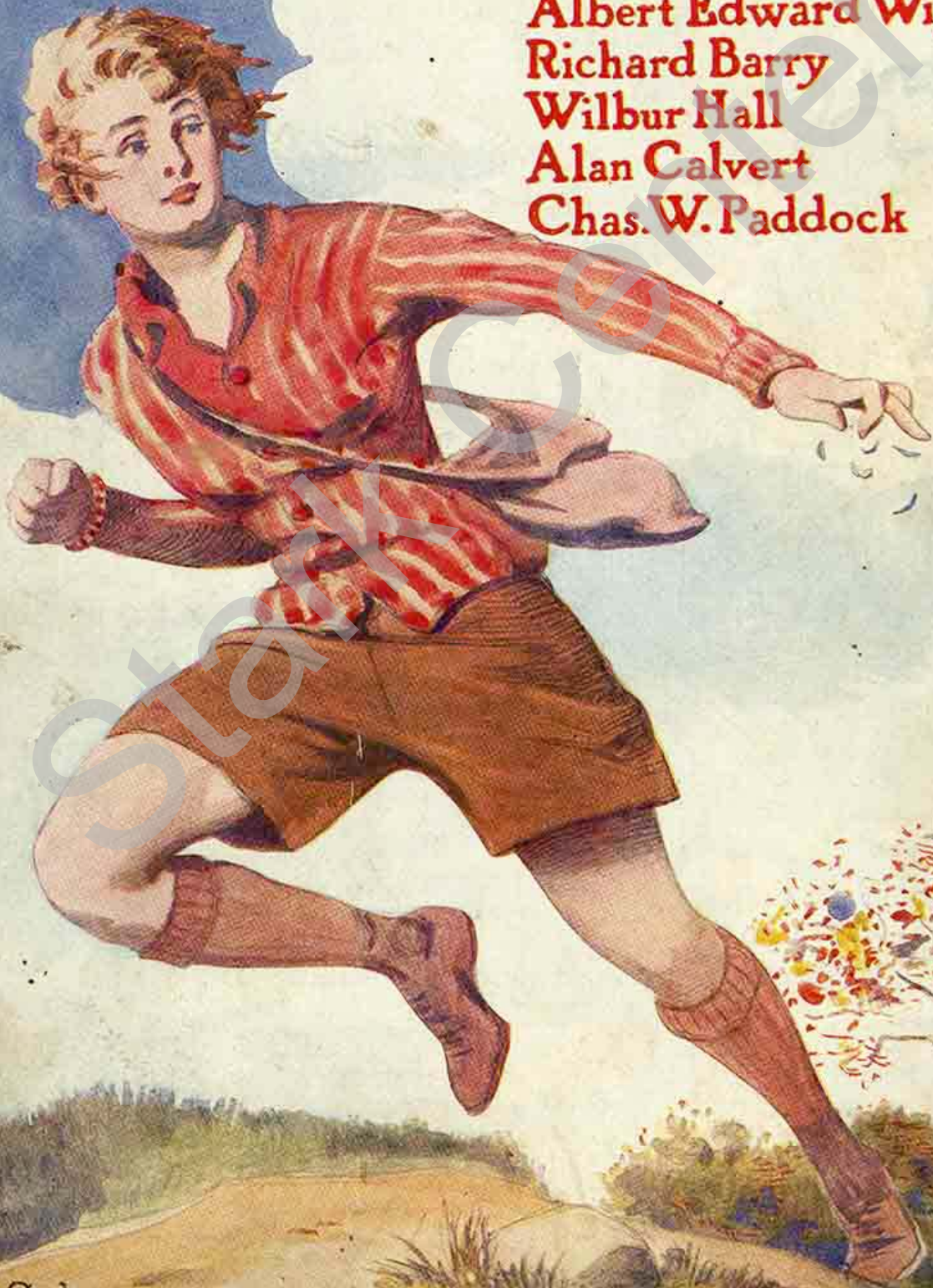


October 25¢

# Strength

Carl Easton Williams  
Alfred W. McCann  
Albert Edward Wiggam  
Richard Barry  
Wilbur Hall  
Alan Calvert  
Chas. W. Paddock



Otho Cushing



# TRAIN FOR SHAPE—and you will gain perfect health, TRAIN FOR DEVELOPMENT—and strength will come to you unsought

Here is one of our pupils—Mr. Sigmund Klein of Cleveland, Ohio, who has *the most perfectly symmetrical figure of any athlete in America.*

WHEN he started to train, *his one big ambition* was to acquire a perfect body—perfect in proportion and development, and perfect in health and organic power.

The average physical culturist thinks of a bar-bell user as a man who is always training to make or break records. When we questioned Mr. Klein we found that he had no idea of how much he could lift. He has used his bar-bell not as a lifting machine, but as a developing instrument which would furnish him with the graded resistance that is necessary to bring each part of the body to the peak of its power and the summit of its development.

He is far prouder of his development than of any particular lifting record. You can take our word for it that he is strong—for we tried him out against bigger and heavier athletes of the highest class.

This man can run, jump, lift weights like Sandow, tumble like an acrobat and bend like a contortionist. What pleased us most was that he could work continuously at terrific stunts without the slightest sign of fatigue; and no amount of work seemed to affect the easy, steady action of his heart and lungs.

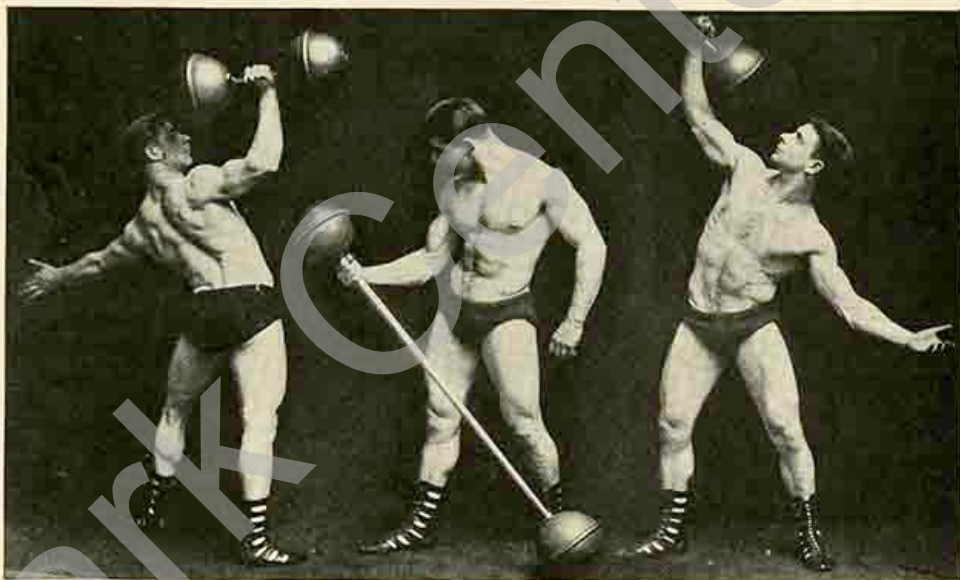
MILO BAR-BELL CO.,  
Gentlemen:

Just a line to thank you for what your course has done for me.

When I was a youngster I always craved physical development and strength. I sought information everywhere as to how to get my body in the best physical condition. I found that to get real development and true strength I must do real exercise. I investigated the numerous courses, but they did not fill the requirements. Then the idea came to me that by graded weights I could get those physical proportions and the strength that is so admired. And I wish to state emphatically that the Milo Bar-Bells have filled that requirement.

Hoping that this letter and these pictures will encourage other young men to practice this wonderful game for a hobby, I remain,

Your pupil,  
SIGMUND KLEIN.



In these pictures Mr. Klein is posed with a "Milo Duplex" Combination Bar-Bell; one of the many types of bar-bells we manufacture

We have been teaching Bar-Bell Exercise for twenty years, and in that time we have developed more star lifters and created more "Perfect Men" than all other teachers combined. But that is only part of our work.

## WE HAVE PUT THOUSANDS OF MEN ON THE ROAD TO HEALTH

We are proud of the "stars" like Mr. Klein, but even prouder of the fact that we have shown thousands of shapless, sickly amateurs how to attain health through correcting their figures, and how to attain strength through perfecting their development.

Until you have used adjustable bar-bells you have no conception of the amount of strength, the physical beauty, and the perfection of health that it is possible for you to possess.

It will pay you to do a little investigating.

We issue a pamphlet that will give you an idea of what you can accomplish.

Send for our big booklet,

## "Health, Strength and Development—How to Attain Them"

AND THE PAMPHLET

"How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh?"

Both Free on Request

THE MILO BAR-BELL CO., 301 Diamond St., Dept. I, Philadelphia, Pa.



# Discovers New Way To Teach Salesmanship in 20 Weeks!



After fifteen years an amazing new method has been formulated whereby it is possible for any ambitious man to get into this fascinating and best paid of all professions in 20 weeks.

By J. E. Greenslade

HERE is the biggest discovery that has been made since men first began to prepare themselves for selling positions through spare time study at home.

After fifteen years intensive study the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and men can now step into a selling position inside of twenty weeks—with years of practical experience in their heads.

This amazing discovery may well enable you to call yourself a MASTER salesman at the very beginning of your actual selling career. For, after all, MASTER salesmanship is nothing more than a knowledge of what to do in every situation—and this is what you will have learned from this new method.

For the sales problems which every salesman meets during his experience have all been charted and the most masterful way to handle each of these 64 conditions is shown you. In addition to the National Demonstration Method you will get the same wonderful groundwork of selling and business knowledge which has been responsible for the success of thousands in the past.

## How Well It Works

This is the method that enabled Wagner—a fireman—without any previous business training or without any fluency as a talker—to exchange his shovel for a sample case and to exchange his poorly paid hard-working situation for the most fascinating of all professions; with a salary of \$7,000 a year.

After 3 months' study, in his spare time, at home, it enabled H. D. Miller, of Chicago, a stenographer, to step out of a \$100 a month job right into a \$100 a week position.

And I could cite hundreds of other instances, where these remarkable changes from poorly paid positions into this high salaried profession have been made after from 12 to 20 weeks of this easy, fascinating study. Men in every walk of life have made this change—farmers, laborers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and

### EMPLOYERS

Are invited to write to the Employment Dept. of the N. S. T. A. 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 forces. Synopsis and chart sent without obligation.

could be learned so quickly by this new method that they have preferred to ignore the years they spent in reading law or studying medicine and have become master salesmen.

## What This Method Means to You

Are you tired of doing routine work which wears a man out long before his time? Are you tired of the daily monotonous grind at a salary that makes it impossible to get any of life's luxuries whatever? Are you tired of the uncertainty of permanence which is always a feature of the average clerical position? Then why not decide to enter the profession where the earnings are high—where the constant demand for good salesmen insures that one may never fear loss of a position and where the work is so fascinating that it is like playing an interesting game and getting paid for it?

## Get Free Book on Selling

This amazing new demonstrating method—which gives you years of practical experience in less than 5 months—is all explained in an interesting book called "Modern Salesmanship." It also explains the wonderful opportunities which exist in the selling field and tells all about our free employment service. It should be in the hands of every ambitious man who wishes to insure that his future will be a bright and prosperous one. It will be sent free and without obligation. Mail attached coupon today.

## National Salesmen's Training Ass'n

Dept. 15-R, Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n

Dept. 15-R, Chicago, Illinois

Send me free book "Modern Salesmanship" which explains the New Demonstration Method and shows how I can become a Master Salesman. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

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

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





# Strength

Edited by  
Carl Easton Williams



Vol. VIII    OCTOBER, 1923    No. 2

## C o n t e n t s

<i>Cover, "The Hare and Hounds Girl," By Otho Cushing</i>	
Frontispiece, "I Wonder Where That Road Goes," (Photograph).....	Armstrong Roberts 8
What You Need Most.....	Editorial 9
Winning the Human Race.....	Albert Edward Wiggam 10
<i>Illustrations by Otho Cushing</i>	
Foods that Strengthen and Foods that Starve.....	Alfred W. McCann 14
A Better Chance for the Athlete.....	Charles W. Paddock 16
<i>With Photographs</i>	
Eliminating Death—the Silent Partner.....	Wilbur Hall 19
<i>Illustrations by Joseph St. Amand</i>	
How Strong Is a Woman?.....	L. E. Eubanks 22
<i>Illustrations by Ripley</i>	
Have You the Sense of Adventure?.....	Alvin H. Harlow 25
<i>With Photographs</i>	
The Camel Health System.....	Carl Easton Williams 28
<i>Cartoons by Frank McAleer</i>	
The Joy of Life (Dalcroze Dancers).....	Pictorial 30
Adapting Coué to the Prize Ring.....	Richard Barry 32
<i>Illustrations by Thomas Skinner</i>	
What Is Your Weak Link?.....	Alan Calvert 37
<i>Illustrations by Edith M. Bates-Williams</i>	
Have a Vacation Every Day.....	A. D. Albin 41
<i>Cartoons by Lucile Patterson Marsh</i>	
Golf Keeps Me at My Right Weight.....	Paul von Boeckmann 44
Keep that Schoolgirl Figure.....	Edith Baker 46
<i>Photographs posed by Margaret Langhorn</i>	
Eat and Grow Young—The Story of "Mother".....	John Henry 50
<i>Illustrations by J. Houle</i>	
Build Up Your Back—The Foundation of Your Strength.....	B. H. B. Lange 53
<i>Photographs</i>	
Is Football Worth the Risk?—An Interview with Roper.....	T. von Ziekursch 56
<i>Photographs</i>	
What's Your Personal Problem?.....	Carl Easton Williams 59
Playing the Game—A Review of Sports.....	T. von Ziekursch 61
<i>Photographs</i>	
Boxing—A Course in the Manly Art.....	William J. Herrmann 63
"The Mat"—Analytical Comments on Feats of Strength.....	Alan Calvert 65

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# Your Job!

## Make it Pay You \$70 to \$200 a Week

# Be a Certificated Electrical Expert

It's a shame for you to work for small pay when Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at such high salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. "Electrical Experts" earn \$70 to \$200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions.

### Learn at Home to Earn \$12 to \$30 a Day

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the "screwdriver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Electricity—the "Electrical Expert"—who is picked out to "boss" ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay. You, too, can learn to fill one of these jobs—spare time only is needed. BE AN "ELECTRICAL EXPERT"—earn \$70 to \$200 a week.

### Other Men Are Doing It— You Can Do It Too

J. R. Morgan of Delaware, Ohio, earns from \$30.00 to \$50.00 a day since completing my course. He used to earn \$5.00 a day as a carpenter's helper. W. E. Pence, a \$35.00 a week mechanic of Chehalis, Wash., made almost \$10,000.00 last year doing electrical work in a town where he didn't think he could earn a dime. Harold Hastings, of Somers, Mass., only 21 years old, cleans up \$480.00 a month. He was still in high school when he started on my course. Joe Cullari, 523 N. Clinton Ave., Trenton, N.J., increased his income 300% in one year and frequently makes the entire cost of his course back in one day's time. Fred Fritchman, 3959 Amundson Ave., New York City, makes \$450.00 every month. He was a \$15.00 a week man when he first came to me for help.

### Age or Lack of Experience No Drawback

You don't have to be a College Man; you don't have to be a High School graduate. If you can read and write English, my course

will make you a big success. It is the most simple, thorough and successful Electrical Course in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become in a very short time an "Electrical Expert," able to make from \$70 to \$200 a week.

### I Give You a Real Training

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundred of my students are now earning \$3,500 to \$10,000 a year. Many are successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

### Your Satisfaction Guaranteed

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you too, can get into the "big money" class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course, you are not satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

### Free Electrical Working Outfit, Radio Course Employment Service

I give each student a splendid Outfit of Electrical Tools, Materials and Measuring Instruments absolutely FREE. You do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME with this Outfit. You start right in after the first few lessons to WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical way. I also give free a complete Radio course and a special course for men going into business for themselves.

### Get Started Now — MAIL COUPON

I want to send the "Vital Facts" of the Electrical Industry including my Electrical Book, Proof Lessons and a sample of my guarantee bond FREE. These cost you nothing and you'll enjoy them! Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in the coupon — NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer

**Chicago Engineering Works**  
Dept. 1197 — 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

### Use this Free Outfit Coupon!

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer  
Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 1197  
2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir:—Send me at once the "Vital Facts" containing Sample Lessons, your Big Book and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City and State.....  
Occupation..... Age.....

## The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man



# 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, ailing, 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.

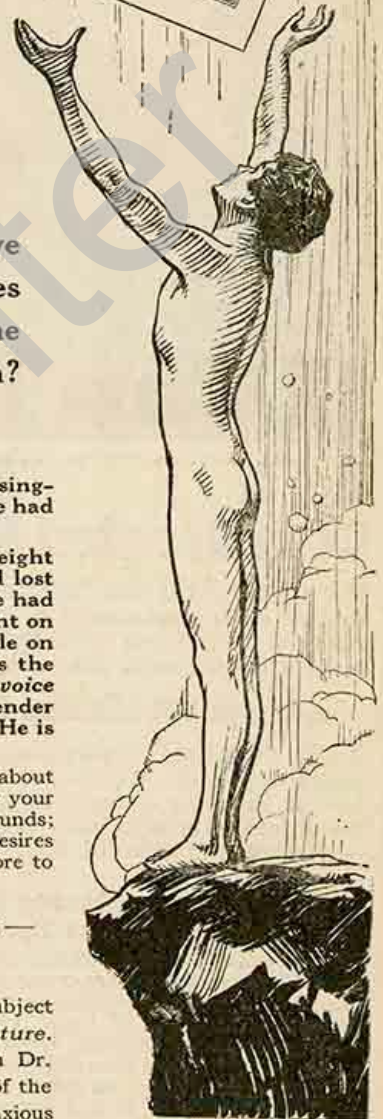
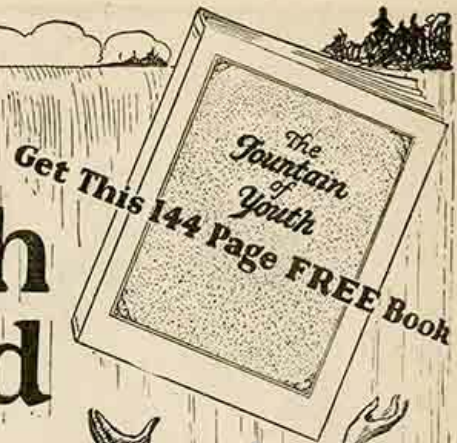
"He took the new treatment for eight hours. At the end of that time he had lost fourteen pounds, and his waist measure had been reduced two inches. He was so light on his feet that he could leap over the table on which he had been lying. And—this is the most wonderful part of it—he had his voice back. 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

A great series of articles on this startling subject is now running exclusively in *Physical Culture*. In addition, 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. S-10  
1926 Broadway, New York

Here's the dollar. Please enter my name for four month's 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.....





Photograph by  
Paul Thompson

# I Can Teach You to Sing Like This!

—Eugene Feuchtinger

I do *not* mean I can make a Caruso out of every man—or a Mary Garden out of every woman,—but

*I can teach you in a few short months a basic secret of voice development which Caruso discovered only after years of persistent effort.*

## HERE IS THE SECRET!

This is a picture of the human throat, showing the all important Hyo-Glossus muscle. Biographers of the great Caruso tell us of his wonderful tongue control. Caruso himself speaks of it in his own writings, as the basic secret of vocal power and beauty. But tongue control depends entirely on the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle.



The Hyo-Glossus in your throat can be strengthened just as surely as you can strengthen the muscles of your arm—by exercise.

Professor Eugene Feuchtinger, noted vocal scientist, famous in Europe before coming to America, was the first man to isolate and teach a method of developing the Hyo-Glossus.

If you are ambitious to sing or speak, or merely improve your voice for social or business purposes, here is your opportunity. If you suffer from stammering, stuttering or other vocal defect, here is a sound, scientific method of relief. Under the guidance of Prof. Feuchtinger himself, you can practice these wonderful silent exercises in the

privacy of your own home. For this method of training is ideally adapted to instructor, by correspondence.

## 100% Improvement Guaranteed

Thousands of men and women have already received the benefits of the "Perfect Voice" method. If you will practice faithfully, your entire satisfaction is guaranteed. In fact, if your voice is not doubled in power and beauty, your money will be refunded. You alone are to be the judge.

**Free Book** Send today for the Professor's book, "Enter Your World." It will open your eyes to the possibilities of your own voice. It will indeed be a revelation to you. Get it without fail. Mail the coupon now.

Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Avenue, Studio 57-77 Chicago, Ill.

Perfect Voice Institute 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 57-77 Chicago  
Please send me FREE, Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

Singing  Speaking  Stammering  Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....



# Strength Means More Than Just Muscle

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 every one 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 up-building 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

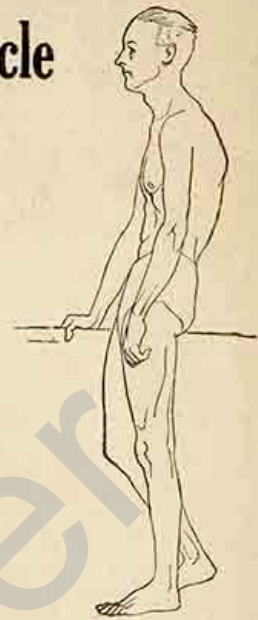
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Ofko Cushing



Ofko Cushing



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Ofko Cushing





LIONEL STRONGFORT

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

## STRONGFORTISM

Strongfortism is the science of buoyant, alive, vigorous, health, developed after twenty-five years of physical and health teaching by me. I developed myself to be one of the strongest and healthiest men the world has ever known. Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, said of me: "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen." I did this for myself through natural means—nature's own way. For twenty-five years, I have been teaching others how to do the same thing for themselves; how to become physically able, without the use of pills, or dope or drugs of any kind; without the use of fads or fancy methods or expensive contraptions; without interfering with your occupation; entirely in the privacy of your own room. My way is the scientific way, nature's own way—you follow my simple, sensible instructions and you will build up your health and restore your vitality. I guarantee that I shall accomplish all that I undertake.

(Signed) LIONEL STRONGFORT.

**I CAN HELP YOU—**

IF I CAN PUT  
INTO YOUR HANDS  
THIS BOOK ON

**STRONGFORTISM**



## Are You to Blame?

No one should be blamed for being dumpy, grouchy, disheartened if he feels all off when he rises in the morning and feels languid and sluggish all day; but any one should be blamed who permits such a condition of the body and mind to ruin his whole life and the lives of those about him without making an effort to throw off the monsters—disease and ill health—when I stand ready to help him in a way that no other man in the world can help him—when I offer to place within his grasp a system of self help, of rehabilitation, upbuilding and strengthening, that is leading the way in making better men, happier men, out of thousands who counted themselves failures.

You should be blamed if you refuse to listen to the advice of the man who first made of himself the most perfect specimen of manhood in the world and who now extends his hand to you and offers to point the way to health, strength, happiness and hopefulness.

## My Hand Is Held Out to You in Friendship— I Want to Help You

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the broad, straight road to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has restored the manhood they had destroyed and thought they had lost forever and given them renewed vitality, ambition and power to DO THINGS.

# STRONGFORTISM

*is a science in itself*

Strongfortism is a long stride ahead of any so-called physical culture course or system that you know of. It embraces all the essentials of such systems, but is not limited to them—it goes far beyond, reaching out to a variety of Nature's aids, employing them to an advantage that brings surprising results to every Strongfort follower.

That is why I have been able to banish all drugs and medicines and clumsy devices of all sorts intended to relieve disease. I get results that are most astounding because my plan is so simple—my instructions so easily followed. My search after the basic truths of Nature and the facts about the diseases affecting humanity has led me to discoveries that are proving of inestimable benefit to all to whom I have imparted them.

## My Free Book Tells All About It

Send today for your copy of "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY." It's free, but the information it contains will be of inestimable value to you. It will tell you how you can, without medicines or drugs, and without the use of expensive apparatus, build yourself up to perfect health—how you may become a strong, healthy man. It will point the way to social and business success and to happy domestic life. It will show how to attain complete enjoyment of all your faculties and the full realization of all the blessings and joys of living. In short, it will tell you how to REALLY LIVE, by devoting a few minutes every day, in the privacy of your own room if you wish, to following my easy, simple instructions. FILL OUT COUPON AND MAIL IT WITH a 10c piece (one dime) to cover packing and postage, and you will receive your copy by return mail, with a personal letter from me concerning the subject or subjects in which you are most interested. Sending for this book will not obligate you in any way, but it will show you how to attain to a fuller, freer, gladder, more perfect life. Take the first step toward their attainment by mailing that coupon now.

# LIONEL STRONGFORT

*Physical and Health Specialist*

800 Strongfort Institute

Newark, N. J.

**FREE CONSULTATION**

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 800, Newark, N. J. Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage on which I enclose a 10c. the subject in which I am interested.

*Absolutely Confidential*

piece (one dime). I have marked (X) before

- |               |                          |                       |                          |
|---------------|--------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| ... Colds     | ... Deformity (Describe) | ... Stomach Disorders | ... Manhood Restored     |
| ... Catarrh   | ... Successful Marriage  | ... Biliousness       | ... Prostatitis          |
| ... Asthma    | ... Rheumatism           | ... Torpid Liver      | ... Falling Hair         |
| ... Hay Fever | ... Pimples              | ... Indigestion       | ... Gastritis            |
| ... Obesity   | ... Blackheads           | ... Nervousness       | ... Heart Weakness       |
| ... Headache  | ... Insomnia             | ... Poor Memory       | ... Poor Circulation     |
| ... Thinness  | ... Neurasthenia         | ... Weak Eyes         | ... Skin Disorders       |
| ... Rupture   | ... Short Wind           | ... Dependancy        | ... Round Shoulders      |
| ... Lumbago   | ... Flat Feet            | ... Diabetes          | ... Lung Troubles        |
| ... Neuritis  | ... Constipation         | ... Female Disorders  | ... Muscular Development |
| ... Neuralgia |                          | ... Increased Height  | ... Great Strength       |

Mention other Ailments here: .....  
NO MATTER WHAT AILS YOU, write me fully about it and I shall prove to you that I CAN HELP YOU

NAME .....  
AGE ..... OCCUPATION .....  
STREET ..... STATE ..... CITY .....





*Photo by Armstrong Roberts*

"I wonder where that road goes?" An appeal always enticing, alluring, inviting. See Mr. Harlow's charming story, "Have You the Sense of Adventure?" on page 25.





# Strength

October, 1923

## EDITORIAL

### *What You Need Most!*

**W**HAT do you need most?

It is so obvious that we don't have to tell you.

Of course, it isn't money, though some foolishly think so.

And it isn't the "three necessities" usually mentioned, food, shelter and clothing.

For if only you have strength, you can get all of these. You can contrive to produce the three, and you can earn money.

But if you are lacking in strength—Heaven help you!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a tragedy of national concern that prompted this observation, the loss of President Harding at the age of fifty-eight.

The President's physician, Brigadier-General Sawyer, is reported to have said that the President did not expect to return alive from his Alaskan trip.

"The President knew his condition well," Dr. Sawyer is reported as saying. "He was utterly exhausted and unable to throw off his fatigue, as he knew he should."

In other words the President's vitality was at low ebb. His strength was gone. He was unable to throw off his fatigue. He fully realized his condition, and felt that he did not have the strength necessary for recovery.

Did you ever stop to think of how few old men we have? Count those who are conspicuous in public life. Count those whom you know personally. Suppose you consider just one class of men, those who have made a conspicuous success, indicating that they had vitality. Successful men are stronger, they ought to live longer. How many of them finished their work, or kept going like Edison and Burbank? How many dropped off at fifty—the dangerous age?

Are you, reader, going to drop your job at just about the time you have mastered it? For it is true of all the big jobs that one does not do his best work until he is past forty. Are you going to crack and collapse just when life means most to you, for the pure lack of keeping fit?

\* \* \* \* \*

This magazine is founded upon the recognition that strength is the most vital factor in human life.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*," said the wise old ancients. A sound mind in a sound body. They go together. Old stuff! But most of us still need to learn it.

Strength is both physical and mental. It is not only the basis of resistance, restraint, fortitude, faith, ambition, confidence, courage—it is indeed the very essence of all of these. It is the antithesis of weakness, of slothfulness, of stagnation, of disease and death. Strength is life! And life in the big sense means achievement and happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

These pages are, accordingly, devoted to a philosophy of effort. We stand for the cultivation of strength for the sake of effort, and for the ideal of a life of effort—as the means of building strength. You may consider it from either a mental, a moral or a physical standpoint. The man who is incapable of effort is dead. Your capacity for effort and your capacity for resistance represent the measure of the life that is in you.

You will find that strength is a part of everything that will help to make your life more worth while. So long as you have strength, anything—everything is possible. Without it, you are nothing.

\* \* \* \* \*

"*Strength!*" A magnificent word. Make it your war-cry, your motto, your prayer.

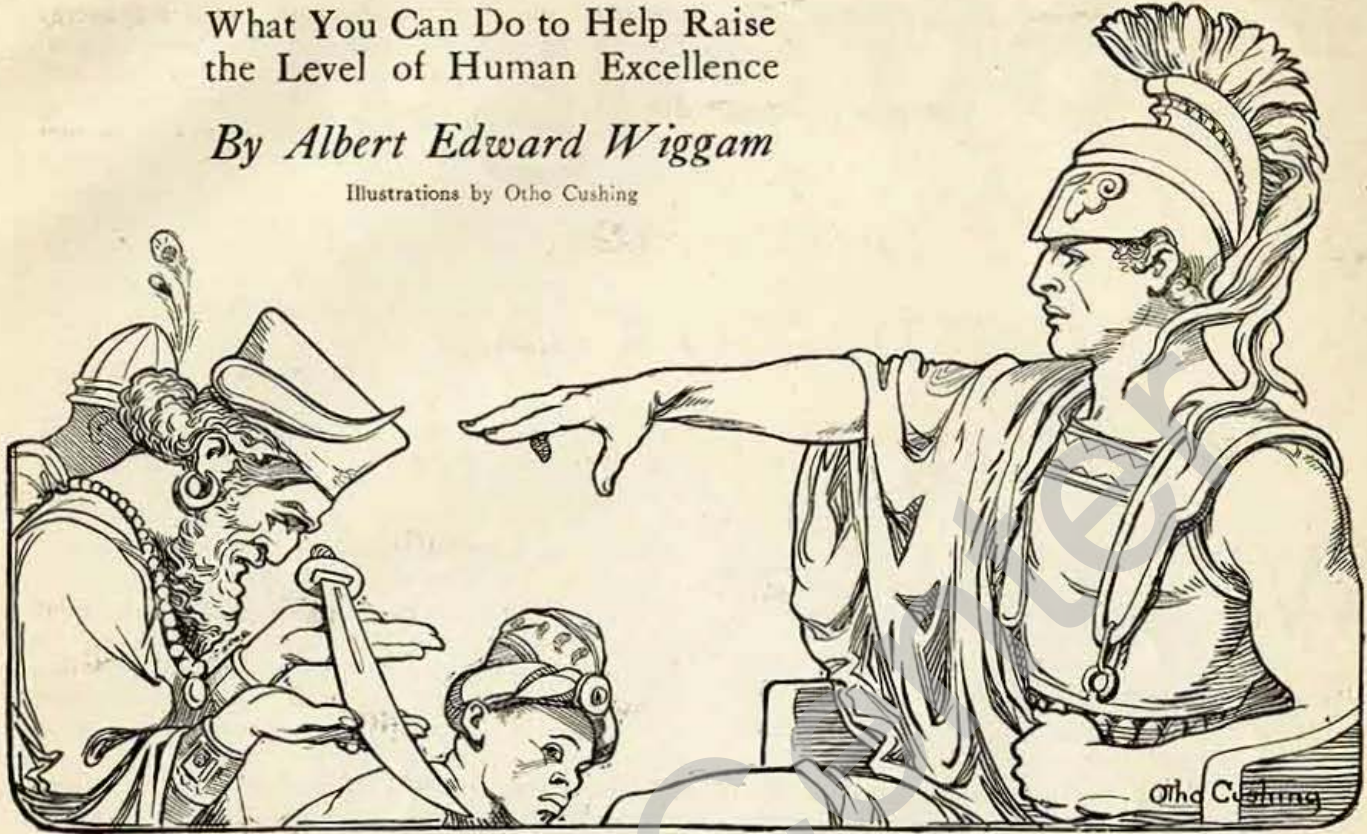


# Winning the Human Race

What You Can Do to Help Raise  
the Level of Human Excellence

By *Albert Edward Wiggam*

Illustrations by Otho Cushing



Have you an Alexander the Great, or his equal, in your home town? Alexanders are scarce. The author says that only about one person out of six million has been endowed with really superb human qualities—extraordinary strength of either body or mind.

**T**HIRTY BILLION people have been reared to maturity in civilized countries since the dawn of history, some eight or ten thousand years ago. This is the estimate of the Eugenics Record Office of the Carnegie Institution. It was exhibited on a large chart at the Second Eugenics Congress held in 1921 in New York City, and attracted much attention. The estimate is not meant to be exact and a few millions or even billions more or less doesn't matter. The thing that does matter is that only about 5,000 out of the whole 30,000,000,000 ever amounted to much.

Only about 5,000 human beings in all history have ever risen high enough above the dead level of human mediocrity so that we could see them across the centuries. The chart is surely generous enough, as it takes in twenty-six different forms of human achievement, ranging from lawgivers, such as Moses and Alfred the Great; examples of moral purpose, such as Luther and Lincoln; poets, such as Dante and Shakespeare; fiction writers, such as Hugo and Dickens, and outstanding figures in business, such as Cecil Rhodes and Rothschild. to examples of mere physical prowess such as Phidippides the Greek and Sandow the modern. This means, after covering the whole range of human excellence that only about one person out of 6,000,000 has been endowed by nature with really superb human qualities—extraordinary strength of either body or mind.

It brings up the one supreme question which destiny will ask of mankind, indeed is asking at this hour as

never before: "Are we really winning the human race when we can show but 5,000 first-class specimens out of 30,000,000,000?" Man has done far better by his animals than he has by himself. It would no doubt be easier to find a first-class specimen of horse such as Man 'o War or Boots or Barrow or Eclipse, or splendid specimens among cattle such as the great sire King Segis Pontiac Count with his many famous descendants such as Jewel Segis, with her record of 27,000 pounds of milk in one year, and her half-sister, Beauty Beets Walker, with a record of over 25,000 pounds. At least we should probably find more than one truly great animal among 6,000,000.

Of course, it is far easier to produce a great animal than a human genius because in an animal we want only one or two remarkable qualities, such as speed or milk production, and in a genius we want a great many—possibly a thousand. But one is a bit discouraged to find that evolution has thrown up so few human beings of such outstanding merit that humanity has either built monuments to them or preserved their creations. Indeed this estimate is far too liberal if we confine our definition of genius to those men and women who have impressed their names upon all humanity. For instance, after the average man has tried to name a dozen of the great men of history he is pretty nearly at his limit. Several lists of a thousand or even five hundred of "the greatest persons that ever lived" have been published at various times and only the most highly educated person has ever heard of more than half or even one-fourth of them. Miss Cora Castle of Columbia Uni-



versity tried to make up a list of the "one thousand greatest women of history" and when she got 868 she came to the end of her string. She could find no more women in all history who had done anything worthy to be extolled by historians.

Indeed the whole sweep of modern investigation goes to show that nearly all human progress has been due not to any "general forward movement of the people" or to some "principle of progress," but to the strength of mind or body of just a few individuals—probably less than one thousand. As an instance some unknown but wonderful individual—wonderful in the sheer power of his intelligence ages ago—discovered that if he mixed nine parts of copper with one part of tin he would have a metal harder than either, namely, bronze. He thus had a metal hard enough to make swords and this at once gave his race a conquering power and in a short time one discovery raised the whole world from the Stone to the Metal Age. The same was true of printing, of hydraulics, of electricity—it is some one mind of extraordinary power that gives the world its initial impulse and then the people of only common sense, but with little power of original thought, can keep it going.

Now, as to those more common people, the ones who do not make progress but merely keep the world together after some giant genius has started it going, the Eugenics Record Office estimates there have been about 125,000. They are the "Who's Who" people of the world. They are designated on the chart before mentioned as "Persons of special skill, intelligence, courage, unselfishness, enterprise or strength." But it is still somewhat discouraging that even when we take in so broad a range as this, of persons who have "special skill, enterprise or strength," that there has been only about one in 240,000. Of course, if we visit any graveyard we find there are far more people than this who have managed to get monuments, often of frightful ugliness, built in their honor. But as to that I feel like Horace Walpole, who said that he "would far rather the future would inquire why they had not built a monument to him than to inquire why they had." Historians are still trying to find out why they built such expensive monuments as the Pyramids to some of the Egyptian kings. Some of them, such as the

tomb of King "Tut," are merely fine museum curios.

But we can hardly feel that the human race has yet won the immense stakes of health, sanity and energy—the three basic elements from which all genius springs—if only some 130,000 out of 30,000,000,000 have possessed these qualities in any notable degree. As far as mere numbers is concerned, if these superior persons were taken out it would require a microscope to find the dent their absence made in the vast mass of humanity. If we are generous and raise the number of superiors to one or two millions, or as Sir Francis Galton, the founder of eugenics, estimated it, one person in 4,000, even then their numbers would scarcely be missed from the grand total. Yet the strength of mind and body, of soul and spirit of these few precious people is worth more than all the rest put together. It would not be noticeable in the Census reports if the names of all our thirty Presidents were omitted. Yet they, together with perhaps a thousand similar men and women, have transformed America from a wilderness to a world power and given it its place in the sun.

The point I wish to emphasize in this opening paper for the readers of *STRENGTH* is that it is just this thing *strength* that makes the human race what it is. Its presence fills the world with glory, its absence covers the world with degradation and shame. Let us see what the strength of a few individuals meant to this nation in the persons of our Puritan forefathers. There were one hundred and two who came over in the *Mayflower* and landed on that first Thanksgiving Day at Plymouth

Rock. No finer stock to found a great national breed of men and women ever set out to sea. I have the names of all of them lying here on my desk as I write. More than half of them died within the next few months and only twenty-three have been proven to have left descendants. But what descendants! Let us read off just a few *at random*: John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Charles Francis Adams, James A. Garfield, Ulysses S. Grant, Levi P. Morton, Elihu Root, Chief Justice Taft, President Zachary Taylor, Daniel Webster, General Leonard Wood, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, William Cullen Bryant, Frank Munsey, Percy MacKaye, Winston Churchill.

We see here on this great national canvas how we could win the human race, win it to strength of mind and

## The Biggest Subject in the World

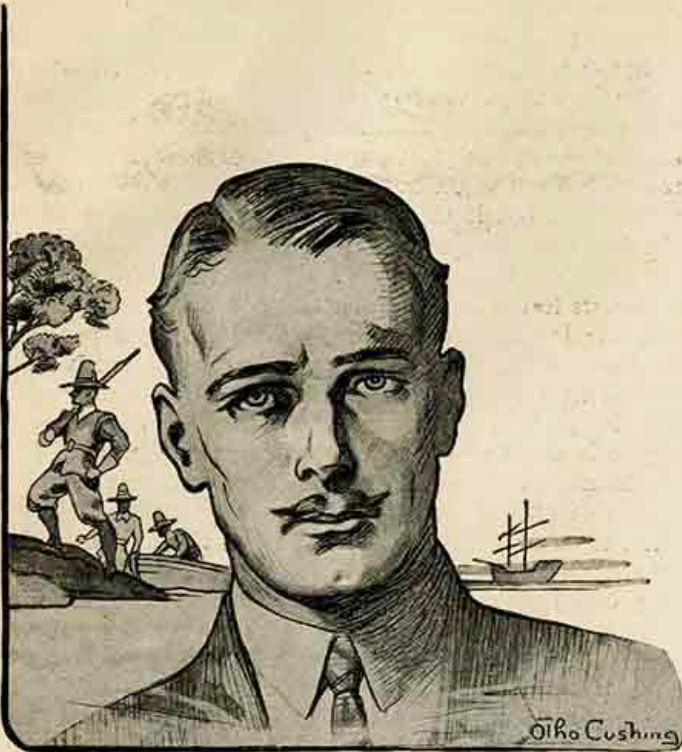
**T**HIS is the first of a series of articles on the subject of improving the human race to be written for *STRENGTH* by Albert Edward Wiggam.

There is no problem affecting the political or industrial activities of the world, not even the question of maintaining peace between nations, that is so vital as this very question of the quality of the human race. For the kind of people that live upon the earth now and in future will inevitably determine what kind of a world it is going to be. A higher level of humanity, with nobler ideals, higher standards of leadership and necessarily a finer civilization, will shape the world into something naturally befitting such a superior race. But the very practical matter of populating the world of the future with better and better human beings is essentially a matter of shaping public sentiment in that direction, establishing a so-called Eugenics Conscience which shall be as universally a part of our every day standards of life as our principles of common honesty.

We shall be proud to play our part in this magnificent service, by way of offering the pages of *STRENGTH* as a channel for Mr. Wiggam's eloquent and vital message.

—The Editor.





**The strength of the Puritans. No finer stock to found a great national breed of men and women ever set out to sea. And what descendants!**

character, of bodily and mental powers, if only the meaning of "blood," of heredity became a great national ideal and a great national tradition. Here were twenty-three people who have given us probably a thousand times as much strength of mind, running all through the three hundred years since they landed, than have the general masses of our other immigrations. And this was solely due to the strength of the forbears who founded this great line. It took a strong man to be one of the Pilgrims. Imagine any man of your acquaintance breaking away from the religion of his community, facing social ostracism and the thunders of the Church, breasting the dangers of an uncharted sea in a tiny sailboat and setting out with wife and children to an unknown wilderness for the sake of conscience and duty, and finally surviving to tell the tale and leave descendants. This took bodily as well as mental vigor of the highest order, and we see it in their descendants whose names gleam with genius and glory from every page of our national history.

We see the same thing, only on a larger scale, throughout all the lives of these thirty billion people

running through ten thousand years of human history. The astounding thing is to find that an enormous percentage of the five thousand superlative geniuses and the one hundred or two hundred thousand persons of more moderate but yet outstanding attainments have been *related to each other*. People are spell-bound with wonder over the discovery of radium or wireless or airplanes, but here is a discovery which for its sheer wonder and drama outranks them all.

Think of what this discovery means—that there is some invisible bond that runs back for ten thousand years through all these wonderful people—some invisible cord of miraculous strength that binds them nearly all together. The meaning of this has not yet been fathomed by our statesmen and social engineers. What stakes of physical and mental plentitude and power the human race could win if it should conclude to breed *all* its members from this great racial stream—this stream that has been pouring and tumbling through all the ages—giving vitality to races and nations and giving us all the scientific, political, social and artistic glory of the world. Just about half of the great men and women that ever lived have been born from great breeds or else have themselves founded great strains of blood and left great descendants. This means that probably not over half a million or a million human beings have been concerned in giving birth to 2,500 of those 5,000 supreme persons of history while it has taken all the balance of the 30,000,000,000 nobodies to produce the other half. There is no more astonishing discovery in the whole history of man. There is no discovery that would mean so much to his own future if he but put it into practice with the same assurance and unflinching courage that he has the other discoveries which science has placed so abundantly in his hands.

But instead of talking of millions and billions of people and remote ages of the world, let us look about us among our friends and neighbors. I have just come



**Select your mate on the basis of mental and physical strength and thus contribute to our national greatness. But why, for instance, oh why, does this superb young woman elect to marry this gross old barbarian, instead of the superb young man across on the opposite page**



from a day at a county fair. There were five thousand people present. The same number as the supreme persons of history. But what a difference! There was hardly a really good looking man or woman among them all. You could see a few fair looking boys and girls in the teens but even these were few and far between. But take the folks up in the thirties and forties. The women were homely and faded. Scarcely a one who did not have to conceal her defects of countenance with beauty concoctions. There must be some millions of tons of these sold to the American women every year. The men were stoop-shouldered, awkward, too fat or too thin, too tall or too short, and most of them walked like draught horses. It is the same in the city as in the country. I have often watched thousands of people in New York City in the mornings going to their work—both workers in offices and in factories. I do not like to take a too discouraging view of our common humanity, but were a man surveying them with a view to picking out first class specimens to form a breeding herd of real, vigorous, beautiful, healthy, upstanding humanity and used the same cold-blooded, critical methods by which he would select the cattle to stock his farm it is safe to assume that he would likely reject about ninety-nine specimens out of a hundred. If he took into account not only their physical beauty and strength but also their mental powers and strength of character he might reject the whole lot. The Army mental tests found only four or five men out of a hundred with enough brains to become officers and probably not one out of a thousand has sufficient brains, energy and leadership to rise above the position of a major. To make a general officer capable of large field operations a man probably would have to come within at least the upper one million of the 30,000,000,000 of humanity.

I fear the readers of *STRENGTH* may gain the idea that I am a biological pessimist. Since I am at present writing a book entitled *The Optimisms of Biology*, showing that there are ways out of these difficulties and that on the whole the outlook has its cheerful side,



Some unknown but wonderful individual, wonderful in the sheer power of his intelligence, ages ago discovered the means to produce bronze, and raised the whole world from the Stone to the Metal Age.

I can hardly be charged with pessimism. But there is no use being a silly optimist in the face of such startling natural facts. We will never win this human race by chanting with complaisant egotism "Every day in every way the world is getting better and better." On the whole I think it is getting better—but what improvement we have made has come not by repeating magic words but by hard work and common sense applied here and there to specific troubles and defects. For man is in a race against three great forces, first, the vicissitudes of climate, second, a host of enemies such as wild beasts and vastly more dangerous insects and microbes and third, organic defects within his own make-up. The last enemy is the most dangerous of all and the one to which he has paid practically no attention.

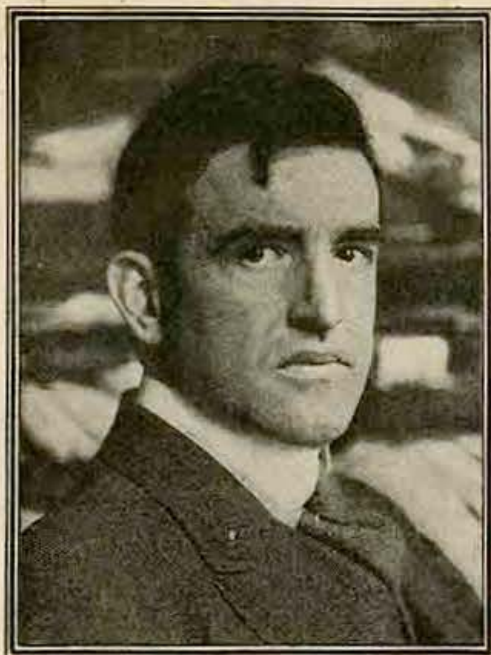
In proof of this, the appalling thing that stares us in the face when we look at this vast mass of pretty, homely, capable, defective humanity, is that they are *all* breeding indiscriminately. The fool breeds as freely as the philosopher. Indeed more freely. No man would expect his cattle or hogs to win out if the culls and runts had as many offspring as the winners of blue ribbons. But we expect the human race to win against just such odds. In a state of savagery and barbarism the fool did really perish by his own folly. As F. C. S. Shiller,

(Continued on page 72)



While this vital, talented and mentally vigorous young American, purely through lack of any race-conscience, marries this girl weakling, through sympathy or propinquity. Why, oh why? Why could not the energetic and capable young man have married the beautiful and gifted girl?





# The Foods that that

You Can Eat and Stuff and  
What

By Alfred

**M**INERAL starvation is responsible for more sickness than any other single cause. In fact, though the assertion may appear to be a bold one, even extravagant, it may be said that mineral starvation is responsible for more sickness than all other causes combined. Mineral starvation prepares the way for all the acute infections by weakening, breaking down and destroying the natural immunity of the body against disease and can thus be regarded as the most important contributory, if not actually the primary cause of all infections, except those of venereal origin.

Mineral starvation, no matter how rich the food consumed, nor how much, is followed by extraordinary disturbances in all the vital processes. Mineral starvation causes a slowing down of all the activities of the body and so throttles all the glands that unnatural reactions and discords are set up, seemingly trivial and of little consequence at first, but leading directly and inevitably into such complications and entanglements that the physician is forever at a loss to account for the true beginning of the infirmity he is asked to heal.

Nor is the surgeon's bewilderment to be wondered at. Arteries are hardening. Adhesions and obstructions are forming. Irritations are becoming chronic. Constipation has such a grip upon the nation that its appalling extent can be estimated by the tons of mineral oil, calomel, cascara and purgative compounds that pass annually through the wholesale drug houses of America. The after-effects of constipation are more terrible than the tragedies of war—more treacherous, insidious and devastating. All medical men who give serious thought to the significance of this statement will admit its truth. Some may add: "But why alarm people? Why upset them? Why not let them enjoy themselves in peace? Why anticipate anxieties and worries and miseries before they come?"

"Because," we would answer, "all the alarm, all the anxieties and worries and the greater part of the misery are preventable. It is precisely for this reason that the truth should be told—precisely for this reason that the alarm should be sounded, the cause of the evil described and its remedy set forth so that health may be preserved and life itself prolonged."

In the first place, mineral starvation means a reduced supply of vital energy with corresponding pollution of the blood, body juices and tissues. Natural resistance to disease cannot be maintained in the face of a continuous and systematic preparation of tissue-soil in which offending organisms, germs and parasites thrive and multiply without hinderance. When the tissue-tone is lowered its capacity to throw off an attack of pathogenic bacteria is destroyed and thus the enemies of health and life are given every help in their effort to take possession of the body they have invaded, whereas when the tissue-tone is normal the body laughs at the threatening germs and heeds them as little as a duck's back heeds rain.

