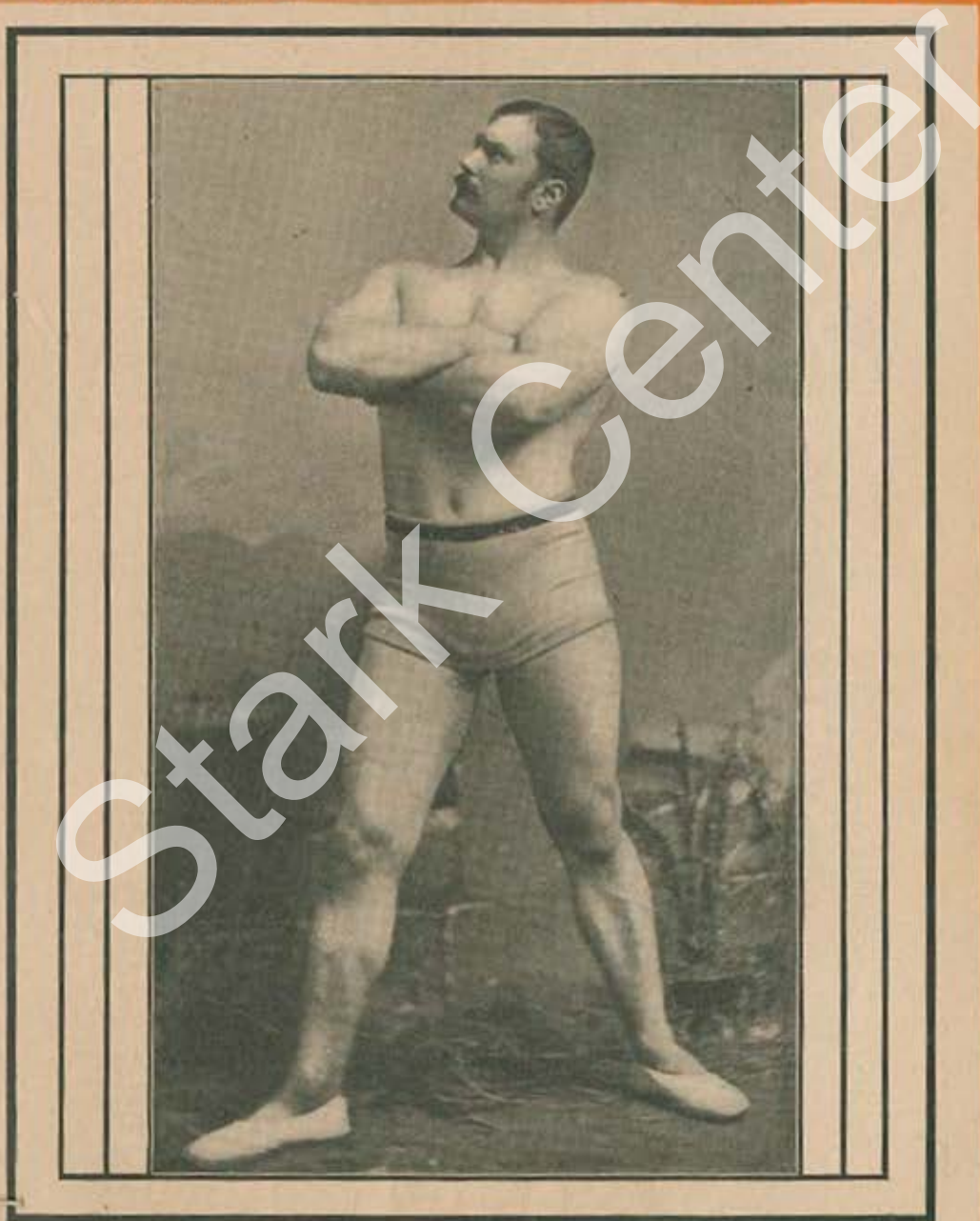


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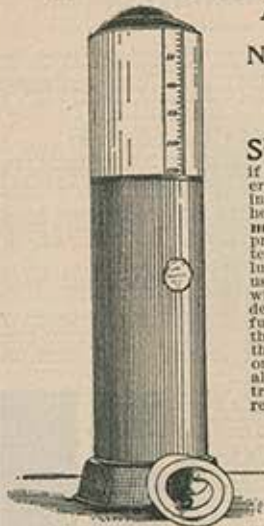
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" 8	" 45	" 46	" "
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PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. III.

JULY, 1900.

No. 4

...CONTENTS...

Copyrighted 1900, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Physical Culture for Wives - - - - -	150
Corsets—The Curse of Modern Civilization— <i>J. Walter Smithson</i> - - - - -	152
The Modern Quack and His Marvelous Cures - - - - -	158
Swimming—Bathing - - - - -	159
Scathing Condemnation of Modern Medical Butchers— <i>J. H. Greer, M.D.</i> - - - - -	160
A Gladiator's Romance— <i>Bernarr A. Macfadden</i> - - - - -	161
Machines for Manufacturing Health— <i>James Stewart</i> - - - - -	172
An Astounding Theory of Colds and Cold Air— <i>Bernarr A. Macfadden</i> - - - - -	174
Results of Physical Culture - - - - -	176
More About The Nude - - - - -	179
Prudes Are Criminals - - - - -	180
Editorial Department { Penitentiary for Patent-Medicine Fakirs - - - - -	180
Fasting As a Cure for Disease - - - - -	181
Human and Other Animals - - - - -	181
Question Department - - - - -	183

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PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WIVES.

How Prof. Alexander Whitely has taught his wife the art of exercising without apparatus. We would hardly advise all husbands to follow his example. Their wives might acquire too much strength and a time might come when they would desire to be rough.



GRASP HIM BY THE LEG AND AROUND THE WAIST, THEN RAISE HIM TO THIS POSITION. SET HIM DOWN VERY CAREFULLY. FINE CHINA IS EASILY BROKEN, YOU KNOW!



GRASP HIS ARM WITH BOTH HANDS NEAR THE SHOULDER. PULL HIS ARM DOWN OVER YOUR SHOULDER AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, THEN THROW HIM HIGH IN THE AIR AS ABOVE. IF GIVEN AN EXTRA VIGOROUS TORS HE WILL GO CLEAR OVER YOUR HEAD. BUT DON'T BE CRUEL!



GRASP HIM UNDER THE LEG AND AROUND THE WAIST AS ABOVE, THEN RAISE HIM TO POSITION ILLUSTRATED. IT IS PLEASANT SPORT TO DROP HIM SUDDENLY TO THE FLOOR FROM THIS POSITION. TRY IT!!



READY FOR THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE SCENE.
(With Apologies to Sappho).

CORSETS—THE CURSE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

By J. Walter Smithson.

“**W**HY are you so bitter against corsets,” inquires one of our readers in a letter to us.

Why, indeed! Why does one hate a robber, a hypocrite, a despoiler of your honor,

sole aim is to deceive and rob the public whom they pretend to befriend?

We hate the corset because it comes in the guise of friend, and it ends by being most terrible enemy to health, to happiness and TO BEAUTY that woman comes in contact during her entire life. It makes her old when she should be in



FROM THE PAINTING, "IN THE LADIES' DEPARTMENT."

your home and your life? Why do we hate dishonest politicians whose one and the prime and glory of superb womanhood. It has created and perpetuated



"DIANA," by Aviet.

the false deduction that the duties of maternity necessarily destroy a woman's figure. Duties of this character destroy a woman's figure only when she has so weakened herself by corsets that any debilitating influence would produce a similar result. How a woman can wear a support for her bust from childhood, and then have the incomprehensible audacity to expect it to remain round, firm, and to maintain its proper position until advanced age, is more than the writer can understand. The muscles which hold the bust in proper form are necessarily greatly weakened by this support that takes their place, and when the first debilitating influence of any kind appears, their firmness and symmetry naturally disappear. The writer knows a mother of five children and her figure is as perfect as before marriage. Why? Because she never wore a corset and never expects to!

But all this is of little importance—actually as nothing when compared to the mighty evil that can be laid at the altar of this awful curse, and the writer defies any physician or any authority, regardless of his position or reputation, to

confute the assertion that the terrible curse of "female weaknesses," those diseases that actually make life a hell on earth for thousands, yes, millions of married couples—are really made possible—are really caused by the demoralized phy-



"PSYCHE," by Curzon.



waist to indicate such a device was used? Did you ever hear of an artist's model with a reputation for beauty of form whose figure was moulded by the corset? You never did and never will! In fact, one of the principal complaints made by artists is their inability to find models who have not been deformed by the corset.

At thirteen or fourteen, the corset begins its stifling and demoralizing influence, physically, mentally and morally. It crushes in on the great vital centres at the waist line—it crushes down on the organs of sex, displacing, weakening and deforming. This great nervous centre that depends upon the use of the muscular system at this part of the body for growth, strength and the perfect working of its functions, practically lies there in an abnormal, inactive state. The bones of the corset prevent the body from bending at the waist, hence these muscles and their entire abdominal region gradually deteriorate in vigor.



sical and sexual condition, resulting from a continuous restriction of the waist.

Do you doubt this sweeping assertion? Bear with the writer for a moment, and as you read use your brains! As soon as a child enters its teens, a corset is secured. It has entered womanhood—its form must be moulded. Just as though Nature does not know more about moulding forms than all the corset manufacturers in Christendom. Did Venus have a corset to mould her form? Do you notice any of the usual corset scars on her

With the organs of sex thus surrounded by weakened, flaccid muscles in which the blood barely circulates, can one expect them to develop and to create that power and instinct of sex which is as much a part of true womanhood as light is a part of day? It is this instinct which gives her clear, definite ideas in the selection of a husband. It is the instinct that protects her and the man she



marries from the excesses that degrade, demoralize and at times destroy. It is absolutely essential to marital happiness. No marriage has ever been called happy unless this instinct was its guiding star. The corset destroys or never allows it to develop—destroys true womanhood, and

ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 1 AND 2.

Compare these poor, deformed creatures, to the preceding illustrations. No comments are necessary.



JUST IMAGINE "TEAT" PULLING A BOAT.
THINK "IT" COULD BREATHE?

with it that holy, divine desire for motherhood.

