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(Signed) E. VAN SLYKE.

[ITS WONDERFUL DISSOLVING POWER UPON A CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.]

MR. ALFRED H. ISHAM:

I hand you a little bottle filled with your "California Waters of Life" in which I placed a kidney stone that I passed about thirteen months ago. It now about seven days since, and is more than half dissolved. (It has since entirely dissolved.)

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# Physical Culture

A monthly publication devoted to subjects appertaining to HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, AND THE GENERAL CARE OF THE BODY.

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BERNARR A. MACFADDEN, EDITOR.

DR. ELLA A. JENNINGS, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

(Formerly Editor of *Humanity and Health*.)

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit suitable for publication in PHYSICAL CULTURE invited. Liberal compensation.

The reader will no doubt note that we are growing in size—also in influence. Our circulation is increasing from one to three thousand per month.

Beginning with this issue Dr. Ella A. Jennings, formerly Editor of *Humanity and Health*, will take charge of a department named after her magazine. As a clear forceful writer and as a lecturer, her equal would be difficult to find. Her experience of over twenty years as a physician in private and dispensary practice, during which time she has treated over two hundred thousand women, gives her a knowledge of the human body in health and disease, that will be of great value in preparing her articles for PHYSICAL CULTURE. The Editor is satisfied that all will appreciate her interesting editorials and articles. She possesses a most striking personality, and her terse, well-rounded sentences are ornamented with originality, virility and a firm faith in her own convictions.

The Editor has received so many inquiries in reference to his lectures

mentioned in the first issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, that a tour is now being arranged. He believes in preaching the religion of health from the rostrum as well as with the pen. These lectures are in every case illustrated with his poses, a few photographs of which appear in this issue.

At the Berkeley Lyceum, Nos. 19-21 W. 44th Street, New York City, on Sunday evening, October 15th, the Editor will preach the GOSPEL OF HEALTH to gentlemen. Subjects of especial interest to men will be dealt with. All readers of the male sex adjacent to New York City are invited to attend. There will be no charge for admission, though a few seats will be reserved at twenty-five cents to accommodate those who are specially interested. These seats can be engaged in advance by mail if desired of W. L. Hawkins, Manager, No. 21 W. 44th Street, New York City.

Later we expect to announce a lecture by the Associate Editor, Dr. Ella A. Jennings, for women.



## THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

I have received many inquiries through the mail in reference to my personal habits and methods I now adopt to retain the vigor and power acquired through physical culture; also in reference to my actual condition before physical culture was adopted as a means of cure. It would take a volume to properly inform my readers in detail of my experience, but that which follows may interest and encourage those now striving for health and strength.

Up to the age of ten I was a weak, sickly child. About this time I was unfortunately left an orphan, and my life for two years was spent on a farm. I was not there to play—I had to work, and the active, out-door life soon made me hardy and strong.

The monotony of farm life was not to my taste, and an opportunity occurred when about twelve years of age to make my home in the city.

Being compelled to assume the responsibility, even at that early age, of earning my own living, I took advantage of a chance to enter business life in the capacity of an office boy. I advanced rapidly, and in a year or two I was entirely occupied with the confining duties required in general office work. I had no chance to play games and indulge in those exercises so necessary to the health of boys of that age.

The result was I gradually declined in health. This physical deterioration was materially assisted because of the gross ignorance—usual to all of that age—in reference to the laws of health and hygiene.

Slowly but surely my physical forces lessened in power. At about the age of sixteen I was a complete physical wreck. I had the hacking cough of a consumptive (one of my parents had died with the disease), which very often kept me awake for hours during the night; my muscular system had so wasted that I



THE EDITOR AT FOURTEEN.



resembled a skeleton; my digestive organs were in a deplorable condition.

Imagine, if you can, the mental state of a boy at this age when in such a condition. If I live to be a centurion there will be no disappointment, no cause for suffering, that will be remembered quite so distinctly as the agony of mind and soul, when at that youthful age I concluded that the health and strength of manhood was never to be mine. The dreams of youthful hopes and ambitions are most serious realities, and if a youth believes that his life has been wrecked, that all his rosy plans for the future are for naught, his hopeless despair can well be imagined.

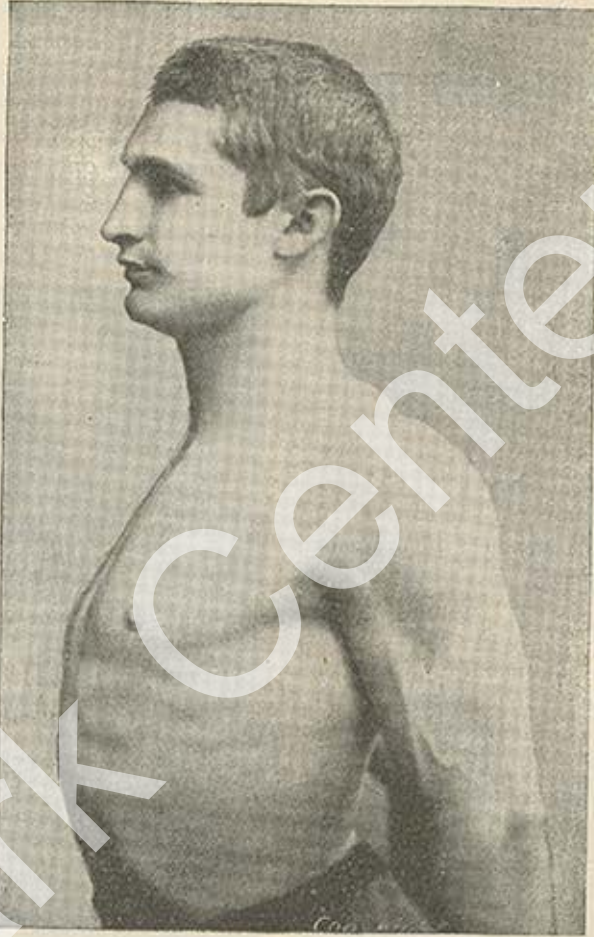
Of course I tried remedies of all kinds. The advice of several physicians was sought. But I grew worse. I have heard it said that there is a condition of insanity where the victim believes that every human being is his enemy, and when the advice of supposed authorities, one after another, is followed without favorable result, there is some excuse even for sane persons to harbor this delusion. My experience at this time caused me to lose faith in all the conclusions of those who influenced or advised me. Their knowledge seemed to be valueless. When an invalid arrives at this condition he is what politicians would term "on the fence." Must he depend on his own conclusions, or must he continue to follow advisers who appear

to be leading to "the rocks of destruction?" On the result of this reasoning will depend his future welfare.

If he decides to follow the advice of others he will be continually changing from one remedy to another, from one mode of life to another, and though ordinary



A GOOD ILLUSTRATION OF THE EDITOR'S PHYSICAL CONDITION AT SIXTEEN.

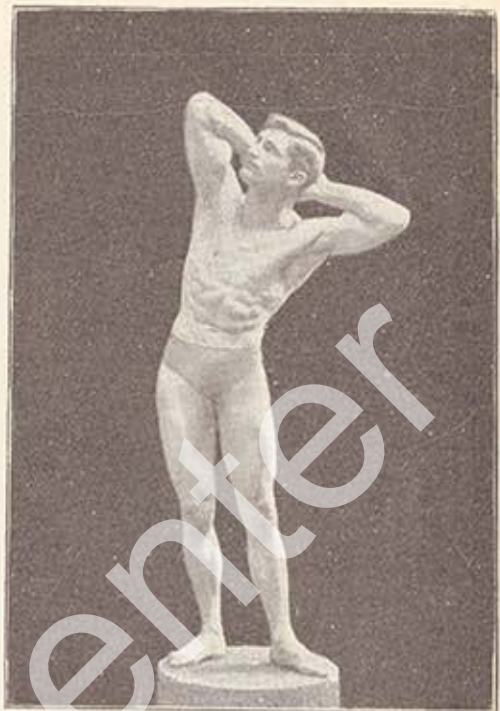
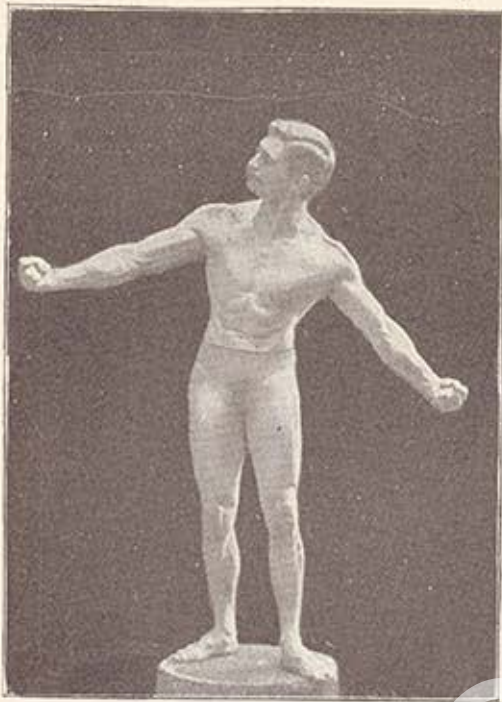


THE EDITOR AT ABOUT EIGHTEEN.

health] may possibly in some cases be regained under such circumstances, every human being's true heritage, the vigor and vitality of superb physical power, will rarely if ever be possessed. But, if he concludes to depend upon himself—if he decides to accept no conclusions,

to adopt no means of cure which does not seem rational to his own mind, then there is a chance for a complete and permanent recovery, and for the requirement and retainment of that health and strength which beautifies, broadens and elevates life.





CLASSICAL POSES OF THE EDITOR.

Photographs by Guerin, 1903.





CLASSICAL POSES OF THE EDITOR.

Photographs by Sarony, 1894.



I was saved from the grave, or from a life of invalidism, because I determined to depend absolutely on myself—vowed that as no one else seemed to be able to benefit me that I would seek in my own way for a remedy. Drugs seemed to be a delusion and a snare. They simply promised cures that they rarely if ever accomplished.