Realizing the significance of these facts, rational therapeutics cannot ignore the compressive and, alas, tragic truth that a rational scientific estimation of the value of the food stuffs composing the backbone of the nation's diet must include the food minerals; their presence in unrefined foods; their absence in processed, patented, denatured and demineralized foods.

We have used the phrase "tragic truth" for the reason that in two generations, the last two, no truth, having a bearing on public health, has been so persistently or so tragically ignored. There would be no necessity of giving attention to it, even now, were it not for the fact that during the last two generations the commercial art of refining and demineralizing the most commonplace and popular foods of the market place has had its origin and found its present appalling development.

Prior to 1879 nothing was known, either in Europe or America, of the present methods of milling white flour. The old "white bread" of our grandmother's day—and the "hard tack" of the Civil War—bore no resemblance to the "staff of life" now on sale in the shops. They were not "white." Their color was creamy, almost buttery, and was described as "white" to differentiate it from the various hues characteristic of "black bread." All "black bread" was *brown*, just as all "white bread" was *yellowish*.

This yellowish coloration was due to the low extraction methods of milling that preceded the modern high extraction standards. In the old days "white bread" was made of flour from which but five or six per cent



# Strengthen and the Foods Starve

Still Starve Unless You Know How and  
to Eat

*W. McCann*

of the wheat were bolted out. The only bolting now practiced by the milling industry consists of a twenty-eight per cent throw off.

In other words, the old "white flour" contained nearly all the mineral content of the whole wheat, including its priceless germ, in which are locked up the most complex and invaluable phosphorous compounds of the grain and the so-called "vitamins" no longer found in patent flour.

The modern roller process gets rid of those commercially "undesirable" riches of the little brown berry and turns them out in the form of the best hog-food, cattle-food and poultry-food on the market. The white flour bread of our grandmothers, which was creamy, not white, contained all but a mere trace of the minerals salts and colloids of the whole wheat. The white flour of today, which is really white, not creamy, contains less than one-fifth of the mineral content of the wheat from which it is bolted and sifted through grits gauze and silk. The other four-fifths are consumed by animals as fast as they are turned out of the mills.

The loss of mineral matter, of the kind most acceptable to the human organism, which thus goes to put muscular beef on the

backs or cattle instead of firm and healthy flesh on the backs of growing children, is composed of the salts and colloids of calcium, potassium, manganese, magnesium, iron, phosphorous, silicon and other elements equally important in the life processes of man. In the combination of these mineral bodies is to be found the misnamed "vitamines," the spelling of which, during the past year, has been changed by dropping the "e," so that the word may be less conspicuously out of line with the mysterious deductions which it is asked to represent.

Whatever is claimed for the "vitamins," all scientists admit they never saw one and never expect to. They confess, with continuously increasing humility, as the "vitamins" become more and more elusive, that they are now to be regarded as well founded inferences derived from other inferences which unfortunately have never given any consideration to the subject of the mineral salts with which they are ever associated in nature and without which, as has been conclusively proved, they are inert, dead, useless. On the other hand, there is no such confusion when the mineral salts themselves are considered. Each of them, there are at least twelve, and possibly fourteen or even fifteen, actively engaged in the mech-  
(Continued on page 74)

## What Do You Know About "Vitamins?"

**I**T is our opinion that Alfred McCann knows more about food than any one else in the world. Others who know a little about food and a lot about McCann share this conviction.

It is a curious but interesting fact that most of the really valuable scientific knowledge about food acquired by the entire human race has been attained chiefly within the last ten to twenty years, much of it the last few years. Before that the best knowledge of food possessed by anybody was worth very little. Mr. McCann is the one man in the world to enlighten you along these lines.

Mr. McCann was on a much needed vacation when he was informed of the purposes of this magazine in its enlarged form, and asked to cooperate. He interrupted his vacation up on Cape Cod to write, painfully in long hand, this article for this number of *STRENGTH*, presenting the most important statement on the subject of human strength as determined by adequate nutrition that you will ever have read. They say that a word to the wise is sufficient. If you can assimilate and apply the great basic food truths presented in this one article, you will find that the lesson learned will be the means not only of maintaining bodily strength and fitness, but of resisting disease and living long and vigorously.

Incidentally, if you have been puzzling about those mysterious "vitamins" that you have been hearing so much about, especially in recent advertising copy, you will find that Mr. McCann, in this article, will set you straight upon that subject.

THE EDITOR.



# A Better Chance for the Athlete

Paddock's First Complete Statement Regarding His Controversy With the A. A. U. Committee

By Charles W. Paddock

**A**THLETIC America has awakened. With the typical Yankee spirit that never moves hastily in matters of great importance, the sportsmen of this country have allowed many forms of competition to degenerate and too often have not helped in developing the essential elements of the game.

It makes an interesting story—this awakening. It is a story in fact which might easily be traced to the inefficiency and mismanagement of the American team in the Olympic Games of 1920 at Antwerp.

In the past, it has been that all amateur track and field competitors, and in this number are included high school and college men, club runners, organization representatives and any free lances who cared to participate, came under the jurisdiction of the Amateur Athletic Union if they desired to try out for the Olympic team. The purpose of this Amateur Athletic Union was good, except that it did not extend far enough. For when specialization of such an intense degree was introduced, namely to weed out among the foremost athletes of the nation all those who did not promise Olympic possibilities, countless thousands were deprived of the beneficial development which track athletics is capable of producing.

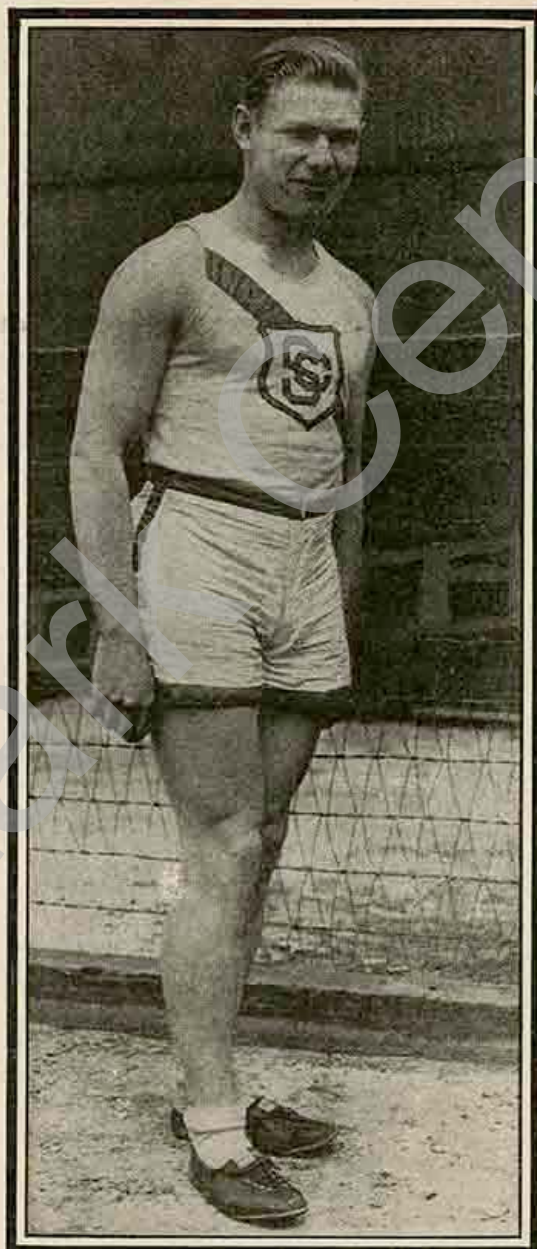
The A. A. U. as it is known has, no doubt, served a worthy purpose in the history of American Amateur Athletics. It is an old organization, with great prestige and all manner of tradition and precedent behind it. The A. A. U. has accomplished many splendid things; it has likewise made many irreparable blunders. Unfortunately

for that body, it has discovered that the lines of the Old Play are true, that "the evil that men do lives after them and the good is oft interred with their bones."

So long as the Amateur Athletic Union lived up to that policy of specialization, even though it was a narrow principle, the sportsmen did not interfere. For the A. A. U. had commenced the work, and had aided in bringing home the Olympic Championship to this country in track and field athletics. Though one can find faults, one hesitates to blame too much, any individual or group which is responsible for victory, even though success may have come through useless sacrifice of men and material. All straight thinking people of all nations seem to possess that idea to a certain degree and it is especially true of the Yankees.

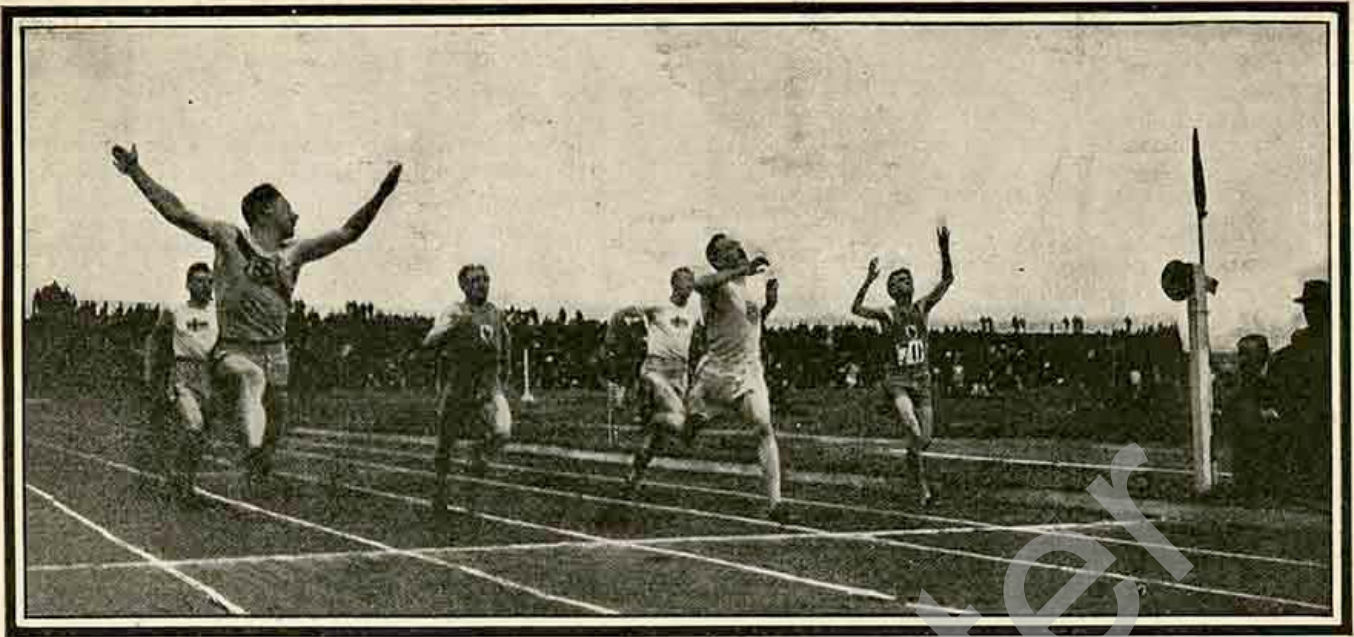
When the principle of specialization was no longer strictly adhered to, and when the A. A. U. not only failed to help in the development of stars, but did not take proper care of those who were already in the game, then, and then only did the sportsmen of the nation show their dissatisfaction. After the Olympic Game results were finally tabulated and it was found that at least fifty points were thrown away through inefficiency and a lack of funds, then those interested in sport were ready to act.

This was not all. There was a still greater evil which must ultimately be abolished, and that the element of professionalism. The center of the A. A. U. activities has long been New York, and yet it was found that in this city, under the eyes of the A. A. U. men themselves, both the spirit and



Charles W. Paddock, greatest of all sprinters, explains in this article that his recent disregard of the A. A. U. Committee was not a personal matter but part of a fight for better governed sport and wider opportunities for the athlete of tomorrow. Watch for his future contributions to this magazine.





Paddock's tremendous leap at the finish of a 100 metres race, Colombes Stadium, near Paris, following the Olympic Games at Antwerp, where champions of Europe and America met again. Paddock has set so many new sprinting records that it is difficult to keep count of them. His great achievement was running 220 yards in 20  $\frac{4}{5}$  seconds, though he has done many other distances at equal speed.

the rules of true amateurism were broken time and again. And the man who was responsible for the Olympic Games entanglement, along with several others, formed the arbitrary committee which failed time and again to do justice in many cases of rules and records which came before them. All this taken together was indeed enough to call forth action on the part of thinking men who had athletics at heart. And it did.

First these men thought out the whole problem of athletics, and wondered if the principle of specialization which the A. A. U. had adopted so long ago was in reality broad enough to materially benefit sports. For athletics, as they conceived it, was a game in which everyone should have a part, if the country as a whole was to reap lasting benefit.

Statistics showed that there were more than thirty million able-bodied youth in the country. Proper mental and physical training for all these would undoubtedly mean that the nation of the future would be molded according to the doctrines that these young people assimilated.

The matter was taken before the War Department and at once became a topic of interest and importance there. The Army and the Navy, the Young Men's Christian Association, and the National Collegiate Association all strongly indorsed the idea, and every organization which looked after the best interests of the athletic youth of America enrolled under the banners of this new idea. These several bodies and the men who had originated the idea all reached the conclusion that if progress was to be made it was necessary that there should be a definite head. So representatives met with leading Cabinet Officials less than a year ago in Washington and the National Amateur Athletic Federation was formed, with the idea behind it, of "Play for Everybody."

This Federation was simply to be the thread upon which all the individual organizations might hang. It

had no intention of interfering with the management of any of the bodies which came under its jurisdiction. The Tennis Association was still to govern tennis; the Golf Association to govern golf, and so on down the list. But still there would be unity of purpose and a spread of interest in some form of athletics for everybody. When a man became a specialist, he also should be taken care of, by the individual organization, and it would be possible for him to climb the entire length of the scale of competition from the county to the Olympic Championship.

The Federation soon found that every kind of sport was thus efficiently handled under the new system, save one—track and field athletics. The old Amateur Athletic Union which had so long stood for specialization, and for arbitrary ruling would not listen to any plan which would in any manner deflect from their own glory. Though it was pointed out most carefully that the N. A. A. F. did not want to take the management out of the hands of the A. A. U. but only wanted to embody this organization in a broader and more helpful cause, breath was wasted in telling this small A. A. U. Committee. For these few were against it from the start. The A. A. U. would not lose its identity by becoming a part of anything what-so-ever.

The N. A. A. F. stated that it was sorry. And went about starting a similar organization to the A. A. U. throughout the country, that everyone might have a chance to participate in athletics, and not just the limited and favored few. As for inviting the Amateur Athletic Union to become a part of the splendid new body, the heads saw no use of trying to force in an unwilling group, and thought that even if such a body was brought in, the spirit of co-operation that was necessary and essential would be lost.

The National Collegiate Association, which, it will be remembered, was one of the charter members of the N. A. A. F. looked upon the matter in a somewhat dif-



ferent light. That body which has jurisdiction over the college athletes of America said something like this—It is not just that the A. A. U. should longer control the Olympic Games. For 90% of the track and field men who go abroad once every four years to compete in that classic event are college men. Yet the colleges have no say in the matter, and it is all left to the A. A. U. which furnishes less than 10% of the material. Further than this, it is the colleges which are responsible for developing these same stars, while it is seldom indeed that the A. A. U. ever really develops a man. They simply take them into their fold after they have become champions. They are not interested in their past or their future. They simply want them because they are good athletes. That is not the kind of spirit which makes for the highest or the best sportsmanship and not the kind of thing which develops national interest in athletics. It is narrow; it is prejudiced and it is provincial. Therefore it must eventually lose out.

The A. A. U. of course became greatly incensed when they found that the National Collegiate Association felt in this way regarding their own jurisdiction. From that day forth, they became avowed enemies of the N. A. A. F. which they understood sanctioned this attitude. The latter body, however, had felt the justice of the National Collegiate Association's ultimatum and promptly got to work to form a new Olympic Committee where the power should not be altogether in the hands of the A. A. U. but should be representative of the colleges and of the other organizations which were a part of the N. A. A. F. and whose stars formed the back-bone of the Olympic Team from this country. This action infuriated the A. A. U. more than ever, and the New York Committee set out to block the new body in its every move.

It is a long and technical story, how that power in the Olympic Committee was at last divided until the N. A. A. F. came to have a great deal to say in how the team should be selected and managed for the Games of '24. But those rights have at last been won over. For the A. A. U. as old and as powerful as she is, still could not stand out against the army and the navy, which had Governmental backing and against the public opinion of the nation and the press of the country, all of which were against her. So slowly the A. A. U. has been forced to recede step by step.

Now comes my own case. It has been so twisted and upset by the A. A. U. Committeemen and given by them to the press in so many and varied forms that a clear explanation of the whole matter might not be out of place.

To understand it, I believe that it is necessary to first say a word concerning France and the new spirit with which European colleges are embracing athletic competition. The Government of France felt sometime ago that it was very needful indeed to keep alive that ancient spirit of sportsmanship and to develop as best they could the physique, without preparing for war. The idea was presented to an ardent sportsman, M. Jean Petitjean of Paris. The latter immediately commenced to work out a very similar plan to that at present being adopted by the N. A. A. F. His idea met with marked success. Within a few months he had created enough enthusiasm in the colleges and schools of France as well as enough interest in fourteen other nations to insure the future of the undertaking.

Last summer the first meeting was held at the Hague, where the representatives from the colleges of all these nations were present, and where was formed the International Students Association. The National Collegiate Association of this country was made a member, and it was voted that the first games should go to Paris, and M. Petitjean was elected as the first president.

In the minutes of the National Collegiate Association meeting of this year, is recorded an approval of the purpose and idea behind the International Students Association and also is expressed the purpose of helping to make those games a success, through representation, if possible. A committee was appointed to look into this matter and to aid in raising a team.

The chairman of this committee had been informed by M. Jean Petitjean of the names of several college stars in this country, who were invited to be the guests of Paris University and to compete in this first great meet for the American Colleges. M. Petitjean never corresponded with the A. A. U. in regard to his games, for naturally he said that the A. A. U. had nothing whatever to do with those contests as they were strictly college games. So the French president wrote to the chairman of the National Collegiate Association. This gentleman in turn wrote to me, as mine had been one of the names suggested by M. Petitjean.

Upon receiving this invitation I replied to the chairman that I would have to take up the matter with the College Committee and would let him know the results of that meeting. My college, being a member of the National Collegiate Association and knowing the stand the parent body had taken upon the meet never questioned but that the games were true college Championships of the very highest order (which indeed they proved to be). But the committee, though at first enthusiastic about sending a team, afterwards thought it inadvisable to allow any sophomores to make the trip, saying that these men had all their college careers ahead of them, and a trip breaking into their studies at that particular time would be a bad thing for their future. In regard to my case however, that the committee found to be an altogether different matter. I had been out of college for sometime, and had just returned that semester to complete a small amount of work. My college days were over, and so the committee voted unanimously for me to go. I informed the chairman of the decision.

These various steps had all taken time, and after my final acceptance it was only a matter of a few days before I departed for the East.

These Paris Games had created a certain amount of comment, and when it was found that I was the only man in the colleges of the country, who happened to be in a situation where I could leave the classroom, without injuring either the scholastic standing of the college or myself, the Amateur Athletic Union took up the matter. They issued a statement saying that no amateur athletes could compete abroad until the Olympic Games of 1924, as it would prove a distracting influence upon the American athletes and hurt our chances in the games at Paris.

Those who closely follow athletics immediately commenced to laugh at such an absurd ruling, for it seemed to have arisen overnight, and logically could have no

(Continued on page 79)



# Eliminating Death —the Silent Partner

A Story of Business Life

By *Wilbur Hall*

ILLUSTRATED BY J. ST. AMAND

**B**ICKNELL STACY and Hal Morgan have re-organized the Western Foundry Company, eliminating their silent partner.

John Creed and S. M. B. Monroe, their associates, died less than eight months apart and Bicknell Stacy himself was given a year to live by half a dozen specialists. Everyone on The Street said that the Western Foundry Company was jinxed. The firm was a by-word. It killed nine men in two years' time and had Stacy, at forty years of age, slipping fast. Only little merry, ruddy, springy, youthful Hal Morgan seemed to be able to discount disaster.

It was the Forest Hills hydro-electric contract that led up to the climax and brought about the re-organization.

Death was kicked out of the firm.

Is he a member of your organization?

You think not. Well, read this story and then decide!

Western Foundry was organized in 1900 by three young men, John Creed, a construction engineer; Shirley Monroe, a contractor, and Bick Stacy, a youngster who had been brought up in an iron mill and who knew the practical end of the business thoroughly. They began with a small plant, but the tremendous growth of the cities of the Pacific Coast drew them into the manufacture of structural steel, and almost overnight the business expanded to five times its original size and presently was coining money. In 1904 the three partners took in Hal Morgan, then thirty-five, because he had made a success of his own business as a manufacturers' agent and was a born salesman.

I suspect that Morgan was a thorn in the flesh to the others almost from the first. Monroe and Stacy were



Hal Morgan sent flowers, then went out and played harder than ever and laughed more frequently and grew younger and more "damnably healthy" as time passed.

particularly serious-minded men, with the single idea of accumulating money; John Creed had a little more comprehension of the purpose of life, but he was handicapped by an ambitious wife, who drove him like a galley-slave. Hal Morgan was a decided contrast to all of them: His idea of existence was to work just long enough and hard enough to get himself funds with which to play. If he had failed to deliver the goods the three others—all younger men—would have got rid of him years ago. I suppose it was more aggravating to them because they couldn't find fault with the results he achieved.

"I won't be in this afternoon," Morgan would say, for instance. "I've got a golf match on at Burlingame."

Testy Shirley Monroe would snarl savagely.

"Damn it all, Morgan, there's that Kohl Building contract hanging fire, with twenty thousand in it for us if we land it, and you want to play golf! I thought you were going to see Jim Kohl today and try to close with him."

Morgan would throw back his head and laugh.

"It's Kohl I'm going to play with," he'd reply. "I'll shake him for the contract at the nineteenth hole."

And he would come in the next morning, blooming,



carefree, hearty, full of vinegar and paprika, and lay down the Kohl Building fabricated steel contract—signed.

You couldn't pick a flaw in a man like that. And yet he was certainly aggravating.

"He's so infernally damned healthy!" Bick Stacey once exclaimed, pettishly, at a board meeting I attended. "I wish he had my stomach for a month!"

But Hal Morgan didn't have Stacy's stomach, nor Jim Creed's nerves, nor Shirley Monroe's constant headaches. As far as anyone knew, he never had anything, except a farm hand's appetite, the sleep of a new-born baby and the constitution of an ox.

The San Francisco fire missed the Western plant by four blocks in 1906 and three days later, as soon as Stacy could get a temporary water main to the plant, it was running full blast with contracts enough in the vault to keep it busy for a full year, operating night and day. Two months later they built the new addition that tripled the size of the institution, but they couldn't catch up because Los Angeles started really growing then, Seattle was cutting down its hills and demanding structural steel in trainload lots, the whole West was stretching like a growing boy, and the Orient was beginning to require railroad steel and bridge materials. Creed, Stacy and Monroe worked night and day, for years.

Hal Morgan worked about three hours a day and went fishing or deer hunting or swimming or tennis playing or golfing or motoring or frivolling away his time somehow, and continued to grow younger instead of older with the years. They might have dissolved the partnership to eliminate him except that at about this period the Atlas Steel and Iron Company of Los Angeles, the Western's principal competitor, offered Morgan a partnership with an alluring stock bonus attached.

"I'd take it, I believe," Morgan said to his associates in the Western, "only there isn't what I call a decent golf course in southern California and I'd have to give up my hunting camp on Winters' Creek."

"Well, I'm damned!" S. M. B. Monroe exclaimed, and left the room.

The other two just stared. What were you going to say to a man like that?

On The Street it was generally estimated that Western had made each of the three earlier partners a cool million apiece before the war. When it came on we quit guessing. They might have been minting

gold eagles instead of turning out structural steel, automobile frames, ship's plates and the like. It put every man in the place except Harry Morgan under a heavy pressure and they paid for the pressure with jangled nerves, strained hearts, overworked brains and burned-out stomachs. Monroe, who had been a teetotaler, began to drink cocktails. John Creed, cursing, went to a doctor. He was ordered to the Orient for a change, made his reservations, packed and went to the docks and there was met by Phillip Zane, his chief clerk, with news that Java wanted bridge steel, which was in his department, and wanted it fast, at a high price. He let the Tenyo Maru sail without him, shut a storming wife into her limousine and took a taxi back to his desk, which he did not leave again, for more than a few hours at a time, until he suddenly dropped dead across its cluttered top, at the age of forty-six.

Meantime the mill had been taking its toll among subordinate executives: Jimmy Gaines at thirty-seven, with heart disease; Nestor, the treasurer, who fell an easy prey to the third wave of influenza at forty; Smithson and Wrenn and Gaskell in their middle forties; Duckworth, the auditor, at forty-nine, of a complication of troubles. The word began to go around that the Western Foundry was a man-killer. And it was.

Hal Morgan sent flowers, mailed money orders,



"I won't be in this afternoon," Morgan would say, for instance.



anonymously, to four or five widows whom he found in financial straits, talked in vain to the surviving partners about letting up on the drive, and then went out himself and played harder than ever and laughed more frequently and grew younger and more "damnably healthy" as time passed. Monroe came to the office now and then quite fuddled from his cocktails; Bick Stacy bent his shoulders under the load; new junior executives were found; Western Foundry went on grinding out money.

Less than seven months after Creed's death Shirley Monroe collapsed in his office one morning and had to be sent to a hospital. He made a desperate fight for life—seemed on his way to recovery. Hal Morgan himself drove the patient to a sanitarium and, with the aid of a specialist or two, Creed's doctor, Monroe's family physician and the sanitarium heads, got Monroe to promise to forget business and to learn golf, bridge and fly-casting on the lake. Shirley Monroe was then forty-five, a big, strong man, apparently, and with an iron will on which the doctors depended for material assistance in the fight they were making to save him.

The only thing Monroe lacked was the ability to play. It came to him as the final blow—he had forgotten how! It broke his heart, almost literally. Western Foundry came to Bicknell Stacy and Hal Morgan,

the former forty-one, Morgan fifty. Stacy looked sixty-five; Morgan any age between twenty-five and forty. Except for the laughing lines around his eyes and a touch of iron in his black hair he might have been a carefree boy. Then came that business of the Forest Hills contract.

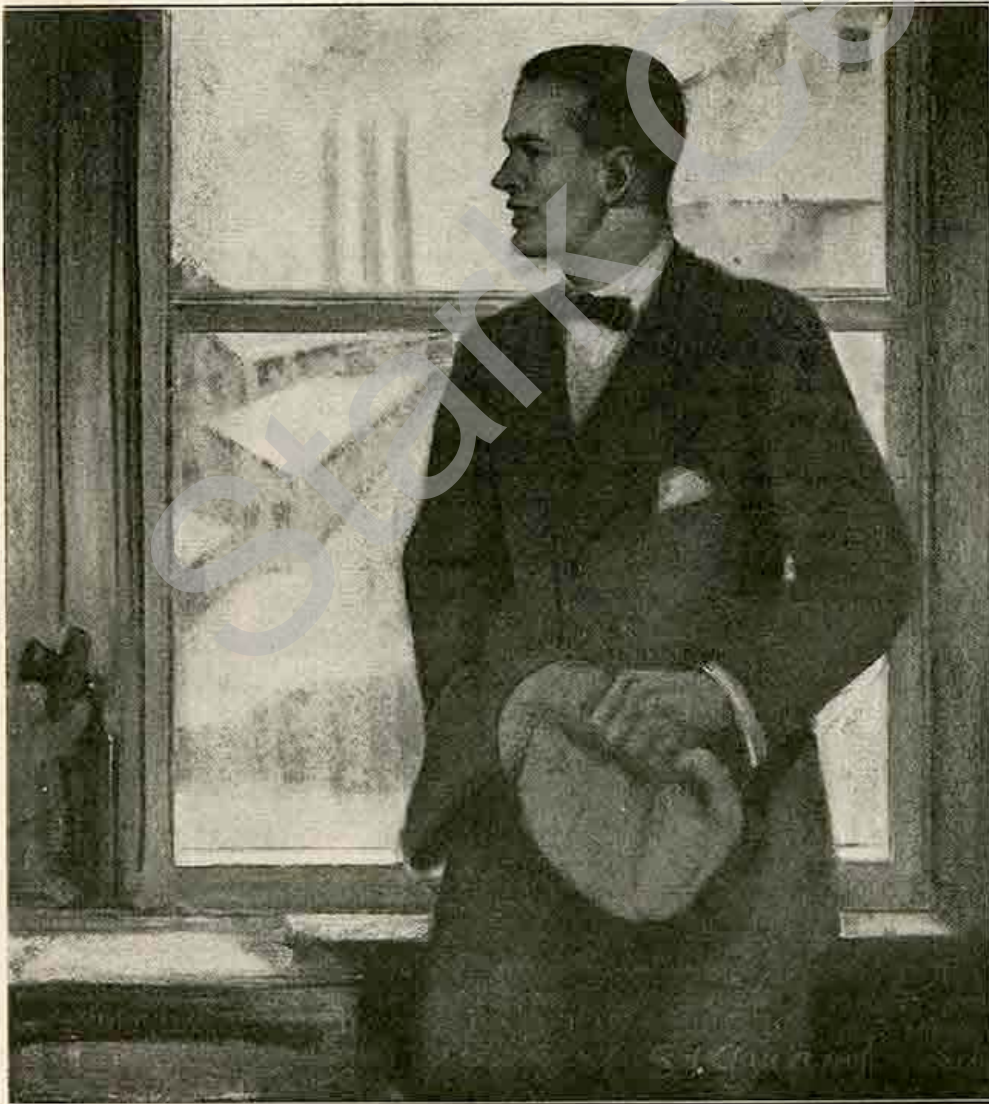
Western Foundry was a victim, with most other business enterprises throughout the world, of the period of deflation that followed 1919 and 1920. Part of the cause for the breaking of all those Western Foundry officials was undoubtedly due to the inevitable worry which came with that period to every man in business. But the concern was in good shape and going strong, even through all this, until Federal Steel began to take an interest in its affairs and to make indirect overtures for its purchase. Stacy refused angrily to have anything to do with a sale or a combination. He was ragged-nerved, perhaps, and certainly brusque. He made the Federal representative annoyed, and when the Forest Hills contract came along there is no doubt but that the eastern outfit saw its opportunity.

Western Foundry had taken the contract to supply all the castings, pipe and tower steel for the big hydro-electric development at Forest Hills, on the usual basis of a penalty for delays in delivery. Such penalties are provided in most big contracts, but they are seldom enforced.

Western Foundry was upset by the deaths of the two partners and the loss of several confidential men; a strike of foundrymen further complicated matters, and then Stacy found himself short of money and with his credit abruptly curtailed. He became panic stricken. Ninety days before the expiration of the time clause in the contract he was warned by the Coast States Power Company that deliveries would be demanded on schedule without grace.

By the next noon the rumor was current that Western was in bad shape and that both Mrs. Creed and the attorneys for the Monroe estate had refused to put up a penny to save it. I saw Bick Stacy staggering out of the up-town offices of the foundry with the stamp of death on his face. He was hit so hard he didn't know me. I went looking for Hal Morgan—found him at the Olympic Club swimming tank teaching the Australian crawl to a youngster.

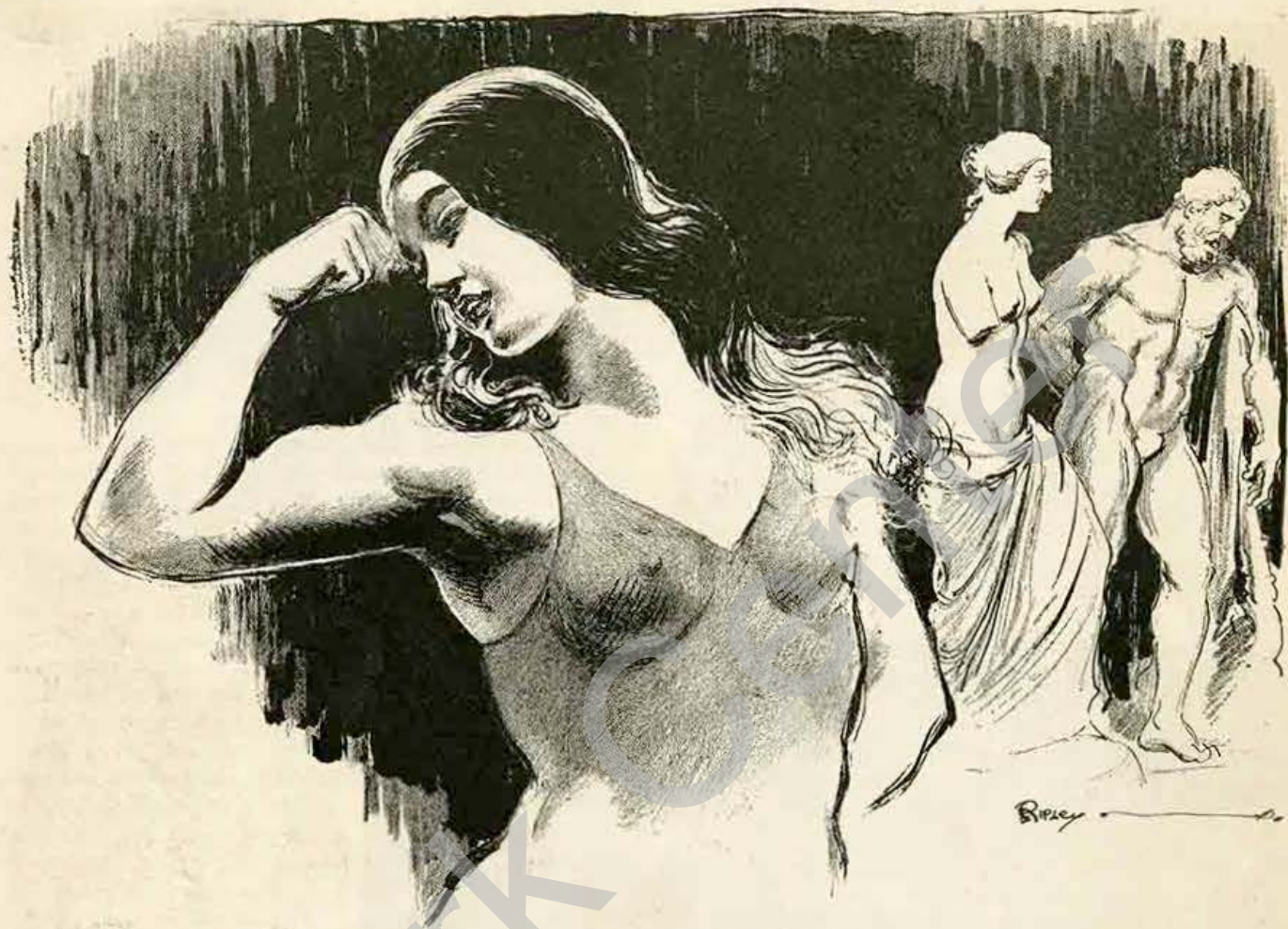
"See here, Hal," I  
(Continued on page 84)





# H o w S t r o n g

By L. E. Eubanks



VARIOUS authoritative statements during recent years have shown that women are longer-lived than men. This has surprised many people and they have tried hard to defend the established belief that the male of the human species is superior to the female in vitality (power to survive) as well as in most other things. They point particularly to the fact that man's habits of life expose him to greater danger of accidents, that there are about eight sudden deaths among men to one among women; that contact with cold and wet weather lays the men liable to pneumonia, one of the greatest life-destroyers, while the wives are warm and comfortable at home.

Such arguments prove nothing, in face of the actual facts; for the female's constitution manifests itself very early in life. More boys than girls are born, but the male mortality excess begins at the moment of birth when 180 boys die to every 145 girls. Inborn physical defects seem to be more prevalent among boys, for seven deaths among them are ascribed to this cause as compared to six among girls. And boys do not thrive so well as girls, for the wasting diseases of early infancy carry off fifty boys for every forty-one girls. Of 1,000 males half are dead at about fifty years of age; whereas half of 1,000 females are still living at

fifty-seven. Such facts as these are certainly significant.

There is no question about it, women have greater tenacity of life than men. Of recent years cancer is taking off a great many more women than men, especially around the age of forty, but it is principally cancer of the breast. We have no way of knowing just how well men would withstand those diseases peculiar to women; but to judge by their susceptibility to other forms of suffering, they would not make a very good showing. Of two hospital patients, a man and a woman, down with the same complaint, the former will nine times out of ten make the more fuss, the greater trouble for nurses, and give up the sooner. Some physicians tell us that woman's greater fortitude against pain is a divine provision for her terrible ordeals of childbirth; and to anyone who has witnessed an average case of parturition that will certainly seem reasonable. Whatever the reason, it is a fact that the average woman stands pain better than the average man.

I have been contending for many years that women are far and away stronger than men commonly believe. Popular attitude and that alone created the expression "weaker sex." I am not denying that women are weaker in a number of ways, but the term is a misnomer in that it implies total weakness, and a much greater



# I s a W o m a n ?

*Illustrations by Ripley*



Woman is at her best on the sport or work requiring staying power—something comparatively light but repeated contractions of the muscles. Swimming is one of the very best examples.

difference in man's favor than actually exists.

In primitive times—and today in some places—women were the workers. I hope my remarks will not be construed as approval of hard manual labor for the fair sex, I prefer not to touch the ethical phase; but one need only look at woman's industrial life in some foreign countries to see that her physical prowess in the United States is but little appreciated.

The average woman in easy circumstances is not one-tenth as weak as she believes herself. When she reads of the work done by the European peasantry women she actually thinks them creatures of a different mold. Probably if we should put her in their position and place one of them in her home, she would in a year be as strong as the working woman—I dare say stronger, because the American woman has greater physical possibilities than the average peasant woman. And a point of equal interest is that the transplanted worker would by the end of the year have lost a great deal of her strength as a result of idleness—or anyway would believe that she had.

Wherever women work as they did in primitive times, when the men dedicated all their time to war and the chase; wherever they still exert their natural powers, either from compulsion or choice—there you will find women of surprising physical power.

Herne, in his account of a northern exploration expedition, says that its failure was caused by the absence of Indian women. "They," he says, "are made for labor; one of them can carry or haul as much as two men. They also pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing; in fact, there is no such thing as traveling in that country without their assistance."

Denby Calhoun says that in the country districts of Russia and Germany women "pack" articles of enormous weight for long distances. The German pack woman, carrying a huge pack or basket on her back, is one of the commonest sights of the country. The



Wherever women work as they did in primitive times; wherever they still exert their natural powers, either from compulsion or choice—there you will find women of surprising physical power.



carrying device works something on the lines of a soldier's knapsack. The woman's shoulders, back, groins and hands all take part in the process. "Work does not kill," says Mayer in his work on "The Continent of Europe." "If it did, the average German female would die before she reached her girlhood. As it is she is driven by her taskmaster or mistress from the age of fourteen until she reaches second childhood. The average man would surely break down under the strain of the severe and continual effort to which the German female of the laboring class is subject."

I remember, too, that the great traveler, Bain, tells in some of his books about the women of British New Guinea, and their carrying power. Usually the burden is supported on the back by a band of fibre or leather that extends around the forehead, and not infrequently a baby will be perched on the top of the load. Professor Bain intimates that some of the loads thus carried weigh more than 200 pounds.

One more of such examples—from a writer who tells of the Kurdish women: "Their strength is remarkable. Here is one instance of it as witnessed by myself. A woman with a loaded donkey came to a place where the road was washed away. The donkey could not pass, so she took the load on her back—it must have weighed 150 pounds—carried it around the washout, laid it down and came back for the donkey. While carrying the load she also had a spindle in her hands \* \* \* they bring heavy loads of grass and wood down from the mountains. Some of them bear great panniers on their backs filled with grapes, and on the top of the pannier is, in all likelihood, a baby. Thus laden, they will travel for four days over the fearful Ishtazin Pass and return; the panniers in the latter case being filled with grain.

"A few years ago a woman came from Jeblo to my quarters in Geogtapa with her husband, who was very sick and who was almost a giant. She told me that she had carried him all the way from Gawar on her back. Gawar was four days' journey from me. I did not believe her then, but I do now, for I have since seen what great loads these muscular women will carry."

I repeat that popular opinion has a lot to do with the matter. With the whole world telling her she is immeasurably weaker than her brother, what can we expect from the girl or woman? I have seen numerous examples of the inhibition exercised by this suggestion. I learned in gymnasium class work that I had to segregate the sexes if I wished to get a reliable test of the girls' strength. As might be expected, the boys often did better because of the girls' observation; but almost always the consciousness—the auto-suggestion—that they were sure to be surpassed by the boys, kept the girls from doing their very best. Repeatedly, I have seen a girl give up in a contest with a boy; then do twice as well the next day, when pitted against a contender of her own sex.

I once proposed an arm-out contest, when the party consisted of five men and three women. My own wife was one of the women, and I felt quite certain that it would take more than a mere difference of sex to defeat her. Now holding the empty hand at arm's length, shoulder height, requires no momentary strength, but endurance; and endurance is the woman's chief physical asset. My wife beat all five of the men, but it is sig-

nificant that all five of the men beat the other two women. Mrs. Eubanks had not trained on the stunt, for I do not believe in that sort of work as an exercise; but she had been trained on the "show men" attitude, had been taught not to give up just because there was a man in the contest. "The idea of your beating the men!" exclaimed one of the other women—and right there she voiced an attitude that will probably help to keep her weak all her life.

In contests that involve bodily contact a man has great advantages—height, weight and (usually) greater contractile power of the muscles. Even though, for instance, a woman might be able to wrestle *longer* than a man, his greater momentary power, ability to exert greater effort than she, would terminate the contest before her endurance had a chance to be of much value. Further, she does *much heavier* work in handling his body than he does with hers—these facts, together with the ever-present danger of injury to her breasts, make it unfair to match women against men in bodily contact tests.

But there are other tests of strength. While we who believe in heavy exercises and feats of strength (when properly regulated) cannot endorse the statement made by some writers that endurance is the only measure of physical strength, we do cheerfully concede that it is a very useful, practical form of power, a highly valuable asset to anyone. As I have said, physical woman is at her best on the sport or work requiring staying power—something involving comparatively light but repeated contractions of the muscles. Swimming is one of the very best examples. I could not begin to enumerate the women and girls who shine in aquatic sports. When discussing this not long ago with a believer in man's unqualified superiority, he reminded me that but three persons had ever swum the English Channel and that they were men—that no woman had shown the nerve even to attempt the channel swim. I guess he was right in the first part of his argument, but I denied the rest of it. I know of numerous women who have tried it, and I well remember that Mrs. Arthur Hamilton came very near succeeding. She left Cape Gris Nez, on French soil, and did not give up till within three miles of Deal, her English goal. She was in the water twenty hours. It is very probable that when as many women as men have tried the famous channel swim they will have as many victories to their credit.

The sport of running illustrates the same respective abilities; women have not the contractile power to sprint with men, but their long distance records are very creditable. Women are not, however, as good at running and walking as they might be with more perfect feet. In the water their pedal defects are no handicap, and this, with the fact that they carry more fat (in proportion to total weight), makes swimming the greatest sport for women. But on the road, unless the woman has been particularly careful of her footwear, the feet give out long before the organic stamina is exhausted. One physical director examined the feet of seventy-five girls and found every one deformed and relatively weak.

From a study of forty-five college women, Doctors C. D. Mosher and E. G. Martin concluded that "there is no difference in the muscular strength of women and men which is due to sex as such. Such differences as

(Continued on page 80)



# Have You the Sense of Adventure?

By Alvin F. Harlow

**N**OT long ago an editorial writer expressed his conviction that at least once in three years "every physically normal person should do something active, novel and seemingly difficult; such," he continues, "as paddling from Chicago to Buffalo, or packing from Glacier Park to Banff or walking all around Long Island."

I thoroughly agree with him, save that I do not see why one should wait three years for adventure. Why not do something of the sort (possibly not quite so strenuous) at least once a year? Why spend one's vacation in doing the regular, stereotyped things that everybody else does?

There are few things that I dislike more than the ordinary summer or winter resort hotel, unless it is a modest one far away in the mountains, whence I can get away from the boarders and lose myself in the wilds every day. Too many vacations are mere orgies of loafing, flirting, tittle-tattle and overeating; and there is no benefit for a normal individual in any one of the four. But I am not talking solely of vacations. Adventures are to be had all through the year. You may find them during your week-ends or even by the way in your everyday life.

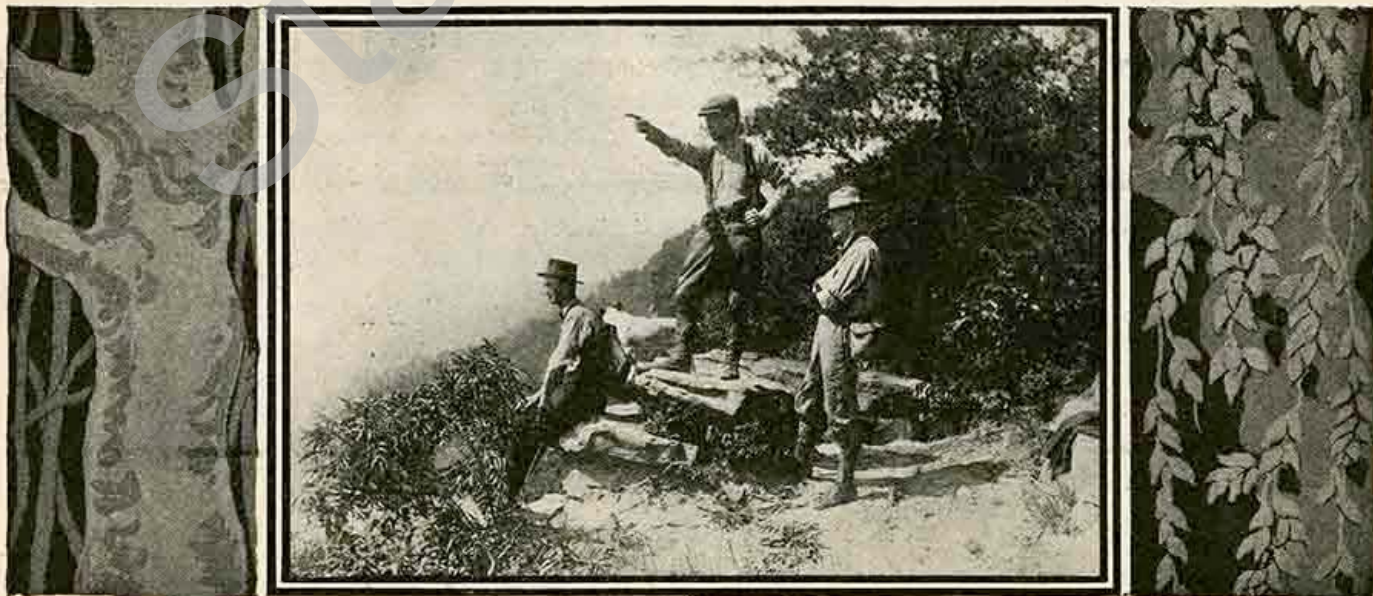
Do you know the meaning of "adventure?" Among the explanations found in the dictionaries are "a remarkable incident; a strange occurrence; an event in which we have no direction; an unusual experience; an enterprise in which something is at hazard." The very definitions have a fascinating flavor. They appeal to the man or woman who is not content to boggle through

life like a canal boat towed by those stolid old mules, Habit and Conventionality, along a dull channel of routine, but who longs to cruise like a buccaneer, or a tramp schooner all over the world of thought and action, calling at strange ports whose customs are like those of another planet, darting into queer little inlets where it seems that anything might happen, skirting cold, towering, rock-bound coasts, forever tortured by the sea, or dropping anchor within the coral rimmed lagoons of perfumed, exotic, palm-shaded isles.

I don't mean to intimate that many of us may do this in actuality; rather, metaphorically. It is enough that we have the spirit to do such things if we could; then we shall find adventures nearer home. I myself know nothing of such joyous ocean vagabonding. I wish I did! A friend of mine has offered to get me a job for one trip or more as supercargo on a freight ship going to Frisco around Cape Horn, calling at many South American ports. The only reason why I haven't accepted this offer is that my wife can't go; it is absolutely against the rules to take a woman on board for such a voyage. Since we've been married, I have done so little adventuring without her, and she would be so heartbroken at having to stay at home that I shall cheerfully forego this experience.

But even those of us who live inland and may never taste salt air may find adventure sometimes within a few miles of the hearthstone.

To find adventure, you must go out and seek it. Few novel experiences will be apt to come to those who pursue the stale routine of working, eating, sleeping,



"It's right over in that direction—about twenty-three miles. We ought to be able to make it to-day."





This might be Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn planning their momentous piratical expedition to the lonely island down the river

going to the theatre and perhaps going out to an amusement park or the beach on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Adventure lies off the beaten path, and in nine cases out of ten you must do some walking, usually much walking, to find it. Of course I am not now referring to intrigues or semi-shady transactions such as one reads about in the all-fiction magazines, and which are often classed as fascinating adventure—the sort of thing that has spawned such terms as “adventuress” and “soldier of fortune”; not that, but the clean, invigorating, instructive, open-air adventure, such as Theodore Roosevelt loved; and surely he was the greatest and the cleanest of adventurers.