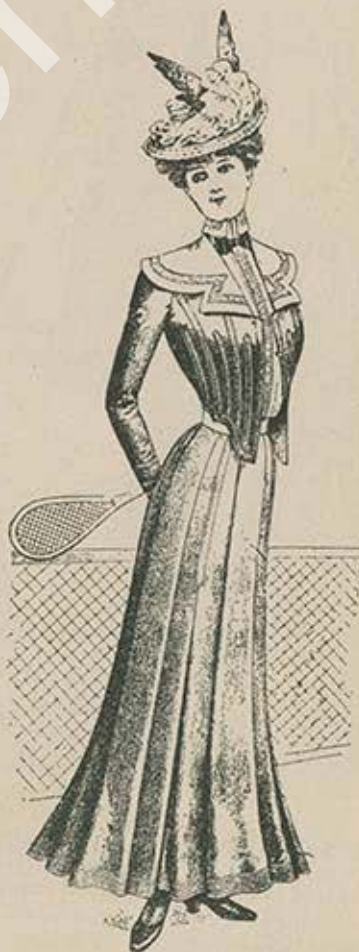
Could you imagine the mother of a hero with a corset-crushed waist? Find a woman who has thus frittered away her vitality, and you will find her without the sentiments necessary to true happiness of home, without the true womanly desire for the caresses of her own beautiful children, and crime after crime is often committed to avoid her true maternal duties.

The writer does not expect to reform woman. He wants to reform men—desires them to see clearly the necessity of marrying woman—not sexless nonenti-

ties, and by this means the reform of woman will be the sooner accomplished.

A poorly sexed woman whose body has been abused until her womanhood is gone has not the slightest right to enter marital conditions, and whenever she does the dissatisfaction and misery that always result causes the ruin of one, and often many lives.

Gaze upon some of the illustrations from fashion plates that accompany this article! These illustrations were taken from a prominent fashion publication ("Toilettes") and are supposed to represent the ideal female form, according to the conventional world. Think of it! To be conventional you must necessarily be diseased—must be weak,



AND THE TENNIS PLAYER! WONDER IF SHE COULD
TAKE TEN STEPS WITHOUT BEING OUT OF BREATH.

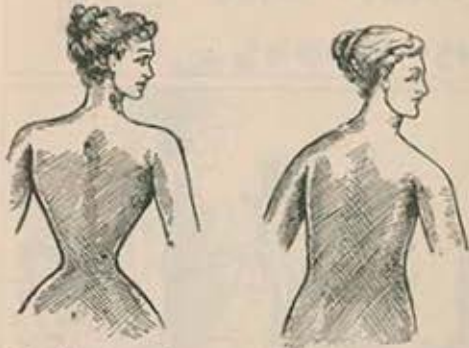


FIG. 25.—Women's great desideratum: a small waist. The corset cannot tighten the waist without compressing the many delicate internal organs, thus the liver is cut in two; the organs of procreation are forced down, causing prolapsus of the womb; the stomach and heart are pressed upward and crowd the lungs, etc. By that childlike, irrational procreancy the females make wrecks of themselves and their offspring for life-time. And why? For the sake of what some fool may think of their shape.

(By permission of Aug. F. Reinhold, Ph.D., M.D.)

characterless—in fact a sexless nonentity.

For instance, note illustrations Nos. 1 and 2. What stylish forms! But whenever you see these stylish forms, do not fail to remember the diseases that the womanhood—stifling device, which gives the form this appearance—always creates in time, that if the heart of a

true woman beats underneath it will soon be crushed out.

Look at the ideal costume for boating. Just think of "that" pulling a boat! It's chest all forced up out of proportion, the poor waist so squeezed that the shoulders appear disgustingly square. It would be impossible for a person so dressed to draw a deep breath, let alone indulge in an exercise requiring any effort.

And look at the tennis player! She could probably take as much as ten steps without being out of breath with her little heart and lungs all squeezed up out of proportion.

Study the other illustrations taken from life and from famous paintings, and decide which represents the true type of a womanly woman.

We intend to fight the corset curse to the bitter end, and if women will persist in debilitating their bodies and destroying their womanhood by its embrace, we will see that the man who marries their kind will know the terrible risk he is taking.

Beware of opium fiends, alcohol tipplers and corset-crushed wrecks!



FROM THE PAINTING, "A READING FROM HOMER," BY TODEMA.

.. THE MODERN QUACK AND HIS MARVELOUS CURES



SADIE HAMPATT REDUCES HER WEIGHT AND IS SOON THE BELLE OF THE TOWN



PATRICK O'TRIMBLE, FROM A COWARD, BECOMES THE TERROR OF THE TOWNS



REGINALD SMOOTHPATRICK DEVELOPS SOME WONDERFUL MUSCLES AND A BIG HEAD OF HAIR



MR. SUGGUS DOES NOT WORRY ANY MORE EVEN IF HE DOES MISS HIS TRAIN



MISS USEDODER IS REJUVENATED AND BECOMES AS POPULAR AS EVER



RAGGED ARTIE DEVELOPS AN AMAZING CAPACITY FOR WORK



SWIMMING—BATHING.

SALT WATER—FRESH WATER.

PHYSICAL strength and health can be acquired by young and old, weak and strong, emaciated and obese, from fresh and salt water bathing. It is a fine tonic; it builds muscular and vital power. Not only is benefit derived from the contact of the skin with the water, but the air has a strengthening effect. And the sun—that great ball of fiery energy—gives life, health, strength and beauty to plant life. Why not to human life? Do not be afraid of the sun—give it a chance to color your cheeks and arms with the beautiful brown which betokens the rich blood of health. It will mean longer life, fewer doctors' bills, more energy, and more of the blitheness of wholesome manhood and womanhood.

No matter how beneficial anything may be, too much of it can be taken, and the sun is no exception to this rule. When taking your first sun bath, expose the surface of the body to the rays only a few minutes, gradually increasing the time each day as you become accustomed to it. There is absolutely no need of suffering the tortures of being sunburnt if sufficient prudence is exercised. Do not forget that although the sun may mar the whiteness of the complexion by tinting it a beautiful brown, it is vastly improved in whiteness and clearness when the tan disappears. Therefore do not fail to acquire the brownish tint this summer—it is fashionable, and if you cannot visit the sea shore or some inland resort, improvise a solarium in your back yard, or any place where there is privacy and the rays of the sun penetrate.

For increasing muscular and vital powers sea bathing is unquestionably superior to fresh water. It is more strengthening in its effect—it is more of a tonic. It gives one more stamina, more health, than will fresh water. This is

more especially true of those inclined to be thin and ænemic. Too much fresh water bathing for those in this condition very often lessens the appetite and weakens the system generally; although one can stay in salt water as long as desired and nothing but good results will be noticed. Of course, when the teeth begin to chatter and no amount of moving or jumping around appears to bring warmth, leave the water and remove wet bathing suit at once, though day after day, as strength is gained, and as the blood becomes richer, its chilling influence will decrease. Take advantage of the opportunity afforded of being a girl or a boy again. Run up and down the beach. "Wake up" the muscles which may have lain dormant for months. The exercise necessary in resisting the surf is almost equal to that secured in the gymnasium, and it will bring color to the cheeks and health to many a weakling if indulged regularly during the summer.

Immediately after coming from the water, if you are at all chilly, quickly remove wet clothing, dry the body, and take some active exercise to quicken the circulation. Remember to take this exercise in sufficient variety to use all the muscles of the body, thus bringing the blood to all parts.

Though salt water is undoubtedly vastly superior to fresh as a tonic, much benefit can be secured from fresh water bathing. Sun and air baths can be taken, and they will be found of great value. Do not cumber yourself with any more clothes than is essential for the occasion; the less clothes worn the greater the benefits. In fresh-water bathing be careful not to remain in too long. If in vigorous health, or inclined to be fleshy, not so much care need be exercised, but if thin or weak, the bath should last only a few minutes the first day—although do not be afraid of the sun and air, neither can injure, provided sufficient precaution is taken not to be sunburnt.

SCATHING CONDEMNATION OF MODERN MEDICAL BUTCHERS.

EXTRACTS FROM "A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE."

By J. H. Greer, M.D.

WHAT a field for butchery and for the attainment of fame and money woman has become to the mercenary practitioner of so-called 'modern gynecology' (female diseases). It would be interesting, were it not revolting, to trace the history of the treatment of diseases of women by the majority of the medical profession during the past twenty years.

"Some of the fads profitably encouraged by the medical profession are not only absurd, but are almost criminal in their methods.

"Little do the fathers and husbands and brothers know of the indignities their daughters or wives or sisters are often forced to endure in the way of uncalled for exposures and mutilations to satisfy the notions and mercenary appetites of modern gynecologists.

"My large experience in all diseases of women has brought to my knowledge thousands of cases where women and virgins have been needlessly subjected to revolting exposures and painful operations, only to be mutilated for life and left in a

far worse condition than when they applied for relief.

"Who can enumerate the cases in which the abdomen has been opened for supposed ovarian diseases when not a trace of a pathological (diseased) condition was discoverable? Who will write the history of the cases in which perfectly healthy ovaries have been removed without one shadow of improvement in the general condition of the patient? A human being mutilated, deprived of her distinctive characteristics, and rendered miserable! A human life poised between earth and heaven to gratify ignorance or conceit! A human life sacrificed to ambition upon the operating table!

"When it is of almost daily occurrence for me to be consulted by those who were on the verge of submitting to wholly needless and brutal mutilations, and for me to start them on the road to recovery by the employment of rational means, I feel justified in saying, in the name of womanhood, in the name of common honesty, in the name of humanity, defend yourselves, your wives, your daughters, your sisters and your friends from the hands of the professional mutilators of women."



"TUG OF WAR." By Morgan.



A GLADIATOR'S ROMANCE.

By Bernarr A. Macfadden.

HE was a gladiator. Strong, superb, lithe. He reminded one of a beautiful Arabian horse, full of power and grace and gentleness. Notwithstanding his calling, when in certain moods his lustrous eyes seemed to contain the soul of a cultured musician, so soft was their expression.

In his hours of leisure he rarely associated with those of his profession. They were usually rough, coarse and brutal.

When through with his training he adopted the dress of a well-to-do gentleman, and sought more congenial associates and surroundings.

His education in early youth had been similar to that of a cultured gentleman of his time, but he saw his parents murdered, their property confiscated for political reasons, and although still only a fair-haired youth, he vowed with all the strength of his then frail body that he would learn to fight, that he would train for fighting—that his one object in life would be to seek vengeance on the murderers of his parents.

Time had brought death to those who had so seriously injured him, and now he followed the calling because of the glory, of the fame to be won.

He had a habit daily of taking long walks. Many times he had noticed a beautiful girl, apparently not over twenty, in a flower garden on the route of his usual walk. He began to look forward

to the pleasure of seeing her each day. He had never spoken to her. In fact, had never secured the opportunity.

The garden was quite large, and was threaded with walks and splendidly shaded by large trees, and whenever he passed she was never near enough for him to address her.

He would have feared to do so, even had an opportunity presented itself. She seemed so proud and carried herself in such a regal, queenly manner that he would not have dared to take even the slightest liberty.

He had been passing the garden for many months. When the weather was fine she was usually there, though sometimes she would be absent, and on rare occasions she was accompanied by an old man.

One day the weather was extremely warm, and he paused under the shade of the trees as he was passing. She was coming down the path towards him, but when she saw him she turned and went the other way.