Allow me to take this opportunity of impressing upon the reader the paramount importance of self-dependence. Study your own body—your own peculiarities and tastes—and find out what is best for YOURSELF. Do not accept any statement as truth that does not appeal to your own intelligence. Reason all things to a conclusion, and adhere to that conclusion until you have good reason for changing it. Do not believe anything you see here, or that anyone tells you, unless you can form a similar conclusion by reasoning from the premises. It is better to be wrong than to be right and not be certain of it, for if you are making an error, and are striving for the truth, you will soon learn your mistake, but if you are right, and do not have a firm conviction of the fact, you are liable to deviate at any moment. It is this mental stability that enables one to ascertain the proper rules of life which are so necessary if one expects to retain health under the abnormal conditions connected with modern civilization.

While searching for a means of cure I accidentally visited a

gymnasium. The strength, agility and all-around good health of all those I saw practicing there influenced me to seriously consider muscular exercise as a means of cure. I recalled my experience on a farm. How the active life there had dissipated all my ills, making me hardy and strong, and I soon determined to try the remedy of physical culture.

Immediately after deciding on this course I secured a simple system of exercise and started to work. The first week or two the results were not particularly favorable, but I had faith in the methods and I persisted. In a month a most decided improvement was noted. My hollow cheeks began to fill out, my thin arms were growing round and plump, my emaciated body was adding flesh. The wild joy that thrilled my nerves when I began to feel that health and strength was surely within my reach no words can describe. I was literally dying for the need of exercise, and when that need was supplied day by day, month by month I grew stronger.

My photograph at fourteen—actual likeness—shows the thin cheeks and general indication towards physical deterioration that afterwards resulted so seriously.

The photograph showing my condition at about sixteen is not an actual likeness of myself. In my wildest moments at that time I never dreamed of being an athlete. It is, however, a very good illustration of my physical condition then.



After about six months of persistent work I was in fair physical condition. My enthusiasm increased as I noted the marvelous change in my physical condition. My one object then was fine, vigorous health, and I let nothing interfere with its acquirement. In a year I had acquired considerable strength. In two years I was an athlete of fair ability, as will be noted from the photograph of my physical condition at about eighteen years of age. I made all sorts of experiments to ascertain the effects of different exercises and diets. I tried outdoor athletics and gymnastics as practiced in modern gymnasiums. I found both of value when indulged to a moderate extent.

I finally became interested in wrestling, and surprised myself by winning several prizes in tournaments. A little later I adopted physical culture as a profession, using it mostly in the treatment of diseased conditions, and to prove the correctness of my theories in the power of physical culture to build health and strength, I determined to train and meet some of the best professional wrestlers.

Astounding as it seems, I not only defeated every wrestler of note in my class (welter-weight—my weight was 142 lbs., stripped) at that time in my favorite style, Græco-Roman, but won from many wrestlers of note far heavier than I, the best man among them being the then (1893) accredited champion heavy-weight of Chicago. Out

of probably twenty matches I never lost one single fall at my favorite style. My last public wrestling occurred at the Madison Square Garden in 1894, where, at a benefit for "The World's" Bread Fund, I met the then accredited champion middle-weight catch-as-catch-can wrestler of the world in a ten-minute bout. Though I acceded him his own favorite style, and his weight being about fifteen pounds heavier than mine, he failed to gain an advantage in the contest.

I tell this, not in a boastful spirit, but to show the marvelous possibilities there is in the cultivation of the physical forces. At sixteen doomed to a consumptive's grave, and without a question, had I followed the usual methods, that grave would have opened for me in a short time. At eighteen a fair athlete, and a few years later building up my muscular system to such a state of excellence that I was able to defeat brawny, vigorous giants whom Nature blessed with great strength from babyhood. This is indeed a record that should inspire others to strive for the exhilarating health that is unquestionably within the reach of all. Let it convey a lesson to every reader—let it emphasize the necessity of developing, beautifying and strengthening the body.

In next issue will appear a continuation of this article, in which I will describe my usual methods for retaining the intoxicating health acquired through physical culture.  
—THE EDITOR.



## SOME PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS IN VOICE CULTURE.

By GEORGE RUSKIN PHOEBUS.

It has been demonstrated that the voice known as the falsetto, hard-toned and rasping, and the weak and unpleasant voice, produced by the constant use of head and throat tones, are false voices.

These unpleasant voices are not, save in a very limited number of cases, the result of any natural defects or of any diseased condition of the vocal chords, the larynx or any of the organs used in producing speech, but, on the contrary, are the result in almost every instance of ignorance and careless habits.

One of the greatest causes of the falsetto and head tones and throaty voice is an ignorant and improper method of breathing. All the channels of the anatomy through which the voice is produced must be kept clear and open, the circulation of the blood must be kept healthy and free, and as much attention must be paid to the keeping clean of the internal organs through which sound is produced as is paid to the keeping free from dust or any other obstacles of the wires and pipes of the grand organ.

The voice-producing organs must be looked after thoroughly as to their acoustic properties. If that portion of the anatomy which acts

as the sounding board is out of gear, the result is unhappy. If the voice tones are so improperly placed that they are produced from a mouth not open sufficiently to produce natural, healthy and resonant sound, the effect is immediately apparent upon the ear of the auditor.

Let us then devote our attention for a moment to a study of the methods through which good, strong, healthy tones are produced and by which they are properly located and modulated.

Nature never intended the mouth to serve as the common means of filling the lungs with air and of relieving them from that portion of the air inhaled which the system desires to exhale. Her method of breathing is through the nose. This can be easily demonstrated by watching the breathing of healthy children and of healthy animals. In every instance the breath is taken in through the nose, is carried well down through the lungs and to the diaphragm and is exhaled through the nostrils by the action of the diaphragm and the muscles of the chest. It is only when later on in life one becomes sluggish in his habits and careless, very largely, let us hope, through ignorance, that the mouth is resorted to for



the purposes of inhaling and exhaling the atmosphere, and the result of this habit is invariably the shortening of the breath and the development of a condition very much resembling constant panting. As a result of this, the muscles about the lower chest and the muscles of the diaphragm and stomach are but little brought into use in breathing. This develops a stagnated condition in these parts of the anatomy, and the result is that the area from which the voice is produced is materially lessened, and the voice, as a result, loses the greater portion of its volume.

All this can be easily remedied by a little care and attention and a short period of practice daily in vocal exercises.

It seems almost superfluous to state that cleanliness of the body is an important feature in voice culture, and yet, in order that this very important item to every condition of good health may not be overlooked, it is repeated. No person ever is possessed of a good, strong, resonant and healthy voice whose digestive organs do not perform their functions regularly and whose blood is not in constant and proper circulation, and no one can keep their digestive organs properly regulated nor can they retain healthy circulation of the blood if they neglect the important element of cleanliness of the exterior anatomy.

The bath, therefore, and a proper amount of healthful exercise of all

the muscles of the body is absolutely essential to the possession of a rich and resonant and thoroughly natural voice.

Keep your figure erect. A stooped condition of the shoulders, either in sitting or in walking, contracts the muscles of the chest and the muscles of the stomach, makes them lazy and sluggish, and, as a result, they do not respond when called upon to play the part for which Nature designed them in the production of the voice.

With your shoulders thrown well back, however, your chest expanded and the stomach and diaphragm muscles in the normal position, you are ready to begin the exercises that will restore the resonance and healthy tones of your voice, if, through ignorance and negligence, you have permitted them to become lost chords.

Fifteen minutes per day devoted to breathing exercises will soon bring about healthy habits of breathing, which is essential to the inauguration of the reformed movement in connection with the neglected voice. Place yourself in an erect position, sitting in a straight-backed chair, your shoulders thrown back and your chest expanded, and go through a series of breathing calisthenics for a quarter of an hour, and you will soon note very remarkable changes.

Breathe deeply and be very careful that the breath comes and goes through the nostrils and not through the mouth. In inhaling,



take the breath thoroughly into the lungs, without any special effort toward an unusual expansion of the chest. In inhaling, be careful that the muscles of the stomach and diaphragm are drawn in and not expanded. This is a matter to which especial care should be paid, for, if you will watch yourself, you will find, I fear, that your improper habits of breathing have developed to such an extent that in inhaling the atmosphere into the lungs, you have grown into the habit of expanding and dilating the muscles about the diaphragm and the stomach.

Again, for the purposes of a demonstration of Nature's plans and processes, observe the breathing of a healthy infant. You will always find that the muscles about the child's stomach are drawn in as the breath is drawn in and thrown out as the breath is exhaled. In this way you take the breath completely through the lungs, visiting every section with Nature's great invigorator, fresh air, and aiding wonderfully in giving the whole body free and healthy circulation. Devote about five minutes of your daily quarter of an hour to these breathing exercises. Do not attempt, at the first, to exaggerate by going into breathing calisthenics of any heavy character, such as unusual chest expansion, but simply inhale and exhale, taking long, deep breaths and being careful to utilize the muscles as described. At the end of the five minutes exercise the vocal chords in connection with the

breathing exercises by the utterance of the five vowels, a, e, i, o, u, making each sound with the exhalation of the breath. Inhale through the nostrils, and make the sounds of the vowels with the exhalation, which, of course with speech, will operate both through the nostrils and the mouth. Select the lowest point of the chest as that in which to locate the vowel sounds, keep the mouth well open in pronouncing each sound and continue these exercises daily for a month, and if your voice has heretofore been heady and throaty and unpleasant and weak, you will find a very marvelous and happy change has already set in.

No one need avoid these exercises on the plea of time. If he does not wish to devote fifteen minutes a day, especially to voice calisthenics on the plea of lack of time, let him kill two birds with one stone and take his breathing exercises while he is making his toilet and taking his daily bath.

The two can be very well combined. Try it and see for yourself how splendidly Nature will respond whenever you try to put yourself in harmony with her laws.

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Undoubtedly there is consumption bacillus. . . . But on healthy lung tissue the germ is harmless. A person with healthy lungs might daily breathe millions of the tubercle bacilli without the remotest danger.—*W. E. Forest, M. D.*



## THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Criticisms, MSS., Photographs, etc., invited.

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

*Question:* Can a young man, 20 years of age, increase his height?

