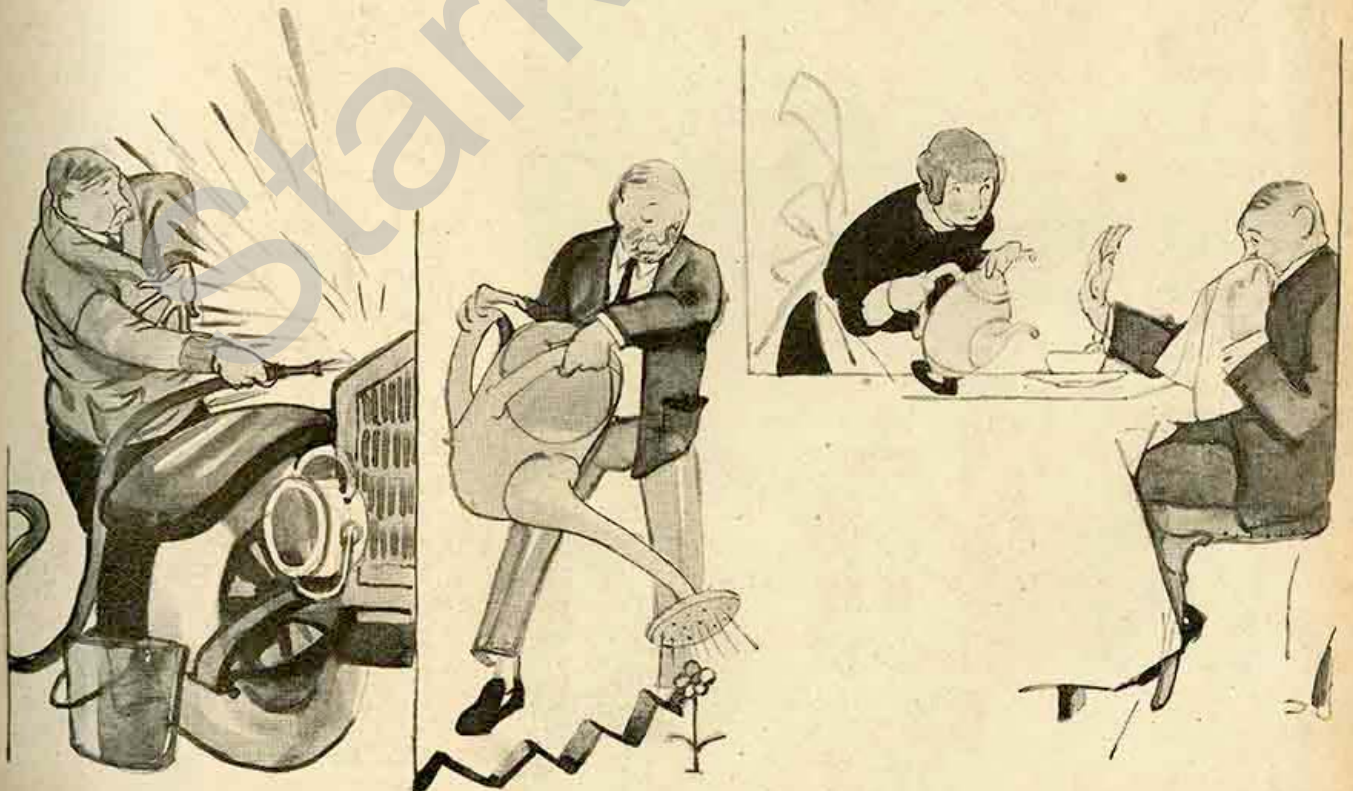
The only addition to this programme I can think of would be to have my stenographer take charge of me during office hours. I shall do that if Angelina doesn't object, and if I can find one who isn't too easy to look at. No, I have no stenographer yet, but that is part of my plan.

What made me think of the stenographer part of it was that I know a man who, as a matter of actual fact, did put himself in charge of his wife and his stenographer, and really gets away with it. You ought to see that man now, and then look at a picture of him taken before he took the treatment. The wrinkles have smoothed from his furrowed brow; he is carefree and happy, gladsome as the birds and butterflies that flit through his now well-kept garden. And why? Simply that he has nothing to do but do as he is told.

Formerly he had a thousand things to do, and managed to do hardly any of them; now he has only one thing to do, and of course anybody can do that, even if he's a moron.

This chap that I'm telling you about is one of those writing fellows. He is supposed to write so many words a day. That's his chosen profession. You couldn't pull him away from it to another job; but, gosh, how he does hate to work; how he does hate plager mining for ideas and pounding them into shape when he gathers in a few; how he dreads the click of a typewriter or the splash of a fountain pen!

Among the things that are anathema to him are alarm clocks, commuter's trains—of course he is a commuter—getting up in the morning, taking his daily exercise, and taking a morning plunge. (Continued on page 80)



wash the car—

water the flowers—

confine myself to one cup of coffee.

In Relaxation There Is Strength

Relaxation Is Not Collapse—
Learn the Secret of Poised
Activity, of Effort Without
Tension

By Elise Dufour

THE morning began badly, because she arose from a sleepless night. The day increasingly tensed her muscles up to the point where her nerves screamed for help. But there was no answer.

The doctor gave her a tonic and said, "You must relax."

To tell a nervous person to relax is as reasonable as asking a tone deaf person to sing. It simply can't be done. The doctor advised relaxing exercises. They were ineffectual. For to let one's body go to pieces in what is called relaxation necessitates the effort of picking it up and of putting it together again. This was too difficult. If the body has the habit of tense coordination it goes back from relaxation to corresponding strain. And so there was nothing for it but nervous prostration, which had its day and passed. It was after that that she found within herself the secret of poised activity, which rests upon that relaxation that is supported by a strong center.

It was François Delsarte who first divided movement into energizing and relaxing, and since his death in 1871 his method, called by many new names, has been generally taught in physical training and in voice culture. Someone has said that in this system there is a lost chord. Until the tone of that chord flows between one's movements one works in the shadow of a nervous breakdown. The lost chord is struck if one skips with that something that makes the skip in the skip, if one hurdles successfully, if one rides a horse well, or if one swings into one's work with coordinated movement; in other words, if one has bodily rhythm.

Relaxation that is the counterpart of energizing is collapse. From collapse

Here is a big idea pictorially expressed—that of relaxation which is not collapse but power in repose, relaxation which is controlled rest, and in which one gathers strength for action to follow. The subject of this photograph is forty years old, but one would never know it.



Photograph by Arnold Genthe.



There is a quality of freedom expressed by the children shown in this charming photograph which is expressive of relaxation in movement. There is strength and action, but no tension. There is no stiff holding up of the shoulders. The flow of movement does not stop in the hips or ankles; it extends throughout the individual, and from one figure to another.

to energizing, from energizing to collapse, both states of movement complete in themselves, sounds rhythmic. But it is not, because there is no connection between the two. There is first one side of the picture and then the other. The relaxation counterpart to rigid energizing must be collapse. To lose rigidity the body is rendered lifeless. There is an idea of course that from such prostration one is refreshed for energy. But granting this unlikely supposition to be true, one can't collapse on Fifth Avenue for a while and then get up and walk again without being badly misunderstood. One should enjoy relaxation from a center of direction and control in the torso, and without such relaxation there is no successfully sustained effort and no rhythm. To ignore this fact is too often to be the victim of nervous breakdown.

Life cannot compromise with anything like death. Collapse is death. Health, which all men enjoy more than any other possession, is not composed of a process of violent life and restful death. A completely healthy person composes a perfect whole which functions rhythmically from center to extremities on the expanding and contracting of the torso with the transitional motion between the in and out movement of the breathing. Relaxation is a necessary result of such technique.

I watched a class in setting-up exercises at a camp. The shoulders were all high, the breath came hard and short. After fifteen minutes of tense violent movement relaxing exercises were given, that sort of going to pieces impossible in any activity of life or in any public place. The continuation of body-bending and stretching succeeded the relaxing exercises. The period of collapse in no way affected the shortness of breath or

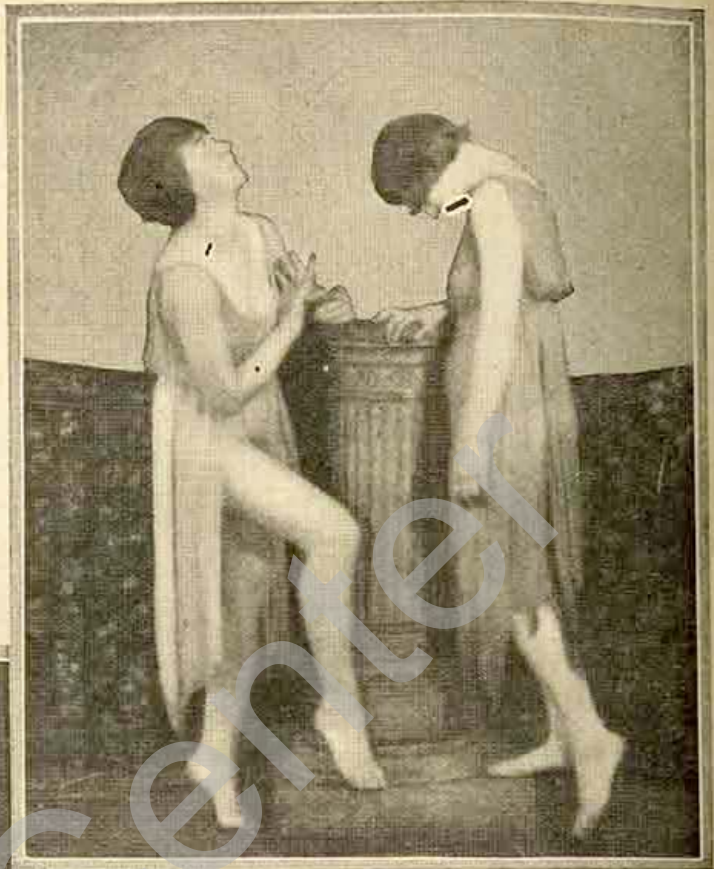
the high shoulders when energizing was resumed. It is true that if one should stagger about as though drunk, completely limp, one might be free from fatigue. But one would also be free of so many other things; it would hardly be worth while.

Health is holiness. Grace is flow of the entire body in sequence and proportion. Health and beauty are the ideal goal of successful living. Relaxation that is collapse is general breakdown. No one has time in the short span of life to train his body to dissolution. Delsarte's conclusion was that life should be lived in terms of effort and rest. He saw mankind always strung up to energy and with no let-down. It was just here that he and his followers forgot the laws of bodily rhythm. To relax from a center of control and to hang loosely from that center, to relax even in effort, keeps the body refreshing itself as it works. Relaxation is the sigh that gathers and sustains for the effort. The rhythm of the sea, the up and over and down of the green waves, is stamped within our breathing. Watch the loosely hanging sailor as he scrubs the deck. He hangs upon a strong center, his body given to his work. The soldier, on the other hand, has been trained to stiffness.

Physical relaxation induces mental and emotional relaxation. The release from mental effort is called recreation. Recreation does not come with a knock-out blow, but as refreshment. Physical relaxation should have its consciousness of pleasurable release at the center. A release from effort sends one into new energy, but with a renewed vigor which retains or carries over flexibility from the looseness of relaxation. In other words, one must remain flexible even during

effort, which means effort without tension. Even sleep is not relaxed as the result of merely collapsing on one's bed. Habitual tension will steal over one's slumbers. If one is to sleep without tension, one must learn to make one's waking hours flexible. Sleep carries on the tensions of one's day. It is in energizing, in the effort, that one needs relaxation, suspension in the very thick of action. The baseball player turns to the bleachers from a successful run and relaxes into a grin.

Once I met a lady who had just had half an hour of "breathing and relaxation." It was in the hall of an apartment house, and we ascended three flights of stairs together. On the first landing she paused, puffing, her shoulders high, the back of her neck tense. She said: "The only way to breathe is to lie down and breathe deep. It sets you up for the whole day." One flight of steps had set her up to the puffing point. One can't lie down all the time. Surely one should take one's breath up the stairs with one.



Photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals.

The three figures shown here express three forms of relaxation, the two above expressing aspiration and contemplation, or the sinking down into oneself, while the photograph at the left, posed by Miss Dufour, expresses suspension or relaxation in suspense. One must conceive of the body as having a "centre" of support and activity in the upper torso. The entire body flows or hangs or proceeds into action from that center. In the three figures on this page the one at the right hangs, the second rests and the third sweeps into movement on that center, the torso, as Miss Dufour puts it, being lifted by wide breathing.

If one is to have a balanced life one must relax in due proportion as one energizes. One must take the big moment and then let go, swinging on a strong center. Whether one has rhythm or not, one must manage to meet the rhythm of life some way, to swing in the rise and fall, the ebb and flow of effort, or to break against it. There is no such thing as keeping one's top note. It cracks all too soon. One must go with ebb and flow of rhythmic breathing, pulsing or sighing one's movements from a flexible center.

Relaxation should not be collapse, but flexibility, and always control; it is the underneath rhythm of all movement, and it should be present lying down, climbing stairs, walking or running, always present. Relaxation is the exhaling, the emptying of the torso.



to admit new life. Relaxation keeps the body elastic, in repose and in effort, and it can only be sustained through the rhythmic flow of movement which must swing out and turn on a bodily center. Bodily rhythm is the great fundamental and inherent value of each individual. Faith in what is inherently ours comes after failure to attain satisfaction from sources outside of ourselves.

Just so the business girl referred to in the beginning of this article, finding that tonic and relaxing exercises, so called, did not save her from a nervous breakdown, began searching within herself for a power that would give her health and the joy of life. She learned the rhythmic technique of her body. Today she is a poised, flexible person. She told me one day of a discovery she had made during her rhythmic training.

"I never knew before," she said, "that it was desirable to be natural. To succeed I thought one must be a little artificial. I really always wanted to be just myself, but I was afraid that would be lazy and selfish."

To relax into being "just oneself" is certainly not lazy or selfish—but to counterfeit a self that has no roots in reality is both dishonest and nerve-racking. Being a facetious person is a prevailing fashion most expensive—the debt paid in strain and unreality bankrupts creativeness and health. We can't do better than function according to the laws of nature which reveal the real

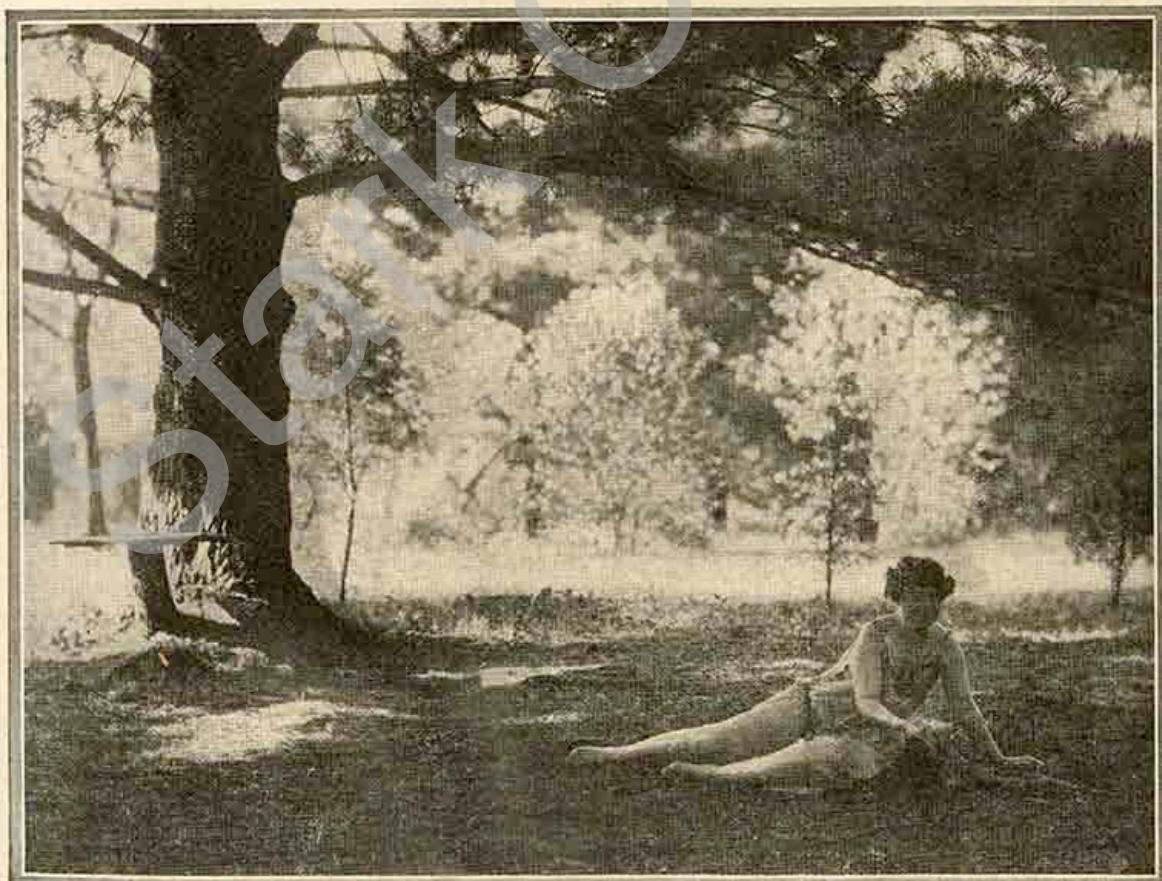
self. The lily is not improved by the most brilliant painting.

Tenseness easily turns into artificiality and weakness, because tension makes for self-consciousness; having no roots it can be swept by the thoughts of others into confusion. So-called self-consciousness is really "other consciousness"—a disconnection with one's center, one's own control. To swing on one's center into relaxation from which one strikes out into poised activity is to use the body according to its natural laws, hence with grace and strength.

It was not surprising to find my pupil thinking it necessary to be "a little artificial"—one has only to look about on the street, at the theater, on the stage, to be convinced that the luxury of being natural is rare.

Poised activity is the only activity that makes for real strength and sincerity, and poised activity must flow from controlled relaxation—which is the deep underneath, the gathering rhythm of life.

Life is a struggle which one fights alone though surrounded by friends. To be strong, to endure, one must learn to flow from the letting-go-ness of relaxation into the going-on-ness of action. One is dying instead of living if ignorant of one's center, if unable to take one's self for "better or for worse" and to gather that self up into form through action. . . . Only out of the pulsing quiet of relaxation can the human body re-create itself in strength—to attain still more strength.



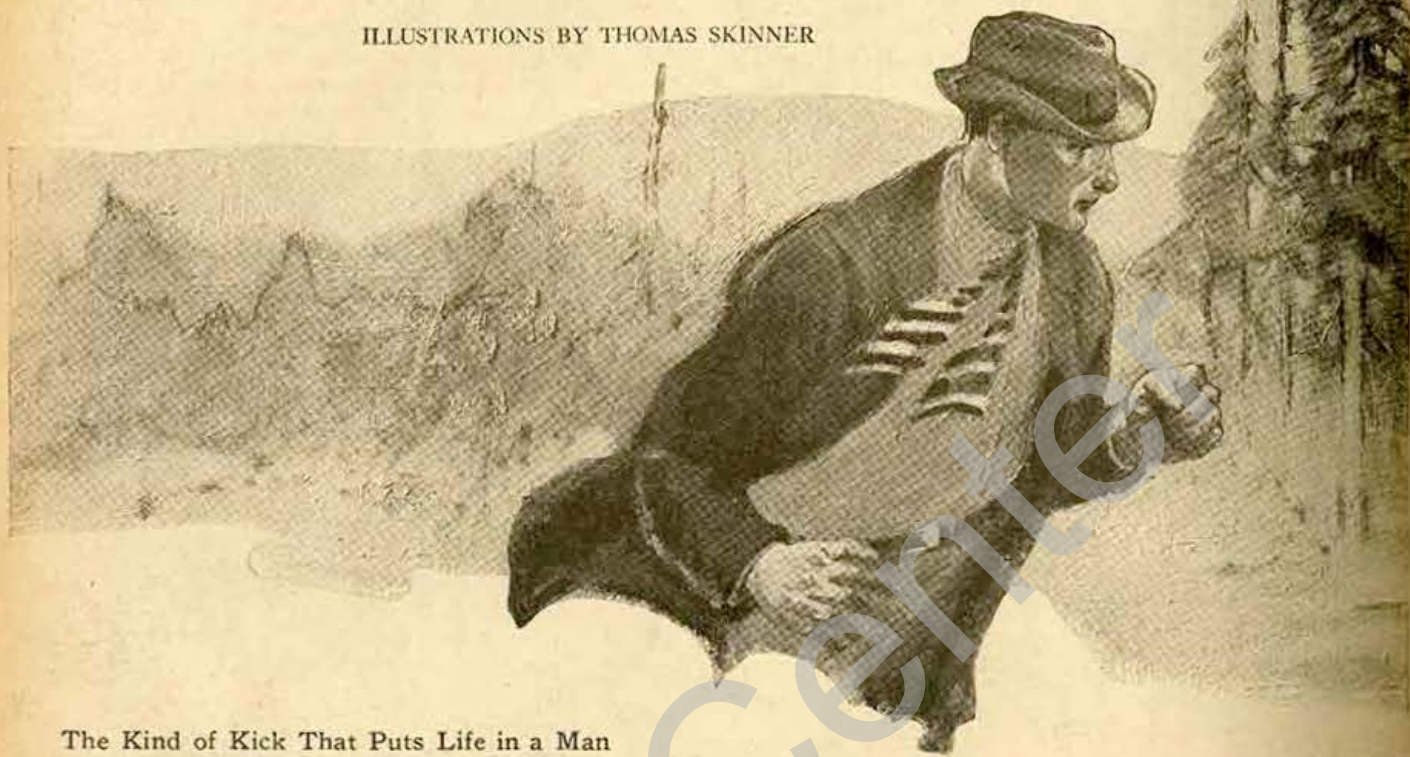
Stozall Studios.

The greatest relaxation is that which partakes of the spirit of the repose of nature, and the repose of nature is synonymous with strength. It may help you to achieve this relaxation if you will think of making yourself a part of a landscape or, as Miss Dufour puts it, breathing yourself into the landscape. The posture in the photograph is that of lifting oneself out of relaxation into anticipated movement.

"Life Feels Like a Fight"

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS SKINNER



The Kind of Kick That Puts Life in a Man

THE smooth and easy way of life often means the softening and weakening of what would otherwise be first-rate material.

Craig Gantry, heir to his father's interest in the Gantry Mill Machinery Company, has been known in college and among his business associates as an idler and waster, until finally, with the company on the point of bankruptcy, the directors inform him that he is penniless and voted out of office. Going West, he lives the life of a tramp, doing menial work, his spirit broken, looking only for a place to die. He almost perishes in a blizzard in the Sierra mountains. He is rescued and nursed back to life by Mary Clyde and her aged father. The latter, blind, almost deaf, expresses his philosophy, borrowed from Henry James, that life is meaningless unless it is a fight for God and the universe and that in any case life feels like a fight. It seems that father and daughter Clyde are under financial obligations to one, Sill Thurston, timber baron, who, taking advantage of the situation, endeavors to force his claims upon Mary, thereby almost clashing with young Gantry. The incident is enough to stir Craig's sluggish blood and wake up his dormant powers of resistance.—*The Editor.*

CHAPTER V.

I

It was Mary Clyde's twisted whistling of "Ain't We Got Fun" that stirred Craig Gantry to his first real activity.

Perhaps the bullying tone taken with the girl by Sill Thurston, the lumberman, should have done it, but it

did not. Gantry was angry with the man; he wanted, more desperately than he had ever wanted such a thing, to smash Thurston's face for him. That was it—to bruise and batter the big fellow's countenance, and wipe some of the confidence and sneering and sense of power from it with vicious blows.

But when Mary turned to her work whistling with determination, like a boy through a graveyard, Craig's mind began to work. For the first time in some weeks he realized that he had a hundred and forty dollars left from the wages Madam Radinovich had paid him for his indifferently valuable services as "pot-boy" and piano player at the Resort. Mary Clyde had refused to accept any of it in liquidation of his debt to her. He had it in cash—the capital with which to start the rather considerable business enterprise that began swiftly to shape itself in his mind.

He borrowed a broken-kneed pony from Bud Galbraith, whose people lived above the Clydes half a mile, and went for his first visit to Granger, the little town that lay over the hills in the valley of the Yuba.

He was surprised to find how far one hundred and forty dollars may be made to go in transforming a man from a ragged, bushy, down-at-heel vagabond into a smart, ruddy, competent-looking man of affairs.

From the mirror in Rosenblum's Fashion, Gantry went, by train, to Lassen, the county seat and division headquarters of the Pacific Western, and sent in his name to the office of the superintendent, Parker Forbes.

II

"Gantry!"
"Right, Perky!"



He seized Mary Clyde's wrist and jerked her savagely about.

"Where in the name of the one thousand and one dogs did you drop from?"

"A bit nearer heaven than Lassen—I'd say a thousand feet nearer."

"Around here?"

"Not far from here."

"But how long have you been out West?"

"Almost a year."

"You darned old fraud! I heard from the Maynards that you'd gone West, but no one knew where. Said you'd just simply dropped out of sight."

"You went to the wrong place for your information."

"Your father's firm didn't know—or pretended not to."

"They didn't know. I was thinking of the stage doors of the Revue Company. But it doesn't matter. I'm here now, wanting something."

"You know me, old Craig. You can have the half of my kingdom."

"Thanks; don't want it. I want a contract to supply you with bridge and tunnel timbers and ties for the new cut-off. Not just a smell at it—all of it."

"You must be a big fish in some puddle!"

"Do I look like a little one?"

Forbes appraised him. "No, you don't. You look a lot fitter than I ever thought you would, too. You used to be an awfully filthy lounge-lizard, you know."

"I've shed my cocoon, if that's what lizards do. I'm in the lumber business."

"Where?"

"Post-office address, Castlemont, which isn't nearly as big as it sounds."

Forbes opened a drawer and took out some papers.

"Of course you can have that contract—if I can get it for you, and I think I can; but we've dealt so long with another outfit that I'll have to make a fight for you."

"What outfit?"

"The Granite Ridge Company. Goodsill Thurston. You must know him, if you're in his game in this section."

"I know him—slightly. You have no contract with him?"

"Not now. As I understand it the road has always bought through him—and his father before him, I imagine. So we've had a sort of gentlemen's agreement on all our dimension and big stuff in the lumber line."

"A gentlemen's agreement? With Thurston?"

"Well, I'll admit that he has a shady reputation. But I gather that he has always played fair with the road."

"I'll beat any price he makes," Gantry said, bluntly. "If it comes to bidding, I'll bid. But I'd rather you'd see what you can do—"

"I can promise you the contract if you will make us a price."

"Then the contract is mine. When do you want deliveries started?"

"Not before the first of next April, or thereabouts. You probably know—"

"Sure I know. My lumber won't be seasoned before that anyway. Call in one of your menials and dictate a letter telling me that, if my price is right, I will get the timber contract, will you? My total worldly possessions amount to about fourteen dollars and two sections of the finest timber in the Sierra Nevada, so I may need credit."

"Get out with you!" Forbes laughed at the tremendous joke of Craig Gantry being down to fourteen dollars. "But I'll give you the letter." He paused a moment. "Do you know, Craig, it's of a piece with your old impudence to come boldly in here telling me where I get off about a quarter-million dollar timber contract. What made you think that a mere division superintendent would have anything to do with ordering construction materials?"

Gantry, who had come in with no such idea at all, but who, on the contrary, had expected only to be able to obtain his old fraternity brother's promise of aid in meeting the proper authorities, winked coolly.

"I've forgotten how to triangulate the height of a mountain and I don't remember whether Plato was a stoic or an epicurean, but I do recall the name of Harrison Forbes, and I do retain the impression that you were the favorite nephew of that old empire builder, Perky."

Forbes laughed.

"You haven't lost any of your pristine assurance, at any rate," he said—and Craig Gantry looked wise, confessing nothing.

III

With a memorandum of agreement from Forbes in his pocket, Craig Gantry, that afternoon, went into the Lumberman's Bank in Lassen and asked for President Langnickel. He was shown into a dark cubbyhole of a place, and greeted there shortly by a round, tubby, sour-faced old gentleman who, Gantry was aware, was instantly busy trying to find faults in him. Langnickel was so constituted. He was the complete misanthrope. You had to demonstrate your virtues to him before he would accede you any at all; he would do it then grudgingly.

Gantry, tall, lean, immaculate in a rough tweed coat, flannel shirt, corduroys and leather boots, had already reassumed, for the first time in months, that old confident, aristocratic air which had made him socially desirable and at the same time richly hated by the employees of the Gantry Mill Machinery Company at home. He gave one the impression of being able to do favors, but of one who seldom did them. There could not have been a greater contrast between two men than this between the suave, assured man of the world which he had become this day, and the querulous, suspicious little banker.

"You want credit here?" the old man gasped, after Gantry had outlined his purposes. "Humph! Where's this two sections of timber located? Clyde's, eh? Humph! Yes, I know it. Weedy timber! Too much fir in it! Cost as much to log it out as you'd get! Who'd you say you had connections with in the East?"