He immediately continued his walk. Her action angered him. It seemed to imply that she thought he might address her if she drew near.

He did not pass that way again for at least a week, and when he did she was absent. The next day she was there, but he was walking hurriedly and hardly looked her way, though her features wore an interested, quizzical expression as he momentarily met her eyes turned in his direction.

His heart beat quicker and his pace slackened somewhat. He wanted to turn and go back. Every step seemed to be taking him in the opposite direction to which he desired to go.

He did not pass the next day—he was afraid. The desire to be near her, to speak to her, to hear her voice, was growing almost to a passion beyond control. He was afraid to trust himself near her—afraid that he might commit some rash act that would forever destroy his chances of winning her favor.

Several days later he was passing, and, when some distance away, he noticed her with a little girl very near the low wall that enclosed the garden.

The child was about six years of age and was playing with a ball, throwing and running hither and thither to catch it. As he neared them the child gave the ball an especially vigorous toss, and it landed on the wall. She ran and was about to seize it, when it rolled off on the other side and lay directly before Clodius.

He stopped and picked it up, and was about to hand it to the child, when it suddenly occurred to him that here was an opportunity that might never appear again.

"What will you give me for the ball?" Smiling over at her, and handing it toward her, but not allowing her to quite reach it.

"Give you——" hesitating, and smiling back at Clodius.

"No; suppose you let me keep it," interrupted he, looking over at her elder companion, with that winning smile still on his features.

There was an answering smile in her eyes as he turned to her.

"No! No! No! I won't let you take it. Helen give it to me," answered the child in emphatic, energetic tones.

"Who is Helen?" inquired he.

"Why, my Aunt Helen," turning and taking the hand of her elder companion, who was now at her side.

"Won't you introduce me to Helen?" in playful tones, smiling at Helen, then at the child.

The child seemed puzzled.

"I'll tell you what I'll do—if you'll introduce me to Helen, I'll give you your ball. Don't you consider that fair?"

turning to Helen herself for an answer.

"Possibly so," answered Helen, smiling quizzically.

"Well, shall I give it to her?" gazing at Helen with an inquiring expression in his eyes.

"As you choose," answered Helen.

"Will you give me a kiss for it?" turning to the child.

"Yes," she said coming toward him.

"You must not cheapen your kisses so," said Clodius, grasping her under each arm, as she came up, and lifting her high in the air, then sitting her on the stone wall beside him.

"You're strong," said Helen, surprised at his easy manner of tossing her niece around.

"What a pretty girl," not noticing her remark, turning to Helen, as he caressingly passed his fingers through the little girl's hair.

"Now you can have your ball, for I have you. Can I not steal you? Won't Helen allow it?"

"No, Helen won't! Will she, dear," said Helen, turning to the child.

He was gazing at Helen as she spoke.

"I somehow feel that I have a right to know you. I've seen you so many, many times," said Clodius. There was a world of meaning in his expression and in the tones of his voice, and she turned her eyes away when she met his gaze.

"Yes, I have seen you a number of times," she answered, not looking his way.

The child was clambering down with her ball. He did not detain her.

"You do not go out much," said Clodius?

"Very seldom," turning as though she would follow the child, who had now resumed her play.

"Please let me talk to you just a moment," in emotionate tones of entreaty.

She remained, but did not meet his gaze.

"You have seen me pass here day after day for months, haven't you?"

"Yes," slightly inclining her head in assent.

"Ever since the moment I first saw you, I've longed to be numbered among your friends, among your acquaintances, yearning for any condition that would give me the right to speak to you. I humbly entreat you not to consider me

presumptuous, but will you give me the privilege that I desire?"

There was an influencing power in his tones that she never heard or experienced before, and she looked up as he awaited her reply, and met his great, dark eyes bent full upon her. There was a pleading light in their clear liquid depth that fascinated her for the moment.

"You will not deny me this?"

"No," she answered, turning quickly, as though with fear, and starting toward the child.

She glanced over her shoulder toward him as he slowly turned to go. There was a peculiar pleased expression on her features, though an element of fear was indicated there.

Clodius walked slowly away. He had loved before—at least he thought so—but what poor imitations they were of the passion aroused by this girl.

He had been the hero of many gladiatorial contests. Fair women had courted and flattered him by the score. In the arena he never had met his master. Hundreds had gone down before his enormous strength, skill and quickness. Many were killed. He had to kill, or be killed. That left him no choice.

Lately he had been growing discontented. He began to loathe the brutal contests in which he had gloried since his early youth.

His love for Helen was exerting a refining influence. After the next great festival in which the gladiatorial combats were to be, he would not again take part. He determined definitely upon this.

He saw Helen again the next afternoon. She would only exchange a few words with him.

"I don't think my father would be pleased if he saw me conversing with you," said Helen, with averted eyes, when Clodius pleaded in his intense manner to remain.

"Is he the old gentleman with whom I have seen you several times?" asked Clodius.

"Yes."

"Well, if you won't remain with me now, would you let me enter the garden if I should come at dusk this evening?"

"No, not this evening."

"To-morrow evening?"

"May be—I'll see," looking up into

his eyes smilingly as she turned away.

Clodius' admiring eyes followed her. Her hair was so beautiful. It was light brown in color, and was wound in thick luxuriant masses at the back of her head. He noted the beautiful contour of her shapely neck in its outward slope to her shoulders, which were round, full and beautifully proportioned. Her costume, which was usual at that time for well-born ladies, left one arm bare, and Clodius admitted that he never saw an arm so finely formed.

But what attracted him most was her proud bearing.

His nerves thrilled with a peculiarly pleasant sensation the very first time he saw her because of this. Her superb body seemed filled with the magnetism of youth, health and strength. She showed it in every step, every move, every glance.

* * * * *

Clodius was there the next evening. Helen was not in the garden—at least he could not see her.

He sat on the low wall quite a distance from the house and waited.

The shadows of twilight, denoting the end, the death of another day, were fast appearing. It was a time for sombre thoughts, but it was difficult for Clodius to tell the exact nature of his thoughts. Had he been asked if he were happy or miserable, he might have been puzzled to find a truthful reply.

His love for Helen, born many, many months ago, would now be weighed and tested in his endeavor to win her.

He had entered the arena many, many times when death stared him in the face, when he had to meet in mortal combat gladiators whose fame was heralded everywhere. But somehow he never feared as to the result. He had almost infinite confidence in his own powers, and death had no terrors for him.

But now he was afraid. There were moments when he actually trembled at the prospects of losing in this contest for love in which he was about to enter.

There was so much at stake. Before there was nothing but his life to be lost. Now there was a happiness to be won or lost that seemed more valuable than a thousand lives. He was fighting for life more now than ever before. For this



"IT IS SO FRAGRANT," SAID CLODIUS, LEANING FORWARD AND INHALING ITS DELICIOUS AROMA.
(After "Springtime of Love," by Paul Thuman).

happiness must be his, or else the resultant misery would force him to seek death as the only means of effacing the terrible disappointment.

It was growing darker. The moon, already high in the heavens, was beginning to assume a brilliant hue.

Far down one of the garden paths he saw a figure coming his way.

In a moment he recognized Helen. She smiled pleasantly in greeting as she neared him.

She had seemed beautiful in daylight, but the soft twilight seemed to add bril-

liancy to her eyes, color and richness to her skin.

"You were long in coming," said Clodius, in a low voice, as he gazed at her.

"I hardly thought it best to come sooner."

The tones of her voice were so clear and musical, they reverberated pleasantly upon his senses.

"I was beginning to fear that you might not come, though I must admit I feared your coming."

"Fearing my coming! Why, pray?" in surprised tones.

"Because I'm afraid of you—afraid of your power!"

"Ah, you're joking," smiling. "I could not imagine your being afraid of anything or anybody," seating herself on the low wall near him.

"Fear can be induced by any influence that might cause severe pain."

"But it would not be possible for me to cause anyone pain," answered Helen, her expression growing serious.

"I don't agree with you. You're young—you don't know your own powers," smiling quizzically.

"No matter what powers I may possess, they will never be used to give pain to others." Her expression grew serious.

They sat there conversing on serious subjects for some time. The feeling of reserve which affected Helen when first in his presence gradually disappeared. After conversing with him a few moments she felt as though she had known him for years.

He was so frank, congenial and natural in his manner that all restraint and formality seemed unnecessary.

Daylight had disappeared. The soft light of the full moon shone down upon them.

They had left their seat and were walking down one of the garden paths.

"What beautiful roses!" suddenly exclaimed Clodius, pausing before a large rose bush.

"Yes, they are fine. Everyone notices them."

"Can I have one?"

"As many as you desire."

He plucked one and turned toward Helen.

"How lovely this would look in your hair," gazing down at her.

"Yes?" smiling questioningly.

"No!" drawing away from Clodius as he came nearer, apparently with the intention of placing the flower in her hair.

"You're cruel! It means nothing to you and so much to me," said Clodius, in soft tones as he gazed at her.

She was standing with the moonlight full upon her features. Clodius had endeavored to closely interest himself in their conversation that he might avoid the influence of her beauty.

But now as he stood gazing at her exquisitely moulded features, brilliant eyes and full red lips, so invitingly near, he trembled, his breath quickened, his great chest heaved with emotion.

Not a word was spoken. He gazed at her as though in a dream, every nerve thrilled, intoxicated. She met his eyes and felt their influence; felt as though she was being drawn towards him by some irresistible force.

The temptation was too strong. He forgot everything but his intense overpowering desire to enfold her in his embrace.

He suddenly started towards her with outstretched arms. She moved backward as he neared her, caught his hands, holding him away.

He paused, his face looked pale even in the moonlight.

"Forgive me!" in hard tones. "I forgot myself," turning away from her with clenched hands and gritted teeth.

"You're—you're so terribly beautiful," in agitated tones, standing with his back towards her.

She wondered and yet was pleased at the power she had over this great, strong man.

"You must go now, Clodius," touching him on the shoulder. "I must go in. Father may search for me if I remain out longer." There was a touch of tenderness in her tones.

He bit his lips, and a tremor swept over him as he heard her musical voice.

He turned and looked down at her. His eyes were wet as though from tears.

"I could not help it, Helen. You will let me see you again, won't you?" His tones were unsteady. The power and confidence they usually betrayed were gone.

"Yes, Clodius, I know. There is nothing to forgive. You will not forget yourself again," in conciliatory tones.

"When can I come?"

"This is Wednesday," in musing tones.

"You can come Saturday!"

"Thank you so much."

"You dropped your rose," said Helen, suddenly stooping and picking up the rose that Clodius had plucked a few moments before.

Clodius smiled. He had completely forgotten the rose.

"It is so fragrant," said Clodius, leaning forward and inhaling its delicious aroma as Helen held it.

"Are you not going to take it?" said Helen.

"I wanted to see how it appeared in your hair," smiling faintly.