*Reply:* You should be able to make a slight increase in height. Take exercises reaching outward or upwards—also those to increase chest capacity. Be careful not to overwork. Some attain full height at this age and cannot acquire more.

*Question:* Is it healthful to swallow the seeds and outer skins of fruit, especially grapes?

*Reply:* There may have been a few exceptional instances where seeds of small fruit have been productive of injury when swallowed, but they are so exceedingly rare that such a possibility is not worth considering. One might just as well stop walking on the street to avoid the danger of a house toppling over on him. The outer skins of fruit are usually very rich in nourishment, and if appetizing and well masticated nothing but good could result from eating them.

*Question:* I suffer greatly from dyspepsia. What books would you advise me to read?

*Reply:* "The New Method," "McFadden's Physical Training," "Eating for Strength," and "Cooking for Health."

*Question:* I am bow-legged. What exercise will help me?

*Reply:* The exercise illustrated on page 143 of July number of PHYSICAL CULTURE will be of great assistance in remedying this trouble. Any exercise which tends to force the leg in proper position will be of advantage.

*Question:* Name a good exercise for reducing the stomach?

*Reply:* Bending forward and backward, and from side to side. All movements using the muscles around the waist line. Exercise No. 12 in my system of training is excellent for this.

Sometime ago I criticised adversely some opinions expressed in the editorial column of the *New York Evening Journal*, but I can most heartily commend the following advice given to a youthful cigarette fiend:

"Endeavor to diminish gradually but absolutely, the number of cigarettes smoked. Cut them off one a day for the first week or the first two weeks, then two a day. But do not try to diminish the dose more rapidly than your strength of will will permit.



As you diminish the number of cigarettes, *increase gradually the amount of physical exercise which you take.* If, as is very likely, you now take practically none at all, *begin very slowly.* Join some boys' athletic club and confide in the gymnastic director. Work under his advice.

*The exercise will give you sleep and will help quiet your nerves.*

You should try to eat more, as your condition improves; eating very slowly and only the simplest food. *But do not force your appetite. Avoid all nerve stimulants—coffee, tea and alcoholic drinks. Sleep with a great deal of fresh air in your room.*

Above all, remember that if you win a victory over cigarettes, it will not be a trivial thing, but an accomplishment to be proud of."

I have taken the liberty of emphasizing in italics that which seemed most important.

I congratulate the *Journal* on the sound advice given, and hope they will in the future still continue to remember that in Nature and natural methods there is a remedy for every ill which is the penalty for disobeying the plain laws of health.

Several scientists recently tested by machinery the physical and mental condition of the children in the Chicago public schools. Their report shows that the brightest and smartest pupils are those with the largest and strongest physique. The dull pupils in nearly every instance being small for their age and physically weak.

I have contended in the columns of this magazine from its first issue that the stronger the physical power—not exceeding normal development—the greater is the opportunity of success in any undertaking requiring mental power. This proves beyond a question the truth of this theory.

The tests showed that up to the age of ten boys and girls increase in strength equally, but after that the boys gain more rapidly.

"That leads to the question," said Dr. Christopher, "whether after that age the sexes should not be separated, as the girls do not gain in strength so as to be able to perform the same tasks as the boys."

Comparison of the height of children of eleven showed that those in the higher grades were several inches taller than those of equal age in lower grades, and the same was true of weight and endurance. From this Dr. Christopher and Principal Andrews deduce that there is a relationship between physical and mental capacity, and they think, therefore, that there should be a physical test not only for admission to the schools, but for each grade.

If you desire to secure exhilarating health and have no money, write us—we may be able to use some of your time in exchange for a year's subscription, books, or whatever you may need.



## ALCOHOL NOT A FOOD.

At the outset the student who endeavors to ascertain the facts in regard to this question, which is of much importance to the human race, is surprised to find such contradictory statements among teachers of physiology in regard to the effects of alcohol. Some say it is a food, others that it is a poison. Some say it is a heat producer, others that it is a heat reducer. It is said by some to be oxidized, by others to be excreted without oxidation.

It may seem strange to find so many conflicting opinions upon a subject which should not offer any remarkable difficulties to modern scientific research, but, after all, it is not so difficult to reconcile these contradictions. A writer in the *Christian Advocate*, who handles the subject in a calm and unprejudiced manner, has the following to say:

"The early experiments, upon which one class of statements is based, were made with the use of alcohol in large doses, while the later experiments, which form the basis of the other class of statements, have been made with small doses. In large doses there is no doubt that the effect of alcohol are abnormal. It reduces temperature; it has injurious effects upon digestion; and, most important of all, it paralyzes the nervous system. This

paralysis shows a wide range of completeness according to the amount of alcohol and the peculiarities of the individual, but it effects nerves, spinal cord and brain alike, and when one is completely drunk the whole nervous system is almost completely paralyzed. When this condition occurs the whole organism is deranged and alcohol deserves the name of poison which is given to it. But, on the other hand, when used in small quantities the effect is different. It may then be oxidized, and furnish heat and energy without apparently producing secondary abnormal effects. Based upon experiments with small quantities, the statement is made that it is a food, and herein is the reason for the contradiction of statement.

"But to state that alcohol in any quantity is safe is a woeful misinterpretation. No one can yet state at what point the secondary injurious effects begin, and no one can state what is a small and what a large dose. Further than this, it is certain that as commonly used by the American people it is not used in quantities so small that its secondary abnormal effects are not produced. As commonly used by our people its action becomes abnormal, and there is thus considerable justification for the name of



poison which is applied to it. Alcohol is not used as a food. It is used always for its influence upon the nervous system, and one of the well-known results is that, at least among Americans, the use of alcohol in small amounts is almost sure to pass speedily into its use in larger quantities. When used in quantities sufficient to produce a flushed skin it is pretty safe to say that its secondary abnormal effects have begun."

It should be added, on this subject, that the change of opinion regarding alcohol that has taken place in the medical world during the past half century is quite significant and striking. Fifty years ago the physician was a rare exception who would not prescribe alcoholic stimulants, in more or less liberal quantities, to invalids and convalescents, whereas now a majority of the most experienced physicians are inclined to dispense with alcohol, or at least, to use it with great caution and in small doses.

There are, undoubtedly, cases where the administration of a small dose of spirits is of decided value, from a medical standpoint. For instance, when a man is on the point of collapse from drowning or great exhaustion. There are some cases where it may be to a man's advantage to jump from a three-story window, but it is better to utilize the stairway when it is available.—*Saturday Times and California Mirror.*

#### A LITTLE SERMON ON ART.

"Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel or under a bed, but on a candlestick." Stand up simply and normally. Let the poise of your body, the centre of your breathing, the natural responsiveness of your whole body, act in normal relations with thought and feeling. Concentrate your mind and heart. Let the life of your being, the living processes of your thought and emotions, show themselves simply and sincerely. How many put their light under a bed of indifference, for fear of doing something ridiculous. Others place a bushel of exaggerated tones, of mechanical actions, on the living processes of mind and heart. The very tones of the voice, the very modulations of the face and body, which are the natural agents of the soul, the candle of the soul, are forced and strained and exaggerated, and the light is hidden. Let no bushel of declamation, of mechanical rules and conventional manipulations of self-consciousness dim the simple light of truth burning in your heart. Be simple. Trust your instincts. Let your light shine simply, directly, genuinely. Have faith in the power of thought and feeling. Put your light upon its own normal and intended candlestick, and do not be afraid that the light will be feeble. To you it may seem dim and local, but "how far that little candle throws its beams."

—*Expression.*



## "HUMANITY AND HEALTH."

WOMENS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY ELLA A. JENNINGS, M. D.

*(Formerly Editor of Humanity and Health.)*

**SALUTATORY.** It is a great privilege to be able to again talk to a large reading public. It takes no more effort through the pen to speak to twenty thousand than to one person.

The inventor of the pen conferred a million fold greater boon upon humanity than the inventor of the gun.

One is the instrument of education, the aid to emancipation, the means whereby liberty, fraternity and equality may be presented to the people and public opinion moulded for good.

The gun is a weapon of destruction, a missile of death, the cruel combination of gunpowder and force, whereby innocent and foolish men are sent prematurely and unprepared into eternity. Give me the pen as my weapon, ye who prefer the sword or gun. The pen that never wearies of pointing to better and higher things; the pen that draws inspiration and hope with each drop of ink; the pen that feels it is a power to educate and mould public opinion.

For five years I spoke to the readers of *Humanity and Health* through my pen and made many warm friendships, and retain the most

pleasant memories of my work in its pages.

Instead of reviving it at present, as I had thought of doing, I accepted an offer from the editor of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, to be editorially associated with him.

Physical culture has always been one of my hobbies, even before it was known by that name. As a child I delighted to jump off barns, climb six foot fences, tall trees, slide down haystacks, walk on stilts, and train with the big boys and never let any of them do anything I could not, even to sawing wood on wagers and shoveling snow or any other muscular sport.

The value of a thing is in its practical application. How much good will it do? What will it accomplish?

Physical culture is to the body what strong girders and stone and iron supports are to the houses we live in. We must have a solid foundation before we can build a substantial house. We must have exercise of all the body before we can have grace, symmetry or strength. The reason we see so few fine physiques is want of development.

Undue activity of brain and poorly nourished bodies, or too much



physical at the expense of the mental and moral natures.

To be a perfect man or woman all parts of our being must be duly developed.

Man is fourfold.

Health is physical, mental, moral and spiritual. If any of these are out of balance we cannot have a perfect man or woman.

Rounded out, complete and perfect men and women are rare, yet they should be the rule.

The object of this magazine is to help them become so.

To work with you to establish a gospel of health and a religion of comfort, that life may become a joyous thing and health be as general as disease is at the present time.

To work in harmony with nature is to become *strong, capable and happy*.

The editors of this magazine differ widely in many of their ideas, hence each is responsible only for his or her own views, as expressed in their departments.

We combine heartily upon the subject of health, exercise and food, three important departments of intrinsic value and indispensable factors in your life.