In order to sympathize with this screed of mine, it will be necessary that you possess curiosity. It is an unfortunate thing that there is

so little curiosity in the world, and that what there is is in

the main so deplorably misdirected. Ninety percent of average human curiosity is along personal lines—a yearning to know about the affairs and secrets of other people. Desirable and what might be called constructive curiosity is the inquisitiveness that yearns to know the how, why and whence of everything of use and beauty it sees. It longs to know from whence come the food that we eat and the clothes that we wear, and how they are produced; it delights in digging into the history and physical study of the peoples that throng the world; when it sees a bird, an animal or an insect, it desires to know the name of the species, its habits and its uses; when it sees a machine, it wants to know how the machine operates and what it accomplishes; when it sees a curious geo-

It is a singular but actual coincidence that one of the author's mountain fisherman friends on the Tennessee River bears the name of Ananias Massengale. Ananias is here seen examining his “trot-lines”



One of the best pals that you can have on a hunting or fishing expedition is one of these Southern mountaineers





logical formation, it wants to know how the thing was wrought.

The man or woman with an investigative turn like this will find few moments of boredom in life unless confirmed in bed by illness. Actual cultivation of such curiosity is one of the most laudable of all cultural activities, for if you really want to know a thing, you will inevitably find means of learning it. Thus, curiosity means education. Add to this desire-to-know some will power, steady nerves and a love of Nature and human beings, whether rough or polished, and you have the proper temperament for adventure.

I forgot one stipulation. You must not be too fastidious. You must be willing to take things and people as you find them. You must be able to rough it. There is no joy in adventure for

the fellow whose nerves get all jangled up because he can't have a scented bath in a porcelain tub first thing in the morning or because there is no caviar

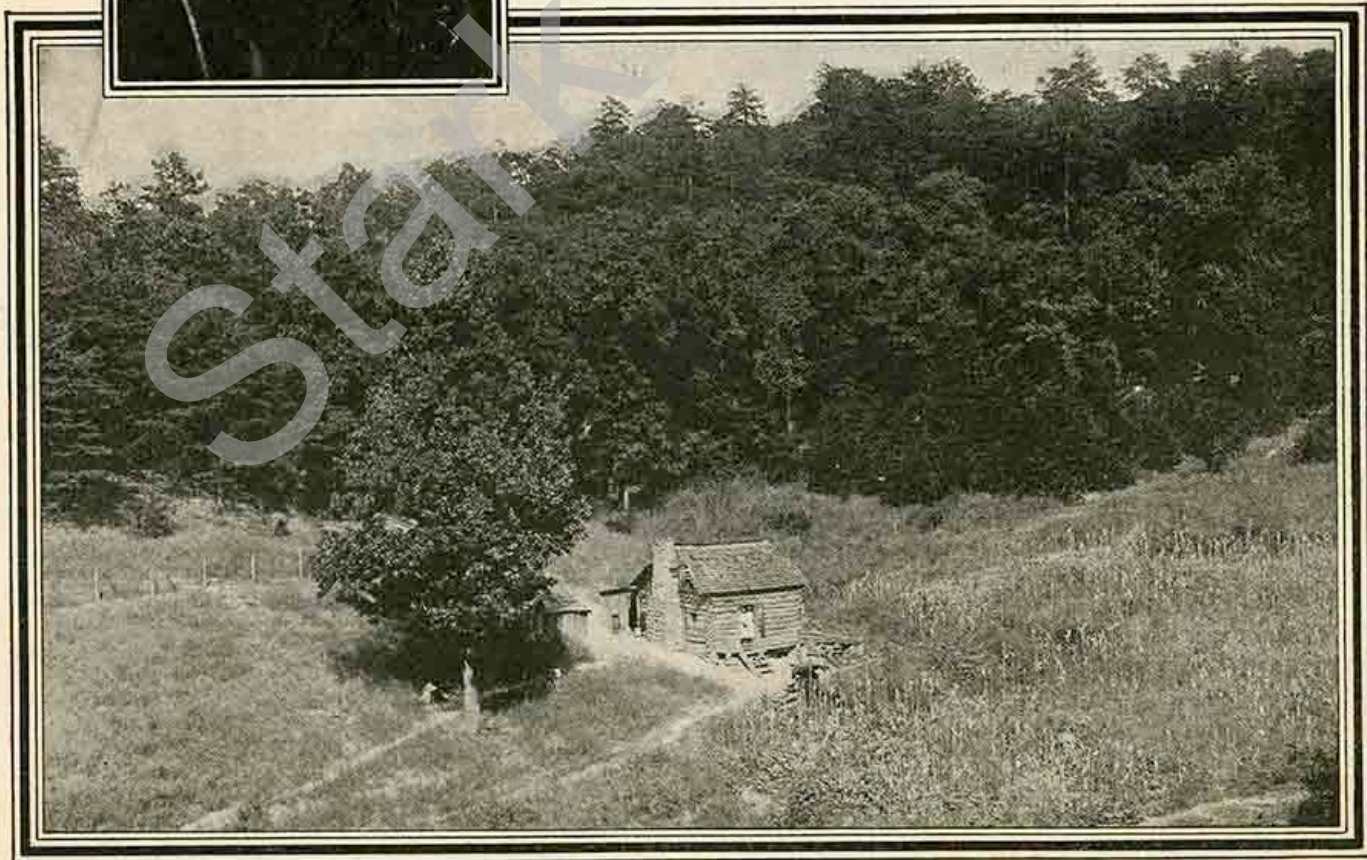
on the table of the mountain hut where he is dining, or because the man with whom he is trekking through the woods has uncouth manners and a dirty neck. I have dined with great zest many a time in lumber camps, mountain cabins and trappers' shacks where the table appointments were of the coarsest, and where the human hand was used as a napkin—one swipe this way with the back and another that way with the heel of it, cleansing the mouth from side to side as tidily as you please.

**The author's alligator-hunting friend holding up a five-foot live 'gator which he has just captured with his bare hands. Note how carefully he holds the saurian's jaws shut**

*(Continued on page 92)*



**You may have to get wet plumb up to your middle when you go crayfishing in this swamp on the outskirts of New Orleans, but what of it?**



**There may be thirteen people living in this little cabin, but they will extend their hospitality to a friend just the same, and do the best they can for him**





# The Camel

*For Smokers Only*

CARTOONS BY

Let us look a little closer. If you are searching for something that "satisfies," you will find it in almost anything that quickens your blood, clears your head, wakes you up and gives you the feeling of being alive. We once heard Benny Leonard asked the question as to whether, when he had retired from the fighting game, he would relax his rigid scheme of living and enjoy the pleasure of an occasional highball or cocktail. "Oh, that stuff!" Benny replied with a searching look. "Why, that stuff hasn't any kick!" And that's the trouble with it. It doesn't mean anything to one who has tasted life in a more vigorous form. It is the same with a smoke. There's nothing to it.

Tobacco is a mild narcotic, a sedative, physiologically a depressant. It is therefore supposed to soothe and quiet one, and that is just what it does if it does anything. It very, very slightly deadens you. But that doesn't mean anything to a man who gets waked up by a brisk mile or two of tall stepping.

However, if we may offer a suggestion to the Camel man, or his advertising genius, would he not be up-to-date in using smiling, pretty girls on his billboards? We use them on our magazine covers, and in other advertising. Why not athletic, pretty girls—stepping off one mile at a time? For the time has come when smoking is no longer the practice of manly, red-blooded men. It is quite the thing among womanly, red-blooded

**H**AVE you tried the Camel health system? You know what I mean. You walk a mile for a camel. It's a great idea.

Incidentally, it is remarkable how large a part advertising has played in teaching people how to be healthy; as for instance, in matters of brushing their teeth right to avoid pyorrhea, eating their iron every day by consuming more raisins and avoiding the fatigue and nerve-shock that would have come through pounding the pavement with hard heels.

But especially this Camel system of training. You walk a mile for every cigarette you smoke, and thereby grow strong and handsome, just like the happy young man in the advertising pictures.

Just try it and it will work out. Suppose you smoke ten Camels a day and naturally walk a total of ten miles in order to do so. Manifestly, the ten miles of eager hoofing will do you more good than the ten little smokes can do you harm.

And suppose you are a heavy smoker. Make it twenty-five to forty cigarettes a day, for the more you spend the stronger you get. Well—on second thought, if you walk that much you won't have time to smoke at all. Most of us would be quite satisfied with from ten to twenty.

It is really hard to say how much good one will get out of walking ten miles each and every day. It is the ideal exercise, the "constitutional," the means of keeping young and living long. Especially if you step along as briskly as you naturally would if you have in mind the reward of a Camel. And after you have had one—that is, one mile—you will feel just like having another—another mile.

It was little short of a stroke of genius for the tobacco man to foist upon an unsuspecting public this great system of health promotion. Indeed, the scheme seems almost too good to be true. The only trouble with it, if any, is found in the possibility that by the time you have finished your brisk walk you will have had such a dose of oxygen in your lungs, and found such a kick in it, that you will no longer feel the desire for the smoke. There—we knew there was a catch in it somewhere!



Some day that last masculine stronghold, the "smoker,"



# Health System

By Carl Easton Williams

FRANK McALEER

women. To such an extent that many men of today, when offered a smoke, disdainfully reply, "No thanks, it's too effeminate."

It has become a matter of some concern, where masculine dignity is affected. Some day—and just you mark these prophetic words—the first woman is going to invade the smoking car on your railroad train. Of course you and I know that if there is one institution in the world that is sacred to masculinity it is the "smoker." It is a man's place, the final stronghold where he feels safe from feminine intrusion. It offers a thoroughly he-man atmosphere. And yet, after all, it is only a smoking car, for people who want to smoke. And so as I say, some day a modern woman is going to go in there, sit down and light up. And when she does that—can you imagine? The poor mere men in consternation and horror will get up out of their seats, brush the ashes off their vests and go back to ride in the regular day coaches. And then the other women smokers will join the first. And the place will become a feminine instead of a masculine stronghold. And that is what the world is coming to!

The question arises as to why women smoke! The opinion has been expressed that in many cases it is



purely an affectation. A girl smokes in public, very conspicuously, because she thinks it is smart. Same as in the case of a small boy. Whether it is an affectation or an addiction, it is not exactly consistent with our traditional and old-fashioned ideas of womanly dignity. Or have women taken up smoking largely for the reason that men smoke, as if only to express their sense of sex equality? But if so, one asks again, just why do men smoke?

What, for instance, is the nature of the satisfaction for which an up-to-date young man, who mostly motors or fox-trots when he does travel, would be willing to walk a mile? Just how does a little paper perfumed incense burner "satisfy?" We have tried to find out. We have tried smoking one a month, to ascertain just what it is that so pleases the consumer that he will spend millions of dollars every year for it. But my August cigarette was just as insipid as my July cigarette. So far as I can discover there is nothing to it.

For years I have asked others to describe the nature of the satisfaction. It is apparently elusive and baffling, to say the least: Several have reported that they have found that one does not wish to smoke in the dark when he cannot see the smoke curling up in that pretty wave it has—suggesting something like the satisfaction of lazily watching drifting clouds. Perhaps that is quieting and restful. But that cannot be all there is to it. Perhaps it is the taste. If so, I do not quite get it. Presumably one must keep at it until he learns to like it.

Do you smoke because you feel a distinctly narcotic or sedative effect, some mysterious quieting and soothing of the nerves? Personally I have been unable to detect any such feeling. I have sometimes wondered whether it is not largely a matter of just giving one something to do at a time when otherwise he would be idle, expressing a nervous restlessness as one does in drumming on the desk with the fingers, or pulling at his beard or biting a pencil. And yet that does not seem to explain it. I would be glad to have some one explain to me, clearly and definitely, exactly the pleasure he finds in smoking—if indeed it is not that which the psycho-analysts have pointed out.

The psycho-analysts, exploring the sub-conscious

(Continued on page 85)



will be invaded by the first woman smoker!



The Joy of Life  
Find It By Expressing It



Girl Students of the Dalcroze School of Eurythmics at Berlin.  
This is both art and exercise, a beauty builder in the sense of  
both bodily and spiritual excellence.





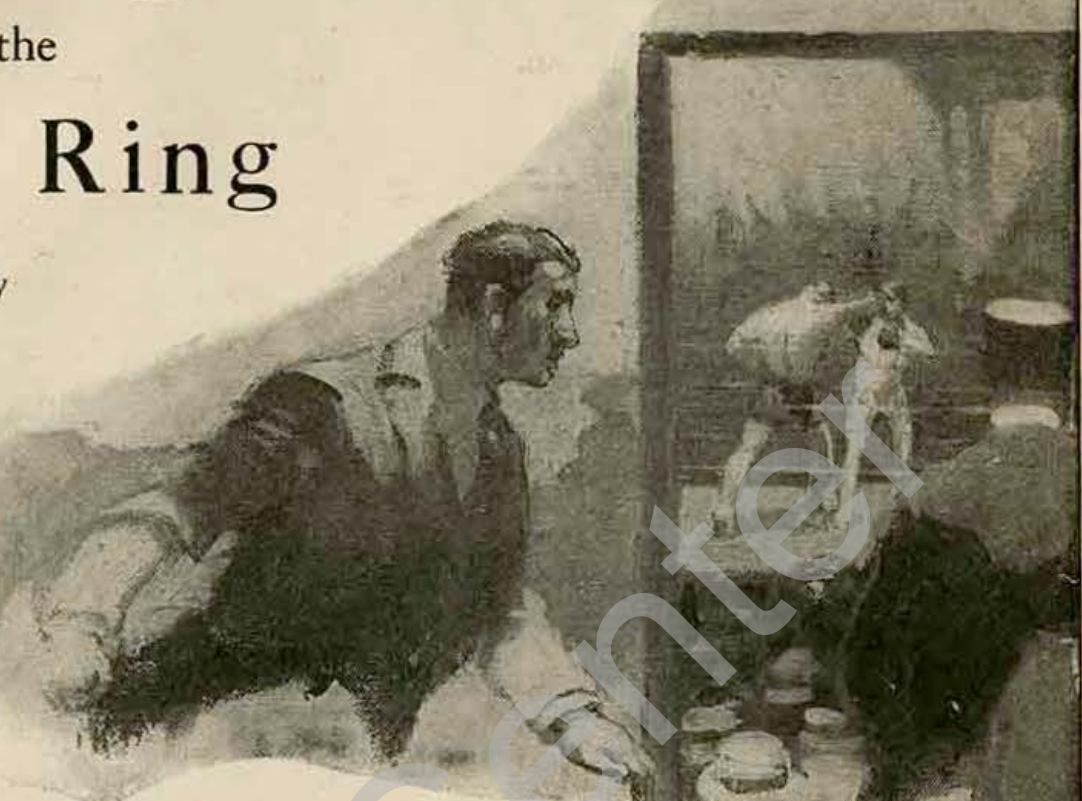


# Adapting Coué

to the

## Prize Ring

A Story



Charlie found her outside the dressing rooms, waiting.

**C**HARLEY GORMAN was tired of being "secretary" to the president of the Eagle Sarsaparilla Works, which was the title Jack McGonigle acquired when he retired as undefeated lightweight champion.

He would take a flyer in pugilism. "Measuring a wham to the kiscus beats blowing the suds off'n soft drinks," he apologized to Jack as he bade him a farewell, which apparently both hoped would be only temporary, "and I don't think I'll make any mistake—not Charles Algernon Gorman, after twenty years in the corner of the slickest mitt slinger of the century."

The old champion did not seem so sure. "You never missed your envelope on Saturday with me, Charley," he admonished.

This wrung the confession. "The low-down of it, Jack," the one-time booze mixologist plaintively asserted, "is it's makin' pop bottles that gets my goat. There's nothin' ladylike and refined about me except my waistcoat—" he stuck his thumbs in the arms of the buff garment, with yellow fleur de lis, under his coat, "an' since they closed down the Palace Saloon and Dance Hall, an' after you quit the game with your jeans full o' jack, seems like I can't think of nothin' but a resin mat and a pail with a fat sponge restin' inside."

"I see," McGonigle smiled, "you're a regular he-man, aren't you, Charley?"

"Well," Charlie responded, "I don't drink sarsaparilla, anyway, and there's enough like me left to get me a job at somethin' more my style."

Accordingly, the following week, in Boxiana, there appeared this ad:

**WANTED:** Retired pugilist, under thirty, not a booze fighter, who wants to come back. Trust me. I'll tell you how. Nothing in advance. Address, EZ 7-11, Boxiana.

Charlie showed the ad to the old champion, seeking advice. "What's the idea?" said Jack. "Whadda you want with a has-been?"

"They come cheap, for one thing," the former secretary replied, "besides, I'm not strong on technical advice, you know that. I gotta have some one who knows how to handle his dukes."

Jack's smile might have been of sarcasm or benevolent indulgence. Perhaps he remembered that all he had known of the fistic art had come from the great, but departed Buck Hart. Charlie's function in the glorious days of the championship had been to "throw a bluff with the gang and kid the reporters."

"My idea is this," Charlie continued, "the biggest part of box fighting is inside the old bean. Nobody knows that better'n Jack McGonigle. It's like Buck Hart used to say, 'if I can locate a man's fear bug I can make a champion out of a second rater.' And I'm going to be up-to-date. I'm going to apply the best ideas of psychology now running to some good dub."

Jack was patronizing. "Is this psychology any *re-*lation to physiology?"

"Quit yer kiddin' and watch my smoke! I'll show you a little psychology *applied* to physiology."

In preparation for the event he anticipated, and to kill time while Boxiana could circulate among the faithful Charlie went that evening to the Hippodrome where the distinguished French savant, M. Garrè, lectured on "The Power of the Mind in our Daily Affairs."



By Richard Barry

ILLUSTRATED BY THOMAS SKINNER



Starry-eyed, with a fifty cent admission, high in the last tier of seats (M. Garrè packed a fearful punch among his idolators) Charley drank deeply at the fountain of popular psychology.

"Each one here tonight is a genius," declared M. Garrè, "but for the world to recognize you it is necessary first that you recognize yourself. No man can go beyond his own estimate of his own powers. Remove the blinders. Breathe deeply. Believe—believe in yourself. Be assured that only insofar as you believe in yourself will the world believe in you."

Mankind, possessing an unquenchable thirst for flattery, drank in this nectar with beaming content, the thousands who heard it responding with audible delight, as if some astute politician had sounded their most secret desires.

Charley Gorman, high aloft, clapped his hands and shrilled, "Atta boy! It's all in the old bean!"

#### I

A letter came to EZ 7-11, signed "A. Worth" and asking for an appointment. Charley responded and suggested that the writer call at the Eagle Works,

where he still held a desk. The next day the office boy brought in a card, plainly printed, which read, "A. Worth."

"Show him in," said Charley.

The boy sniggered. "'Tain't a him."

"Sure—it's my box fighter."

"Naw! Its a skirt!"

"What!" Charley was aghast. It was an important point with him not to deal with ladies during office hours, and not afterward, if that were avoidable. "Look again."

After another look the boy returned with explanations. "The dame says she wrote yew a letter to Boxiana."

"Show her in," said Charley, all at sea.

The "dame" proved to be a modest little person, of trim figure, in plainly tailored suit, with velvet brown eyes that made Charley feel, as he afterward expressed it, "trembly all over."

Yet she was direct to the point of brusqueness.

"You are the former manager of Mr. Jack McGonigle?" she asserted.

Charley would never deny this soft impeachment, but blushing admitted it.



"That's why I answered your ad," she continued, blithely. "I hoped you might be able to get some coaching from Mr. McGonigle for my man."

"Your—y-your man!" Charley blinked. What was this—a husband or a steady. His business acumen was dulled. Already he felt a sick glow of disappointment.

"Yes—my man is known in the ring as, or, rather, used to be known as Glass Jaw Dugan. And that's why I wanted Mr. McGonigle to help him. I know Mr. McGonigle is the best defensive boxer we ever had in this country, and I hoped—"

"But, Madam—" Charlie spluttered, "Madam Worth, is it?"

"As the card says," she casually responded, "Alice Worth is the name. You seem surprised? Perhaps the idea of a woman managing a prize fighter is new to you."

The perspiration stood out on Charley's forehead. He was still gasping. She had guessed only a part of his bewilderment. Mostly he was concerned with apprehension that old Glass Jaw Dugan was "her man" in more senses than one.

He remembered well enough Glass Jaw Dugan, a second rater who had once challenged McGonigle, but for whom no promoter would guarantee a gate. The fans had given him his name because, while he usually put up a good fight for a round or two, he seldom was able to survive a stiff clip on the chin. He showed well in a gymnasium, he could stand off any light hitter, and he carried a good punch in his left hand. Once or twice he had been able to avoid getting it on the chin and in these instances he had been returned a winner, but against any man of McGonigle's rank, or near it, able to place a good blow at will, Dugan could offer no contest.

Until this minute Charley had never thought of

Dugan at all. He was but one of a horde of names he encountered on the sporting pages but never in the signed columns; always over in the little notes, in fine type, with, as he put it, the "also-rans, the has-beens and the would-bes."

Yet he was "her man," and instantly a personage, though Charley would have scorned to admit as much.

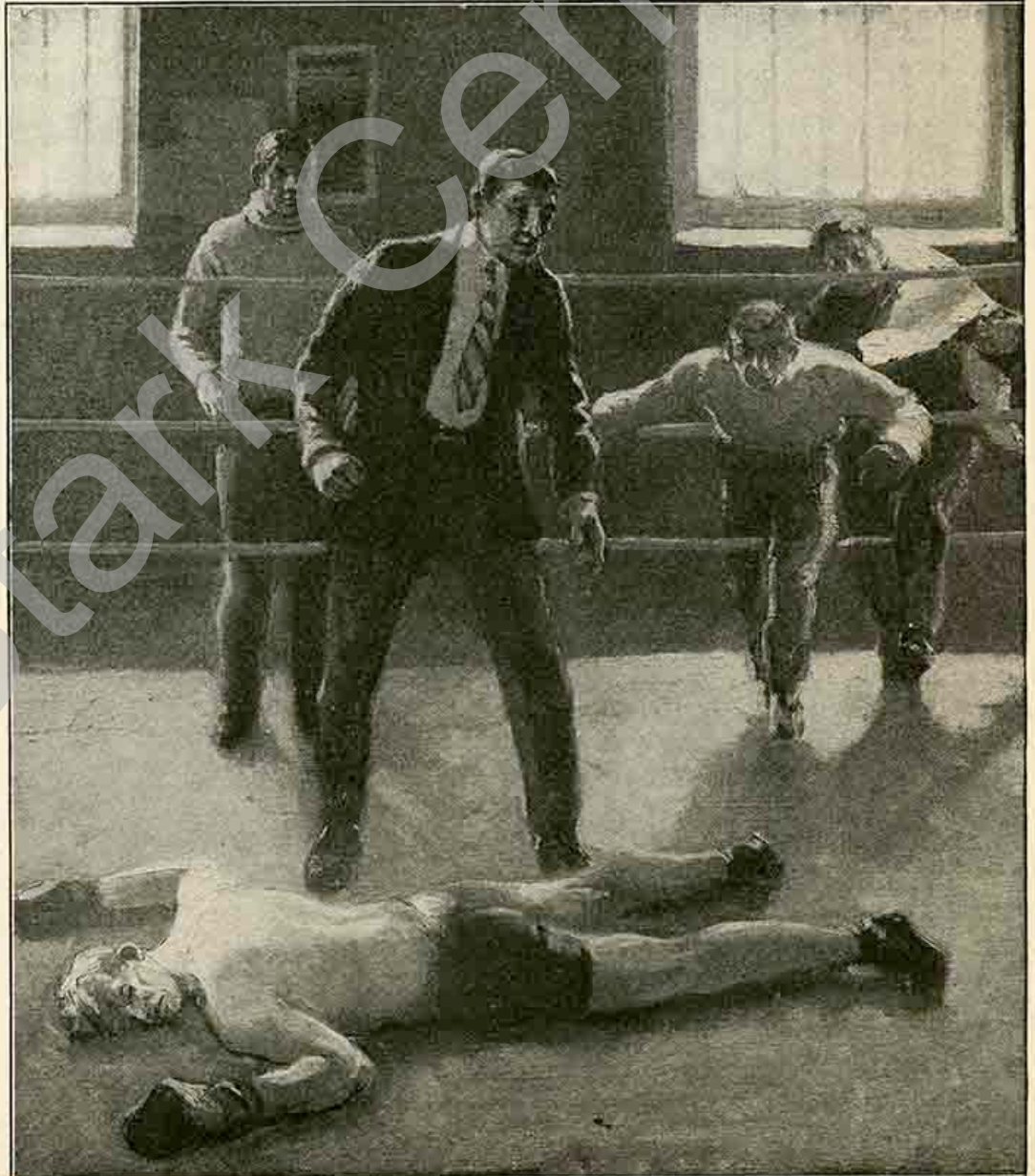
"I am surprised," he replied. "I don't think I ever met a woman manager of a prize fighter before—nor heard of one either."

She seemed subtly pleased with this, as if it were a compliment, but her breeding was evident and her discretion all that could be expected of any lady. Charley was at a loss just how to treat her, but he was sure of one thing—it must be with the greatest of respect.

"How did you come to go into it?" he managed to ask.

She dropped her eyes for a moment, and then looked at him frankly. "Well, you see," she asserted, "Mr. Dugan's former manager would not handle him any more, and his babies are so in need. He has three—"

Charley's heart sank into the pit of his stomach.



A straight right to the jaw had put him out.



Three babies—and that bum letting this brave little woman go out pluckily into the rough fight world to barter with conscienceless managers so that Dugan could get a slam on his glass jaw and bring home a few dollars! It struck Charley Gorman as one of the most pathetic cases he had ever encountered. She was a good little woman all right, a straight kid; anyone could see that, but of course she knew nothing about the fight game; no woman could. Her coming to him in this way was proof enough of that.

Yet—Charley's chivalrous heart beat warmly.

"I tell you, Miss Worth—I suppose you like to be called 'Miss'?" he rushed on.

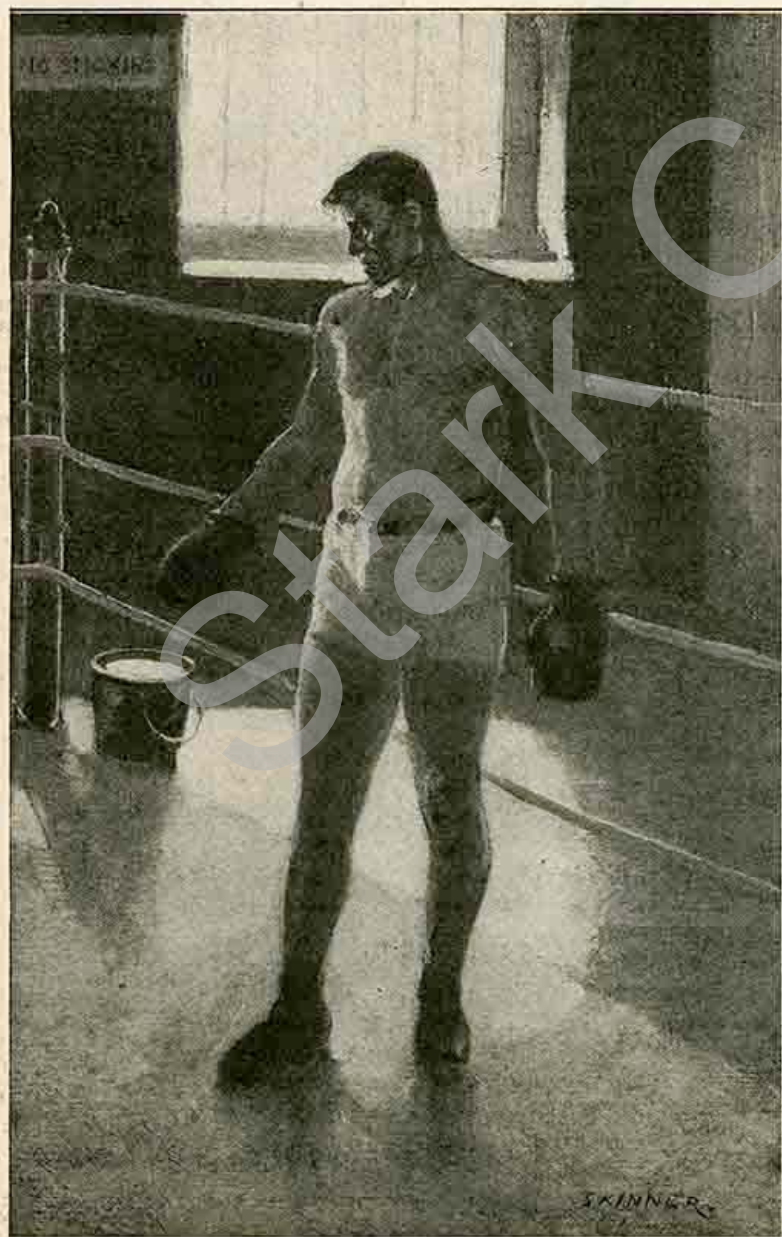
She smiled quizzically. "Yes," she admitted, "I rather prefer it that way."

"A good idea," Charley agreed, "in business. The boys might give you better terms if they think you're single, than they would a married woman."

"I hope so," 'Miss Worth' softly intoned.

"What I started to say is, that you're barking up the wrong tree."

"O!" this with palpable disappointment.



"Mr. McGonigle is through with the ring—for keeps. I'm not his manager. He hasn't any. And I know he won't take on any coaching for anybody. I put that ad in Boxiana so's to get some has-been I can lick into shape. I got a theory, Miss—a peach of a theory, and I want to try it out with some fellow who feels down on his luck, but who knows what's what when the bell rings and he has to put up his dukes. Now, if you wanted to share the management of your—"

He was about to say "husband," but hesitated, and continued, "your man, perhaps we could go in together, and make something out of it. What do you say to that?"

Her eyes glowed and she nodded her head.

"My idea is this," Charley persisted, "it's putting psychology in the ring. It's only thinking makes us what we are, prize fighters, same as everyone else. If I can get hold of a dub who thinks no great shakes of himself and fill him with confidence and make him positive he can't be beat he can go in and knock the other fellow's block off. Get me?"

A. Worth soberly nodded, quoting, "Every day in every way," as the Frenchman says, 'I'm getting better and better.'"

"Exactly," Charley chimed in, "only that's too complicated for a mitt slinger. The average leather pusher's bean can't take that in. It's too subtle and refined. I've got that boiled down into words of one syllable for the prize ring."

"Really? What do you make of it?"

Charley hesitated. "The language may be a bit rough," he apologized, "But no offense meant, Miss. The way I put that, just for box fighters, is this way—'Hell! I'm well!'"

Her laugh pealed out merrily, and rang through the office.

"O, Mr. Gorman!" she exclaimed, "That's just great!"

## II

A working agreement was reached between A. Worth and Charles Algernon Gorman. She was to impart the psychological lesson to the tarnished hero with the glass jaw. He was to look around and arrange a match.

She had been gone from the office less than an hour when the boy ushered in a more obvious client. This was Henry Hansen, known among the fancy as "The Socking Swede." He had a pair of beautifully cauliflowered ears, and each jaw seemed to carry a case of permanent mumps. His eyes bleared from puffy lids, and a shock of tangled hair fell over his low forehead when he doffed his curly cap.

The perfect picture of a bruiser was The Socking Swede. Charley knew of him. Once he had been on the opening card when McGonigle was defending his championship. Practically devoid of knowledge of the ancient science of boxing still he had never been knocked out. He could take a fearful beating and wait for his chance to land his right wallop which was a good one, though his left was next to useless. He would never be a cham-



pion but it would take one to beat him. Yet Charley had missed his name from the records for a long time.

The Socker explained this. "A guy tells me about your ad in Boxiana," he mumbled out of thick lips, "and I guess I'm your meat, all right. I'm not a booze fighter and I want to come back. What's the dope?"

"First tell me about yourself, Henry," Gorman pleasantly countered with easy professional familiarity, "I didn't know you'd gone away."

"Not a match in over a year. A sawbones give me th' count fer th' first time in me life."

"How's that?"

Hansen held out his right hand, a puffy ham-like member, covered with fine red hair, but it seemed to hang listless and at a strange angle.

"See that old soup-bone," he grumbled, challengingly, "that was my socker. That's what always brought me home the bacon. I never could work up a left; tried every way; but never hit the spark plug. This right was the baby, though—she could lay low and wait for the button to come loose and when she did connect it was curtains for the other guy."

"I know. They called you The Socking Swede."

"Sure—until a year ago come next Saturday. There was a shivaree out where I live in Canarsie, and after midnight a lot of us piled in a flivver to go home. I hadn't touched a drop of that bootlegger's dynamite they served, but the guy at the wheel had. He put us through a culvert and into a ditch. I woke up next day in the hospital—O. K. except for the soup bone. That was broke below the elbow."

The Socker groaned inaudibly. Charley respected the mumbling grief, realizing its professional significance.

"Why couldn't I break the left if I had to break anything?" Hansen protested.

"I suppose you put your right out naturally. It was your best hand."

"The only one worth a nickle," the prizer fighter corrected, "but breaking it wasn't the worst. It was the doc that set it as pulled curtains on me. Soon as she began to mend I noticed somethin' was wrong. Sure enough—th' minute I could use it I could see she wasn't straight. The doc says they's two bones below the elbow. Well, he'd put the wrong one on the other—"

"Impossible!" Charley objected.

"Maybe not that, but somehow he set her wrong. Well, there—take a look for yourself. Anybody can see it!"

The Socker held out the "soup bone." Plainly it was not a normal arm. It was twisted so that the palm was held outward.

"I see!" Charley admitted, "but why didn't you have him break it over again and set it right?"

"I did. That took another three months to get well, but it was wors'n before. I could use her fer a fish hook er a grapplin' iron, but she ain't worth a peanut to sock with no more."

The Socking Swede slouched in his seat and looked down with pathetic helplessness at the floor.

"Come! Buck up!" Charley brightly admonished, opening his coat and revealing the full effulgence of the yellow fleur de lis. "You say you'd like to sign

with me as manager? You want me to bring you back?"

"You can't teach an old dog like me new tricks, Mr. Gorman."

"I'm not going to teach you any new tricks. Just the old ones, but better applied. Get me?"

"Can't say as I do. Not exactly."

Charley reserved the technique of his formula until he had secured the legal and written sanction of Mr. Henry Hansen to be his manager and his fifty-fifty partner in all enterprises comprehending the activities of the fistic arena.

Then he turned on his recruit. "Now, Henry," he admonished, "are you going to do exactly as I say, follow instructions to the letter?"

"I allus mind me manager. I ain't such a nut as to cough up half my purse for advice and then throw it away. Besides, didn't you make Jack McGonigle?"

Charley never denied this, nor did he now. "Well," he briskly countered, "I'm going to put you right back in your stride. We'll have you out in front taking a crack at the champion inside a year."

"Yew think so, Mr. Gorman?" The Swede's mournful query was pathetic.

"Sure thing, but only if you do as I say."

Already the puffy sides of the permanently swollen cheeks had begun to assume more firm lines; the bullet head was already coming back more squarely on its sloping shoulders. The pugilist regarded his new manager with dog-like fidelity.

"Shoot," said he, "and I'll jump through a hoop or roll over and play dead, just as you say."

To add importance to the occasion and to clothe it with the requisite mystery Charley excused himself for a moment and left the prize fighter trembling between his old doubts and his new hopes. When he reappeared it was as if clothed in authority.

"Now, Hansen," said he, "when you go to bed tonight, just before you drop off to sleep, I want you to say over to yourself, out loud, three words I'm going to give you; say them over, again and again, until you've said them twenty times. That's easy enough, only you've got to do it just as I say. Get me?"

"Sure! What's the words?"

"Hell! I'm well!"

The slattern mouth plopped open; the narrow gimlet eyes peered out stupidly; the twisted arm hung more listlessly at the side of the ring-worn pugilist. "Hell! I'm well!" he repeated wonderingly.

"That's it. That's all. Say it twenty times at night just before you go to sleep and say it twenty times in the morning before you get out of bed. And then repeat it during the day whenever you think of it."

"Hell! I'm well! Hell! I'm well!" The Socking Swede dutifully, ploddingly, without the trace of a smile, repeated to himself over and over.

Suddenly he looked up with a glimmer of intelligence, and held out the twisted arm. "But the old soup bone?" he queried, plaintively, "can't you do nothin' fer her?"

"That is for her," Charley replied, "'hell! I'm well' is going into your subconscious mind, and, after a while, your subconscious mind is going to make you just as well and strong as you ever were. Only better and stronger."

"I see," said the Socker, without seeing at all.

(Continued on page 76)



# What Is Your Weak Link?

By Alan Calvert

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH M. BATES-WILLIAMS

**W**HEN writing recently about Eugene Sandow, I said that he was like a chain without a weak link. The perfection of Sandow's build, the fact that he is without a weak spot from head to heel, furnishes the reason why he was (and is) able to perform such wonderful and varied feats of strength. It also explains why he is today in absolutely perfect health, despite the fact that he is nearly sixty years old.

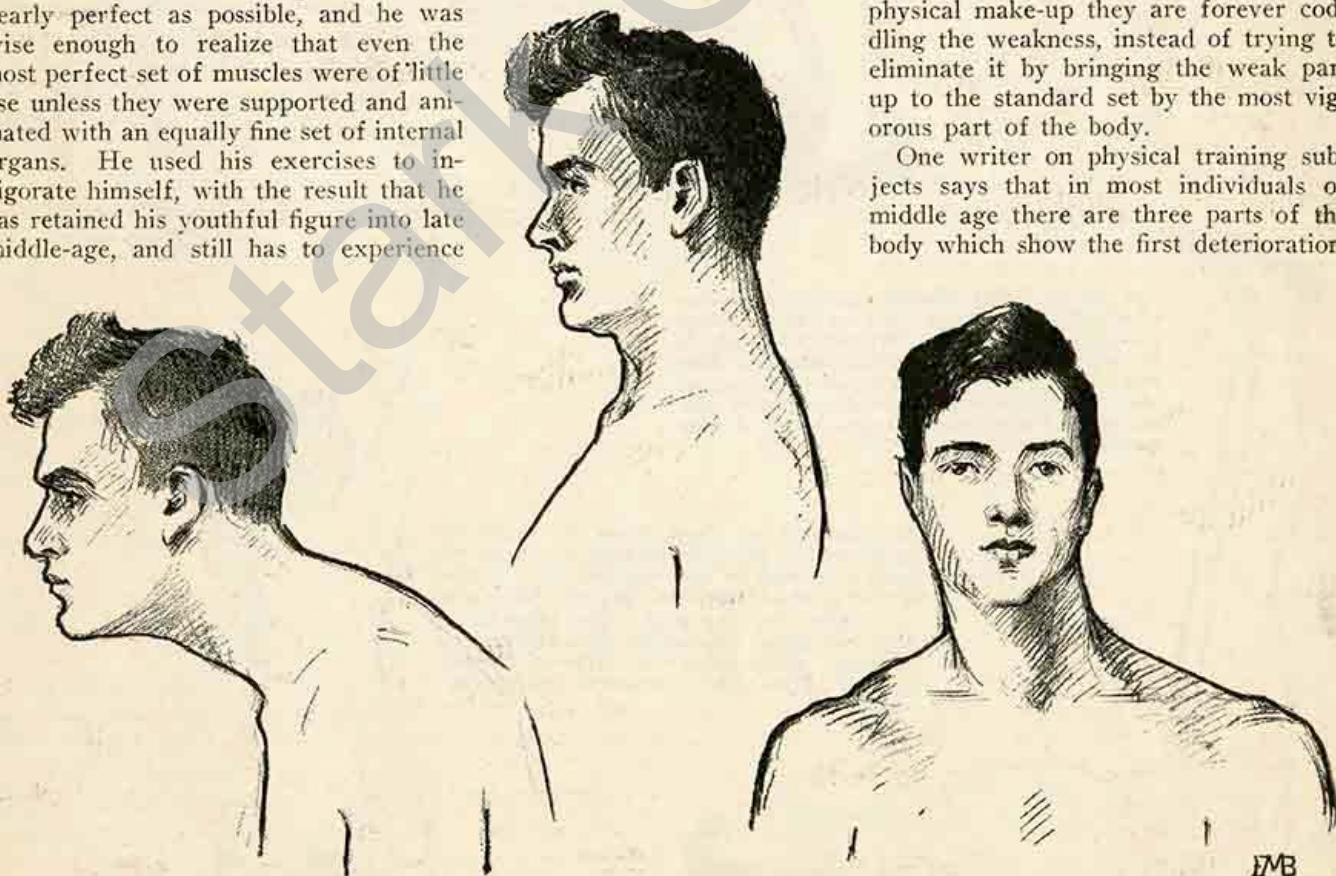
Mr. James L. Ford, in a recent book, tells how when a school boy, he and his cronies indulged in dreams as to what they would all be at the age of sixty: One of them wished to become a general, one a multi-millionaire and, of course, one expected to become President. "But," says Mr. Ford sadly, "not one of us knew enough to wish for sound teeth and a perfect digestion at the age of threescore."

Sandow took such pride in his body that he determined to make every part of it as nearly perfect as possible, and he was wise enough to realize that even the most perfect set of muscles were of little use unless they were supported and animated with an equally fine set of internal organs. He used his exercises to invigorate himself, with the result that he has retained his youthful figure into late middle-age, and still has to experience

the loss of hair and teeth, the failing sight, the shortness of breath, the poor digestion, and the fluttering heart that bother so many individuals of his years.

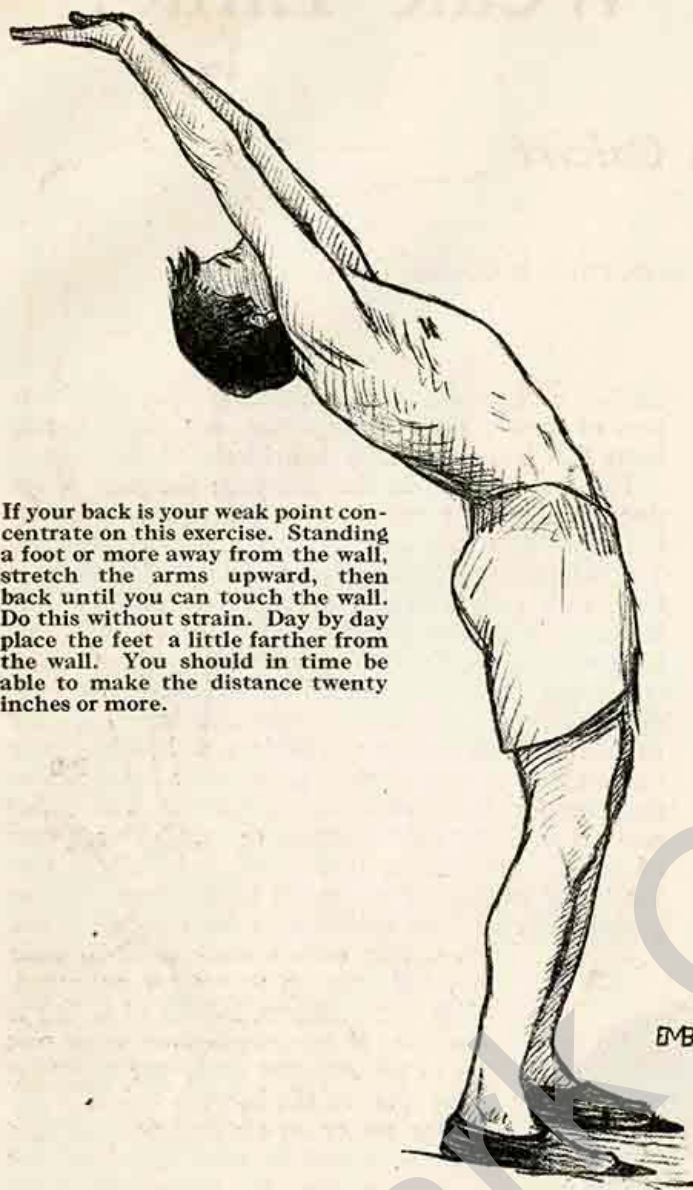
There is a lesson in that for you; the same lesson that Dr. Holmes taught in the poem about "the one-hoss-shay that was built in such a wonderful way." The old deacon built every part of that celebrated vehicle with such care and of such fine material that it lasted in perfect working order for an incredible time, and then suddenly went to dust all at once. *That* is the way human life should be. Think of the hundreds of elderly people you know who have lost their usefulness, their health and their zest in life simply because one or two of their parts, their functions, or their faculties have faded while the rest of their bodies are still in fairly good working order. The sad part of it is that many such troubles could have been prevented, or indefinitely postponed by judicious care, or proper exercise. The trouble with many people is that when they have a weak point in their physical make-up they are forever coddling the weakness, instead of trying to eliminate it by bringing the weak part up to the standard set by the most vigorous part of the body.

One writer on physical training subjects says that in most individuals of middle age there are three parts of the body which show the first deterioration,



Flabby condition shows most frequently in the condition of the neck, the waist line and the feet. To understand these exercises for the neck it will be necessary to read carefully the very detailed instruction in the text of the article. These movements differ from most neck exercises in that the head is kept vertical throughout both the side moving and front and back moving exercises.





If your back is your weak point concentrate on this exercise. Standing a foot or more away from the wall, stretch the arms upward, then back until you can touch the wall. Do this without strain. Day by day place the feet a little farther from the wall. You should in time be able to make the distance twenty inches or more.

and those parts are the neck, the abdomen and the feet.

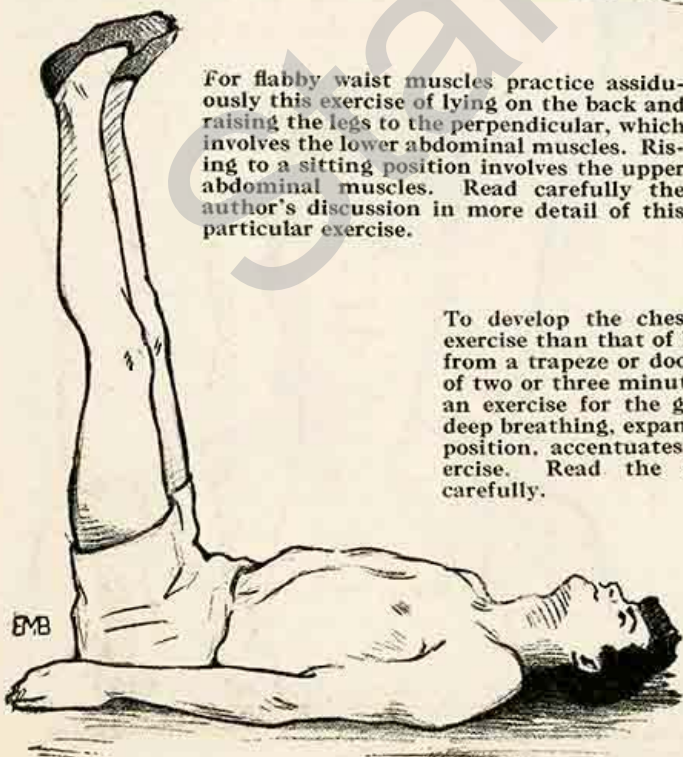
Another writer, a physician, states that it is almost impossible for a stout middle-aged woman to reduce her flesh unless she does a certain amount of walking, but that nine out of ten stout women claim that they cannot walk more than a few blocks on account of the poor condition of their feet. That sustains one claim of the first writer, and it applies just as strongly in the case of men as in the case of women. As we all know, there are hundreds of men who will not take systematic exercise and who are more than willing to play outdoor games like tennis and golf, and yet are prevented from taking part in those games on account of foot-troubles.

Most people retain their figures into the early thirties, but at the age of 35 or 40 they commence to put on flesh, and that fat almost always makes its first appearance at the front of the waist line. That sustains the writer's second contention.

The shape and size of the neck is a very good indication of one's general physical vigor. When a person is in good condition the neck is round and shapely, but when the individual fails to take sufficient exercise and keep himself in condition, the neck either becomes extremely thick and shows rolls of fat, or else it becomes scrawny and "stringy." That proves the truth of the writer's third statement.

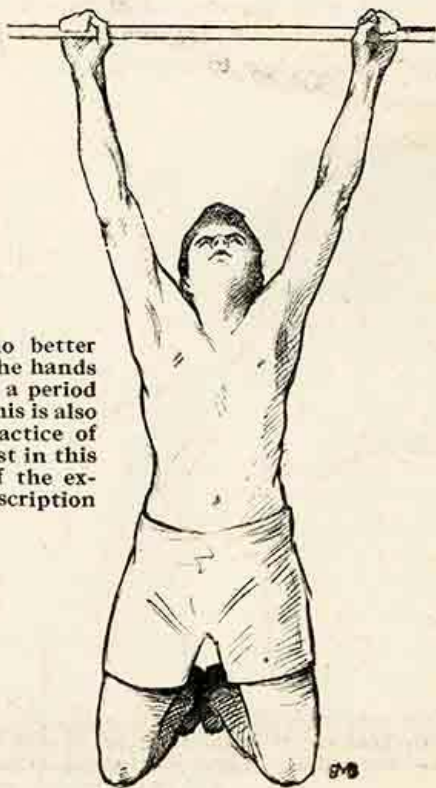
It certainly seems to be true that when you find an individual who has a round, shapely neck, a trim waist, and sinewy, high arched feet, you will find that that individual enjoys almost perfect health. It is not possible, however, to maintain a perfectly healthy condition of the body by doing exercises only for the three parts named. The reason I emphasize those parts is because that they are really the barometers showing one's health condition. The simplest way to maintain health is to thoroughly exercise every part of the body,

EMB



For flabby waist muscles practice assiduously this exercise of lying on the back and raising the legs to the perpendicular, which involves the lower abdominal muscles. Rising to a sitting position involves the upper abdominal muscles. Read carefully the author's discussion in more detail of this particular exercise.