"Well, does it become me?" placing the rose in her hair.

"It is beautiful. Now I can take it," removing the rose and touching it to his lips.

She smiled.

"Good night, until Saturday," raising her hand and pressing his lips to it again and again.

The great festival in which Clodius was to take part was near at hand. It would begin two weeks from the following Monday and was to last three days. The last day was to be devoted entirely to gladiatorial contests.

Clodius was training hard for these. He was to meet some celebrated gladiators who would probably test his greatest skill.

In addition to long walks, from four to six hours each day were spent in vigorous exercises with the weapons that would be used on that day.

To avoid injury while training each contestant practiced with blunt weapons, and their bodies were also protected by heavy armor or heavy padding.

It was Saturday evening preceding the festival.

Clodius and Helen were walking in the garden. He had seen her many times since the episode with the rose. Though he usually felt confident of ultimately winning her, there was still some uncertainty.

In his time famous gladiators were

greatly honored, but somehow he shrank from telling Helen he followed that occupation. He had allowed her to keep the impression that he was a well-to-do gentleman of means. Again and again he was on the verge of telling her the truth, but he could not bring himself to do it.

They had talked of the festival, and he had invited her to accompany him, but she thought her father would object, and Clodius did not insist, as he feared some one would recognize him who knew Helen.

"You can't see me, Clodius, while the festival is being held," said Helen suddenly, after a long silence.

"Why not?" in surprised tones.

"My father's two brothers will be here with their families to attend the celebration, and would, of course, ask questions about you if they saw you with me."

"I can't see you after to-night then until Thursday evening?" in mournful tones.

"Not unless you get a glimpse of me as you pass by," smiling.

"Do you know yet whether you will have an opportunity to attend any of the ceremonies or contests at the festival?"

"No; I don't know. Father does not care for it, and loathes the brutal fights of gladiators, and so do I. How any human being can look at and encourage such beastly contests is beyond me," in emphatic tones.

Clodius felt cold, icy chills encompassed him at her words and tones.

"They are brutal, no doubt, but nearly all Rome goes to see them, and you cannot blame the gladiators. When they enter a contest they must kill or be killed. It is merely a matter of self-defence."

"Why, Clodius, you don't defend such brutal sport, do you?" said Helen surprised.

"No; I can't defend it, but it is the habit of our times and I've seen many hard fights."

"Well, you ought to be ashamed to sit and watch men killing each other in that brutal way!"

"Why, Helen, what makes you so bitter against gladiators?"

"I suppose father's caustic criticisms of their combats have influenced me to some extent, no doubt, but my natural inclination would be to condemn them."

Clodius was greatly surprised at her emphatic manner, and a sadness crept over him as he thought of what her actions might be when she knew his present occupation.

He knew that by forever renouncing it as he had determined there might be a possibility of her never knowing—at least until after they were married, and then he believed he could prove he had not suffered in character from having been a gladiator.

They were silent for some time.

She suddenly noted the saddened expression on his features.

"Clodius, you look worn and tired; your face seems thinner," in sympathetic tones.

He turned towards her, and a smile lighted and softened his features. His face had thinned greatly on account of the hard training.

"Yes? Do you care one way or the other whether I am sad or happy, strong or weak?" He gazed at her with an expression that made her cheeks flush.

She drew back slightly and averted her eyes.

"Clodius, you know I care," in emotionate tones.

They were seated on a long settee. The light of day had not yet disappeared. Far in the west the horizon was still of a golden hue. Over their heads a great tree spread its branches with luxuriant effulgence. Under their feet the grass grew so thickly and was cropped so evenly, that it appeared like green velvet, soft, smooth and pleasing. On all sides they were surrounded by luxuriant foliage.

Clodius was silent for a moment. He was studying the fair white throat, the full rounded cheeks, now an exquisite pink, the beautiful contour of her shoulders. He knew the effect of this. The intoxicating influence of her beauty had enthralled his senses—had made him momentarily lose control many times.

He suddenly arose and turned his eyes from her.

She looked up as though surprised, but said nothing.

He resumed his seat, but leaned forward with his eyes shaded by one hand.

"Clodius, what makes you act so? I don't believe you're well," in tones of inquiry.

He remained silent.

She looked searchingly at his bent figure. A tremor shook him as though with cold.

She leaned over and grasped the wrist of the hand that was shading his eyes.

"Don't be so gloomy; look up," endeavoring to remove his hand.

He grasped her hand and kissed it again and again.

He slipped from the seat to his knees on the sward, still retaining her hand.

Kneeling there before her with his face half hidden, he kissed and caressed the hand he held.

She tried to withdraw it.

He looked up and his eyes were moist.

"Helen, Helen," in a soft voice, every tone seeming like a caress, "I love you—love you!" his voice trembling with emphasis. "Love you better than life, better than all the world. With you life would be like a happy dream, full of joy and bliss, superb in its completeness. I will give myself to you. Do as you like with me, for I worship you—yes, worship you—you are my goddess, my religion, my life!"

"Stop! Clodius, stop! Don't talk like that—its sacrilegious," in a low caressing voice.

Her cheeks were burning red, her eyes suffused with a tender light. As she turned them full upon Clodius, his heart beat wildly.

He arose; the firm satiny flesh of her beautiful arm was so near. He kissed it as he seated himself by her side.

As he turned and gazed into her eyes there was no need for mere words.

The soft lovelight that shone from their liquid depth seemed to unfold him like tender caresses, and the lips, warm, full and seductive that had tempted him so long, were all his own.

* * * * *

Clodius passed the time before the gladiatorial contests after his betrothal to Helen like one in a dream. The complete happiness in store for him made the days pass quickly. To be sure, he sorely missed her, but the satisfaction of knowing that he had won her more than made up for this.

He had finished his hard training and was now ready for the life-and-death struggles for supremacy in the gladiatorial arena.

Wednesday morning, the day of these mortal combats, was really the first time he had given any serious thought to the work before him. He had not by any means neglected his training. Though his face had thinned, his muscles were like steel in quality, and were full and symmetrical in every part of his superb body.

The enormous amphitheatre that was used during the festival began to resound with voices of the multitude. Every available space was taken when the first pair of gladiators made their appearance.

up everywhere throughout that vast assemblage.

"Clodius! Clodius!" It echoed and re-echoed, and was repeated again and again until it sounded like the roar of thunder.

Walking toward the centre of the arena were two gladiators.

One walked gracefully, easily. He carried himself like a lion. His superb shoulders held far back, his symmetrical, powerful arms clearly displayed. There was a piercing, determined look in his eye.

It was Clodius!



AS CLODIUS LOOKS TO THE AUDIENCE FOR THE VERDICT, THE SIGN, "THUMB DOWN," INDICATES THAT HIS OPPONENT'S LIFE MUST NOT BE SPARED.

(After "Pollux Verso," by Jerome).

At least fifty pair were to fight. It meant death to some—merely a slight wound to others. If the loser fought valiantly and was wounded, the audience indicated that his life must be spared by holding the hand out with thumb upward.

At least twelve pair had fought. Two lay dead in the arena, their life blood dyeing the white sand where they lay a crimson hue.

Suddenly there was a hoarse cry, taken

How different he looked. How stern! How cold! How cruel!

The gladiators faced each other near the Emperor's private box.

Clodius's opponent is larger than he, but not so compactly and symmetrically built.

They await the Emperor's orders to begin. Their eyes are upon him. He gives the signal.

The combat is on. Their swords clash again and again. They move backward and forward, striking, parrying.

Clodius's opponent suddenly weakens. He realizes that he has no chance.

"Fight on! Fight on!" hoarsely whispers Clodius. "I don't want to be compelled to kill you!"

His opponent makes renewed endeavors. Clodius suddenly moves quickly, catches him off his guard, and wounds him slightly in the shoulder of his sword arm.

He falls, and as Clodius looks to the audience for the verdict, the sign "thumbs down," indicates that his opponent's life must not be spared.

He shakes his head as though unwilling to kill him, and they acquiesce.

The roar of applause is deafening as Clodius walks away, and his wounded opponent is carried out.

This was mere child's play for Clodius. In his next combat he would have to meet the best man of all the visiting gladiators. He knew that the struggle in this would be fierce.

He went to a private room, especially reserved for him and lay down, as it would take at least two hours to decide who would have to meet him at the conclusion.

Pair after pair fought grimly, and the bloodthirsty audience grew more excited after each combat.

On their faces you could see the yearning for more blood—more blood. Even the eyes of many as they yelled in mad excitement became bloodshot.

The end was near. The honor of meeting Clodius in the final contest lay between two magnificent gladiators. Both had won in several combats with hardly an effort.

They struggled with each other for several minutes, but finally Saverno, the most skillful, seriously wounded his opponent.

Several minor combats now take place that he may rest before he meets Clodius.

The audience does not give them attention. They are thinking of the great struggle between Clodius and Saverno.

The names of Clodius and Saverno have been heralded throughout the great multitude. The great throng quiets down as these two gladiators march out to combat.

How easily they walk! how graceful their every step! What power in each of their beautiful bodies shows itself in every move! Their polished armor glistens in the sunlight, their perfect bodies, covered

only by short trunks and their armor, held all in admiration.

Not a sound is heard as they face each other.

Their features are determined, hard, forbidding. No flinching, no cowardice, in this combat.

The Emperor signals them to begin.

They approach warily.

They glare at each other like two wild beasts. Their glittering eyes and hard countenances indicate the terrible character of the contest.

No thought of saving anyone here. Each is fighting for his life, and Clodius looks upon his opponent as nothing more than a wild beast that he must kill in order to save his own life.

They walk around and around. Closer and closer they come.

Now they strike.

Their weapons and shields are handled with lightning rapidity.

You see nothing but flashes as they parry and strike, parry and strike, struggling with each other back and forth, the white sand flying in every direction, as it is thrown by their fast moving feet.

What a grand struggle it is! The hordes of semi-savages are awed into absolute silence. Their eyes remain fixed with intense eagerness upon the mortal combat before them.

The hilts of both weapons are now pressed together by the two combataants. They move them up and down, from one side to the other.

Suddenly there is a rapid movement. Clodius strikes, Saverno parries and strikes at the same time. Clodius jumps back and uses his shield, but the sword penetrated his cheek sufficiently to bring blood.

He grinds his teeth as he feels the pain.

A great roar resounds from the hoarse voices of the multitude as the blood is noticed trickling down his face.

All becomes quiet as Clodius continues the combat with apparently renewed energy.

He rushes his opponent continually. His countenance now seems gaunt and fierce with blood smeared over it. With grim determination he forces Saverno to fight at fearful speed.

On and on they continue. Faster and faster seems to grow their movements.

You can see nothing but the sheen of their weapons as they flash through the air.

The marvellous skill evinced by each in protecting himself was the wonder of every spectator.

Would they never stop?