Instead of reviving *Humanity and Health*, I will incorporate all my strength and ideas into the live PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine, believing my old readers will gladly co-operate with this arrangement, which gives me opportunity to write without the overstrain that destroys. I bespeak a most hearty

welcome and cordial co-operation from all former friends of *Humanity and Health*.

The best thing that Robert G. Ingersoll ever said was "That he would make health catching instead of disease."

That health is, like good humor, contagious, Mr. Ingersoll must have seen in his own life. His superb health, bounding spirits, hope and courage all came from his vital temperament. He was a perfect fountain of sunshine and happiness. He communicated his spirit of kindness and love to all with whom he came in contact. He was a reservoir of physical, mental and moral strength, and he radiated it abundantly upon every tired or depressed soul.

#### HE SOOTHED THE CROSS BABIES

on trains, he sympathized with unhappy and unjustly-treated women, he arrayed himself with the unpopular minority.

Though he did not recognize his own spiritual nature, he possessed a very large one, and exemplified the principles of Christ in his home life. His moral record is absolutely without a stain. He was the best of husbands and fathers, his devotion was untiring.

Personally, I do not agree with Mr. Ingersoll's religious views, for I accept the Fatherhood of God, as well as the brotherhood of man. While he rejected the former, he



practised the teachings of Christ in his daily relations of business and social life.

His heart was full of love for all mankind ; he shared the bounties of his purse with all who needed help. He lived close to the heart of the God whom he disclaimed.

He rejected all faiths that he could not square with his analytical mind, but he certainly lived the principles taught by the Nazarene.

It took moral courage to stand where he did, and it required mental conviction and physical strength to sustain the long continued and constant assaults to which his avowed beliefs subjected him.

His success as an orator was largely due to his perfect health, that strength that results from a good digestion, assimilation, nutrition and circulation.

His was the sanguine or vital temperament that gives to the world its orators and sunny men and women.

He ought to have lived a century at least, but such natures are tempted to overwork, and feeling an inexhaustible strength, they go too far and snap the chain of life.

The Gospel of Good Health and the religion of comfort would produce better men and women. We have theology for authority in claiming that the gospel of health is divine. Christ healed and restored ; we must do the same. When health shall become general, crime will disappear and punishment or restriction cease to be necessary.

HEALTH SHOULD BE MADE THE FIRST CONSIDERATION IN OUR HOMES.

In our public and private schools, in our religious and social life. In fact, it should be taught that to be sick or diseased physically or mentally is as unnatural, unnecessary and unjustifiable as to be morally a transgressor or law breaker.

SICKNESS IS AN ADMISSION OF WRONG DOING.

Public health means public morality, public good, public happiness and prosperity.

We have municipal health boards to regulate, control and stamp out dangerous diseases.

We have demonstrated that sanitary measures will overcome even yellow fever, cholera, smallpox and all other plagues.

Let us have health departments in all our schools to prevent sickness as well as to control it.

To teach our children that care of the body is more important than all other studies.

Carriage of the person, how to breathe properly, sit erect, walk, sleep and live. That sloping shoulders and contracted chests are disgraceful marks of carelessness and laziness.

That we have no more right to present a mishapen body than torn and soiled clothes or linen.

OUR BODIES REFLECT OUR SOULS.

When people fully comprehend that our bodies really represent our inner or soul life, they will straighten up and try to look more worthy outwardly of the inner



jewel that all persons would have their souls to be thought. If we would be beautiful externally, we must cultivate noble thoughts, aims and aspirations, and if we have these we require a fitting tenement in which they may reside and expand.

That by our thoughts, food, drink and exercise we write ourselves upon this human temple, that he who can judge may read. By a study of the faces and bodies we meet upon the cars, in the streets, at theatres, lectures, operas and churches we gather an exalted or degraded opinion of our fellow-men and women.

HOW MANY GODLIKE MEN AND  
WOMEN DO WE SEE IN A  
MORNING'S WALK?

Are there not more stooped, pale, anemic apologies of men and women than magnificent specimens of health?

Yet we all should be gods and goddesses of HEALTH, strength and beauty.

We all should look as if life in itself were a blessing. Our walk should be joyous, our step light and our whole being radiant with strength, courage and happiness.

What does the carriage of most men and women indicate? Vacillation, weakness, irresolution, cowardice.

A good walker on Broadway creates a sensation! people turn and look after him.

When Duke Alexis, of Russia, was here some twenty-five years ago, the general remarks of him were: "He walks like a god; he looks like a king; he is the picture of health; how beautiful he is; what a handsome man." These were the impressions created by a young man in perfect physical health.

PHILLIPS BROOKS WAS A MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN OF MANHOOD.

He realized that he was a manifestation of the divine, and that he must exemplify the godlike in his personal life and personal bearing.

HOW CAN WE MAKE YOU ALL REALIZE  
THIS TRUTH?

How can we stimulate you to become noble monuments to God's power, and not mere apologies of men and women?

How make you feel that life is a glorious opportunity to demonstrate the good, beautiful and true, in your walk, your talk, your acts.

STAND UP!

God made man upright! *Inspire*, keep inspiring deep, strong and full breaths.

SLEEP WITH YOUR WINDOWS OPEN.

Work with your windows open. Wash your person daily. Cleanliness is godliness.

Don't fear air or water. They both possess intrinsic value for you.

Make a devotion of gymnastic exercises.



Put prayer, the prayer of action, into them.

Cultivate the consciousness of your relationship to the Creator.

Ask yourself if you are a worthy child of such a Father?

This realization of kinship will make you strong, manly and noble.

*Keep it ever before you: I am God's child. He is my Father.*

### CHILD CULTURE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes once replied to a patient's enquiry, When should I have begun to train my child? "His training ought to have been commenced THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

In other words, that child's ancestry was bad, was very bad, and had been neglected so many generations that it was apparently almost a hopeless case.

But Nature is reparative, is remedial, is kind. She works with us if we give her the opportunity.

All children differ in temperament, in inherited tendencies and in readiness to improve.

When we realize the importance of good heredity and good environment, we shall then produce superior children with the same certainty we now predict the speed, temper and stature of our blooded horses.

Then the world will progress and life will be worth living. Child study is becoming an important feature through the new methods of education, first introduced by

that benefactor of children, Froebel, the man who practically applied the kindergarten principles to the education of children.

### OBJECTIVE TEACHING

Is the true method in all departments of knowledge. The eye remembers faces, but the ear forgets what it hears.

Names, once heard, do not remain like faces photographed upon the retina of the eye.

We have a proof of the benefit of object teaching, not only in increased memory and the pleasure of learning by little kindergarteners, who enjoy their studies and play combined, but in the mental, physical and manual training it gives to them.

Another great advantage is that the child's natural abilities are demonstrated so plainly that the future trade or profession is easily selected by the preference or aptitude evinced while in school.

Embryo artists, architects, machinists, dancers, teachers and housekeepers are developed by the training incidental to their school life.

Objective teaching should govern all instruction, making tasks easy and study a recreation and pleasure.

We should go to school all of our life, for life is one long school with experience for our teacher. The lessons are sometimes severe, and we protest, but the greater the obstacles, the greater the success or victory.



When we have conquered self, we can then help others.

We can always help by our kindly thoughts, encouraging words and helpful acts.

Little children are especially sensitive to thought influence; they are mostly psychics and hence feel acutely the power of thought, especially in those they love.

DON'T WITHHOLD PRAISE.

Don't be afraid of lavishing too much kindness or good words upon your child; they are to its soul what the sunshine and dew are to the plants. Vivify it into life—new, richer, fuller, nobler, life.

Make it flourish and grow larger.

Love is especially essential to the young life. Love and obedience—they can be harnessed together.

They travel side by side; we are all children and must obey. If we adults do not obey Nature's laws, we get a sharp pain as a reminder that we are disobedient children and must right about face and rectify our mistakes.

STUDY NATURE MORE AND BOOKS LESS.

Study how to bequeath a great inheritance of health and goodness to your children. Make them royal children, with a sound body and mind and a rich, full heart and soul. Make them beautiful, then they will repay you and bless the world.

WHAT HUMANITY NEEDS AND I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

Business conducted upon an honest basis, and no man or woman taking advantage of the necessity or needs of another.

All questions of general interest judged by the standard of right and wrong, instead of the selfish policy of expediency and self interest.

All women refuse to follow the fashion, unless comfort, common-sense, convenience and utility demanded it.

The abolishment of trains upon the street. Street-sweeping by dresses being a nuisance and unsanitary, should be declared a misdemeanor and punishable by law.

Shoes for comfort and to fit the anatomy of the foot. Not those which destroy its beauty and curtail its power to walk gracefully and rapidly.

The wearing of high heels and pointed toes relegated to the dark ages, where they belong, and the spinal and nervous affections which resulted from them replaced by rosy cheeks, bounding steps and renewed health.



Walking become a favorite exercise and men and women enter into it with spirit and pleasure, instead of a listless saunter devoid of character.

When it shall be considered a disgrace to be sick and doctors will only be required for surgery and midwifery.

Early retiring and early rising the universal habit of all men and women as well as children.

Alcohol and morphine used only to smooth the passage to the grave or restore the heart's action when apparent death has occurred.

Simplicity of living, plainness of food and becomingness of attire generally adopted.

The Gospel of Health and Happiness and how to attain it taught in

our churches, colleges, schools and homes.

The church and school work hand in hand, reason, science and religion help each other; there is nothing irreconcilable in the three, they are correlative.

When entertainment will consist more of a mental and spiritual interchange of thought and feeling, purposes and plans, than of big dinners.

When people will become more eager to help or give to each other than to take from or out of each other.

That people reason on a plane of reciprocity or mutuality that all one-sided or unjust things carry within themselves the element of their own destruction that only the mutual, true and just prevail or become permanent.

## HEALTH—BEAUTY—HAPPINESS.

The Sinuous Grace of Superb Womanhood  
destroyed by the world's greatest curse

### FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

#### WHY SUFFER FROM THEM?

Our Health Suppositories will absolutely cure you, make you well and strong. Give you all the beautifying, exhilarating influence of intoxicating health. Send \$1.00 for a trial box. Send stamp for free booklet on Health and Beauty.