Gantry, as though conferring a kindness, named Senator Levering, Archibald Maynard, the banker, Paul Starrow, who had been in college with him and who was now head of a large bond house inherited from his father, and Clifton Neal, a member of the Neal family of San Francisco, with whom he had roomed in the fraternity house. He did not offer Forbes' letter about the timber contract; he referred to it once and left it at that.

Old Mr. Langnickel humphed and hawed and wriggled. But he had a reason for favoring the request of this cock-sure young upstart of which Craig knew nothing; Sill Thurston had always been a thorn in the old man's side, and there was something about this Gantry boy that made you think that he might give Mr. Thurston a hard run and a nasty fall. The references were high-sounding—much above the head of Langnickel, as Craig had realized when he gave them. They made the little banker feel that he was getting into fast company. The Clyde timber sections were the heart of the cedar and white pine district—the cream of the mountains—and Langnickel knew they were and had only scoffed at them in an effort to match his caller's brass with his own independence. Finally, a contract with the Pacific Western for upwards of a quarter-million was a clincher!

In short he told Craig Gantry to draw on him for what cash he needed immediately; in a week he would let him know about further arrangements.

"That will do," Craig said, carelessly, as he rose to leave. "I seldom am mistaken in men, Mr. Langnickel, and I find that I haven't been in you—so far."

"Now what the Sam Scratch did he mean by that last remark?" Mr. Langnickel pondered, later, scratching his head.

IV

Mary Clyde was a little stiff when Craig, after settling with the Galbraith boy for the hire of his horse for the three days that he had kept him away, came swinging up to the house from the road.

"I hope you've had a good time," she said.

Craig had had a good time—a much better time than he had expected to have, even, for it had all been crowned with an interview with Sill Thurston, in the course of which he had told that high-headed gentleman enough to give Thurston several hours of unusually



—a round, tubby, sour-faced old man who, Gantry was aware, was instantly busy trying to find faults in him.

aggravating soliloquy and communion with himself, after which Craig had engaged in a quite satisfactory interview with another gentleman, as yet a stranger to this tale.

"I have had a good time," he said. "Thanks to you I've had one of the loveliest rows I've ever had, and the more or less definite promise of more to come."

Mary Clyde looked at him straight.

"I was told where you went," she said, a little accusingly.

But Craig was in too good a humor with the world to realize that she was quarreling with him.

"That so? I don't remember telling anyone my destination."

"You were at Lassen night before last."

"Yes."

"Of course it's your own business, Craig," she said.

"But if you had a row there, as you call it, about me, I don't see how I can possibly thank you for it. Dragging my name into mixed parties, especially in Lassen——"

"What the dickens are you talking about, child?" he demanded, staring. "I don't have any idea who has been bringing you tales, but whoever it was certainly has given you a wrong impression."

"Mr. Thurston saw you there," she blurted. "He isn't the sort of man to tell tales, I think."

"Oh, isn't he, though?" Craig countered. "Well, perhaps not. Mr. Thurston takes a flattering interest in me that probably puts me under more of an obligation to him than I had realized." He broke off abruptly. "See here, Mary," he said, smilingly, "let's not quarrel—you and I. Where's the dad?"

"With his bees."

"I've something to tell both of you."

"Are you sure we're interested?"

"I think it's likely. The mortgage is paid on the timber piece, for one thing."

She frowned. "Are you joking?"

"No. And that's only the beginning. I'm here to offer you two thousand dollars for an option on the timber on the two sections, say for sixty days. Would you consider it?"

She flushed. "I'm not sure. Certainly not if it placed us under any obligation—"

"Oh, rats, Mary!" he cried. He leaped to her side, caught her shoulders in his hands, and made her face him squarely. "Mary, my dear," he cried, "I've a contract for that timber, I have a man to mill it, I have money to log it off, and I want a job as boss of the outfit that handles it for you. Do you want to hear the whole story?"

Tears came to her eyes. He saw that she had changed somehow; she was an alien Mary, holding back, frightened, worried, and distressed. He let his hands fall.

She turned away slowly.

"Of course I'm glad, Craig," she said, with difficulty. "I want to hear about it. But what I want more—is to be able to—to trust you. No, wait a minute. Give me a little time. Tell us after supper, will you? And go away now."

He was suddenly dashed. His enthusiasm flagged. Doubts arose in his mind. Appalling difficulties loomed that he had put aside before as negligible. Without a word he left her.

CHAPTER VI

I

Mary Clyde was, above all things, straightforward, real and sincere; but a peculiar chain of circumstances had driven her back upon a pride that was, in some respects, false and artificial.

Her father had been a college professor with a

brilliant future suddenly darkened by an illness that had weakened his eyes and his ears beyond all repairing. As he had become more deaf he had been forced to give up his college work and undertake high school classes. Then his eyes began to fail rapidly and even the lighter work became impossible to him. "I've been pretty near down to rock bottom myself," he had told Craig Gantry—and he had been thinking of that time then—the time when all work for him—the work he loved—was ended, and he was compelled to fall back on the mountain place, with its timber sections, which was his only heritage from the father who had come to California in '49.

Mary had been seventeen then—brilliant, full of promise, attractive, popular, beloved. She had given up everything for the father she loved and pitied—and understood; she had put her own dreams and plans behind her and had gone out gallantly with him to fight darkness and silence. Her health, self-reliance and joy in life had been born in her, but this trial had developed them highly from necessity. She had been forced to be well, to be capable, and to be joyous for two. And she had found this, at times, no easy matter, because she had had difficulties and problems of which her father knew nothing.

As though the responsibility and care of her father were not enough she had been harassed by two men, both of whom had placed her under obligations to them, and both of whom had sought to collect on the debt by pressing their own personal suits on her. Dr. Force Lambertson was, I gather, a thoroughgoing scoundrel. Mary would never talk of it; no one knew much about his impurities to her. That they were insistent and trying is evident. There must have been one or two ugly scenes before he was finally convinced that he was wasting his time; I know that he wrote Mary a note that cut her to the heart, and that he enclosed a bill for his services to her father and receipted it: "Not paid, but cancelled because of the bankruptcy of gratitude of M. C."

It had taken four years, but in the end Mary had accumulated the amount of the (Continued on page 81)



He borrowed a broken-kneed pony from Bud Galbraith and went for his first visit to Granger.

A "Health Education"—What's That?

Is There Anything More Fundamental,
More Vital, or More Obvious?

By Robert Gordon

ARE you satisfied that you have taken adequate care of your health education? Or do you feel that you have neglected it—just a little?

The term physical education has become an accepted part of our language. It is usually taken to mean the physical training or building up of the body through gymnastics and athletics. But health education means more than that. It involves an understanding of physical education and a grasp of all hygienic principles.

Suppose we look into your library for a moment. Perhaps you don't pretend to call it a library; perhaps it is just your little collection of books, but of course any collection of books is a library. "Everyone who has any appreciation of the good things of life has naturally found so much of the very best things of the world packed away in one form or another between the covers of books that he has at least a few of his own, more or less prized, and carefully chosen in a manner expressive of his own nature and mental level. Very well, let us look into your library and see where you stand in the matter of the art of health and life.

You have some of the classics, you have some history, some books on travel, some on science, some of your best books are biographical. You have fiction, representing some of the best novelists, and perhaps some plays. But as for the library of health; let us look at that. Probably that is one point in which your library needs to be improved.

The time is coming when well-brought-up people will so value human vitality that there will be a special room for physical training in every home, a space for outdoor activity in every side yard and a collection of illuminating books on health and sports in every library.

The man who does not read is in the position of one who is standing still or sitting on the curb while the big procession of humanity goes by. For progress in the affairs of the world is continuous, like the eternal flow of time, and the man who does not read becomes so out of touch with the world that he is soon hopelessly out-of-date. One hesitates to go out on the streets in an automobile made ten years ago, lacking in all modern improvements. But some do not hesitate to go about with a mentality that is equally behind the times, dusty, musty and unimproved.

Take, for instance, the doctor who is satisfied to rest upon what he learned in medical college thirty years

ago. You would not want his help. Progress in medicine is like that in anything else. The wise physician is one who has kept up with the times by continuous reading, and who thereby is a part of the big movement in the way of medical progress.

There are reliable books on every aspect of health: diet, care of the eyes and teeth, physical training, care of children, value of outdoor life, eugenics and allied subjects. If you had a shelf of health books for ready reference and guidance, you would find they were among the most useful volumes in your library. It has been said that "knowledge is power." Books have opened the gates to health and happiness for a great many people, and are invaluable aids to those in search of more complete development of body and mind.

All this is not meant to imply that wide reading will take the place of intelligence. One may absorb abundant facts even while lacking the power to apply them. As between education and native intelligence there is no question that intelligence is the more important. It also holds true that a moderate amount of intelligent reading of well-chosen books may mean more than wide reading without thought. But with all this it is still true that the one best way in the world to learn to think is to follow the thoughts of the wise men of the world through the channel of their books.

In reading you think with the writer. If he thinks vigorously you will likewise think vigorously. There is no other such mental stimulant as that of following the mental processes of a clear-thinking writer, whether in a book or magazine. In other words, the man who does not read stagnates mentally, whereas one who reads must inevitably become and remain mentally active. It is a sort of exercise that gives one mental strength. This is in addition to the acquisition of that knowledge which is the basis of understanding and wisdom.

Human vitality is so precious that one cannot afford to blunder in the matter of health measures, some of which act like a two-edged sword. Fads and "cure-alls" must be avoided. In order to be able to choose the reliable aids to health instead of the false, you need to be armed with adequate knowledge of natural laws and personal hygiene. The reading of books and articles by well-known health authorities will give you a good background for the study of your individual health problems. (Continued on page 103)

Here Is a New Sense in Which Knowledge Is Power

PARTICULARLY in matters of life and health, knowledge is power. One may enter into the task of building up his bodily resources with ever so much enthusiasm, but if he does not know what he is doing he is likely to waste much of his effort, not to speak of the mistakes that he may make. First of all he should know his own body from the top of his head to the tips of his toes, and then he should know all that he can about keeping fit, increasing his endurance and energy, and acquiring great personal efficiency. It is so easy to make mistakes in physical training, in athletic effort and in matters of diet, to say nothing of wrong thinking and uncontrolled nerves and emotional activity. A word to the wise as offered in this article may not be all sufficient, but it will be helpful.—The Editor.

Symmetry—the Secret of Strength

Pertinent Suggestions on the Building of a Perfect Physique

By Charles MacMahon

EVERYONE who is interested in body-building seems to be anxious to acquire a symmetrical development. Few people seem to know the real meaning of the word "symmetry." The idea of the average young man is that if both sides of his body are of exactly the same size and shape, he is bound to be symmetrical. He is convinced that symmetry is impossible if his right arm is half an inch bigger around than his left arm, or if his right leg is a trifle bigger than his left leg. That is only one kind of symmetry. Equal size, or development, on each side of a vertical line is only what is called "bi-lateral symmetry."

In Funk & Wagnalls Dictionary, symmetry is defined as "due correspondence of parts or elements; harmony." So we see that real symmetry means that every component part of an object—or in this case a human body—must be in proper proportion to the other parts. A man can have a wonderful chest and big beautifully shaped arms, with both arms exactly the same size, but if his legs are spindly and undeveloped, that man is not symmetrical, because his legs lack the proper proportion. Similarly, a man with magnificent legs topped by a small chest and skinny arms is *not* symmetrically developed. To be symmetrically built, or symmetrically developed, means that your whole body (trunk, arms, legs, and neck) must be properly proportioned without overdevelopment or underdevelopment of any part or parts. The reason that the old Greek statues are so beautiful is because they show such wonderful symmetry. You don't have to stand exactly in front, or exactly in the rear of a Greek statue in order to realize that it portrays a beautiful human figure. The statue is beautiful no matter from which angle you view it; which is the final test of true symmetry.

Many of you have seen and admired photographs of some of our modern "strong men" and "perfect men," and perhaps some of you may have noticed that these "perfect men" are able to make a wonderful display of muscle in any and every pose. That again is symmetry. Now, did it ever strike you that these men were "strong men" because they were "perfect men"?

That they have great strength *by reason of their perfectly symmetrical development?*

I am convinced that very few beginners realize the vast importance of all-round development. Apparently, every young man who is seeking to become strong is anxious to develop a tremendous pair of arms. He thinks that if he can get wonderful biceps muscles he is bound to be very strong, no matter if his back and legs are only of average size and strength. The beginner fails to realize the fact that all his muscles are *interdependent*—that is, that in doing work, the action of one muscle is *reinforced* and *supplemented* by the action of other muscles. It is hard to do anything which requires muscular power, be it work or be it an athletic stunt, without using several sets of muscles at the same time. The most valuable kind of training is the kind which develops your muscles in groups, and which teaches them to work in harmony with each other.

Perhaps the most common test of strength is the one known as "muscling out" a weight. You know the stunt I mean. You grab some heavy object with the right hand, and hold it straight out to the side with your arm straight, and at the level of the shoulder. Most people think this is just a test of arm-strength, but if you analyze the feat you will see that a great many muscles share the work. Suppose the object to be "muscled out" is a scuttle full of coal, and say that it weighs 30 pounds. You grasp the handle of the scuttle, and by a great exertion you manage to get the arm straight out to the side. As soon as you get it in that position you feel a distinct pull at the bottom of the

biceps muscle at the inside of the elbow joint. That shows that the biceps is working. But the biceps does not hold the arm out at the side. The muscle which raises the arm to the horizontal position, and holds it there, is the deltoid muscle on the point of the shoulder; so there is another muscle at work. A weight of 30 pounds held at arm's length to the side exerts a strong downward pull, and even if your deltoid is strong enough to keep the arm at right angles to the body, the weight would pull you over sideways, were it not for the fact the muscles at the sides

(Continued on page 64)

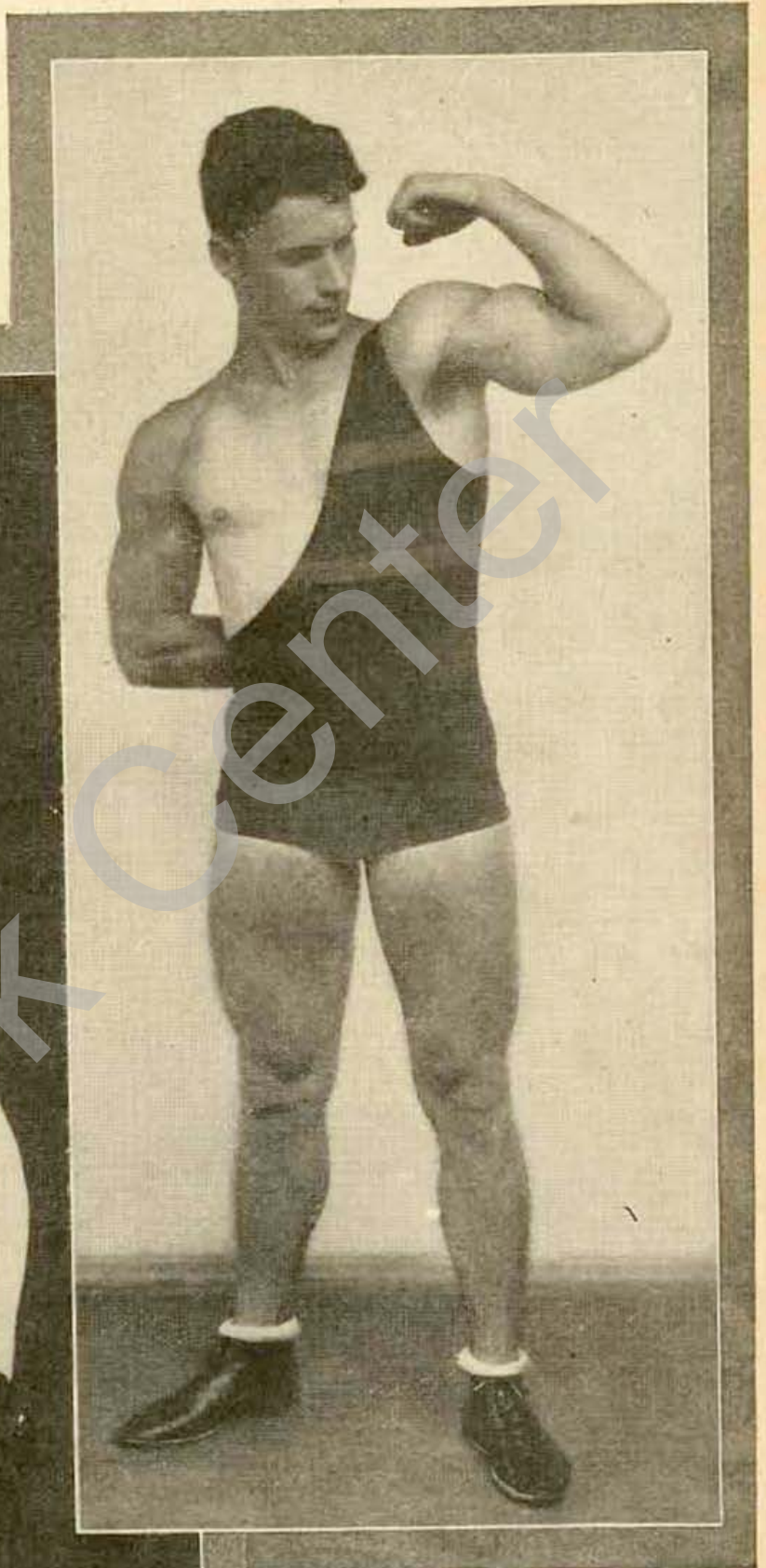
Know Yourself—Study Yourself— Improve Yourself

TO build a better body, to build a better mind, to build a better personality, you should make an intelligent study of your strong and weak points so that you may strengthen the latter and acquire a better balanced make-up.

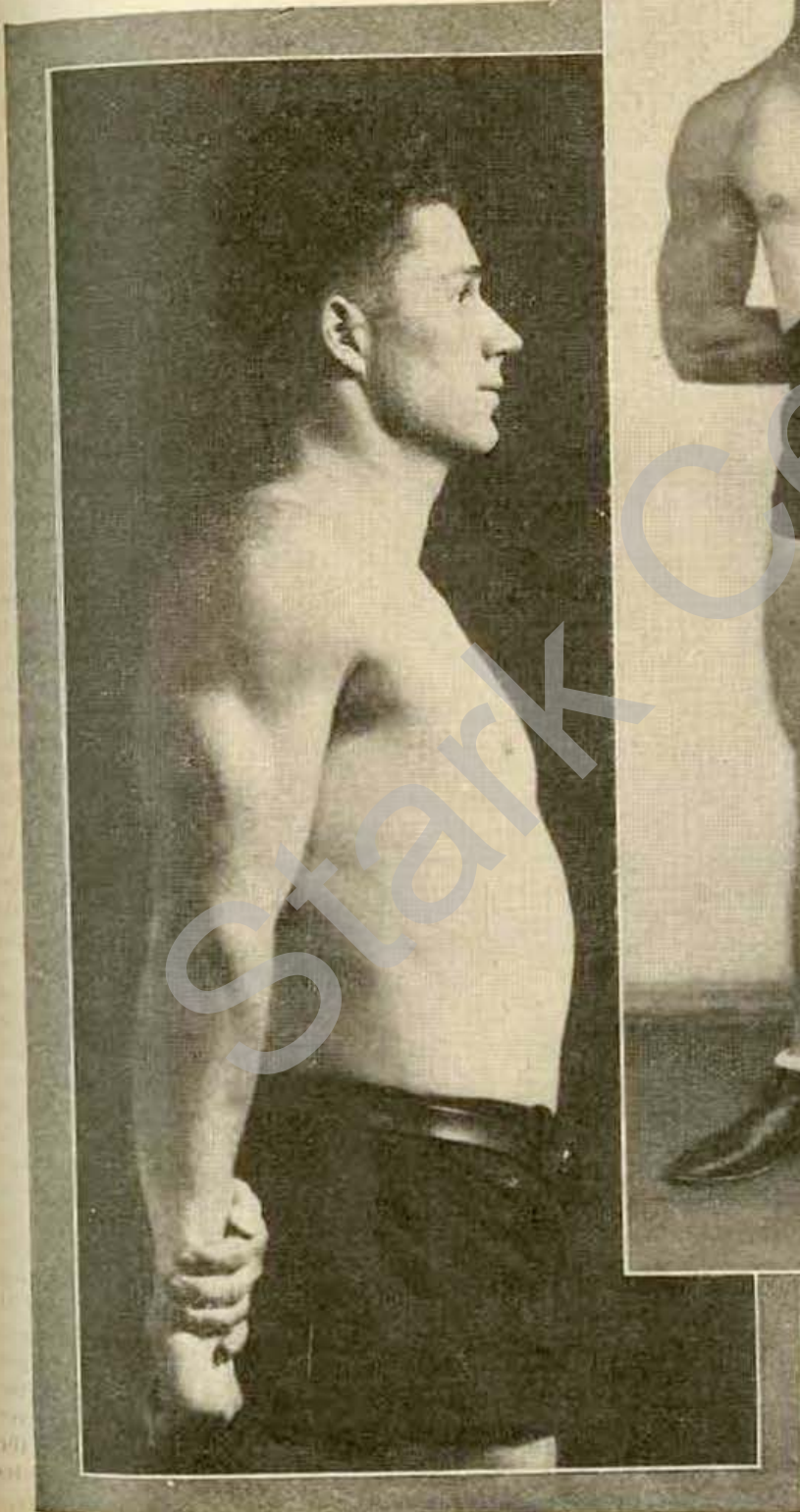
If you are in earnest in this business of making something of yourself—and that's the biggest and best job that any human being can undertake—you will see to it not only that your body in itself is symmetrical and that your mentality is well balanced, but you should aim at a well balanced relationship of your physical and mental and moral make-up.

Incidentally, the element of mental and moral discipline involved in building a perfect body will help to give you control and poise and all the other factors that make for a strong personality.—The Editor.

No. 1 (at the right). A pose which clearly shows the respective sizes of the muscles in the upper arm. The biceps is the rounded lump on the top of the left upper arm. The triceps is the huge mass of muscle along the under-side of the arm, from the elbow to the arm-pit. The bulk of the triceps is nearly twice that of the biceps. Also note the finely developed deltoid muscles on the points of the shoulders.



No. 2 (at the left). Another pose which shows that the triceps muscle on the back of the arm accounts for at least five-eighths of the bulk of the upper arm.



of the waist are strongly flexed to hold the body upright. Unless your feet are spread apart and your leg muscles tensed the weight will cause you to stagger, so we see that "muscling out," instead of just employing the arm muscles, employs the muscles of the legs and the sides, as well as the muscles on the arm and the shoulder.

I could go on and dissect one stunt after another, and tell you the number and positions of the muscles used, but I think this one instance is enough to give you an idea of the main principle, which is—*A man cannot be really strong unless he is properly developed from head to heel; a man cannot be really shapely unless he is developed from head to heel; a perfect symmetrical development is necessary to great strength.* It is very hard to get this into the head of a man who has not studied anatomy. For example, I knew a young chap who for some reason was extremely anxious to win the shot-put at his college track meet. He figured out that the distance you could "put" the shot was entirely dependent on the force with which you could straighten the arm. He knew that the triceps muscle on the back of the upper arm was the muscle that straightened the arm, and that the triceps muscle could be developed by "dipping" on the parallel bars. He started in November to train for the track meet in the following May. Every day he would go to the "gym" and pump himself up and down on the parallel bars, and by the time spring came around he certainly had developed a wonderful pair of back arms and a tremendous pair of muscles across the front of the chest. But he had done nothing else. He had not given any exercise to his back and legs, and so he looked like a professional trapeze performer, with all his development on the upper part of his body. When it came to the day of the meet, he made a pitiable showing, being badly beaten by four husky young men, who had played on the football team. These other fellows had not done any gymnasium work, but in the football season they had necessarily gotten the most vigorous kind of work for their back and legs, and sufficient work for their arms. Everyone knows, or should know, that great back and leg strength is necessary to the shot putter. The reason one puts from a seven-foot circle, and does a hop and a half-turn before the shot leaves his hand, is so that he can use the strength of his legs and body to reenforce the strength of his arms.

I could go on and tell you many cases of this kind; of men who thought they could get a perfect all-round development just by using their legs; of others who thought they could get tremendous back strength by doing arm exercises, and so on.

If you are anxious to develop a symmetrical body, let me tell you right now that the only way to achieve your ambition is to develop *every* part of the body to an equal degree. The neglect of one part will prevent the attainment of symmetry; likewise it will prevent you from attaining your full strength. A symmetrical body is a body without a weak or undeveloped part.

It is perhaps unfair of me to expect that a schoolboy or a middle-aged business man should have a working knowledge of anatomy, and yet without some knowledge of the muscles, and what they do, it is practically impossible for the schoolboy to *acquire* a fine body, or for a fat business man to *regain* the shape he had as a youth. I hope that this article of mine will be of some help in

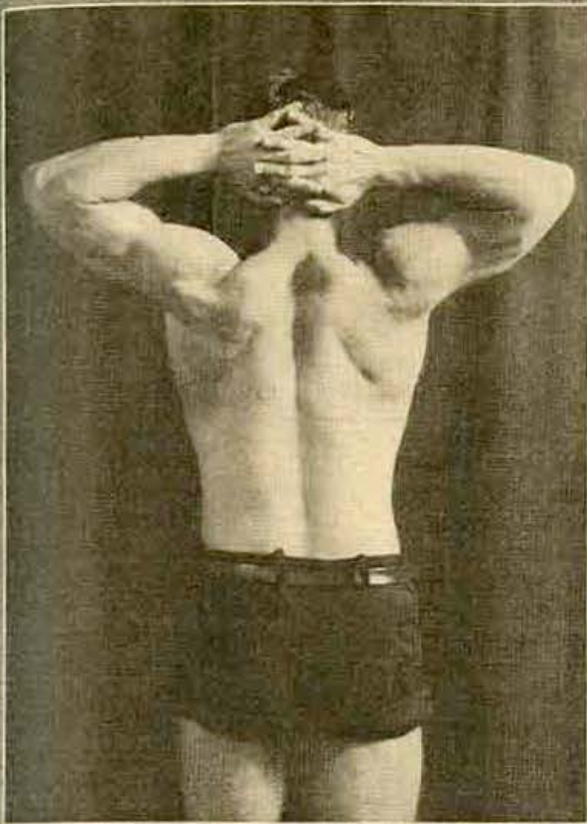
putting beginners on the right track. It is an undeniable fact that if you know anatomy and the *principles* of development you can make bigger gains in three months than you can by three years of unintelligent, hit-or-miss exercise.

When you go after perfect symmetrical development it is necessary to give each muscle or group of muscles work in proportion to its size and strength. Some of your muscles are five times as big and as strong as others of your muscles. Therefore, to develop the big muscles you have to give them work five times as hard as the work which will fully develop the smaller muscles. You positively cannot develop all the muscles of your arms and shoulders *to an equal degree* by using a pair of light iron dumb-bells. It is possible to do light movements with a pair of dumb-bells, and to vary those movements so as to call into play the different muscles of the arms, shoulders, and upper trunk, but to do all these exercises the same number of times with the same weight bells will produce an uneven development. Some of you may suggest that you can equalize the work by repeating the movement oftener for the bigger and stronger muscles. That scheme will not work, because endurance work produces an entirely different effect from developing work.

Since we are talking about the arms, let us consider the main muscle groups of the arms. The best known group is the muscle on the front of the upper arm known as the "biceps" (or two-headed muscle) which bends the arm. This muscle is not the only muscle that bends the arm, because there are muscles in the forearm which act in concert with the biceps. Opposing the biceps there is on the back of the arm an even bigger muscle known as the "triceps" (or three-headed muscle). The triceps is considerably bigger and much more powerful than the biceps. In a properly developed upper arm the triceps constitutes about five-eighths of the total bulk. That the triceps is stronger than the biceps is proven by the records in chinning and dipping. If a gymnast with symmetrically developed upper arms can chin the bar 25 times (biceps muscles used) he is able to dip 40 times on the parallel bars (triceps muscles used). As I said before, most beginners think only of the biceps, and, therefore, work the biceps to excess, with the result that they get a curiously misshaped upper arm. In order to get a perfectly shaped upper arm, it is not necessary to give the triceps more work than the biceps, but it is necessary to give the triceps *harder* work.

The same thing applies to the arm below the elbow. A popular exercise to develop the forearm is to take a 5-pound dumb-bell in each hand and bend the wrists forwards and backwards. Now, the muscles which bend the wrist and bring the palm of the hand towards the forearm are very much stronger than the muscles which bend the wrist and bring the back of the hand towards the forearm. So in performing the exercise just mentioned you would be giving too much work to one set of muscles, and too little work to the other set.