The blood is now trickling from Saverno. He has been slightly wounded in the shoulder. But he fights on disregarding it.

The grand combat is actually driving the great multitude mad with excitement. They are all standing on their feet.

Now they break into hoarse yells, then they are so quiet that not a sound can be heard but the clashing of steel and the now labored breathing of the combatants.

Clodius sees that he is tiring his opponent.

By a terrible effort he increases the speed of his already lightning-like movements.

They struggle and strain.

Suddenly in the midst of the whirl of weapons and shields they see Saverno's arms and shield drop.

Clodius's weapon is sunk deep into Saverno's chest.

He removes it quickly. Saverno drops to the sand.

Clodius, with his great chest heaving and his eyes flashing like fire, looks around for the decision as to the fate of his opponent.

Like a mighty avalanche the roar of voices resounded in honor of his victory, but the signal, "thumbs up," saved Saverno from death.

After bowing again and again Clodius walked slowly away.

The thunder of applause from thousands upon thousands of throats followed him.

He went to his own private room and was met by his trainers and friends, who showered him with congratulations.

He was tired and sick of everything, and as he looked back and remembered what a wild beast he had made of himself, his lips curled with scorn.

But as he thought of Helen, there was a change.

It was all over now. He had entered his last gladiatorial combat and he was happy. His countenance, still smeared with blood, looked strange, as it was

lighted by the smile influenced by his thoughts of the future.

* * * * *

He could not wait until Thursday evening to see Helen. He started towards her home in the morning that he might at least catch a glimpse of her before evening.

He had just turned a corner that led to the garden, when only a short distance before him, strolling leisurely in his direction, he saw Helen, accompanied by several persons, apparently some of the relatives she had mentioned would visit her home during the Festival.

Clodius could not very well turn and go back, and he continued straight on. He noted Helen's confusion as she saw him, and it was not necessary for her to indicate that if he greeted her she would be plied with curious questions.

He concluded to pass her without any signs of recognition.

As he approached very near, he noticed a man in the party immediately in front gaze at him rather fixedly, and then nudge his companion.

He started as he met that intent gaze. Had he been recognized? was the question that immediately occurred to him.

He averted his eyes and hurried by, but his heart leaped in fear as faintly he heard the remarks:

"Clodius? Yes, that's Clodius, the great gladiator! See that slight gash on his cheek. He got that yesterday!"

He felt their gaze following him. He slackened his pace. There was a pain in his heart that seemed to grip him like death. What would Helen think of him now? What a hypocrite she would consider him! were the agonizing thoughts that seared his soul.

There was no more peace of mind for him that day.

Would she meet him that night as they had arranged? He asked himself this question a thousand times.

He could not remain quiet. He walked, walked nearly all day. Continuous action seemed to lessen the misery of the doubts and fears that haunted him like an ever present spectre.

As evening approached he neared their trysting place. It was a small summer house in the extreme end of the garden.

She was not there. But it was early. She would surely come later, he thought.

He was worn out from the efforts of the day.

He entered the summer house and sat down. His limbs were aching with fatigue.

He leaned back with a deep sigh, and listened for Helen's footsteps.

He sat there for a long time with closed eyes, his senses alert for every sound.

Nothing was heard but the chirping of the birds. Gradually even they quieted down. Twilight was succeeded by darkness. No moon appeared to dispel the gloom.

Still he sat there waiting, patiently waiting for the familiar sound that would announce her coming.

Occasionally he would open his eyes to note the advance of darkness.

Slowly it began to dawn upon him that she was not coming. He arose and began

to pace up and down the enclosure.

Hour after hour passed as he paced back and forth within those confined limits.

He finally sat down. He leaned forward and rested his face in his hands. His great, strong body quivered like one with palsy.

His throat seemed contracted, parched and dry. He felt as though he were choking.

* * * * *

It was nearing the morning hours when he left that summer house. He walked bent forward with head down like an old man. At times he staggered. Slowly he made his way homeward. He was exhausted physically and mentally, and notwithstanding the dull misery that racked his brain he sank into a deep sleep immediately upon retiring.

(Concluded in next number.)



"THE HOBBY HORSE," by J. COOMAR.

MACHINES FOR MANUFACTURING HEALTH

By James Stewart.

VIENNESE physicians have devised machines for manufacturing health.

We were all greatly surprised when we heard of machines for manufacturing ice, but who ever thought of machines for manufacturing health.



THIS IS HOW THEY EXERCISE THE HAND AND ARM.

Same results can be secured by twisting and bending the wrists in all directions with a dumb-bell in the hand.

No, they don't turn health out by block, though it may be sold by the chunk later.

It was announced with all due seriousness in the New York Herald, from which accompanying illustrations were taken, that these Viennese physicians "intend to practically test the theory that exercise is the natural cure for many diseases."

Think of it! They intend to test this remarkable theory. If a man loses his health from having neglected to use his muscular system, which is the real cause

of loss of health in by far the majority of cases, these brilliant physicians will test the *theory* that exercise will restore him.

We bow down before such superior intellects, and pray for further remarkable discoveries. In fact, you need not be at all surprised if their next announcement will bear the remarkable statement that they now intend to test the *theory* that food is a cure for hunger, or water is a cure for thirst.

We publish this article to show the extreme necessity for a little knowledge of



THE ARTICLE STATES THAT THIS IS HOW THEY EXERCISE THE FOREARM, THOUGH IT LOOKS MORE LIKE A DEVICE FOR EXERCISING THE TRICEPS—BACK OF UPPER ARM.

These can be used to far better advantage by merely putting dumb-bell from shoulder to high overhead.

real value along these important lines. Not among these Viennese physicians! Oh, no! They are all right. They thoroughly understand their business. They have their living to make, and think of the wonderful impression a great quan-

tity of machinery will make on a prospective patient. Why, they can charge for the use of all these elaborate devices, and they come high! You can at least depend upon that!

How many are using the curative powers of the following natural laws, and trying to deceive their dupes into the belief that it is their wonderful machines, or their marvelous drugs, that produce the benefit!



THIS IS FOR EXERCISING THE MUSCLES OF THE WAIST.

Much superior results can be secured by sitting on a high stool and bending in a circle with the feet fastened under a strap or some heavy object.

A homeopathic medical company that has a business throughout the English-speaking world sells little sugar pellets for all sorts of diseases, and the hygienic advice given with these pellets often effects cures, and naturally the patient commends their wonderful virtues. Not long ago the remedies of this very company were exposed in England by a discharged employee. He swore on the

stand that nearly all the little pellets sold for curing various complaints were alike, and contained nothing but sugar. The company saw they were in a serious difficulty, and they admitted that the remedies were nothing but sugar, but said they, "look at the cures we are effecting." This was true and they were acquitted. All the cures made by them were effected by wholesome advice and the effects on the imagination produced by the pills.



THIS DEVICE WAS MADE FOR EXERCISING THE UPPER ARM.

Same results can be secured by raising a dumb-bell in a similar manner.

It costs money to go to Vienna, and it would probably cost far more to be treated by these famous medical authorities after you arrived, but we offer you suggestions right here in this article that will enable anyone to secure exactly the same results that will be produced in Vienna, by using these elaborate and costly devices, and there will not be the slightest need for any machinery. All that is required is your own mind to direct, and your muscles to perform.

AN ASTOUNDING THEORY OF COLDS AND COLD AIR.

IF THIS IS TRUE HUMAN BEINGS ARE BEING MURDERED BY THE THOUSAND.
TEST IT FOR YOURSELVES.

By Bernarr A. Macfadden.



THE writer has stated in the columns of this magazine that thousands are annually murdered from ignorance of Nature's plain laws by those who stand in high places, who are paid liberal fees for advice, which only brings death the quicker. We have made this statement, but we have not proved it. Now we intend right here in this article to give every reader an opportunity to prove the truth or falsity of this.

You hear everywhere comments made on draughts, the injurious effects of draughts. The care that must be used in excluding cold air from your body. Why is this? Everyone knows that it is the fear of catching cold. You are supposed to be liable to a cold anywhere. It has been known to even settle in one's big toe. This fear of colds is the bane of human existence. The terrible monster is liable to attack you at any time and at any place. You often live in daily terror of it. The consumptive will tell you that if he could only keep from "catching" fresh colds that he would recover.

Now, right here, we will state a fact—not a theory, mind you—that will be in direct opposition to the belief of nearly every medical authority, and we will state it so plainly that anyone gifted with an ordinary amount of common sense can test it for himself, and as the writer has time and time again in the last fifteen years of his life proven in his own body the truth of the statements made here, he would be willing to actually stake his life on their correctness.

The greatest tonic in the world is cold, pure air. It antisepticizes everything with which it comes in contact. Germs of diseases lie inactive under its influence. A cholera-infected district would soon be

freed from the disease if a plentiful supply of cold air could be introduced. Nothing proves so emphatically the tonic effect of cold air as the spring remedies you find advertised everywhere as winter begins to disappear. Like the man who has been braced by some happy influence that has suddenly departed, one feels the need, as warm weather approaches, of something—he knows not what—to bring again the feeling of energy and vigor that prevailed in the cooler weather. The cause of this change is that the tonic effect of cold, bracing air is missed, and the functional system must perform its duties without this accelerating influence to the circulation.

Go out on a cold, bright day! Do you not feel rejuvenated? Does not the bracing air, rich in ozone, make you feel like a young colt, ready to run and kick up your heels. The only thing that keeps you from it, is your dignity.

Yes; DIGNITY! Think of how many deaths that element in human behavior, called DIGNITY, has caused. How often it has a fight with Nature, and our natural inclinations, and, sorrowful to relate, how often DIGNITY conquers, and the organs that cried out for action by thrilling the nerves with that feeling of excess energy, must go without the exercise which it craved, and which was so necessary to the proper performance of its functions.

What is a draught anyway? Does anybody know? When the writer first began the study of hygiene and health many years ago, he was continually puzzled by the average person's fear of draughts. Draughts were, of course, currents of air. But one could meet a current of air on any windy day. Then later it was explained to him that a draught was a current of cold air in a warm room. In other words, if one is sitting in a warm

atmosphere and a cold current of air comes in contact with one part of his body, while other parts are encompassed in warm air, this cold air is supposed to be a draught.

This explanation sufficed for a time only. He remembered that on leaving a warm room the face and hands or other parts not covered would come in direct contact with this cold air, while the covered parts remained in the warm air, retained by the clothing; therefore, any time one goes out in cold weather he submits himself to exactly the same conditions as when encountering a draught in a warm room. This caused him to immediately conclude that the supposed effects of draughts existed in the imagination only, and for many years the writer has made a practice of sleeping with one of these much-labeled draughts, blowing directly upon him, for then he can breathe air rich in oxygen and pure in quality. He is unquestionably stronger and healthier because of this practice, and never has known a single occasion when it has produced any ill effects, though he has actually felt its wonderful health-giving influence on innumerable instances.