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Room 308, 1123 Broadway.

New York City.



## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

## THEIR POWER FOR GOOD.

ELLA A. JENNINGS, M. D.

Few among physicians or laity recognize the value of music in the restoration to health.

This is especially true of mental and affectional states requiring medical care.

Some day we shall have musical cures, as we now have rest cures, water cures, grape cures, and hospitals for the insane.

Some twenty years ago a woman came to my office, who, upon a careful examination, presented grave symptoms of insane delusions.

She was living with her husband's people, her husband and son having died. She was dependent upon the mother-in-law's bounty. They had not spoken to each other for five years, except when business interests compelled them to exchange words.

They were people of large means, and she was in legal warfare to obtain what would have belonged to her through her husband and the boy who was his heir. There had been no will made, and the child having died soon after the father, his people were trying to withhold the property, or her legitimate share of it.

She firmly believed they were trying to poison her, and would not partake of any food except that prepared by herself. This occasioned

very bitter feelings, and led to complete estrangement, with hostile or armed neutrality between them.

Her case interested me. I was a young physician and had a tendency toward the study and treatment of mental maladies. After carefully noting all her symptoms in my diagnosis book and prescribing for her, a second appointment for the third day thereafter was made, during which time I would decide upon a course or policy of treatment after a thorough study of her case. She returned the third day, and after a few more inquiries into her state, I said, "Mrs. F., do you love music?"

Her face, which had been sullen, hard and dull, with a malignant and cunning look in the eyes, assumed a new expression and she manifested great interest and pleasure. In order to test the effect of music upon her and to see if the inspiration that came into my mind was correct, I invited her to spend the night with me and we would go to the opera together.

During the entire evening I studied her closely, and was convinced that in music principally depended a cure or restoration of the mind gone astray.

My prescription was a month of music each night and three or four hours of picture gallery visiting





MISS MARGUERITE HALL.

each day, with the indicated medicine, which in her case proved to be Ignatia, our grief remedy, and I am delighted to say that not only was she completely cured, but her case led me to use the knowledge thus gained with many subsequent patients with success. She won her lawsuit, Judge Donohue ruling that she was entitled to inherit the boy's share, and she is now a perfectly restored and tranquil woman.

Had her mind not been taken from her troubles and she gotten

out of her morbid condition through the magic of music, it is my opinion she would soon have been committed to an insane asylum to end her days.

Mental diseases, and most disease is mental before it manifests in the physical, require a total change of the current of thought, a reversal, as it were, of all previous and present conditions.

She had had seven years of grief, isolation and rebellion against her husband's relatives, which resentment operated upon her brain until she was possessed with the delusion that they were conspiring against her life.

Fortunately the inspiration she evinced and manifested in her face at the mention of music proved the remedial agent of health. Thinking this suggestion may be helpful to other physicians I have cited it in our first article upon the "Power of Music for Good."

All admit that music soothes, charms and wins even the savage heart. Note its effect upon the little child. See how quickly it becomes interested and amiable





THUEL BURNHAM.

through the tones that attract and win its heart.

We regard music as a therapeutic agent of great value, and as such shall give considerable space to this department in PHYSICAL CULTURE. Through the kind courtesy of Mr. Charles L. Young, editor of *The Artists' Gazette* and manager of a galaxy of stars, we were introduced to several of his attractions, and present some of them to our readers.

Miss Marguerite Hall, whose intellectual and picturesque face, combined with her well-trained and exquisite voice, its purity, range and wide experience in study, with a most charming

personality, has enabled her to capture the hearts of her listeners and make them her friends.

She has made a special study of English, French, Italian and German songs. She is equally popular in London, Paris and New York. That critical censor, *The Boston Transcript*, said of her recently:

"Her phrasing is perfectly natural and therefore artistic; she instinctively throws the stress upon the musical centre of gravity of a phrase, treating her beautiful voice as the means to a musical end. Add to this her unmistakable and persuasive warmth of musical temperament, and you find in her a song singer like few. Where the musical effect was of itself sufficient to the



JOSEPHINE SULLIVAN.





ANNA E. OTTEN, VIOLINISTE.

dramatic ends of the song, she was simply masterly."

Thuel Burnham is a young artist that has won the distinction of the title the American Paderewski. This is indeed a great compliment for one so young to obtain. He has a very attractive face and interesting personality, and has captured the press completely. From all quarters the universal verdict is, "A young artist of great promise. The brilliancy of his playing produced a marvelous effect; he is a musical genius. He held the audience spellbound; he is an inspired artist and has a brilliant future." These are some of the press quotations out of hundreds, and if half the success promised is verified his future is assured.

It is said that his classical music appeals to those who do not care for the classic.

All stringed instruments can be made to yield sweet music. They seem peculiarly suited to the deft fingers of woman. Miss Sullivan, the famous Irish harpist, studied the harp for five years, enjoying the unusual distinction of being introduced to an American audience by Lady Aberdeen at the World's Fair.

She was born in Dublin and inherits the warm, artistic, creative nature of the sons and daughters of Erin.

Mr. Holstein has achieved great success as a violinist, having had personal instruction from Hubay, of Buda Pesth. He plays with great vigor and naturalness, and is able to carry his hearers with him in his remarkable rendition of the great masters. His interpretations of the composers show not only the genius he possesses, but great application and study.

The violin, next to the human voice, possesses soul and seems like a living harmony when played by a genius. It talks, breathes, appeals and inspires. We are glad to see



women taking it more generally as a study and excelling in the power to produce its sweetest strains.

Miss Anna E. Otten, violiniste, possesses one of the sweetest personalities combined with rare

Otten has endeavored to do as much for herself as God has done for her. She is the possessor of a genuine Stradivarius, which ambition most violinists hope to attain.

Everyone admires courage, and it



CHARLES HOLSTEIN.

genius. She is in love with her profession, and carries a zeal or enthusiasm into her playing that is infectious. Her audience is enchanted. Her freedom in using the bow is said to be unusual among women. Nature has been prodigal in both genius and beauty, and Miss

takes some of this quality to appear at a moment's notice and play difficult parts without a rehearsal.

This lady is a native of our Empire State, Rochester being her birthplace. She was trained in Boston and Germany, being a pupil of Otto Dressel and a member of



the Bach Club at seventeen. She replaced Marie Brema in an emergency without rehearsal, and sang the part so well that the orchestra laid down their instruments and applauded her vociferously, she so

face evinces strength of character, intelligence and soul. Human faces are books that we could read if we knew how to interpret intelligently. No class of people, unless it be physicians, give so liberally of



CAROLINE GARDNER CLARKE.

astounded them by her marvelous performance.

Miss Clarke has sung with the New York Philharmonic Club, the Brooklyn Apollo, and is familiar to the metropolitan music lovers. Her

time and services to those requiring aid as do artists. They are ever ready with purse and song to relieve suffering, assist genius and help humanity.



## MR. GLADSTONE AS AN ATHLETE.

Strictly speaking, the title of this article is a misnomer, for Mr. Gladstone was never an athlete. That he might have excelled in sport just as he excelled in brain work was pretty clearly shown by his marvelous physique, which enabled him to undergo a surprising amount of fatigue up to almost the very end of his life. Nowadays, the word athlete seems imply that a man devotes himself to specializing one or, at most, two or three branches of sport or games; and though we qualify the all-round average performer as athletic, we never call him an athlete. Mr. Gladstone was, therefore, more athletic than an athlete, and no one who looked upon his erect spare figure and powerful frame could doubt that he was in training all his life, and that there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones.

The idea was always prevalent that Mr. Gladstone was opposed to all kinds of sport, because he was seldom or never present at any of the great race meetings, unlike Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby and Lord Roseberry, and because he made some slighting references in the House to the "sport which honorable gentlemen opposite have a greater knowledge of and take a

greater interest in than myself." Neither was he ever known to pay any attention to cricket or football, or to any of the up-river regattas. But for all that he was a great believer in every form of outdoor work, and always encouraged his sons in physical exercises and in all kinds of manly sports, distinguishing very strongly between those which he considered manly and those which he held to be the reverse. To many people it was a bit of a surprise when, in the seventies, it became known that he had taken to cutting down trees, for not only was he then advanced in years, but to the public mind he had always been a man of books and the study, and not a man whose past life had shown any signs of being such as to fit him for any violent form of physical exertion after his sixtieth year. But the fact was that Mr. Gladstone had always been very fond of walking, and so had kept himself in good trim, while the energy which he put into a speech, or, in fact, into whatever he was doing, prevented his muscles from getting slack or soft.

There is no record that Mr. Gladstone ever did anything athletic at Eton, but then he was at school in an age when the cult of



athletics was by no means so advanced or so popular as it is at present, so that there is nothing surprising in that. Neither rowing, nor cricket, nor football were so part and parcel of a boy's existence as they are nowadays, and it was possible for a lad to go through his school life without being a devotee of games, a state of things which, however abnormal it might seem nowadays, was the ordinary course at the commencement of the century. But at Oxford Mr. Gladstone used to scull, and particularly in company with Arthur Hallam, the friend of Tennyson. This fact in itself, at a time when the races were only just beginning, and when the Oxford University Boat Club was not in existence, showed that he had a passion for outdoor exercise, and was by no means a mere book-worm. He also did a little rowing, but his chief pastime was walking, at which he was always extremely proficient. In the days before the Queen came to the Throne, walking was almost the only active exercise in which a student could indulge, for hunting, to which most of the more energetic of the undergraduates devoted themselves, took up more time than a reading man could spare from his work. Mr. Gladstone, however, rode a little at the University; and, in after life, when he had gone down, and before politics and his work in the House of Commons absorbed such a large proportion of his time, he used to be very fond of riding and shooting.

Rowing, however, he had to give up, and gradually, too, he abandoned riding and shooting, as the time at his disposal got less and less. Later on in his life he took to cutting down trees on the Harwarden Estate, and pursued that means of recreation with all the intense energy which he carried into every walk of life. The idea of the Prime Minister as a woodcutter struck the imagination of the people, and the picture of Mr. Gladstone in his shirt sleeves felling a tree was one of the popular commonplaces of the day. That a man of past sixty should have been able to indulge in such a violent form of exercise spoke volumes for the care which Mr. Gladstone had always taken of himself, and for the system of informal training in which he regularly lived.