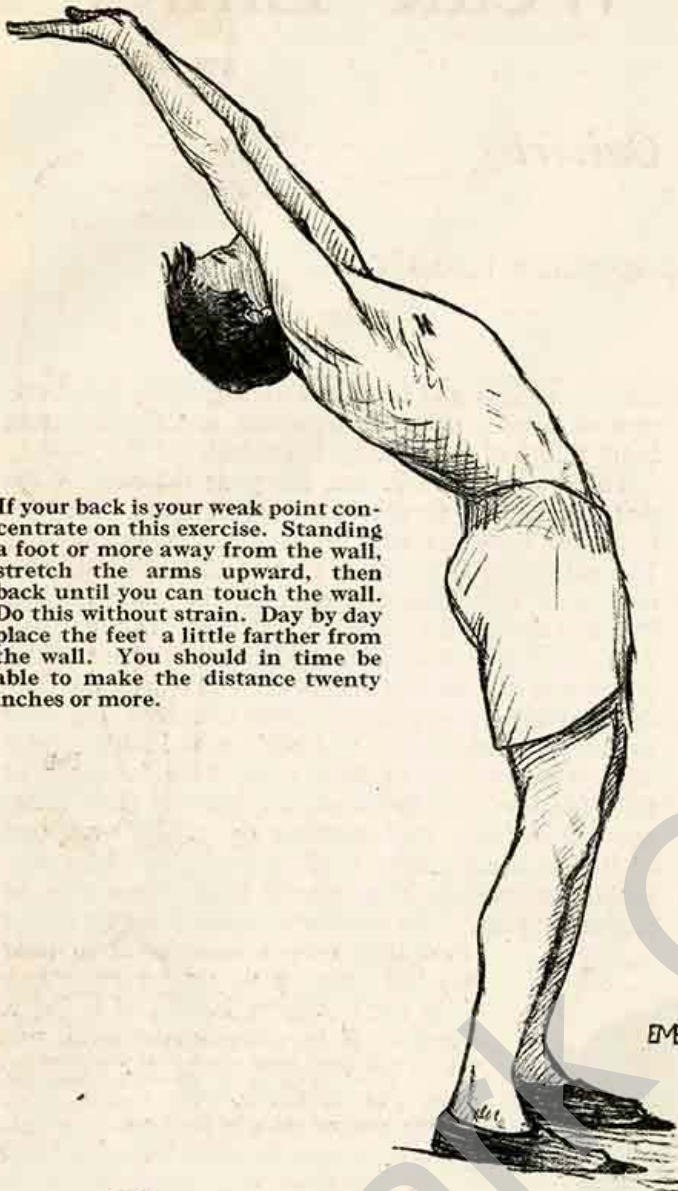
To develop the chest there is no better exercise than that of hanging by the hands from a trapeze or doorway bar for a period of two or three minutes; though this is also an exercise for the grip. The practice of deep breathing, expanding the chest in this position, accentuates the value of the exercise. Read the author's description carefully.



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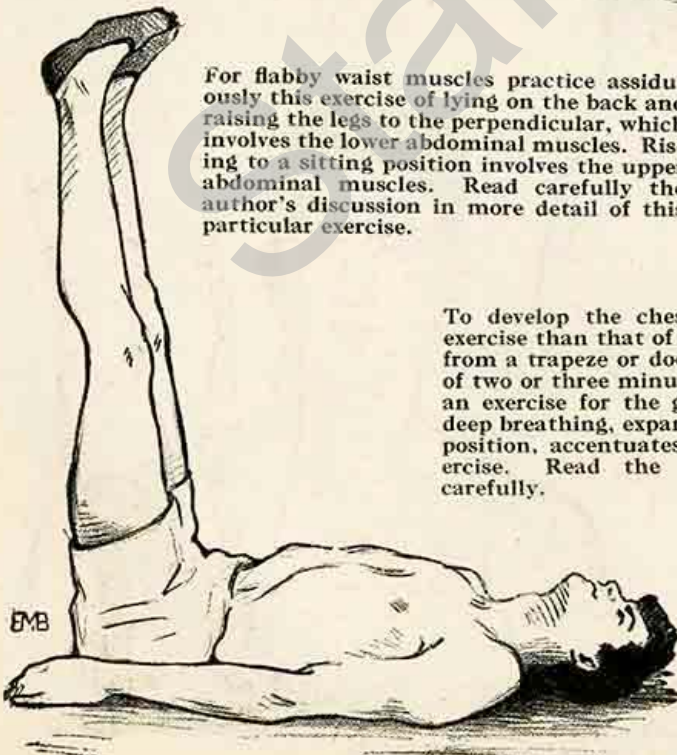
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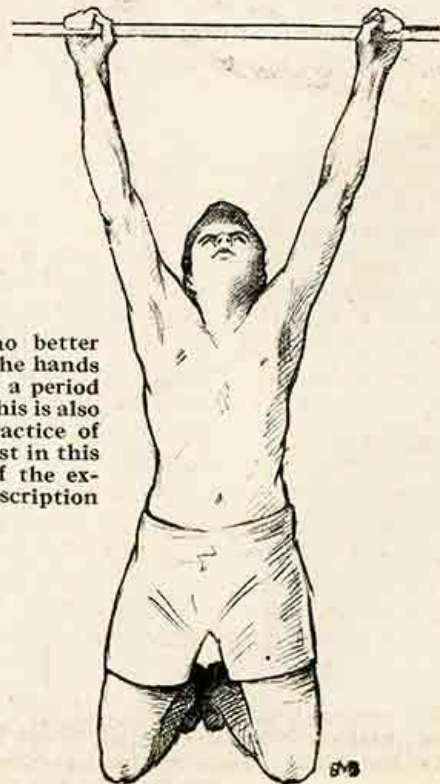
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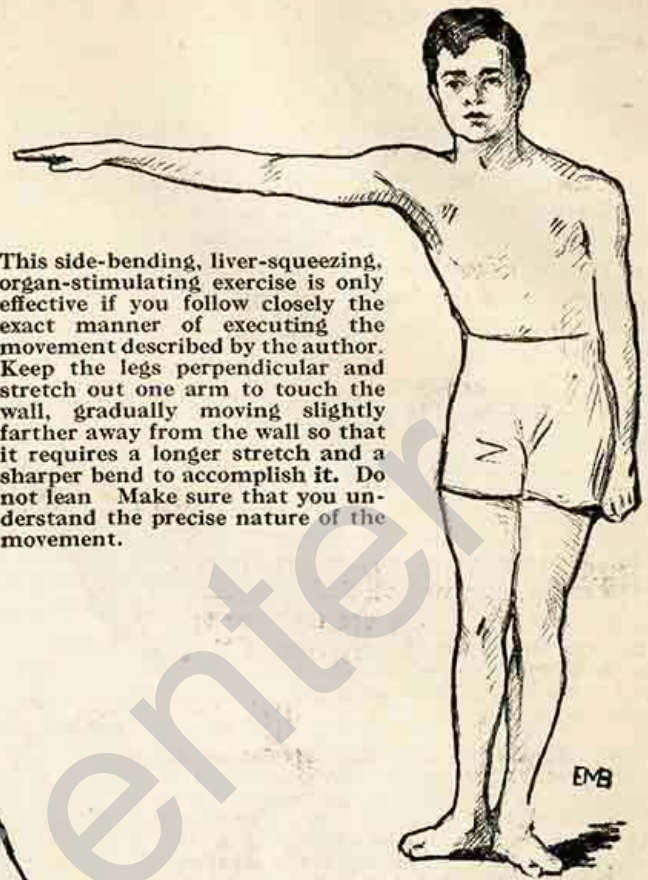


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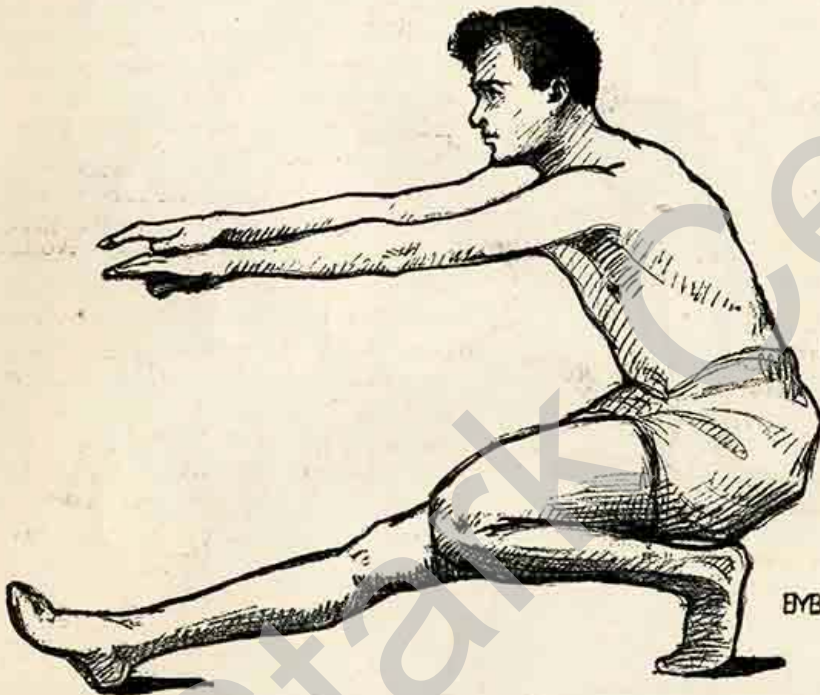
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as Sandow has so well proved, but human nature does not work that way. The man who takes exercise almost always practices movements that bring into play the parts of the body that are already strong and vigorous, and usually omits the exercises that are most necessary in his case. If his feet are in poor condition, and pain him when he walks or stands, he will sedulously avoid vigorous leg exercises because they cause extra pain in his feet; whereas, leg exercises are exactly what he needs to correct the foot condition. If he has a "bay window" he will avoid all the bending exercises, because those exercises produce a temporary sensation of discomfort and make him perspire profusely; whereas bending exercises are his one means of salvation. If he has poor lungs and is short of breath, he will confine himself to exercises that are so gentle that they hardly disturb the rate of pulse and respiration; whereas the only way to develop the lungs and to improve the breathing power is to perform exercises that cause the lungs to work vigorously.



This side-bending, liver-squeezing, organ-stimulating exercise is only effective if you follow closely the exact manner of executing the movement described by the author. Keep the legs perpendicular and stretch out one arm to touch the wall, gradually moving slightly farther away from the wall so that it requires a longer stretch and a sharper bend to accomplish it. Do not lean. Make sure that you understand the precise nature of the movement.

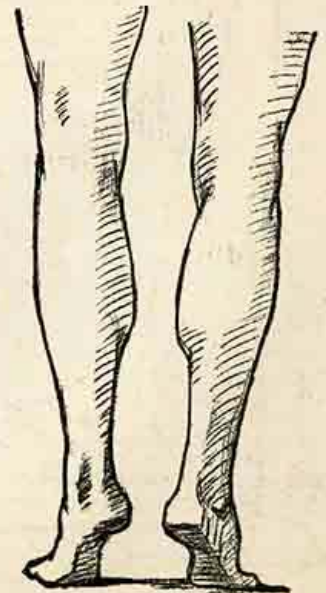


The figure at the left is not that of the usual deep knee bending on one leg, but represents an original exercise carefully described by Mr. Calvert, in which you walk about your room, with each step bending the rear knee until you approach the position of sitting on the rear heel. Rise to the erect position with each step. The details of this exercise you will find in the text.

In the rest of this article I am going to describe ten exercises, which if performed every day, will develop every part of the body, and that means both the exterior muscles and the internal organs. I believe that these exercises are sufficient to maintain health and give the proper proportions to the figure. You will be better off if you perform *all* of them each day you exercise, but the important thing is to study your own condition and find out which are your weak parts. Then you must specialize on the exercises which develop those parts, and whatever exercises you omit be sure and practice those which you need most. It may take you fifteen minutes to go through the list, and if on some days you have only five minutes to spare, do not attempt to go through the whole list, but be content with the two or three exercises which seem to be most necessary in your case.

*Exercise No. 1—for the Neck.* As I have already said, the neck will attain a fair size and good outlines through general exercise even though no special exercises are

As an exercise for the calves the simplest and best movement is that of walking about the room on tip-toe, with the heels as high as possible and with the least possible bend of the knees. Walk stiff-legged if you can. For the muscles of the shins it will be necessary to walk similarly on the heels, raising the balls of the feet as high as possible





taken; but just the same special exercises will increase the size and improve the shape of the neck more rapidly than is possible if they are omitted. It is not necessary to take any strenuous exercises such as performing the wrestler's-bridge (where the weight of the body is supported on the head and the feet and the body raised in an arch), nor the other severe exercises where the head is encased in a harness which enables you to move or elevate weights by bending the neck. You can get a fine neck by moving it from side to side and from front to back. Some authorities tell you to clasp the hands behind the head and then press the head backwards; then to clasp the hands on the forehead and press the head forward, and so on; but you will find that such strenuous exercises cause the face to become flushed, and the veins of the



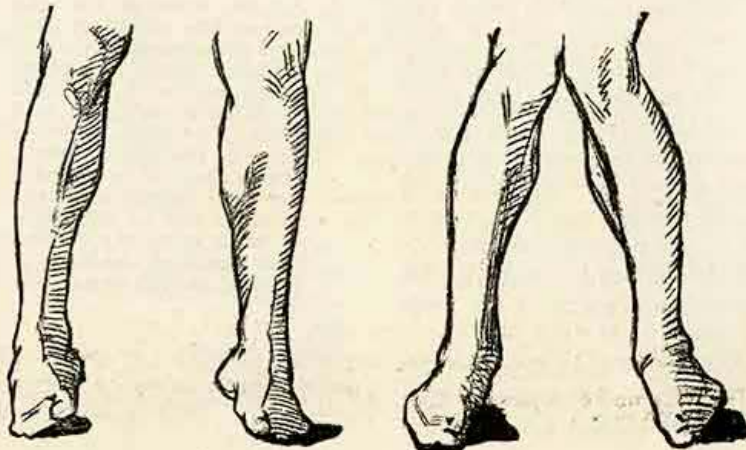
neck to protrude. Still other authorities will tell you to simply bend the head forward as far as possible, then backwards and then sidewise, but these movements are not very effective if the crown of the head is inclined as the neck is bent. The proper way to exercise the neck is to move the neck *while keeping the crown of the head always in a horizontal position and the face upright*. If you wish to develop the back of the neck, draw your head as far back as you can, but do not tip it backwards. To develop the front of the neck push the face as far forwards as possible, but do not tip the top of the head. To develop the sides of the neck move the face from side to side, but do not roll the top of your head towards one shoulder and then towards the other. The face must always be in the same position. It is hard for a beginner to master these movements because at first he will have an almost irresistible impulse to tip the head as he moves the neck, but as he gains control of the neck muscles he will find that it is possible to move the head around in a horizontal circle without inclining his head in any direction, and when he is able to do this he can combine all the various neck movements and save time. Of course when performing the circular movement of the head, he must revolve it first in one direction and then the other,

(Continued on page 90)

This exercise for the upper arms may be performed with small iron dumbbells if desired, but they are not necessary. Starting with the arms at the sides, the palms to the front, bend your right arm at the elbow, bring the hand close to the shoulder; at the same time raise the elbow until it is pointed toward the ceiling. Simultaneously the left arm is brought back and raised behind you as far as you can. The exercise must be done vigorously, with as much action as you can secure, reversing and repeating a dozen times.



For the wrists, grip and fore-arm make use of a heavy stick, gripping tightly at arms length and drawing "figure eights" with the other end. The heavier the stick, the tighter the grip and the bigger the figure eights the more effective the exercise. Read the author's description carefully.



Practice this side roll exercise for the feet and ankles in order to overcome foot weaknesses and improve the arch. Alternately shift the weight from the outer edges to the inside edges of the feet, bending the ankles as much as possible. Do it bare-footed or in stocking-feet.



# Have a Vacation Every Day

You Do Not Have to Wait Another Year for Your Next Vacation—Here Is How One Man Solved the Problem

By A. D. Albin

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

ON a glorious day in the early Fall of 1919, I was speeding down the Hudson River in one of those racing trains that at frequent intervals disturb the peace and solemnity of that historic waterway.

I was returning from my yearly vacation. For two wonderful weeks I had been indulging my insatiable love of the Great Outdoors to the limit of my physical capacity. I was coming back thoroughly rested, both physically and mentally recreated, and eager to tackle my city job once more.

Suddenly, however, I was seized with a feeling of inexpressible sadness. Without any apparent reason I began to think of the futility of life. I was grieved to think that our family duties and our social and economic necessities chain us to city desks, when our whole beings are crying for a country existence.

Analyzing my feelings a little more deeply I soon realized that all that was wrong with me was that I was regretting the expiration of my vacation and that instead of playing I would be obliged to go to work for another year.

Another year! That is the phrase that oppressed me. An entire year before I could enjoy another vacation. I was thirty-five years of age at the time. Subconsciously I started to figure at this stage that if I lived to the normal three score and ten I would have only thirty-five more vacations. In other words, my life's sentence seemed to be 1,750 more weeks of hard

labor, with seventy weeks of play to offset this. Perhaps, I mused, if I am industrious and laboriously frugal, I may be able to accumulate enough money to retire at sixty, but of that I was by no means certain.

Thus my homeward cogitations ran. Engrossed in these gloomy thoughts, I passed an unpleasant hundred miles. As we neared New York, I broke away from

my forebodings long enough to look out the window of the car. We were then passing through one of those delightful little suburbs that surround the Metropolitan city. One of the first sights that met my eyes was a middle-aged man joyously tossing a rubber ball to a little girl, evidently his daughter. To all appearances they were having a rollicking good time. Presently I was struck with the thought that this man was *not* on his vacation. He was evidently a New York business man, who had recently returned home and was spending a few minutes in playing with his daughter, before partaking of his evening meal. And right then I cheered up amazingly. I began to see the absurdity of the lugubrious philosophy in which I had been indulging. How foolish it was! I did not

## What Does Life Mean to You?

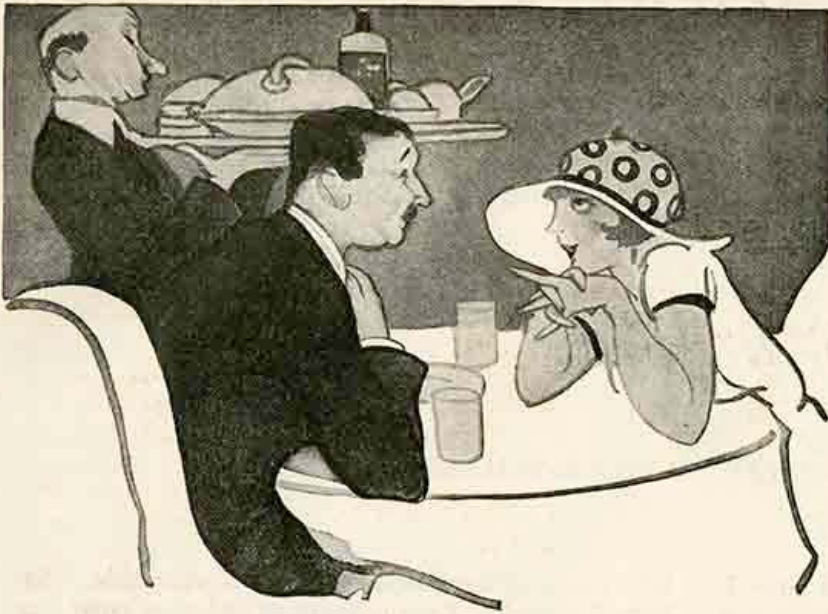
TO some people life means little else than the drudgery of hard work. Not forgetting that there are different kinds of work—the work that we love, and the work that we hate. To others, perhaps, life is one long joy-ride, until they are sick of it. To others it is largely a matter of finding and appreciating the finer things of the spirit, and such people naturally find many of their richest experiences in the pursuit of the arts. To all of us life offers in some measure the satisfaction of service to others.

Probably for most of us life represents a mixture of all of these things, with perhaps other ingredients, in varying proportions. The ideal is probably a well balanced life. In any event, we all desire that life shall mean more—that we shall get more out of this business of living, or this fun of living, or this duty of living—or whatever you may regard it. And if you, too, feel that way, if the matter of learning the art of living means anything to you, then you will read with appreciation this delightful presentation of a certain problem and its solution, by one who seems to have learned much of this same art of living.

*The Editor.*

have to labor all the time during the fifty working weeks. At the most, I was obliged to spend no more than seven hours a day at my desk. That left me at least five hours a day for play and recreation. There were long evenings, half-Saturday holidays, Sundays and several other holidays in which I was free to follow





I aim every day to have luncheon with some friend

the whims of my fancy. Surely there was plenty of time, outside of office hours, for reading, motoring, walking, golfing, gardening or whatever else I may choose to do. So when I left the train at the Grand Central station, my mind was filled with high resolves to carry the vacation spirit throughout the year and to pack at least some recreation into every day, no matter how busy it was.

After the lapse of a few weeks, however, I saw that my new programme was not working well. An occasional heavy rush of work at the office obliged me to work overtime. When I arrived home I was too tired to play. Rainy Saturdays and stormy Sundays often kept me house-bound on these days. As a result of these unavoidable interferences, many days passed and sometimes whole weeks went by, in which I took practically no exercise or got no recreation. Occasionally I would renew my resolves and do better for a few days, but sooner or later there would come the inevitable slipping-back.

The lack of exercise and too much indoor confinement began to affect my health. I was tired all the time and my nerves were constantly shaky. Nothing serious, to be sure, but just enough below par to lower my working efficiency. I dragged along in this condition for several months, when one evening I was reading William James and it suddenly dawned on me what was causing my trouble. My philosophy was wrong. I was always looking ahead to *this* evening or next Saturday or the Fourth of July or to my vacation as the time when I would enjoy myself. To me the present was always a time devoted to the discharge of necessary duties. I had to work *now*. I could have my fun in the future.

The spuriousness of that reasoning is that the only time

we ever have is the present. If we always postpone our pleasures to the future, they will always remain in the future. Wishing for evening or Saturday or a holiday, as a time of enjoyment, is really wishing our lives away. We will never do anything but wish. To enjoy life we must enjoy it now, not this evening or tomorrow or some other time.

Having adopted this wholesome philosophy, I had to re-arrange my daily programme, so as to make this constant enjoyment of life possible. This was not difficult, however. I found that every day, regardless of how busy it was, presented dozens of opportunities for brief periods of recreation. Taking these short respites in no way interfere with my work, on the contrary they so increase my efficiency that I believe I am now doing better work than at any time in my life.

I call these respites Five Minute Vacations. Seldom does a day pass that I do not take twenty-five or thirty of these vacations. Usually I take more, but rarely less. I have been taking them for three and a half years and so thoroughly is the idea engrossed in my system that it has now become a delightful habit.

Perhaps I can best describe my system by detailing a few typical Five Minute Vacations. All these vacations would not be exactly the same any two days in succession. Many of them are taken on the impulse of the moment; again others are taken systematically every day.

Five Minute Vacation No. 1 (except in winter)—I try to walk around my garden every morning for a few minutes, either before or after breakfast. The same or a similar vacation may be taken before dinner in the evening and on Sundays or on other days that I am at home. It may be taken a half-dozen times. I stop here and there to tie up a plant or pull a weed, or to admire a newly opened rose or gladiola or dahlia. In this way I keep in daily touch with the progress of nature's year, as it is unfailingly registered in a garden. In time you will learn to love this.

Five Minute Vacation No. 2— I usually allow myself five minutes longer to walk to the train. I tread along slowly, absorbing the beauties of the landscape as I go. I watch the arrival and departure of the birds, observe their habits and try to identify as many of them as I can. It seems to me as though this is a better way to start the day than to race to the train at a breakneck speed, as do many of my neighbors.

Five Minute Vacation No. 3— I have a forty-minute train ride to the big city. There is no need to waste this time and neither is it wise to spend it all absorbed in



I often call up on the 'phone my better-three-quarters, and in this way pleasingly take my mind out of the crucible of business for a few moments



the morning newspaper. The trip offers an excellent chance for two or three brief vacations between murder stories, divorce trials and political coups. One that I invariably take is to rest my eyes on the distant hills. I have been looking at these hills for years, but I cannot remember that I ever saw them look the same on any two occasions. Finding these daily differences in the distant vista sharpens my eyes and always furnishes me with something new at which to wonder.

Five Minute Vacation No. 4—While waiting for the crowd to leave the train or to pass through the doors of the depot I usually have time to take a few light calisthenics, such as rising on my toes or closing and opening my fists. Many opportunities for such exercises come up every day in our crowded cities. As one is standing in subways or elevators or is held up by traffic at street crossings the time will pass more pleasantly if he passes it in taking some inconspicuous exercise, such as a shoulder movement or stretching the arms.

Five Minute Vacation No. 5—About once an hour during the day I get up from my desk and jump around my private office. I take a few deep breaths, kick, stretch, bend and make myself generally awkward. Kicking is my favorite sport on these occasions. I find that there is nothing like it to relieve that head congestion with which the mental worker is usually bothered.

Five Minute Vacation No. 6: I have up to a dozen business callers every day. Generally, instead of having these men ushered into my office, I go out to the waiting room to get them. This not only flatters my visitors, but also it gives me several brief moments of exercise each day.

Five Minute Vacation No. 7: At least once a day I try to find time to stroll out to a window in the back of the building in which our office is located. From this window an excellent view of the Hudson river may be obtained. No matter how taut my nerves, a few glances at the calm and majestic Hudson soothes me and sends me back to the desk with new vim. People come hundreds of miles to see the Hudson, why, then, should not I, who have it at my doorstep, so to speak, take five minutes a day to commune with it?

Five Minute Vacation No. 8: I aim every day to have luncheon with some friend or acquaintance. Chatting across the salad plates is a pleasurable period of recreation in itself, but since these sessions generally stretch out into an hour or more, they hardly qualify under the title of Five Minute Vacations. On my way back to the office, however, I often squeeze in a short vacation or two before taking up the afternoon's labors. Sometimes I drop in to one of those fine, old Fifth Avenue churches for a moment. Why more people do not follow this practice is more than I can say. Surely there is no better place to rest and visitors are always welcome. To step into one of



On the train, homeward bound, I often—

these churches is to step out of the hurly-burly commercial world of 1923 into the Middle Ages. It is a quick way to step out from under our current problems and to put the mind under the ancient influence of religion. Again I may stop for a few minutes before a florist's window and there, in the heart of a great city of stone and concrete, be able to feast on the beauty of the countryside. Other days I may browse briefly in one of my loved book-shops. If I am in the neighborhood I may stroll through one of those exclusive art galleries to be found above Forty-second street in New York. Sometimes, even, I take my vacation in one of Woolworth's stores. I delight in the myriad of ware to be found in these places and marvel at the ingenuity with which they are displayed.

Five Minute Vacation No. 9: Let us suppose that I have an appointment on lower Broadway at three o'clock in the afternoon, and that I arrive ten or fifteen minutes too soon, which is often the case. Instead of spending the time cooling my heels in a poorly ventilated reception room, I take a little vacation by circling around Battery Park, at the foot of Manhattan Island. Perhaps I may be fortunate enough to find a crowd of immigrants arriving from Ellis Island and bringing with them a glimpse of the old world. If not so fortunate, I can at least look at the God-like Statue of Liberty out in the bay and thus be ten times stronger for my interview a few minutes later.

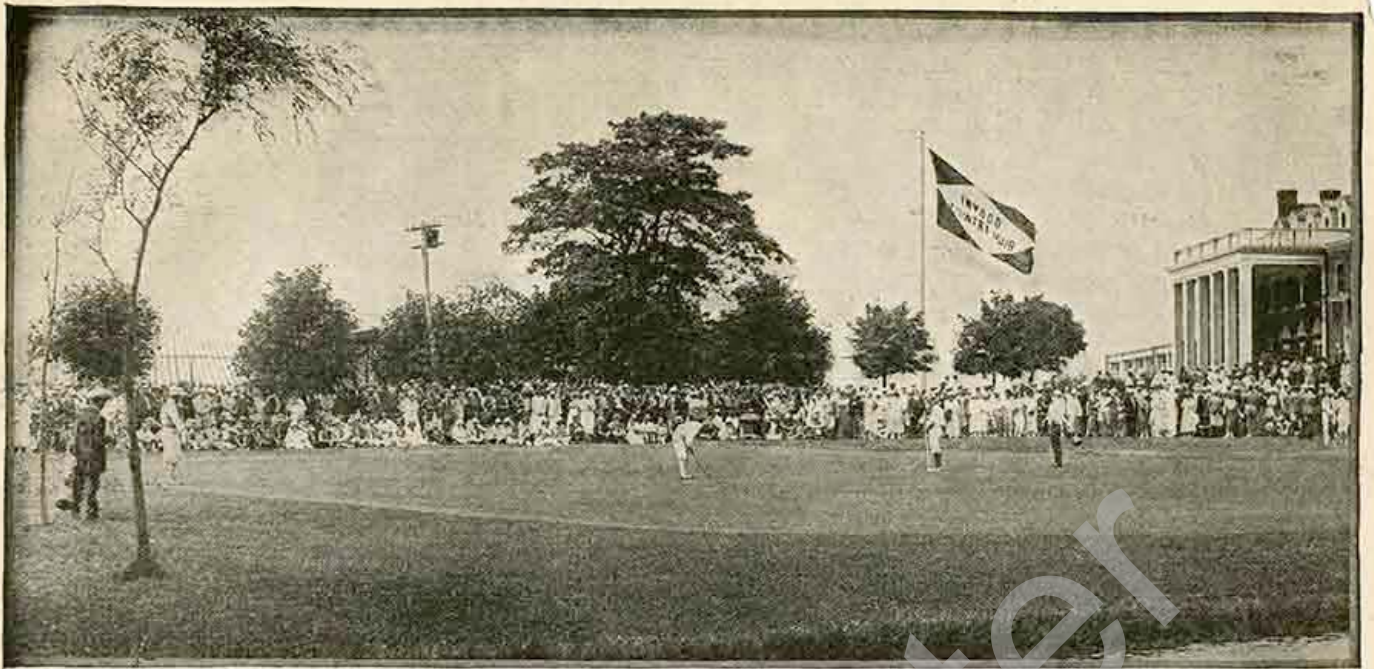
Five Minute Vacation No. 10: I keep a copy of Wordsworth's poems on my desk. When I have the time I pick up the book and read one of his great poems to Nature. Once again am I transported, in spirit at least, to the out-of-doors, which always pulls at my heart so strongly. It takes five minutes or less to read one of these poems, and thus is another vacation added to my day.

Five Minute Vacation No. 11: When the pressure of affairs permits, I often

(Continued on page 81)







© Underwood & Underwood

The benefits of sunshine, fresh air and exercise, combined with the most absorbing and fascinating of all games.  
The photograph shows Hutchison putting in the U. S. Golf Championships at Inwood, Long Island.

# Golf Keeps Me at My Right Weight

The Story of a Man Who Scoffed at Golf for Twenty-five Years—  
Then One Day He Played the Game—Something About Long Drives

By Paul Von Boeckmann

**T**HE royal and ancient game—it is golf. It is termed royal because it is played mostly by weak men—termed ancient, because played mostly by old men. It is essentially a she-man's game, a game that offers an excuse for fat men to take a walk and reduce their waist measure. The nineteenth hole, which is played in the club house to the tune of clinking glasses, is the important part of the game.

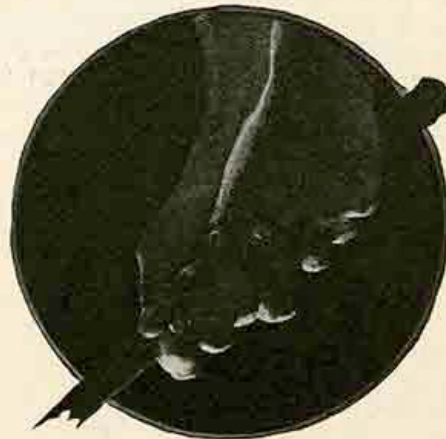
The foregoing is the opinion held of the game of golf by most people who *do not* play it, and I confess it was the opinion I held for many years.

Strenuous is my middle name. The fact that I have broken my bones through various accidents eight different times is in itself evidence that I do not shun risk and exertion. In all sports I have always applied my utmost efforts and in some reached the very top in efficiency. Hence it can be understood why I, too, with millions of others, considered knocking a little white ball around a lot with a crooked stick as a "silly sport," unworthy of receiving my considera-

tion as a form of exercise and recreation. When my friends took to playing golf, sometimes forsaking what I considered far more manly sports, I doubted their sanity, and carefully scrutinized them to note whether they had reached the age of impending senility. With alarm I thought of the far future when I too, would become so feeble that I must join the golf clan.

Today I am a golf nut. Just daffy about the game. Though I have indulged in nearly every sport, always with considerable success, I prefer golf to any other sport, though I have no vision of ever reaching the top or anywhere near the top in form and efficiency. I am now an enthusiastic rooter for golf, advising my friends, young and old, to take it up, and I am writing this message to the red blooded readers of this magazine, advising them to take up the game. Don't do as I did—lose years of pleasure and benefit, perhaps through a misconception of the value of the game and a prejudice based upon misconstrued opinions of those who do not know it.

Is golf a strenuous game? Yes, by all means. Not as strenuous for



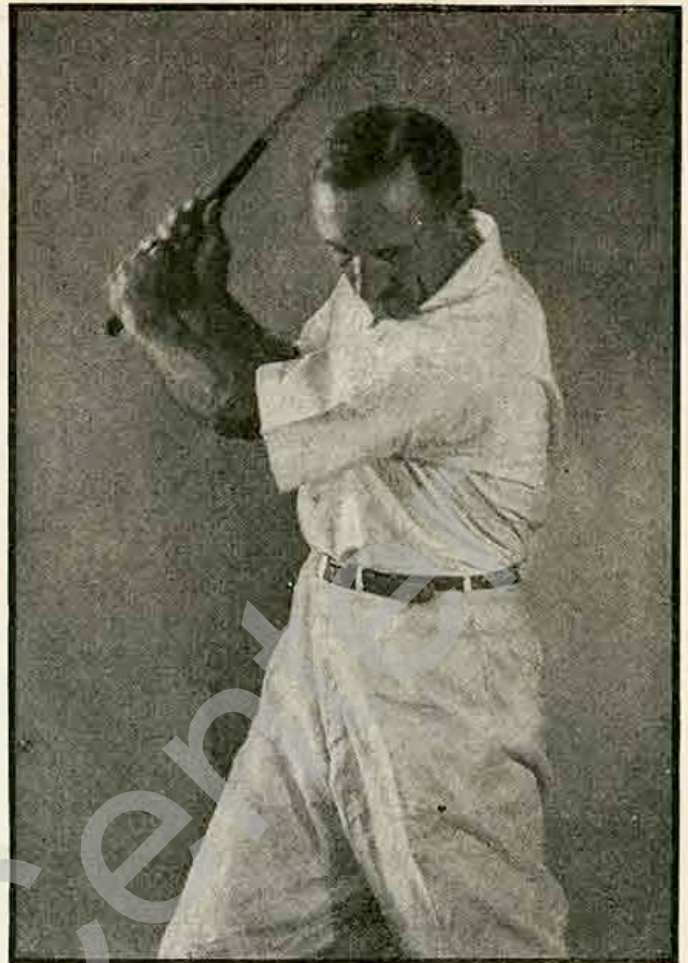
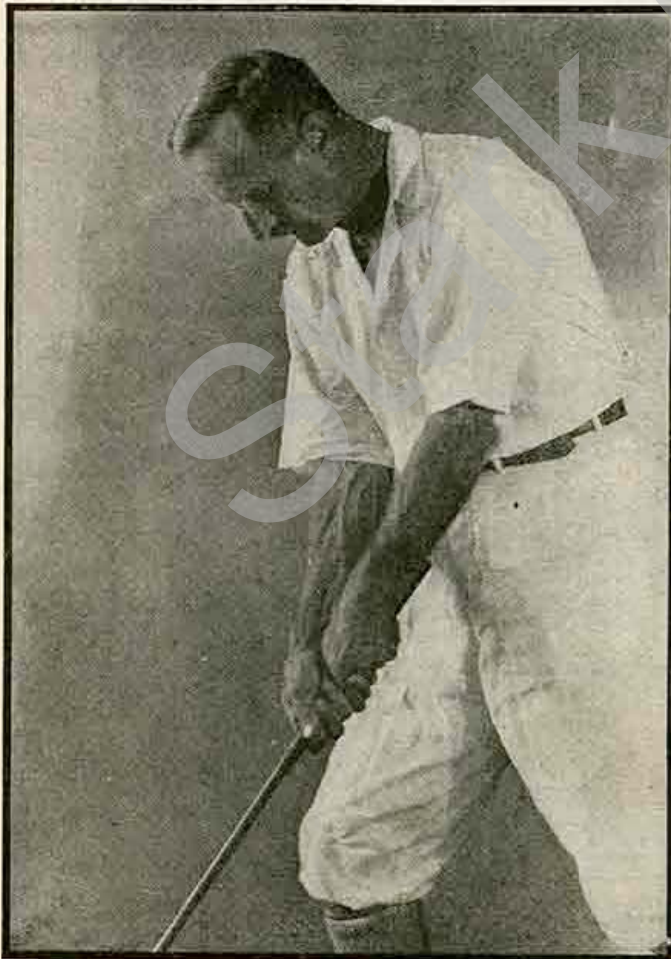
The lock grip used by most golf players. The little finger of the right hand interlocks with the forefinger of the left hand, giving a firm grip on the club and at the same time permitting a smooth swing.



the moment as heavy weight lifting, wrestling, and similar sports, but in the long run, strenuous and, what is of greater importance, it is strenuous without causing undue organic and nerve strain.

In my work, which is that of teaching people in all parts of the world the principles of health by mail, I receive thousands of letters from people telling me the history of their fight for health or of their struggle to reduce or increase their weight, or perhaps of their efforts to recuperate a broken down nervous system. Hundreds have written me that in golf they found the best cure. I have found it so in my own case.

During the last ten years, I have been compelled to take due caution against becoming too heavy. I permitted myself to disregard my weight at times and on several occasions began to develop a big waist measure. The older I became the harder it was for me to prevent gaining weight. My usual routine, to prevent gaining weight, was to go to a gymnasium about two hours daily, four or five times a week. There I would wrestle, play handball, and finish by cooking myself in a steam room. By eating very sparingly, especially of foods that fatten, I managed to keep my weight about where I wanted it—188 to 195. But age will tell. Being past fifty, and not as supple as I was when young, wrestling with the young giants at the gym led to numerous injuries. I might mention that I attended a gym used as training quarters by all of the big wrestlers, the two Zybyscos, Lewis, Plestina, Gardini, Linow, and others. It is with these men I tussled, and it is not to be wondered at that I often limped home from the gym. Fearing that some day I might be seriously injured,



Preparing for a tremendous swing into the ball, which if hit accurately, may travel a distance of at least three blocks of average length. By striking the ball at certain angles the ball may be made to curve around trees, right or left, or it may be made to cut toward the ground or rise in the air over trees. The curves, right or left, may exceed two hundred feet.

perhaps burst a blood vessel or rupture some organ, I decided to indulge in some less strenuous sport. After much persuasion by my friends I took up the old man's game—golf.

In golf I found at last the means I sought for keeping my weight normal. After playing a few weeks faithfully, I observed that I was getting thinner, but did not weigh myself. One day, however, I stepped on the scales and found that I was lighter than I had been for twenty-five years. I weighed 179 pounds, and had more pep and energy than I had had for many years. I was surprised to find that I could keep my weight down to normal and eat what I wished and as much as I wished. Formerly, by my old regime of exercise, I had to restrict my diet to a degree that at times made the task irksome, for I too, like others, like to eat.

It would seem from the foregoing that the playing of golf has a decided physiological effect. The game does not seem strenuous, but it hits the spot. I shall not attempt to analyze why the playing of golf has this deep seated effect, except to state that a round of eighteen holes demands walking approximately four miles; two rounds eight miles—up hill and down hill, including the jumping of ditches and boulders. This strenuous task is performed with the deepest interest. There is not a moment of monotony or drudgery. After

*(Continued on page 83)*



# Keep That Schoolgirl Figure

POSES BY MISS MARGARET  
LANGHORN

*By Edith Baker*



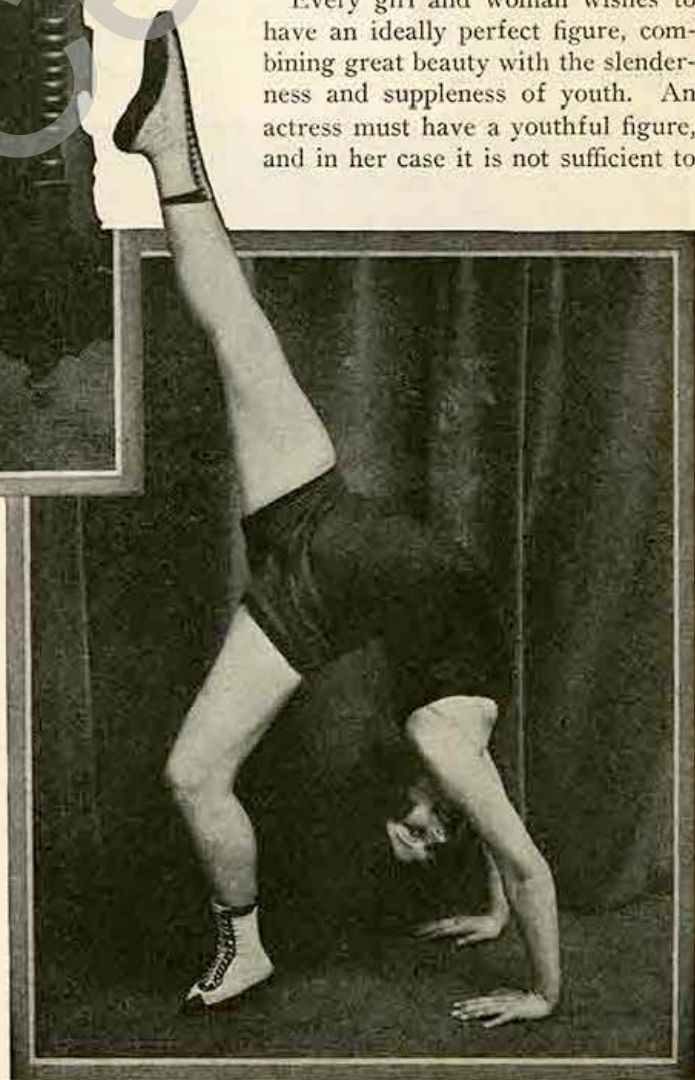
“MY dear, how does she do it? I know that she must be at least 35, because I saw her in a show about 18 years ago. But she does not look a day over 25. What do you suppose she does to keep her figure so slender and graceful? I wish I knew her secret.”

If you are a regular theater-goer, you often hear remarks like that from the women who are sitting in the audience. Such a remark as the above applies to no one actress in particular, but to almost any of the leading stage-stars who have been before the public since the beginning of the century.

Every girl and woman wishes to have an ideally perfect figure, combining great beauty with the slenderness and suppleness of youth. An actress must have a youthful figure, and in her case it is not sufficient to

Surveying oneself in the mirror is not always expressive of vanity. It is a form of self-inspection especially to be desired by women past the schoolgirl period.

The second photograph shows the remarkable flexibility and suppleness that may be obtained by sufficient practice. It is not to be expected that any woman can assume this extraordinary pose, and yet, if she will try to approach it in some degree, it will supply just the exercise she needs. It is accomplished—if it is—by “bending the crab,” bending back to position on hands and feet as shown and then stretching high up first with one leg and then with the other.





merely desire it, she must work for it until she gets it, and then work to keep it.

Most young women in the theatrical profession realize that they will be much more successful if they can reinforce their art with the appeal of personal beauty and charm. No matter how great an artist she may be, she knows full well that if she allows herself to become stout, she will lose her right to play the heroine role, and will slip back to the second place, and have to content herself with the smaller fame and lesser rewards which come from playing character or dowager parts. Such being the case, it is not strange that most of our actresses have learned the secret of keeping themselves in the best possible physical condition. This secret is no mysterious formula, but can be explained in two words—constant activity.

When you hear that your favorite actress is on her vacation, or is resting between seasons, you must not picture her as spending most of the daylight hours reclining in a hammock, or beguiling herself with novels or chocolates. To an actress "resting" only means a chance to escape for a while from the public eye, and from the strain of constant rehearsals and performances. It does *not* mean idleness, and if you had a chance to watch an actress when she is on her vacation, you would find that her days were spent between tennis, swimming, the doing of stunts, and constant study. When an actress is "resting" she is working harder than most of us do at our regular jobs.

Some actresses do not swim, some of them do not play tennis, and some of them do not ride horseback, but all of them spend a few minutes of the day in doing stunts.



The exercise shown above is a preparation for high kicking. Both the preparation and the kicking itself are effective exercises. In this case you stand on one foot, raise the other foot and then lean forward and grasp the heel of that foot with the other hand, the elbow inside the knee, then straighten the leg and raise to a horizontal position or higher. Read the more detailed instructions in the text.

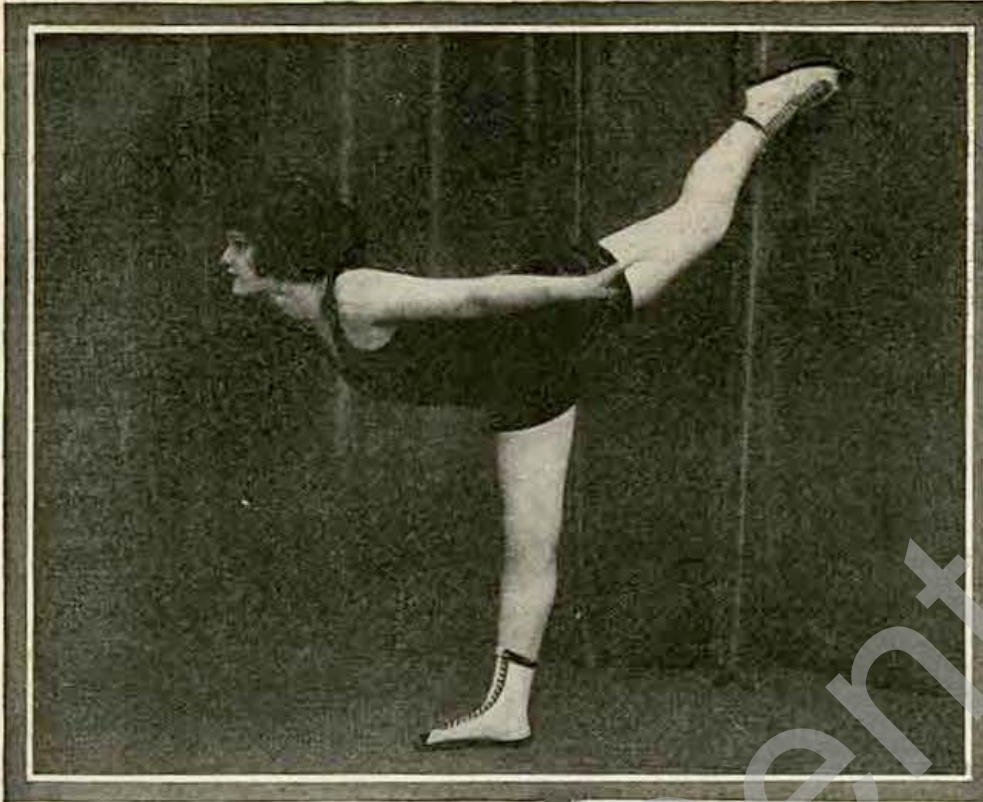
The following three photographs represent easier movements, more or less explained by the pictures but very clearly described by the author.



They know that the public demands that its stage heroines be slender and graceful and youthful in appearance. Knowing that exercise is the only thing that keeps the figure slender, and that exercise is the only thing that keeps the complexion clear, the eyes sparkling, and the hair lustrous, it is little wonder that these ladies exercise as regularly and almost as often, as they eat.

It may surprise you to know that very few of the women of the stage ever go in for the usual "setting-up" exercises. Almost all aspirants for the stage undergo a rigorous training, and that training includes as much work for the body as it does for the voice and the mind. It is just as important for an actress to have complete command of her body and her limbs, as it is for her to have command of her voice and her





This photograph is the sequel to the two preceding and shows the finish of the exercise in which the entire figure assumes an "arabesque." Altogether a splendid balancing exercise and very beneficial in improving the waist and hips.

The exercise below seems quite formidable at first sight, and it is not to be expected that you can accomplish it, at least for a long time, but if you will just try to do it it will accomplish wonders. Read the author's description closely.

features. Even the young ladies whose aim is to become tragediennes or to play emotional roles, are compelled to practice dance steps and to learn gymnastic stunts, in order that they may acquire the beautiful carriage and an unstudied grace which together make for a fine personal appearance.