Now let us state clearly our conclusions:—

Cold air, whether a draught or otherwise, never has in a single instance produced any ill effects, unless preceded by very serious suffering because of severe cold; and even in this case, no possible harm can result unless the individual is not accustomed to cold air, or part of his body has actually been frozen by the extreme cold. Every reader will at once admit that this is most radically in opposition to the beliefs of the medical profession and the general public, and if this theory is true, thousands upon thousands are being annually murdered by their own and their adviser's false idea of the effects of cold air. This admission cannot be avoided.

If you admit this, then bear with us a little further. Now you may say that cold air has often been known to produce colds that result in serious diseases, and sometime in death. This is true, but go a step further and ask, why does cold air sometimes produce colds? Now note clearly our answer.

BECAUSE THE INFLUENCE OF COLD AIR TENDS TO BRING EVERY ORGAN INTO A MORE NORMAL VIGOROUS CONDITION, AND WHEN A COLD IS PRODUCED, IT IS SIMPLY ONE STEP TOWARD RECOVERY OR NORMAL HEALTH. *The system was overloaded with impurities at the time of exposure, and the cold air created the cold as a means of assisting in the elimination of these impurities.*

A COLD NEVER INJURED A SINGLE HUMAN BEING. IT IS THE TREATMENT FOR COLDS THAT PRODUCES DEATH, from pneumonia, consumption and hundred of other serious diseases that often follow colds.

Now again, you cannot avoid the admission that if our theory is true, thousands are being murdered by following opposing conclusions.

Now carefully note the following:—The influences which fill the system full of impurities are the real cause of colds. This condition is brought about usually by over-eating, lack of exercise, breathing and re-breathing confined air, or over-loading the body with clothing, or any excess or evil habits that lessen the vigor of the body.

If you know the cause of the disease, the plan of cure is plain.

To cure a cold, you simply use every possible means to assist in the elimination of the impurities which are being expelled by the cold. When these impurities are all eliminated the cold will, of course, disappear. Instead of being afraid of draughts, make a special effort to live in them as much as possible; instead of covering the body with heavy clothing day and night, use barely sufficient to keep warm, and no more; instead of eating without appetite or endeavoring to excite a false one, do not eat until your craving for food becomes intense, and usually, if several meals are missed, the cure will be much speedier because of this abstinence. Of course, vigorous exercise, long walks, deep breathing and the increased activity of the skin, produced by exposing the surface of the body directly to the air, and by friction with a soft bristle brush, will be of great benefit in eliminating these impurities and thus bringing about normal health.

The writer defies any person to prove

any one of the theories advanced in this article to be false, and he especially desires such attempts to be made, for the unprejudiced investigator will find that his whole life will actually be revolutionized by the truth that will shine forth with glorious splendor—that will be emphasized stronger and stronger as step by step he delves into the mysteries of Nature.

Why go on groping along the old dark roads when we offer you light, health, strength, freedom of mind, freedom of body.

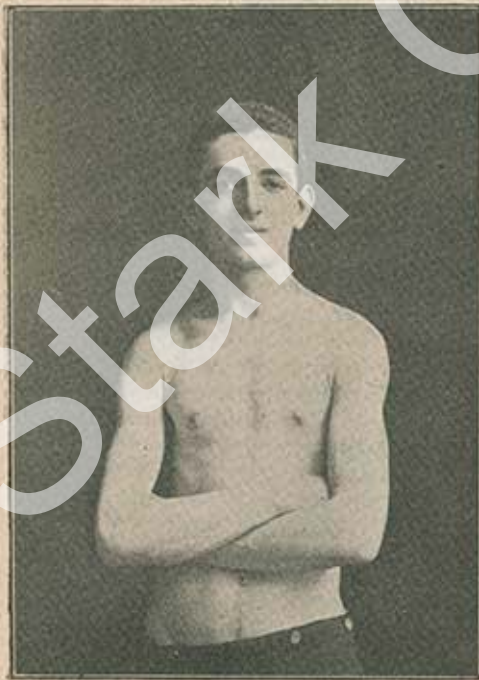
Don't believe one word in this article. INVESTIGATE, INVESTIGATE, INVESTIGATE.

Form your own conclusion, but THE TRUTH WILL AT LAST PREVAIL.

RESULTS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

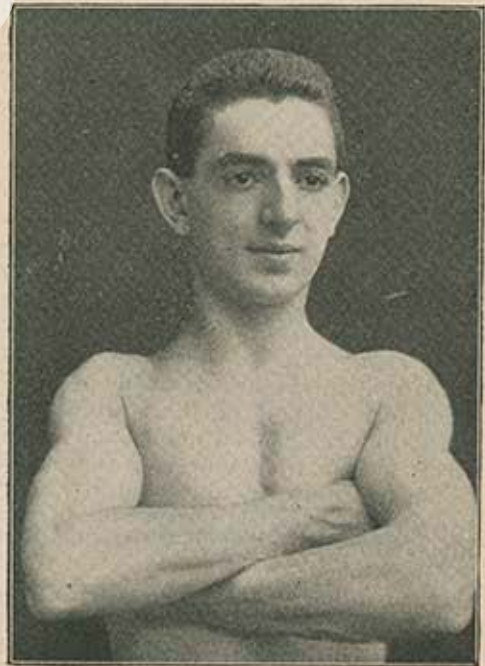
SHOWING BY ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPARISONS WHAT THREE MONTHS OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE ACCOMPLISHED FOR THREE YOUNG MEN, RESIDENTS OF NEW YORK.

By Prof. Anthony Barker.



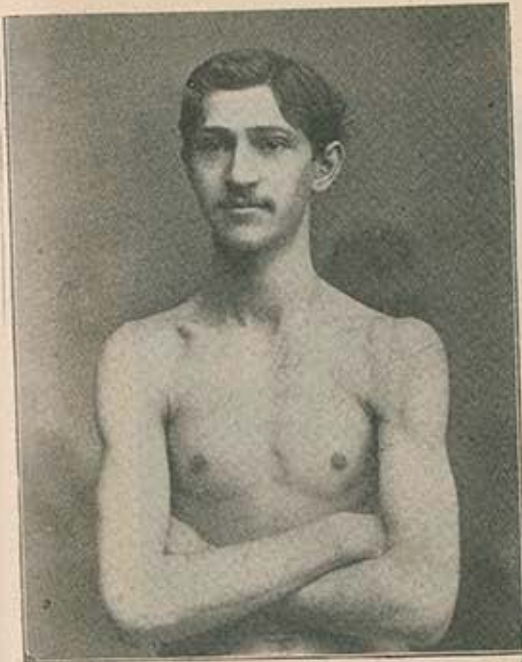
KARL GOLDSTEIN

Is a medical student, and being greatly troubled with nervousness his physician advised physical culture. The above photograph shows his condition when starting treatment.

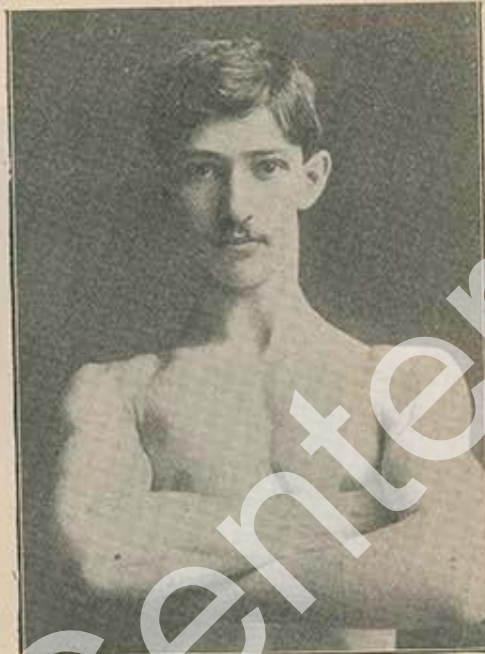


KARL GOLDSTEIN

After three months' treatment. A difference will be noted even in his facial expression. More confidence, more power is shown in the above picture than in the preceding.



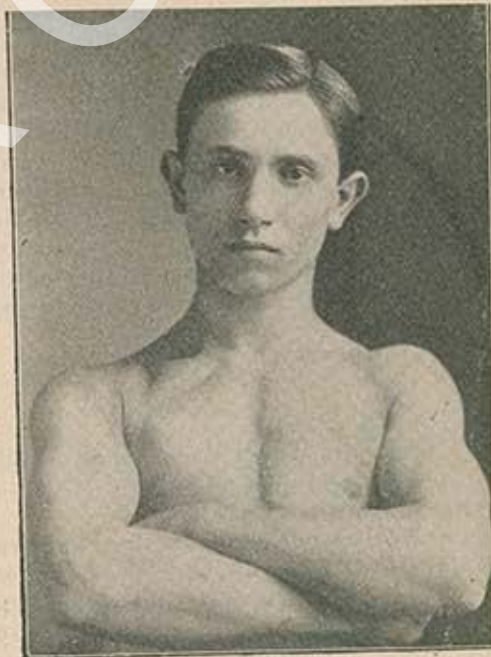
MAX PHILLIPS.
Was delicate, his physician advised
physical culture.



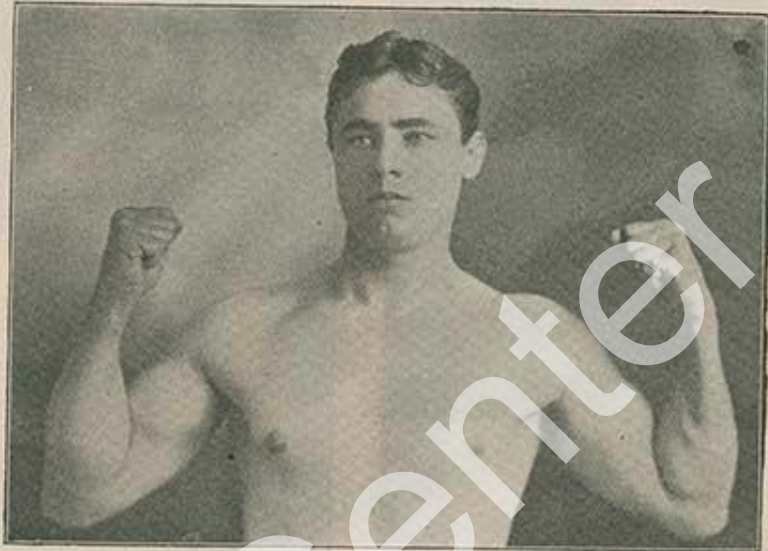
MAX PHILLIPS.
After taking his medicine daily for three months.
Looks different, don't he?



HY. GANDY.
Wanted to be strong. He started to work.



HY. GANDY.
Three months later he could raise a 100-lb. dumb-
bell over his head with either arm, and he
changed in appearance, as you will note.