Few pursuits involve such violent exertion as cutting down trees, and as Mr. Gladstone was endowed with marvelous vitality and with an excellent physique, the hard manual labor no doubt did him an immense amount of good, and prevented his strength from being sapped by too much brain work in the House of Commons and in his study. But apart from woodcutting and tree-felling, Mr. Gladstone always took an immense amount of exercise in whatever he did. He was seldom still, and restless energy was characteristic of his whole existence. It was a favorite theory with him that when wearied out by one pursuit, a change of action was the



best possible rest. He did not believe in inaction or in sluggishness, and it is on record that he once gave the following instance as an example of the truth of his theory, that varied work is the best antidote of weakness. "There was a road leading out of London on which more horses died than on any other. Inquiry revealed the fact that it was perfectly level. Consequently in traveling over it the horses used only one set of muscles." Herein lies the secret of the apparently inexhaustible amount of work which he was able to get through. He did not work only one set of muscles and let all the others get atrophied, but worked mind and body regularly and as far as possible equally, having regard to the walk in life which he had undertaken to follow.

In fact, Mr. Gladstone really followed out a system of physical culture of his own. In a letter to a correspondent he gave the secret of long life, which may be paraphrased in the old saying, "Low living and high thinking." He was always an abstemious man, and may be said to have been in training all his life, and so though not an athlete was yet always athletic. For a man who had not followed some intelligent method of Physical Culture, however empirical, the mere strain of the continuous brain work and the long speeches which Mr. Gladstone used to make on his electioneering campaigns, and when piloting a bill through the House of

Commons, would have been absolutely impossible. If his bodily health had been feeble, not only would the practice of tree-felling have been out of the question, but also the large quantities of literary work which he managed to get through. But as Mr. Gladstone's life work was mental and not physical, only that amount of strength culture was necessary which would enable the body to support the strain and fatigue placed upon it by the constant exercise of the mind. This amount Mr. Gladstone invariably obtained, and it was owing to his splendid physique that he was enabled to live within measureable distance of ninety years of age, in spite of the great strain which he must have placed upon his constitution during the sixty years which he spent in a Parliamentary life of unexampled and unparalleled activity.—*Physical Culture.*

The soul obtains its life and nourishment through physical and health culture, and mental and spiritual development are not by any means independent of hygiene and dietetics.

The old theology of the church has so instilled into the minds of the race that it is a Christian grace to be submissive, passive, sickly, humble, etc., in order to get to heaven that few care much about making their heaven here.—*Prof. V. J. Hills, S. C.*

Inactivity propagates physical filth.



## THE SCHOOLGIRL'S HEALTH.

A child under the age of ten seldom complains of indisposition except as the symptom of an illness, while after a few years of school life headache, nervousness, dyspepsia anemia are some of the ills that call for treatment.

Were the sanitary conditions of the schoolroom properly looked into, were the causes which produce these ills removed, and they can be by the intelligent care of the teacher, assisted by the home influence, a healthier generation of young women would be the result.

The school life which often compels the child to breathe vitiated air, not because pure air is out of reach, but because, either through ignorance or inattention, the room in which so many, many hours of life are spent are either badly ventilated or not ventilated at all.

The air of a schoolroom should be changed continually. By lowering the window sash an inch or two from the top and keeping it in this condition pure, fresh air is brought into the room and inhaled by the children, while the air which they have breathed, and which is no longer fit for rebreathing, being lighter, rises and so passes away and out. Even in the coldest weather, due care being taken that no child is placed in a draught, this practice should continue, and if the

room be kept at proper temperature, about 70 degrees, there will be no danger of colds. Again, an occasional five minutes or longer recess in the schoolroom, playground or yard, devoted to breathing and calisthenic exercises would go a long way to prevent that nervousness and headache which often afflict young schoolgirls.

This hygienic care, especially during the tender years of a child, when she is unable to help herself, is entirely in the province of the teacher, and if she is conscientious she not only looks after the mental development of her charges, but to their physical well-being also.

Another blighting influence calls for both home and school treatment. During the long confinement within the schoolroom a child often falls into faulty habits of sitting and standing, which, continued year after year without correction, are bound to result in permanent and sometimes serious deformities.

The round shouldered, flat-chested schoolgirl with pale, sallow cheeks is far too frequent a sight, as are others with one shoulder higher than the other, or a high stomach, or various degrees of curvature of the spine. The school life, as I have said, is not entirely responsible for these habits, but



when they present themselves in the schoolroom they should be rigorously and intelligently dealt with. Desks and chairs of proper height and construction should be furnished, and if not voluntarily provided they should be insisted upon; and this, together with the breathing of fresh air and an intelligent amount of exercise, should correct and lessen errors in physical development, remove those complaints from which children suffer and do away with that oft-heard cry, "overstudy."

#### HOME EXERCISE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In every home where there are growing children there should be some part of the house set aside for their particular use, where their toys and games are stored and where they and their older sisters and brothers may go through a variety of exercises which will strengthen and develop them. Especially is this sort of thing to be encouraged with delicate girls, and intelligent direction to fit particular needs may be given by the older members. When active exercise is first begun it must be very gradual, else injury may result.

Walking and dancing develop the lower extremities, and running not only develops the limbs, but the breathing capacity. Young girls who are flat-chested should be encouraged to skip, hop and run, and so stimulate to greater activity the lungs; since all effort to enlarge

the chest must first come from within, the extra number of respirations called for in these modes of exercise expand the ribs, which carry with them the walls of the chest. All breathing exercises are beneficial.

For proneness to round shoulders or general weakness of the spine, all exercise which calls for a backward motion or a side motion, meanwhile maintaining a perfect balance, will straighten and strengthen this part of the body.

The direct results of exercise are seen in the action of the heart and lungs. Active exercise increases the circulation, stimulates the action of the pores, and thus improves the complexion, aids digestion, encourages the appetite, and so regenerates and builds up the muscle tissue that the bony framework of our body is hastened to development and growth, while the benefit to the nervous system is particularly marked.

When the exercise can be taken in the fresh air and sunshine it is far preferable, but there are some four or five months when the playroom must be used.

To the outdoor sports of the little ones might be added rowing, which brings into play more muscles than any other exercise; bicycling in moderation, horseback riding, swimming, archery, tennis, and even the much despised croquet, which for delicate girls serves at least to introduce physical exertion.—*American Queen*.



## THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.)

## CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, yes," says the mother; "I'll put corsets on my daughter at twelve. She must have a pretty figure. I never let her romp around. It's so unladylike. Don't you think so, Mrs. Emptyhead?"

"Yes," replies Mrs. Emptyhead. "There is my dear Blanche. She has such a nice figure—so small at the waist and tapers so nicely. Deformity, headaches and physical weakness are of no consequence. My daughter must learn fancy accomplishments and acquire a corseted figure," so the conventional mother thinks.

"When I see those delicate, sickly, white-faced girls, with their stiff, unyielding, shapeless figures, scrawny arms and thin necks, I remember that every one could have been a magnificent woman if influenced by proper conditions. Cursed by a wrong idea of civilization; by perverted views of an education; by being taught to avoid sunshine, fresh air and exercise, absolutely essential to health—cursed by the criminal ignorance of parents who often know less about those laws controlling the growth and development of children than

a city boy knows about raising chickens—such is life in this age of vaunted civilization."

He paused a moment and then continued.

"Acquire a weary and over-worked appearance and a bilious color. Allow your body, for lack of use, to become as shapeless as possible. Lose a few of your teeth for want of ordinary care. Squeeze the waist until your form resembles a wasp, don a crazy-looking hat and a pair of tight, high-heeled shoes—then a woman can revel in up-to-date civilization. Yes, real civilization, how nice it must be!" He spoke emphatically, with satire in every intonation of his voice, his eyes flashing.

Watson had never seen him so enthused before, and he listened intently to every word without reply.

"Watson," he continued, with emotion in his voice, rising and pacing up and down the office, "I want to see a civilization true in every sense. Darn this mockery called civilization. Hypocrisy, avarice, egotism and sham on every side. Imitation men, imitation



women; honesty and sincerity scarcely ever seen except away from the rush and crush we call the height of civilization. Oh, how I long for the day," stopping as he paced the floor and gazing earnestly at him, "when all men will be manly; when the vigor of body and mind will make them scorn to stoop to a low or degraded action. Crime, immorality and deceit go hand in hand with disease of the body. They are usually companions." He paused, and again began to pace the floor silently and thoughtfully, with his hands clasped behind his back.

"Watson," he said, stopping near him, "you are a fine fellow. I like you. You have some originality and no small degree of intelligence; but now, I will be honest, and tell you that I cultivated your acquaintances merely because I wanted to know your cousin Edith."

Watson failed to evince surprise. He was shrewd enough to have suspected that, and the acknowledgment of the fault more than atoned for it.

"Now, don't condemn me, because at first I intended to use you as a means, for I am now your friend in every sense. And, Watson, because of the friendship I bear you, let me say that if you ever marry, choose a girl with health, with strength of mind and body, and she will help and strengthen you—elevate you into all the perfections of perfect manhood. What a marvelous power

for happiness we possess if familiar with all the laws of life, as we should be in a true state of civilization! Watson, it makes my nerves thrill to think of it." He ceased and sank into a chair with a contented smile on his features.

"Moore, by George! let me thank you for your words this afternoon," said Watson, holding out his hand and grasping Harry's. "Possibly I don't agree with you in all your conclusions, but I understand the spirit which prompted you, and many truths were made plain. How I wish there were more men like you—in mind as well as body," he said with feeling.

"You will call to night?" asked Watson, as he prepared to go.

"Yes, I'll be there," Harry assured him, hesitating a moment.

"Let me thank you again for your words this afternoon," said Watson as he started away.

Harry was in doubt for a moment whether he should accept Watson's invitation. He knew his promise to Edith might be construed to mean that he should absent himself from her presence altogether; but the temptation to see her was too great, and he could not resist it. The opportunity to be near her, of gazing into the depths of her clear eyes, was a pleasure beyond declining.