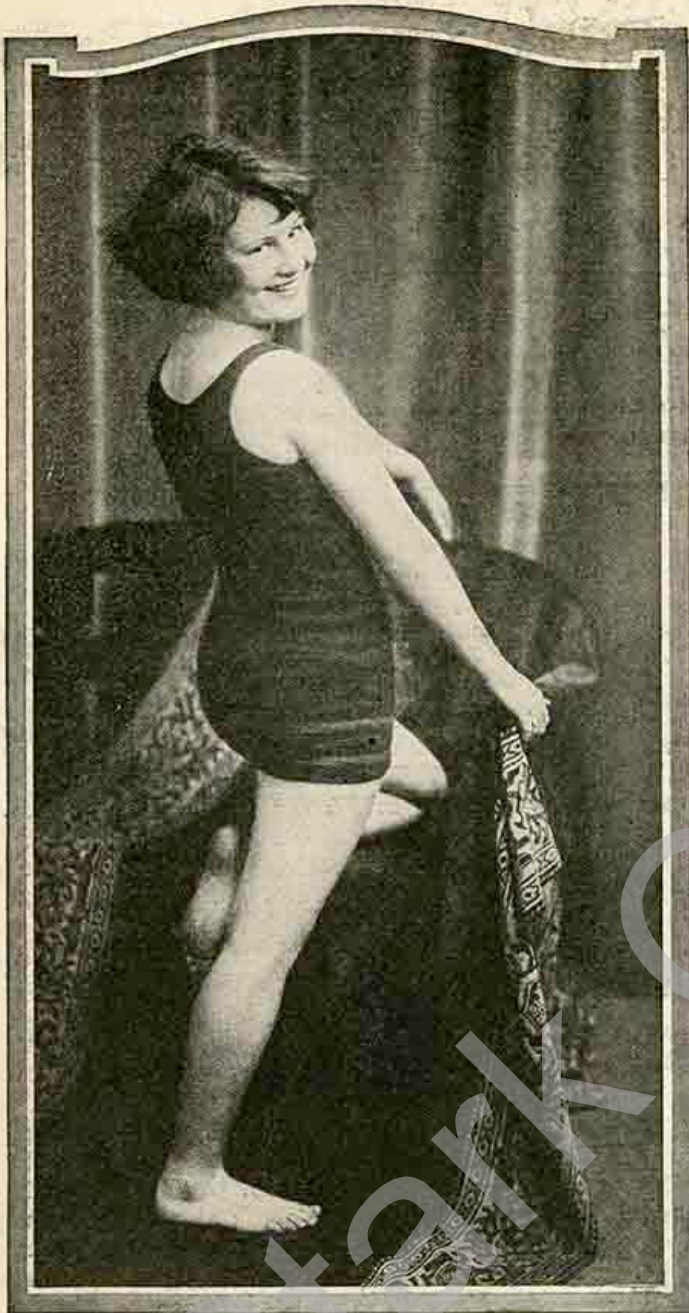
Dancing and "stunts" comprise the actress's training. If she is going to specialize on dancing, there are a few exercises which she has to practice to limber up the muscles used in dancing, but the average actress contents herself with performing stunts. It is something like this; instead of going through a lot of monotonous, uninteresting exercises which are supposed to strengthen the muscles so that she can bend and sway and twist and courtesy, she simply goes ahead and bends and twists and sways and courtesies. That is much the way the average outdoor athlete trains. A great tennis player does not waste his time in doing exercises to strengthen the muscles

used in tennis, but goes out and plays the game; getting his exercise and practice at the same time. The swimmer's preparation is not to perform exercises, but to get into the water and to practice the strokes. The people of the stage long ago found out that instead of doing exercises to get the ability to do stunts, the simplest, easiest and quickest thing is to *do the stunts*.

The illustrations for this article show Miss Margaret Langhorn, one of the younger beauties of the Gertrude Hoffman Company. The rare beauty of Miss Langhorn's figure is due to her constant training, and it is safe to say that so long as she







keeps up her daily program of dancing and doing stunts, she will retain that figure. She kindly demonstrated some of the few stunts which she has learned from older members of the profession.

I need not tell you that a show girl who lacks the ability to kick high would not hold her job very long. The ability to kick with ease and grace is dependent on extreme flexibility of joints and muscles, and on the entire absence of any surplus flesh in the region of the waist, hips and thighs. The exercise or more properly the stunt shown in Figure 3 will loosen up all the muscles and joints involved in high kicking. All you have to do is to stand on the left foot, raise the right leg, and then lean forward and grasp the right heel with the right hand. (Remember that you must hold the arm *inside* the right knee.) After you have grasped the right heel straighten the right leg. At first the best you can do will be to straighten the leg out in a horizontal position, and even that will be hard for many of you. As you push the right leg straight you will feel a distinct—and somewhat painful—pull in the muscles on the back of the calf, and the underside of the thigh. After you have gotten the leg straight, allow it to bend again at the knee, raise your hand an inch higher from the floor, and then straighten the leg again. After you have thoroughly exercised the right leg, stand on your

(Continued on page 82)

On the theory that it is well to aim high and hitch your wagon to a star, you will find it worth while to attempt at least a modified form of the stunts illustrated by Miss Langhorn. An effort to do the split always without straining, of course, is conducive to great flexibility. After you can accomplish that you will find the possible next step in the photograph below. Read the article carefully and follow the suggestions given.





# Eat and Grow Young

How "Mother" at Eighty Has Acquired a New Lease of Life by Changing to Life Giving Foods—Apply This Valuable Lesson In Your Own Family

By John Henry

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HOULE

**M**Y mother is 80 years old. Three months ago there was no doubt that she would die, not because she had any acute or violent disease, but rather because, as the physician put it, "the machine had broken down." It had worn out to a degree where it wasn't in the nature of things that it could last much longer.

"When they get to that point," said he, "it is my general experience that another year—one more cold winter, perhaps, carries them off."

He said it in a matter of fact way that was too detached and professional for my taste; and he wrote a prescription, another prescription, with a grave face that didn't seem to me to have much real gravity under the skin of it. I got the impression that he was in a hurry to get away for his Saturday afternoon golf.

"What is this for?" I asked.

"A tonic," he answered. "It will tone up the system and keep it going a bit longer. When it begins to lose its effect, I'll increase the strength of it a bit."

"But isn't there anything left but medicines?" I protested. "Wouldn't dieting and exercise, and that sort

of thing do some good? Wouldn't that be better?"

"Oh yes," he said. "Some. Feed her delicately. Remember that her stomach isn't as robust as it was. As for exercise, she might walk about now and then."

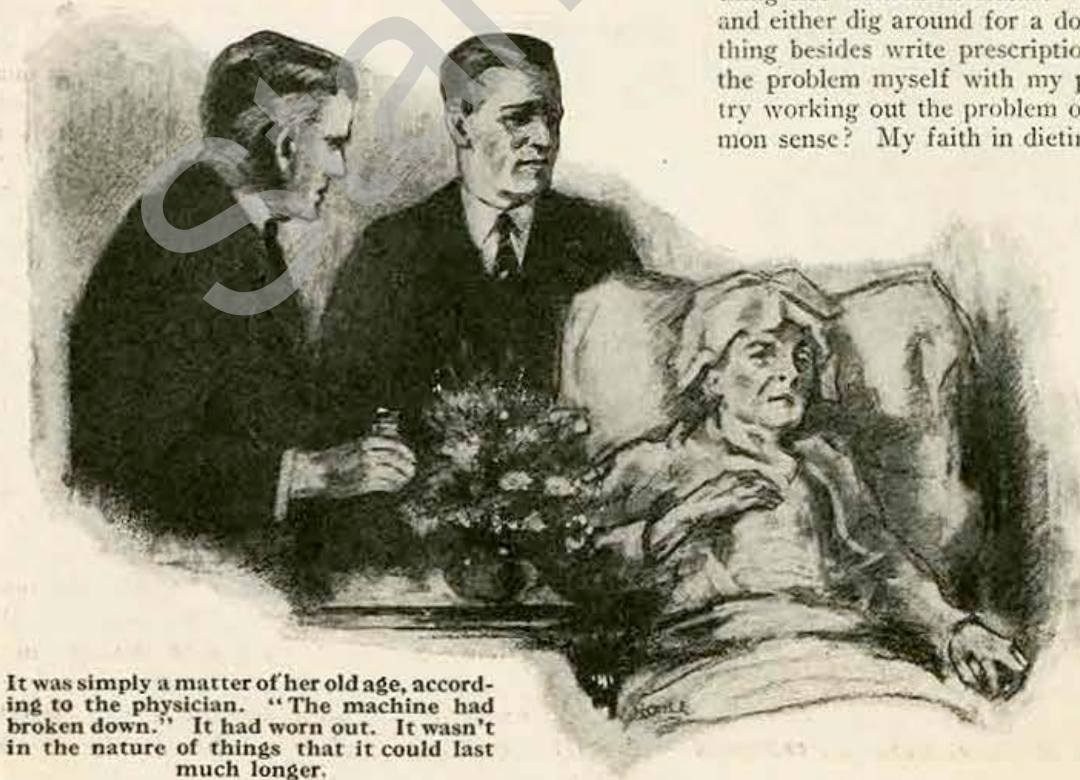
"What about whole wheat bread," I began.

He turned on me sharply. "By no means. It's a mere fad. White bread is more nourishing and more easily digested. Give her white bread, and other delicate foods. The coarse stuff will simply aggravate the condition in her stomach which is the present trouble. For goodness sake, keep away from these food fads. All that can be done with a body as old as that is to spur it now and then till you've squeezed the last bit of energy it will yield. Medicines can do that. For the rest, keep her comfortable. That's about all."

With that he bowed himself out and drove off in a high-powered automobile which the fees I had paid him for the last six months had helped to run.

When he was gone I sat down to think it out. Where were we getting? What results could this man show? Was there any truth behind this monstrous faith in pills and powders, and this profound distrust of anything not written in Latin? Should I take a chance, and either dig around for a doctor who could do something besides write prescriptions, or else simply study the problem myself with my poor layman's mind, and try working out the problem on a simple basis of common sense? My faith in dieting increased.

The case was simple enough so far as symptoms went. The doctor had called it stomatitis. Its chief characteristic seemed to be that it had relatively little to do with the stomach but a great deal to do with the mouth. There it manifested itself in the form of white spots and little ulcers and an intense soreness. After meals there would come coughing. The doctor had pronounced it a stomach cough, and said it was caused by



It was simply a matter of her old age, according to the physician. "The machine had broken down." It had worn out. It wasn't in the nature of things that it could last much longer.



an inflammation that had traveled up from the stomach to the throat. The condition had improved to a certain point and then rested. It grew no worse, and yet it grew no better. Apparently the system had reached the limit of its recuperative power; apparently no medical spur could persuade it to do more than it had done; and it was a deadlock. Ulceration and intense soreness of the mouth continued unabated, in spite of mouth washes and every application and prescription ingenuity could invent. This had continued for five months. Plainly it was time to do something. I decided to take the bit in my teeth and travel. And clearly the first step on the new course was to forget that doctor's telephone number.

That was three months ago. Today my mother is a well woman—as well and strong as a woman of her age could reasonably be expected to feel. The change began immediately after I had forgotten the telephone number of our prescription writing doctor, immediately after I had relegated every medicine he had ever prescribed to a dusty shelf; and immediately after I had boldly gone after the feeding fads which our medical friend had considered too robust for the delicate stomach of a woman of eighty. It continued steadily from then on.

It is my purpose here to relate what course I followed because it is an authentic personal experience, and because as such it may be suggestive and helpful to somebody who has apparently reached the end of the ladder and is at the mercy of some practitioner who, like the medical man I have just mentioned, clings to the drug fetish which the more intelligent members of the profession are getting away from as fast as they can.

In this connection let me say that I do not mean to imply that all physicians are of the type whose ministrations so nearly ended the life of my mother. There are the two elements in the medical profession; and I know doctors who would heartily dissent from the views expressed by my mother's physician, and would as heartily subscribe to the common sense course which resulted in the cure I am about to describe. Pick your doctor with that in mind. Remember that there are the two types of physician just as there are, broadly speaking, two types of men in the world, and two types of thought: the materialist type and the spiritual, idealistic type. The one type of physician, the materialistic, shallowly scientific type, looks on the body as a machine whose powers of recuperation are *extremely*

*limited*, too limited to be trusted without the spur of drugs. This other type has faith and imagination, and so takes the rational view that the body is more than a machine, and that its power to repair itself, if it be given a chance, is amazing. This type resorts to the artifice of drugs only with the utmost moderation and discretion.

The first thing on my programme was Diet. I was satisfied that the fundamental cause of my mother's condition was nothing but the lack of the very fad foods that her physician had frowned upon. What led me

to this view was the reading of "The Science of Eating," Alfred McCann's classic, the book that proves over and over and over again, with example after example, that the American nation is a starving nation, a nation of starch and proteid drunkards, a nation living in an acid bath that is slowly eating away the people's health and substituting for it every variety of degenerative disease—all because we won't eat food as God made it and as Nature, God's handmaiden, supplies it to us.

Months before this crisis in my mother's health had come up I had reformed my own personal diet in the light of McCann's teaching. The result had been a transformation of my health and in the health of my family that had made

me a McCann fan. But when I had mentioned McCann to my excessively orthodox physician I didn't find that he was a McCann fan. I found he was quite the other way, and that everything McCann pronounced to be black, he vowed was white.

Under his direction my mother, suffering from a breakdown that was clearly caused by acidosis, had continued month after month on a starch and protein diet which, according to McCann, was itself sufficient to account for her condition. Very good, I would follow McCann. If this was a case of carbohydrate intolerance, I would see what would happen when I cut the carbohydrates and switched over to fruits, vegetables, balanced foods such as milk, eggs, and whole grains, and natural sweets, honey and maple syrup.

I did. And she got well. But to make the thing intelligible, let me explain, however lamely, the doctrine of Food according to Alfred McCann. In calling it McCann's doctrine I don't mean that he has a monopoly on it, but merely that he has done more than anybody else to tell the world about it, and to saturate the dry scientific facts of it with life and the fire of



Today my mother is a well woman, as well and strong as a woman of her age could reasonably be expected to feel.



his Irish imagination, and the warmth and vigor of his own robust and fearless personality. I understand that he is to have an article in the October issue of STRENGTH. If so, stop reading this right away and look it up. All I can give you on food is an echo from McCann's original and authentic voice.

McCann's teaching, put as briefly as possible, is that there are two kinds of food, both of them necessary to human life; and that if either of them be omitted or improperly proportioned with relation to the other, disease and death must inevitably result. These two classes of food are, on the one hand, those which produce acids as a final result of their digestion, and on the other hand those which produce alkaline substances as a final result of their digestion. If you eat both kinds, the alkaline substances will neutralize the corrosive power of the acid substances, and the result will be normal. Only when this balance is present can the body do its work. But if you consume, as most of us do, too large a proportion of the acid producing foods, and too little of the other, then the result is an acid condition of the system which finally breaks down the cells, makes impossible the mechanical processes of assimilation and elimination, and finally causes the long chain of degenerative diseases which are now so greatly on the increase in this nation. Among these are cancer, kidney trouble, heart trouble, neuritis, liver trouble, gastro-intestinal diseases, tuberculosis, "colds," catarrh, nervousness, and so on.

It should be clearly understood that this reference to acid foods has nothing to do with acidity in the stomach, nor to the superficial, apparent acidity of such fruits as lemons, which contain organic salts that make them alkaline. The final digestion of food is performed in the blood by the blood corpuscles, and the acid end products of digestion are therefore *in the blood, and go from the blood to the tissues*. These acids are necessary to life. There are eighteen of them, and they are known as amino acids. The value of one protein food as against another depends on the number of amino acids it contains. The amino acids are the building blocks, the bricks, the raw material, out of which the system constructs tissue of every sort. But the difference between handling an amino acid that is unneutralized by the presence of an alkaline substance and is therefore in a sense corrosive and destructive in its action, and an amino acid that is so neutralized, is similar to the difference between putting up a building with red hot bricks and putting up one with bricks that are cooled to a point where they won't burn the workman. Bricks you must have, but let them be cold bricks. Acids you must have, but let them be neutralized acids.

Now the amino acids are manufactured out of the following kinds of food: meat, whites of eggs, curd of milk, and the vegetable proteins that are found in such products as beans, peas, the germs of cereals, etc. These are known as protein foods. They supply not only building blocks, but *heat*. Another class of foods which produce acids, but which supply *heat* rather than building blocks, are the carbohydrates, namely the starches and the sugars. Fats are also heat producers, and some of them have building block value besides. Starch is nowhere found pure in a state of nature. In the wheat berry, for example, it is combined with the

alkaline salts that are found in the bran and the germ. In the potato it is abundant, but is found in combination with organic salts which we usually extract by boiling, just as we remove all but the starch of the wheat berry by grinding and bolting. *Starch, enormously valuable when combined with neutralizing substances, is an acid poison when separated from such substances*: Most of our daily diet, most of my mother's daily diet, had long consisted of starch in that form, as in white bread, farina, polished rice, boiled potatoes, and the like. It had also consisted of meat, a protein food which has no alkaline elements because it lacks the blood and bone and glands which meat eating animals consume with meat. It had also consisted of much white sugar, which had had alkaline substances in it when they took it from the sugar cane, and which had them when it became open kettle molasses, and which had them still when it became brown sugar, *and which lost them when they made white sugar of it*.

The organic salts which are necessary to the life of the body are sixteen in number. As found in fruits and vegetables they are in a form such that the system can assimilate them and use them. As found in the earth they are assimilable only *by plants but not by man*. Iron, for example, is immensely valuable if you get it from, say, the raisin, because in that form you can use it. But it is of no value at all if you take it out of a bottle bought at a drug store. Not being a plant, you haven't the apparatus for digesting it. Among the most important of these mineral substances are calcium salts, iron, iodine, phosphorus, magnesium, and sodium. Twelve of the sixteen mineral elements necessary to life are found in the bran and germ of the wheat berry, which are thrown aside to be fed to animals when the mills make white flour. Iron is the only one of them wanting in milk. The yolk of the egg is rich in them, particularly in the sulphur which tarnishes your silver spoons. All fruits and vegetables abound in them, in varying proportions. McCann has recorded his belief that the so-called vitamins, which no laboratory has ever isolated for anyone's inspection, are nothing but subtle combinations of these mineral substances, combinations which man cannot imitate in any artificial way, and which he can only accept from the hand of Nature and consume as she made them.

There is no space here for a further exposition of the matter, particularly in a magazine in which Mr. McCann has an opportunity to speak for himself. But I have perhaps said enough to indicate what was the first simple step by which my mother, at the age of 80, when the bodily machine was supposed to have worn out and to have lost its power to cure itself, came back to a condition of health as perfect as could be expected at her age; the point being that if a means so simple could produce such a result as that in a person of that great age, then the results that might be expected in younger persons are of a kind well worth the attention of everybody.

She had all her life been on an excessive diet of meat, boiled potatoes, and white bread. She had grown up in the American tradition that fruits and vegetables are all very well if you happen to care for them, and if the time of year does not make them expensive to buy; and that so long as one had meat, boiled potatoes and white bread, the rest was of no particular importance,

(Continued on page 86)



# Build Up Your Back

## It Is the Foundation of Your Strength


By B. H. B. Lange

University of Notre Dame

**I**T is impossible to be really strong unless the back is strong; unless the muscles of the entire back are all uniformly developed. A certain degree of arm development, neck development and even leg development may be otherwise attained but it is impossible to acquire full general development without including the muscles of the back. The participant in any sport or athletic contest whose back is not strong, will always be compelled to give way before one whose back muscles are well developed. The back muscles form a sort of arch, the all important connecting span which unifies the upper extremities and the lower extremities. For this reason back strength determines the entire body strength.



The exercise shown in the upper photograph probably looks like an old friend to you, but much of the success to be expected depended upon the manner of its execution. Besides it is fundamentally an exercise for the small of the back and not one for reducing the waist line in front of the body. The second and third photographs have to do with the recovery of an upright position and are concerned in deep breathing, which should accompany the movement. You will need to read the author's detailed description of the entire movement in order to get just the right understanding of it.

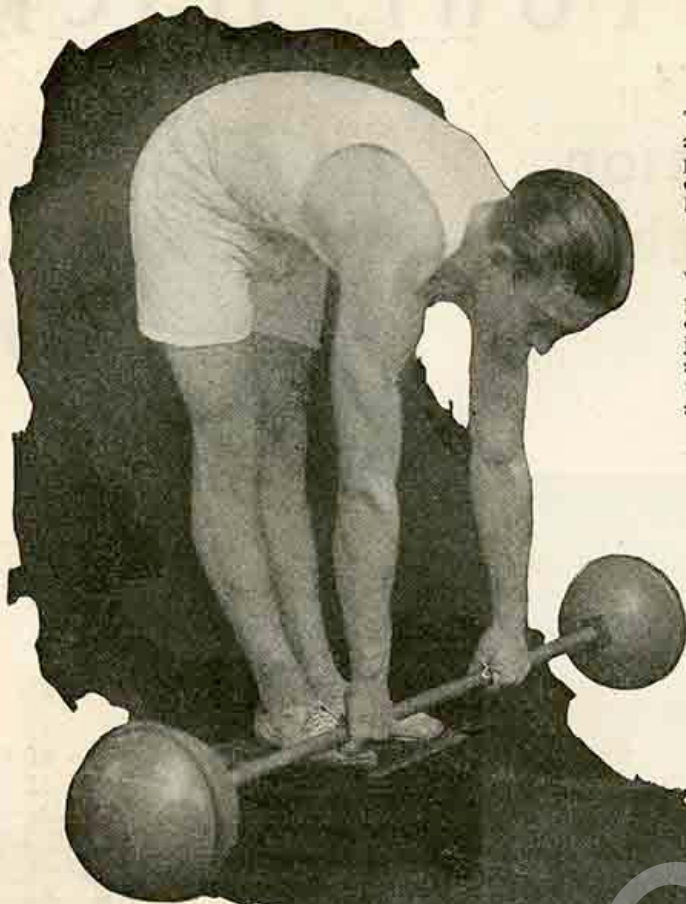


There are certain muscles of the back whose duty it is to hold the trunk of the body erect, notably the sacro-spinalis or erector spinae muscles, and the various branches of this set. These are not single muscles but pairs; a set of them runs from the sacrum—the wedge-shaped bone that forms the back of the hip bone group, and from the inner crest of the ilium or hip bone proper, upwards even to the back of the skull. These muscles branch out in such a fashion that upper or outer ends of this pair have attachments on the ribs while the inner part has attachment on the spinal column. The longissimus dorsi, as its name implies, is a very long muscle and forms the largest element of the sacro-spinalis group. Whenever the body is turned to the right or to the left, or leans to one side or the other, or is straightened out from a bent-over position, a large part of the action is accomplished by the longissimus dorsi muscles.

Immediately next to the spine are found the spinalis dorsi and the semispinalis dorsi. These muscles also take part in turning the trunk of the body to the right or to the left, in bending it to one side or the other and in straightening the trunk and in holding the body erect.

Just beneath the sacro-spinalis group of muscles and like them, lying next to, and on each side of and fastened to the spine, and extending from the sacrum or back of the hip bone group up to the second cervical vertebra, or practically to the base of





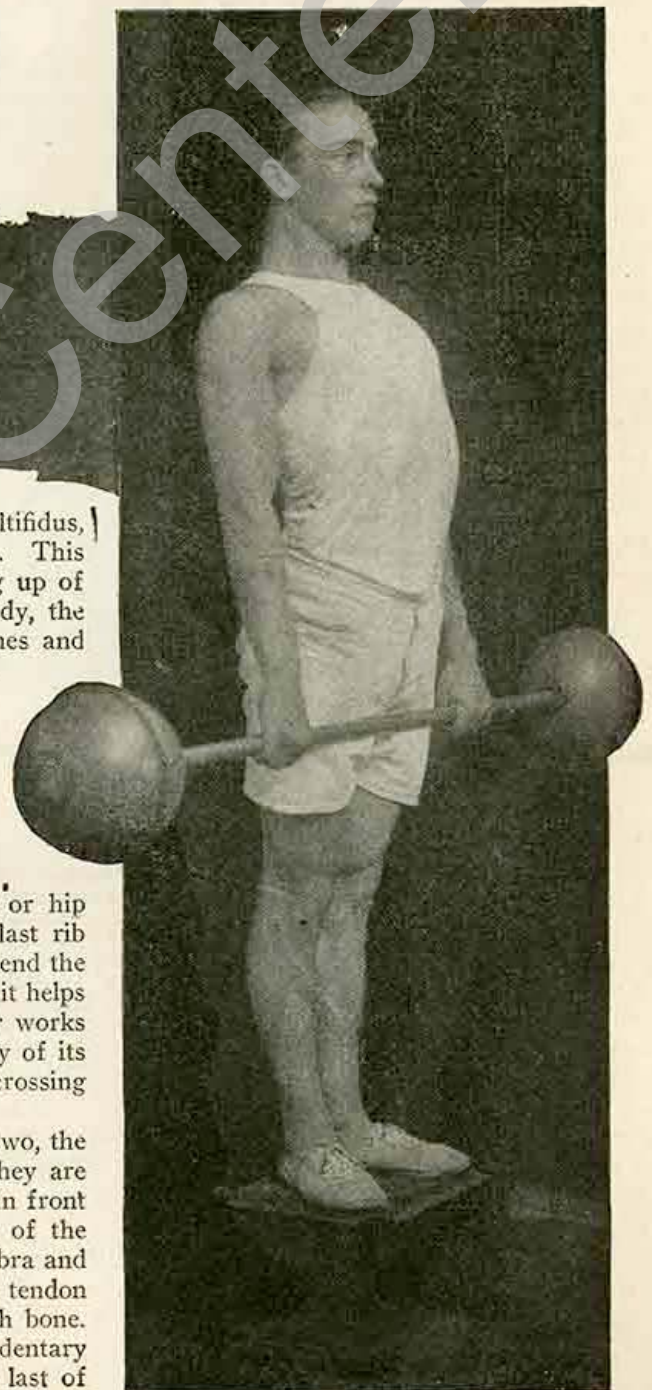
This exercise for the back, using a fairly light weight, is an advanced form of the exercise shown on the preceding page. Greater effectiveness is secured thru the resistance offered by a fifty pound weight, as described very carefully by the author. Be sure you understand the movement thoroughly before attempting it.

Very curiously, Mr. Alan Calvert has made reference to this particular kind of exercise for the small of the back in his comments on the muscles involved in the standing broad jump in his department, *The Mat*, which you will find on another page in this number. Mr. Calvert points out the relationship of these back muscles to the effort of accomplishing the standing broad jump, all of which is of unique interest.

the skull, is found a most important pair of muscles, the multifidus, so-called because divided or branched off into many parts. This pair of muscles also have for their work the straightening up of the spine or backbone and, therefore, the trunk of the body, the turning or rotating of the body upon the pelvic or hip bones and also the bending to the right or to the left of the trunk of the body. Beneath this group and also next to the spine up in the rib region are found eleven pairs of small muscles known as the rotatores muscles. They also help to extend, and turn or rotate the spinal column.

Thus far, the long, deeper muscles of the back only have been mentioned. As part of the lower back there is found a pair of muscles known as the quadratus lumborum. This muscle arises from the inner and top part of the pelvic or hip bones and is inserted in or fastened to about half of the last rib and to four of the lumbar vertebrae. This muscle helps to bend the trunk of the body. It is also a participator in breathing, as it helps the operations of the diaphragm, and when one of the pair works alone, that is, when the one on the right works independently of its mate on the left side of the spine, actions like swinging or crossing one leg over the other are brought about by it.

Another important muscle is the Psoas group. There are two, the major and the minor, and like the others just mentioned, they are in pairs, a right and a left. The psoas major is located just in front of the quadratus, while the psoas minor is just in front of the psoas major. The psoas major arises from the lumbar vertebra and last thoracic vertebra and runs downwards, ending in a tendon which is inserted into the inner part of the femur or thigh bone. The psoas minor is often absent, especially in people of sedentary habits, inactive individuals. It arises from the twelfth or last of







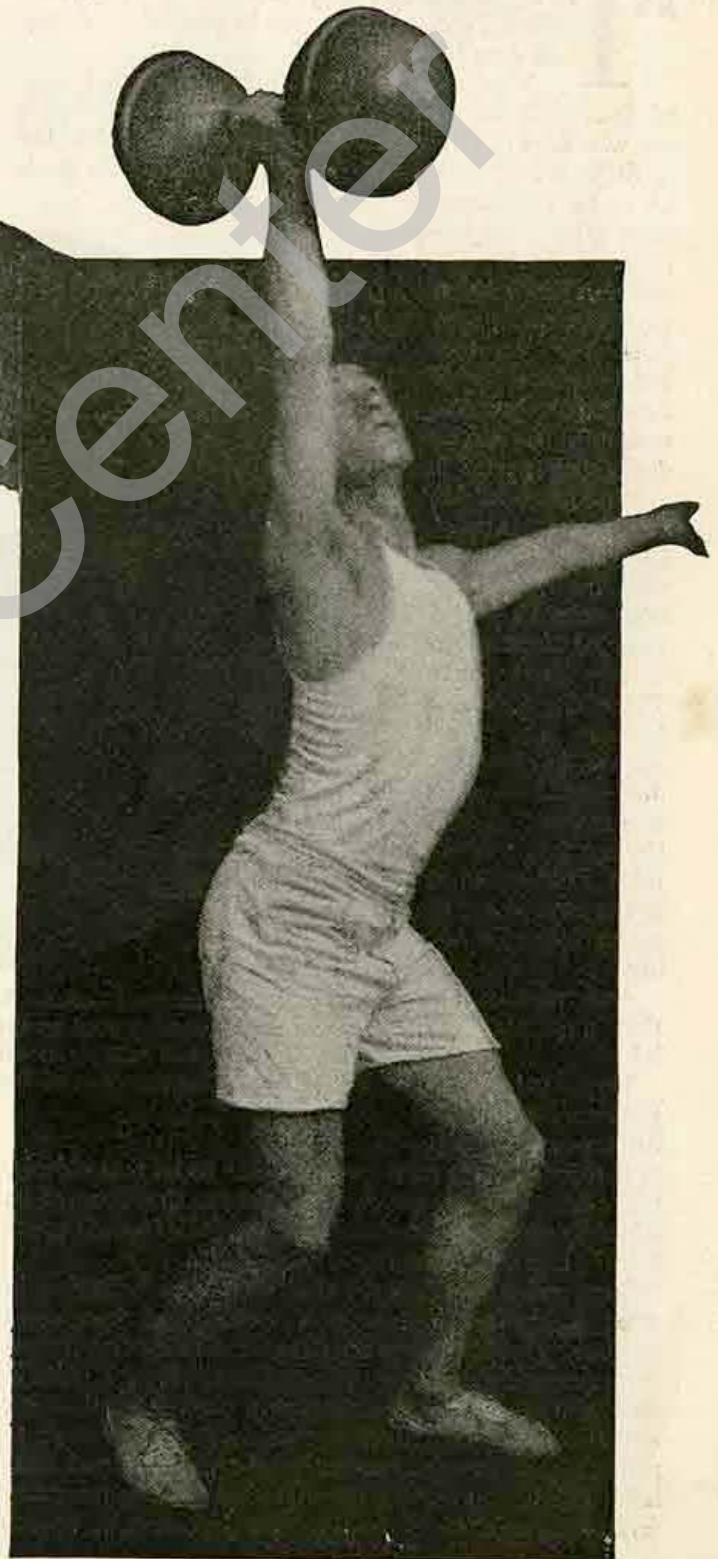
Here is another exercise of the advanced type, not to be undertaken by the beginner until he has followed out the author's instructions for toning up his back muscles thru the exercises illustrated on the first page of this article. It is imperative that correct technique be observed. The progressive system, using a thirty pound weight to start with and following the author's system of gradually increasing the resistance is very important.

the thoracic or chest vertebrae, runs downwards, and is inserted into that part of the hip bones known as the ileopectineal eminence, that is where the ilium and pubis join. It helps also in maintaining the body erect and assists materially in that great exercise known as the "sit up."

The above muscles have been described in order to acquaint the reader with the fact that there are many more muscles, and more important muscles than the latissimus dorsi muscles, the only ones ever mentioned in the large majority of articles or lessons on back development. The latissimus dorsi is only a superficial or outer muscle. It is a sort of covering. Unless the other muscles mentioned above are well developed the latissimus dorsi cannot be properly built up. It would be like building a roof on the house without first constructing a good solid foundation. More will be said later about the superficial muscles of the back. The deep muscles are the ones now being considered. It is the author's firm belief that they deserve very much consideration because they have never received more than very little attention.

The muscles just described are all rather long, especially the sacro-spinalis, the longissimus dorsi and the multifidus. Their thickest part is that section located in the lumbar region popularly known as the "small of the back,"—just above the sacral region. When men and also women complain of pains in the back it is most generally just in that lumbar region, the small of the back. When the trunk of the body is held upright, when it is bent forward or backward, to the right or to the left, when it is rotated on the pelvis or hip bones, when one leg is crossed over the other, even when deep breathing is indulged in, as it must be when real exercises are performed, every one and all the different actions

*(Continued on page 82)*





# Is Football Worth the Risk?

*Ask Bill Roper*

He'll Tell You How It Builds Men in the Big Sense  
—Some Interesting Football Psychology—An Interview

*By T. von Ziekursch*

**"I**F my son didn't play football—well, I don't think I'd disown him, but he couldn't be nearly as dear to me as he is."

That may seem a curious sentiment, to one who sees only the physical action of a game of football, but who does not know the spirit that lies behind it, the spirit that expresses itself in such concentration, such heroic resistance, such almost super-human effort. No one can understand such a remark who does not comprehend this side of America's greatest and most American collegiate sport.

We looked at this very erect, kindly, broad-chested man with the white hair, who voiced the real soul of football in those few words. Thirty-five years before he had played in the line for—well, it does not matter. Today his son is one of the most brilliant backs in the college world, to our way of thinking.

And what a son this particular one is!

Now, with the gridiron sending out its far-reaching appeal to millions, it seems a good time to let that elderly, white-haired father answer the question that is so often asked by timid mothers and fathers—"Is football beneficial? Is it worth the risk?"

Some parents actually forbid their sons indulging in what seems to them only a violent and dangerous pastime. But is it any more dangerous than other sports to the rugged youngsters who are fit to play it? And if so, what about the price the world pays for swimming and skating, in occasional drownings? If one stops to think, he still favors the practice of swimming and skating. For he knows that there is a far greater mortality from weakness and ill-health among those who do not

swim or skate or play football. Even to live and walk the streets is dangerous. As for the rare case of a broken collar-bone, one comes to see, if he has the sportsman's viewpoint, that if there is one thing worse than a broken bone it is the fear of a broken bone. Much depends upon one's point of view.

And so, is football worth while?

We know of no better way to make reply than by asking doubters whether they have ever known a sport or a class of men in which the standards, moral, mental and physical, were as high as they are in football? Also whether they have ever known any one factor or sport or pursuit of human activity that has that indescribable thing which makes for leadership that football has? Perhaps that is a little intricate. In plain words, the gridiron makes natural leaders.

And, in the words of Bill Roper, coach of the Princeton team, "A man cannot be anything but a pretty decent sort of a chap if he plays football."

There you have it all summarized. After all, isn't that just about all that anyone can ask of a son?

We started out with the idea of writing an article that would tend to prove football is beneficial. We were not going to write it because we thought the game needed any defense. It has beaten through all opposition to establish its place in the hearts of Americans. We were simply going to write of a few instances that might help to batter down the last walls of resistance of the old bugaboo. Then we ran across Roper, the man who has put Princeton on the far heights that only champions know. We told him our purpose and Roper talked.

If you have ever met Roper you know the rest. If



© Photoartists, Phila., Pa.

The famous Princeton Coach. Bill Roper's face, if you study it, expresses much of that rare quality of spirit which he instills into a football team and which enables it to accomplish the manifestly impossible. There is something to be learned from such a man.





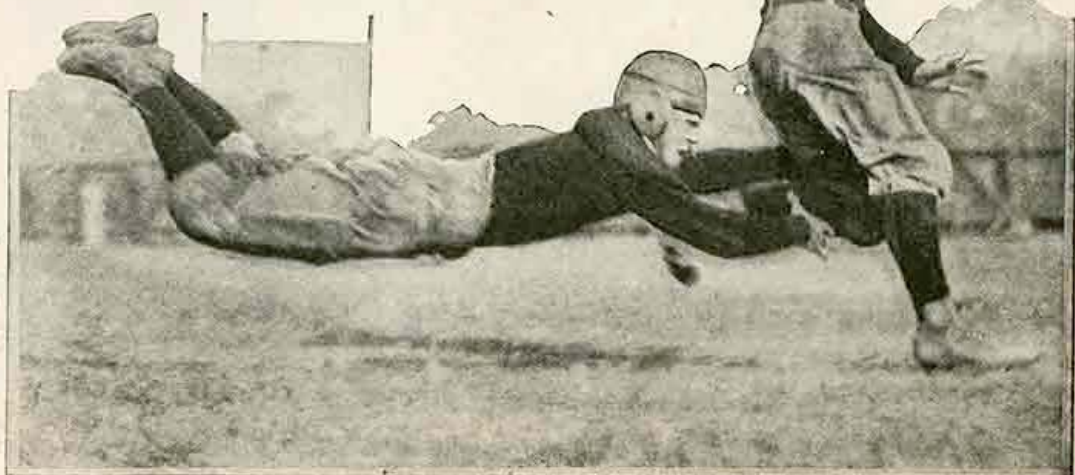
© International

Some snappy action stuff in practice. "Swede" Larson, of Stanford, taking the air.

not, permit us a few words about one of the most tremendously forceful men we have ever met, a man whose voice simply vibrates energy, command, who crackles like static. Frequently we have watched him at work on the field training his teams, teams that were scoffed at before the season opened, teams that upset all the dope of all the experts, teams of young men who were supposed to be jokes, according to some football standards, but who won crowns. Material that many another coach would have despaired of Roper has turned into valuable cogs in a winning machine. And, despite time-worn beliefs that a coach has to be a tyrant with the vocabulary of a canal mule driver, Roper never lifts his voice in anger, never cusses out a man or the team. If a situation is particularly bad or a player has made an exceptionally rank blunder Roper lets out a little laugh that takes the offenders into his confidence, it seems. He is not a Pollyanna by any means. He is a man who knows how to handle men and turn out men who are real men, just as are so many other coaches we have known and watched at close range for a good many years.

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Art Wilcox, of Stanford, in a flying tackle which some years ago came to be picturesquely known as the "death plunge," though no one was ever known to have been killed in that manner. Seasoned football men do not break to pieces so easily.



Before we turn the figurative rostrum over to Bill Roper, who, besides being a football coach, is a prominent lawyer and legislator, we are going to simply tell of a few things that are Roper, things that show his methods which have made Princeton a champion, things that may give a clearer insight into what he will have to say later.

The whole football world knows how he took a collection of second-string substitutes last year when his old championship array had been entirely disrupted, and welded them into an unbeatable team. The memory of that Chicago game in which the Tiger of Nassau should have been beaten, but simply would not admit defeat, flames brilliantly still. That was the spirit which the grid-iron develops in men, the spirit that knows no defeat. This year again Roper tackles that same problem. Facing a

schedule that includes such mighty teams as Notre Dame, Navy, Harvard and Yale, the Orange and Black of Princeton is without a team. Why? Simply because every last man on the football squad of 1922 passed his examinations with honors in June and most of the stars of last year were graduated. That set a record for college football. None of your tramp athletes nor loafers there.

That is one of the modern coach in-players must be ents or they can't ball. Surprising, the records of five leges we investigat- showed that the the football team highest average

things your sists on—his good stud- play foot- isn't it, but leading col- ed last year members of were the students of



all. They were the top men.

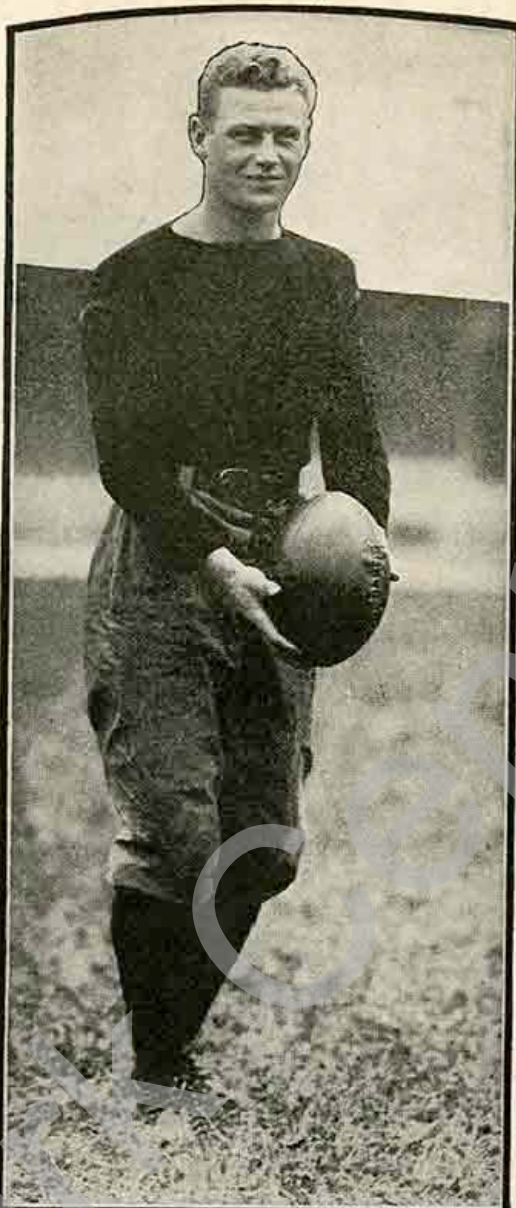
Enterprise, energy, the ability to think, those are the watch words. Perhaps it is unfortunate that we ran into Roper. The result may be to make this article look like one devoted to Princeton. It isn't. Princeton and Roper merely happen into the picture and since they are about the last word in the game at present they naturally belong there and will remain. But don't forget that the same things that apply to Princeton apply elsewhere as well. At Chicago, at Notre Dame, Annapolis, Oregon, California, Tulane, you'll find them all treading the same path.

Roper at Princeton has lost practically every valuable lineman from last year. He has to develop an entire new array of forwards. He has three sets of backs and three sets of ends. And he is going to turn those backs into linemen. But then, this affords an opportunity to quote Roper again and at the same time offer further evidence of why this game, which some old fashioned folk still shake their heads over, in reality makes men.

"Successful men build on team play," says Roper. "All solid business is also built on team play."

That explains why Roper

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will be able to make a successful line out of backfield men—team play's the thing.

"A knowledge of the game and of human nature, those are things that make for success in anything," says Roper again. He ought to know.

And it is a revelation to see him handling a squad of forty or fifty men. He plays on them as though each was a different instrument in an orchestra. Each is a different tone and must be worked on and handled differently from all the others. One is handled roughly, brusquely, another gingerly. One is driven, another led, one coaxed another commanded.

Hanging in the Princeton training quarters last year were a number of signs that Roper had printed. We recall a couple of them. One read, "WINNING FOOTBALL IS PLAYED ON THE OFFENSIVE."

Another bore the legend, "A TEAM THAT WON'T BE BEATEN CAN'T BE BEATEN."

Most of the others were similar in nature. Day in and day out every man on the squad had that psychology impressed on him although not consciously. It did its work. Individually and collectively those men be-

(Continued on page 88)



© Paul Thompson

What a sensational play looks like to the camera. This was Casey of Harvard dashing through a broken field for a forty yard gain. Above, in the panel, Hobey Baker, Princeton's most brilliant and sensational star of some seasons back.



# What's Your Personal Problem?

Every Problem Has a Solution, If You Analyze It

By Carl Easton Williams

**I** MET my long lost friend, John Smith, the other day, though that is not his real name. I had not seen him for years. So we had lunch together.

I found that he was still in advertising, plugging along like many others, making a living, but getting nowhere in particular.

Smith is capable and steady. Also he is ambitious. And so he is beginning to fret and worry about his lack of progress. Others have done better, made more money, become established.

In other words, Smith is up against what is probably the most universal of those various problems that we all have to contend with—the old question of prosperity. Whole magazines are now devoted to this one theme.

“How do you figure this stuff of getting on?” John asked, as soon as we had ordered. Clearly, the thing was preying on his mind.

“Well,” I laughed, “Don't ask me. Talk to some one who knows.”

“Oh,” he returned, relaxing a bit, “Don't think I haven't seen the dope on the subject—all that stuff that the successful men spill when they talk for publication, telling others how to succeed.”

“Yes? For instance?”

“Well,” he went on, a little cynical, a little amused, “I was reading just last Sunday what some millionaire said—same old stuff—the gist of it being that if you work hard and save money you'll soon be a millionaire like himself.”

“Good idea,” I said, “Why not try it?”

“Oh, I've been trying it all my life. And so have a few dozen million other industrious, honest dubs, conscientiously taking care of their families, doing the best they can, *trying* to save money and finally either working themselves to death or going to the poorhouse. They're all honest. Houses that sell goods on credit can tell you the exact facts about that. And all trying to save money.”

“I suppose there's not enough money to go 'round, for everybody to be a millionaire,” I suggested.

“Exactly,” replied Smith. “We can't all get rich. If one wins a race, the others must lose it. But what I want to get at is the dope on winning. Now, I'm no special shining light. But I'm not the biggest dunce in the world either. I'm competent. I do good work. I'm honest and faithful. I'm sure I work much harder than some of these people who get rich and give advice.”

“I'm not so sure about that,” I said. Then I reflected. “And yet—perhaps you're right.”

He waited a moment.

“Well, what's the answer?” he pursued. “What's

the missing ingredient? Seems to me I've got all those the experts prescribe so beautifully. And I know plenty of others in the same boat. They've got honesty, industry, thrift, ability. There's some other factor.

We'll call it 'X.'

Is it luck? I have

never believed that.

Just what is 'X'?”

And so we went

over the problem.

What John said was,

in general, quite true. Honesty does not bring success. It is just one of those fundamentals that make up normal life. To be honest is not especially creditable or helpful, but to lack honesty is to be a cripple. Having honesty is like having eyes, ears, speech and legs. Without it you are a defective. But to have it does not mean that you will find success, any more than good eyes will make you rich.

As to hard work? That is the usual course of human life. Its all that life means to millions of people—God help them! Ripley, the cartoonist, just back from a trip around the world, tells me that he saw people in China, Japan, and in various other parts of Asia and Europe, doing unbelievably hard work, and that's the only thing they do, the only thing they know. And they are wretched. Of course you cannot produce without work. Most people who prosper do a lot of it. But just hard work in itself does not mean much in the way of thriving. Perhaps it is more a matter of well-directed work? Ah! That is something else again. For there we approach the matter of management. And management means head work, brains, intelligence in the direction of effort and the shaping of one's affairs. We'll come back to that later.

Then there's the question of saving money. Thrift is like honesty—a necessary part of a rounded or normal human make-up. You can't get on without it. But it is not the road to riches. There are enough practicing it, millions of them. And they do get on in a small way, the same as John Smith. But the successful man will tell you that saving your pennies will make you a millionaire, or something like that. He doesn't even know what made him one. Ask him. And he'll tell you hard work, prunes for breakfast, courtesy, Sunday school lessons, saving money, and carefully polishing up the handle of the big front door. Or something equally good. Why should he care what he tells you, so long as it sounds good and reads well?

Thrift, in truth, is another of those fundamentals already mentioned, such as a good digestion, cleanliness, sobriety and good health. But thrift is an important item in this list for one very good reason that I'm going to tell you. It is this:

Saving money is vital because it represents the ability

## What's the Matter with John Smith?—He Doesn't “Get On”



to manage. It does not signify a merely parsimonious spirit, or a frugal nature. It means much more than "being economical." It implies that very practical quality of studying out one's financial status, whether in small terms or large terms, to the end that the income, whatever it is, shall be so distributed and managed as to accomplish the most. The person who saves money does some first class managing. And if you cannot save, that's what's wrong with you. If you cannot manage your money it is not likely that you can manage your time, or your affairs generally. The managing ability signified by saving money is of more value and importance than the actual money accumulated, for that, often, is little enough.

My friend Smith was saving money in a small way. For instance, a modest life insurance policy. That was saving money. He bought a piano on the installment plan, paying a few dollars a month, and in a few years saved a piano. Later he saved an automobile, buying a Ford on the famous five dollar a week plan. He has saved a dining table, a bedroom suite, rugs, furniture and furnishings, in a modest way. He has a couple of small Liberty Bonds, and is now putting a few dollars in a savings bank account—even as you and I. He now figures that if he keeps on saving at the same rate, his money will accumulate, with compound interest, until he will have acquired the price of a nice home by the time he has been dead for twenty-seven years.

Of course the truth is that people who really prosper do so not by saving money, but by earning money. It is income that counts. Saving, after all, depends upon income. And it is not the man who saves money, but rather he who concentrates on income, who earns, who gets it in the big gobs, who rises above the lower levels of affluence.

But John Smith also mentioned ability. That is where the hitch comes more frequently. Real ability is not common. Any one who has tried to secure a thoroughly competent stenographer, only to learn that about one in ten is accurate and dependable, will understand. Ask your better half about maids, and you will be told that the average servant cannot even wash the dishes without leaving them smeary, cannot make the beds well or even scrub the floor satisfactorily. A "good maid" is a gem. You will find incompetence everywhere, in every line of work. Many people man-

age to "get by," after training, because they do just one thing. But it is characteristic of many of the "competent" brand of human beings that they can turn from one thing to another and do many different things thoroughly well. You can think of instances. And it is this very fact of human nature, the variations in ability, that so often spoils the idealistic programs of our would be social reformers.

I asked John Smith to tell me just what he did that some hundreds of other advertising men were not also doing, or able to do? He stopped to think. He was doing good work, of its kind, but was there anything distinctive or outstanding about it? You see, we were looking for "X"—the missing ingredient. We had determined that "X" is sometimes luck, just pure chance, but that usually it is not so. And certainly one cannot gamble on being the favored subject of chance. And now we wondered if we would find "X" hovering somewhere around this subject of ability. My friend got the drift of things at once.

"It seems to me," said John, "That just here is where I fall down, after all. A lot of us have an average ability—up to a certain level. What we need is some very special capacity, something unique that the world will pay more money for, something that will make a man's work stand out. Shakespeare had it. Lloyd George has it. Henry Ford has it. I have only a minor ability—"

"So far," I put in, "Not yet fully developed."