EDWIN ASHLEY TURNER.

Allow me to offer this indorsement for the good work which you are doing throughout the country. I am a reader of your paper and would feel lost without it. I commenced with physical culture about two years ago, and now I owe my physical strength to you and your paper. I only wish that every young man would read it, and if they followed its teachings, they would unquestionably be assured of the same results that have crowned my

efforts. I thank you for this gift to suffering man.—EDWIN ASHLEY TURNER.

Mr. Turner is greatly admired for his fine physique at his home in Waco, Texas. He is credited as being the most perfect specimen of physical manhood in the South. He weighs 190 pounds, is twenty-four years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, chest measurement 42 inches, chest expansion 7 inches. He is reported to have lifted 2,200 pounds, dead weight.

Read what Walter Wellman, an Arctic explorer, has to say of bathing nude in Arctic temperature:

"We had our regular baths, too, even in the coldest weather. As one of the few rules of the house was 'no bathing indoors,' on account of the condensation of moisture, the bather took his tub of warm water out into the storehouse, stripped to the skin, and enjoyed himself, even though the temperature out there was

usually from fifteen to twenty-five below. This we did without taking cold. In fact, such a thing as a cold the writer has never had in the Arctic regions, though he has bathed in the open sea, diving from an iceberg, where a seal was disporting himself curious to know what manner of animal the amphibious stranger was. I once took a bath in a natural bath-tub formed of ice, walls and floor, and rather enjoyed it, though I did not stay in long."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Let us emphasize, and let the statement remain here permanently, that the Editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE is in hard training, and expects to continue in training, that he may be in the finest possible physical and mental condition for the great fight which he has inaugurated against

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| (1) THE CORSET CURE, | (4) THE CURSE OF SEXUAL IGNORANCE, |
| (2) THE DRUG CURSE, | (5) THE CURSE OF MUSCULAR INACTIVITY, |
| (3) THE ALCOHOL CURSE, | (6) THE CURSE OF OVER-EATING. |



JUST read this! It is interesting! The Editor received a letter from a kindly disposed subscriber, criticizing the display of the nude in PHYSICAL CULTURE. He sent a courteous reply, expressing thanks for the interest evinced, but intimated that the policy pursued was in accordance with the dictates of his conscience and intelligence, and could hardly be changed.

More About
the Nude.

Now note his reply:

"As long as you hold those views and publish such indecent cuts and low advertisements, your paper cannot enter the respectable homes of this country. Please cancel my subscription."

Now, what do you really think of this? Do you think there is any hope for a soul so steeped in impurity either on this earth or in heaven? Would you like to have a mind so low, so disgustingly depraved, that the sight of a nude, or partially nude, figure would immediately arouse base or licentious thoughts? Do you think that the really respectable homes of our country are peopled with such degraded mental perverts?

What would become of the art galleries, the works of famous sculptors, the ornaments that beautify our public buildings, if the minds of all men were so depraved.

The statue of Venus would immediately be robed in a Mother Hubbard; Apollo would be clothed in trousers, vest and coat; each and every nude painting that has been the admiration of the civilized world would be covered to the neck with painted clothes; our public buildings would be draped wherever there are ornaments of nude figures. Could you imagine human beings so bigoted, so prejudiced, so steeped in vice and immorality that such narrow policies would be necessary?

The writer does not believe that the most respectable homes of this country are inhabited by such prudes. If he entertained such a conclusion for one moment, he would look for the weaknesses, the excesses and the degeneracy that follow such perversion in every case.

Name any individual or family who are under the impression that they are too nice, too refined, to view anything that resembles the nude, and there you will find impure minds and a mental narrowness which rises like a wall and checks all advancement, all originality, every influence or condition that enables a human being to rise over and above mediocrity.

Slavery never gave the world a grand idea! It never originated a single device or means of improving the human race! It never will, and mental slavery bounded by the armor-clad walls of prudishness, bigotry and prejudice will stifle every

atom of nobleness that thrills a human soul. You may beat your head against these walls in seeking for light, for knowledge, for power, but as long as they remain you are confined to that condition represented by a row of ciphers.

Hand in hand with this prudishness, with this base idea of nudity, travels the

**Prudes Are
Criminals.**

mental perverts who allow their sons and daughters to grow into puberty, into manhood, into womanhood, without one word of warning as to the terrible pitfalls into which they are sure to blindly and innocently fall.

If the writer were to go back to childhood again, and if he had the power to select his parents, he would prefer anybody or any influence, be it criminal of the lowest character, rather than have every conceivable advantage given by the wealth and luxury of a home occupied by prudes.

Prudes are criminals!

Not against the laws of pigmy man, but against the laws of Nature, against the laws of God. To them the body is something vulgar, not to be mentioned or to be disclosed even to the fresh pure air. They live in this atmosphere of impurity and narrowness. It stamps its influence upon their bodies and upon their features. They have no mind or opinions of their own. Their standard is based on what Mr. or Mrs. So-and-so will think, not upon a clear comprehension of what they consider to be right or wrong. They go through life mental and physical slaves. Their children are taught what a shameful thing the body is. They grow up with these perverted narrow ideas, and must often wonder how a pure mind can possibly exist in such a vulgar habitation. All this is a perversion of the natural, and is criminal in character.

But the horrible crime of prudishness is illustrated the most startling in the endeavor to hide and ignore the sexual instinct. May heaven help the children of prudes, for no help, no knowledge can be obtained from their parents. They will stand by and see their children struggling in the mire and filth of sexual depravity without a word of assistance. They will see them go blindly, innocently up to and over the precipice of self-abuse

without a hint as to the true character of the terrible results that will follow this base habit. They are the perverts of the earth! They have no right to curse others because of their impure minds! They ought to be jailed just like any other dangerous criminal!

The lowest beasts of the field protect their offspring from destructive influences, but prudes consider themselves too extremely refined to mention sexual subjects, though in reality their minds are usually so rotten with impurity that they need to be cleaned and disinfected as bad as an ordinary sewer.

It is considered a crime to cripple or kill a man, and when an engineer kills and cripples scores of persons by neglect he is considered criminally liable. But prudes, placed in the position of parents, allow their children to deform and weaken their bodies, demoralize and degrade their minds and morals, and at times produce even death, by their criminal prudishness and neglect, and no voice of protest is heard.

Look back on childhood and youth, you men, you women, and recall the knowledge that you had to acquire by physically degrading and demoralizing influences! When you were enclosed in the throes of this mental and at times physical agony, did you never think of the plain duty of your parents? Have you ever wondered if the barbaric rites and cruelties of savages could have such physically deteriorating influences as this worse than savage neglect?

All hail the day when this curse of prudishness, with its vulgar idea of the nude, has disappeared. Then our boys and girls will have some chance of growing into manhood, into womanhood, without being weakened and demoralized physically and mentally because of sexual ignorance.

About the lowest scoundrels on the face of this earth are those who rob the poor, weakened, diseased victims of money and health by making false promises as to the virtue and powers of their remedies. Ordinary burglary is highly respectable business compared to this. But according to law the latter is a crime and the former an honorable occupation.

**Penitentiary for
Patent-Medicine
Fakirs.**

Who interferes with the thousands of advertising quacks—and many who do not advertise—whose sole object is to extract money from the soul-tortured victim of weakness. Every intelligent man knows them to be quacks and rascals of the lowest order, but they go on year after year in their nefarious business, and not an effort is made to curtail the crimes they daily commit.

Talk about men being so mean that they would steal pennies off dead men's eyes—why, these despicable scoundrels would steal even the clothes. They are the scurf of the earth—the off-scourings of crime and criminals. Nobody knows better than they their remedies are valueless, and that in many cases they actually stimulate and result in serious injury. But what do they care? Their sole aim is to make money, and they will adopt any means in order to accomplish this object.

The penitentiary is too good for such debased scoundrels. It is bad enough to rob a man in possession of all his powers, but when the confidence of a sufferer is gained by the pretence of friendship or professional ability, and then abused by deceit for financial gain, there is no fit punishment for such criminals. Such rotten specimens of manhood ought to be hung out in the desert as fit food for carrion.

Suppose an emaciated, decrepit person was walking along a crowded thoroughfare, and a man should knock him down, take all his valuables, and injure him severely. That would be a crime, would it not? But how does such a crime differ from that already described? The only difference is that there were no pretences of friendship made in the last-described robbery.

A confidence man is one of the most despicable of all criminals, and these confidence men—medical fakirs—are far worse. The regulation confidence man only steals your money, but the latter often steals your physical power also, and at times even your life.

Some of the readers do not believe in fasting as a cure of disease and they cite the opinions of modern authorities to prove the correctness of their conclusions. It might be well to note that no matter what conclu-

**Fasting
As a Cure of
Disease.**

sion one may form on any subject, scientific or otherwise, modern authorities can be found to vouch for it.

The modern well-to-do civilized man is practically the only animal that ever existed with whom there is not occasional instances where fasting becomes obligatory. The hibernating bear fasts all winter. There are seasons of the years in the life of nearly every wild animal when a certain amount of fasting becomes necessary. And if one should attempt to chase a deer, or should test his squeezing powers with a bear, he would, no doubt, conclude that fasting has not lessened their muscular powers in the least.

Thousands of years before the existence of New York was known, when this little island may have been miles under the ocean, fasting was practiced as a cure for disease. It is practiced now by all savages, by every wild animal in existence. You cannot make sick animals eat. A dog that has a most ravenous appetite, under ordinary circumstances, will always refuse to eat when ill. His instinct teaches him this. The instinct of a human being will in nearly every case indicate when food should not be eaten. But some modern physicians know more than instinct, more than nature, more than God, and this instinct, even when clearly defined, must be disobeyed. "You must eat to keep up your strength" is the cry of these idiots. Seemingly their great intelligence has not enabled them to grasp the knowledge that food eaten without desire gives no one strength. It takes away strength! It compels the functional system to eliminate the load that has been forced into the unwilling stomach, and not only is vital strength lessened because of these needless efforts, but all sorts of impurities are produced and circulated throughout the system because of the fermentation of this food for which the stomach cannot furnish the proper digestive juices.

One correspondent writes, "Don't compare us to dogs and other animals."

**Human and
Other Animals.**

Why not, pray? The only reason that the writer knows for not making the comparison is that human beings, from an animal or physical standpoint would suffer severely by it. Most well-fed and well-kept dogs are sleek,

wholesome and well-shaped. Could we say the same for human beings. How many are wholesome? How many well-shaped?

If a law were suddenly enforced against the wearing of clothes, what a lot of angular, obese and ugly specimens of humanity would suddenly be thrust before our eyes! Imagine walking down Broadway under such conditions! If such a walk would not make one disgusted with himself and the species to which he belongs, nothing would—and the nude under such circumstances would indeed be a "Vulgar Display."