He mingled with the gay throng that assembled there that evening and racked his brain for petty nothings and pretty compliments so necessary in such a gathering.



Some time elapsed before he secured an opportunity of conversing with Edith alone.

"Are you going next Friday?" was his first question when this opportunity did appear.

"Not until Saturday," she answered.

"May I ask just one favor before you go?"

"That depends."

"I would like so much to call. May I not?"

"Don't you remember your promise to me the other evening?" raising her eyebrows as she gazed inquiringly at him.

"Yes, I do; but, Miss Edith, please don't refuse this last favor?" he asked appealingly.

"I hardly know whether to grant it or not," she said, looking away thoughtfully.

"Well, I can decide for you, if you will allow me," he said, smiling.

"Can you?"

"Yes."

"How kind you are."

"My disposition was always kindly."

"How pleasant," smiling.

They were silent for a moment, she looking away thoughtfully, while Harry gazed at her and waited her answer.

"Please make the answer yes," he finally said.

"I don't think I should"

"You are going away, and I shall probably never see you again," he said in pleading tones.

"Why are you so persistent?" turning her eyes toward him as though slightly irritated.

"Why am I?" he asked, with a slight tinge of emotion in his voice, turning his eyes from her.

"Why do you ask when you already know?"

"I know? Why should I know?" arching her eyebrows and turning her eyes away.

"I persist simply because I desire to see you, to be near you," he said in a saddened voice, again regarding her earnestly.

"I am inclined not to refuse your request, but I feel that I should," she answered, with averted, pensive eyes.

Then she turned towards him and saw the misery in his eyes—the same tense expression of emotion hard to control which had affected her so strongly on a former occasion.

Then, it made her sorrowful. Tonight, it made her almost cry. She looked away to conceal her emotions, and said:

"Well, if you wish you may call. What night would you care to come?"

"Thanks," he said, in a relieved tone; "you are very kind. Any evening you prefer."

"Next Thursday, then," she said, smiling brightly, then turning and moving away.

Strange, pleasurable emotions thrilled him as he gazed after her. Then he remembered that she



would soon be gone and he might never see her again. The thought even was unbearable, and although it was early he could not endure to remain a moment longer. The nonsensical talk jarred harshly upon his nerves. Seeing Helen, he went towards her and excused himself, and she reluctantly allowed him to depart.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

Harry had not visited the gymnasium since the athletic games. He had trained so hard in preparation for the races that he felt entitled to a rest.

"Why, it is as important to exercise as to bathe," he would tell his friends when they questioned him in reference to its advantages. "Moderate exercise purifies the blood by accelerating the circulation and the action of the depurating organs. Our muscles are made to use—not to remain in a state of inactivity, and if these muscles are not used how can one expect them to be strong, shapely and healthy?"

The day after his call at the Watson mansion he concluded to begin his usual exercise. That superabundant energy—that exhilaration possessed by all in superb health—which constantly buoyed him with a sense of power, appeared to be on the wane. There were times now when he felt lazy and logy. This condition indicated to him most emphatically the need of exercise. After attending to

important matters requiring his attention that morning, he wended his way toward the gymnasium. Many of his most happy hours had been spent in this institution, for after acquiring vigorous health from the systematic use of the muscles necessary in the beginning, he made play of his exercise. It was to him like recess to a schoolboy. He enjoyed every moment with the ardor and enthusiasm of a child. When man or woman fails to enjoy with childish intensity—when the dignity and cold formality of life crushes all that is natural—at that moment old age begins. Life means activity; death and decay, inactivity.

As Harry walked into the gymnasium that morning he was greeted with cordial surprise by the manager.

"Why, Moore, I haven't seen you for an age! Where have you been all this time?"

"Well, I thought that my hard training entitled me to a rest, and consequently I remained away."

"Yes; you're right. But you should have been here yesterday, Moore. You have no doubt heard of Vernon, the champion wrestler of the West? He was here practicing. I told him that had you been here he would have had a worthy antagonist. He smiled in a superior way and said he would be glad to wrestle with you."

"Will he be here again?"

"I think so."

"I am not a professional, and he should throw me, of course, but I



would like to have the pleasure of a trial with him," said Harry

"So I told him, but the supercilious smile that ornamented his features betrayed quite clearly his opinion of your wrestling abilities."

"Well, I don't suppose that I amount to much as a wrestler," interposed Harry, coloring slightly.

"Ah! pshaw! You threw that man Bauer, who was supposed to be another great champion, and I believe that you can throw this chap, too."

"Well, if he comes again, you send me a message and I will be on hand. I would like to test his abilities just for curiosity."

"All right; I'll do it."

Harry passed on downstairs to the dressing rooms and began preparing for his exercise.

In a short time he appeared in the main gymnasium, and was greeted pleasantly by many of the members already assembled there.

He looked so strong, supple and handsome. In every movement there was easy natural grace. All eyes were attracted towards him. The influence of his buoyant spirits was exhilarating as he went from one apparatus to another, performing difficult muscular feats with astounding ease. There seemed to be more life, more energy, more pleasure after his appearance.

The main gymnasium was a large hall with a high vaulted roof. Around the walls hung wooden dumb-bells, Indian clubs, wands,

etc. Apparatuses for developing all parts of the body were scattered all over the place. Peculiar looking devices for strengthening various defective muscles or organs were seen here and there. Horizontal and parallel bars, swinging rings, trapezes, and, in fact, everything essential to a modern gymnasium was there.

"Moore, I've missed you very much," said an acquaintance to Harry as he was using a pulley apparatus.

"Glad to hear it; I like to be missed. It shows appreciation," answered Harry, smiling.

"I hope that wrestler will come around to-day. He is such a conceited chap, and I believe you could throw him without much trouble."

"Don't be too confident. My throwing a few amateurs does not indicate that I would be able to defeat a professional."

"Ah, you're too modest. If you simply try, I will stake all I have that you throw him."

"I'm anxious enough for a trial, and I'm never beaten until the contest has been decided that way."

"Good for you——"

Harry's friend stopped suddenly. There was a commotion among the members standing around near the dressing rooms. One came running towards Harry.

"Say, Moore, I just noticed Vernon, the wrestler, going to the dressing room. Do you intend to wrestle him?" asked he, in excited tones.



"Certainly; why shouldn't I?" answered Harry.

The members crowded around him, though when he assured all he was willing to meet the champion, they moved away to different parts of the gymnasium, discussing Harry's chances. All had unbounded faith in him and was sure he would win.

Harry was too modest to say so, but he felt confident of winning. Though it does not often occur that a runner of exceptional abilities possesses the strength of back, shoulders, arms, neck and chest required in wrestling, Harry was especially gifted in this way, and he also possessed the grit and determination so essential in a contest of this kind. He feared nothing. His physical courage was as great or greater than his strength.

When they informed him that the famous wrestler had appeared, there was for a moment a peculiar sensation in his throat, but there followed immediately a feeling of exultation at the prospect before him and of intense determination to be the conqueror.

The members were all excited in anticipation of the great contest. They knew that Vernon would never expect that an amateur, no matter how great his abilities, would have any chance with him, and they greatly enjoyed his probable surprise.

About this time Vernon appeared. He was certainly a muscular giant. His great massive shoulders, broad,

thick neck, sturdy limbs indicated the phenomenal strength which he no doubt possessed.

There was but little grace in his movements, but the tremendous power in his massive body was shown in every outline. He was a modern Hercules, and had the ancient mythological hero himself stepped down into life, he could hardly have shown more wonderful evidence of muscular force.

Harry was surprised when he saw him, but only for an instant did he fear that he was attempting too much.

Harry had learned his wrestling from one of the best masters of the art, and he believed that, as far as science was concerned, he would be Vernon's equal. But from Vernon's appearance he realized that he should be his superior in strength of the arms and shoulders at least.

As Vernon appeared, several of the members went towards him and inquired as to his willingness to wrestle Harry. He assented to their proposal.

Vernon and several of the members then came over to Harry. Harry's fine physique apparently surprised Vernon, though he greeted him pleasantly as he was introduced.

"They insist on my wrestling you, Mr. Vernon, and I have consented, though you must consider it rather audacious on my part," was Harry's first remark.

"Not in the least, Mr. Moore, though, of course, my greater



experience will be to your disadvantage."

"Yes; I realize that," Harry answered.

The conversation was interrupted here by the manager, who spoke to Vernon and then moved away with him.

In the centre of the hall was a large wrestling mat, which was used to prevent injury when a wrestler threw his antagonist to the floor. The members immediately began to assemble around this mat until all available space was occupied.

Harry continued his exercise, though refraining from that which required much effort, saving his strength for the violent task he realized was before him. His friends conversed with him, discussing his chances of winning. Notwithstanding their confidence in Harry, after examining Vernon's physique closely they became fearful of the results.

The manager came over toward Harry.

"Well, are you ready, Moore?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Now, don't get nervous; keep a cool head, and your chances are good," said the manager as Harry walked by his side towards the wrestling mat.

"Don't you fear for me!" said Harry, in emphatic, determined tones.

Harry did feel a trifle nervous as he gazed over to his burly antagonist, who was conversing smilingly with those around him.

Both men wore tights, extending to the waist only. The upper parts of their bodies were without covering. They made a beautiful sight as they stepped out on the mat. One could almost imagine a Hercules and an extremely robust specimen of Apollo had stepped into life. The exquisite symmetry of outline of every muscle, of every curve of Harry's magnificent body contrasted strangely with Vernon's more phenomenal development.

"Which style shall it be, Moore?" asked Vernon.

"I prefer catch as-catch-can," answered Harry.

"That will suit me, though I am better at Græco-Roman."

Harry knew that quickness would give him a better chance at catch-as-catch-can style, and naturally chose it.

In this style of wrestling two shoulders must touch the floor at the same time to constitute a fall, and the contestants are not limited to any holds—they can grasp any part of the body.

"Who will act as referee?" inquired the manager.

"I am satisfied with you," said Vernon.

"All right—that is satisfactory," said Harry.

The manager then appointed a time keeper.