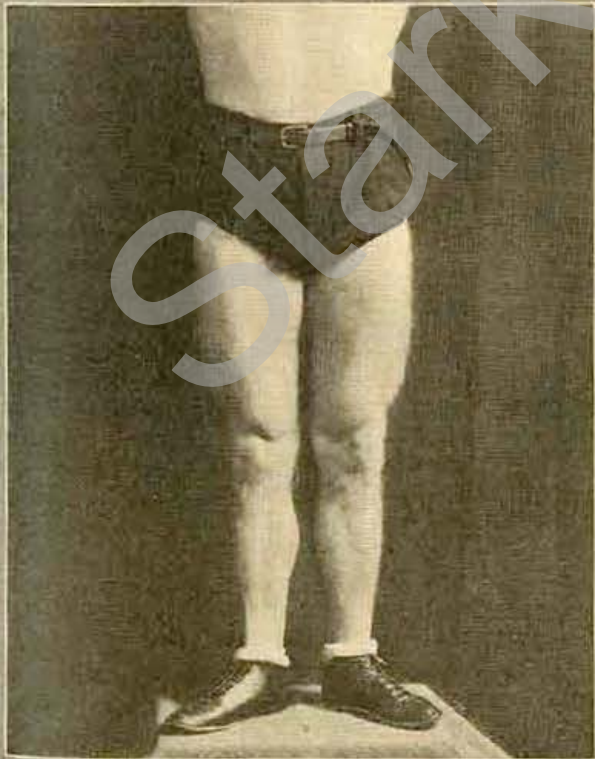
On the points of the shoulders are the triangular-shaped deltoid muscles, which raise the arms, and in very few men will you find these muscles properly developed. If you neglect them your arm will always look weak, no matter how big are your biceps and your triceps. In manual labor (like blacksmithing) the arm and shoulder muscles work in concert, but in some systems of exercise the arm muscles (*Continued on page 90*)



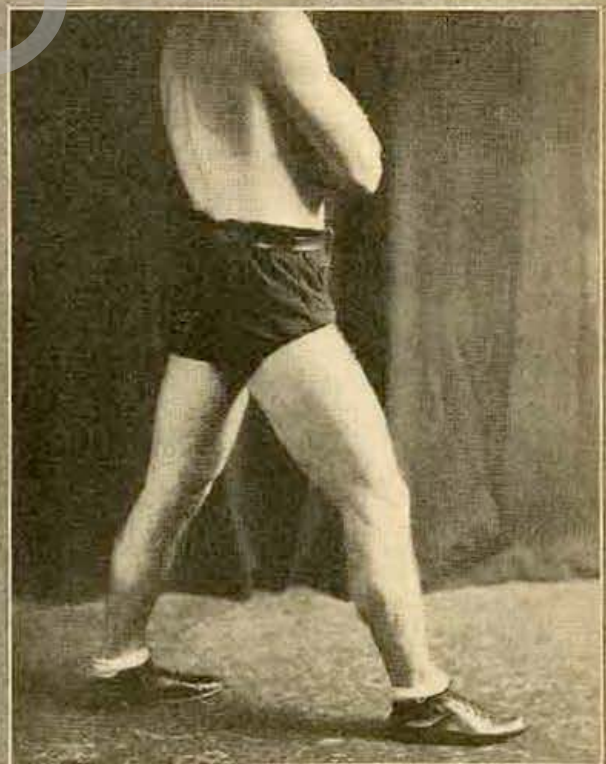
No. 3. How fully developed deltoid muscles should look. The bigger your shoulder muscles, the more impressive your arm will look.



No. 4 (at right). A deep chest means plenty of lung room. Hold hands in front of hips, hook thumbs together, and raise arms aloft. For making the chest deeper.



No. 5. The muscles on the outside of the thighs are much bigger than the muscles on the inside of the thighs. This pose shows fully developed and properly proportioned thighs.



No. 6. A strong-backed man always has powerful muscles on the back of his thighs. Note the outward curve on the back of the thighs in this pose.

Playing the Game

A Monthly Review of Sports and Outdoor Life

By T. von Ziekursch

WITHIN the next eight months the diadem of sports supremacy which has rested so solidly on the fulsome locks of the American athlete is going to be tested as it was never tested before. England and possibly Argentina will unleash formidable polo arrays in quest of the international honors now roosting here, the Olympics are coming, so is Firpo, and among others Australia will make another bid for the Davis Cup honors of the tennis court.

And right there it is possible that the United States may meet with one of its biggest bumps.

It is conceivable that Big Bill Tilden may be among those missing when the United States racket wielders take the court in defense of the Cup which has been held in this country ever since Tilden reached the form that made him stand out as the greatest of all time.

Tilden is an artist and perhaps that entitles him to claim temperament. He has been at odds with the ruling powers of the net in this country ever since attaining stardom. And he is not alone in this, but he is so outstanding a figure that he can get away with it to an extent that would bring oblivion to a lesser player. And now, because of his latest clash with a member of the Davis Cup Committee, he has intimated that he may not help to defend the Davis Cup this year.

Right there exists a condition that is all wrong and should not be tolerated. Sport should have no Achilles sulking in his tent.

The game, any game, is too big for that kind of thing.

Recently we heard some discussion of the possibilities of organizing a collegiate conference to take in all winter sports in a competitive way much as there are now conferences on the gridiron, basketball court, cinder path and diamond.

One of those at the discussion pointed out that although some of the colleges in the northern part of this country have fostered winter sports for a number of years, the American athlete has really been backward in this re-

spect. But the American athlete is a versatile sort of person and this should not be held against him. The facts are that in those sections of the country where the winters are severe enough to afford ample snow and ice the American athlete is just about as good at ski-joring, ski-jumping, ice skating and all the other winter sports as the European.

As a whole he does not get enough of it to develop the form of the north European.

During this same discussion the inevitable happened when the ancient pro-amateur controversy bobbed up. There was a new note evident, a resignation to the fact that professionalism and amateurism are products of the same parent—sport—and that the existence of professionalism in its relation to the college athlete cannot be winked at. Ultimately it must be solved and in such fashion that there will no longer be necessity for anything that smacks of shady practice.

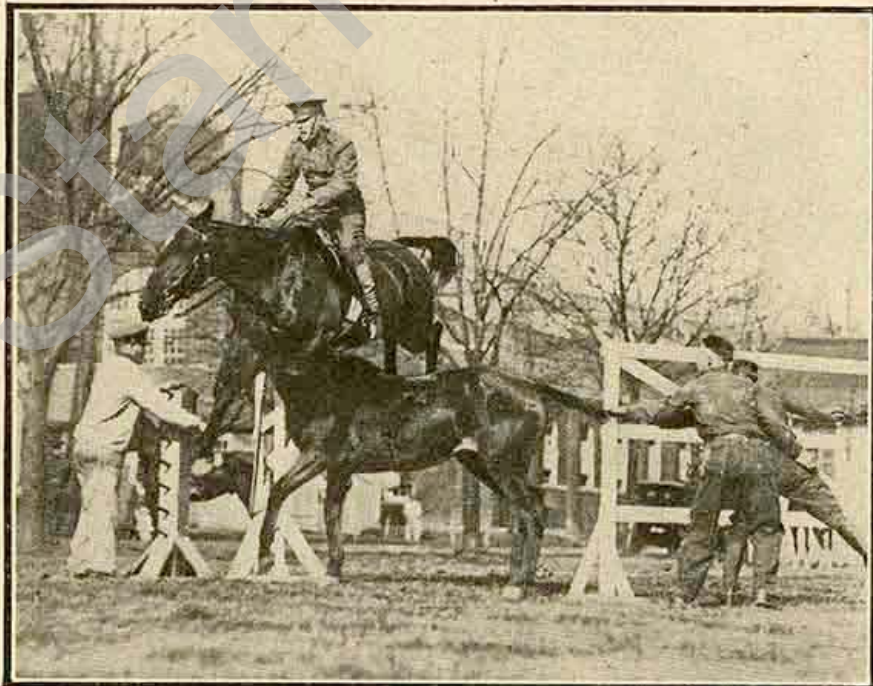
What may be the solution of the whole question has been introduced in the southwest among a number of colleges. There the bull has been taken by the well-known horns and a spade is called by its right name.

The plan is that if an athlete wants to play professional baseball in the summer he is welcome to do so. He then becomes a professional in baseball only and cannot play on his college baseball team, but he can play amateur football, basketball or any other sport.

This seems to us to be the most logical step that has ever been taken to keep amateur sport clean. Almost

every man in any way connected with sport knows that the letter of amateurism is being continually violated by college athletes. Summer baseball is the biggest lure. In nearly all the semi-professional leagues and teams there are college stars, and the writer happens to know that the payrolls of many such teams would stagger a minor league magnate.

Last summer it happened that we were drawn into a controversy between the manager of such a team and a col-



© "P. & A. Photos."

A stunt like this is a test of nerve—a matter of psychology more than anything else. It illustrates that variety of mental strength in combination with physical coordination which makes a regular he-man. This is a mounted trooper doing a spectacular jump.

lege pitcher. The manager wanted this twirler very badly and had him tied up in a way. He was only willing to pay seventy-five dollars per game and the moundsman insisted on a hundred because he was a drawing card in that particular section. There was no hiding of identity, although, of course, the salary was secret. But it didn't fool anybody into believing that pitcher was working for nothing or merely expenses.

There is the other side of this. The American is going to play baseball and when he becomes good he is going to play with a team. Ninety-nine per cent of the fast semi-pro clubs where the stellar collegian would be welcome play for money. It has become a part of the game. If the collegian with his entire summer off wants to play ball regularly he must play with such a team, and with the rest of the players collecting he is going to collect too.

Add to all that the fact that a majority of such players need the money they can make in the summer time for their winter expenses. Is it human or natural to expect that they would work for fifteen dollars a week in some industry when they could make several times that doing something they would much rather do?

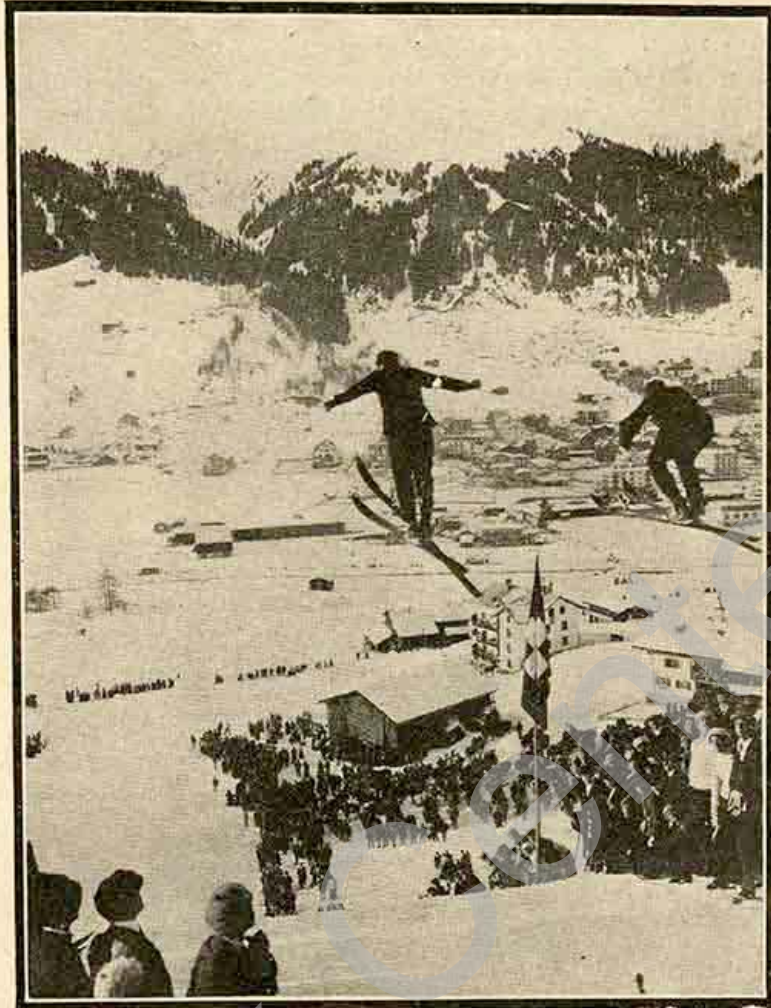
And that isn't the only angle to it. There is the player who gets a good paying job in the summer to play on the team representing some industrial concern. He isn't worth one-quarter his salary in the shop or factory. It's because he plays ball.

We believe that the time is not far distant when some clear-visioned man, a power in the college world, will have gumption enough to see that the whole problem can be settled as easily as those colleges in the southwest settled it.

* * *

Unquestionably there are some interesting things brewing in the ring realm and one of them may be forecast by a letter that arrived the other day from a friend in Buenos Aires, an American business man with an eye to sport who has lived in the Argentine city for a number of years.

... also interested to read that you believe



© "P. & A. Photos."

Here is another example of that principle dominating all athletic effort, to the effect that it is supremacy of mind and soul that counts even more than power of muscles. Appreciation of this fact gives dignity to athletic endeavor. This particular picture shows ski-jumping at Davosplatz in the Swiss Alps.

Firpo is really a dangerous opponent for Dempsey," he writes. "They feel the same way down here and they have not taken any too kindly to that defeat. They do not believe Firpo had a square deal inasmuch as Dempsey was helped back into the ring and there also seems to be some question as to the count allowed Dempsey.

"Of course, it is easy enough to understand how they feel about it. Imagine us if we had never possessed a champion and we developed a man who seemed to have everything necessary to win a title from some European, only to have him walloped down with our hopes. That about explains it as near as I can get the drift. But there is something more than that. In the eyes of his countrymen Firpo simply has got to come back and win that title. On all

sides I hear apparently well-founded stories that Firpo is quietly putting himself through a grueling course of boxing lessons and also trying to develop his hitting technique. They say he wants to whip Dempsey worse than he wants anything in the world. I don't dare mention Dempsey's name down here or they think I'm making fun of them, and that's bad business. Guess life won't be worth living if Firpo wins."

* * *

It is to be hoped that the A. A. U. Committee will reinstate Charley Paddock so that he can compete in the Olympic Games this year, in the interests of good sport.

After all, Paddock is not only our greatest sprinter, but the fastest runner in all athletic history. And there is really no question of professionalism involved. Paddock had the sanction of the Collegiate authorities when he went to compete in the international students' games in Paris last year, and the National Collegiate A. A. has now supported him by passing resolutions at the Atlanta Convention, declaring for self-determination of matters affecting college athletes, though recognizing the American Olympic Association's jurisdiction in its own field. Paddock made public the entire story of the controversy in his article in *STRENGTH* last October.

"Saw and Succeed"

Here Is Not Only a System of Health,
But a Whole Philosophy of Living

By George Allan England

"**S**WEAT and Be Saved," said Roosevelt; and though the immortal Teddy may have been wrong in some things, he was eternally right in that. His gospel that every man, every day, should do enough hard physical labor to get up a good sweat, is one of the sanest and most salutary ever propounded. Every woman should sweat, too. If the world could only realize that hard work, sweat and success are all parts of one triple whole, what a wonderful place this might become!

My own particular brand of sweating is with a good, old-fashioned bucksaw. I have used this method for years, and find it unequalled as a health-builder and health-preserver. When the novice asked Michaelangelo—or was it Whistler? no matter!—what he mixed his paint with, the master answered: "With brains!" When anybody asks me what I write my books with, I say: "Largely with a bucksaw!"

Why, even Caesar understood the value of such exercise. Did he not send a radio to the Roman Senate, announcing his success, in these impressive words: "I Came, I Saw, I Conquered!"? My opinion is that he maintained his health and efficiency with what the Romans called the *Bucksawus Ordinarius*.

All joking aside, I do earnestly believe in the Gospel of the Saw. The very best prescription any doctor could write for the average man—the every-day office hack, whitecollared slave and sedentary tame caged squirrel—would be something like this:

- B
- One bucksaw.
- One sawhorse.
- One cord hard wood.

Sig: To be used at least once a day, for about an hour, and repeated indefinitely.

I guarantee that with such treatment, instead of a mess of poisonous drugs, pills and powders, the sufferer from indigestion, insomnia, loss of appetite, "nerves," and all the rest of it, would find himself very

shortly a new man, able to eat, sleep and work as a man should. As a pep-producer, the bucksaw and the old knotted hickory log have never been beaten. Railroad ties are good tonics, too; and even a pine log will dispel headaches and blues. Anything that can be sawed, will build health. Paste that in your hat, you hypochondriacs, and chuck your medicine out the window.

As an adjunct to the treatment, a little judicious splitting of good hard wood with an axe will work miracles. I have been taking a course, this past summer, in both sawing and splitting. When I have felt "written out," and cobwebby in the brain, with too much work at the typewriter, I have been taking my little rowboat and cruising around Lake Massasecum, where my camp is located; "pirating" logs, dragging them home at the end of a rope; then sawing and splitting them on the beach. And this has been my habit for 20 years. Two decades I have always camped out 6 or 8 months of the year, and I have always wielded a wicked saw and axe. The result is that at 46 I am still full of zeal for the cats, love to tackle my writing-job, and am thinking and writing better than ever.

Nobody ever had a worse start than I. Naturally frail, and born so weak that a kind neighbor looked me over and asked: "Huh, d'you think that un's worth raisin'?" I have managed to make a pretty good go of life. Twenty years ago the wise doctors said I had T. B. and Bright's disease, and gave me 18 months to live. I abandoned city life, went back to nature, and got acquainted with woodpiles. I have

lived to see the wise doctors' funerals; and the chances are I shall still be sweating at still other woodpiles, twenty years hence. I hope so. Sawing wood is one of the few occupations I would hate to swap for shovelling brimstone.

A woodpile is the grandest stimulus to exercise ever invented. One has a proprietary interest in it; one loves to see it grow, to admire its honest proportions, its symmetry, the beauties of its contour-line, its potentialities for kitchen stove or living-room fireplace. One feels pride in a woodpile. Gladly



Mrs. George Allan England. The author says his wife wields a wickeder axe than he himself, and this picture looks it

one does a little overtime, just to finish up one more log!

One of the most pernicious contraptions ever invented is the buzz-saw driven by a gasoline engine. In just so far as that thing is used, the health of the user suffers. Far be it from me ever to hire my sawing done vicariously by a gas-engine! To the last gasp I shall defend my woodpile against such desecration. I will be driven, on some points; but on that, never. Beside my woodpile I take my stand, saw and axe in hand; and woe to any buzz-saw that comes near!

Some wisecracs tell me sawing is not a well-balanced exercise, and that it is one-sided. Not at all, if one will vary it, by reversing the hands, and sawing left-handed part of the time. And in any event, it is one million times better than no exercise at all, which is about the limit of most sedentary workers. I figure that sawing exercises the arms, shoulders and back, and brings into play pretty nearly all the larger, important muscles. Most of us get enough leg-exercise, anyhow, walking about. The trunk, arms and shoulders are what suffer from modern civilization. And sawing corrects this. Given two or three miles of walking a day, and an hour at the woodpile, and I venture to say the average man would have a healthier body, better breath and a sweeter conscience, and would view life through far rosier spectacles than now.

Why not the average woman, too? I know several women who enjoy sawing and splitting wood. My own wife is one of them. Often, when I fish a particularly hard old log out of the lake, she takes the other end of my crosscut, and together we reduce that log to stove lengths in jigtime. She shakes a mean axe, too, and can split wood faster and better than I ever thought of doing. This idea of women being Dresden china is all cussed foolishness. Exercise is just as good for them as it is for us; and if more feminine hands wielded

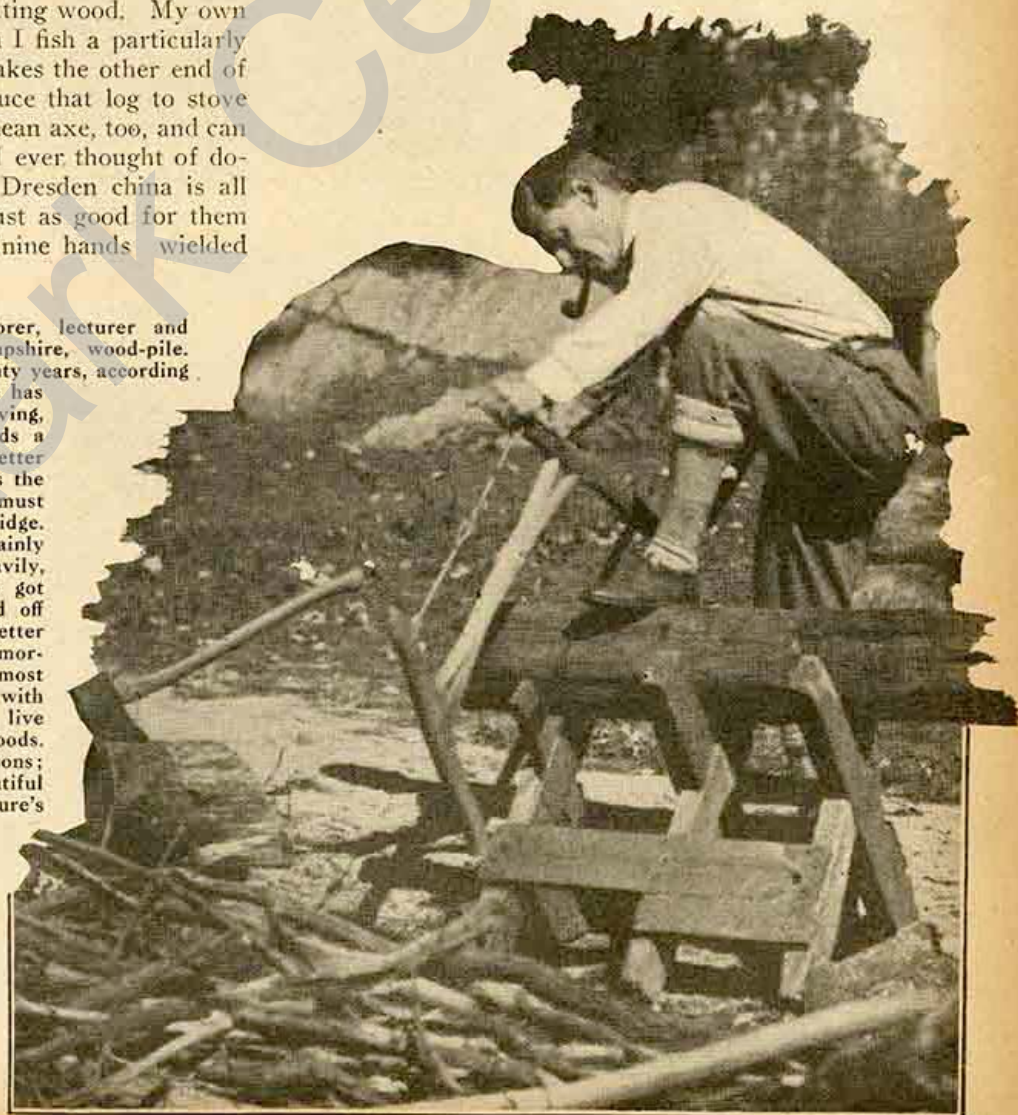
bucksaws and axes, there would be fewer female complaints and doldrums and vapors. Let whoso will, call me a brute for this; truth is truth.

One thing I urgently advocate is that our colleges should have wood-sawing and splitting as part of their curricula. This work could count for credits not only in a gymnastic way, but also financially. Students now work their courses through college by tutoring stupid brethren, by waiting on table, and doing lots of effeminate things of no benefit to them. If every college had a great big generous woodpile (preferably of hard wood), with plenty of axes and saws, and if the students could work an hour or two a day there, earn money and build muscle, they would do better than working in a gymnasium. I had four years of gym work at Harvard, and blest if I can see that it ever did me any real good. If I had sawed wood for four years, *in the open air* (this is an important feature), I wouldn't have left college a nervous wreck, with neurasthenia and T. B. Come on, you scoffers; laugh at me and my ideas—and then show me better ones! Another thing, any student who did 6 to 12 hours' work a week on a college woodpile, would have far less time and energy to go on "bats," and sow the wild oats that form part of only too many university careers.

By extension of the idea, I advocate exercise for

This is George Allan England, explorer, lecturer and novelist, at his Bradford, New Hampshire, wood-pile. Theoretically he has been dead for twenty years, according to medical predictions of long ago. He has made himself strong by his manner of living, meanwhile writing half a million words a year. Mr. England says in a recent letter to the editor: "Today we rowed across the lake and brought in an old timber that must have drifted away from some railroad bridge. The timber and my wife and I certainly weighted the little rowboat pretty heavily, but there wasn't much wind, and we got home all right. I have already sawed off part of the timber and am writing this letter by its cozy warmth. Shall finish it tomorrow—the timber. The trouble with most people is that they are out of touch with nature and natural things. We, here, live very close to the soil and right in the woods. I take daily notes on the changing seasons; about a hundred words of anything beautiful that strikes my eye. I call this my "Nature's Diary," and may sometime publish it. Such a book would make good reading for city shut-ins. Not for wealth or ease would I exchange my rough way of living. It suits us! And our health is that of bears."

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everybody. I don't say everybody should be made to saw wood; but I do say that, under a rational civilization, every physically able person, man or woman alike, would be required in the interests of public health to take some form of useful and *productive* exercise. I advocate exercise-cards, which would have to be punched every week, showing that So-and-So had done his or her useful work—with extra credits for a good, wholesome sweat. Hang it all, people weren't made to sit in stuffy rooms, overeat, and be sick! Look at animals in a natural state. They work for their food, and they're healthy. I believe few sicknesses would not yield to: 1—Walking; 2—A woodpile; and, 3—Cutting down the diet. A crank, am I? You bet I am—because I've tried these things, and know what I'm talking about. And remember the old saying: "It's cranks that make machinery and everything go."

If there is anything in this world that infuriates me, it's all this advertising—especially in the "smart" magazines, about how to "reduce." Belts, and girdles, and systems, and medicines, and Lord knows what; massage, and rollers, and devices and all. Disgusting! People making swine of themselves, stuffing and swilling, and too lazy to exert their greasy, fat bodies—and then trying to cozen an outraged Nature by reducing methods! Isn't it a sin against human nature, to say nothing of an awful waste of good food and money?

Believe me, my fat-piggy ladies and gentlemen, if I had you on some nice little island all to myself, with plenty of hard wood, axes and saws, you'd reduce damned quick, and you'd take no medicine, either. You'd get about one-third what you've been accustomed to eat; and you'd learn how to form callouses on your palms, same as I have on mine. I guarantee that in a month you would be as lean and active as I am, and as full of the zest of living, too. But no; the lazy ones prefer to stuff and idle, and then spend money on reducing. Wasn't Carlyle right when he called humanity "mostly fools"? He was right, about the lazy folk, anyhow; the medicine-taking, fat, reducing folk. Disgusting, I call them.

One of the principal charms of the wood-sawing course of treatment is that it's easy to get, and that it not only is inexpensive, but actually saves money. I don't say that all city-dwellers can get a chance to saw wood. Some are so hopelessly rabbit-warren'd in the flats and apartments that men call civilization—to their own undoing—that they can't even get access to a woodpile or saw. Lost souls, these; alas for them. But there are millions of people who have

real homes, who *could* saw wood and yet who hire it done either by hand or by buzz-saw.

To such misguided ones I address my voice, saying—"Don't hire it done! Do it yourself! Why on earth pay a man to get up good muscles and appetite at your expense?"

To win health, a youthful figure and the stomach of a wolf, you don't need to join a gymnasium and disarrange your living schedule, or buy expensive apparatus, or go to any bother. A good saw and axe, and a pile of wood—what could be cheaper or easier to get? Given those, and enough of a shed or—far better—a backyard, to swing an elbow in, and you have all the necessary ingredients. There is no difficult technique to learn. My own technique is very rough, but I get results. I have even, on occasion, chopped down a few trees, and experts have come miles to see my stumps and cry over them. At least, I thought they were crying, but maybe it was laughter. What's the difference? Technique or not, the muscles and appetite are genuine, just the same.

I have already written on the value of cutting down one's diet, especially after age of forty. I also advocate a glass of hot water before breakfast, plenty of bran in one's cereal, and doing away with coffee. But the most important of all health measures is exercise—exercise that one really enjoys and looks forward to, and tackles with zest. And of all the kinds I've ever tried, sawing wood is the best.

It works for me. I sit at a typewriter every day, all day long, and hammer out stories, books and articles. In the course of a year, I produce half a million words of salable material. Adding my rough copy, that makes well over a million words annually. Without some strenuous physical exercise to counterbalance such un-

ceasing mental toil, where would I be? In a sanitarium, probably—where those doctors, twenty years ago, tried to put and keep me!

Ah no! The only sanitarium I want or need is my little camp in the woods, by the shore of a mountain lake; that, and my woodpile! I have just finished a 200,000 word book, "Vikings of the Ice," which Doubleday, Page & Co. are going to publish in the spring. In addition, I have written a 75,000 word novel, and a lot of short stories, all since June. No human being could stand such a gaff, without a daily sweat at hard physical work. To me, sawing wood is a positive life-saver. Cut out the drugs, my brothers—and sisters, too. Can the nostrums. Try a daily sweat at the woodpile. It will work miracles. Believe me, it will.

I've tried it for years, and I know!



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Mr. and Mrs. England eat, cook, work and practically live outdoors all the time.