That was a shot in the dark, because I did not know enough about my friend. I had last seen him in his early twenties, a

promising boy. Now he was thirty-five, and still only partly grown. After learning more of John I think I was right in that last suggestion. A man does not fully develop until he is over forty. Not only must ability be inborn, but it must be developed. In many lines this development requires half a life-time. It is a matter of *growth*, as well as of use and exercise. Some men stop growing early and deteriorate from the time they are John's present age. Others, who keep on growing, whose natures ripen, accomplish better and better things as life goes on, doing better work at sixty than at fifty, and sometimes better work at seventy and over than at sixty. A young man of thirty not long ago told me that he was a failure! Why, he had not even got

(Continued on page 89)

### A Good Way to Solve Any Problem

While this department, like this magazine as a whole, is intended to be of help to the reader, and while we are asking the reader who is at a loss as to what to do in some perplexing situation to write us a letter, so that the other readers of STRENGTH may help him, we would like also to remind him that one can often find the solution of his own problem by the mere act of setting it down on paper. You can clarify the situation and analyze it by putting it all down in black and white, classifying it, tabulating it, and finally securing order and system in what before was confused. To find out that you can "think better on paper" is no mean discovery. Practically all big men have learned it.

In any case it will do no harm for you to write out your problem and send it to us. We had no problem letter this month with which to begin this department, so we lifted out of the air this one, which affects about ten people out of every nine. We do not presume to solve your problem for you, but if we can help to clarify it, that will be a service. And then, if we present it to that tremendous total of human intelligence represented by all of the readers of STRENGTH, you ought to get help from that source. But no one can really solve your problem but yourself, which you must do through your own strength, mental and moral. You must stand on your own feet. The power of any one else to help you is limited.

If you write your problem, better sign only initials. You can be more truthful and frank. This is a magazine department, and we will not be able to carry on correspondence in this connection.

—The Editor.





© Underwood & Underwood

It is now a major sport. Tennis to-day is as fast and vigorous as one is able to make it. The photo shows Vincent Richards and F. T. Hunter

# Playing the Game

A Monthly Review of Sports and Outdoor Life.

By *T. von Ziekursch*

**Y**OU may recall that something like a generation ago there were just four sports that were accorded real recognition by the great deity, Fan, in this country. We recognized baseball as OUR sport, accepted it to our bosom and made national heroes out of the Waddells, Mathewsons, the Delehantys, Lajoies and Wagners. In only slightly lesser degree did we bow acknowledgment to football which the college world adopted as its own. Add to these the boxing ring and the race track and you have just about covered the field of America's great sports.

Of course, that is easy to understand. Each one of the quartet has in it very strongly all the primeval elements of strength and power and speed. We all know the appeal of the pitcher with terrific "smoke," of the batter who stands up there and crashes a fast one to some far corner of the lot. By the same token there are a rare few who fail to appreciate the driving attack of a mighty halfback crunching the enemy line or the flashing open field runner who breaks loose around an end. And the boxer—doesn't he simply personify the

strongest instinct with which man is endowed? And woman, too, for that matter. She becomes as ardent a ring fan as man. To wind up discussion of these four sports—have you ever seen the human being who didn't respond and thrill and pulse to the flashing speed of the fleet thoroughbreds in a gruelling stretch drive? We haven't. It has been a sport of men since time immemorial. The Persians, the Chinese, the Hindu and Egyptian of hazy antiquity were horse race devotees.

These four, then, were our sports. Of course some others were tolerated and ardently followed by small classes. Which brings us down to the fact that the mere mention of tennis a generation ago evoked jeers at the ladies' tea party game. Even a decade ago there had not been much change.

At a time when the Dohertys and Gore stood supreme, just as far above the field as Tilden and Johnston do now, tennis was a society game ridiculed by the great mass of us, who are the genus Fan.

This year the papers have devoted almost as much space to one match or another (between two individuals,



of course) as they give to a world's series game or a great clash on the gridiron. And the newspapers are not fond of wasting space. They do not allot it to anything unless they figure there is a great demand.

The answer is that the tennis of today is not the tennis of the Dohertys and Gore, of Clothier and Davis. A new element has swept the courts and that element has given Americans world supremacy. It is the same spectacular thing that lies in the pitcher with burning speed, the batter with terrific hitting power, the line-crushing halfback, the man who earns a ring championship by mighty knockout powers, the speed that makes a Man o' War.

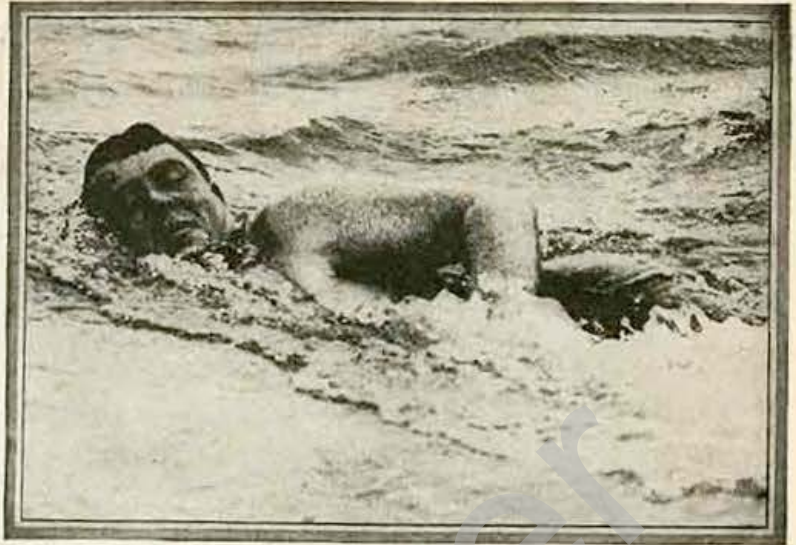
When Maurice McLaughlin came out of the shadows of the Golden Gate, a red-headed, fighting Irishman, and tumbled the great masters from Australia—Brookes and Wilding—tennis entered its new era. To draw a parallel, McLaughlin was a slugger, nothing more. He brought speed, whirlwind speed, into the game. He crushed greater players by far with that one element alone. Anthony Wilding, probably the greatest racquet wielder who ever lived before Tilden came along, bowed to that fierce attack of the California "Comet."

Not in England, Australia, France, in fact nowhere



© Keystone View

His wallop is as good as his smile. Here is "Cy" Williams, of the Quakers, who has kept the fans on their toes this season watching his race with "Babe" Ruth for the home-run championship.



© Central News

Swimming the English Channel is just so easy that in all history three men have accomplished it. No one knows how many hundreds or thousands of powerful swimmers have attempted it. Here is Henry Sullivan, human sea-lion of Lowell, Mass., the third victor over the Channel currents and tides.


outside of the United States did the lesson sink in. McLaughlin burned himself out in short order by his efforts, he had little of the science and the mastery of strokes that the present top-notchers possess. But in his meteoric flight across the realm of the net he revolutionized the game. The crop of new American tennis players who came after him learned their lessons well. They took McLaughlin's attack, learned to develop speed, but also paid tribute to the science of stroke, and the result is Tilden, the greatest of them all; Little Bill Johnston, lacking only the physical resources that go with size to be probably mightier even than Tilden; Richards and all the rest of those who have given America world supremacy in tennis.

There lies the answer that explains why we have adopted tennis as one of our great sports. You cannot keep a red-blooded thing down. We have seen a smashing drive from Tilden's racquet knock the racquet out of an opponent's hand, and Johnston's marvelous forehand smash literally hurl another player to the ground. In a wonderful base line driving duel between Tilden and Johnston last year thousands sat with eyes wide and mouths open, amazed at the whirlwind of action down there on the courts. It seemed that two strips of white tape had been stretched across the courts from the racquet of one to that of the other. It was the ball, of course, being driven with such amazing speed that the eye could only follow it as a streak of white.

The answer to it all is obvious, of course. We have learned to know modern tennis as a smashing thing of skill and power demanding enormous reserves of vitality and strength. Its spectacular side has been brought to the fore. To reach the dizzy heights of First Ten ranking a player must be a whirlwind incarnate, yet possessed of much of that finesse of stroke which enables the great billiard player to command the ivories at his will. He must be a combination of Babe Ruth, Walter Johnson and Eddie Collins. Is it to be wondered at that tennis is rapidly passing from a game of the select few to a game of the masses?

(Continued on page 80)





# BOXING

By William J. Herrmann

**PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT**  
(Continued from last month)

**A**LTHOUGH, as a general rule, it is best to use the palm of your right hand glove in fending the attacking blow aside, nevertheless there are times when you are obliged to use the cuff of your glove, your wrist or your forearm instead.

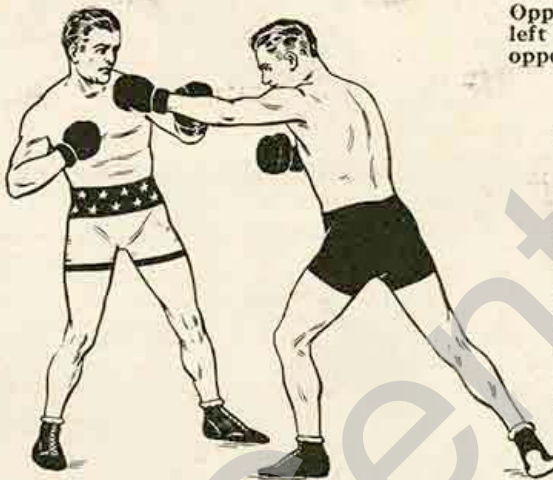
Wait until the left hand blow is almost home, then quickly and suddenly give the attacking arm an unexpected pat, push or shove aside to the left with your open right glove, thereby easily deflecting it off its intended course past your left side.

Also practice this outer parry in combination with a slight slipping of your head to the right, while at the same time leaning slightly away from the oncoming punch, thus further enhancing the safety of this parry.

Keep your elbows down, left shoulder slightly raised, chin well tucked down and left arm and fist in readiness to counter.

Don't make a wide-sweeping, clumsy motion that is more likely to put yourself instead of your opponent off balance or place yourself in an awkward, exposed position or you are likely to lose your chance of delivering an effective counter and, besides, put you in a bad position in case you missed your parry.

Fending aside or throwing opponent's hitting arm across his own body by means of an outside parry, not only prevents your opponent from hitting you with the other hand, but also often tends to throw the attacker clean off his balance. Sometimes opponent's hitting arm is pushed at the elbow in order to force him to pivot or spin around to your right or to your left, according to which hitting arm



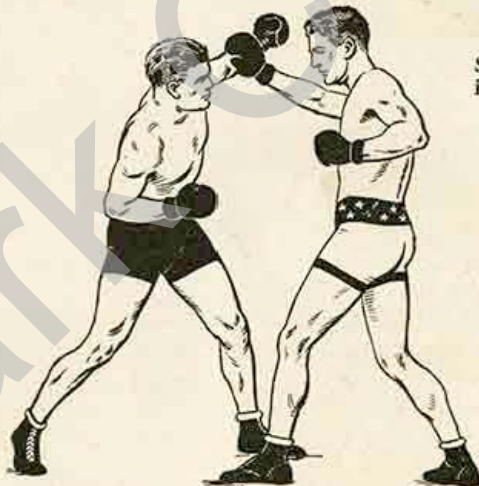
Opposite guard with left hand, against opponent's left lead at face.

you shove aside thereby exposing him to most any attack you wish to deliver.

A particularly useful form of parry to use when facing an opponent who hits wild and against an opponent who "toes in" too much when stepping in with his punches. Blows that "pull across" and misdirected punches are rather easier to fend aside with this form of parry, and, besides, it exposes your man to a telling return.

After you are fairly well up in using this outside parry, right arm against an opponent's straight left at your face, then learn to use an outside parry with your left hand against an opponent's right hand punch.

Stopping an oncoming left swing with your right hand.

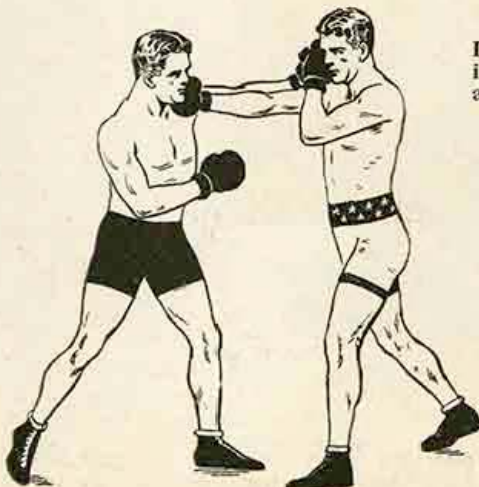


In using an outside parry with your left arm, or, as it is also termed, a parry to right with your left against an opponent's lead off with his right, you push or fend his right arm towards your right side with your left hand. In other words, do just the opposite, observing the rules given for the right arm outside parry with the movements reversed.

Left arm block and inside right to jaw against opponent's lead at face.

Immediately

after parrying be sure you recover in good form and position, ready to parry again in case you failed to combine your parry with an effective return.



Outer parries are also used as a defense against blows at the body. The principle of using an outer parry against blows at the body is, in a general way, practically the same as when using them against blows at the head or face. Cuffing a left hander at your body



aside to your left with your right hand or cuffing a right hander at your body aside to your right with your left hand.

Outer parries are an especially valuable form of defense against any straight blows at the body.

#### CROSS GUARDS

In a cross guard the left arm, not the right, is used in defending yourself against a blow from your opponent's straight left, and, counter-like, the right arm, not your left, is used in defending yourself against punches from an opponent's straight right.

In other words, in a regulation guard you use your right arm against a left hand punch, and your left arm against right hand punches. In cross guards, however, you protect yourself against left hand punches with your left arm, and, counter-like, guard yourself against right hand punches with your right arm. Cross guards are mostly used against blows at your head in order to counter on body.

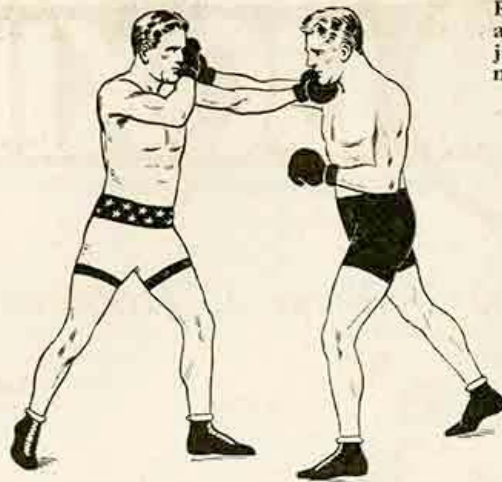
The above distinguishing feature of a regulation block and the cross guards also hold good when referring to blocking, no matter whether you block or stop a punch with your shoulder, upper arm, forearm, wrist, fist or open glove of blocking hand.

#### OPPOSITE PARRIES

Opposite parries beat the left arm blow aside to your right with your open left hand or on defending against a right arm punch, beating opponent's right arm aside to your left with your open right hand.

Although opposite parries are the least used of all parries, they have their proper place in a varied form of arm defense. Their weakness lies in the fact that in attempting to parry one blow you unduly expose yourself to another.

Nevertheless, there are times when conditions may be such for the moment that no other form of arm defense is available, or you are not prepared or able to use the more regular and safer forms of arm defenses. For instance, suppose your man hits left at your face, if your right hand or arm should not be in a good position to block or parry, owing to the fact of having been drawn away by a feint, you can then, nevertheless, still beat the oncoming left



Right hand block and, inside left to jaw, against opponent's right at face.

hand blow up or down to your right with your left open hand, or, vice versa, beat a right arm punch up or down to your left with your open right hand in case your left arm was otherwise busily engaged.

Opposite parries afford good opportunities to deliver a back handed punch to jaw with the same defending hand that just deflected the attacker's punch. Back handed punches, however, are tabooed in most all boxing contests.

Blocking opponent's left swing to face and upper - cutting left to chin.

PRACTICE LESSONS IN GUARDS AND ENCOUNTERS

#### Right Arm Inside Parry Against Straight Left Lead

On opponent's straight left at face, guard right (right arm inside parry) and counter left to head.

On opponent's straight left at face, guard right (right inside parry) and counter left to body.

#### Left Arm Inside Parry Against Straight Right Arm Lead

On opponent's straight right at face, guard left (left arm inside parry) and counter right to head.

On opponent's straight right at face, guard left (left arm inside parry) and counter right to body.

#### BODY GUARDS

On opponent's straight left at body, guard with right (right arm inside parry for body) and counter left at face.

On opponent's straight left at body guard with your right (right arm inside parry for body) and counter left to body.

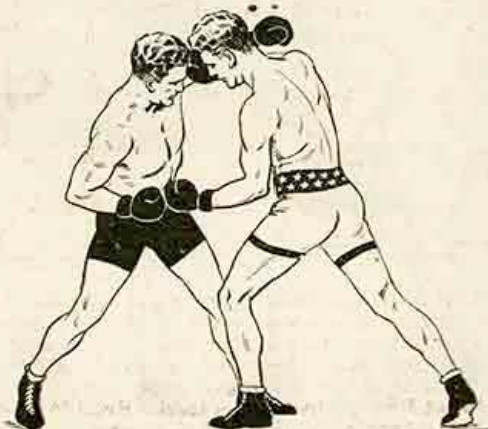
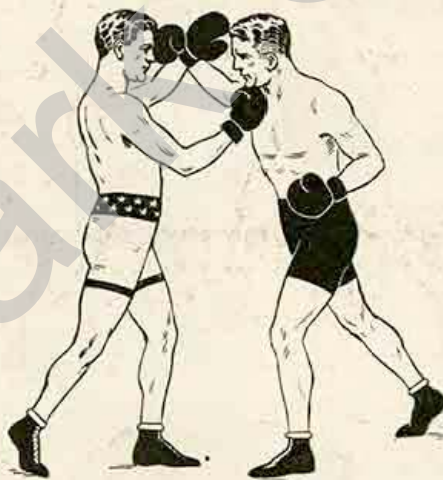
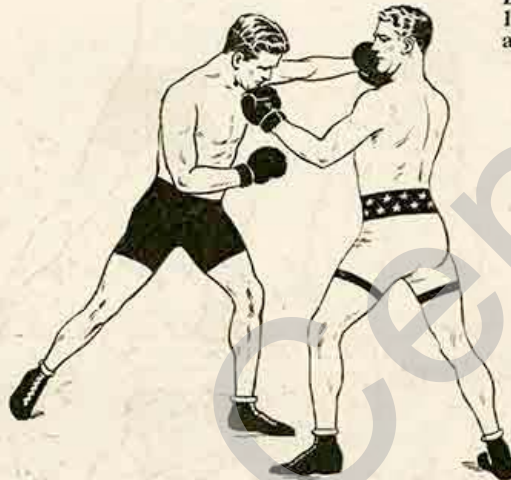
Stopping an oncoming left swing with your right hand and upper - cutting left to body.

On opponent's straight right at body, guard with left (left arm inside parry for body) and counter right to face.

On opponent's straight right at body, guard with left (left arm inside parry for body) and counter right to face.

On opponent's straight right at body, guard with your right and counter with your right to body.

(Continued next month)





# THE MAT

Conducted by Alan Calvert

## MORE ABOUT COIN-BREAKING

**M**R. LETOURNEUX'S letter in this Department in the August number, excited a good deal of interest. If I am to judge by the letters received, there must be quite a number of men who can actually break coins with the unaided strength of their thumbs and fingers. You may recall that I said I had never seen this feat accomplished. I am publishing letters from several of your fellow readers, but you will note that two out of the four say that they actually saw the feat performed, while the other two know people who have seen, etc.

If I were to test a stranger at the coin breaking stunt, I would first make him roll up his sleeves to his elbows. Then I would grasp both of his hands with mine, and as I released them, I would have some friend pass him a marked coin. By this method I would make sure first, that he would be unable to palm a coin of his own, and second, that the coin used if actually bent or broken, would show the private mark I put on its surface. If any coin breaker submits to conditions like those, he is pretty sure to be the genuine article.

Coin breaking takes not only tremendous strength in the thumbs and fingers, but it also requires a particularly tough quality of flesh which is almost insensible to pain. I have known many celebrated strong men who had hands and fingers of the toughest possible fiber, and some of those men could perform almost incredible feats of finger strength, but yet not one of them even claims to be able to bend a coin. The letters follow.

Dear Sir:

While reading the August issue of STRENGTH, I came across the article in "The Mat" concerning coin breakage, bending, etc. Well, to say the least, I have seen a "prof" strong man in my town bend a dime with his teeth, but I or anybody else in the audience cannot say it was the same dime passed to him. But I believe sometimes that it was the same dime, because of the date. His name was "Sandos," traveling in vaudeville five years ago. I don't whether you consider this a feat in coin breaking or not. You are the one that ought to know.

Respectfully yours,  
ROBERT N. MAYER.

\* \* \*

Columbia, S. C.

Dear Mr. Calvert:

I have just read your article in the August number of STRENGTH, in regard to bending or breaking coins.

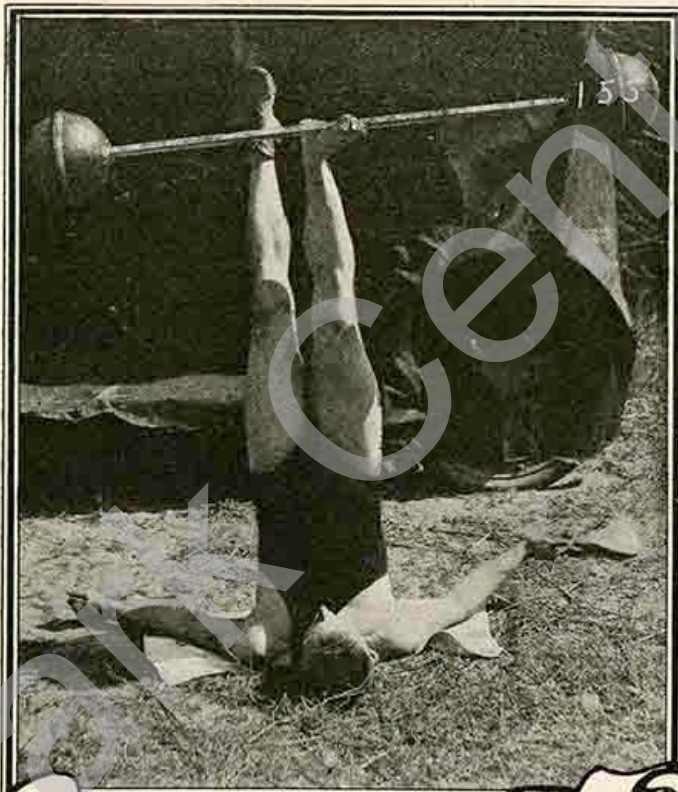
While in Rouen, France, in 1918, I witnessed a strong man act, performed in the streets of that city, in the nature of coin breaking. The individual was a very small man of unusually good development of arms and shoulders. I watched him bend and break several of the big copper penny pieces, and realizing what a feat of strength I was witnessing, pushed through the crowd, and taking from my own pocket a similar coin, gave it to him and watched the whole process: Catching the coin with both thumbs on top, bending over and using his right knee as a rest, with a tremendous exertion he bent the coin to an angle of about 45 degrees—reversing it—straightened it back and over, and repeating this several times until the coin gave way—then handed me back the halves.

Being greatly interested in all feats of strength, I had him duplicate the feat, but at the time did not think it so out of the ordinary. The man was clad only in trunks and sandals, and I was convinced of the genuineness of his act. The sad part of the story is: I have lost the halved pennies.

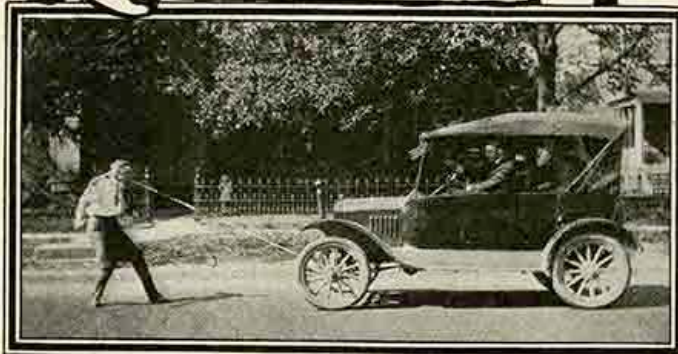
Pardon, Mr. Calvert, for consuming your time, and I might add, that the French Strong Man bent nails, iron rods, etc., with apparent ease, while the coin act broke the skin on his fingers and bruised his thumbs.

Congratulating you on the growth of STRENGTH,

Cordially yours,  
J. B. LONG.



J. C. Weaver, Columbia, S. C., Y.M.C.A., in a "one foot shoulder," 155 pounds



And this picture, which looks like a fight between a man's teeth and an automobile, shows Chas. B. Piesler, Little Rock, Ark., in a stunt more spectacular than impressive—unless the engine is going in reverse gear, in which case we don't believe it. A little girl of seven can push or pull a car with driver, weighing 3500 pounds, on a level. Read Mr. Calvert's comments on "Iron Jaw" stunts.



Dear Sir:

Jackson, Miss.

I noticed your paragraph in the *STRENGTH* for August, concerning the bending of coins. I have never seen this done, but I experimented as you advised by bending one with a pair of plyers, and I believe I can show you how to do it with two more years' increase in my muscular development, as doing it with my fingers did not impress me as being impossible. But what I wished to tell you was, that I was advised by several parties at New Martinsville, West Virginia, that there was a peddler there who could bend dimes with his fingers, and one of my informants was the editor of the weekly paper there at that place, and I am sure that if you would write and ask him concerning it, he could send you one of the dimes. Also he would have some witnesses to the effect, as he said the man was still there and could still do the stuff.

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES PRESLER.

\* \* \*

Toronto, Canada.

Dear Sir:

In your August issue of the *STRENGTH* Magazine, you stated in "The Mat" that you considered coin-bending and coin breaking an impossibility. In my opinion, however, it is not. My brother has actually seen a small Canadian five-cent piece bent double with the unaided strength of human hands. He even examined the subjects hands both before and after bending the coin.

The man who bent the coin is Professor F. J. Cavanagh of 101 Bloor Street, West Toronto. He has been established there for years as a phrenologist, but earlier in his life he used to be a professional strong man in England.

This is how the incident happened. My brother went to consult him one day on the matter of phrenology, and while he was there Professor Cavanagh informed him that he was once a professional "strong-man." He then took a Canadian five-cent piece and bent it between his thumbs and fingers until it was bent a little more than half-way. Then he squeezed it between the thumbs and fingers of both hands until it was doubled up completely. He gave it to my brother to straighten out, which of course, he could not do, so he straightened it out again himself.

This actually did happen, and although bending a small Canadian five-cent piece is probably easier than bending a silver half-dollar, still it is quite a feat of strength, as the coin is so small that one can scarcely get a grip on it, while a half dollar is fairly large and a good grip can be secured on it, but whether or not Professor Cavanagh can bend a half-dollar I do not know.

Yours truly,

JAMES A. WILKIN.

\* \* \*

#### THESE "IRON-JAW" STUNTS

Besides the letters in reference to coin breaking, I received a number of letters about lifting with the teeth. These correspondents seem to think that because I was interested in coin-breaking, I was bound to be interested in these "iron jaw" stunts. I have never been able to get interested in that line of work, mainly because most teeth lifting is done by professionals, and my work has always been to interest amateurs in weight lifting. It is a fact that many natural strong men have phenomenal strength of jaw and teeth which are practically perfect. Lifting with the teeth obviously demands great strength in the neck, and a powerful neck is the sign-manual of the natural strong man. While I have never been very much interested in diet, I have always had the idea that vigorous digestion was promoted by thorough mastication. Most of these natural strong men are individuals of placid temperament. They do everything deliberately, and as a rule, they are very slow eaters. Most of them are great meat eaters, but no matter what they are eating they chew in the same thorough, deliberate, painstaking way. This habit of thoroughly masticating everything they eat sends the food to the stomach thoroughly prepared for digestion, and what is more pertinent, it gives the jaws great exercise. Perfect teeth are not, as you might suppose, the result of continual brushing, but are produced by a fine digestion and great natural vigor. The question is whether the thorough

mastication is the *cause* of the strong man's strength, or whether the powerful neck and jaw and the sound teeth are merely the *results* of a perfect internal economy.

The fact remains that almost any natural strong-man can do teeth lifting. A generation ago almost all of them *did* include "iron jaw stunts" in their act. Some professionals by the use of rigging have lifted enormous weights; that is, they have *apparently* lifted those weights by the strength of the jaw; but when we see pictures of a man lifting a loaded automobile, or a young elephant in this manner, we know that there must be some fake.

Some athletes both amateur and professional, have *dragged* great weights such as automobiles, by holding one end of a strap or chain in the teeth. In such feats as well as in genuine teeth lifting, it is necessary to use a specially prepared mouth-piece. I am told that some performers attach the end of the rope or chain to an egg-shaped article which fits in the mouth, and which can hardly be pulled from the mouth if the jaws are kept almost closed. Other performers use a mouth-piece of leather. In one end of the leather they bore a hole, and reinforce the hole with a metal eyelet so that the end of the chain can be attached to the mouth-piece. They soak the leather in water for a couple of days until it is very soft, and then they put it in the mouth and press against it with the full strength of the jaws, until each tooth makes an indentation. (Naturally, it is necessary to use a piece of leather about two inches thick.) The piece of leather is then soaked in acids until it becomes very hard, but still retains the impression of the teeth. When the leather is put in the mouth and each tooth fitted in its own impression, a terrific weight can be lifted or pulled without damage to the teeth.

Teeth-lifting is not recommended for the beginner or for the man who has anything less than absolutely perfect teeth.

\* \* \*

#### ONE WAY TO REMEDY "BOW-LEGS"

Some time ago one of you wrote in a letter claiming that men who were slightly bow-legged were usually above the average in strength. I thought that letter would create a lot of discussion, but all it did was to bring a flock of inquiries asking how to cure bow-legs. This seems to be a good chance to answer those letters.

The condition known as bow-legs may come from several different causes. Nowadays you see very few people who are really bow-legged, because mothers have learned the danger of forcing infants to walk at a too early age. When you do see an adult whose legs are curved widely outward so that when the ankles are touching, the knees are six inches apart, you can depend on it that as a child that individual was forced to learn to walk when only a few months old.

In cases where there is an absolute deformity, that is where the bones of the leg are bent in a pronounced outward curve, there is nothing which can be done to remedy the condition. Happily, many cases of bow-legs come from minor causes and can be remedied. Many men are so slightly bow-legged that the defect is not noticeable when they wear ordinary trousers, although the condition is plain to be seen when they are in knickerbockers or a bathing suit.

(Continued on page 87)



All Readers of

**S T R E N G T H**

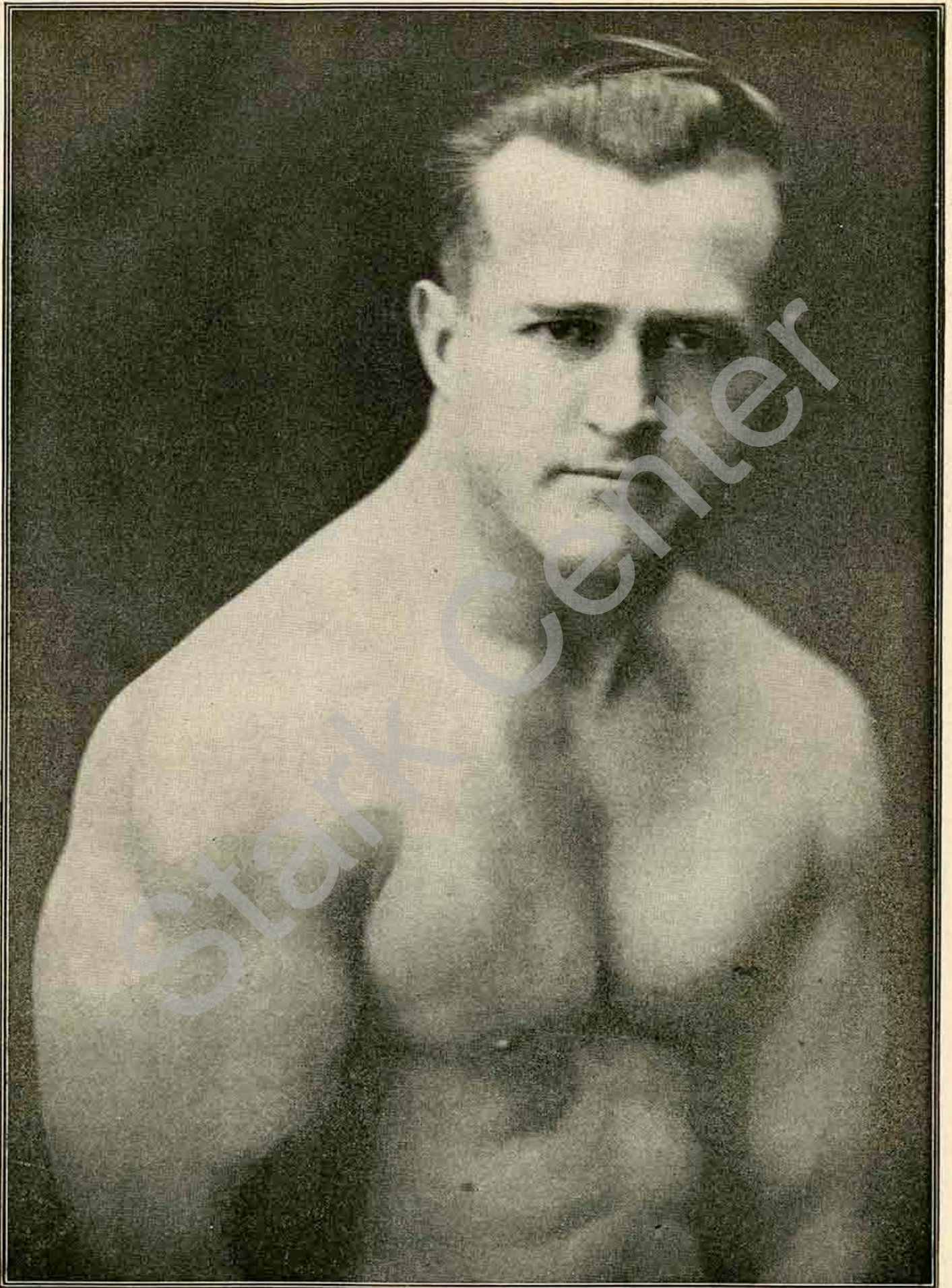
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**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
The Acme of Physical Perfection



# If You Were Dying Tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow or any day, some disease will get you, and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

## A Rebuilt Man

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

## All I Ask Is Ninety Days

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

## A Real Man

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come, then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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64 Page Book—

*"Muscular Development"*

This will show you some of my remarkable achievements. Sixty-four pages with dozens and dozens of full page photographs of myself and a number of my pupils. Read what *they* say about my system. Don't take my word for it. This book will be an impetus, an inspiration to every red-blooded man. All I ask is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way, so don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once—now, while it is on your mind.

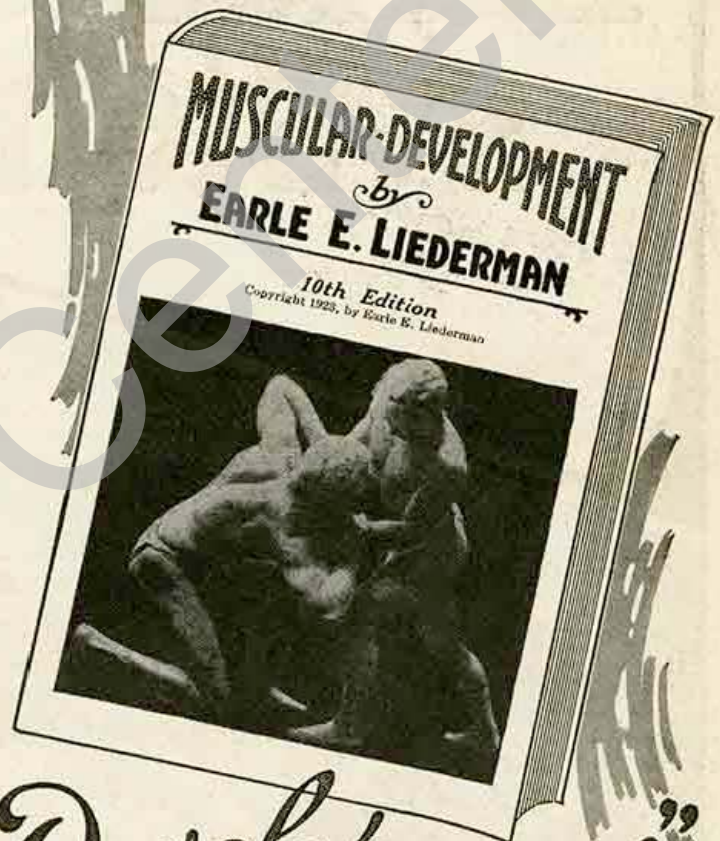
**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

Dept. 710

305 Broadway

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New York City



**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

Dept. 710, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents, for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....

Address.....

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



# Physical Results of the Earle Liederman system



Mr. Earle E. Liederman,  
New York City.

Johnson City, Tenn.

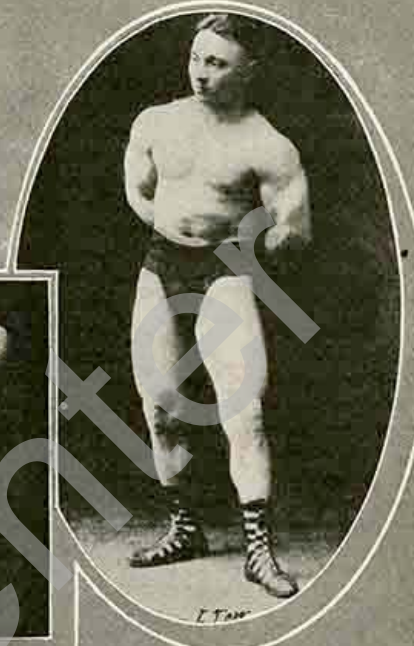
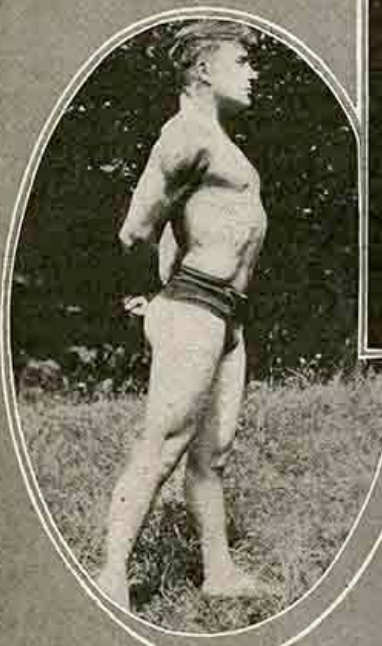
My Dear Mr. Liederman: Inclosed please find a photo of myself. A few years ago I did not possess this development. I was slender and thin, weighing only 134 pounds. On seeing your photograph in PHYSICAL CULTURE I became interested in developing my body, ordered your course and went to work in earnest. Money couldn't buy the development, strength and robust health I now possess, all of which I owe to you and your inimitable courses in Physical Education. If you can use my photo and letter to get others to take your course and make men out of themselves, I shall be glad.

Wishing you continued success in your great work, I ask that you believe me to be,

Very sincerely yours,

ADLAI LOUDY.





29 Sumner St., Milford, Mass.

Dear Mr. Liederman: . . . Received your letter and was glad to hear from you. The other day I made a bet of \$10.00 that nobody could put my neck down and I won. That is, the strongest man in the gang could not put my neck down. I can lift about 200 lbs. with my neck. How is that?

I think your course is the best and can prove it if anyone don't believe it. I do not think there is any other course in the world that can beat yours, and I don't know how to thank you for what you have done for me. . . . I shall never forget the day I came to your office in New York. I am awfully sorry I did not take your course earlier. I can bridge 203 lbs.

Your old pupil. F. G. DIORIO.

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The above photographs and testimonial letters are taken from my latest edition of "Muscular Development." This book contains these photos and many others (46 in all) in full page size. Also a full description of my wonderful offer to you. The mere reading of this book will inspire you to better things. It will arouse those latent powers that lie dormant within you.

Are you ready to be thrown aside as a failure? If so, pass this by for I don't want you. But if you have one small spark of manhood in you or the desire to be a real power among men—stop right now and fill out the coupon. All I ask is 10 cents to cover postage and wrapping. This does not obligate you in any way, so don't hesitate. I am taking the chance—not you. Sign it—tear it out—mail it.

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Dept. 710

305 Broadway

New York

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Dept. 710, 305 Broadway, New York

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## Winning the Human Race

(Continued from page 13)

the great English philosopher has said, "No race of barbarians could afford fools." In tight places where intelligence was required to escape, the fool got caught. He was too expensive a luxury for the whole tribe to sacrifice itself to save his skin. But civilization has reversed this whole beneficent process. The outstanding result of civilization has been to make the world safe for stupidity. The superiors have to expend so much time, money and energy in saving the stupid, the socially inadequate, the people who can't make their own living or conduct their own affairs that they have no money, energy or time to raise children of their own.

Indeed, we make it ten times harder for the philosopher—the man who has struggled and gotten enough education to read this magazine—to rear a family than it is for the fool to replenish the country with his brood. The last Census Report shows that the school teachers of America have given birth to 2.1 children per family while the boot-blacks, garbage men and scavengers have come within one or two-tenths of giving birth to four. Lawyers, doctors, preachers, college professors and the like have scarcely two living children, while unskilled laborers in mines, quarries and gravel pits have three and a half per family. One could go on with thousands of similar facts and figures. Let a man win a *croix de guerre* or a Congressional Medal for sacrifice and bravery on the battle field and upon his return instead of getting him a good job, paying him ten to twenty per cent higher wages for every child he brings to maturity and to whom he transmits his courage and energy, we let him rustle for himself and if he has any children we turn them over to luck or chance or the Grace of God. But let a man *prove* he is incompetent and too lazy to do anything except beget a half-dozen stupid children and the Ladies' Aid Society and the Local Charity Organization rush to the rescue and "place his children in good homes" or build special asylums for them so that "the transforming power of love" shall put brains into their empty heads and energy into their impoverished blood to transmit to the coming generations. If love and care really put brains and energy into them or their descendants it wouldn't matter. This would be a cheap and easy way to race improvement. But the biologist knows they do not. I believe I have as much love and charity as the average citizen, at least, but the human race will not win by any such wholesale biological nonsense.

We should, of course, save every weak, incompetent and foolish person—save him for everything in the world *except reproduction*. We should encourage the strong, able and enterprising so that *the next generation shall spring from them alone*. The meek, the lowly and shiftless should be made self-

supporting, treated generously and made as happy as possible, but in the very name of humanity and the best Christianity itself we must limit their expanding numbers. Massachusetts already spends thirty-five percent of its state income to take care of them. New York spends nearly as much. Many other states are not far behind. As I have said elsewhere, "the statesman has gained the idea that the meek and lowly should inherit the earth and he has well-nigh completed arrangements for their doing it. All told they absorb nearly one half of the time, money and energy of our civilization." The human race can win, but it cannot win by reversing the purgative processes of nature and rewarding incompetence with the privilege of parenthood and on the other hand penalizing virtue and competence to the point of extinction. As Charles Darwin said "Man breeds from his worst but he doesn't have to."

Let us turn to a happier side of the picture and see how the human race would win triumphantly if it would but utilize the glorious strength and virtues that are scattered all through the great network of its heredity. If it kept these virtues reasonably concentrated and did not through indiscriminate breeding scatter them out so thinly that they do not tell in powerful and able personalities we would win the human race in a generation. It was just this wonderful thing that happened in a recent instance, quite by chance instead of by deliberate planning, and gave the world the marvellous character of Theodore Roosevelt. The thing that distinguished him from his ancestors was merely that the qualities which were scattered here and there among them were all concentrated by fortunate marriages in him. As worked out by Dr. Wilhelmina Key, of Battle Creek, Michigan, and presented to the Second Eugenics Congress, he came from distinctly "fighting blood." On his mother's side his great-grandfather Archibald Bulloch was governor of Georgia during the Revolution and had all guards removed from his office so that anybody could walk into the Executive office and talk to him, saying that he "acted for a free people in whom he had entire confidence."

On his father's side was Robert Barnwell Roosevelt, his father's brother, who established the New York Fish Commission and for twenty years served as Fish Commissioner without pay. He wrote books on wild animals, birds and outdoor life. It is almost startling to see this so exactly duplicated in his nephew. His mother was "a fine horsewoman and absolutely fearless." And so on back, we could find in some one or other of his ancestors practically every one of the qualities which when all concentrated in one individual made him one of the great characters of all history.

Every man is thus an interlacing network of the threads of weakness or strength that ran through his ancestors. For each and every man these threads are woven together at the marriage altar. It is here that are gathered together all the forces that go to the making and unmaking of individuals and nations. It is here that we shall either win or lose the human race. It is here that all the genius, good will and science of the race should be concentrated. After all I have no poor opinion of the human race except the stupidity of its marriages on the one hand and the folly with which it crushes its best stocks to the wall and breeds from its worst on the other. The human blood stream, just like the stream that emptied into the great ocean of Roosevelt's personality, is full of glorious and unused potencies. We spend more than \$100,000,000 a year taking care of positive delinquents. This is proof that we are a civilized and humane people. We spend almost nothing a year searching the nation for genius. This is equal proof that in the winning of our own race we are also a short-sighted and thoughtless people. When we *know* that all through the race there are those very qualities which when united will produce a Roosevelt or a Lincoln it seems incredible that it would not be the whole effort of the race to find them, to encourage them, to bring about those economic conditions and social ideals that would lead them naturally to seek each other and marry.

No necromancy of Socialism or Democracy or Bolshevism or science or wealth or luxury or invention will avail a particle if the stock, the breed, the blood is not constantly forced to higher and higher levels as the complexity of civilization increases and the demands for strength and intelligence draw more and more heavily upon the manpower of the race. So far science has only increased earth-power, water power, electrical and chemical power. It has done almost nothing to increase inborn man-and-woman power. The very inventions of science—its gigantic machines, its terrifying explosives, its enervating luxuries will crush the very race that created them if we do not by better mating and by abundant offspring from the better human stocks increase the actual number of men and women of genius and leadership to manage these wonderful but fearful creations. Structural disease of man's body, the breakdown of his vital organs—the arteries, liver, glands and kidneys are already rapidly increasing under the colossal load. The human race will lose its own race for a more abundant life, a richer, more humane existence, if it does not apply the same science to its own reproduction that it has applied to producing its marvellous machines and its more marvellous plants and animals.



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## Writers of Great Personality, Power and Wisdom

There are certain writers who just naturally belong in the scheme of this book, and they will continue to co-operate with us in the great work this magazine aims to accomplish. *Alfred W. McCann*, thundering the truth about food, *Albert Edward Wiggam*, dedicating his mighty pen to the building of a better human race, *Alan Calvert*, who stands alone in his genius for writing the most interesting and helpful lessons on physical training and development, will continue to speak to you through the pages of this magazine. We are going to have shortly, a bear of a serial story by *Wilbur Hall*. But see his stimulating article next month, "I Want to Live the Other Half." Read *Annie Riley Hale* on Luther Burbank. Not to mention some surprises.

STRENGTH is a magazine with a kick. It will not only teach you but it will fill you full of enthusiasm each month. You need that monthly stimulant. There are two ways to make sure that you will get this magazine regularly. First, leave a standing order with your newsdealer. Second, subscribe, let the magazine reach you automatically every month and save any bother of buying it for a year. You save money by subscribing. And here's another reason.

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## Foods that Strengthen and Foods that Starve

(Continued from page 15)

anism of life, is known for the actual work it does. Hundreds of laboratory experiments, many of them conducted by the governments of the United States and Great Britain, have been conducted in the pursuit of definite knowledge concerning them.

The results of these experiments clearly demonstrate that sodium, phosphorus, potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron, fluorine, chlorine, iodine, etc., are found in a constant manner in the residue left by the combustion of the animal organs, glands and internal secretions. These elements are absolutely indispensable to the life of the tissues. The system is constantly excreting them and, therefore, impoverishing itself by what it uses up and throws off. It is for this reason that they should be found in sufficient quantity and in *assimilable* forms in our different foods.

The vitamin enthusiasts, living in a constantly changing whirlpool of conjecture, in which most of what they put together, through painfully drawn-out exercises in deduction, immediately falls apart, do not disturb themselves over that question of *assimilability*. If the importance of the mineral salts is not comprehended in the first place, how could such secondary questions as their *assimilability* be worthy of notice? Yet, it is now well known in bio-chemical circles that the pharmaceutical salts are not at all similar to the food salts. The former are inorganic, simple, inactive, lifeless. Their reactions are gross, crude and easily followed with the simplest of laboratory apparatus. On the other hand the food salts are organic, highly complex, insidious in their action, subtle, full of life and extraordinarily difficult to separate from each other.

In fact all efforts to separate them result in changing their nature completely. They are elaborated in the tissues of the plant and deposited in its stems, leaves and seeds in forms never seen in the chemical laboratory and not to be duplicated by the bungling hand of man, however clever his brain. When thus laid down they are so intimately bound up with each other and so wonderfully inter-related that the isolation of any one of them means the destructions, not only of its own energizing powers, but also the destruction of the powers of all the others. The evidence in many respects is strongly suggestive that the virtues attributed to the so-called "vitamins" which have never been captured, are the effects of the reactions of the mineral salts and colloids in natural combination with each other. It is a notorious fact that all attempts to restore body weight with doses of "vitamins" have resulted in complete failure. The gross symptoms of certain food deficiency experiments are relieved and even disappear under treatment of solutions containing "vitamins," but these solutions also contain the mineral salts inseparable from

them. It is indeed significant that after the "vitamin" dosage has done its best, leaving the victim of the experiment at a standstill with no hope of recovery, a diet of whole, natural food, rich in mineral salts, brings about *complete* recovery.