You are on the right track. Common sense seems to be gaining converts. I am down here on a farm recuperating from nervous exhaustion and malaria. Have been an athlete all my life in a way, but I neglected the necessity for exercise. Consequence—my trouble. First sickness in my life. Am twenty-five years of age, best habits, happily married, two fine babies, and here I am. The doctors dosed me all winter until I happened to secure one of your magazines, then I resigned, bid the doctors good-bye and came here to live and eat with the horses. I am feeling a great deal better, thanks to your magazine. Never again will I deviate. I've reached the limit, learned sense. Hereafter I shall walk with you,

Human beings, from a physical standpoint, are the lowest, most corrupt, the most ill-shaped animals upon the face of the earth. Where is there an animal who suffers from the filthy diseases that are so common with us? Where is there an animal who abuses his body as do human beings? Where is there an animal whose body is so weak as the average among us? Think how rotten must be our internal organism to allow such diseases to take root. You could not give such diseases to lower animals. There is not enough internal filth in their bodies to feed them.

work with you, and spread the gospel. Yours is the grandest and most religious undertaking of the century. Let the good work go on! Fight quacks as the ministers do the devil. How many poor souls have placed their trust in drugs, and have been "planted" before their time. The doctors know and feel the impotence of drugs, but the cannot afford to decry their own livelihood.—L. S. NEWALL, Sandy Creek, N. Y.

At the age of twenty-one I was given up to die with consumption. I was cured with physical culture, and have developed and retained a splendid physique by this natural means.—FRANK WOOD, 352 Washington street, Boston.



FROM THE PAINTING, "CAN'T YOU TALK."

QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

Q. My knees are very weak. Can you suggest a remedy?

A. Exercises for strengthening the muscles of the upper leg will remedy your trouble. Those given in April number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* will be found of advantage, though the most difficult movements can not be used until strength is gained.

Q. If I exercise for five minutes or walk briskly for ten blocks, I perspire very freely, especially on forehead and back. In the summer the perspiration will roll off me even while sitting at a desk. Can this tendency to excessive perspiration be cured?

A. You eat too heartily, and take too little exercise. Vigorous exercise will always cause perspiration. Something is seriously wrong if otherwise. A thorough course of training would unquestionably rid you of your trouble, though the regular use of a flesh brush and a light diet would assist to bring about the desired results.

Q. Can I fill out a slight depression above the clavicle or collar bone?

A. The exercise of raising the shoulders, and in fact all exercises that develop the chest, will assist in remedying the defect which you mention.

Q. Suggest something for dizziness?

A. It usually indicates some digestive trouble. A thorough system of physical culture and care in diet are advised. Two meals per day for a time would no doubt be beneficial.

Q. Will you recommend an exercise for reducing size of abdomen?

A. All bending movements. Raise to a sitting position while reclining on back. Long, fast walks, jumping and running to the extent of your strength. Practice drawing in the abdomen as far as you can and as many times as you can whenever walking or standing during the day. Don't eat too heartily and drink too freely of liquids. Avoid all stimulants in any case.

Q. Can one secure a better all-around

development with one-pound than with two-pound dumb-bells?

A. It depends on one's strength altogether. If weak, one-pound bells would be heavy enough, though as strength is gained two pounds could be used to advantage. For the very active movements usually given in gymnasium drills one-pound is usually considered heavy enough, unless very strong.

Q. Is development with heavy weights as beneficial as light weights?

A. You can develop larger and more prominent muscles with heavy than you can with light weights; but it is questionable whether the development acquired from heavy weights is as desirable as the more normal condition produced by light weights. The writer always believed that one possessing the smoothness and symmetry of a figure like Apollo had more vital strength, health and longevity than one whose development resembled that of the famous Hercules.

Q. How should movements be taken—slow or fast—to insure the best development?

A. With a light dumb-bell or light resistance of any kind, the movements must necessarily be speedy to produce the desired results. Quick movements are necessary to develop agility and suppleness. Slow movements, with heavy weight or by tense flexing of the muscles, will develop great strength and muscles, but unless the counteracting influences of quick, active movements are taken there is serious liability of becoming muscle bound. In working for normal health would advise both speedy and slow movements.

Q. Should dumb-bells be held loose or rigid in the hand?

A. If you desire to strengthen the grip, wrist and forearm hold the bell rigid. If otherwise they can be held loosely.

Q. How many times should any movement be executed?

A. Until muscle used is thoroughly tired, if strong; until slightly fatigued if weak.

Q. Can valvular weakness of the heart be benefited?

A. Yes; start with very mild exercise and considerable deep breathing.

Q. Please suggest a remedy for dryness of the skin on the face.

A. Use a soft bristle face brush. Bathe the face frequently in hot and cold water, alternating from one to the other several times. Take up physical culture to purify the blood.

Q. Please suggest something for varicose veins.

A. Immerse affected parts for a few minutes in very cold water morning and evening. Never wear anything for a support until all other means have failed.

Q. Please suggest a remedy for indigestion.

A. Confine your diet to nourishing, wholesome food, and eat only twice per day. Take up a system of physical culture and strengthen lungs and the entire muscular system surrounding the digestive organs. This will effect a cure in every case.

Q. Is cycling to business and back every day (a distance of 16 miles there and back) liable to make me thin? I also exercise every morning, afternoon and evening for twenty minutes.

A. If your appetite and digestion is good, and if you sleep well, would say that you are not doing too much, though if especially desirous of gaining weight would advise ten minutes exercise on rising, followed by a cold bath; ride your bicycle one way to business only (though a three to four-mile walk would be better for you), then take about twenty minutes exercise just before retiring. Cultivate a condition of mental quietude. Don't over eat.

Q. Suggest a cure for seminal weakness, nocturnal losses, etc. Is cycling harmful?

A. Clothe as lightly as possible to insure warmth at night and during the day. Get all the pure air you can. Don't sleep on your back. Cultivate a love for cold air and cold bathing. Take a cold

sitz bath every morning. Always exercise before and after cold baths. Eat moderately of nourishing food only. Eat freely of fruit to keep the bowels regular. Avoid morbid or licentious thoughts as you would a poison. Don't take any violent exercises, though light, easy movements can be used to the point of extreme fatigue with benefit. Long walks with deep breathing can be recommended. If these rules are followed all losses should gradually diminish to that point where they become nothing more than the natural outlet for an excessive accumulation of this vital fluid, and are productive of absolutely no injurious effects. Immoderate bicycle riding will produce serious injury, and extreme care must be used to avoid excess if any cycling is done.

Q. What effect has salt water on the hair?

A. Salt water is not beneficial to the hair, and after a sea bath it should always be rinsed in fresh water.

Q. Name the acid fruits that can be especially recommended.

A. Apples, oranges, cherries, peaches and pears are the principal acid fruits, though strawberries, grapes, plums, gooseberries, currants and like fruits also come under this head and are all right.

Q. What would cure a mild case of St. Vitus' dance in a young boy?

A. Make him stay out in the open air every day and play active games with the boys until cured. Don't commit the crime of failing to inform him of the sexual laws, as some weakening habit of this nature may be the cause of his trouble.

Q. Are pies, cakes and hot bread and hot cakes injurious to the health?

A. Yes, if made with superfine flour, though if made from whole-wheat flour nothing could be more wholesome, provided too much sweetening is not used.

Q. Can you tell me how to cure a running abscess in the head?

A. Adopt a vegetarian diet. Eat very moderately, confining yourself to two meals per day only. A fast of two or three days would greatly facilitate recovery. Take daily baths, plenty of vigorous outdoor exercise, especially walking and deep breathing.

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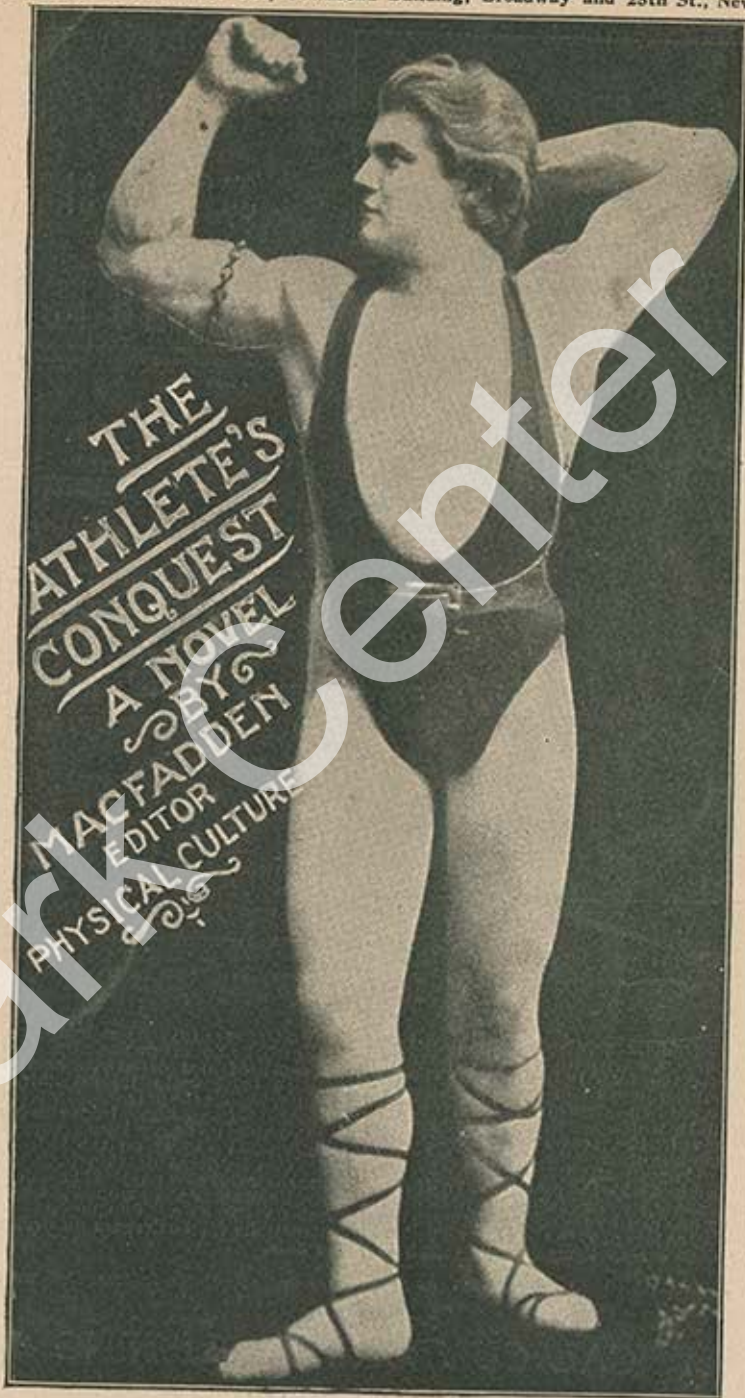
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