The Mat

Analytical Comment on
Physical Development
and Feats of Strength

Conducted by
Alan Calvert

DRAWINGS BY OTHO CUSHING

How Our Strong Men Compare With the Farnese Hercules

A MONTH or two ago I published a picture of the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, and figured out the measurements of Apollo, and what a 6-foot man would measure if he were built on the lines of the famous statue. Soon after that magazine appeared, I received the following interesting letter:

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Editor of "The Mat."

Dear Sir:

I was very interested in your measurements of the Apollo Belvedere statue, which appeared in the December STRENGTH. Curiously enough, this statue is not an unexcelled example of symmetrical development. A foolish tradition has made it so. A little independent consideration will suffice to remove the impression.

Passing, however, from the lighter type to that massive development symbolized in our day by such a man as Joseph Nordquest, consider the Farnese Hercules. This is the finest example of gigantic muscular development left us by the ancients. It is unique in another respect. The muscles are flexed. Therefore this statue is unexcelled for purposes of measurement.

More than a year ago, I obtained from Miss Mary Kingsbury a copy of the Farnese Hercules. This statue was carefully measured by Prof. Calixto Lopez and myself. There were, of course, difficulties. The arm measured was the right, and the arm is not fully flexed. Therefore the biceps measurement at its largest would be a little more than what we obtained. The forearm, also, is flexed, but not fully. Therefore the flexed forearm would measure a trifle more than our figures. The chest measurement was taken lower down than is usual, because of the club and the lion skin. Therefore the chest would also be larger slightly than our result. The waist, the thigh and the calf presented no difficulties.

With these figures and the height of the statue, I calculated what a man of six feet in height would measure were he built in proportion to the Farnese Hercules. I did the same thing for the other heights from 5 feet 7 inches to 6 feet. Most of our strong men are between these heights.

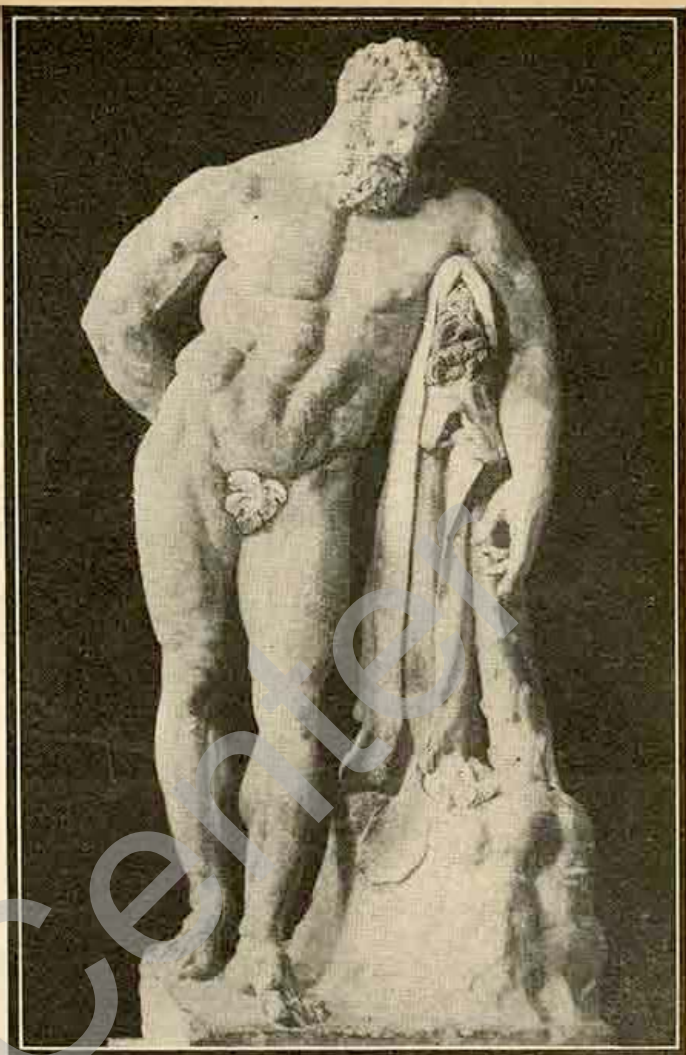
Now we can see how Matysek, Cabana, Travis, Saxon, Sandow, Hackenschmidt, Nordquest and the others compare with the Greek idea of Hercules. Here are the figures:

Height	5'7"	5'8"	5'9"	5'10"	5'11"	6'
Forearm	14.9"	15.1"	15.3"	15.6"	15.8"	16.0"
Biceps	17.2"	17.5"	17.7"	18.0"	18.2"	18.5"
Chest	47.8"	48.5"	49.3"	50.0"	50.7"	51.4"
Waist	36.1"	36.6"	37.2"	37.7"	38.3"	38.8"
Thigh	25.0"	25.4"	25.8"	26.2"	26.5"	26.9"
Calf	19.4"	19.6"	19.9"	20.2"	20.5"	20.8"

To you, Mr. Calvert, I leave the task of commenting upon these figures.

Yours truly,

GEORGE RUSSELL WEAVER.



© Keystone View Co.

The Farnese Hercules, an ancient idealization of strength in sculptured form. The figure is unique not merely in proportions but particularly in the rugged modeling of his muscular development, rather unnatural in view of the evidently relaxed posture.

I must confess that these figures are smaller than I expected to see. If you will refer to the figures Mr. Weaver gives for a man of 5 feet 10 inches, built like the Farnese Hercules, you will find a 50-inch chest, a 15 6/10-inch forearm, 18-inch biceps, 26.2-inch thighs, and 20.2-inch calf. On some other pages in this issue you will find an article about Hackenschmidt. It is interesting to make a comparison, because Hackenschmidt was very close to 5 feet 10 inches. A comparison will show that Hackenschmidt's upper arms and thighs are bigger than those of the Hercules, but that his chest and forearms are slightly smaller, and the calf of his leg 4 inches smaller. Any one who has had the opportunity of examining the statues and pictures of the sculptors and artists of the middle ages must have noticed the undue prominence given to the forearms and calves. In some of the old Greek drawings athletes are represented with calves of legs which are almost as big around as the head; whereas the accepted idea is that the calf should be as large as the neck. In some of the Greek drawings and in the drawings of the great artists of the middle ages, I have seen figures where the forearm was apparently three or four inches larger than the straight upper arm, and therefore would also be larger than the flexed upper arm.

Mr. Weaver says that the statue of the Hercules is interesting because it shows the muscles flexed. I do



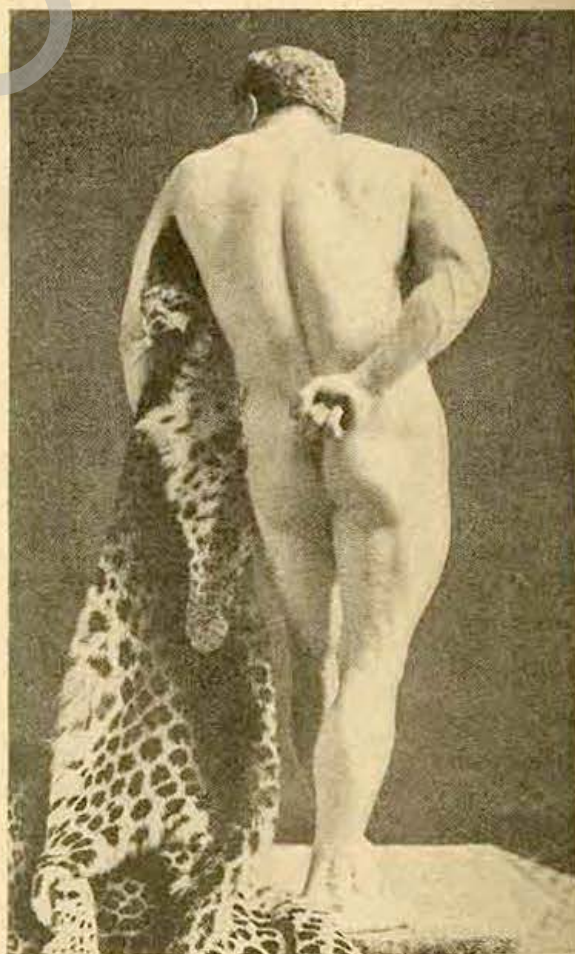
Study the proportions of the upper arm development of Mr. Louis Weissman, for some years national A. A. U. rope climbing champion, holder of the world's record for climbing 40 feet in 16 3-5 seconds. Note his letter and Mr. Calvert's comments.

not agree with him on that point. The statue shows the figure at rest. I can quite conceive how a sculptor could convey the idea of enormous power by showing the figure of a man standing at ease, and yet deliberately carving the muscles as though they were under tremendous strain. Certainly, the muscles in the calves of the legs in this statue look as though they were contracted to the limit, but there is nothing in the position which would explain such a contraction.

This statue creates more of an impression on the average man than it does on an expert, because the average man does not fully understand the difference in the appearance of a muscle when it is relaxed and when it is flexed. Many a time I have shown a picture of a famous strong man to a visitor and have had that visitor exclaim that he "would not want to be developed like that," and "have muscles stick out all over him;" and it is hard to make such a man understand that when these great "strong men" are standing relaxed their muscles are not nearly as prominent as when they are posing for a picture, and striving to make the very limit of muscular display. Sandow was so much before the public eye that he instinctively flexed his muscles the minute he got in costume and faced the audience. I have seen hundreds of photographs of him, but only two or three of them show Sandow without his muscles flexed. In one of these pictures he was standing watch-

ing some workmen taking the mould off a statue, which had been cast from his own figure. He evidently did not know that the picture was taken, for it shows him standing eagerly watching for the mould to be opened; and while he shows his unusually beautiful proportions and perfect poise, none of the muscles are flexed and his arms and legs are as rounded and as smooth as those of a boxer. In the other relaxed pictures Sandow was posed to imitate this very Farnese Hercules, and I have reproduced one of those pictures for two reasons. First, that you may see how Sandow compares with the statue; and, second, because you can see for once how the man looked when he was *not* flexing his muscles. Sandow was about 5 feet 9 inches, and while his arms show measurements almost as big as those Mr. Weaver gives for a 5 foot 9 inch Hercules, his forearm was 2 inches smaller, his chest 3 inches smaller, his thigh nearly 2 inches smaller, and the calf of his leg nearly 5 inches smaller. Joseph Nordquest stood about 5 feet 8 inches, and could match the Hercules statue in every measurement except the calf of his leg.

One reason why the statue looks so incredibly developed is because the sculptor has made the head so small. This is a common trick of sculptors, and even the great Rodin has used this device within the last few years. He made a statue of an athlete where the head was only as big around as the upper arm, and I know, because I measured the statue. Consequently the athlete in Rodin's statue looks as though he had wonderful arms, whereas,

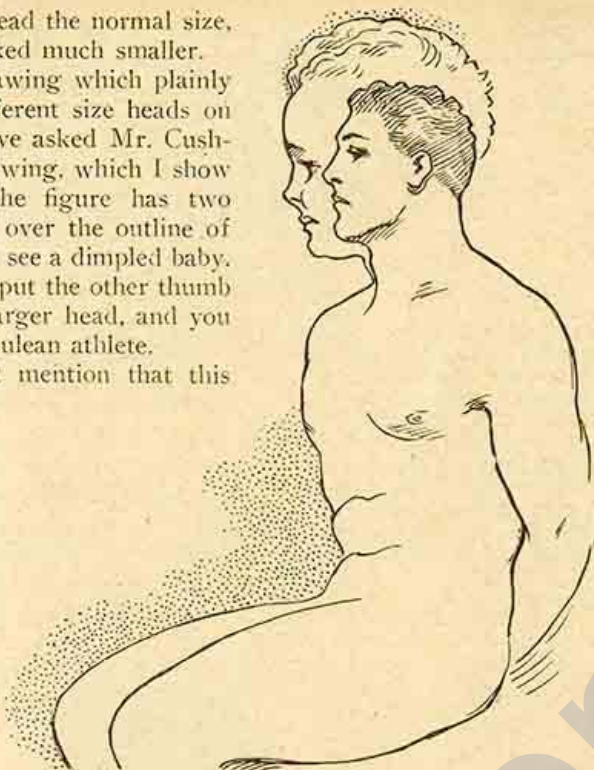


Eugene Sandow posed as the Farnese Hercules, but with completely relaxed muscles. The photo is nevertheless a study in proportions.

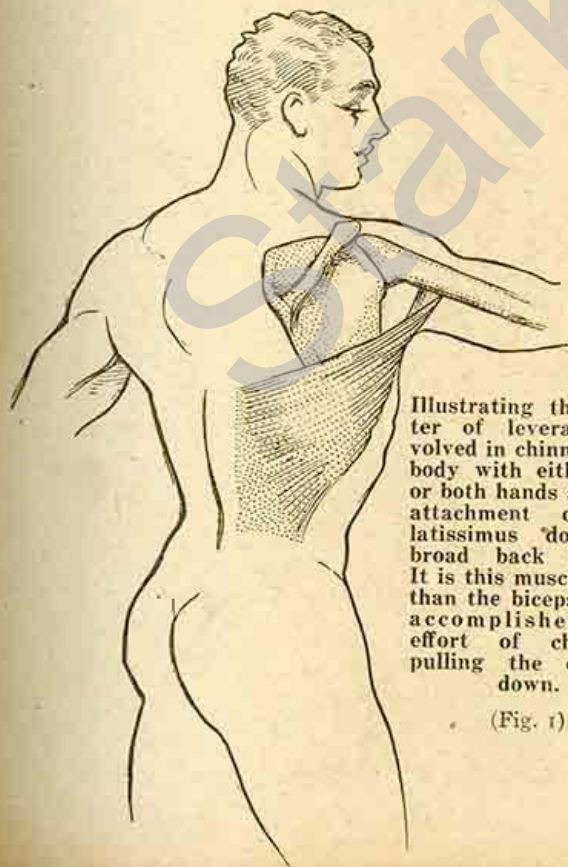
if Rodin had made the head the normal size, the arms would have looked much smaller.

Years ago I saw a drawing which plainly showed the effect of different size heads on the same body, and I have asked Mr. Cushing to make a similar drawing, which I show herewith. Note that the figure has two heads. Put your thumb over the outline of the smaller head, and you see a dimpled baby. Remove that thumb, and put the other thumb over the outline of the larger head, and you have the figure of a Herculean athlete.

In conclusion I might mention that this particular statue of Hercules has never been considered to be a model of manly beauty. The development is so exaggerated that it is almost grotesque. In making the above comparison I accepted Mr. Weaver's figure for the upper arm. Of course, it is possible that if the arm of the statue had been flexed and tensed, the measurement might have gone as high as 20 inches for a 5 foot 9 inch man. In that case Zybsko would be the only modern athlete who could match the arm of the Hercules.



Illustrating the trick by which sculptors give heroic proportions to a figure by dwarfing the size of the head. Large relative head size signifies infancy or childhood. Cover the small head with your thumb and the figure becomes baby-like. Cover the outline of the large head and the figure becomes Herculean.



Illustrating the matter of leverage involved in chinning the body with either one or both hands and the attachment of the latissimus dorsi or broad back muscle. It is this muscle more than the biceps which accomplishes the effort of chinning, pulling the elbow down.

(Fig. 1)

New York City.

Editor of "The Mat."

Dear Sir:

I have been reading with interest letters to you, and decided to send a list of my athletic performances to see how they compare with others.

My athletic work stretches over a period of fourteen years, and I have specialized in different "events" at different times. The "rope climb" was my last specialty.

My best work was about ten years ago, when 22 years old. I put the 12-pound shot 42 feet 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches, did 10 feet 1 inch in the standing broad jump, 4 feet 6 inches in the standing high jump; all of which was good for a fellow 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighing 125 pounds.

I chinned the bar 29 times and cleared 6 feet 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches in the bar vault. These performances were the records in my club for a long time.

From a sitting position (A. A. U. style) I climbed 16 feet in .03 2/5 seconds, 25 feet in .06 1/5 and 40 feet in .16 3/5 seconds. Some of the far-tooted circus performers might try that! The last is the world's record.

Enclosed is my picture.

Yours very truly,

LOUIS WEISSMAN.

P. S.—The ring around the emblem indicates winning a national A. A. U. championship.

Mr. Weissman's picture appears herewith. His jumping record is marvelous for a man of his height. Most of the good standing-broad-jumpers are 6 footers. Any man who weighs 125 pounds, and puts a 12-pound shot over 42 feet, and does over 10 feet in the standing broad jump must have a tremendously strong back. About Mr. Weissman's arms and shoulders there can be no discussion. His arms are marvelous, and it is very interesting to note that his right arm is in practically the same position as the corresponding arm of the Hercules statue, and that his biceps show up almost as well.

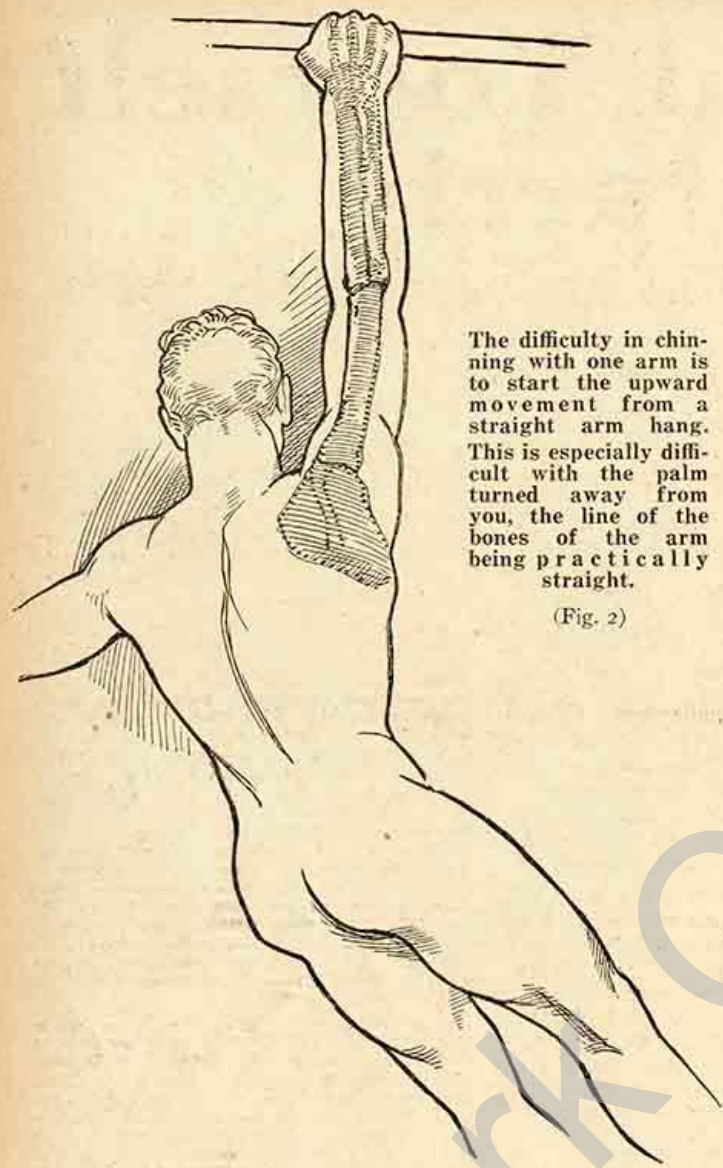
I am not an authority on rope-climbing, but apparently the exertion is so severe that one "slows up" very rapidly. Mr. Weissman climbed 16 feet in .03 2/5 seconds, but it took him .16 3/5 seconds to climb 40 feet; that is, in the longer climb he climbed 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ times as far, but it took him over 4 times as long. But since his record in the 40-foot climb is the world's record, the other fellows surely must have less strength and endurance than Mr. Weissman. Certainly from the waist up he looks like a 160 pounder, and perhaps he will write again and explain the technique of rope climbing, and tell us his measurements. Rope climbing is a feat of strength, and, as such, interests all of us.

ON CHINNING THE BAR WITH ONE ARM

It would be an immense satisfaction to me if I could get some of you people to the point where you would sit down for half an hour a day and study the anatomy of the human body. It would take you only

pounds, and his constant practice would strengthen the *extensors* of the arm, but the practice would give hardly any work to the biceps muscle which is used in chinning. When you do the push-up from the floor, you develop the arm extensors, and though you may practice until you can do 100 push-ups without stopping, that does not mean that you will do as well when chinning the bar.

From the letters I received, it seems as though some of you were interested in the "one-arm chin," and still others are interested in the "bent press"; and I am going to seize this opportunity to give you some information on both of these subjects. *First*, we will consider the bent press; that method of lifting with one arm, which enables you to raise the greatest possible weight above the head. The hardest way to put up a bell is what is called the "military press." The lifter takes a 50-pound dumb-bell in his right hand, swings it to his shoulder, and then stands perfectly erect, and slowly pushes the bell overhead with his right hand, while *keeping* his body in an erect military position. This lift is really hard, because when you push a bell aloft with your right hand there is a natural tendency to lean your body to the left, in order to give the right shoulder muscle a better chance to exert its power. Any man who can military press 50 pounds with his right arm should be able to *bent press* at least 135 pounds; that is if his sides, his back, his thighs, and his right shoulder muscle are developed in. (Continued on page 76)

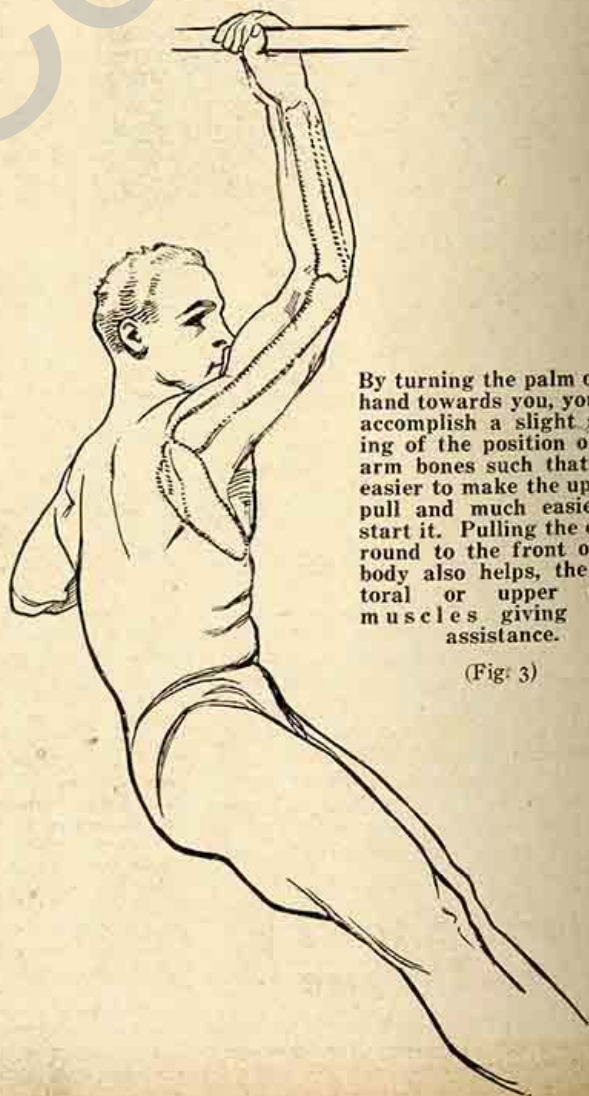


The difficulty in chinning with one arm is to start the upward movement from a straight arm hang. This is especially difficult with the palm turned away from you, the line of the bones of the arm being practically straight.

(Fig. 2)

about a month to become thoroughly familiar with the bone structure, and with the names, the location, and the functions of the different muscles. I know that most of you who read this department are really anxious to secure a fine development, and I can assure you that a good working knowledge of muscular anatomy is one of the greatest helps to securing a fine development. This outburst of mine is caused by a letter I just received, and in which the author shows a surprising lack of knowledge concerning the muscles of his own body. He started recently to train with a bar-bell, and in writing me for advice he asked me two questions. *First*, how many times he would have to be able to chin with two arms before he could chin himself once with one arm? *Second*, when he became able to "bent press" a 150-pound bar-bell with his right arm would he be strong enough to chin himself with his right arm?

Now, if that man had ever studied anatomy, he certainly would not have asked me the second question, and probably not the first one. When a man chins himself on a bar or on a ring, he uses the flexor muscles of his arm, that is, the muscles which *bend* the arm. When he presses aloft a bar-bell, he uses the muscles which *straighten* the arm—the extensor muscles. A man who understood the method of making a "bent press" and who specialized on it could soon learn to raise 150



By turning the palm of the hand towards you, you will accomplish a slight shifting of the position of the arm bones such that it is easier to make the upward pull and much easier to start it. Pulling the elbow round to the front of the body also helps, the pectoral or upper chest muscles giving more assistance.

(Fig. 3)

How to Rid Yourself of Catarrh

Quick, Permanent Relief Without Drugs or Medicine

Dr. Alsaker, a successful practicing physician in one of the largest cities of the United States and the author of a number of authoritative medical works, tells how to rid yourself of your catarrh

The Question

DEAR Doctor Alsaker: I have had catarrh since boyhood and now my two children have it. During the winter months my wife suffers with bad colds. We have taken treatment from local physicians: using the medicines prescribed; we have used sprays and salves, but have derived no lasting benefit. We live well, eating and drinking whatever we want, but we do not dissipate in any way. Our family physician tells us that catarrh is caused by germs. Another doctor told us to blame it on the climate. If germs and the climate are the cause of catarrh, I don't see how it can be prevented, or even cured. What have you to say on the subject?

J. B. W.

The Answer

This family is no exception. The majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time; others have it all the time.

This gentleman says that he lives well but no one lives well who is ill. He thinks that germs and climate are to blame, and as germs and climate are everywhere, we are helpless. This would be tragic if true, as we can't escape the omnipresent germs and climate.

But neither germs nor climate cause catarrh.

Catarrh is due to improper living—and right living will cure it. When the stomach, bowels and intestines become filled with acids, gases, and poisons, a part of these abnormal products are absorbed into the blood, which becomes very impure and the whole body gets acid. The blood tries to purify itself, and a lot of the waste attempts to escape by way of the mucous membrane. This causes irritation, and the result is colds and catarrhs.

Catarrh Causes Serious Disease

Catarrh of the head is troublesome and filthy. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration.

When the catarrh goes into the chest

it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a victim to pneumonia or consumption.

Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in the inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ears and general discomfort.

Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

All who catch cold easily are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time, suffer from chronic catarrh, which in turn will give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted.

Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

You Can Cure Yourself

Catarrh can be conquered quickly, surely and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That dirty tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-bye and those creaky joints will become pliant.

Catarrh is a luxury, not a necessity. Those who get it, can keep it indefinitely. They can also get rid of it and stay rid of it. Those who have catarrh should not complain about it, for they can easily obtain the knowledge that will show them how to get rid of catarrh, and return to health.

Dr. Alsaker is an eminent authority on the subject discussed in the above article. He has a large and constantly growing private practice; his patients come from all corners of the globe and they learn from him how to

get well and how to stay well. His books on the cure of disease by natural methods have been purchased by over 70,000 people. He has put the net results of his years of professional experience with sick people into his writings and they are available to you at a small fraction of what a personal consultation would cost you.

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, catarrh, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds. This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a common-sense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow. The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines, or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home without the expenditure of a single penny. There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so easy to understand and so simple to follow that any one, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from coughs, colds, or catarrh in any form, send only \$3.00 to the publishers of Dr. Alsaker's works, the GRANT PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., Dept. 81, 1133 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if

you are not satisfied that you have made the best \$3.00 investment of your life—simply remail the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow, while doctor's bills, prescriptions, and so-called patent medicines that do not cure, soon eat a big hole in any man's income.

Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.
Founder of
THE ALSAKER WAY

Testimony

"If you have been puzzled about the cause of catarrh, coughs and colds this article is going to open your eyes and make you think. Read what these people say about Dr. Alsaker's methods."

"Had catarrh since childhood. Doctors unable to cure me. Now entirely well, thanks to your treatment." S. N. R., Canada.

"Bronchitis from which I suffered for five years is now a thing of the past." J. F. Indiana.

"By following Dr. Alsaker's instructions my catarrh has disappeared." H. M., Canada.

"It gives me great pleasure to say that there is not a day passes that I do not use the 'Alsaker Way' publications for reference and advice before prescribing." E. M. Herring, M. D.

"I have found the Alsaker books correct from a medical standpoint. Any physician who wishes to specialize in the treatment of Chronic Disease, cannot well afford to be without them." J. B. Swabey, M. D.

"I take great pleasure in acknowledging the wonderful aid and encouragement I have in the works of Dr. R. L. Alsaker in the treatment of my patients, especially those of chronic type." Oscar Wald, M. D.

Strength

The Mat

(Continued from page 74)

proportion to the pushing, or extensor, muscle in his right arm.