In other words a part of nature's formula, a mere fraction of it, will not do the work of the whole and the "vitamin" enthusiasts are guilty of over-emphasizing the importance of a single detail of the phenomenon of nutrition at the expense of all the other details.

One thing is certain and all the "vitamin" specialists admit its certainty. If we make sure that the mineral salts are present, as nature provides them, the "vitamins" are sure to be among them, and if on the contrary we refine our food so as to get rid of the mineral salts, we also get rid of the "vitamins." Could anything be more clear? Why, then, the neglect of the mineral salts? Take but two of them, calcium and potassium. The relative absence of these two natural food elements in the refined, white-bread diet of the poorer classes leads to a deficient motility of the stomach, and this in turn results in obstinate constipation with acid fermentation.

No quantity of "vitamins" will ever provide the alkaline bases of natural food essential to the correction of the acid fermentation now cursing the lives of millions who have no adequate conception of what ails them. The alkaline, base-forming mineral salts of whole wheat bread, milk, potatoes, vegetables and greens constitute the arsenal of defense against these acid fermentations, and their destructive consequences. Food refinement, with white bread, denatured breakfast foods and sweets, has robbed that arsenal of its mineral salts and so impoverished the dietary of the nation that in the midst of plenty we are suffering from mineral starvation and the infirmities that follow in its wake.

Rash, indeed, is the unthinking optimist who throws his reliance upon meat in the vain belief that an abundance of flesh foods will more than offset any deficiency of his decalcified and potassium-minus white bread. Meats, including fish, show a decided preponderance of acid forming elements from which calcium and potassium are conspicuously missing. Even the white of eggs is an acid former. Milk, vegetables, consumed in their own juices, and ripe fruits show a predominance of alkaline or base-forming elements.

Experiments on healthy men show that where foods with a predominance of acid-forming elements are substituted for foods with base-forming elements the increase, in a few days, of ammonia excretion in the urine, accounts only for one-fourth to one-third of the acid involved. Thus is set up a mild chronic acidosis which abstracts

the calcium and potassium salts from the tissues, where their constant presence is essential to health. The abstraction continues until not only the fibrous tissues but the nerves, cartilages and even the bones are involved. No physician will deny the fact that loss of calcium salts from the organism causes irritable reactions that cannot be offset or controlled until the calcium in food form is restored to the affected system. The calcium and other bases are so necessary to neutralize the acids elaborated by acid forming foods, that when they are removed from refined foods, thus depriving the body of their services, the body itself is called upon to provide them from its own blood and tissues. This unnatural depletion continues as long as nature can stand the strain. Then comes collapse.

Tragic indeed is the fact that during the growth period of life, during the active menstrual period, during the child-bearing and nursing periods, when there is a persistent and extreme demand for calcium and the other base-forming mineral salts, there is also a corresponding deficiency of calcium intake, due to the consumption of white bread, biscuits, crackers, cornflakes, corn starch, denatured corn meal, polished rice, refined breakfast foods like farina, cream of wheat, cream of rice, etc., all of which are consumed with more or less refined sugars and syrups. The chief remedy for the mineral starvation to which the daily use of these foods, plus the over-use of meats characteristic of the American diet, is to be found in genuine whole wheat bread, whole grain breakfast foods, the milk of healthy cows, preferably grade A pasturized, fresh vegetables of every kind with their juices carefully and appetizingly served in the form of soups and sauces, greens and ripe fruits. The old-fashioned, common-place potato, so abhorred by females who threaten to grow fat (from other causes wholly foreign to the potato) is a blessing in disguise because it is rich in calcium and potassium.

What America, intent on money-making (a pursuit very necessary when balanced with a little plain thinking), most needs is thought for the table. We were not made to act as slot-machines, wholesale receivers of patented packages and commercialized foodstuffs. We eat or should eat to live and be fit. We can no more accomplish the end desired by thoughtless, heedless, go-as-you-please impulse than we can cross the Atlantic by throwing ourselves into its waves and trusting to Providence for the rest. To the end of provoking thought on the important business of eating to live, which has nothing in common with living to eat, we shall return to this subject in later issues of *STRENGTH*, the destiny of which shall be fulfilled only when the national trend toward mineral starvation shall have been arrested.



# Swear Off Tobacco

## Tobacco Habit Banished Let Us Help You Quick Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is often a losing fight against heavy odds, and may mean a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

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. 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.

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**Tobacco Redeemer** is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. 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 will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

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If you are a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps," you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon at the right or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

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Tobacco Steals from You the Pleasures, Comforts, Luxuries of Life





## Adapting Coué to the Prize Ring

(Continued from page 36)

"Everything you do comes through your bean, doesn't it?" Charley argued.

"I guess so," the pupil admitted for the sake of the argument.

"Then we'll cure your soup bone through your bean."

"Aw! I see, Mr. Gorman." The Swede plodded out, bewildered, but a trifle more confident than when he had entered.

A few days later Charley went to see his newly acquired fighter perform in a gymnasium, with a sparring partner, one Red Kennedy. He seemed all but helpless before Kennedy, a fourth rater, who nevertheless pushed and mauled him around with ignominious ease.

At the end of a few rounds Hansen mournfully sought his mentor. "Taint no use, Mr. Gorman," he whined. "Th' wing's gone—she won't come through."

"Have you been saying what I told you to?"

"Sure. But my sister says it swearin' and puts a cuss on me."

Even Charley was a bit shaken in his favorite theory. He had expected to see it blossom like the rose.

Charley crossed the room to the water faucet for a drink. As he came back he intercepted Red Kennedy, asking him, "How do you make the Swede's right?"

"Funny thing about that, Mr. Gorman," responded the sparring partner, "he don't seem to have no steam behind it, but he can place her flush better'n ever."

"You mean the blow lands square?"

"Yep—like a die!"

"And before it used to twist and sort of pulverize?"

"That's it."

At that moment the solution of his problem was borne in on the aspiring manager. But he would not communicate it so that it might seem to come from Red Kennedy. Instead he ordered another round. At the end of that he led Hansen aside.

"Henry," said he, "I've been watching you pretty close, and I've found out something. You're right hand is better than ever."

"Naw—it taint!"

"That's the trouble. You don't believe it, but it is. Now let me explain. Before you broke your arm you used to twist your hand just the moment before you struck a blow. You didn't know you were doing it, but you were. The action was unconscious. It was done so as to get a square impact. Every prize fighter does that. It's like putting in a corkscREW."

"Now follow me close, Henry."

This appeared difficult to the bovine intelligence of the Socker, though he hung on the words of his mentor, who continued, "but when you broke your arm and the lower bone, called the ulna, was improperly set, that accident, which seemed at the time most unfortunate, was in reality a blessing in disguise, for it set your hand at an angle which would not require you to twist

it even a fraction of an inch just before the impact. Get me?"

The pugilist shook his head hopelessly.

"Well, get this, then. You know you can strike a harder blow at something right in front of you than you can around a corner, don't you?"

The Socker nodded glibly.

"That's all there is to this. The doc was your best friend instead of the enemy you thought him. He's set your hand at an angle that gives an advantage every time you strike a blow. That fraction of a second is just the time you need to beat out a punch, or to nick a dodge. Now go back at Kennedy and put all you've got in one straight right hand punch, and see what happens."

"Aw, right, Mr. Gorman."

A minute later the sparring partner lay on the floor, cold to the world. A straight right to the chin had put him out.

The Socker's eyes gleamed wildly and he gazed with awe on his right hand, leather covered. "Hell! I'm well!" he muttered, inaudibly.

Charley was more than jubilant. He had proven, so he believed, the efficacy of his theory. Only, he said to himself, you have to think up something besides a talk to the subconscious mind for a mutt like the Socker.

### III

Occasionally Charlie was seeing A. Worth. These occasions were not as frequent as he might have wished, yet they did occur. He had been unable to think of an adequate reason for seeing her outside the office.

She had never again referred to his assumption that she was a married woman and the wife of Glass Jaw Dugan. The idea staggered Charlie whenever it came to him. Invariably this was just after she had left one of their conferences.

The softness of her velvety eyes was in distinct contrast to the briskness of her business-like voice. "I suppose living with a pug like Dugan has put the flint in her," Charlie said to himself in excusing her directness. Somehow he could not become accustomed to the idea that a woman could do business like a man, especially the peculiarly masculine business of the ring.

Strangely he said nothing to her of his contract with Henry Hansen. He only conferred with her about Dugan, receiving from her constant assurances that "her man" was steadily improving under the psychological tuition on the outlines of which they were agreed.

The day after the knocking out of Red Kennedy in the gym Charlie thought the moment ripe to spring the plot he had been gradually maturing. He asked A. Worth if she thought "her man" would be ready to fight in two weeks. She thought he would be ready.

"Then it's all jake," said Charlie. "I've got a pork-and-beaner I think I

can match him with over to the Motordrome show across the river."

"What's his name?"

"The Socking Swede. Ever hear of him?"

"Yes. But he's the very man my man ought to be kept away from."

"How do you figure that?"

"His right to the jaw is his best blow and would consequently be our worst."

Charlie promptly wrestled with this idea and licked it. The Socking Swede, he said, had broken his right arm and was no longer the knock-out terror of old.

A. Worth agreed that a match like this would be a good one in which to test their theories as applied to Glass Jaw Dugan. Charlie lacked the heart to put it over completely on the trusting little woman, so he confided that the Swede was also under his management. She seemed to see nothing wrong in this.

Thus, for the sake of the record, in the match between Glass Jaw Dugan and the Socking Swede the managers, respectively, appeared to be A. Worth and Charles Algernon Gorman.

Charlie revelled in the prospect. It appealed to him as one of particular pleasure and profit. There would be his fifty-fifty share of one purse, and his half share of the manager's share of the other. Nothing is so peculiarly appealing to a prize fight manager as to get it both ways.

Yet far more reassuring than his certain financial gain was the prospect that Dugan would be "knocked into a cocked hat," as he put it. Why he so savagely gloried in the thought of Dugan's glass jaw being fractured was not exactly clear to Charlie. He wanted the little woman to prosper, and if Dugan were knocked out he would certainly try to console her, but the idea that "her man" might be brutally punished and before her eyes caused him no uneasiness whatever.

It is a fetish of the prize ring that a woman loses her love for a man if she sees him defeated. For that reason few fighters ever permit their wives or sweethearts to observe them in action. However sure they may be of winning they do not want to take the off chance of going down before beloved eyes.

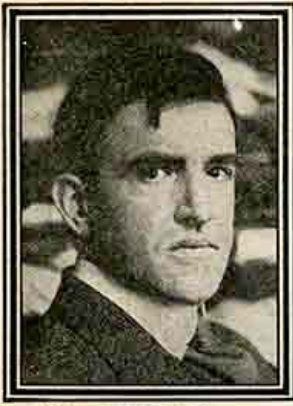
Consequently Charlie repeatedly assured A. Worth that "her man" was sure to win, though his instructions and advice to Henry Hansen, if they could have been overheard, seemed to be of the exactly opposite tenor.

The night arrived for the big show at the Motordrome. Two top-notch middleweights were down for the final, but the semi-final was a ten-rounder to a decision between the Socking Swede and Glass Jaw Dugan.

The fans looked on this as a queer one. They hardly knew what to expect. They knew that Hansen, in for-

(Continued on page 78)





Alfred W. McCann

# What Is the Value of This Book?

The great food truths presented in

## "The Science of Eating"

By Alfred W. McCann



if known and applied in the lives of the people would eliminate most of the diseases which now prey upon the human race, put most of the undertakers out of business and make strong and energetic those who are now weak, ailing and dying. Now, if the knowledge presented in this book would do this, can you estimate its value in terms of millions or billions of dollars? No. Human life and human health cannot be valued in terms of money. Life and strength are priceless.

And yet you who read these lines can buy this priceless knowledge for *two dollars and a half*. One pays a huge sum for a diamond, a bauble, but what is it worth? Nothing. Here is real value, in this book. But wait a moment—

Do you know that "In four years 1,500,000 children under ten years of age have died in the United States? With little knives and forks, with little baby spoons, with chubby little hands manifesting many of the outward signs of health, they dug their little graves.

"Hundreds of thousands of adults hurrying to untimely graves kept them company. Why?" (page 24.) McCann tells why in this book—just why.

Why are animals healthy and humans sick? "The angler catches his hundred fish; the trawler's net catches its millions. All are healthy, firm and fit for the frying pan and grid." (P. 31.) Likewise the birds are uniformly strong and well. They all fly up to standard. Why is the

human race alone a disease-ridden, flabby and miserable species?

There is an answer. McCann thunders it loudly and clearly in this epoch-making book. It is the starvation diet of the human race.

Do you know what was wrong with your breakfast? With your lunch? With your dinner? What was wrong with your three meals yesterday, your food last week, last month? Would you have eaten all that stuff if you had known what you were eating, and what it would do to you?

You must know these things for your own sake, for your family's sake. The world must learn these things.

Are you on the borderline of scurvy, like hosts of others? Do you know how near you are? For that borderland is a field of weakness and disease, a land filled with colds and influenza, neuritis and pneumonia, a land of susceptibility to all the ills that flesh is heir to. Don't be foolhardy and venture there. Play safe. Learn what and how to eat.

Are you a victim of acidosis through an unbalanced diet? Do you know what is a balanced diet? Do you know one when you see one? Do you know that acidosis is the condition that underlies most disease and weakness and that it is exclusively a dietetic matter, subject to your voluntary control? Do you know the value of the organic mineral salts, and what foods to eat to secure them in abundance? Well, just you read McCann.

Do you know the relation of food and strength? How to increase your endurance by way of the stomach? Do you know why athletes grow stale? Read McCann if you would know the full meaning of power and stamina within the highest limits of your possibilities.

Do you know that you can personally prove these great food truths by watching chickens and guinea pigs die when fed on one kind of food and seeing them grow and thrive on another kind? But that you don't need to practice such cruelties to poor dumb creatures, inasmuch as the truth has been proven at various times by large groups of human beings who have, inadvertently and involuntarily, constituted vast poison squads. In nearly thirty thousand words, or about one-seventh of this monumental book, Mr. McCann gives a detailed account of eight great poison squads, involving hundreds of men, presenting the most dramatic, the most terrible and the absolutely convincing truths about those widespread food deficiencies as a result of which the world is starving in the midst of plenty, suffering, disease and dying. Here are eight stories that will never vanish from your food conscience.

All these things and more you will find in McCann's book, in which he piles truth upon truth, conviction upon conviction, until you find yourself saturated with this marvelous though simple gospel of health. Every page is alive with the vigorous and stimulating style of the clear-seeing and hard-hitting McCann. Every word breathes the spirit of the magnificent food crusader.

## You Need this Book! It's \$2.50

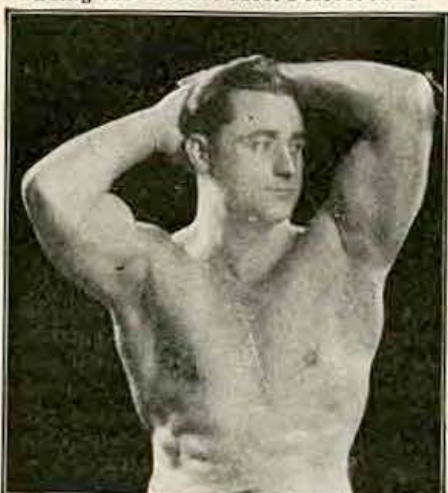
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# Here Is The World's Most Perfect Man

For the Second Time in Two Years  
Charles Atlas Wins the First Prize for  
Being the World's Most Perfect Man



Never before has there lived a man with such a beautiful body as Charles Atlas. Even those ancient Greeks, long considered the ultimate in manly proportions and strength, fade to mediocrity beside his superb physique. Was it any wonder then that five famous judges, men who really know, should decide unanimously that he was more perfect physically than any of the thousands entered in the Physical Culture Exhibition held in Madison Square Garden, New York? With tumultuous applause the thousands of spectators showed their appreciation of the judges' selection and the modest Charles Atlas was almost overwhelmed with the congratulations of his many admirers.

## Yet Ten Years Ago

### Charles Atlas Was a Puny Boy

who longed to be strong, who worshipped at the shrine of a beautiful body, who valued good health more than anything else in the world. But he possessed none of these and, pitiful as it seems, there was no one to help him attain them.

One day he entered the Brooklyn Museum of Art and gazed with awe at the "wonderful" pieces of ancient statuary and wondered if it were possible for a man in this generation to attain such marvelous strength and perfect physical proportions. They proved an inspiration to him. The longer he thought of them, the more he became obsessed with the idea of becoming like those wonderful specimens which the master sculptors of Rome and Greece have portrayed. He investigated how they lived, so that he, too, might emulate them and strive to become as perfect as they were. How well he succeeded everyone knows.

Thousands of men, admiring his gracefulness, marveling at his strength and envying his beautiful proportions, have entreated him to help them attain his unequalled perfection. And now, at last, Prof. Atlas has consented. After careful study and with the assistance of his famous partner, Dr. Tilney,

**He can promise to make any man physically perfect, abnormally strong and beautifully proportioned**

through the following instructions, which these two super-experts lay out for you personally, any man will radiate glowing health, intense energy and supreme vitality in three or four months. The fact that Charles Atlas, through following his unique system, made himself into a perfect Human Masterpiece proves that his methods are as infinitely superior as they are totally different from any other living man's. What can you, who have a better body than Charles Atlas started with, attain through following his instructions.

**"SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY."** He has written a new book explaining this most remarkable system for building muscular power and beauty. The book is a revelation to those who have seen it. It fills one with inspiration, new hope and ambition. You will be thrilled with the many rare and artistic photographs revealing the wonderfully symmetrical contour of Charles Atlas, the "World's Most Perfect Man." It is worth a fortune to those who desire the marvelous proportions of the ancient masterpieces.

There are three things that mean more to you than anything else in the world—Perfect Health, Muscular Strength and Physical Beauty. **"SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY"** reveal how these may be attained by any one, easily, quickly, scientifically. It is too expensive to send out indiscriminately—it is only for those who really desire to attain those three requisites of earthly happiness, Health, Power and Beauty.

If you are interested send the coupon today. The edition is limited. It will prove the most beautiful, the most vital, the most wonderful, the most inspiring and, above all, the most valuable book you ever read. Fill in the coupon now while this is before you and send it to Prof. Charles Atlas, 96 5th Ave., Suite 203, New York.

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(Continued from page 76)  
mer days, should have knocked out Dugan in a round or two, but they also knew of the accident to the punishing arm of the Socking Swede. And Dugan was a "dancing Mick" with a good wallop in either hand. If the Swede had gone back, as many said, and if he no longer packed a knockout punch, it was possible he might be put away; and few spectacles are more pleasing to the average fight crowds than to see a veteran go down for the first time. The mere hope of such a sight has swelled many a gate.

When the semi-final was called there appeared in Dugan's corner, beside his rubber and second, a trim, girlish figure in plain gray suit, her curls held closely under a tight cap.

Looking across the ring from the Swede's corner Charlie beheld A. Worth with mingled resentment and jealousy. She smiled brightly at him and nodded. Her lips formed a phrase which a reader of the deaf and dumb alphabet might have construed as, "Hell! I'm well!"

Thirty seconds after the first gong the Swede caught Dugan square on the chin with a straight arm right. Charlie leaned through the ropes expectantly, but old Glass Jaw merely blinked his eyes and waded in for more, muttering something that Charlie was sure sounded like, "Hell! I'm well!"

Plop! Slam! Bang! Bingo! The Swede seemed to land at will during that round. He connected his right with the glass jaw a dozen times with well aimed blows, any one of them the equal, apparently, of the blow that felled Kennedy.

Dugan took them smiling and muttering that cryptic phrase of benign certainty as to the beneficent state of his being. Moreover, he went on taking them for five rounds, with the same result, until the Socker had socked himself out and was punch weary.

Then Dugan, the "dancing Mick," came back and began to show up the behemoth dullard who had thought to stow him away with a mere straight arm blow to the chin.

The next five rounds formed a pretty exhibition in fisticuffs, with the Socking Swede on the receiving end, and marked "Exhibit A."

When, at the end of the tenth round, the referee held up Dugan's hand, in token of his victory on points, resounding applause swept through the Motordrome.

As he slumped to his corner the Swede looked with dumb reproach at the master who had failed him.

Charlie was more than puzzled. He was suspicious. He glanced across the ring ardently and was slightly relieved to note that the victor was not received with more than a handshake by A. Worth, manager.

He hastened around to the rear for a post mortem.

Charlie found her outside the dressing rooms, waiting. He took her hand volubly. "Congratulations, Miss—" he began, and then suddenly found the courage to ask the question which had

long puzzled him, "what is your real name? I know that Worth is only a professional name."

"Dugan, of course," she archly replied, with a slight courtesy. Charlie thought there was wicked delight in her roguish eyes as she said it. Well, that settled it. The Glass Jaw was her husband.

"Tell me," he almost implored, as if pleading for the revelation of a secret, "is that all you did to him—just teach him the formula—'Hell! I'm well!'" Did his psychology respond so perfectly just to those words?

She led him aside, as if fearing that someone might overhear precious mysteries.

"It's this way, Mr. Gorman," she said. "I believe prize fighters are a little below normal. Maybe their regular minds are their subconscious minds. Anyway you have to give them something more than just words; something tangible they can grasp, something physiological rather than psychological. Do you understand?"

"Quite readily, I assure you," Charlie countered, on his grammatical good behavior, "and you found something of the—er—physical nature for—er—your man?"

Again she laughed softly as if with a good joke.

"Indeed," she explained, "I found that he had been hurt so often by a blow to the jaw that he was certain in his own mind that he could not survive one there. So I studied to find something that would convince him, in his dull prize fighter's way, that his jaw was just as strong as anyone's.

"Fate played into my hands when he fell coming out of the cellar where he went to pack in the coal and almost cut his throat on the jagged end of a saw he had left in the wrong place.

"After the doctor patched him up I got the medico aside and asked him if it wasn't true that the nerves crossing from the jaw to the brain which are affected by a knockout blow came near the place where Glass Jaw got it from the saw. Sure, said the medico.

"So I got him to explain to my man the next time he came that by a fortunate accident he had severed the connection between his jaw and his brain. In other words, he never again could be knocked out by a blow to the jaw."

"And Dugan believed you?"

She shrugged her shoulders expressively, as she said, "You saw for yourself."

Charlie was more bewildered than ever in his life; astounded at the caniness of this slight feminine creature; sick with resentment at the thought she belonged to another; fearful that she might suspect his purpose in matching Dugan with Hans n.

"I'll say," he stammered, "that you're some wife!"

"What's that?" she demanded, quickly, as if she had received an affront.

"I mean Dugan is a lucky guy to have you for a wife!"

Her face relaxed into its charming smile. "I'm not his wife," she said.



"But I thought he had three children."

"And so he has—my sister's. He's my brother-in-law."

She started away, sharply.

Then Charlie found his wits, or his nether instincts, for the moment. He seized her by the wrist.

"Say!" he demanded, "there's no other brain in the managing end of this game like mine except yours."

"O! Thank you!" There must

have been sarcasm in her voice but he did not notice it. He held her very tightly.

"We ought to pull together—you and me—a team—partners—"

She managed to wrench her arm away.

"Don't you get my idea?" he demanded. "I mean for life."

He started toward her again, but she held up her hand to keep him away.

"Not so roughly, Charlie," she began, softly, as she laid her palm in his

## A Better Chance for the Athlete

(Continued from page 18)

hearing upon the situation at all. For who ever heard of a trip taken fourteen months before a meet, affecting the athletes in the least degree. Everyone was inclined to treat the affair as a joke, and thought the A. A. U. Committee was just in a merry mood.

My own case was still different. I was not concerned as to whether the A. A. U. body had jurisdiction over their own athletes and could utterly control men who were only competing for the love of the game, and could say to them "Jump" and make them jump. For I did not come under the A. A. U. at all in this matter. I was a college man competing in a college meet, by a sanctioned invitation. When the A. A. U. Committee continued to declaim that I could not leave the country because of their order, I went to them, not for the purpose of securing permission to go. For this I already had from my own University and the National Collegiate Association, which was all the permission that I had to have. But I went to them to explain the situation and to try and help if possible co-operation between the N. C. A. and the A. A. U. But the A. A. U. men would not listen and said that they had passed a ruling which would make me ineligible forever in A. A. U. ranks if I should go abroad. But I had given my promise to the University of Paris and to my own University that I would compete and unless they wanted me to cancel my entry I could not do so. I was not defying the A. A. U. or any other organization, and the A. A. U. knew this very well.

The A. A. U. afterwards tried to lay the blame for their action upon the Olympic Committee claiming that this body, which was now composed of both A. A. U. men and N. A. A. F. representatives had passed a motion to the effect that no men would be allowed to compete abroad. The A. A. U. here admitted that it had taken upon itself the task of carrying out the rulings of the Olympic Committee, without being asked to do so. Moreover, when the matter was closely inspected it was found that the Olympic Committee had not said that athletes should not go abroad, but rather had intimated that it might not be a good thing for too many American athletes to journey abroad.

and this applied to all sports, and not simply to track and field, which was just about the only one that the A. A. U. could be connected with.

I felt that all this commotion on the part of the Amateur Athletic Union was only the talk of a few radical individuals, and when my own Association in the West came out staunchly for me, against their parent organization, saying that no group of men had the right to dictate for the whole body, or to pass measures without at least consulting the several branches, and until the A. A. U. Committee sanctioned my competition, that this local body could be considered as no longer a member, I felt more than ever that my case was just and right.

By the time the games had rolled around and the Committee of the A. A. U. in New York had informed me that I would be "professionalized" if I competed in this college meet, the thing had become more than just a duty, it had become a principle to me. Why should any small group of men act in such an arbitrary fashion, which was in the end for a small purpose, rather than work for the good of athletics as a whole, and with the idea in mind of making the men of tomorrow better than the men of today? This was a hard question for me to understand.

I was convinced that mine was a test case. If the colleges of America could not rule their own competitions, as they had done in the past, and if a small body of A. A. U. officials had all this power, then certainly the National Amateur Athletic Federation amounted to nothing and the grand purpose of "Play for Everybody" was only a myth. If in my small way I could help this new and vigorous organization even a little way toward the realization of athletic freedom in this country, and if the purpose of making the men of tomorrow better than the men of today, could be brought a little nearer to fulfillment, throughout the world, then certainly I felt it my duty to compete. And if that competition means that I shall never run again, the immense satisfaction of feeling that I acted in the right shall always be mine.



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## How Strong Is a Woman

(Continued from page 24)

are frequently found are due to the differences in the use of the muscles, brought about by conventional limitation of activity or by dress."

I cannot quite agree with the doctors' implication that the average woman can become as strong as the average man—that is on such tests as weight-lifting. There are remarkable exceptions; I know of several women who have put up (bent press) as much as 150 pounds with one hand, and this is a fairly good lift for a male athlete. A large-boned woman might lift more than a small-boned man, with the same training; but speaking generally, there is too much difference in size of bones and joints for her to rival him in such games as the shot-put, hammer-throw and big dumbbell lifting.

A comparison of measurements may help to explain a number of facts. These figures represent the average, *not* the ideal:

Average Woman	Average Man
5 ft. 4 in. . . . .	Height . . . . . 5 ft. 8 in.
34½ in. . . . .	Height Sitting . . . . . 35½ in.
12¾ in. . . . .	Neck . . . . . 14½ in.
30 in. . . . .	Chest . . . . . 36 in.
26 in. . . . .	Waist . . . . . 30 in.
11 in. . . . .	Biceps . . . . . 12½ in.
9 in. . . . .	Forearm . . . . . 11 in.
6 in. . . . .	Wrist . . . . . 7 in.
36½ in. . . . .	Hips . . . . . 36 in.
22 in. . . . .	Thigh . . . . . 21 in.
14 in. . . . .	Calf . . . . . 14 in.
8½ in. . . . .	Ankle . . . . . 8½ in.
130 pounds . . . . .	Weight . . . . . 150 pounds

Immediately you will notice one conspicuous point, the remarkably small difference in the length of the body, compared to the standing height. This is highly significant; the vital organs are in the body, not the legs, and the amount of room in the trunk for heart,

lungs, stomach, etc., and their action is bound to be a big factor in one's vitality.

In girth of chest (remember this is not the woman's bust measurement), the man has a big advantage, but we must bear in mind, as has been shown, that his *length* of thorax is not proportionately superior, and that he has much heavier ribs to raise with each effort of the breathing muscles. The average man's lung power, as measured in cubic inches, would seem to be far ahead of the woman's (about 250 as against 150), but in tests of endurance it is not so much a matter of how much can be inspired at one effort as it is of endurance of the breathing muscles—ability to breathe to fair depth and keep it up for a long time. The woman's more supple muscles and lighter ribs help her here, especially if she has not weakened her diaphragm by too much constriction at the waist.

Note the difference in wrist measurement—it shows very accurately the general difference in the upper half of the skeleton. Abstractly, one inch seems trivial, but we must consider it from a percentile viewpoint. Remember too, that a difference of one inch in wrist measurement makes one man big-boned, another small-boned; a small framed man will have a 6½-inch wrist, while some of the world's champions of strength, Sandow and Thomas Inch among them, have measured but 7½ or less. An 8-inch wrist represents a very large frame.

The relative largeness of a woman's hips and thighs is a most conspicuous point in the comparison. The average person believes that this indicates mere fat. Such is not the case; it is true that, ordinarily, fat constitutes a greater percentage of the total weight in

women, but the bones of their hips and lower limbs are very much heavier than one might expect from the size of the arm bones. I believe the bony framework below the waist is practically as large as the man's. Not much muscle can be put on wrists and ankles, and when a woman's calf is no larger than a man's and her ankle is as big as his, there will not be much difference in those two ankle bones.

Usually, most of a woman's muscular power lies in her hips and thighs. She would be stronger in the hips than she is were it not for the comparative weakness of her waist-line muscles; most tests of one of these muscle-groups involve the other more or less. Her thighs are often very strong, though they never look as muscular as a man's, because of the difference in natural shape. The back thigh, "biceps" of lower limb, is not nearly as strong as the man's because, again, the woman has not the loin strength to reinforce it. That weakness at the small of her back is a colossal handicap. In the front thigh muscles, the extensors, is where she most nearly equals the man's contractile power, and these muscles, if the woman exercises, acquire a firmness which she seldom reaches in her upper body muscles.

So, all considered, perhaps we men had better look to our laurels. While we complacently rest in our athletic supremacy that "weaker sex" is making gigantic strides. Women are growing bigger, not only in physical bulk but in perspective; the girl of today whose grandmother thought athletic sports inimical to womanliness knows that physical exercise is an essential to her fullest, all-round development.

## Playing the Game

(Continued from page 62)

We shall probably be laughed at, but we make the prediction that it will not be so very long before such big events as the Nationals, the Challenge Round of the Davis Cup and the East-West will be played much as a Yale-Harvard football game is—in a stadium accommodating the many thousands who want to see it.

\* \* \* \*

To our way of thinking the athletic marvel of the present era crashed through to his place in the sun recently when Henry Sullivan, the Lowell, Mass., giant, swam the English Channel. And, yet, there is another side to this feat that can be recited without lessening the bright glamour that belongs to the man who conquered old ocean at its worst.

Three men now have achieved victory over those wild waters that sep-

arate England from France—Captain Webb, Burgess and Sullivan. Many times that number have failed. What is the answer—the other side of it, the thing that enabled three men only out of all the great swimmers the world has ever produced to achieve this task?

Sullivan, Burgess, Webb—this trio were born super-men so far as that quality known as stamina and endurance is concerned. Three things are necessary to a successful Channel swim, tremendous stamina, perfect condition and L-U-C-K.

We have discussed it with two who have tried it and failed. Both agreed that to hope for success a man must train endlessly until he becomes almost amphibian and finds it more natural to swim than it is to walk, furthermore that he must have endless "bottom," enormous reserves of will power

to keep going when the apparent hopelessness of his task becomes depressing. Those two elements alone are almost enough to stop any hopefuls, but the greatest of all is Luck.

It is something like 22 miles across the Channel at its narrowest point and Sullivan swam 60 miles in 27 hours to make it. That tells the story of the currents that are encountered. And these currents and tides have no permanent schedule in the Channel. At one moment a swimmer is being swept eastward toward the North Sea in water that is comparatively warm, the next he is tossed in an opposite direction by a current that comes from the North Sea and the temperature has dropped fifteen degrees. And if a strong ebb tide sets in from the French coast he might be within a half mile of land and fail to make it.



## A Vacation Every Day

(Continued from page 43)

call up on the 'phone my better-three-quarters, or some other dear friend and in this way pleasingly take my mind out of the crucible of business for a few minutes.

Five Minute Vacation No. 12: On the way home in the evening, I almost invariably arrive at the station just in time to miss a train and am compelled to wait fifteen or twenty minutes for the next. When this happens I am wont to meander out on the docks behind the train sheds and thus am afforded another of my exquisite daily respites. The docks are on the Hudson River. Always the river contains watercraft of every description. Frequently I am favored with the sight of a great ocean liner on her way to some distant port.

Five Minute Vacation No. 13: On the train, homeward bound, I often take a short nap. At least I close my eyes and usually fall asleep, but never for more than five or ten minutes. That satisfies me.

Five Minute Vacation No. 14: If dinner is not quite ready, I put in a few minutes in larking with the kiddie. Maybe we romp through the garden, play ball or do something else that adds a few degrees to my appetite.

Five Minute Vacation No. 15: After dinner the family sometimes files out into the back yard, where we rapidly toss a medicine ball until some one cries "quits." The cry usually comes within ten minutes.

Five Minute Vacation No. 16: Perhaps we are going out for the evening. Even so there is time for a record or two on the phonograph. The evening will be better for a rhapsody, or a minuet or a bit of some opera.

Five Minute Vacation No. 17: If at home, during the evening, particularly during warm weather, I like to take a quick sponge in tepid water. Follow this with a few minutes of setting-up exercises in my study and that sluggish evening feeling usually disappears.

Five Minute Vacation No. 18: I seldom fail to read a chapter from a favorite nursery or fairy tale to the kiddie just before she goes to bed. In this way I have renewed my acquaintance in the last two years with the world's best juvenile literature.

Five Minute Vacation No. 19: Unless there are outside interferences, the family, as a rule, interchanges its day's experiences before bed time. This is a delightful occasion that develops the conversational ability of those taking part.

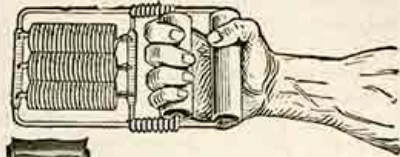
Five Minute Vacation No. 20: And now we come to the day's final vacation. Before going to bed, no matter how late it is, I step out on the veranda for a few breaths of air, and contemplate the beauty of the night. The all-pervading stillness, save for the singing of nearby crickets and the croaking of distant frogs and the twitter of a restless bird, soothes my nerves and calms my mind.

Well, reader, that gives you a fair idea of my Five Minute Vacation plan.

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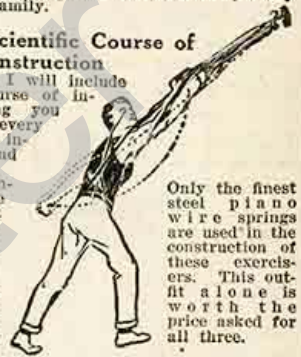
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## Build Up Your Back

(Continued from page 55)

are performed by one or more of the muscles just described.

Men and boys who are in health and strength have either consciously or unconsciously developed the muscles of the small of the back. They always have a rope-like prominence running along each side of the back bone from the sacrum up to the neck, whereas in the case of the thin and undeveloped man, whose lower back muscles are more or less rudimentary, the vertebral protuberances, those little bumps on the back bone, will always be very conspicuous.

There is the simple exercise of touching the floor or the toes with the finger tips without bending the knees. It is given in practically all systems of physical culture as a "waist line reducer." Actually it is a lower back exercise.

There is a right way to perform the exercise. The author practices it as a preliminary warming-up movement before proceeding with his regular exercises. It is especially necessary that the waist line all around be absolutely free from restrictive clothing of any kind. The ideal dress is none at all. The student should stand with heels and toes touching, arms raised straight above the head, thumbs almost adjoining. Then rather slowly he should bend downwards, making sure that the knees are perfectly rigid. He should not try to touch the floor or toes at the very first attempt. The proceeding should be gradual, as the muscles and especially the tendons in the back of the leg and lower part of the spine are more or less stiff and danger of strain should be avoided. However, after a few attempts, one will find very little trouble in touching the floor with his finger tips.

The next step is the proper manner of returning to the erect position. This is also accomplished slowly. While the body is assuming the erect position, the arms are still held extended in front of the performer and are raised as gradually as the body-trunk is raised. By the time the body is erect, the arms with the palms of the hands turned down, should have reached shoulder height. At this point they should separate and should describe a sort of upward and backward half circle until they are straight out from the shoulder at the side of the body, the hands turning in the meantime so that the palms are turned upwards. As the body is brought to the upright posture and as the arms are raised the exerciser should *inhale*. Just as the palms of the hands are turned downward and the athlete is again bending downward he should *exhale*. From ten to twenty repetitions are sufficient.

The above is the preliminary or simple version of this particular exercise. After one has practiced the simple form for a few weeks, and feels that he has restored the sacrospinal group of muscles and the under or back of the leg group of muscles to their natural state of elasticity, he is ready for the more advanced form of the exercises, a graduated weight system, or the progressive system.

It has been the author's practice to start his beginners out with a comparatively light weight; about fifty pounds. After one is able to repeat about twenty times with fifty pounds, then the weight may be increased in gradations of ten pounds until one is able to do twenty repetitions and so on. In order to prevent the spheres or plates of the bar bell from striking the floor too hard, and also to afford more of an opportunity for further bending, it is

best to stand on a small stout box about six or eight inches in height. The exercise should be performed every other day at five repetitions for four exercise days; then increase the repetitions by one, and so on, up to twenty times.

The difference between an exercise and a lift is largely this, that any movement that can be repeated quite a number of times in succession is an exercise, whereas any movement that can be repeated but once or twice is a lift.

When using the one-arm swing as an exercise, pure and simple, a light-weight dumbbell should be employed. Until the technique or form of this exercise is mastered, a weight of about thirty pounds is heavy enough. The feet should be far enough apart to permit the easy swinging of a ten-inch dumbbell between them. The left hand rests upon the left knee. The dumbbell is on the floor between the feet in such a position that the spheres are parallel with the feet and the rear sphere should be about even with the "hind" heel. The right hand grasps the handle firmly close to the front sphere; then the athlete swings the bell forward—without bending the elbow—then swings it backward then forward again, then backward and by this time should have gained enough impetus to swing it in one forward and upward motion and with stiffened elbow at arm's length to a position exactly above the head. The author began with forty pounds. He would make about two swings with the right arm, then reverse and make two with the left. When able to repeat the swing ten or twelve times the weight was increased by ten pounds, and the swing started once more at two repetitions and continued till it was possible to accomplish ten.

## Keep That Schoolgirl Figure

(Continued from page 49)

right foot, hold the left heel in the left hand, and exercise the left leg in the same way. Every day you practice you must try and raise the foot further from the floor. In two or three weeks you will be able to straighten the leg when the hand which holds the heel is opposite the face, and in a couple of months you ought to be able to straighten the leg with the hand held high above the head, just as Miss Langhorn is doing in Figure 3. When you have advanced that far, you will find that high-kicking is an easy and pleasant pastime. When you make a kick you will find that your leg will swing up as though it were in *one piece*, without the slightest bend of the knee. In other words you will be making an easy, graceful kick in just the way that these lissom show girls do it. This

stunt is a great one for eliminating the fat on the hips and abdomen.

A somewhat easier stunt is shown in Figures 4, 5 and 6. Stand firmly on the right foot and hold the left leg straight out in front of you. (The knee must not be bent, and the foot must be pointed just as in Figure 4.) Now swing the left leg to the side without allowing the heel to come any nearer the floor, as in Figure 5. Then lean the body forward and raise the left leg as high as possible behind you, as in Figure 6. Repeat this stunt three or four times, and then change the position, and stand on the left foot and do the movement with the right leg.

Figure 7 shows a stunt apparently so difficult that it will scare off some beginners. Really, it is not quite so hard as it looks. The two preceding stunts will have taught you to bend

easily at the waist. When you start this one and raise the left foot behind you, you may not be able to get the sole of the foot within eighteen inches of the back of your head, but with persistent practice you may be able to equal Miss Langhorn.

Figure 9 shows the combination of the preceding stunt with the split. After you once learn to do the split, you will find it easy to bend back at the waist and place the rear foot against the head as Miss Langhorn does.

For those who *do* master the stunts, I can confidently predict the reward most dear to a woman's heart; that is a figure so slender, so graceful, so shapely, and so well poised, that every one of her friends will be lost in admiration and envy.



## Golf Keeps Me Right

(Continued from page 45)

a drive has been made the player, in the course of his walk to the ball, has his mind fixed upon the next shot, wondering just how his ball is lying and what club he may possibly best use next. He climbs the stiffest hills and sometimes short precipices without being conscious of exerting considerable effort, and when he comes to his ball, his anticipations and calculations begin anew, for the next shot may require an entirely different club from what he expected to use, and the play may be entirely different. The ground that lays before the player requires his careful study. He must take into consideration the traps ahead of him, even the hardness of the earth, not only where his ball lies, but where it may land. All these problems and the ever present hope that the next shot will be a good one makes a player unconscious of his physical efforts. Herein lies the real value of the game as an exercise. It brings about abundant muscular exertion without the usual drudgery and monotony found in some exercises.

Golf requires the *nth* degree of skill—certainly all of the skill that may be required in billiards, bowling, or tennis. It is a game where perfection is never reached. If the record over a course is 72 strokes, it lies within the physical possibility of making it in half as many strokes—a score that no human being ever expects to reach. It is for this reason that our champion golfers find as much interest in playing as does the beginner. But the game is not all skill. It requires strength, great effort and extreme muscular co-ordination. It is for this reason that all the champion golfers are young men. It taxes the muscles of the hands and forearms especially, as success in making long and accurate shots demands that the club be given a terrific snap at the moment the ball is struck. A weak grip and a weak forearm are a decided handicap, no matter how great the skill of the player may be.

We often hear it said that the main factor in a long drive is skill and not so much strength. I disagree with this theory. Having played but a short time, barely six months, I certainly cannot lay claim to having great skill, and yet I make long drives which are attracting the attention of old experts. The very first ball I ever drove from a tee made a clear flight of over two hundred and fifty yards, but of course at a wild angle. I have observed several of the champion golfers drive, and if I am any judge of exertion, and I believe I am, these men put every ounce of muscle they have into their blow. Most of them are powerfully-built young men, and though their stroke seems smooth and without effort, I imagine I can hear them grunt as they strike the ball.

Golf offers valuable psychological advantages. It demands extreme concentration and calm mental poise. The mental element in golf may be the deciding point between success and failure.

## Have You Had Your Exercise Today?

If your aim is to obtain unusual vitality and endurance coupled with remarkable agility, you *must* give your body a certain amount of daily exercise. *Fifteen minutes every day*, exercising with a pair of *dumbbells*, will keep you in good condition and will give you the development you so earnestly wish for and cannot have.

If you begin to strengthen the voluntary muscles in your body you will also be strengthening the involuntary muscles, such as your heart, lungs, etc., by increasing the circulation of the blood and respiratory organs. Men and women who are constantly using their minds and bodies are destroying certain cells in their bodies which *must* be replaced. Vigorous exercise with *dumbbells* will tear down the weak and worn-out cells and tissues, and the blood (its circulation quickened by the exercise) will quickly replace the worn-out cells.

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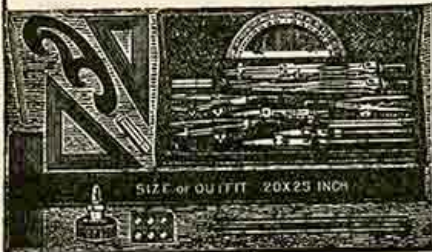


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## Eliminating Death—the Silent Partner

(Continued from page 21)

admire you for keeping yourself fit but you've got to draw the line somewhere. I've just seen Bick Stacy and he looks like a man who's received his death sentence."

Morgan stood balancing himself on his toes and didn't answer for a moment. He wore a close-fitting jersey swimming suit and his smooth-skinned, solid, muscled little body gleamed through the dripping salt water from the plunge. At fifty he had the physical condition of a college athlete on the eve of a race. But his usually laughing face was grave.

"Adams," he said, "I'm doing the best I know how. I've talked to Stacy for fifteen years, as I talked to Monroe and poor old John Creed. You can't tell men like that anything. They think that 'life is real, life is earnest,' and they don't give a tinker's damn about their bodies. Now I'm taking heroic measures."

"What do you mean?"

"Western Foundry has got to go, or else Bick Stacy will. I'm expediting the process."

"You?"

"Guilty. I haven't told anyone else but Doctor Johnny Brain. Brain has given Stacy a year to live—and Farrington and two or three others agree with him. It's Western Foundry or Stacy, and I'm going to save Stacy."

"By letting the Federal gang absorb the foundry?"

"I wouldn't say absorb. They're sore and they only want to break us. I'm willing. They don't know it, but I'm helping them. I got the Coast States people all worked up over their hydro-electric plant equipment and I talked Will Rainey and old man Thrasher into closing down on our credit. Western Foundry is going bust!"

"You talk like a crazy man," I said.

"Do I look like one?" Hal Morgan demanded, like a shot.

I had to admit that he didn't. A week later Western Foundry closed its doors. I was appointed receiver. Morgan, for the first time since I had known him, worked twenty hours a day. He had the whole thing mapped out like a chart. I never knew of another business transaction so admirably conceived and so perfectly executed. Fit, fresh, carefree, clear-eyed, steady-minded, Harry Morgan maneuvered the "bankruptcy" of the old firm and came out of it without owing a cent in the world to any man, and with money enough left to start a small foundry three months later. His own funds went into it to the last penny, and credit that he got where mighty few men could have borrowed a nickel made up the difference. I said I was appointed receiver. I drew the small salary attached to the position, but Hal Morgan was his own receiver.

But, meantime, what about Bicknell Stacy?

I was with him when Hal Morgan broke the news of the "failure" to him. For a minute Stacy was stunned. Then he straightened up, and a smile covered his worn face.

"I hate to be licked," he said, "but I can't help thanking God that it's over. Hal, will you loan me an old set of golf clubs and go out to the Municipal links with me while I learn the game?"

Harry Morgan didn't answer. I looked at him.

There were big tears running down his cheeks. He laughed through them.

"You darned old wallop!" he cried, "I've been saving a membership in the Claremont Club for you for six months. If you'll come out there this afternoon you'll find a locker with your name on it and enough clubs to outfit Gene Sarazen!"

That's what it took to eliminate Death from the Western Foundry Company. Heroic treatment! The reorganized company is operating on an entirely new basis. The old swollen profits are a thing of the past. The two partners bought out the estates of the two dead members for a song, and now they are going merrily along making ten to fifteen thousand a year each and growing steadily and surely so that Bick Stacy's boys will have a nice business to come into when they get through with school.

But you have to make an appointment with the partners if you care to see them. Because, as likely as not, their desks will be closed and they will be out in the Katinka, Stacy's new yacht, or at Santa Barbara for a polo tournament, or playing hand-ball at the Club, or making up a foursome at Claremont, or swimming or fishing or shooting ducks at Willows just when you want them.

I know grumpy men, old before their time, who complain that the Western Foundry owners don't attend to business. I have heard them marvel that the institution should be able to get along at all.

It does, though. The silent partner has been eliminated.

I heard Bick Stacy say the other day that one of his machinist's apprentices was going to win next year's junior tennis singles championship in the inter-city matches. And old Joel Frazier, head of the pattern department, took a week off a little while back to go to Denver and play in the western chess tournament. On the surface it seems to be the most slackly run plant in America.

But Western Foundry turns out more work and better work today, man for man and lathe for lathe and oven for oven, than ever before in its history.

Hal Morgan says it's because Old Man Mortality has been kicked off the board of directors.

However that may be the specialists have all given Stacy up. They say he's incurably well!



## The Camel Health System

(Continued from page 29)

mind, have doped it out that the pleasure of pulling at a cigar, cigarette or pipe is a survival of early infancy, when the chief conscious activity, as well as the most "satisfying," was that of suckling. We don't know, and we don't say that this is the explanation. A fine-looking baby of about thirty-five years of age sat across the aisle on the train the other day, stuck a big unlighted cigar into his mouth and chewed it all the way from Philadelphia to New York. A pacifier! A baby sometimes uses a rubber pacifier for three or four years—or perhaps he sucks his thumb. Later in life he goes back to the habit.

So that instead of being a manly accomplishment, as we used to suppose, smoking may be only a babyish one. If there is any real soothing quality in a smoke or anything essentially satisfying, may not this have something to do with the nature of that satisfaction?

Meanwhile, Jack Dempsey and Charlie Paddock do not smoke, and most other athletes do not dare to do so when preparing for a contest. Perhaps they have found by experience that they lose two per cent. or ten per cent.—no one can say just how much—of their efficiency and endurance.

Personally I do not know whether tobacco would hurt me or not, or if so, how much. If I found that there was any real pleasure in it, or that I could get more out of it than I would lose through it, or if life would mean more to me by smoking than by not smoking, I would certainly cultivate the habit. But if I knew that as a result of smoking I would run five or ten per cent. slower, or think five or ten per cent. slower, or take care of my job with five or ten per cent. less effectiveness, then I would not want to smoke. There are other things which mean a lot to me. Tobacco, so far as my very limited experience goes, doesn't mean a thing in my young life.