In a "bent press" you do not push the bell aloft. You hold it at one height, and while holding it there you so bend your body and your legs that you are finally able to get your shoulder so low that your lifting arm is straight under the bell. That is about as brief and concise a description as I can give. The reason some of these "strong-men" are able to "bent-press" such tremendous weights is because they have phenomenal strength in the shoulder and body muscles. The "Bent Press" is a highly complicated feat, which employs the successive use of different body-leverages, and it is possible only to a man with a strong body. A man may go to a "gym" and practice dipping on the parallel bars, and by so doing can develop enormously large and powerful muscles on the back of the upper arms and across the front of the chest, but such practice will not enable him to do a "bent-press" with a heavy weight. Why? Because when he is on the parallel bars his weight is supported by his hands and the muscles of the lower back, of the hips, and of the legs get no work at all; and as I said before without great strength in the lower back, the sides and the thighs, it is impossible to make a "bent-press." Incidentally, it also explains why a Roman-ring artist, whose exercise develops only the muscles of his arms and upper body, makes a very poor showing when it comes to lifting a heavy weight from the ground, or when attempting to charge through a football line. A man who is seeking great strength should not train himself from above, but *from the ground up*.

There is an exercise in the bar-bell known as "curling" which develops the biceps, and if my correspondent had asked me whether when he was able to *curl* a 125-pound bar-bell he would be able to chin with one arm, his question would have been to the point, because in "curling" and "chin-ning" you use the flexors of the arm, whereas in chinning and bent pressing you use opposing sets of muscles.

So far as I can find out not one man in a thousand understands the mechanical action of the muscles when chinning a bar with one hand. Of course, it is necessary to have very powerful biceps muscles, but a big biceps alone will not enable a man to do this difficult stunt. Far more important than the biceps is the muscle on the broad of the back.

When the biceps muscle contracts, it *bends* the arm and brings the hand towards the shoulder. If you stand erect with the right arm hanging by the side and a 25-pound dumb-bell in the right hand, you can "curl" that dumb-bell—that is, raise it to the shoulder—by the action of the biceps muscle. Incidentally, you use some of the muscles in the forearm, but in curl-

ing a dumb-bell of light weight you employ only the flexor muscles of the arm. When you chin the bar with one hand the biceps muscle only does part of the work of raising your body. Here is the idea. Stand erect and reach up as high as you can with your right hand as though you were going to grasp a horizontal bar. Now, if you flex only your biceps muscle, the hand will come *down* to the shoulder, but your elbow will still be up in the air. Remember that when you actually do *chin* the bar, your hand not only comes close to the shoulder, but *your elbow comes down by the side of your waist*. Perhaps I have put it backwards. When you chin the bar your shoulder comes up to the level of your hand and your right side comes up to your right elbow. Some gymnasts seem to think that the whole act of chinning is done by merely bending the arm at the elbow, while the fact is that as the arm is bent the elbow is pulled down towards the side of the body—or the body is pulled up to the elbow, whichever way you choose to put it. Therefore, you will find that any man who can chin the bar with one arm has not only a powerful biceps muscle, but also a very strong muscle across the broad of the back. This muscle is known as the latissimus dorsi, and one of its chief functions is to pull the arm downwards after it has been raised aloft. If Mr. Weissman had sent us a picture showing his back, you would have seen that he is very broad across the back at the line of the arm-pits; because in his rope climbing he uses these latissimus muscles which I am describing. Figure 1 will give you an idea of the appearance of this muscle. It is fastened to some of the spines of the vertebra in the lower two-thirds of the back, and along its lower edge it is also attached to the top of the pelvis. At its upper point it is fastened to a groove in the upper-arm bone. When you reach above your head with the right arm, you stretch the right latissimus muscle; and in the act of climbing a rope or chinning a bar this muscle contracts powerfully and pulls the arm down to the side and consequently raises the body in the air.

Now, when chinning the bar, the hard part is not the bending of the arm, but *the raising of the body*, and for that reason rope climbing is splendid training for a man who wishes to learn to chin the bar with one arm.

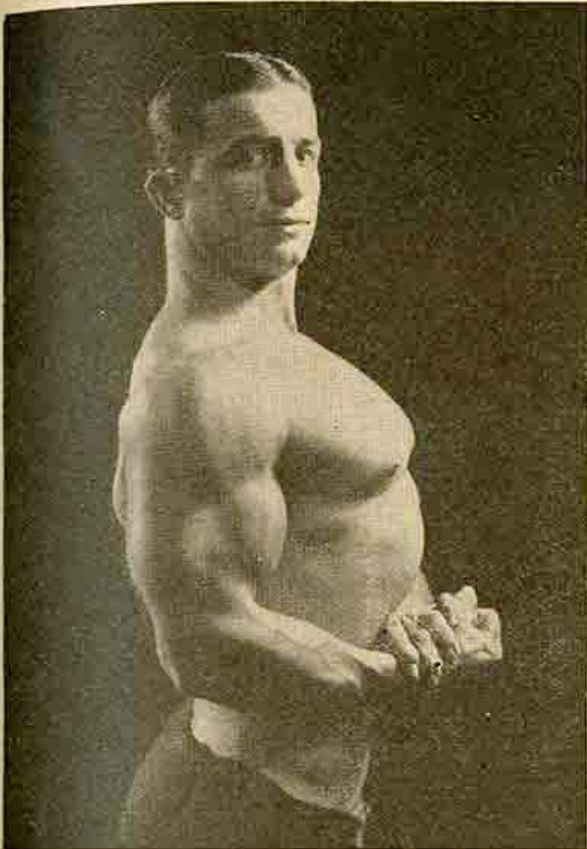
Many correspondents write me and say that they are able to chin themselves 25 or 30 successive times when they use *both* arms, but that when they try it with one arm they cannot even start. I believe that a man who can chin 25 times with both arms has strength enough to chin himself with one arm *if he knows the method*. As already remarked, the great difficulty is getting the body started on its upper

journey. Probably some of you have noticed that after you chin the bar with both hands you can let go the bar with your left hand and keep your chin close to the bar by the power of the right arm alone. It is even possible that you can lower yourself an inch or two and pull yourself up again. But if you stand on the floor and reach up and grasp the bar with one hand your body hangs like a dead weight and you feel perfectly helpless. That is because you let your body hang in the wrong position. All of you know that it is much easier to chin the bar with both hands when you do it with your palms towards you than when you do it with the palms of the hands away from you. That is because when the palms of the hands are towards you, your arm and back muscles are in a much more favorable condition for contraction. When the beginner first tries the one-arm chin and reaches up and grasps the bar, his body naturally assumes the position shown in Figure 2. The palm of the hand is away from it, the arm is perfectly straight, and consequently the bones of the forearm and upper arm are in the same line. As long as the arm remains in this position, it is practically impossible to do the one-arm chin. The first thing to do is to rotate the arm so that the palm of the hand is towards you, and this is done by a swing of the body which brings the palm of the hand towards you and slightly bends the arm at the elbow, as in Figure 3. When you are in this position the muscles have a chance to contract, because you have now gotten the bones of the forearm and upper arm at a slight angle to each other. When you are in position 2, it is almost as hard to move your body upwards as it is to start a steam engine which is on a dead-center; but when you are in position 3, it is as though the piston had moved in the cylinder and there was a chance for steam to get behind it.

After you are in position 3, all you have to do is to grit your teeth and pull. Some professionals claim that you should make a distinct effort to reach upward with the chin, but personally, I cannot see that that helps.

After you have learned to chin the bar once with one hand it is comparatively easy to learn to do it three or four times in succession. If you have ever watched the professional gymnast make several successive chins, you may have noticed that when he lowers his body he never goes down so far that his arm is straight. When he gets into position Figure 3, he stops lowering the body and starts on another chin.

To be able to chin with one hand is sufficient to make your reputation as an athlete. So few people are able to do it that if you can do this stunt, all your friends will credit you with possession of enormous strength.



ANDREW PASSANNANT, the \$1000 prize winner of the Earle E. Liederman 1923 Contest

I Am Giving Away \$2,000.00

An Equal Opportunity for Every Man or Boy

IN the December issue of STRENGTH Magazine I announced Andrew Passannant as the winner of the \$1000 cash prize which I awarded to my pupil showing the greatest improvement in development over the period of one year. I also announced that I would offer a similar prize in October, 1924.

Since that time I have decided to make this prize contest something bigger and broader than has ever before been offered to the public under similar conditions.

Over 1000 Prizes

The usual custom in contests of this nature is to award one big prize and sometimes a second or third to the men who can show the best developed body or who can accomplish the greatest feat of strength.

Such a contest not only confines the rewards to a few fortunate ones, but is no incentive to any man to better himself. The man who already possesses a strong, robust body is the one who wins the prize. In such cases, it is hardly a contest at all, but a selection of the best built man.

My plan is to give every man an equal chance. Your present condition has nothing to do with it. The prizes are awarded to those men who *actually strive to better themselves*, for you are to be judged by the improvement you show during this period.

I want to encourage every pupil to build himself up physically to the highest point attainable. That is my life's work—to make big, strong, sturdy men out of you all. That is why I do not confine these prizes to one man or even to a few. There will actually be one thousand and fourteen men receiving rewards. The first prize winner will receive one thousand dollars (\$1000) in cash, a 14-karat solid gold medal and a diploma. Gold medals and diplomas will also be awarded to thirteen other cash prize winners. In addition to this, I will give 1000 silver medals to the next thousand men in the order in which they qualify.

The Contest Is On

Remember the contest has started. The sooner you get your name and address to me, the sooner you get going at your exercise and the earlier start you have on the other fellow. It is actual improvement that counts. Look on the opposite page and you will find a coupon. Fill in your name and address clearly and you will receive a copy of my book, "Muscular Development"—**absolutely free. Don't even enclose a stamp.** You will also be given further information concerning the Earle E. Liederman system of muscle and strength building. Then, when you start your course, be sure to send me a copy of your present measurements—keeping a duplicate copy for yourself. Remember the book will not cost you one penny and does not obligate you in the slightest, so cut out the coupon, and let's go.

RULES

of the

Earle E. Liederman 1924 Contest

CONTEST is now open and closes October 1, 1924. It is offered to pupils taking the Earle Liederman course. The winners will be selected from the pupils showing the greatest improvement in their physique from the date of enrollment until October 1, 1924. They will be judged from measurements taken by themselves. Keep a duplicate of your measurements on date of enrollment and send it to Earle E. Liederman again not later than October 1, 1924, with a photograph and new measurements on that date. The winners will be decided by actual improvements made, but not in proportion to time devoted to their exercise. Thus, a pupil enrolling now has a decided advantage over pupils entering this contest later.

The following prizes will be awarded

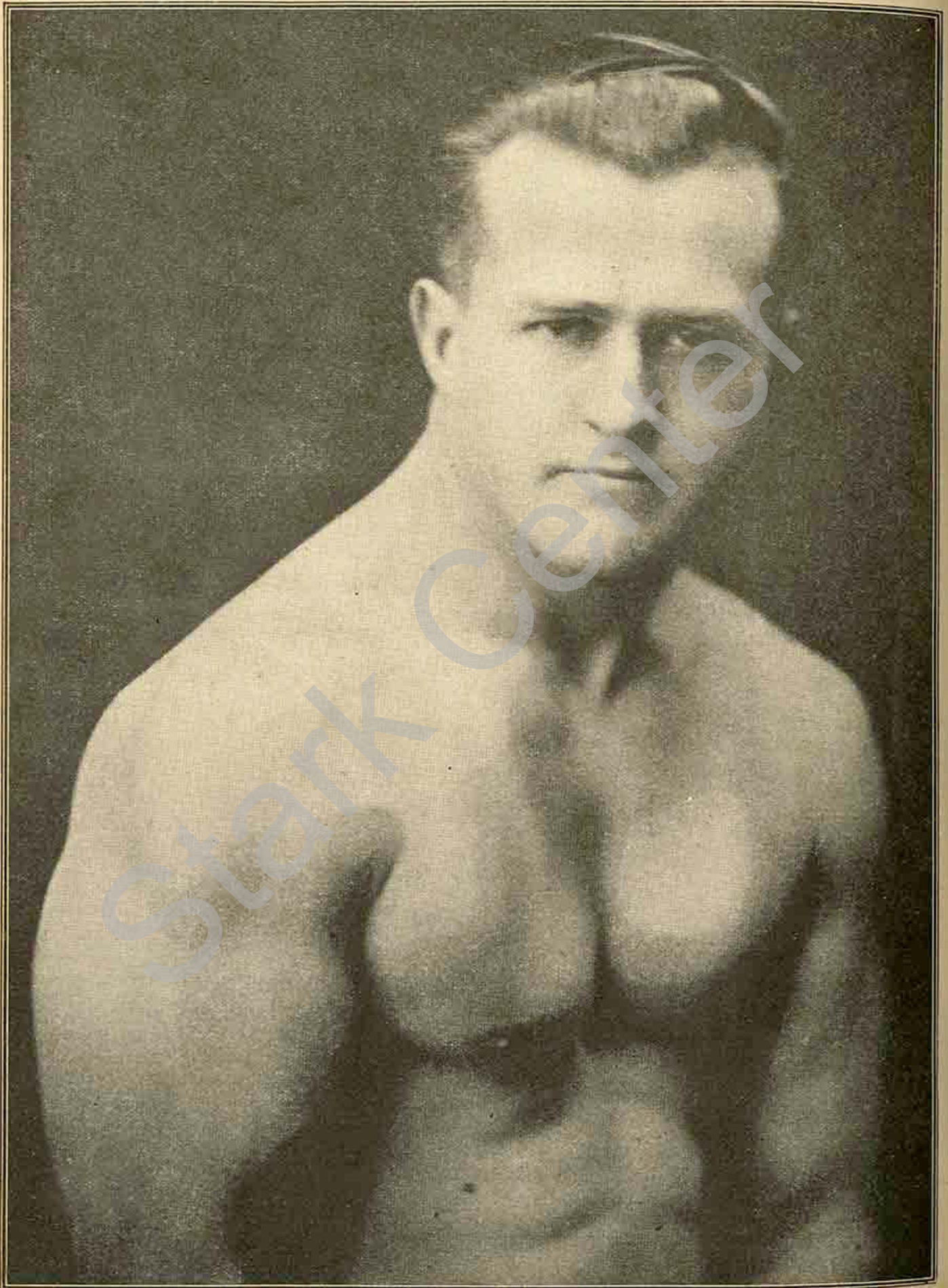
1st prize	\$1,000.00
2nd "	500.00
3rd "	300.00
4th "	100.00
To the next ten pupils, \$10.00 each	100.00
Total amount of cash prizes	\$2,000.00

In case of tie for any of these positions, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of prize money offered for position where tie has occurred.

Over 1000 Gold and Silver Medals

In addition to above cash prizes, a 14-karat solid gold medal will be awarded to each cash prize winner, on which will be suitably engraved his name. Each man will also receive a diploma for having passed this physical test. These diplomas will be signed by each of the judges as well as by myself.

There will also be **one thousand silver medals** awarded for marked distinction, to those pupils whose physical improvement comes next in order.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
America's Leading Director of Physical Education

A Personal MESSAGE

I have a PERSONAL MESSAGE which I would like to send to the home address of EVERY man or boy who is interested in possessing a strong clean, healthy body. I am not asking you to send me any MONEY for this — not even a two-cent stamp. Just fill in the coupon below and make your letter PERSONAL so that you will receive this private letter. I will also enclose my 64 page book on Muscular Development which has just come off the press, if you wish. In either case don't send me one penny. It is a message of private nature which I wish you to have.

Earle Liederman
Dept. 7
305 Broadway
New York City.

Earle Liederman (Personal)
305-309 Broadway N. Y. City

Dear Sir—

Please send me by return mail your personal message, also a free copy of your latest book "Muscular Development" — this does not obligate me in any way.

Name—

Street—

City—

State—

How to Do More Work

(Continued from page 51)

sponge, or splunge. In fact, he's opposed to anything calculated to make him healthy, wealthy or wise.

But all that's off his mind now. He gets up in the morning, for instance, with just as little effort as if somebody had touched a match to the bed—namely, with no trouble at all.

What happens is this: his Angelina—who is much like mine—says: "Harry, it's six o'clock."

"Uh-uh."

Angelina snaps her fingers. "One, two, three," she counts.

And Harry is up. Angelina doesn't stop; she keeps right on counting. All he has to do is keep up with her. Theoretically he was already out of bed when she began to count, and now, presto, before he's had time for so much as a stretch, behold him hard at his morning exercise. It's a Whizz! How she does put him through; for of course it's no trouble for her. All she has to do is count. Besides, Angelina, as I have explained, always does what is to be done, and expects other people to do it, too. The only women who haven't that gift are the mannish women.

Thus Angelina, without preface, warning, or tender consideration, gets him started on his day and well warmed up before he knows what has happened. A few minutes' counting gives him his momentum, and then she may safely leave him to go on, with his eye on the clock, for another fifteen or twenty minutes. Fifteen minutes is the minimum. Count 'em! Fifteen.

By the end of that period, of course, he is ready for anything. His blood is literally up, there is the fresh air of morning in his lungs and the light of morning in his eye. He is positively in a state where he's just looking for something more to do. In fact, the whole process is simply a running jump that lands him into the morning splunge. And it's a cold splunge, too. He's even equal to that. By that time he has become what you would call a fast worker. He doesn't rub down as if he had all day to do it in. Getting into his clothes is a high speed process, he shaves with careless abandon; and presently he is down at the breakfast table, his hair nicely combed, his face shining, his shoes ditto, with a pleasant and polite good morning for everybody. Algernon himself couldn't do it better. In fact, Algernon begins to look upon his Dad as an example.

Now consider. Let's recapitulate. What would that weak-minded, jelly-spined, lie-abed scamp have accomplished up to the time he boards his train for the city if it hadn't been for Angelina obligingly snapping her fingers at six o'clock? Why, he'd have begun by yawning, stretching and then snoozing for another fifteen minutes. Then he would have gotten up as heavily as if he were Atlas bearing up the heavens; he would have omitted his morning exercise—the real key to

his day—because there was no time for it; he would have omitted his bath because he hadn't exercised, and because one good turn deserves another, and because he hates cold water when he's half asleep anyway.

At the breakfast table he would have appeared, not with an air of conscious and superior virtue, but as a conscience-

paid not merely to take dictation but to dictate.

In due time she permits him a ten-minute lay-off in which to take a set of exercises with the windows open, just to limber him up.

Of course there are bound to be interruptions, but Miss Forsythe doesn't permit him to use them as excuses for chucking all his work for the rest of the day. She keeps the record straight. When a caller leaves, the callee must get back to his job.

In some such manner as that he goes through his day. At the end of the day, while he feels the glow of an approving conscience, he is ready, of course, to lay out a stiff program for the following day, and to submit it to Miss Forsythe for execution. The net result is that he easily doubles his output.

Home again—Angelina takes charge. Maybe the garden needs hoeing; maybe the baby needs a bath; maybe he ought to go with her to call on, and keep up with the Joneses. It's all one. He does it. For the time being there is no rest for the weary, and no time, in fact, to be weary. Finally he reaches the end of a perfect day—everything done, no loose ends, no sins of omission, everything shipshape.

You won't believe it, but by the time he had put in six months of that sort of thing, he was so well caught up that Angelina was able to let him off an hour early each day, and give him an occasional whole holiday, a saturnalia of idleness, from time to time.

Of course the vital question about all this is the technique of it. Well, it's simple enough. You simply have a *sporting agreement* with Angelina. You know what that is. It's as binding as a gambling debt and then some. Of course you can go easy with the idea at first, till you get used to it. For instance, you can start out with two or three foundation items, like getting up on time, going to bed on time, taking your daily exercise daily, and doing other routine things which form a sort of framework on which the day can be built. With respect to this predetermined list, you simply put yourself under her orders. It's a cast iron agreement that with respect to these specified things, you will do as you are told; and that she is to be remorseless in separating you from these pet sins of yours. You are not only bound to do as you are told, but to do it cheerfully. Don't forget that. And that's all there is to it.

Daily exercise is probably the logical place to make a start. Its merit lies partly in the fact that anybody who attends duly to that will need very little help from Angelina in cleaning up the day's work. Probably that item of regular daily exercise may be counted as fifty per cent. of the problem of efficient daily living, simply because of the surplus of energy it will supply for the solution of the other fifty per cent.



Drawn by Edith M. B. Williams

stricken, furtive, miserable picture of a man preparing to sneak out to his day's work through the back door. He'd have scolded Algernon, grumbled at the coffee and left the house in time to miss his train to the city. As it is, he is as innocent of all this as an incubator infant.

Well, in this highly virtuous condition he reaches his office. By that time there is danger that his resolutions have begun to run down. But there is nothing to fear—nothing at all to fear. All that has been provided for. There sits his responsible, highly starched, highly paid stenographer—

Only \$1.97 ^{\$} WAS \$5.00

BOXING Jiu-Jitsu Wrestling



Only \$1.97!

You will be astounded when you see this great course!—six big books containing 381 pages and 250 photographic illustrations—setting before you in graphic style the secrets of ring science, with the blows and guards of the world's greatest boxers—Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Mike Donovan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Kid McCoy, Jim Corbett, etc.—the best fighters that ever wore championship crowns!

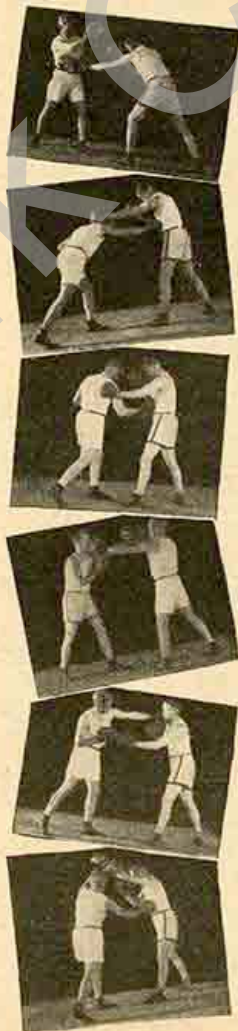
All for \$1.97!

But that's not half of it! Think of being able to subdue an armed opponent with the terrible Japanese art of Jiu-Jitsu—to throw him if he grabs you from behind, to break his strangle hold on your throat; to cripple him, if necessary, with a bone breaking hold.

Wrestling too! The best holds used by the champions, including the Gotch Toe Hold, the Stecher Scissors Hold, the Head-lock, etc.

And that's not all! Marshall Stillman gives you a course in Health Building—six sets of muscle building exercises for bodily development; the colon exercise, a remedy for constipation; Synthetic Breathing, a lung developer; and instructions on how professional boxers train.

Where else could you get all this instruction for \$1.97? Where could you get it for five or ten times this price? A single lesson by a second-rate boxing instructor would cost you more than this whole course, in which you get the instruction of the best experts—men who have trained professionals.



Every blow and guard posed for by two expert boxers.

How can we do it? We print these courses by the thousands. We have an enrollment of over 40,000 students. You get the benefit of being one of this vast army of men who are learning boxing by the Marshall Stillman method!

Norman Tompsett of Tidiaute, Pa., says: "I wouldn't sell my course for ten times what I paid for it if I couldn't get another."

It's really wonderful how fast Marshall Stillman pupils advance. Glenwood R. Beattle, Plymouth, Ind., says:

"I am only 16 and have been boxing with a man of 23. Before taking your course I was a punching bag for him, but now I can give him some startling jolts." Michael Mullen of Quebec, Canada, says: "I have developed a terrific punch with both hands and am able to outbox and outwit most of my friends."

We have stacks of letters like these, praising the course more eloquently than we would dare to praise it ourselves.

And here's the real proof of the pudding—

10-DAY TRIAL

We will send you the complete course for 10-day trial. Send no money. When the postman hands you the course, hand him a deposit of 97c plus postage. Use the course. Try it out thoroughly. At the end of 10 days either send us the small balance of \$1 in final payment, or return the course and get your deposit back at once. You'll never find a better offer than this—mail the coupon now.



Send no Money

Marshall Stillman Association
Dept. 172-B, 42nd Street and Madison Avenue, New York

You may send me on approval the Marshall Stillman Course. I will deposit 97 cents (plus actual postage) with the postman, with the understanding that if, after 10 days, I wish to return the course, I may do so and my money will be instantly refunded. If I keep the course I am simply to send you \$1.00 in final payment.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by cash (\$1.97 U. S. funds) subject to money back guarantee if not entirely satisfactory.

"Hackenschmidt"—Modern for "Hercules"

(Continued from page 49)

condemned Hackenschmidt's. He said that Gotch, who lived in the open air and who had no pronounced muscular development, was a far healthier man, and would undoubtedly live to a great age; and that Hackenschmidt's training with weights had given him enormous muscles, but such training would shorten his life. That is another prediction that went wrong. Gotch died not very long after and Hackenschmidt is still one of the most formidable physical specimens in the world.

I am sorry that I have so few pictures of him to show you, but some of these will give you a good idea of his tremendous size and development. Some of these pictures might give you the idea that he was very short in stature, but as a matter of fact, he stood nearly 5 feet 10 inches in height, and when in hard training he weighed about 215 pounds. In England they used to rave about the size of his chest, which measured almost 49 inches around. He had tremendous muscles on the upper back and on the points of his shoulders. The muscles on his breast were large, but not over-developed the way they are in some gymnasts. What gave Hackenschmidt his immense driving force and endurance was the unusual size of the rib-box; that is, the thorax or true chest. In several of these pictures you can get a good idea of his unusual chest development, especially if you are careful to look at the *lower* chest right below the line of the breast muscles. Some authorities said that his chest was almost as deep from front to back as it was from side to side, and that he had the deepest chest on record. (When you say a deep chest, you do not mean one that measures a good deal from top to bottom as you might suppose, but one that is large from front to back.) Every one knows that a deep chest is the accepted sign of unusual endurance, because it indicates plenty of room for the lungs, but it is just as much an indication of strength. The deep-chested man is almost always broad-shouldered, and he has certain muscular leverages that are not possessed by the small-chested, narrow-shouldered man.

From the knees up all his measurements were phenomenal. His neck measured 19 inches, his flexed upper-arm over 18 inches, his fore-arm 14½ inches and his thigh 27 inches. The calves of his legs measured only 16 inches. That would be big enough for most men, but since Hackenschmidt's upper arm measured over 18, his calves should have measured nearly or quite as much. He was born in the Baltic province of Russia, but his name sounds much more German than Russian. I mention this, because as a rule North Germans have very poor calf development, while Russians are generally very good in that respect. The Bavarians in South Germany usually have fine legs, but the North German is apt to

be flat footed and thin calved. The Russians, as a nation, have marvelous thighs, and most of their young people can do the "low-leg step" with the utmost ease. By this I mean the step where the dancer crosses the stage by lowering his body, first on one leg, and then on the other. In other countries the young people have to train diligently to get sufficient power to do the "deep-knee-bend" on *one* leg, but the young Russian seems to do it naturally, without exertion and without training. Hackenschmidt seemed to have the Russian type of thigh and the German type of calf. However, the fact that his calves were comparatively small does not mean that he lacked power. He is incredibly strong from head to heel. He never really specialized at weight-lifting or went after records in handling bar-bells. Nevertheless, he made a correct two-arm "press" with 265 pounds, and at any time he could take a 220-pound dumb-bell and push it aloft with his right arm, without having to take advantage of the "bent press" method. He is said to have "bent-pressed" 270 pounds with his right arm, which is very good for a man who did not specialize on that lift. In "muscling out" weights he was a wonder. Siebert says that he saw Hackenschmidt take a 90-pound dumb-bell in his right hand and an 89-pound one in the left, burlled them to the shoulders, pushed them slowly aloft and then lowered the arms sideways with the muscle out position.

Robert Edgren, of the *New York World*, was one of Hackenschmidt's greatest admirers. Edgren considers Hackenschmidt one of the four strongest men in the world. He saw a great deal of Hackenschmidt when he was in this country, and says that he saw George muscle out 75 pounds in each hand without apparent effort. He also says that he once saw Hackenschmidt pick up a 600-pound anchor in his right hand and walk some distance with it. With all due respect to Mr. Edgren, this seems almost incredible to me. It is not hard to walk with 600 pounds on one shoulder, but to pick up 600 pounds in one hand and walk with it while the arm holding the anchor is hanging by the side is some man's job. In the first place, the difficulty is with the grip. I have never seen any man lift a 600-pound bar-bell from the floor with one hand, even if the handle was very thin.

One reason that Hackenschmidt got such a reputation as a strong man was he was willing to try anything in the line of strength feats. He did not need bar-bells or special weights with which to demonstrate his power. He would try any stunt that required muscular strength, and in most cases he could outdo the other fellow at his own specialty. Another great item in making him famous was that *he looked the part*. He satisfied the eye. He never had to claim to be strong, or to claim that he had unusually large measure-

ments. Before a wrestling match started he had a great trick of starting with most of his weight resting on his right leg, his left leg slightly bent at the knee, the backs of his hands on his hips, and the elbows pointing out to the sides, and even in this relaxed position he looked about twice as strong as the average heavyweight gladiator does when he flexes all his muscles. The minute he got into action, one realized his almost superhuman strength. When he first became a professional, he endeavored to win his matches by strength alone, and some of the other professionals complained of his rough tactics. It is said that he never used an unfair hold, and never deliberately tried to injure his opponent, but the power of his grip was so tremendous that it caused pain, and the hugging power of his arms would nearly squeeze the breath out of any one who was so unlucky to give him a chance for a body hold. One 275-pound giant resigned from a match rather than, as he put it, "come to grips with that devil of a man."

As he grew older, he tamed down considerably, used his skill and saved his strength. He is one of the few athletes who have retained their popularity after defeat. If he chose, he could today enter the ring in England, and make big money. He is supposed to have retired with a fortune. I am told he is still living in England. Perhaps some of our English readers can enlighten us on that point.

In comparing Hackenschmidt with Sandow it must be remembered that Hackenschmidt was much the larger of the two. He outweighed Sandow by nearly 30 pounds, and his measurements were nearly 10 per cent bigger all around. In any ordinary strength test, I figure that Hackenschmidt was at least 20 per cent stronger than Sandow.

His bodily measurements are so unusually large that it is almost hopeless for the ordinary athlete to aspire to equal them. I have seen many men whose measurements were as good as or better than those of Sandow or Saxon. Apollon was slightly a bigger man, but then Apollon was 4 inches smaller than Hack'. Cye and Zybsko showed larger measurements, but then those two men carried a lot of extra flesh, whereas Hackenschmidt was apparently solid bone and muscle. In appraising his development you must take into account the size of his bones, which are much larger than the average. I once saw a set of X-ray pictures which showed the bones of Hackenschmidt's ankle, wrist, elbow and knee in comparison with the smaller parts of other well-developed athletes. The photos were taken to the same scale, and the unusual size of Hackenschmidt's bones was immediately apparent. A man with a 7-inch wrist cannot hope for much more than a 13-inch forearm, and a 15¾-inch biceps.

How I Saved My Hair!

The Tragedy of Baldness

By ALBERT WOODRUFF

WHEN the barber told me my hair was getting thin I merely smiled and let it go at that. When my wife said, "Bert, I do believe you are becoming bald," I gave a little laugh and passed it off with a jesting remark. I took the gibes of my friends in the same spirit—and I laughed when the comedian at the theatre made his "cracks" about candidates for the "bald-headed row."

But it wasn't until my business associates commenced to notice that I was rapidly becoming bald and gray that I worried. For while I was just as full of pep and vim as I had ever been—while my business judgment was just as keen as ever, yet I worried for fear my associates might think of me as heading toward the "has been" class. I decided to try to save my hair—if it could be saved.

Then I became a slave to hair tonics. If a tonic was new I bought it on sight. I tried every kind of shampoo that I heard of. I was a victim of the barber's wiles. The money I spent—and all to no purpose. My hair continued to come out just as fast as it ever did before I had tried to stop it. Every time I combed my hair it told the story.

How I Prevented Baldness

One day I read a very interesting advertisement by the celebrated Physical Culturist, Bernarr Macfadden. Now, it so happened that I had seen Mr. Macfadden several times and I knew that he himself had wonderful thick hair. Naturally I was interested—although it was news to me that Mr. Macfadden had made a study of the hair and had written a book on the subject, entitled, "Hair Culture."

In the advertisement Mr. Macfadden said he was amazed to learn how little really authoritative information had been written about

the proper care of the hair and scalp. He said that one need not let the hair grow thin and gray. He said that if the hair is falling out or getting gray a reasonable amount of proper care will restore it, unless one is completely bald. And this same care will keep the hair strong and healthy throughout life. He spoke of simple, natural and effective methods for treating the hair and scalp by following a few laws of nature. Then he casually mentioned that he was startled at the tremendous demand that existed for his comprehensive work. In fact, the first edition of his treatise was very quickly sold and a new edition had to be printed to take care of the orders that were flooding in on each mail.

I made up my mind right then that since Mr. Macfadden had written the book it was sure to be very practical—and the fact that so many had been sold clearly proved to me that the treatise must be filling a popular demand.

So I just jotted my name and address down on the coupon and returned it. When I received the book on five days' free examination



"Only a short while ago my hair was falling out by combfuls, yet today I have fine, thick hair, with not the slightest trace of baldness or dandruff."

If you will examine the book I am quite sure that you will agree with me that it is one of the most valuable—if not the most valuable—and instructive books ever written on Hair Culture.

Albert Woodruff.

Send No Money

If you would like to take Mr. Woodruff's advice we will gladly let you examine "Hair Culture" for yourself, without obligation, and see how easily you can follow the methods that should bring new life, new lustre and luxuriance to your hair. Don't send one cent in advance—just fill in and return the coupon and the book will come to you by return mail. When the postman hands it to you, deposit only \$2.00 with him. Then after you have kept "Hair Culture" for 5 days—after you have tested the methods—if you are not absolutely satisfied return the book to us and your money will be promptly refunded. If, however, you decide to keep this remarkable book, as you surely will, there are no further payments of any kind to be made—the book becomes your property for the one sum of \$2.00 which you deposited with the postman.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Dept. S-2, Macfadden Building

1926 Broadway, New York City

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Dept. S-2, Macfadden Building
1926 Broadway, New York City

Without obligation on my part, please send me a copy of Bernarr Macfadden's Book giving me all of Nature's simple methods for preserving and beautifying the hair. I will pay the postman \$2.00 on arrival, but I also have the privilege of returning the book if I desire and you will refund my deposit.

Name.....

Address.....



Women! Keep Your Hair Youthful

If your hair is graying prematurely you have every reason to hope that it can be stopped and that much can be done toward restoring it to its original youthful and becoming color. If it is losing its luxuriant quality and glossy sheen the few simple rules taught by Bernarr Macfadden in his new book HAIR CULTURE will enable you to bring about an almost unbelievable improvement. Why spend time and money at the hair dresser's when you can give your hair a better home treatment in only a few minutes a day by this new method? You can easily have hair that is wonderfully silky in texture and your scalp can be cleansed of every trace of dandruff or seurf.

I immediately read it very carefully and that very same night I started to follow the few simple rules. I must confess that within a very short time I noticed a decided improvement in the growth of my hair—it became thicker and more glossy. Then dandruff disappeared. Today, after following the rules laid down in this new method, I have just as fine a head of thick hair as you would see on any man—even a young man of eighteen or twenty has no thicker or glossier hair than mine. In fact, many haven't anywhere near such fine hair. The grayness has all disappeared and my hair has the glowing color of youth. My wife and children also adopted the rules which we discovered in Mr. Macfadden's treatise entitled "Hair Culture" and their hair is the admiration of all their friends.

Bernarr Macfadden's Secrets of Hair Culture

These chapter titles will give you an idea of the scope and value of this remarkable book:



Bernarr Macfadden. Note his thick luxuriant, healthy hair.

Superfluous Hair. Hair Tonics.

- Hair as an attribute to beauty.
- Facts everyone should know about hair.
- Care of healthy hair.
- How to care for baby's scalp.
- Facts about soaps and shampoos.
- The cause of hair troubles.
- Dandruff.
- Dry Hair, Oily Hair, Split Hair.
- Falling hair.
- Baldness.
- Gray hair.
- Hair Dressing.
- Eyebrows and Eyelashes.

"Life Feels Like a Fight"

(Continued from page 60)

bill, in savings painfully wrung from their meager income, and had wiped out the debt.

Then Sill Thurston had appeared. At first his big, rough, rather clumsy kindnesses to them had touched her warmly; if the wealthy and powerful lumber man had been blessed with the slightest gift of discernment he might have overcome the girl's instinctive antipathy and won her through her gratitude and her feeling that he was at least a real man. Her awakening had been rude, sudden and complete. Thurston had neither patience nor more than a faint trace of honor.

Accustomed by habit and experience to deal with the world shrewdly, cunningly, and by sharp practice, he had laid a trap for Mary Clyde, into which she had walked confidently. But when he had tried to put out his hand and take his catch he had found that he had caught a tigress. After that he had blundered in everything he did. His best laid plans succeeded in every respect except the single important one of snaring Mary for him. He only knew rough, abrupt and domineering methods, and they were precisely the wrong methods. Because he had never been thwarted the girl became a necessity to him; he ceased to be a wooer and made himself an assailant, beleaguering her in an aggressive campaign to defeat her will and bend it to his own. And, throughout the whole course of his struggle with her, he had gambled heavily on the obligations to him under which he had placed her.

It is not hard for me to see why all her instincts drove her to instant suspicion when Craig Gentry appeared, overnight, in the guise of a friend bringing offers of otherwise welcome aid to herself and her father in their desperate plight.

II

Craig would have abandoned the whole crazy project for the conversion of the Clyde timber into needed cash, and very probably would have abandoned with it the new fight he was trying to make to win his place in the struggle of life, if it had not been for Thurston's blundering.

He drove up to the cabin as Mary Clyde and her father were finishing their evening meal. Gantry had not appeared. He had gone moodily away, dejected, disillusioned, unhappy. Mary had made such excuses for him as she could; she had not had heart enough to tell her father any of the things Craig had hinted to her in that brief meeting in the afternoon. It had been a miserable meal. And the girl, already close to tears, turned sick when she heard the sound of the lumber man's motor and saw him jump from his car and come striding towards the house, his face set and angry and his eyes smouldering.

Mary ran out, for Thurston was ready to open up on her father.

"Hello!" she called, as gaily as she could, for her father's sake. "Dad, here's Mr. Thurston. I'm going to make him help me with that gate. Come along, and be useful, big man!"

Thurston's mouth sagged. He had certainly not expected such a welcome.

"All right," he said, brusquely. "I didn't come to be sociable, though."

"I'm disappointed."

Thurston ignored her tone.

"What's all this about your boarder taking the timber piece off your hands?"

"He hasn't taken it off our hands. He has made a tentative offer for the standing timber. But I haven't even told father about it yet."

Thurston stopped in the path. "The damned liar!" he cried, hotly. "He told me he had an option on it—has Fack signed up to mill it and has the finished lumber contracted for. Was he pulling my leg?"

Womanlike, Mary sprang to the defense of the other man.

The Self-sacrificing Woman

Have you a martyr in your home? Does self-sacrifice mean strength? Or does it mean weakness? And when? See if you have in your home some of the personal problems presented by Mary Alden Hopkins in the next number of STRENGTH, in one of the most illuminating and helpful articles dealing with the art of living that you will ever have read. Yes, in STRENGTH for March.

"Mr. Gantry doesn't make a practice of lying about things like that," she said, sharply. "If he satisfied father we would certainly give him the option."

"And pay up your debts to me at the same time!" Thurston sneered.

"Mr. Gantry told me our debt to you had been paid."

"Oh, that measly sixteen hundred mortgage—yes."

Mary's face was white. "I don't know how we could pay our debt of gratitude to you, Mr. Thurston," she said in a tense voice. "You've been kind to us from the first. But you knew then that we weren't in a position to reciprocate. If you are expecting us—"

Thurston had come for this visit in an angry mood; he was in no temper to discuss abstractions. He seized Mary Clyde's wrist and jerked her savagely about, almost against him.

"I'm damned if you can talk that way to me any longer, young lady!" he cried. "You know what I want and you know that I get what I want. And if you think that I'm going to stand around while a high-handed Easterner lies his way in here to swin-

dle your father out of his trees and play the devil with you—"

Craig Gantry said, quite distinctly, in Thurston's ear: "Suppose you discuss that with me?"

And, as the big lumber man turned his head, flaming with rage, Craig bent him sidewise with a lifting blow to the jaw that rocked him almost off his feet.

III

There had been a time when very few men were a match for Sill Thurston. But that time had passed. He was big and he was powerful still, but his old agility and swiftness had become clogged by dissipation, gluttonous eating, and years of cushioned riding in an automobile. By nature a bully, he had grown cautious, also, with the taint of cowardice in him.

Gantry's first blow, coming so unexpectedly and with such amazing force, and having been directed with a boxer's skill so that every ounce behind it registered, shook the big man to his shoes. He roared and charged, but Craig stepped aside and met him with a sledge-hammer shock under the heart. Thurston came about slowly and one long arm reached Craig's ear, glancing off. In a long battle Thurston would have smothered the lighter man, but Craig had no intention of permitting this to be a long battle. He ripped his opponent's eye open with a hook, and almost broke his nose with a crushing left.

Thurston flailed the air, reaching Craig once again in the face, but went down suddenly the next moment, doubled over with pain from a smash that found his wind.

Mary—forgotten by both of the men—took a step forward from the tree against which she had leaned, breathless, white-faced, but calm.

"Perhaps we can talk this thing out now," she said, in her quiet voice. But there was a gleam of laughter in her eyes that Craig Gantry saw.

He wiped the blood from his face, something like a school-boy confronted by his teacher. And he grinned, panting a little.

IV

It was Mary Clyde who forced Sill Thurston to return with her to the house and greet her father.

"Dad," she said, "the timber piece seems to have suddenly become valuable. Mr. Gantry has an offer for it, and Mr. Thurston seems to me to be about to make another. It's your turn first, Craig."

"All right," Craig said. "Mr. Clyde, I went to school with a fellow named Parker Forbes, whose uncle was the builder of a lot of railroads, including the Pacific Western. Parker is learning the railroad business from the bottom, but I imagine his old uncle has picked him up to run it."

(Continued on page 102)

PROOF That I Can Do What I Promise for YOU

DON'T TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
Listen to Competent and Disinterested Witnesses

Here are a few of the greatest Strong Men and Weight Lifters in the World, who have used my System of Bodily Development, and pronounced it the best on the market. Some of these men owe their great strength and perfect health largely or entirely to my System. Their magnificent Physiques should be an inspiration to every young man.

Arthur Saxon, undoubtedly the strongest man of modern times; holds the official one-arm bent-press record of 336 pounds. (See article in September, 1923, *Strength* about him.) Saxon and his two brothers used to make their headquarters at my gymnasium when in New York so that they could use my apparatus. "I have seen all the various methods of Physical Training," wrote Arthur to me, "and tried most of them; and I will say frankly that the Titus System is the most wonderful of them all for building Strength and promoting Health."

Rolandow, the strongest man ever produced in America, whose idea of fun is to carry an upright piano with the seat and musician on his back around the room. With normal chest measurement of 48 inches, he has expanded to 63—the greatest expansion feat ever known. He speaks of me as the man who made him. "My strength and development are all due to the Titus System," says he: "When I first came to him, 8 months ago, I weighed 165 pounds; I now weigh 195, and my strength has increased in even greater proportion than my weight."

The Great Barnes, who has exhibited all over the world, offering \$500 to anyone who would duplicate his marvelous feats of strength. In one test, lying on his back, he raised his body to a sitting position 1,600 times in one hour and 20 minutes before five sworn witnesses. "Words cannot express how much my present physical condition is due to your wonderful system," he wrote me. "It rebuilds every muscle in the body, from their weakest stages to their extreme strongest. I regard it as the only system that will make you just as strong as you want to be."

August W. Johnson, one of America's best known strong men and for years holder of a large number of the World's weight-lifting records—as, for example, the one-hand jerk overhead, 225 pounds; and the two-hand lift to chest and push overhead, 286 pounds. "I feel that I owe my success as an athlete entirely to you," Johnson wrote me. "Not only the athlete, but every man, no matter what his occupation, ought to have your system and use it regularly. It is certainly a world-beater!"

William D. Waring, as you will see by his picture, has one of the handsomest truly athletic figures to be found anywhere. He is a prominent physical director and weight-lifter and challenges anyone of his weight—155 pounds—in the world to a test. "I owe a great deal to your tuition and system of exercise," declares Mr. Waring. "I am always ready to give high praise to your methods as having given me the greatest help of my entire career."



PROFESSOR HENRY W. TITUS
as he is today

Pronounced by the Medical Faculty as the strongest and most symmetrically developed athlete of his weight in America.

Get My 56-Page Book "Building Better Bodies"

In which these men are discussed at greater length, together with many others who have been my pupils. This book is a great treatise on Health also. I will hand it to you absolutely FREE. All I ask is that you send me 10 cents to pay for wrapping and mailing; and it will come to you by return mail. There will be no obligation on your part. Don't delay; you may forget it or lose this advertisement and thus lose a life's opportunity. Fill out the coupon and mail it TODAY.

Do You Long for a Perfect Body?

Then why not listen to the testimony of these men, who have had much experience with my System? No other physical culturist in the world can show such a list of great athletes among his satisfied customers. The above are only a few out of hundreds.

Prof. Henry W. Titus
105 E. 13th St., Dept. 530, New York City

PROF. HENRY W. TITUS

Dept. 530, 105 East 13th Street, New York City

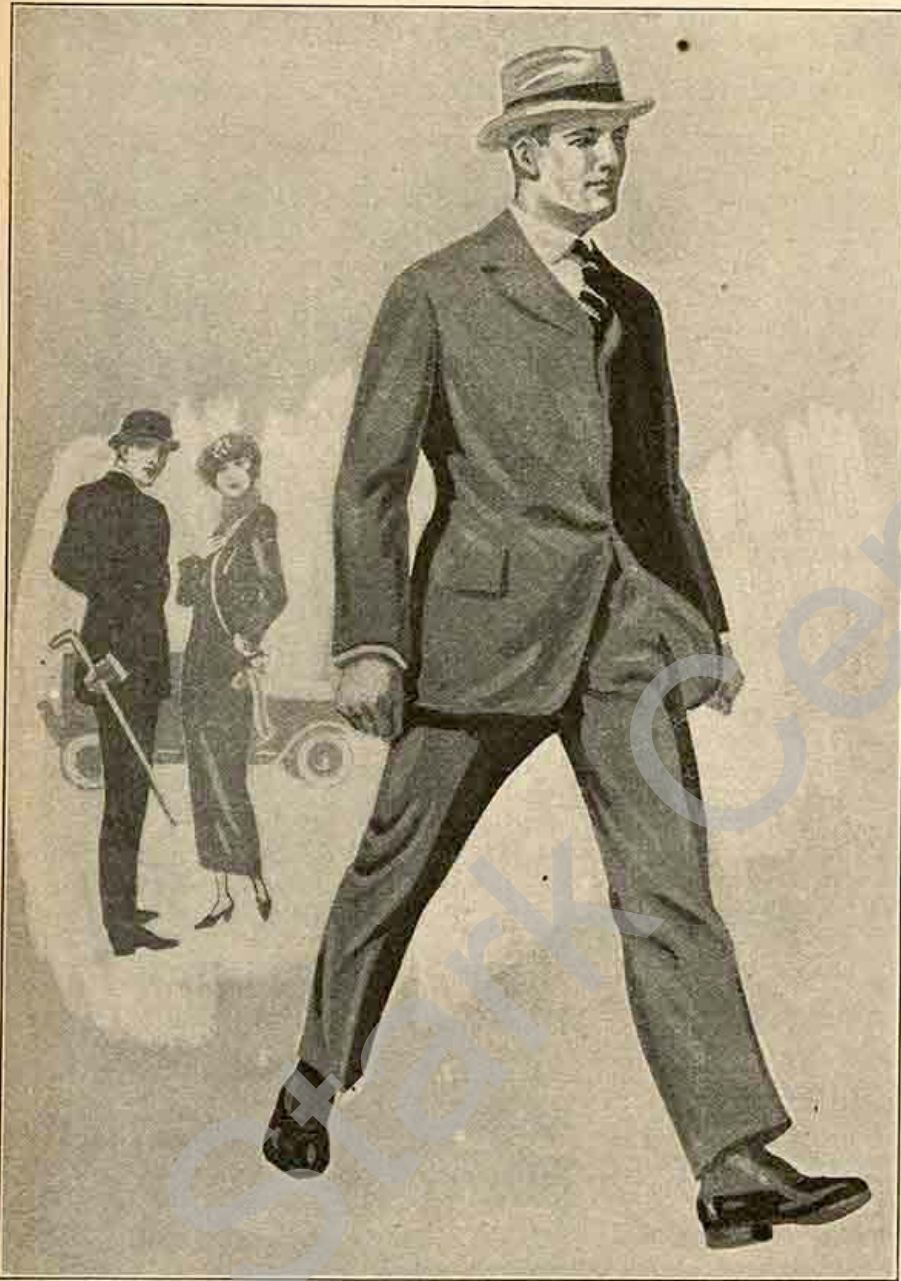
Dear Sir:—I enclose 10 cents, for which please send me at once your book, "Building Better Bodies." It is understood that there is no obligation on my part whatsoever.

Name.....

Street No.....

City..... State.....

Build a Body That Will



THE WAY YOU LOOK is not only an important factor in business but it touches your social life and makes or mars your personality. Perfect, radiant health means perfect muscles, and a clean-cut symmetrical figure. Combined with exuberant vitality, a clear head and a keen mind, they are the very foundation of a pleasing, forceful, magnetic personality. Get a fine pair of shoulders, a deep chest, a trim waist and fine proportions and people can't help but notice you and exclaim about your appearance and personality.

Just recall the men who have attracted you, who impressed you with their keenness of thought and unlimited pep. Were they not all men who kept themselves in the pink of condition? Think now of the fellows you know, who are really able and all that, who are slipping because they are ignoring this vital matter of health. Then ask yourself which crowd you want to play with.

WHAT YOU NEED TODAY

MODERN LIFE demands unusual physical energy, nerve strength, and unlimited vitality and endurance. The simple life of yesterday is gone. In its place there are complex activities of every kind. You cannot evade the issue; you must meet it. Rewritten in terms of today the old adage "Early to bed, early to rise" might well read, "The man who is wise enough to be healthy is wise enough to be wealthy." There was a terrific lesson for every man in the tragic death of President Harding. Failure to provide in health and strength what he was paying out in physical energy cost him his life, and the nation a great executive, at the peak of his career. President Coolidge, who has taken up his burden, has all his life been an ardent advocate of health and the first business which he attends to each day is the *business of keeping fit*.

HOW STRONG ARE YOUR POWERS OF RESISTANCE?

MANY A MAN goes along from day to day feeling pretty fair. Now and then he has a cold or some other minor ailment, but he takes good care of himself for a few days and throws it off. Business or other matters take his attention and he feels his health is nothing to worry about anyway. All of a sudden something cracks and he is down in bed desperately ill. What chance has he got of pulling through? Ask the doctor. The doctor says, "It's just a question of whether he has the *resistance* or not." Here's something our friend never thought of. Every day you are exposed to countless germs and those germs thrive on flabby undernourished tissue—their specialty is weak spots. If

they attack you, what have you got to fight them with? That's a question worth asking yourself. Real resistance means every tissue and every muscle in your body must be developed. Development gives those muscles activity, life, and character. It changes them from an inactive, half starved, receptive condition into supple living fibre coursing with new blood and ready to battle against any invader. Isn't that the kind of health you want? We are sure it is. But wishing won't get you anywhere. If you are in earnest then read the next page carefully and take advantage of this offer while it remains open. We guarantee you will get the results and it costs you nothing to try it out.

Take the First Step toward Real Health

Make People Look at You

THERE ARE perhaps a dozen men in this country who have studied and perfected this business of body-building. One of these men is Mr. J. Leonard Mason, Instructor of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania. Results count and Mr. Mason's record covering the past fifteen years proves him to be one of the greatest physical directors in the country.

SO WE WENT to Mr. Mason and put this proposition up to him. We said, "We want you to write a course in Physical Development that we can offer to readers of STRENGTH Magazine. We want that course to contain all you know about training, body-building and the development of great muscular strength. And it must be written so that every man who gets the course can carry out your instructions with certain results."

THAT COURSE is now ready and, man, it is a wonderful course. It's got just everything in it that a man wants to know. It takes you step by step, without strain, without excessive effort, toward that goal of perfect development. The lessons are so exact you can't make a mistake, and so interesting that you look forward eagerly to getting at them.

FIFTEEN MINUTES a day is all you need. Faithfully carry out Mr. Mason's instructions and there can be only one result. If you try it for a week you will not only feel the results but see them. If you stick to it for three months you will be amazed at the results. Best of all it costs so little that you do not have to give the cost a second thought.

WHY WE MAKE THIS OFFER

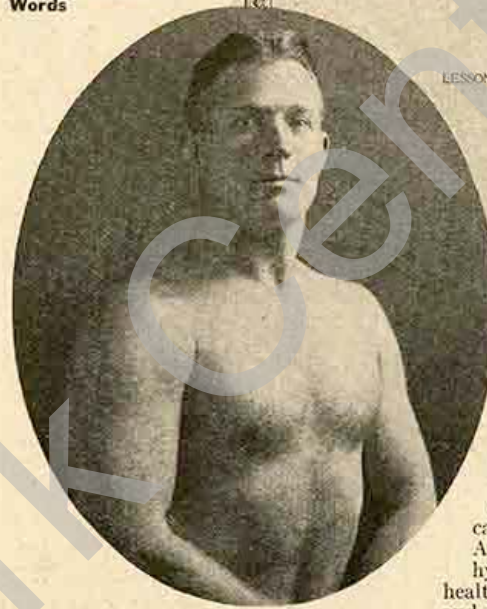
OUR IDEA in making you this unusual offer is to secure your interest in STRENGTH Magazine. We believe that STRENGTH coming to you every month throughout the year, helping you, inspiring you, teaching you how to live, will become indispensable to you. That is why we have added to the regular price of the magazine only the actual cost of producing the course.

SEND NO MONEY BUT MAIL YOUR RESERVATION TODAY

But—just a word of warning—this is partly an experiment and we may decide to sell the course separately at a much higher price. That is why only 1,500 courses have been prepared, and why to secure one of these courses you must make your reservation at once. So mail the coupon without delay.

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FIVE LESSONS
42 Illustrations
Fifteen Thousand Words



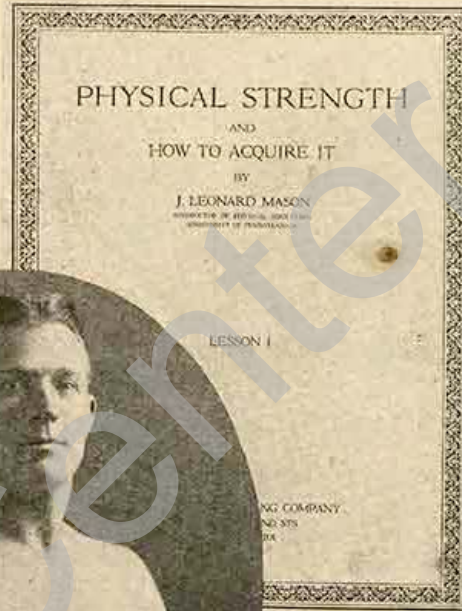
If you have not read the last two or three issues you haven't seen STRENGTH in its new enlarged size and you are missing something. If you are not acquainted with STRENGTH now is the time to get acquainted. There are some very pleasant surprises in store for you. STRENGTH is a magazine of features, but we have mentioned only a few of them here. What we can do is give you the chance to try it out. Send us the reservation coupon. When you have looked over the magazine and the course make your decision. If you are not delighted your money will be returned at once.

Don't forget that STRENGTH Magazine alone is \$2.50. While on this offer you get the Five Lesson Course and a full year's subscription to STRENGTH Magazine—Both for only \$3.75. But remember, this offer holds good only while the 1,500 courses last. So mail us your reservation TODAY. Tomorrow may be too late.

STRENGTH is a clean, wholesome and inspiring magazine devoted to health and body-building. It idealizes strength, giving it that appeal to the imagination which makes its message all the more stimulating. For strength is the first essential of human life. It means everything. It is the basis of mental vigor, fortitude, courage, confidence, resistance, and steadfast purpose.

To be clean and strong is the foundation of a happy life. STRENGTH will make this conception of human life a national ideal. STRENGTH is a clean magazine. There is nothing in it to offend those of refinement and good taste.

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2-24
STRENGTH MAGAZINE

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"Europe Will Adopt Prohibition"

(Continued from page 19)

human life which rise above matter-of-fact principles of business honesty and square-dealing. Good sportsmanship usually involves an added factor of generosity. The spread of interest in athletics has had much to do with this growing spirit of good sportsmanship; but in any case it represents a sentiment having a powerful appeal to most people. Just make clear to any young man that a certain act is not "the sporting thing to do," and it will at once become the last thing that he will wish to do.

Now, some of those physically adult mental infants who make up the drinking part of our population gleefully explain either that they never drank before Prohibition, or did not drink as much, and that they now indulge all the more just because someone has said that they shouldn't—in the spirit of the mischievous little boys that they are. Not only do they flatter themselves that they are very "devilish," but since they are fooling the teacher or outwitting the officer they fancy that drinking is now something in the nature of a sporting proposition.

Of course, if I feel that breaking the law as a drinker or as a bootlegger is a sporting thing to do I must remember that the bank burglar probably regards himself as the greatest sportsman in the world. And there we are.

But by what process of reasoning can I persuade myself that the act of making myself dangerous as well as disgusting to others is a sporting thing to do? Particularly in this age of automobiles. Suppose that I try to drive my car while intoxicated, and in my stupor step on the gas instead of the brake, and as a result go smashing into your car, probably killing or maiming some of the members of your family. Well, you will see very clearly that my alcoholic self-indulgence does not quite represent the sporting thing to do.

Speaking of this motoring age, one may venture to suggest that while the automobile now seems to be the chief instrument of the bootlegger, wider public appreciation of its essential relation to drink from the standpoint of public safety will ultimately make the use of the automobile one of the greatest instruments in commanding sobriety and demanding Prohibition enforcement.

Obviously drinking on the part of a married man is not, nor ever has been, an example of good sportsmanship be-

cause it involves the waste of the family money. Ask any member of any household where the man (?) of the house drinks, whether it is father, or sonny, or brother.