Certainly the fact that its influence is sedative, or soothing, or stupefying, or anything like that, does not appeal to me. I want no booze, no drugs or narcotics or illusions to make life more tolerable. I want to face life "on my own," to take it wide awake, with all my senses just as acute as I can keep them. I don't want to deaden my perceptions by anything that would make me less responsive to the active, vigorous pleasures that life holds. I do not want to find forgetfulness in strong drink, as some have tried to do; not until I am ready to admit that I have gone up against the world and got thoroughly licked. I hope I will never be ready to admit anything like that. And in a similar but lesser way, I don't want to fool myself into thinking that all is peaceful or restful, through the soothing touch of Lady Nicotine, when it isn't. I prefer to take life as is, with a clear head, so that if there is anything good coming my way I will not miss it or have the edge of my appreciation dimmed in any slightest degree.

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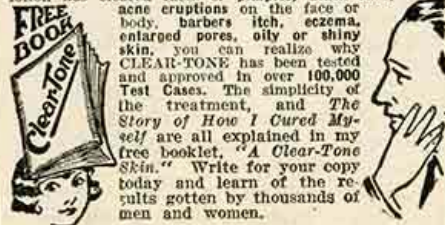
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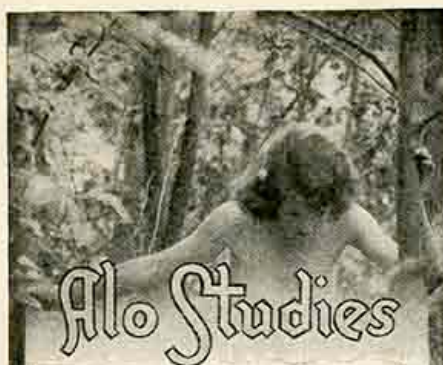
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## Eat and Grow Young

(Continued from page 52)



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and was to be classed as a luxury. Fifteen cents for a head of lettuce? Sixty cents for a dozen oranges? Why spend all that money when there was meat, boiled potatoes, and white bread to be had? When I was a child we didn't have much money, and that, in general, was the principle on which the family table like most other family tables, was run, with results so disastrous for all of us that I shudder to think of the toll. There were four of us, and we took a quart of milk a day. Eggs we got now and then when they were cheap, and used not at all when they were dear. Meat and boiled potatoes and white bread, and white sugar we had all the time. And she, with that habit of eating fastened upon her, was still eating that way.

Starch and white sugar had done more harm, I imagine, than the meat. It had become a case of carbohydrate saturation, carbohydrate intolerance. And the first move I made was to eliminate pure starch and white sugar from her dietary entirely. There were no deficient breakfast foods, no white bread, no pastry, no minute tapioca, no spaghetti, no denatured corn meal, no anything of that sort. Instead the list was made up wholly of fruits, vegetables served with their juices, green leafy salads, milk, dried, unsulphured fruits, such as raisins, prunes, sun dried apricots, sun dried figs, and the like. Along with this eggs in moderation, and two or three times a week a moderate helping of meat, preferably beef. Potatoes, steamed or baked, *not boiled*, were permitted. Brown sugar, honey, and maple syrup were substituted for white sugar.

Breakfast consisted of the juice of two oranges, a dish of cracked wheat, sweetened with honey, whole wheat toast, and a cup of very weak coffee sweetened with honey—a concession to the psychology of the situation that did no harm. If she wanted more, she could have more orange juice or a glass of milk.

Lunch was an abundant helping of salad made from lettuce, cabbage, endive, Spanish onions, green peppers, cucumbers, or any other things of the sort that did not, on test, disagree with her. The dressing consisted of three parts pure olive oil and one part lemon juice, flavored with salt, paprika, and a dash of sugar. With this she could have whole wheat bread and all the fruit she wanted, raisins, dates and figs being particularly nutritious, and orange juice being particularly refreshing. A glass of milk was added if she had the appetite for it. Weak tea was the concession to habit and psychology. In general I tried to see that in one way or another she got a quart of milk with or in her food every day.

Dinner brought vegetable soup made of a great variety of vegetables; eggs or meat in moderation; baked or

steamed, never boiled, potatoes; a liberal helping of a cooked green leafy vegetable, served with its juices, such as spinach, kale, beet greens, cabbage, etc. In addition, a green salad as at noon, or else one made with fruits. Dessert, something in the way of fresh or stewed fruit, prune whip, pure home made ice cream, custard, or anything else that didn't involve pastry. Weak tea for a concession.

It was as simple as that. And yet after the very first day the stomach cough disappeared and never came back; and from then on it was a slow and steady climb uphill back to health. She would have off days, and the trouble in the mouth hung on; but first came a change in her general condition, a sense of growing well being, that was most marked. Then the whiteness left her face, and she got back her natural color. Then there was evidence of a return to her usual high spirits—to my mind the most significant thing of all.

In the meantime, it seemed unnecessary to eliminate the drug store wholly from the situation. Constipation, the great American complaint for which we have to thank white bread, no longer troubled her. And yet it was necessary to be on the safe side. Night and morning she took a small dose of a combination of petrolatum and agar-agar, of which there are several good makes on the market. It furnished the bulk and mechanical lubrication necessary, and was an added insurance of complete intestinal evacuation, a thing of special importance at her age.

Still another point was a local treatment of her mouth. Ordinary mouth-washes, even one of potassium permanganate, were not particularly effective. But a solution of silver nitrate, *applied with due caution* to the inflamed areas, took quick hold, now that the general systemic conditions were improving, and helped greatly.

In her case exercise naturally played a minor part. You don't treat people of that age in terms of strong exercise, particularly if the habit of their life has not included it. In her case, however, daily walks combined with plenty of repose seemed to give the wisest combination.

Another step was recommended to me by a skilled osteopath, to whom I took her from time to time. It consisted in a vigorous kneading and massaging of her neck, twice daily, working in with the fingers particularly around under the jaw, and in general stirring up by this means the circulation of the blood and lymph. It was magical, and it was as conclusive a demonstration as one could wish of *how enormous is the recuperative power of any tissue that has an adequate supply of blood which is as rich and as alkaline in its reactions as right food can make it.*

This happened, please remember, to a woman of eighty.



## The Mat

(Continued from page 66)

In three cases out of five the bow in the legs is caused by outward curvature in the bones below the knee. Very rarely do you find a case where the thigh bones are bent. The remainder of the cases of bow-legs are caused by lack of development or unequal development of the muscles of the leg, a condition which allows the knee-joints to spring outwards. In such cases the whole leg can be made straight and shapely by practicing a special exercise which develops the adductor muscles on the inside of the thighs, that is, the muscles which draw the knees together. This exercise is performed in the following manner: Rest the inside of the right foot on the seat of a chair, and place the palm of the left hand on the floor. Raise the body until it is perfectly horizontal, the sole points of support being the right foot and the left hand. Now lower the body until the left hip touches the ground, and raise it again by pressing hard against the chair seat with the right foot. The left arm which supports the body should not be allowed to bend, all the bending being done at the waist. Repeat as often as you can and then reverse your position, resting on the right hand and putting the inside of the left foot on the chair. This exercise will rapidly develop the adductor muscles, and as those muscles become bigger and stronger the legs will be drawn into proper alignment. As the adductor muscles increase in size through this strenuous exercise, they will help to shapen the leg.

\* \* \*

WANTED—YOUR RECORD IN THE STANDING-BROAD-JUMP.

The average man thinks that when jumping one employs only the muscles of the legs. As a matter of fact jumping is one of the very best tests of back strength, and a good jumper invariably is very strong in the loins and in the small of the back.

Some young fellows, who aspire to be jumpers spend a lot of time at exercises which enlarge and develop the muscles on the front of the thighs. Those muscles help in jumping, but most of the work is done by the muscles on the back of the thighs, the big muscles which form the buttocks, and those of the lower back.

In a running-jump the speed helps to get height or distance, and the action of the back is not so easily noticed, but in the standing-jumps you can readily see how the back muscles help.

At the start of a standing-jump, the athlete invariably crouches just at the start of the jump. He bends his knees and leans forward from the hips, and then as he springs forward, or upward, his body straightens out for a second. Of course, the knees are raised again after the body is in the air; that is necessary in order to get height or distance. But the fact remains that it is the violent contraction of the back muscles that hurl the body forward and upward.

So I advise those who wish to get

good jumping muscles to spend but little time on an exercise like squatting (the "deep-knee-bend") and to practice continually the exercise where you hold a heavy weight in the hands, and lean over until the weight nearly touches the floor. Suppose you are holding a 50-pound bar-bell. You stand with the feet about six inches apart, and you lean over by bending at the waist, keeping your legs stiff and straight. It is no work at all to bend over because the weight helps pull you down; but as you straighten up you will feel a distinct pull on the muscles on the back of the thigh. The first time you bend, the bar-bell will not come within six inches of the floor, but with each bend the muscles will warm up, and after a few repetitions you will be able to lower the bell all the way. Also, after you have repeated a dozen times you will notice that the muscles on the back of the calves are commencing to take notice. Then as you continue, you will feel it in the small of the back.

I have noticed, hundreds of times, that the man who can lift very heavy weights off the ground is almost always a very good jumper. My friend, Adolf Nordquest, can lean over, grab a 600-pound bar-bell and stand erect with it. Also, he can clear over 10 feet in the standing-broad-jump; sailing lightly through the air despite his weight of 210 pounds.

Professional jumpers confine themselves almost entirely to the standing-jump; they may make series of jumps, but they usually keep their feet together the same as you would do in a standing-broad-jump.

Examine any professional jumper, and you will find that the back of his legs and his buttocks are splendidly rounded and highly developed. Examine any "dead-weight" lifter and you will find exactly the same kind of development.

The all-important thing is that these muscles are not merely the ones which enable you to jump and to lift, but are the very ones which hold your body upright in the way a man should be, and which add power and vigor to your walk.

If you want to do me a favor, you will send me in your record in the standing-broad-jump. Don't bother with the running jumps, nor the standing high jump, because those jumps require skill as well as strength. The standing-broad-jump is a very good measure of your combined strength and agility; more than that, it is a reliable indication of your vigor and condition. It requires no skill.

Practice it by taking a few jumps every day, but don't overdo, because if you make thirty or forty jumps one after another, you will soon lose your spring.

I hope to hear from many of you, but particularly from those among you who pride yourselves on your back strength and your ability to lift weights off the ground.

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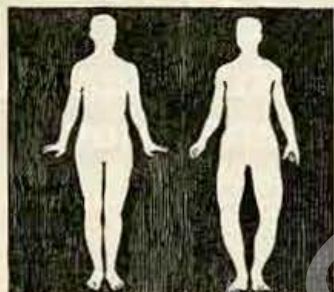
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## Is Football Worth the Risk?

(Continued from page 58)

came imbued with the belief that nothing could stop them, saturated with it. It was not merely a surface thing easily swept aside by a stronger team capable physically of holding them. It was so deeply soaked into them that it became true and they showed its effect in that memorable game with Chicago. It was the only thing that brought them victory.

You may say that all this is not conclusive evidence that football is beneficial. We think it is, that it shows how strength of mental and moral fibre is sub-consciously built up, not to mention the physical in any detail. However, suppose we turn the floor over to Roper, lawyer, representative of the best element in the halls of City Councils, keen man of affairs, football coach and former player. Remember, we have asked him whether football is beneficial and why. Folks, meet Mr. W. W. Roper. Get the picture of this coach of the Tiger band, a visible flash in his blue eyes, a smile that does not take away from his earnestness, each word coming sharp, incisive. Mr. Roper is now speaking.

"Leave the sport element out of it. The game is good enough from that angle, good enough to play and watch. It is an excellent schooling for after life for these reasons: It develops the qualities that can take punishment and come back for more in a perfectly sporting good-natured way. A successful football player is the one who knows how to keep on fighting until that last whistle.

"Let me cite an example. The Princeton team played all through the season of 1920 without a man being injured beyond a bump or a bruise now and then. I mention that to show football is not dangerous. However, an occasional hurt does come. It was when I was a player myself that this case occurred. A teammate broke his collarbone in tackling. He asked me to line up slowly, thus giving him a chance to gather himself up and also in order that the attention of the coaches would be directed to me instead of him. In that way they would not notice that he was hurt and he could continue in the game.

"Of course, he was wrong. It was foolish courage but it revealed the indomitable will that had been developed in him.

"How many men are willing to sacrifice their personal vanity, to pass up a chance for glory simply to help a cause along or even though it will do some real good in a general way. Permit me to tell about one of Princeton's biggest victories, and it will not be necessary to go into detail of names and opponents.

"It occurred a few seasons back in a game that seemed about to end in a tie. The opposition attempted a desperate open attack in the final minutes, there was a fumble near their own goal line. Two Princeton men and one of

the other team's players were near the ball. It meant limitless glory and fame for the Princeton man who scooped up that ball and scored the winning touchdown. One of the Princetonians was in advance of the other two in that wild race for the ball. In back of him came the opposition player and then the second Princetonian.

"I like to remember that play. The first man passed up a place in football history to make sure that the team and Princeton won. He deliberately turned and took the opposition player out, blocked him off and allowed the other Princetonian to gather up the ball unimpeded and score the victory, to gain the fame and honors.

"Perhaps that doesn't go far toward proving football is beneficial. It is only one instance. Give me space and I'll recite a hundred, each with some quality requiring strength of character. In all my years of association with the game I've never known a really first-class player whose good qualities didn't entirely outweigh his bad ones, never one who wasn't a pretty fine chap and the type that I'd be content to have my own son admire and pattern after, not because they were football players but because they were real men.

"And there is the matter of ideals. The youth who wants to play football knows that he is facing a Spartan test physically. He knows that he must be clean and wholesome. Then his body will be able to stand this man's game. It will strengthen him; he cannot help becoming more keenly alive, stronger physically. The very nature of the game makes for that. But above all, he must be clean or he is done.

"Add to that the thing which we call leadership. There is a parallel between the gridiron and the battlefield. The football player also faces real action, quick decisions, snap judgments. We all know that the brain is very similar to the body in that if you exercise it there comes a wonderful development of power.

"In the world war it was soon discovered that the men who had played football made by far the best officers. The English also found the same thing. Their footballers and cricketers were wonderful leaders. They had learned how to act immediately in an emergency.

"Understand, I do not claim football will perform miracles. It won't make any intellectual giant out of an imbecile nor a physical colossus out of a weakling. No man can play on a college football team who isn't fit and fully able. The medical examiners take care of that. But they don't have to be giants. Don Lourie, Princeton's All-American quarterback of 1921, weighed about 126 pounds. My contention is that football will help any man who plays it to a better condition mentally, morally and physically. I have had enough experience to know."



## What's Your Personal Problem?

(Continued from page 60)

started, the poor, raw, green youth. He got the idea, and has made himself over in the past year.

As for Smith, he is restless, ambitious, strong and always trying to do better work. And so he is going to do it. He will keep on growing. Probably this is the answer in many cases. It is an uphill proposition, but it is better to be climbing than slipping. It is largely a matter of strength, a matter of effort, a matter of striving, until one gains not ordinary but exceptional ability. Which is what few actually acquire. Few make the effort. A man must stand out, he must do some unique thing, or do some ordinary thing in a different way, perhaps very much better than others have done it. Perhaps that sounds like quite a contract, and yet people do just such things. Sometimes a man's work is distinguished by the flavor of his personality, the color of his mind or some unique gift of vision or imagination.

There is one factor which cropped up in our consideration of both hard work and saving money—the question of management. But that, again, is a matter of ability, a form of ability.

A charming gentleman, the son of a clergyman and a man of great culture, not long ago expressed a wistful regret that he had chosen a line of ancestors possessing brains instead of the ability to make money. Which is a curious way to put it. There are instances where those possessing fine qualities cannot earn a living, and other instances of the crude and ignorant getting rich, but the broad truth is that in the main it is the people with brains who get on, and the incompetent who do not. If we look a little more closely at that ignoramus who gets rich, we find that he can do a lot of tall figuring, and that he has a peculiar insight, or foresight or far-sightedness in matters of business. He is a manager.

Of course we might emphasize the factor of health, the value of vigorous, unflagging energy, the power that runs the machine. A vital factor, but one of the fundamentals, like saving money, honesty and the others. Cannot do without it. All big men have it. But is it the distinguishing thing? Scarcely. Then there is salesmanship. Of course. Sell yourself! But you must have something to sell.

It would seem, finally, that the big requirement is self-development, making something of oneself.

Why not analyze the people whom you know, or of whom you know, who have "arrived," in the effort to discover their special qualities. Try to find "X" in your Governor, your wealthiest citizen, your most successful lawyer. You will find it, in some form or other. He "got that way" not, as he says, through punctuality, or paying his bills, or burning both ends of the candle, but through that added factor of "X," plus the practical quality of being able to manage.

# FEAR

## IS YOUR WORST ENEMY

I mean by this, FEAR OF SELF, rather than fear of outside forces. You may be very brave in physical combat and have fear in the form of lack of self confidence; self esteem and positiveness; doubt; worry; overseriousness; anxiety, etc., that is wrecking your mind and body and causing failure in all you undertake. Fear causes confusion, a clouded mind, mental anguish, takes all the joy out of life; and through its depression develops physical forms of weakness through the nerve supersensitiveness and functional inaction that is created. In nine cases out of ten FEAR is responsible for UNHAPPINESS, NERVOUSNESS, PHYSICAL DISORDER and LACK OF SUCCESS. Fear leads to discouragement and most cases of insanity and suicide can be directly traced to it.

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Are You Giving Yourself a Fair Chance?

Nature does not say in the beginning of life to one child—YOU are to be strong, happy and truly successful; and to another—YOU are to be weak, limited, full of fear, unhappy and a failure. The chief difference we find in men and women is due to TRAINING and DEVELOPMENT. In one case there is a lack of understanding of self, your own powers and just how to use and direct them; and in the other case, perhaps through a wiser childhood training, there is a realization of power and its use. Electricity will do some wonderfully constructive things, but if not understood, and the energy is mis-directed it will kill. IT IS THE SAME WITH THE POWERS IN YOU. They are ALL of a con-

structive nature if wisely directed. If you are weakened and limited it does not mean that you are minus any of the essential powers, but simply that they are in habitual state of weakness.

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For Boys and Girls Also



## What Is Your Weak Link?

(Continued from page 40)

always keeping the face to the front and *never* tipping the head out of the vertical line.

All these neck exercises are unusual and you had better practice them in private, because the effect is very peculiar and always causes any beholder to become extremely amused. Nevertheless, there are no better exercises to perfect the shape, development and condition of the neck.

**Exercise No. 2—for the Back.** This is one of the simplest of all exercises, and its great value lies in the fact that it conditions those muscles which hold the body in the properly erect posture. When performed in accordance with directions, it will entirely eliminate the weakness in the "small of the back" from which so many people suffer. Also it will promote the general vigor of the whole body, and will greatly stimulate the action of some very important glands.

Stand with your back to the wall and your heels about twelve inches from the baseboard. Lock your thumbs together and raise your arms straight above your head, with the palms of your hands toward the front. Now lean back at the waist until you can touch the wall with the finger tips. Repeat a couple of times, and then move an inch or two further from the wall. Continue moving further from the wall after every second repetition until you can no longer touch the wall with the finger tips. At first, you must avoid over-exertion; that is, you must not move *too far* from the wall. This movement is a great nerve stimulant, but if carried to excess, it loses part of its value. After you have practiced for a couple of weeks you will find that you can stand with the heels 20 inches from the baseboard, and by leaning backwards touch the wall with your finger tips without losing your balance. If you are very weak in the back it may be a month before you can reach that point, but you must persist until you can touch the wall when your feet are 20 inches from the baseboard, because not until then will you have the flexibility of the spine and the development of the back muscles which you should have.

**Exercise No. 3—for the Abdomen.** Any exercise or movement which brings the knees close to the chest will bring the abdominal muscles into active play, and will eliminate both the surface fat at the front of the waistline, and the internal fat which invariably accompanies the surface fat. The simplest abdominal exercises are to lie flat on the back and either keep the legs down and raise the body to a sitting position, or to keep the body down and raise the legs to a vertical position. In the first of these two movements most of the work is done by the upper part of the abdominal muscles; that is, the fibers nearest the chest. When you do the second movement—that is, the one where you raise the legs—most of

the work is done by the lower fibers of the abdomen, the ones nearest the groin. As one of the other exercises in this set will give sufficient work to the upper fibers, I suggest that you confine yourself to the second movement. Lie flat on the back, clasp the hands underneath the head, and then raise the legs until they are perpendicular to the floor. Be careful that the legs do not bend at the knee; all the bending must be at the hip joint, as though the legs were made in one piece. As you raise the legs, harden the muscles on the front of the thighs and breathe out. As you lower the legs relax the thigh muscles and breathe in. Repeat as often as you comfortably can.

**Exercise No. 4—to Enlarge the Chest Itself, and to Increase The Size and Power of the Lungs.** A man's chest is that part of the body adjacent to the ribs. You cannot get a big chest by developing the big muscles on the breast. In order to get a big chest you must increase the size of the rib-box, and this can be done by developing the muscles of the upper back, and by deep breathing. If the muscles on the front of the chest are over developed, they tend to pull the shoulders forward and closer to the breast-bone. There are certain muscles in the upper back, and on the broad of the back, which, when properly developed, elevate the ribs and spread them further apart, thus affording more space to the lungs as well, as always keeping the shoulders back where they belong.

Positively the easiest way to increase the size of the chest is to hang by the hands. This means that you will have to fit up your room with a very small trapeze. You can make such a trapeze with a chair-rung, two short pieces of clothesline and a couple of hooks. The exercise is so all-important that you should not hesitate either to make the small expenditure required or even to spoil the appearance of your ceiling. It is possible to drive the hooks in the top of a door frame—preferably a closet door, and in that case the rope need not be more than four inches long. When you have your trapeze in place, grasp it by both hands, palms front. Raise the feet from the floor and bend the legs at the knee. If your closet door is of average height, you will now be supported entirely by your hands, and your knees will be swinging clear of the floor by a few inches. All you have to do is to grip the bar hard—and hold on as long as you can. (If you are fussy about the skin of your hands, wrap the trapeze bar in cloth so as to prevent your palms from blistering.) The great thing is to hang there until your grip gives out. I have known men to increase the size of the chest four inches in two months simply by hanging by the hands for a few moments every day. The effects of the exercise are almost immediately apparent, because the back will rapidly become broader at the line of the arm pits, and the chest

itself will be raised. The only complaint against the exercise is that it may involve you in some expense for altering your present clothes, or buying bigger ones. The exercise does more than increase the chest. It will give you a powerful grip, it will develop the biceps muscles and the big deltoid muscles on the points of the shoulders.

After you have gotten so that you can hang for two or three minutes without losing your grip, you must try to practice deep-breathing while suspended by the hands. Hold your head back and breathe in through the nostrils, and as you do this try to spread the ribs as far apart as possible. Then breathe out slowly through the mouth, and keep on breathing this way until your grip tires and you are forced to let go of the bar. In that way you can combine the benefits which come from the action of the muscles of the upper back with the benefit of the forced lung action.

**Exercise No. 5—for the sides.** It is a well known fact that by giving exercise to the muscles on the *front* of the abdomen, one can improve the working powers of the stomach and intestines; but it is not so well known that by exercising the muscles at the sides of the waist you can promote the action of the liver. Many individuals who suffer from constipation and other digestive troubles will find that they can regulate and stimulate the action of the liver by practicing the following exercise which develops the muscles at the sides of the waist. This time stand with your right side to the wall and just so far away, that when you stand erect you can reach out the right arm and touch the wall with the tip of the middle finger. Now move an inch or two further from the wall, stretch out your arm and touch the wall; but keep the legs perpendicular and bend a little sideways at the waist. Repeat twice, and move still further from the wall. As you move further and further away you will have more and more difficulty in touching the wall, and you will find that it means very vigorous contractions of the muscle at the right side of the waist. All the value of the exercise is destroyed if you lean the whole body towards the wall, instead of keeping the legs perpendicular and doing all the bending at the waist, as you should. After you have thoroughly exercised the right side, reverse your position, turning the left side to the wall and lean over and touch the wall with your left middle finger.

**Exercise No. 6—for the muscles of the thighs.** There are so many muscles in the thigh, that most instructors have to give you several different exercises in order to assure equal work for its every part. If you will practice the following exercise, you will find that it provides work for every part of the thigh, and unless you are seeking very special and pronounced development this exercise will be all that is necessary



to give you large, powerful, and shapely legs. Walk around your room, taking strides about twenty-four inches in length. After three or four strides, when your right foot is advanced, allow the left leg to bend slightly at the knee, and then as you take the next step and the left foot is advanced, allow the right leg to bend in the same manner. With each succeeding step, try to bend the rear leg a bit more. Practice this assiduously, and you will find after a few days, that with each stride you will be able to almost sit on the heel of the rear foot, just as the Russian Dancers do, and what they call the "low-leg step." You will find that as you bend the rear leg the dipping motion forces you to raise the toes of the advanced foot from the floor. You will also find that in making the next step forward it will help you to pull your body to an upright position if you dig into the floor with the heel of the advanced foot.

This exercise seems very strenuous when you first try it, but it is amazing how easily it can be learned, and it is still more amazing how fast the thighs grow in size and shape, as a result of this exercise.

It should be noted that you are not expected to move forward as the Russian Dancers do, because they advance without raising the body. You are expected to come to an upright position at the beginning of each step, and to be crouched on one leg at the finish of each step. This one exercise will do more to help you to retain the elasticity of youth and your athletic ability than any other exercise I know.

**Exercise No. 7—for the calves of the legs.** To fully exercise the muscles of the lower leg, you must do two movements; one to develop the muscles of the back of the leg, and the other to develop the muscles on the shins. The easiest and simplest thing to do is first to walk on tip-toe, keeping the heels as far off the ground as possible, and making the smallest possible bend at the knees. (Walk straight-legged if you can.) If you will concentrate your mind on keeping the heels as high as possible, you will find that walking around the room three or four times on tip-toes will provide all the exercise necessary for the muscles at the back of the calves; while at the same time it will greatly strengthen the ankles. For the muscles at the shins, all you have to do is to walk on the heels with the balls of the feet raised as high as possible from the floor.

**Exercise No. 8—for the upper arms.** In this exercise you can use a pair of small iron dumbbells if you desire, but they are not absolutely necessary. You can get very good results without any apparatus at all. Stand erect with the arms hanging at the sides, the palms of the hands at the front. Bend your

right arm at the elbow and bring the hand close to the shoulder, and at the same time raise the elbow until it is pointed towards the ceiling. To bend your arm at the elbow involves a contraction of the biceps muscle, and if you raise the elbow upward and forward as you bend the arm, you will find that you can get a much more powerful contraction of the biceps. As your right arm is flexed and raised forwards and upwards, you must raise your left arm as far as you can behind you; and if, as you do this, you keep the palm of the hand to the front, you will feel a very vigorous contraction of the triceps muscle on the back of the upper arm. Now slowly reverse the position of the two arms, bringing the left arm forward and upward, and bending it as you lower the right arm and straighten it out behind you. A couple dozen repetitions will give your arm-muscles very vigorous work, providing that you tense the biceps muscle on the arm that is raised in front of you, and tense the triceps muscle on the arm that is raised behind you.

**Exercise No. 9—for the wrists.** Grasp a heavy stick or cane by one end. Hold your arm straight out in front of you, and then draw "figure eights" with the other end of the stick. A broom handle would be just the thing for this exercise if it were a trifle thicker. What you really need is a good heavy walking stick. You must grasp the stick firmly, because if you loosen up on the grip, it relieves the muscles of considerable work. The stick should be grasped with all four fingers, and the thumb extended along the opposite side, just the way that a fencer grasps his foil. Providing you keep a firm grip, the amount of wrist strength you can obtain is dependent on the size of the "eights" which you describe with the far end of the stick. If you make the "eights" small, the wrist and fore-arm muscles get but little work. If you make the "eights" as large as possible, you can get big shapely forearms, and tremendously strong wrists.

**Exercise No. 10—for the ankles and feet.** The two methods of walking described in Exercise No. 7 will strengthen the ankles to some extent, but it will help to keep your feet in hard condition, and it will maintain the proper shape of the arches if you practice what is known as the "side roll." Stand with the feet about twelve inches apart, and exactly parallel to each other. Now bend your ankles inward until you are resting on the inner edges of your feet, then force the ankles apart until you are resting on the outside edges of your feet. That is all there is to do except, of course, that you must practice barefooted. You can make the exercise as easy or as severe as you like by the degree to which you bend the ankles inward and outward.

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## Have You the Sense of Adventure?

(Continued from page 27)

As an example of the curiosity, the investigativeness, which I am trying to set before you, I may mention that I have a desire to accompany the Reptile Study Club in one of their annual spring snake hunts in the northern New Jersey mountains. Something has prevented my going on each occasion since I have been in New York, but I hope to do the stunt next year. These enthusiasts do not kill the reptiles but capture them alive and study them and their haunts. Now I hanker to be there and perhaps catch one myself, not because I like snakes; socially, I dislike them very much, but I know a little of their uses and I never kill one save of the really venomous species, which are comparatively few in America. But I want to see those folks capture the serpents and to learn more about their ways and their usefulness—incidentally, getting a fine day full of ozone and tramping over rough ground. That's a sample of the possible adventures which New Yorkers and people of other large cities as well are apt to overlook.

Why, even on Manhattan Island the seeker after the unusual may have hours of pleasure, wandering about the docks, the foreign quarters, the out-of-the-way nooks of the city, observing queer waterside and slum characters, studying the commerce and strange products of foreign lands, discovering quaint, moldering little buildings a century or more old crouched in forgotten, cobwebby corners, learning how the other half of humanity lives. It's a lot more fun and a more useful way of spending one's noon hour or Saturday afternoon than at a cheap show or in a smoke-saturated atmosphere over a billiard table.

All my life I have liked to get away from urban crowds and prowl in places where the ordinary pleasure seeker cometh not; and I have hereby learned a lot of things that I could not have acquired in any other way. As Edward Bok said of himself, "To go where others could not go, or were loath to go, or where at least they were not, had a tang that savored of the freshest kind of adventure." I haven't made as much money as some folks, but I've had a deal of fun out of my hobbies, and I have gathered a miscellaneous lot of information that has been very useful to me.

I may have acquired the germ of my adventure love by being born in Missouri while the James boys were still operating thereabouts. I remember when a child, hearing the news of the killing of Jesse James, and the excitement that was caused by it. I was still a youngster when in the '80s in company with my father I visited what is now Oklahoma, but what was then the Indian Territory—a vast wilderness with only two lines of railroad entering it, unbroken prairies reaching to the

horizon, many Indians still quite primitive, wolves still to be seen slinking away from the train—it was a great stimulant for a love of adventure. Then we used to go to visit my kinspeople in Kentucky, and my cousins and I would range for miles over the rocky "knobs" of the district, crawling into caves in the side of a hill and perhaps coming out on the other side or at the bottom of a neighbor's well. All these excursions furnished subjects for study, for millions of questions to my parents and much curious speculation.

I am an own brother to that little boy in an engraving which was rather popular several years ago. He was a little country boy in a broad-brimmed hayfield hat, and you felt sure that he had never been very far from home. He was standing, looking wistfully down a country road which wound away past woods and fields and lost itself among gently rolling hills; and he was saying longingly to himself, "I wonder where that road goes!"

Even thus, I always wonder what lies along a course of which I catch only a fascinating glimpse, whether it be a mountain path, or a department of nature study, of human activity, folk lore, ethnology or what not; and it is a matter of regret to me that I have had to cross so many trails without following them to the end.

I have sought and seized opportunities to go through coal mines and mining towns, through steel plants and other great industries, through logging and bridge-building operations. I never have run across a cave that I do not explore if I can get into it and have the time. I have traversed scores of caves in Kentucky and Indiana and not a few in Tennessee. There is a certain cave in the latter state which my wife and I with other friends have visited several times, and to enter which is a real adventure. Its entrance is an irregular perpendicular shaft about twenty feet in depth and a little larger than necessary to admit the passage of a human body. You climb down it by clinging to the irregularities in its sides. At the bottom the passage makes very nearly a right angle, shooting off in an almost horizontal direction. Coming down, you stick your feet out into this passage and work down into a sitting position; then you slide out into the horizontal passage feet first, working along on your back. As the passage grows larger, you can presently sit up, then walk upright, and in a little while you are in a noble avenue with a ceiling from twenty to forty feet above you. This cave has some very curious rock formations and in certain wet spots we found a species of small blind salamanders, the like of which I never saw elsewhere. Almost every cave has its own particular features; and the marvelous effect of water in carving out these subterranean pas-

sages through limestone and then building in them stalactites and crystalline formations of wondrous beauty is a fascinating study.

My wife and I went nearly twenty miles out into a swamp in Louisiana one March day to a spot where two naturalists once counted 112 varieties of birds in a single day. The trip rather stimulated my desire to go to Heaven, for if the celestial choir is any more wonderful or beautiful than the bird chorus was in that Louisiana wilderness, I want to hear it. We also went to swamps and wayside pools on the outskirts of New Orleans to see and take part in the curious sport of crayfishing; for crayfish are one of the favorite delicacies of the table in southern Louisiana. In order to catch crayfish in the swamps, you may have to wade in water up to your middle, but what of it?

While in New Orleans we were fortunate enough to get a trip of several days through some of the wonderful waterways of that vicinity in a gasoline yacht belonging to one of the State commissions. This opportunity did not come and seek me out; I went after it! The officials at first declared it would be impossible for my wife to go because conditions aboard the boat were "rather crude"; and they consented only at the last moment upon my urging that she had roughed it with me in the mountains under probably much worse conditions. Well, we had to hang a sheet across a door between our little bunking place in the forward part of the boat and the rest of the bunch, but that was one of the worst of our inconveniences. The food was excellent, the men courteous but delightfully original. They were all stricken with admiration of Mrs. H. because she was such a good sport. The trip, carrying us through many bayous, lakes, bays and inlets, out into the Gulf, through the delta of the Mississippi and up the great river to New Orleans, was a whole education in itself. We learned volumes about the birds, animals, fish and vegetation of the country, about the trappers, oyster and shrimp fishermen. A trapper, learning that I was an adventure lover, invited me to come down and spend a month or so with him during the trapping season; and only the fact that I have to work for a living has so far prevented my accepting his invitation in part, at least. I am drawn to his invitation the more because of my visit with Johnny, my alligator hunting friend.

I was firmly resolved when I went to New Orleans that I was going to see one of those alligator hunters catch the reptiles with his bare hands. So I inquired for a good man at the business, and presently I found Johnny; and one Monday morning we put plenty of grub in his yawl and rowed mile upon mile up Lake Pontchartrain to



Alligator Bayou and up the bayou to his shack. There I spent two of the most interesting days and nights of my life.

Johnny's "camp," as he called it, was a one-room shack about nine by twelve feet in size, standing on posts five feet above the ground. Back of it stretched the vast, lonely "trembling prairie," or almost treeless marsh, covered mostly with grasses, rushes and other aquatic plants. Johnny's cooking was only fair, and his coffee was the atrociously bitter 'Cajan decoction of the bayous. His bed was not what a housewife would call clean, but I did not discover it to be occupied by any living thing save Johnny and myself; and one night when I lay in it during one of the most terrific rain and electrical storms that I have ever witnessed, when stores in New Orleans were flooded to a depth of five inches, I never felt so snug and comfortable in my life.

Maybe you think that walking across that trembling prairie isn't a strenuous and interesting exercise! Usually you do not sink into the mud any deeper than your shoe-tops, but occasionally you strike a soft spot where your leg sinks in plumb to the hip, and down you go with a "plop," perhaps even splashing mud into your face. The best plan is to step on the bunches of grass and other plants when possible.

I saw Johnny call the 'gators (by imitating their peculiar grunting note) from their dens in the pools of the marsh and catch specimens all the way up to six feet in length; and I rode back towards the city in the yawl with several uncomfortable alligators—their feet tied together and their jaws carefully tied shut—wriggling around over my feet and legs. Horrible!—Repulsive!—say some folks. Not at all! If you've gotten accustomed to adventure, such a thing is just an interesting incident—one you wouldn't have missed for anything!

"How did you find all these things?" ask some of my friends who have been to New Orleans and didn't see anything but the French Quarter and the race track. My reply is that you must know in advance of some of the unusual things that are to be found in various parts of the country, and when you get there, you must keep your eyes and ears open and seek out your adventure.

Some of my most pleasant adventuring has been in the Southern mountains while I was living at their feet in Tennessee. There is no more joyous emprise than a hike into a wild and unfrequented part of the mountains, especially if you take a pack on your back and aiming for the farthest depths of the wilderness, cut loose from civilization for a week or two or three.

Not the least of the pleasures of roaming through these mountains is one's acquaintance with the mountaineers—a people who link us up more closely with the Middle Ages than any other in America. One of the best pals you can have on a hunting or fishing expedition is one of these mountaineers who has known you long

enough to feel perfectly easy in your company. I have been a guest of the mountain people in their homes, and have appreciated their hospitality more than if it had been offered on Fifth Avenue or Lake Shore Drive. No matter if there are thirteen people living in a one-room cabin, they will do their best to entertain the wayfarer.

I have attended mountain dances and have sat through the better part of a two-hour sermon in a mountain church. I have hobnobbed with mountain fishermen on the upper Tennessee River system, and wish I had space to repeat some of the marvelous stories I have heard. I went on my first 'possum hunt after I went to Tennessee. I did not do it because I enjoy hunting or killing any wild thing, but the others were going and I wanted the novelty of the experience; and tramping over hill and dale through those dark, silent, frosty woods in the small hours of the night by the light of an occasional star and one small lantern, with the eager yelping of the dogs in front of us, certainly has its thrill of adventure and the out of doors.

Some of my most hilarious days have been those when I went out to cut a bee-tree. The mountain people get most of their honey supply from wild bees, which live in hollow trees, and in order to rob the hoard, it is necessary to cut down the tree. Usually half a dozen or so persons go along to take part in the affair, and we have had a lot of fun, to say nothing of hard work, at some of them.

Roosevelt was right! The Strenuous Life is the only life that is worth while. He set us an example which the people of America will do well to study and emulate as long as America lasts; a lifetime of study and service and healthy play—of gruelling hard mental labor, interspersed with and relieved by strenuous adventure—visit to earth's remoter and less known parts, which not only renewed him physically, but by reason of his insatiable curiosity, resulted always in an accretion of knowledge for himself and for those of his fellow men who chose to listen to him. He was one who was always asking, "Where does that road go?"—and he rested not until he had learned where it went.

Adventure may be defined as going where people are not or at least are very few, and doing the things that aren't usually done. It doesn't necessarily mean daredevilry, nor foolishly jeopardizing one's life. But let it mean for you a happy combination of vigorous, open-air exercise and sport, of doing something novel and different from your usual routine, and of acquiring knowledge of the people and things that go to make up Creation.

If you can in some measure achieve this happy blend, you will agree with Robert Louis Stevenson that "The world is so full of a number of things,

I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings!"

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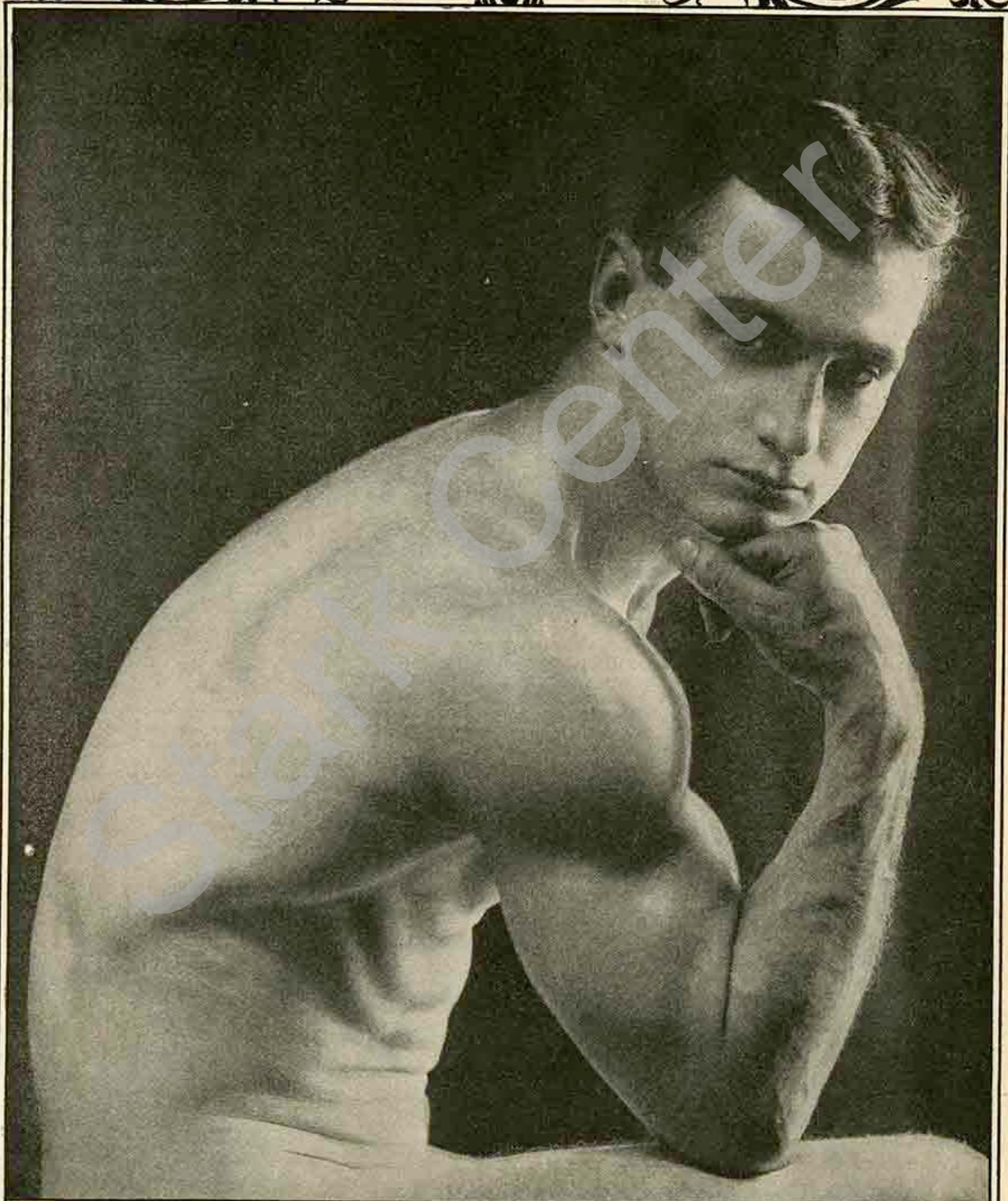
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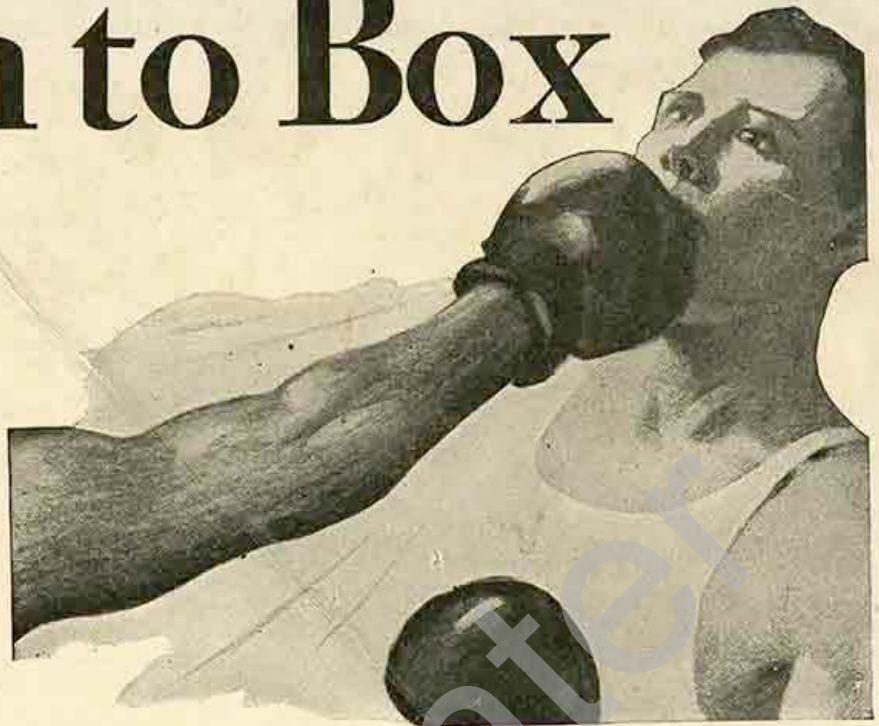
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# Ten Mistakes in English

Thousands of people will make ten mistakes in the simple test shown at the right. Try it yourself.

## How many will YOU make?

HERE is a simple test of your ability to speak and write English correctly. In the panel at the right you will find forty simple points of English that come up every day. Yet the average man or woman will make TEN mistakes!

Take a pencil, run through the list of examples, checking those you think correct. In two instances neither example is right and you will write in the correct answer. Most men and women will make from 10 to 20 mistakes. Those especially good will make no more than 5 errors. See where YOU stand. Let the entire family join in this test. The correct answers appear in the lower panel on this page.

### Poor English Is a Handicap

Persons make mistakes in English unconsciously, for if they knew they were making mistakes, they would correct them instantly. You realize, of course, that imperfect English is an unnecessary handicap, that it limits your opportunities and thwarts your ambitions. It leads others (possibly the very persons whose favorable opinion you most desire) to believe you have been poorly educated and that you lack refinement and culture.

To achieve your ambitions it is essential that you use good English as instinctively as you tie your shoes. Business today demands men and women who can use correct, concise, forceful language. Polite society demands good education, good breeding, good culture, demonstrated by the use of correct, interesting, and convincing language.

Your ability, your culture, your education are measured by your English. Nothing else reveals you more clearly. Few things can have so great an influence on your career. If your language does not make others think the best of you at all times, then it must be improved, so that they will be impressed.

### Stop Making Embarrassing Mistakes

The greatest blame for our imperfect knowledge of English can be laid to the old method of teaching as practiced in the

schools and colleges. This consisted, in effect, in throwing a book of rules at you and saying, "This is the way to learn English."

It is exactly as though you were given a set of tools without lumber and told to build a house. Or as if you were given a needle without thread and told to sew a piece of embroidery. It cannot be done! That is why the old method failed in so many cases to give even a fair command of language. That is why so many men and women are shockingly lacking in the knowledge of the most simple English. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LEARN ENGLISH BY RULES ALONE!

If you adhere to this clumsy cart-before-the-horse way you will always be deficient in English. If you burden yourself with a set of bewildering rules and regulations you will always have to wonder whether you are right, and you will never be sure of yourself.

### A Remarkable Self-Correcting Device

Mr. Cody's 100% Self-Correcting Device does away with every uninteresting and monotonous drill characteristic of the old methods. It is this device which has called forth the highest praise from famous educational experts. The work you do is cut to a minimum. Your progress in acquiring perfect English is amazingly rapid.

This device not only simplifies the

## Which Is Correct?

Correct answer shown in panel below

### 1. Would You Write—

Between you and I I DID it already	or Between you and ME or I HAVE DONE it already
Who shall I call	or WhOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or It's just LIKE I said
The river has OVERFLOWED its banks	or The river has OVERFLOWN its banks
I WOULD like to go	or I SHOULD like to go
I LAID down to rest	or I LAY down to rest
Divide it AMONG the three	or Divide it BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or You will ONLY FIND one

### 2. Do You Spell—

superCede	or superSede	COMbat and comBAT
reclive	or reclve	RECORD and reCORD
repreive	or repreve	CONdict and con-FLICT
dookEYS	or dookIES	AT-trib-ute and at-TRIB-ute
factorIES	or factorYs	PROG-ress and pro-GRESS
repetition	or reptition	PER-mit and per-MIT
separate	or sepbrate	Ac-cent and ac-CENT
atAccomodate	or aCComodate	CON-duct and con-DUCT
traffing	or traffcking	PRO-ceeds and pro-CREDS
acCSessible	or accSessible	

### 3. When Would You Use—

evening	EY-en-ing	or	EVE-ning
ascertain	as-er-TAIN	or	as-CEL-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-ITE-able
abdomen	AB-don-um	or	ab-DO-men
majority	MAY-or-al-ty	or	may-OR-al-ty
assemble	a-ME-n-a-ble	or	a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-cl-i-nate	or	ac-CL-i-nate
profound	PRO-found	or	pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-FISH-ary	or	ben-e-FISI-ary
culinary	CUL-i-nar-y	or	CU-h-nar-y

### 4. How Do You Say—

evening	EY-en-ing	or	EVE-ning
ascertain	as-er-TAIN	or	as-CEL-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-ITE-able
abdomen	AB-don-um	or	ab-DO-men
majority	MAY-or-al-ty	or	may-OR-al-ty
assemble	a-ME-n-a-ble	or	a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-cl-i-nate	or	ac-CL-i-nate
profound	PRO-found	or	pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-FISH-ary	or	ben-e-FISI-ary
culinary	CUL-i-nar-y	or	CU-h-nar-y



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### These Are the Correct Answers to the Five-minute Test

Compare your answers with these

1	2	3	4
Between you and me I have done it already Whom shall I call It's just as I said The river has overflowed its banks I should like to go Lay down to rest Divide it among the three The wind blows cold You will find only one	supercede reclive repreive dokeys factories repetition separate accommodate trafficking accessible	Some words may be used both as nouns and verbs. Although spelled the same they are pronounced differently, the accent falling on the first syllable for the noun, and on a subsequent syllable for the verb. To illustrate: "I was asked to record the record he made."	EVE-ning as-er-TAIN HOS-pi-ta-ble ab-DO-men MAY-or-al-ty a-ME-n-a-ble ac-CL-i-nate pro-FOUND ben-e-FISH-ary CU-h-nar-y

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