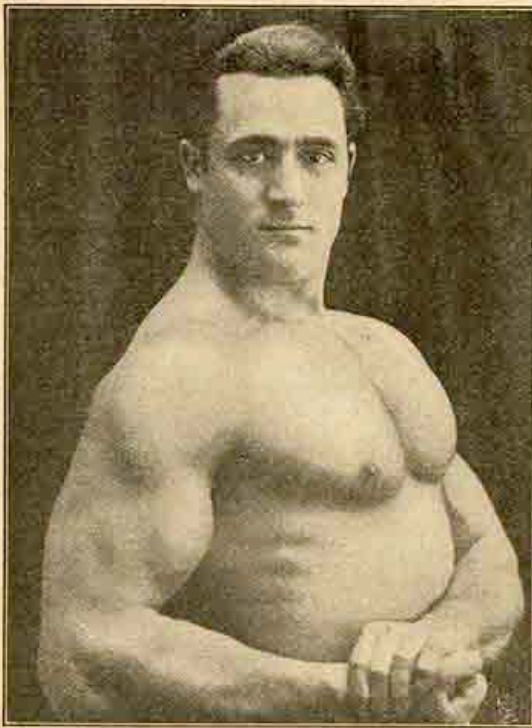
One popular interpretation of the urge to drink is based upon the supposed need for relaxation of the higher brain centers which, we are told, easily become fatigued from the stress and strain of civilization. Curiously, the men who all their lives have most severely overworked those higher brain centers, such as Thomas Edison and Mr. Shaw himself, have never found the need for alcoholic help in securing such relaxation. On the other hand, the village loafer, the ignorant negro and the half-witted, half-breed Indian apparently feels the need of this relaxation of the higher faculties far more than our best philosophers. This relaxation theory may seem a plausible, but is really a very poor apology for drink, for the reason that the first faculties which are relaxed—or paralyzed—are those having to do with judgment and the moral senses. Alcohol wipes out our acquired inhibitions. It not only drives away dull care, but it dissipates the sense of responsibility. People who drink know that perfectly well. They know that it rubs off an acquired reserve, that it "loosens up" the tongue and the social impulses generally by obliterating habitual restraints. It makes one reckless. And if one wishes to do something that he knows that he should not do, he knows that by drinking he will shortly reach a condition of "relaxation" of his normal inhibitions such that he will be able to do it. And clearly that is not a sporting thing to do. Likewise a young man will ask a young woman to drink because he knows that in her case also it will relax her normal and decent inhibitions. The real aim of many wild drinking parties is to accomplish just this form of relaxation. Of course no man who asks a young woman to drink can call himself a gentleman. And manifestly, trying to persuade any person, whether man or woman, to indulge in alcohol, knowing that the other will then be ready to do things that he or she normally would not do and should not do, is certainly not an act of good sportsmanship.

In short, the man who drinks is not only, as Mr. Shaw says, a dangerous nuisance, but he is a bad sport. As such he is intolerable. And that is the reason for Prohibition.

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Good news! Charley Paddock, fastest runner of all history, has written his life story expressly for "STRENGTH." He tells what he has learned about running, particularly from "Twelve Knights of the Cinder-path" and the dramatic story of his athletic triumphs. Make this great treat part of your athletic education. Next month.

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Please send me your wonderful big colored book, "Secrets of Muscular Power and Beauty." I enclose a dime to help cover wrapping and mailing charges. This places me under no obligation.

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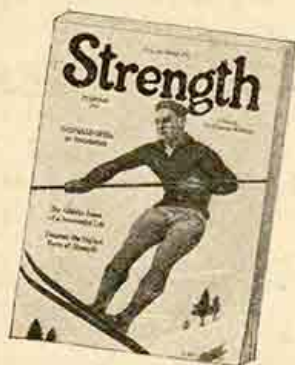
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Symmetry—the Secret of Strength

(Continued from page 64)



Big Money for the Right Man

WE need a number of clean-cut, aggressive young men of good standing to get subscriptions for STRENGTH Magazine, and the right men will make big money.

How much you make depends on how much time you give to the work, but just to give you an idea—only four subscriptions a day will earn \$150.00 per month. Or, if you can only work in your spare time, you can still make from \$50.00 to \$75.00 a month extra.

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2-24

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are given a lot of work, but the shoulder muscles hardly any work, with the consequence that a man so trained may have big upper-arm muscles, but cannot begin to equal a blacksmith or a "pick and shovel man" in stunts that require strength in the whole arm and shoulder. Opposing the deltoid muscles are two muscles on the back which draw the arms downward. You might think that one exercise was sufficient to develop both sets of muscles (those that raise the arms, and those that pull the arms down), but such is not the case. Neither is it possible to get a symmetrical development by giving the same degree of work to the deltoid muscles, and to the "broad of the back" muscles. The muscles on the broad of the back are infinitely stronger and must work against far greater resistance if they are to be brought to their full development.

Nothing adds so much to the general appearance of a body as a pair of well developed and shapely legs, but the legs will never be really shapely and really strong unless all the leg muscles are developed by a variety of exercises. A beginner is apt to neglect his legs. All he does is to perform the "squat" for the thighs and to rise on the toes to develop the calves. The "squat" (or the "deep-knee-bend") as usually performed develops only the muscles on the front of the thigh. By varying the foot position when squatting it is possible to develop different parts of the thigh. If you keep your feet close together and point the knees forward, you develop the front of the thigh and the muscles on the inside of the thigh, right above the knee. If you squat with the knees spread wide apart you develop the muscles on the outside of the thigh. If you stand with the heels about 24 inches apart and keep flat-footed as you squat, you develop the muscles on the inside of the thigh. But even if you practice all these varieties of the squat, your thigh will not be perfectly shaped. To make the thigh big and round, it is necessary to develop the biceps muscle on the back of the thigh and there are special exercises for this purpose.

Possibly there are only a few of you who know that it is impossible to develop the leg to its limit by performing only leg exercises. If you wish really powerful and superbly shaped legs, it is necessary to do some exercises which employ the leg muscles in conjunction with the muscles of the waist and hips. The trouble with exercises aimed solely at the leg muscles is that they produce development in the lower part of the thigh but not at the upper part of the thighs, where they merge with the hips. There are exercises which bring into action the muscles on the front of the thigh and at the same time the muscles on the front of the abdomen; other exercises which simultaneously employ the muscles of the outside of the thighs and the sides of

the waist, and still other exercises which employ the muscles of the small of the back, the buttocks and the back of the thighs. For that reason a man with fine abdominal muscles usually has equally fine muscles on the front of the thighs. A man whose legs show a beautiful swelling curve on the outside of the thighs is sure to have splendid muscles at the sides of the waist. A man who has big biceps muscles on the back of the thighs is sure to be very strong in the small of the back. A really well-shaped man always looks to be very well knit. I have seen men who have exercised for years and who have, by steady practice, built up good-sized arm and leg muscles, and yet these same men were not well shaped, nor did they look to be strong, because their arms and legs did not seem to be properly fastened to their bodies.

To be perfectly proportioned, a man should have shoulders of a certain width in proportion to his height; and the girth of his waist and hips should bear a certain relation to the girth of his chest. It is very much easier to get a trim, squarely built waist than most people imagine. By performing the general exercises, which employ the waist muscles in conjunction with the thigh muscles, you can develop every muscle in the waist region.

The breadth of the shoulders is largely dependent on the girth of the chest. A big-chested man is always broad-shouldered and the proper way to increase the breadth of your shoulders is to make your chest bigger. To get a full-sized chest it is necessary to increase its depth from front to back as well as to make it wider from side to side. A big-chested man usually has big upper-arms; but it is possible to have big upper-arms without having a big chest.

It is a great mistake to think that you can get a big chest by developing big breast muscles. Overdevelopment of the breast muscles tends to pull the shoulders forward. Big breast muscles are all right, but if symmetry is desired, they must be offset or counterbalanced by even bigger muscles on the upper back.

I am a great believer in general exercises and I am opposed to specialization. I wish to caution you against working for development of just one part of the body. Nothing can be more foolish than spending half an hour a day working to develop a big biceps, and neglecting the back and legs. Nothing can be gained by specializing on exercises which develop big breast muscles, and neglecting the exercises which give great breadth and depth to the chest itself. When a man first starts to train, it may be necessary to take special exercises for some parts of the body which are particularly weak; but as soon as those parts are brought up to the standard set by the rest of the muscles, then the special work should be dropped.

You Wouldn't Wear Glasses

If You Knew What I Know



Condemned to wear glasses for the rest of my natural life.

When I joined the company three years ago I was a confirmed eye-invalid. I had what the oculists called Astigmatism and had worn glasses from the time I was fourteen years old. Glasses were as much a part of my wearing apparel as my shoes or my shirt. I put them on when I got up in the morning and never took them off until I went to bed at night.

Without them I was as helpless as a blind man.

The thought that I would ever be able to see perfectly again without glasses never entered my mind, not even in my dreams, for hadn't the leading oculists and optometrists advised me to the contrary, and didn't I have to go to them at stated intervals and have the lenses in my glasses changed to allow for the continual fluctuation in my range of vision?

Shortly after joining the Macfadden Company I learned that they published a course in eye training compiled by Bernard Macfadden, the famous physical culturist, in collaboration with one of the world's leading eye specialists. But that didn't mean anything to me, for wasn't I a confirmed eye-invalid, condemned to wear glasses for the rest of my natural life? One day when I had been with the company about six months I happened to be in Mr. Macfadden's office on a matter of business. I was about to leave when he startled me by saying, "Jackson, why don't you take up the eye course and get rid of those glasses?" He might just as well have asked me, "Why don't you learn to live without food?" I wouldn't have considered the question any more ridiculous.

But he talked to me. He told me how he was in the same boat as myself when he was about forty, and how he had cured his eye troubles by just some simple eye exercises which he invented, and that how since he has published the exercises in course form with the aid of the eye specialist referred to, eye sufferers from all parts of the world had written him letters of gratitude for what the course had done for them—some of them much worse off than I was.

Well, to make a long story short, he finally persuaded me to try the exercises. I took the course home that night and read it through. And the next morning I began the exercises. That was more than two years and a half ago.

I haven't worn a pair of glasses for over a year—not even to read by. As I told you, I am in the correspondence depart-

EVERY time I see a man or a woman wearing glasses I always think: "If you only knew what I know, you would have those things off within three months' time, never to put them on again." I feel just like stopping them and telling them what I know about certain eye exercises that would, in an amazingly short time, put their eyes in such a condition they could forget that such a thing as eye glasses ever existed.

But you know how skeptical people are as a rule and I know I wouldn't be believed, or thanked for my trouble. But, there is nothing to prevent my telling the readers of STRENGTH my story. They can believe it or not, just as they see fit.

But those who believe it enough to interest themselves to the extent of further investigation I know will thank me all the rest of their lives, and that is reward enough for the effort.

So here goes:—

My name is Jackson, Laurence B. Jackson. I am employed by the Macfadden Publications, Inc., publishers of magazines and books. I am in the correspondence department.

ment where I read poorly written letters for eight hours of the day and the strain on my eyes is tremendous. But my sight is perfect and my eyes trouble me not at all.

Wonderful? Yes! Are you surprised that I would like to tell my story to every person I meet? And it's not just my story. It's the story of nine people out of every ten who take up the Macfadden System of Eye Exercises and stick to it.

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In order to make it possible for any eye-invalid to examine his course without risking a penny, Mr. Macfadden sends it out on a five-day approval basis.

The price has purposely been made very low so as to be within the reach of any person—\$5.00 complete, postpaid.

There is a coupon on the right hand corner of this page for your convenience in sending for the course if you feel you would like to try it after reading about my experience.

Last October, at the special request of Mr. Macfadden, I attended the great Physical Culture Show at Madison Square Garden so that those present could see, not an extraordinary but a typical example of what his wonderful eye course will do for eye-invalids.

I talked with hundreds of persons and if you were there, it is possible that you have already met me and heard my story from my own lips.

I can't add anything to what I've said above. I've told you my story. It's in your hands, whether you will profit from it or not.



I have not worn glasses for over a year—my eyes have never been so strong nor my vision so good.

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The Athletic Basis of a Successful Life

(Continued from page 23)



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inspired wholly by fear of an awful birching at the hands of an irate and harsh father. For the rural dad has always believed that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. But whatever the inner reason, the farm lad learned the lesson and he learned it early, that wherever there is a will there is also a way. And when once a boy has learned this so that he believes it, he is Wellington.

You may wonder what all this has to do with athletics, and where a boy kicking a football has any connection with a lad loading logs by himself in the woods. The connection is right here. Most of us have moved to the cities. Life has become highly artificial. We have gotten away from natural ways of living. And the lad has lost most if not all of those useful duties that formerly made him into a man. Instead of getting up and feeding the horses and milking the cows before ever he got a bite himself, the average boy of today has nothing to do but dilly-dally around in the bathroom and adorn his person. If he goes to school with reasonable punctuality, gets reasonably decent marks, and does a fair amount of studying, that is all that is asked of him. It may sharpen his wits some, but there is nothing in the entire scheme that builds real manhood. And that is where athletics comes in. We have taken away from our modern lads the character-forming jobs that make farm boys so dependable. We must give them something to replace what has been removed from the natural scheme of life. And athletics is an answer to the problem.

For athletics builds a man up not alone physically, but what is even more important, it builds him up spiritually, mentally. If he goes through the course that leads to success, he cannot fail to come through it captain of his soul and master of his fate. For success in athletics is not at all a matter of muscular excellence, as the idle onlooker may suppose. It is a matter of soul supremacy. Witness the case of Byrd Page, who, though in effect crippled in his feet, became the foremost high jumper of his day.

I can think of no harder task than voluntary obedience to the training rules imposed upon a young athlete. It may be that in these days the training dietary is a bit more liberal than it was in my day; but in any case it will be rigid enough. The lad who plays football, basketball and baseball, or performs on the track, goes through three training seasons consecutively. In other words, he is under restraint for nine months at a stretch. During that time he may not eat certain forbidden things, or smoke, or touch harmful drinks, or keep late hours, or do anything else that will in any way lower his physical tone.

Perhaps the casual reader may think it no very difficult matter to abstain

from pie and cake and other things that healthy young persons like. I can recall to this day how hard it used to be for us not to drink to excess. I do not mean alcoholic liquors, but harmless beverages. I think that perhaps training rules in my day were a bit too rigid. But even though they were, they had to be observed. I can recall how we would come to the training table at night, after a hot and tiring afternoon on the track, when some of us, perhaps, had sweat off two or three pounds; and how we would seize upon the glass and a half of cold tea we were allowed, for our bodies were fairly crying for liquid to replace the water lost through perspiration. And when that glass and a half of tea was gone, that ended it, no matter how thirsty we were. Easy? Not a bit of it. But it made men, or helped to make men of the lads at that training table.

And I can recall how I used to resent it when people, meaning to be kind, mistakenly tempted us to eat forbidden things. Especially can I recall my indignation when the mother of a young man who was trying to become an athlete constantly tempted him to eat the things he should not partake of. To her, training rules were just so much foolishness. To her, it was pure folly that would not allow a boy to stuff himself full of pies and pastry whenever and wherever he wished to do so. And so she made her pastries and continually ridiculed and tempted her own son, who was living at home and not eating at the training table, utterly unaware that she was helping to ruin him for life. For that lad was engaged in the finest effort man ever makes. He wasn't merely trying not to eat pie. He was trying, oh! so hard, to become the captain of his soul. And his mother wouldn't let him. She placed his belly above his soul. And I am sorry to say, she broke him down.

And the bumps and the bruises and the long, hard grind of a training season! The onlooker on the benches may think it is fun to be knocked down and run over by a football team. He may think it is merely good exercise to go through the grueling practice day after day. He may regard it as good sport to be pounded black and blue, to have wrenched muscles and sprained ligaments or ankles, or have the hide torn off of a leg or arm, or cleats or spikes come slashing into his quivering flesh. It is anything but fun. I know, for I've had some of those things happen to me. Yet the boy who wants to get to the top in athletics can't afford to mind such things as bumps and bruises or sprains and wrenches. He takes care of them as a matter of course; and the minute he is able to do it, he jumps back into the fray again, perhaps to get more injuries. You can't be a physical coward and get anywhere in athletics.

Even less can you be a mental coward. You've got to say to yourself, every time you go into competition: "Do this," or "Do that," and then you've got to whip yourself into doing it, just as a man lashes his horses in an emergency. And no matter how tired you are, no matter how nearly exhausted, or how nearly dazed, you've got to go right on.

And if you have the right stuff in you, you do go on. It may seem that the next step will kill you, but you take it just the same. And then you take another. You are like the hero of one of Stewart Edward White's books, who was making a race across a forest for a great prize. Almost exhausted, he looked ahead with blurred vision and picked out a tree which he decided he would reach before he died. And when he reached that tree, he chose another some distance farther on and struggled to it; and then another and another. And that is what every athlete does at times. His brain may be whirling and his heart bursting, but he's bound to go just a little farther before he dies. And he does. And the first thing he knows, he has his second wind. His eyes clear. His heart beats less wildly. The pain in his chest disappears. His agony leaves him. And he goes on with his contest smoothly and with renewed strength. And instead of dying half way to his objective, as he thought he was going to do, he finishes at the goal.

Courage, courage, courage, is what the athlete must have. And he has it, or he never wins. But it isn't mere physical courage. It's that grand mental attitude that says: "I am superior to anything you can oppose to me. I am unbeatable. I am Wellington."

And here comes the interesting part psychologically. Once a boy has loaded some unloadable logs on his wagon, he is never again afraid of logs. He knows he is their master.

I know a lad who went to college and who wanted more than he wanted anything else to be a great pole vaulter. And he was a very poor performer at that. He had never had a coach. He had no form. In his first year at college he did very poorly. The trainer didn't know anything about pole vaulting himself. And so he broke the lad all up, or allowed the boy to break himself up, which was much the same thing. So that at the end of the season the boy could hardly hobble around.

But the lad kept at it. He went to college meets and saw other men perform and he taught himself all he ever learned about pole vaulting. He learned to take care of himself. Before he was graduated from college, he held the college pole vault record. And nobody at that college was able to equal that record for twenty years.

It was all done by effort, effort, effort. When that lad failed, he tried again, and then again, and still again. And out of all that trial and effort there came to him the things that inevitably come to every one who has

the courage to continue to try. First, he began to acquire skill. And next, he acquired confidence. And long before he had gained his diploma, he had acquired part of the foundation of character that was to make effective the technical skill that diploma indicated he had acquired.

I recall another case. At my college we had a jumper. Yet nature never intended him for a jumper. He was too short. He was too stockily built. Yet he practiced ceaselessly. He began to get well up above five feet. He could clear five feet four or five inches. But what was better, he could *always* clear that height when it was necessary. It was training, training, training that made him dependable.

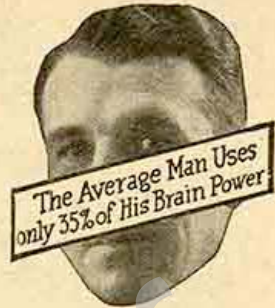
On that same team was another lad whom nature meant for a jumper. He was six feet tall, thin and wiry, with wonderful spring. But he wouldn't let himself become a real jumper. He would come out on the track once a week perhaps, and jump like a sky-rocket. Then he wouldn't practice again for days. There came a track meet in which these two lads tied for first place. That assured the college of the first two points. But the six-footer, thinking he could easily win in a jump-off, and wanting the credit of victory, demanded that the tie be jumped off; and this despite the fact that his opponent still had other contests in which he must compete against the common enemy. What do you suppose was the result of that jump-off? The little fellow beat the natural jumper. And to do it, he had to jump two inches higher than he had ever done before. He was able to do it because he had trained. He had the form. He got everything possible out of his leap. And he had confidence.

Still another case comes to my mind. On that same team that included Wellington was another runner who was built by the gods for running. At his best he was unbeatable. But his mind wasn't the equal of his legs. He hadn't the control over himself that is essential to eminence in athletics. And when we went for that meet with the Indians, he slipped off by himself and filled up on rhubarb pie! By the time for the contest he wasn't fit to do anything. And what was more, he wouldn't even try. It was well-nigh impossible to get him to toe the scratch. When the gun barked, he ran perhaps twenty-five feet and quit cold.

And if life has rules like those for the athlete, it must be like an athletic contest—which is exactly the case. You get knocked down again and again. You get tripped up time after time. Somebody steps on your face, perhaps. Somebody else gives you a slam in the eye. Or you sustain a fracture, as it were. All these things happen in the game of life. And if you are going to win, you don't go off and cry about it; nor do you get mad and fight. You just get to your feet, wipe the mud off your face, grit your teeth, and dig in again.

That is why I believe in athletics as an educative force.

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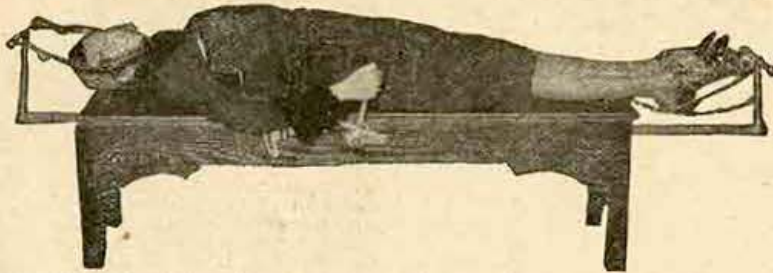
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(Continued from page 45)

made the situation all the more dangerous for the "King and Winge." The floes became heavier and more densely packed as we neared the island. Pressure ridges were passed which were almost as high as the masts of the schooner. Sometimes, when sent full speed into the ice, she would slide clamberingly upon the floe, like a polar bear struggling up out of the water, and break it down with her sheer weight. At midnight, when it became too dark to see clearly, the fight was postponed until daylight, and Captain Jochimsen, who had been on deck for more than twenty-four hours, retired for a three-hour nap. Progress was resumed with the coming of dawn—and slow and discouraging it was.

After three hours of bumping, crashing and grinding against the densely packed ice, we emerged from the hundred-mile field within sight of the precipitous granite cliffs and the sandy beach near Rodgers Harbor, where Captain Bartlett had told us the survivors would be found. Within five miles of the beach open water appeared after which the approach became a comparatively simple matter.

A tent was sighted by the lookout in the "crow's nest" when we were within two miles of shore, and as we came nearer under full speed, a flag-pole and a cross could be seen near the tent. When within half a mile of the camp, Captain Jochimsen began blowing the ship's whistle at intervals, and when no one appeared in answer to its blasts, our spirits fell. We had expected to find twenty-three people at this place, yet we could see only a dilapidated four-man tent, a flag-pole and a cross. No sleds or dogs were to be seen.

Suddenly a man emerged from the tent on hands and knees. I shall never forget his actions. He did not show signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout for sheer happiness when he sighted the ship. He did not run up and down the beach to attract our attention, but rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed.

It was plain enough that he at first refused to believe the evidence of his eyes, as he had first refused to believe the evidence of his ears when he heard the sound of the siren. Indeed, he brushed his hands across his eyes more than once as if to clear away something which might be there, deceiving him, before he finally decided that the "King and Winge" was a real ship.

As soon as he reached this conclusion, evidently, he turned abruptly and entered the tent, and without another look towards us, and still without so much as a friendly wave of the hand in answer to our signals. Almost immediately, however, he reappeared, bringing with him a British flag, which he raised to half mast. This confirmed the news conveyed by the cross—someone had perished. At first we were

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apprehensive that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had died, but this gloomy possibility was dispelled presently by the appearance of two other men. But still we were wondering; could it be possible that but three men remained of the twenty-three?

None of this trio made any demonstration. Each seemed dazed by his sudden good fortune, and stood near the tent and stared at us.

The greatest moment in Swenson's life—and mine—came when we landed upon the beach; we were in time to save at least three of them! We boldly advanced to meet this strange individual. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines and wrinkles. His caribou-skin clothes were begrimed with seal oil, blood and dirt, and were in tatters. The color of his skin could not have been judged from a look at his hands, so stained were they. His full, unkempt beard effectually hid the emaciation of his cheeks, but his sunken eyes told of suffering and want. This was John Munro, Chief Engineer of the "Karluk," although I was not absolutely certain of his identity until I was within ten feet of him. Then I recognized his voice.

"Have you a doctor aboard?" was Munro's first question.

"No, but you don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a chef, and ours is a first-class one. Hurry and get your things together, and we will go aboard and have breakfast."

"Breakfast!" smiled Munro. "I haven't heard that word in weeks."

"How many are left, Chief?" I asked, almost timidly. We had called him that on the "Karluk."

"There are nine at Cape Waring, all well the last I heard, but Mamen and Malloch died last spring and are buried near the tent over there." He pointed. Athletic, well proportioned and of average height and weight, Malloch was one of the two men of the scientific staff whom I naturally had picked to best withstand the rigors of an Arctic winter. Mamen was the other. I was wrong; both were claimed by a form of scurvy. Mamen was an excellent physical specimen and an expert on skii. Life is uncertain in the Arctic.

Fred W. Maurer, one of the "Karluk's" firemen, then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman, the steward, next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale. Templeman in his characteristic way the summer before had declared that he would "be the last

man to starve to death on this expedition." And now he reminded me of his profane but lightly uttered promise.

The belongings of the rescued men were collected in a very few minutes, while I sat in the tent and wrote a message for any vessel which might

arrive later. The tent was left standing to serve as a beacon. A small amount of seal meat and a few Arctic fox carcasses were the sum total of their food supply. Munro had but twelve cartridges left with which to sustain himself and his companions throughout the winter. Long ago they had given up hope of ever being rescued. They knew Wrangel Island's inaccessibility only too well. They had matches, but their clothing was insufficient for another winter. These survivors surely must have perished had they not been rescued.

We hastened aboard the ship, which was immediately headed for Cape Waring, thirty miles to the eastward.

Although Munro had lost about thirty pounds in weight in the past few months he was found to be in remarkably good condition and insisted on piloting the schooner to the other camp.

"We had but three rifles," he said, "one of which, a Mannlicher-Gibbs .256, I appropriated. It is a wonderful weapon, and probably was the means of keeping us alive. On one occasion, after our food supply had become exhausted, and we were wondering where the next meal was coming from, I saw a seal out on the ice. I managed to creep to within a hundred yards of him before being compelled to stop to steady my nerves. It seemed to me that the seal must hear the beating of my heart.

"While resting, the thought 'If you miss him you will starve!' came to me.

"The seal was basking in the sunlight, unaware of his peril. I crept to an advantageous position, set the hair-trigger of my rifle and took deliberate aim—or tried to. I think I drew a bead on the head of that seal for at least two minutes, then almost collapsed. I realized that my hand was too unsteady to make my aim certain. With meat enough to last all of us a week, and our very lives at stake, here was I with an acute attack of something akin to 'buck fever,' although much more serious than that well-known affliction. I was in a terrible predicament. I lay back on the ice trying to regain my composure.

"I aimed again, but my nervousness still frustrated me; in that state I could not have hit a barn, so I waited. During the wait, I kept saying to myself, through my clenched teeth, 'I'll get you!' and calling the poor seal all sorts of names. I was a cave man for a few moments. Then, when I had talked myself into a state of comparative calm and had convinced myself that I simply could not miss, I fired. The seal gave one convulsive shudder and lay still. For the time being our troubles were over.

"I dropped the rifle and ran to secure him before he should slip into his hole in the ice, and from that time on I never feared we would starve while our cartridges lasted. But we had only a dozen left when you fellows came. You arrived in the nick of time."

Our obliging Japanese steward pre-

(Continued on page 101)

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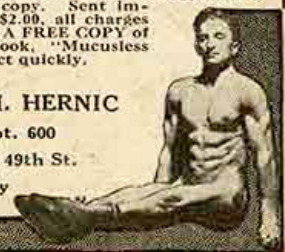
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City Folks versus Country

(Continued from page 31)

cent. more deaths and 30 per cent. higher admissions for all sickness than the prevailing urban camps." About the same differences were found for mumps, measles, cerebro-spinal meningitis and scarlet fever between country and city men.

One might hastily jump to the conclusion that this proves that city people are naturally stronger and more resistant to disease than country people. I am inclined to think this may be true to some small extent, but another explanation is much more plausible and is the one adopted by Lieutenant Love and Dr. Davenport. They believe the data indicate that city people are much more frequently exposed, indeed almost constantly exposed, to the microbes of these diseases. As every one knows, the microbes of numerous diseases can be found in the saliva and along the air passages of almost any resident of the cities, especially during the winter months. It is only when lowered bodily resistance or some special condition occurs that these disease germs break through the barriers and bring the individual down with a violent acute attack. But the continuous presence of a mild infection causes the body defenders to increase their watchfulness—that is, they multiply in number and increase in vigor—so that the body is gradually prepared to withstand a more violent onslaught.

As a consequence these investigators believe the data prove that the city recruits were better prepared to resist the invasion of disease germs which swept the army camps. As a net consequence the city men pulled through where their country cousins were either permanently invalidated or else died outright. There can be little doubt that such environmental factors are a partial cause of the higher achievements of city-born people. However, when we come to measure native inborn intelligence where environment is largely excluded, the city people, as we shall see, steadily rank higher in native endowment.

It seems clear, then, that there is no radical difference between the two groups of the population in physical stamina and soundness. The death

rate is somewhat higher in the cities and the birth rate distinctly lower. The sickness rate is also somewhat higher in the cities on the average, although some cities, such as New York and Chicago, are now running the country a neck and neck race in the extremely low mortality rate and sickness rate which they are able to show by their extensive application of modern preventive medicine and sanitation.

But the data also put into cold sto-

ing breakdown of our democratic notions of country superiority. In order to make sure that no investigation made in this field should escape me, just as I sat down to write this article, I telephoned Prof. Edward L. Thorndike, head of the Columbia University Teachers' College, who has everything done in modern psychology at his tongue's end, besides having made large contributions of his own. He called my particular attention to

the Virginia Survey of city and country school efficiency, as well as city and country mental abilities, and added, with his usual caution, that, while there had not been done anything like enough work on the problem yet, he said: "Everywhere the problem has been touched, it has disclosed distinct differences in mental endowments between city and country children and always in favor of those in the cities."

This survey of the Virginia schools was under the direction of Prof. Dr. Alexander J. Inglis of Harvard University, and the mental tests were under Dr. M. E. Haggerty of the University of Minnesota, two of our most eminent psychologists. They were assisted by a large staff of the leading psychologists and educators of the country. Note the accompanying chart.

People generally do not like statistics. But these in the chart are too dramatic for the reader to miss their significance. Take any figure at random and compare it with our mental measuring stick, shown in the first table. Note, for instance, that the 250 white pupils in one rural school in the third grade scored only 24. But the measuring stick says they should have scored 40! Notice in the seventh grade these same children should have scored 110. But they actually did score only 90. The country children everywhere fell below the proper standard score for their age.

Or, take the 3,541 white city children with a showing in the third grade of 38. The country children scored only 24. Also in the seventh grade these same children scored 105 while their country competitors scored only 90. The city children were only 5 points

GRADE	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
SCORE	40	60	78	96	110	120	130

The above table is merely a standard measuring stick. It means that pupils in grade three, for instance, ought to have normally a mental score of 40; those in the seventh grade a mental score of 110; those in the ninth grade a score of 130, and so on.

Comparison of general intelligence tests of country and city children in Virginia

GROUP	GRADES					
	III	IV	V	VI	VII	VIII
250 white pupils in one-teacher rural schools of Virginia	24	38	61	70	90
5077 white pupils in four-teacher non-city schools of Virginia	31	49	68	80	93
3541 white city pupils of Virginia	38	57	78	93	105	117*
2323 city pupils outside of Virginia	39	59	72	94	107	119
976 colored city pupils of Virginia	25	44	64	74	86	97*
361 colored pupils in one-teacher rural schools of Virginia	17	31	40	55	75
201 colored pupils in three-teacher non-city schools of Virginia	28	39	55	66	83

*First year high school.

From "The Virginia School Survey," Permission of The World Book Co.

rage the national complacency embodied in the assumption that all we need to do to create a sound and healthy race physically is to supply them with fresh air, sunshine and plenty of farm work, notwithstanding that the two former are beyond all doubt of immense benefit. It takes something more than healthful surroundings to breed a race that is naturally virile and sound, and that thing is the constant production of more children per family among the naturally strong and healthy than among those who have naturally weak constitutions. Karl Pearson, the great mathematical biologist of England, has shown that this is ten times more important than whether they are born in city or country, hovel or palace.

But, going back to the relative mental abilities of city and country people, we are presented with an astonish-

below standard and the country children were 20. Everywhere the city children are almost up to standard.

It is interesting to note that the standing of the city negro children compares in the same way with the country negro children. The city negroes show decided superiority. Just possibly there were more mulattoes among them. But, be that as it may, the 976 city negro children scored 25 in the third grade as against 17 for the 201 country negro children.

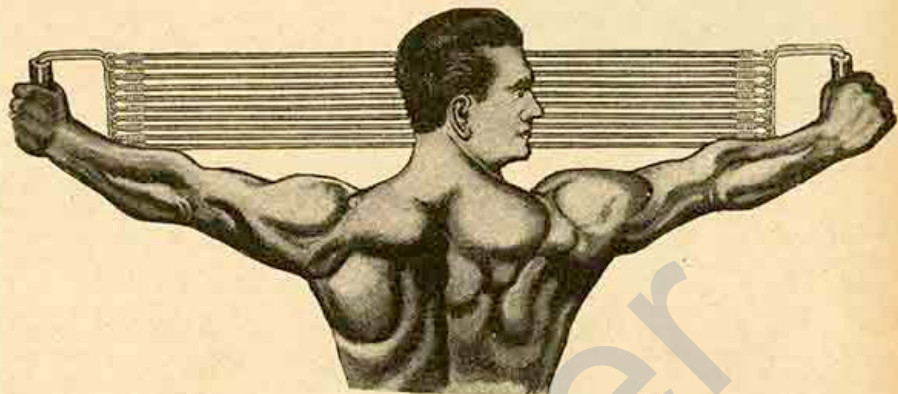
Other similar investigations would lead us to think that city people produce more leaders than country people, not because of the better opportunity and the mental stimulus of city life, but because of the inborn superiority of city people over their country cousins. However, no one doubts that the rich environment afforded by the cities accounts for a part of the astounding difference and that if country boys had as good a chance as city boys to win fame they would make a better showing than they do.

The country boy who reads this article may conclude that just because he is a country lad he has no chance of becoming rich or eminent. Having been myself born and bred in the country, having gone to school and college in the country and having lived nearly my whole life in the country, where I expect ultimately to pass my old age and be buried, I wish to assure every country boy that I have no such feeling. This is not the correct view of the situation. It makes precious little difference, in my judgment, where a boy is born, provided only that he, himself, has the ambition and determination to succeed. Thousands of city boys are worthless and thousands of country boys climb to eminence. It is the boy and not the place where he was born that makes the difference.

It is not a personal but a national and world-wide problem I have set out to discuss. Just because a disproportionate number of our eminent men and women are born in the cities and have been throughout all history, it constitutes one of the prime dangers of every civilization. When the peoples have left the farm and built great cities, nations have always in a short time perished. They always have, and unless we can force our civilization into a different course they always will. Rome lived just as long as there were plenty of country boys throughout Italy to feed her cavernous maw, and when this supply of country blood became exhausted, Roman civilization, with all its grandeur, disappeared. This was not the sole cause of Roman decline. But it was a great factor in that most stupendous failure of human history.

In my next article I shall show that the draining of the best stock in the country by the city constitutes one of the very central questions in the larger problem as to whether man can remain permanently civilized and maintain his vitality, strength and vigor. For beyond question the city is the prime agency in gradually lowering the vitality of peoples and hastening their final downfall.

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Death Lies Chiefly in Food and Drink

(Continued from page 32)



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ministration, were not half as necessary as they were thought to be, and could be ignored entirely.

Challenging all the accepted ideas constantly pounded at an expense of millions of dollars into the heads of the American people, he maintained that bran and wheat germ, so scrupulously avoided by the baker of white bread, was an exceptionally valuable food—in fact the very food needed in the diet of all civilized people.

He also maintained that bran was easily digested by man in spite of all the nonsense maintained to the contrary by learned gentlemen, erudite statesmen and white flour millers. He succeeded in convincing the Danish War Committee which had charge of proportioning the crops between man and animal that man could retain full vigor, as long as the war might last, on a simple diet of whole grain bread, potatoes and cabbage.

Driven by the terrors of threatened famine, the Danish War Committee ignored all the books and all the scientific authorities and proceeded to a potato and whole grain bread diet for the entire people. Thus acting like "lunatics," the authorities saved the Danes, who came out of the war with fewer diseases than when they went in—a stronger, sturdier, healthier people, despite all their vicissitudes and privations.

Europe is still suffering from the aftermath of famine because the extraordinary experience, not of a few people, but of an entire nation, has had no meaning for the enlightened leaders of thought who are content to stand by and ask for alms, which are promptly spent on the conventional denatured foods which are now known to be the cause of so many miseries and the cure of none.

As a direct result of the blockade-inspired manipulation of the power of Denmark's soil to produce sufficient food to overcome the shortages due to the allies' determination to starve out Germany, the Danes ate the whole grain and the potatoes which they had formerly fed to the pigs, and the pigs were all killed off, leaving not a pound of pork or lard for home consumption in the entire country.

With profound faith in the sanity of Dr. Hindhede and the Danish War Committee, the people put a sudden end to all the folderol which they had cherished concerning white bread, and decided that the veneration in which white bread was held by the rest of the so-called civilized world was hardly worthy a nation-wide visitation of famine.

They not only ate whole rye bread, from which no particle of the bran or the germ had been sifted or bolted out, but they mixed their whole rye with their whole wheat, producing a loaf that was neither sour nor soggy.

Throughout the blockade the principal food of the Danes was bran

bread, whole barley porridge, potatoes, cabbage, very little milk and less butter.

As pork production was deliberately discouraged, the only pork consumed was eaten surreptitiously by the farmers, who refused to forego the luxury of their accustomed pig at table, managing to gratify their appetite for the flesh-pots of Egypt by maintaining a few hogs on the sly for private consumption.

The people of the cities and towns went without. The only beef obtainable was cow meat, and the only cows killed were the worn-out handboxes that could no longer produce milk. Even this poor quality of "beef" was so costly that only the very rich could afford to eat it.

On the whole, most of the population was compelled by the blockade to exist on a potato, cabbage and whole grain bread diet, the bulk of which consisted of potato and barley dishes. As these dishes were not calculated to titillate the palate or to provoke gourmandizing, the people ate less than ever and often lost weight.

Except for the milk and whole grain bread, there was no "protein" of any kind in their diet.

As a low protein experiment conducted with three million subjects, the results ought to be interesting to the disease-ridden creatures who think they've got to gorge on meats, eggs or cheese three times a day, 365 days of the year, or perish from malnutrition.

The food restrictions began in March, 1917, and by October had become very severe. Dr. Hindhede, realizing the gravity of his responsibility in influencing an entire nation to adopt what he knew to be for the best interests of his own countrymen and their children, left nothing to chance.

Therefore he undertook an intensive study dating from October 1, 1917, in order to determine by a deliberate scientific survey the effect upon the people of the astounding change the great war emergency had brought to their doors.

To begin with, he noted that the death rate through improved sanitary conditions had been decreased since the year 1900 in most of the European countries and that there had been a fall in the rate for epidemic diseases, including tuberculosis.

The death rate for other diseases had remained about the same since 1900, or even earlier.

For each unit of 10,000 men, between the ages of twenty-five and sixty-five, the annual death rate during all these years, in all countries where statistics had been established, averaged 100, with small variations ranging from 93 to 107.

Then came the great experiment. During the year from October, 1917, to October, 1918, under the Danish

War Council's "crazy" regulations, surpassing in severity anything experienced in the memory of man, the death rate in Denmark dropped from the pre-war average of 100 to the astonishing low mark of 66, an actual decrease of 34 per cent.

The result, surprising to the disciples of nutritional orthodoxy, were not at all surprising to Hindhede, who concluded from the irresistible facts at hand that the principal cause of death lies in food and drink.

He had commenced his experiments many years before, 1895, with a low protein diet, which, with the exception of milk, consisted entirely of vegetables and grains.

These experiments had proved to him and to his associates that better physical conditions resulted in every way from this simple standard of living than from any other standard, however scientific in its arrangement of proteins, carbohydrates, fats, calories, vitamins, etc.

With no sentimental prejudice against meat, he proved that a vegetarian diet in which whole grain breadstuffs are looked upon as the backbone, accompanied by fresh vegetables and greens and such ripe fruits as can be obtained, is most conducive to health, vigor, stamina and resistance.

Overnutrition, the direct result of palatable meat dishes burdened by refined and foodless grainstuffs in the form of white bread and anemic pastry, emerged from the national crisis of Denmark as the most common cause of disease.

Hindhede himself regards the unusual quantity of bran consumed by the Danes as the most conspicuous and most significant detail of the great and national experiment conducted by him under the authority of the Danish War Council.

To their whole meal the Danes were compelled to add every particle of their wheat bran, making a rye bread literally loaded with all its own "coarse substances," plus the "coarse substances" of the wheat.

Not satisfied with this "uncouth" compound, the Danes poured into the mixture an additional 24 per cent. of barley meal milled up to 95 per cent. of the grain.

With these "heavy," "coarse," "gross," "inedible," raw materials they produced twice the quantity of bread that they would have had if the formula of the scientists, such as had been adopted here in the United States, had been accepted as a standard.

The Danish War Committee emphasizes the fact that with all the whole rye, whole wheat and whole barley mixed, together with a double dose of wheat bran, the Danes got good bread, not only nutritious to a supernatural degree, but also sweet and palatable.

According to the records kept for an entire year, October, 1917, to October, 1918, the Danes were able to prove that the actual difference in digestibility between their so-called "coarse," "heavy," "gross" and "inedible" mixture and anemic white bread was only

9 per cent., for which reason the Danish War Committee was able to get for a people threatened with famine just twice the quantity of digestible and nutritious bread that would have otherwise been obtainable.

Not only were there no complaints from the people, but there were no digestive troubles.

The death rate in Denmark from 1900 up to the first day of the great Hindhede experiment had ranged for all diseases from 152 down to 123.

Throughout the entire year of the experiment the death rate dropped to 99. These figures should be burned into the consciousness of America's health authorities.

The death rate from epidemic diseases and tuberculosis from 1900 up to the beginning of the Hindhede revelations ranged from 46 to 33.

From October 1, 1917, to October 1, 1918, this death rate, under the influence of the bran bread which the Danes had to eat or go without, actually dropped to 27.

For all other diseases the death rate ranged between 1900 and 1917 from 116 to 110.

Under the drastic restrictions imposed during the blockade, when fat people got thin and flabby people got hard, the death rate dropped to 72.

Differing from all the accepted standards regarded as sacred by America's scientific advisers, Hindhede announced a new gospel. He declared: "As bran can replace meat and eggs, man should eat whole bread and not so much of the more costly foods."

The conventional scientists make just the opposite claim. They say: "As people eat enough meat and eggs, no practical advantage can be expected by converting the entire grain into bread."

Hindhede holds that these authorities not only overlook the economics of their sophistry, but that they completely ignore the results of laboratory experiments which time and again have demonstrated that a diet composed mostly of meat, eggs and white bread—the common diet of the well-to-do—is far from being healthful.

At any rate, as Hindhede himself says, the people of Denmark have no cause to regret that during the war their diet consisted mostly of whole bread, vegetables and bran. He believes with a positiveness that inspires conviction in others that if central Europe had adopted a similar diet no one would have starved.

The sum and substance of his philosophy is that the people must first have bread, whole bread, complete bread, adequate bread. Then potatoes and cabbage in sufficient quantity. And, finally, some milk.

Meat is the last requirement to be met, and the great truth taught by the blockade through the Denmark experiment is that if the people in a crisis must wait until pigs and cattle have sufficient food in order that they may have meat to eat, they will die of starvation one year before they can get such meat.

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Centenarians—Our Strongest Men and Women

(Continued from page 40)

claim by all the speakers to have personally known and talked with Lincoln. I was reminded of the old Southern darkey who claimed to have known all the great men of his day, "either personally by seein' 'em, or pussionally by hearsay!"

First on this October picnic program was a vocal solo by a tall, slim, distinguished-looking gentleman, very erect, Burnside whiskers, elegantly attired in black broadcloth, white waistcoat overlaid with gold watch-chain, gold pencil-case, et cetera. In one hand he carried a gold-headed cane, and in the other "The Sword of Bunker Hill"—not the weapon, but a piece of music with this rousing title. He drew from his vest pocket a small brass harmonica and blew on it for the right pitch. He then proceeded to intone "The Sword of Bunker Hill" through several stanzas in a voice which must have been clarion in youth, and which still swelled to surprising volume in spots. One very deaf old lady who was intently watching the singer whispered audibly to her neighbor: "It might be very purty if I could hear it!" The Bunker Hill soloist had been introduced as Mr. S. H. Franklin of Long Beach, Calif., but I learned from him in later conversation that he was born in New York State near Buffalo; that he had taught singing in his native town as a very young man and had then gone West, having spent most of his life in Iowa and in Minneapolis, in which latter place he had engaged in the wholesale furniture business, coming to California ten years ago.

By far the most interesting person in the feminine half of the centenarian group, to my mind, was Mrs. Sophonia Bliss, age 92, a resident of Monrovia, Calif., who was also a native of New York State, having been early widowed with two infant sons whom she had reared by much arduous toil—which included dressmaking and

taking boarders, either of which is enough to drive the average woman insane! Coming to California in 1876, Mrs. Bliss bought a small tract of land at Duarte; later bought lots in Monrovia when they could be bought for \$50 each, and finally acquired 170 acres which her sons sold later for \$160,000. She sat opposite to me at the picnic luncheon table, and attracted by her sweet, intelligent face, I drew her into conversation, and thus learned her history. She told me she had prolonged her days by finding out before it was too late "how to be her own doctor," after she had gotten stomach ulcers from improper eating and drug baiting. "It was then," said Mrs. Bliss, "that I began to investigate the subject of health for myself. I believed that most illness was caused from overeating or mixtures. I determined to eat simply and sparingly, and I have stuck to that for more than 50 years. Added to which, I never worry about anything. I keep busy all the time; do all my housework, and all my sewing, and in the past year I have sent several boxes of clothing to the Armenians." And Mrs. Bliss, whose smiling blue eyes are clear as steel, does all this without the aid of glasses, which she has never worn.

Perhaps the most outstanding personality in the Centenarian Club of Southern California is that of the Rev. Andrew Malcolm Morrison of Los Angeles (born in Ireland), who has written a book on the "Efficiency of Life at 100 Years and More," in which he essays to give something of the philosophy of longevity, as well as a compilation of many cases of such efficiency both in this country and Europe. He says: "The world is psychologized on the feebleness of age and its general incompetency. What is needed is to destroy the psychology of the inefficiency of years and enfeeblement of time and 'forget it.'"

How Our Statesmen Keep Fit

(Continued from page 27)

I am authorized to set forth in some detail Senator Borah's daily régime and to say that he is a man of regular habits, who believes that moderate exercise and abstemiousness in eating are essential factors in the problem of keeping fit.

Senator Borah rises regularly at six-thirty and takes an early morning bath. He then goes through a set of calisthenics. He eats a light breakfast. The food which he eats is invariably what he considers will agree with him best, regardless of personal preference. He is fond of buttermilk and believes this to be a very beneficial drink. He always tries to eat a well-balanced meal and he takes great care in selecting it. He never eats

meat more than twice a week. He never drinks tea or coffee. He has never touched anything strong to drink. He never smokes. He never plays cards. One of his few friends, in speaking of him, is said to have remarked: "William would enjoy life if it were not for its pleasures."

After breakfast the Senator takes a ride on his favorite horse, "Jester," of whom he is extremely fond, and rides through the parks for about two hours. He is an expert horseman. This is the only form of recreation in which Mr. Borah indulges. The rest of the day is spent in hard mental work at the office. And even after he leaves his office he often carries on his work through the evening at his own home.

(Continued from page 95)

pared a delicious breakfast for the castaways, who also consumed quarts of coffee that morning, heaping spoonfuls of both sugar and condensed milk into each cupful. An hour after each meal they were hungry again. It seemed impossible to fill their long-neglected stomachs. Each man devoured a whole can of condensed milk with a spoon as though it were ice cream.

On the way to Cape Waring each survivor indulged in a bath—a luxury they had not known in six months.

We reached Cape Waring almost before we were aware of it. With the aid of glasses we could see two tents on shore and near them little black figures running up and down the beach as if trying to attract our attention.

We were able to take the schooner to a point two miles from shore before being blocked by the ice. Kurruluk, the expedition's best Eskimo hunter, fearing that we would not see the tiny tents, had gone out over the ice to intercept us. His look of wonder and astonishment at seeing me really was ludicrous; he had thought the entire hunting party which left the ship a year before had been lost in the same gale which carried the "Karluk" to the westward and sank the "Elvira," a whaler. He now shook hands with me.

Several of the marooned men rushed out upon the ice to meet us. They had abandoned hope of rescue for that year, and had but forty cartridges left. Forty cartridges with which to provide meat for nine hungry mouths for a whole year! For Wrangel Island can be approached only during a few weeks each summer.

By stretching seal-skins over a frame of driftwood, Hadley and Kurruluk had made an Eskimo kayak, probably the "crankiest" type of boat in existence, and in this Kurruluk had been able to hunt seals with fair success. Only three dogs of their original twenty were left. They made a weird-looking procession as they walked out to the "King and Winge" by twos, with the Eskimo baby on her father's sled. After they climbed aboard the little rescue ship, we sailed away in the direction of Herald Island, where we hoped we might get sight of some of the eight missing men. But a solid field of heavy ice barred our progress, and though we skirted its edge for forty miles, no sign of the missing adventurers was to be found.

The next afternoon we met the revenue cutter "Bear" a hundred miles to the southward. Captain Bartlett boarded the "King and Winge," and the rescued men, although glad to see him, asked if they might not continue to Nome on the ship that had rescued them. He would not allow it, however, and after thanking Swenson for the trouble he had taken, took the survivors aboard the "Bear."

Swenson knows that in this instance he did more than was required of any man, even though his feat was never officially recognized by American newspapers or the Canadian Government.

"How I Became Popular Overnight!"

"They used to avoid me when I asked for a dance. Some said they were tired, others had previous engagements. Even the poorest dancers preferred to sit against the wall rather than dance with me. But I didn't 'wake up' until a partner left me standing alone in the middle of the floor.

"That night I went home feeling pretty lonesome and mighty blue. As a social success I was a first-class failure. At first I wouldn't believe that you could teach by mail because I always had the idea that one must go to a dancing class to learn. But I figured I could risk 10¢—especially since you guaranteed to teach me.

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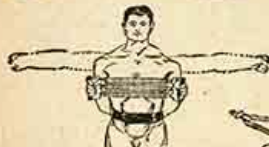
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"Life Feels Like a Fight"

(Continued from page 84)

"Harrison Forbes," Clyde said. "Yes, I did some engineering work for him years ago, when I was consulting in addition to teaching. I was speaking of the road the other day—"

"What you said about the new grade and cut-off," Craig interrupted, "is what gave me the idea. I went to Parker Forbes this week and asked him for the timber contract. He promised to get it for me. On the strength of that promise I arranged for enough credit at a bank to start operations."

Thurston laughed shortly. He had sat glowering, but it was evident that he had been startled and impressed by the news about the Pacific Western contract.

"Start operations is right!" he said, with a sneer. "I suppose you went to that little runt, Langnickel."

"Mr. Langnickel is my banker for the time being," Craig said, enjoying himself hugely.

"You could sink his whole two-by-two bank in that timber contract and never know where it had gone!" Thurston exploded.

"And afterwards, probably could find another bank or two, to send after it," Craig said, imperturbably. "However, that's only the beginning of the story. I knew that Mr. Thurston here controlled most of the mills in this territory, and I went to him to ask what he would charge to cut up the logs. He—ahem!—he didn't want the work. So I made other arrangements."

"With Fack, I hear," Thurston broke in.

"Yes." "I'll tend to Fack later," Thurston threatened. "But you haven't said yet that you have been telling everybody with ears that you had Mr. Clyde's timber tied up."

Craig turned to Francis Clyde. "I have stretched a point there, I'll confess," he said. "I went on the assumption that you would give me a chance on it, Mr. Clyde, provided I handled the enterprise for you, and turned the whole contract over to you. All I ask is a job on the project. I wonder if I have assumed too much."

Francis Clyde rose, steadying himself against his chair.

"Craig," he said, slowly, and with a tremor in his voice, "you can assume anything about the control of those two sections that you choose to. I give you a free hand." He stopped suddenly—reached out to find his daughter's shoulder. "Am I right, Mary?" he asked, his sightless eyes turned on her, and a big tear rolling down his cheek.

Mary Clyde held herself steady. "Whatever you say, Dad," she replied, in a quiet voice.

V

Two nights later the mill of Andrew Fack burned to the ground.

(To be continued.)

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A "Health Education"—What's That?

(Continued from page 61)

Surely it is as important to know the influence of sunlight on the body as to know the highest mountain in India or the longest river in Asia. To proceed ignorantly in the matter of sun-baths may prove disastrous to one of blond make-up; but if he had ever read Colonel Woodruff's book on "The Influence of Tropical Light on the White Man," showing the fallacy of acclimatization, he would observe such caution as would make sun-baths beneficial rather than hurtful.

Or take the matter of food. Anyone who has read Alfred W. McCann's book, "The Science of Eating," will not only know what he should eat, but why. He can absolutely insure continued good health upon a basis of normal body chemistry, because no matter what foods are available he will understand how to make up a balanced diet. Or if it is a question of teeth, he might read "Teeth, Diet and Health," by Dr. Kurt H. Thoma. If it is a matter of the feeding of children, Dr. Holt's manual on "The Care and Feeding of Infants" will give one almost a fool-proof knowledge of feeding such that if universally applied would minimize child-mortality.

Speaking of the care of children, almost a complete education might be found in such a book as "A Parent's Manual," by M. P. E. Groszman. The author is a scientist of the highest order and has spent his life in the study of the phenomena of both normal and sub-normal children. His book has to do with almost every phase of the physical, mental and moral care of children. Almost any problem that one encounters might be found within the scope of this remarkable work, published in two volumes.

Human energy is so closely related to matters of sleep and recuperation that great numbers of people find in this very question of securing sufficient sleep their greatest health problem. Manifestly the problem is based upon the lack of sufficient knowledge as to how to master the difficulties of insomnia and restless sleep. One should know why his sleep is not sufficiently refreshing. Such books as "Sleep and Sleeplessness" by H. Addington Bruce, and "The Meaning of Dreams" by Isadore H. Coriat, presenting respectively the hygiene of sleep and the psychology and psychoanalysis of dreams, will be very illuminating. There are other works having to do with psychoanalysis and dream interpretation which will be interesting and helpful by way of a broader health education.

On the mental aspects of health culture one will find help in such books as "Health Through Will Power" by James J. Walsh, offering a system of practical or applied psychology of great value. Likewise "The Psychology of Relaxation" by Professor G. W. T. Patrick, of the University of Iowa, will give one an understanding of cer-

tain basic principles having to do with relaxation, so that one may better plan his life and proceed intelligently to insure a continuous store of energy. Many interesting problems in human nature are clarified by knowledge of this kind. And speaking of human nature, one may find interest in such a book as "Character Reading Through Analysis of the Features" by Gerald Elton Fosbrooke, or "The Psychology of Handwriting" by William Leslie French.

"Outwitting Our Nerves" by Josephine A. Jackson, M. D., and Helen M. Salisbury is of course particularly intended to help nervous people to get the best of their nerves when their nerves threaten to get the best of them. Of special interest to nervous people also, but equally valuable to others, is a manual of health prepared in collaboration with the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute. This book, by Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk, is entitled "How to Live," and is probably one of the best all-round books on health and hygiene ever compiled. It is the kind of thing that should be in every home, just as necessary as the dictionary over in the library corner.

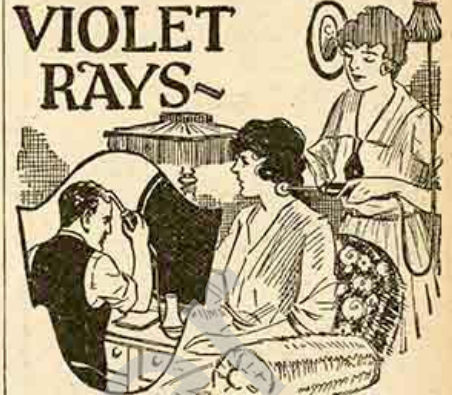
For those who are too stout, "Girth Control" by Henry T. Finck, is a particularly adequate presentation of this problem and its solution. "Physical Training for Business Men" by H. Irving Hancock, "Therapeutics of Activity" by Dr. Andrew A. Gour, "A Textbook of Gymnastics" by K. A. Knudsen, and others are all authoritative and valuable in their special fields.

Even in the matter of sports one will find help in such books as "Golf for Beginners" by Major Guy Campbell, which will enable one to grasp the game far more quickly purely through understanding it, and "The Art of Lawn Tennis" by W. T. Tilden, 2nd. Tilden himself failed to make progress during his high school years because he tried to learn to play tennis simply by playing it. Later he found that the game needed study and understanding and he began to learn from others some of its fundamental principles, whereupon he rapidly improved, attaining world supremacy. By learning the philosophy and technique of the handling of the racket, and the merits of net and base-line play, you may be able to do a hundred per cent better in the very beginning than by simply setting out to play without knowledge.

"My Thirty Years of Baseball," by John J. McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, "American Football and How to Play It," by Charles D. Daly, "At Home in the Water," by George H. Corsan, and "The Book of Sports and Games," by Walter Camp, covering all kinds of athletic pastimes, will all help the young man or young woman to gain more benefit and pleasure from these various valuable recreations.

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