"Are you both ready?" from the manager.

"Yes," from both contestants.

"Time!" cried the time keeper in a loud voice.



Both contestants moved swiftly towards each other to the centre of the mat. They grasped hands, carefully, gingerly. Vernon smiled with careless confidence. Harry's face was white—a determined expression shone from his eyes.

They played for a hold, making quick moves, slapping lightly on shoulders, neck and arms. Harry was more on the defensive, awaiting to discover Vernon's tactics.

Suddenly Vernon turned like a flash and hip-locked Harry, catching him around the neck. Harry struggled for an instant and by a movement quick as a flash stepped forward, saved himself, then straightened his body, grasping the arm that Vernon had around his neck and, raising Vernon, threw him heavily to the floor. It was such a surprise to Harry that he failed to follow his advantage, and Vernon quickly rose. The spectators were breathless with interest. The smile died from Vernon's features. He realized the task before him. A grim expression appeared.

Now, see them wrestle! Vernon dashes at Harry roughly. Harry parries his attempt. They struggle and strain, each in their endeavors to gain an advantage. Vernon grasps Harry's arms again and again, endeavoring to turn him that he might secure a hold from behind. He succeeds, grasps Harry with a half-Nelson and around the waist, then starts to lift him. Harry entwines his legs in Vernon's and prevents him. Harry falls to

the floor, Vernon on top. Harry is on hands and knees. Vernon catches him around the waist and plays for an effective hold. He is not immediately successful. He finally secures a fair half-Nelson and, grasping Harry's leg, endeavors to turn him. Harry struggles and gets away. Vernon forces the contest like one possessed. He reaches over Harry and endeavors to secure his arm.

With a movement like lightning, Harry grasps Vernon's arms and rolls, sending Vernon flying through the air. He falls heavily on his side, at least ten feet away. Vernon rises before Harry can get to him.

Again they are both on their feet. The spectators are wild with excitement. They are yelling like lunatics. The manager is rushing from side to side as the wrestlers move from one part of the mat to the other.

The perspiration is beginning to ooze from the bare bodies of the struggling gladiators. Now one secures an advantage, then the other. Harry shows marvelous quickness. Vernon is amazed at the manner he breaks his most dangerous grips.

Now one is thrown to the floor, then the other; but by marvelous agility and strength manage to wriggle round, and alight on hands and knees instead of shoulders.

The contest, started in a spirit of fun, is now most grim rivalry. There is a hard, determined expression on the face of each that keeps



the audience wrought up to the highest state of excitement.

They are close together, Harry is crouched and struggling to avoid being crushed to the floor. He sees a chance and grasps Vernon's arm near the shoulder, turns with lightning rapidity, shouldering Vernon's arm, throwing him high in the air as though he were a doll. He falls to the floor and jars the whole hall with his bulky weight, but fails to touch both shoulders.

Harry gains confidence. Vernon struggles to his feet, notwithstanding Harry's efforts to prevent him.

Vernon is bleeding from his last fall, but it seems only to madden him the more. He rushes at Harry viciously, secures a hip-lock, throws him to hands and knees, follows him as though he would crush him in his mighty arms. His weight is on Harry. He is endeavoring to crush in his ribs. Harry sees the vicious attempt and grinds his teeth with rage, and, seeing Vernon's head over his body, reaches up with one arm and secures a most terrible grip on Vernon, pitching him over, still retaining the grip. Vernon arches his tremendous neck, and, resting on head and heels, raises his body and prevents his shoulders touching the floor.

Harry holds him in this position. The manager is on hands and knees looking for a fall. Harry endeavors to force his shoulders down, but the great mass of muscle on Vernon's neck is not to be tired so easily.

The audience are breathless. Not a sound can be heard. All eyes are glued on the contestants, whose bodies are now glistening with perspiration.

Vernon rolls from one side to the other in his endeavors to extricate himself. Suddenly, by a superhuman effort, he reverses his force and loosens Harry's hold.

The audience applaud the marvelous feat. Their great regard for Harry did not lessen their appreciation of the great skill and power of his antagonist.

Vernon's viciousness had not abated one atom, for he rose and dashed at Harry with his head down. Harry threw all his weight on Vernon's neck as he came at him and succeeded in forcing him to the floor. He now saw his opportunity. Grasping Vernon around the body just below the arms, he raises him shoulder high. He gives Vernon's body a twist and falls with him. Vernon's shoulders strike the floor.

The applause is deafening, and the manager's cry of "Fall" is lost in the hubbub. The members rush in and bear Harry away, not giving him time to shake hands with the fallen champion.

He showed the effect of his violent work, being literally bathed in perspiration. His breathing was greatly accelerated and his heart was beating like a trip-hammer.

He removed the tights, which were dripping with perspiration, and two of his friends, each with a towel, began drying his body.



He then went to the bath rooms, and in a few minutes appeared with merely a towel incircling his loins.

His Apollo-like limbs shown with the whiteness of marble. The delicate pink here and there, from the rubbing, marred momentarily their marble whiteness.

How imposing he looked! What if a word could have changed him to marble? As a work of art, as a copy of Nature's perfection, he would have been a paragon. His fine proportions would be modeled, sculptured and copied with pencil and camera. How such beauty fascinates us! Nature! How infinitesimal are human attempts when compared to its wonderful works.

"Well, Moore, you did splendidly. That fall was superb," said the manager, as Harry passed through the office on his way to the street.

"I surprised myself. Had no idea he was such a good man," answered Harry.

"How do you feel—all right?"

"Yes, fine; though if I had been compelled to continue that violent work much longer, would have no doubt been much exhausted," said he.

As he walked away from the gymnasium a few moments later he could feel the rich blood surging and bounding through his every artery.

"How glorious life is!" he thought. "I feel as though nothing could prevent me being happy—gloriously happy."

He thought of Edith, but even the uncertainty of his winning her failed to lessen his exhilaration.

That day, as he walked into his office, life seemed so beautiful. Every cause for worry disappeared under the influence of his present condition. He even went so far as to anticipate the time when Edith should be his wife.

This was his mood when he entered his private office that afternoon.

He took up some letters and tried to concentrate his mind on business, but he saw in each the features of Edith, and finally drifted into a delicious reverie.

Who will say that the proper use of the muscular system and the cultivation of physical health do not elevate, enlarge and broaden a human being, both mentally and physically? It drives thoughts of petty things from the mind, it clears the brain, it forces one to feel happy. Under such natural purifying, invigorating influence, the blues mysteriously disappear, the cross and crabbed dyspeptic loses his ill temper and amazes his family with kindness and good nature.

Murky dissenters and chronic growlers, taste of life at this standpoint! Clear the system for a time of accumulated corruption from inactivity, and live! Yes, live, in the true sense of the word. Feel the inspiring, almost heavenly rewards of following the great laws of health. Then, and then only, can one test the sweets of this life—



then only does one enter the realm of real earthly happiness.

Man is indeed wonderfully made! A glorious happiness is within his reach! Grasp it before eyes grow dim, feet unsteady; before the call bearing into a mysterious uncertainty, roughly ends life's dream.

#### CHAPTER XV.

Edith's efforts in converting Helen were not entirely successful, though she had induced her to exercise regularly and to make a few changes in her diet. She deeply regretted her inability to persuade her to adopt a dress which conformed more to her natural figure. She was pleased, however, with the enthusiasm displayed in her exercise. Already Helen admitted that she was stronger. Her weekly headache had mysteriously disappeared. Every day she would say to Edith, "Now, it will come tomorrow," when her usual attack was omitted.

"Your headache will never return if you exercise regularly as you have been doing," Edith would answer.

Although Helen had unlimited confidence in her cousin's veracity, she had but little faith in this assertion. She had concluded that this complaint could never be cured, for every remedy that money could buy had been tried, resulting only in temporary relief, and how exercise could be of benefit, when all known remedies of medical science had failed, was beyond her.

Edith argued with her, and explained how exercise purified the blood, assisted the digestion, etc.; but she could not realize that it could help her.

"It might cure other people, but not me," she would say.

A few days before Edith was to depart for home Helen began to grow enthusiastic over her improvement.

"Do you know, cousin," she said one morning, "I believe I am growing stronger."

"Did not I tell you that you would?"

"Yes, you did; but it has surprised me, nevertheless," answered Helen, smiling.

They were seated in Helen's boudoir. They had been reading the morning papers. The windows were opened wide, and the cool, fresh morning air, laden with exquisite odor from contact with green trees, played about them.

They made a pretty picture, seated there in careless attitude, dressed solely for comfort. Edith's queenly beauty showed the more plainly in her flimsy costume, and the beauty of Helen's fair face and nicely rounded, but delicately moulded, figure was enhanced.

A languid mood possessed them, and they were enjoying it. Edith lay at full length in a luxurious reclining chair. Helen was leaning back in a big rocker, her pretty feet, incased in slippers, were resting upon a chair. They looked so wholesome. Helen's complexion



had greatly changed. Her cheeks had the pink color of health; her eyes a clear brightness from improved digestion. All this pleased her very much, and she was thoroughly satisfied with herself and the world on this particular morning. A happy smile brightened her features at the least cause for its appearance.

She greatly enjoyed teasing Edith about Harry. Helen was certainly a fine girl, and if she had enjoyed proper environment would probably have developed into a magnificent woman. As it was, she must be satisfied with mediocrity. She must yearn for that which she knew was beyond her reach. With a more imposing physique and with the increased power and self-reliance accompanying this physical perfection, her will would have been law—with men at least.

Edith at times allowed a look of sadness to mar momentarily her fine countenance. That evening Harry was to call. Of late she did not understand herself. Her resolutions, usually so strong, now wavered from one conclusion to another. When under the spell of enthusiasm for her great cause, Harry was far from her mind. But at other times, when she was true to herself, when she looked at life calmly, her thoughts would turn to him. For a time she tried to conquer this inclination, tried to drive thoughts of him from her mind altogether; but these efforts seemed to have an opposite effect. More

than once her eyes grew dim with tears when the contest between duty and the seeming possibilities for a great happiness became more bitter than usual.

On many occasions she was about to yield in Harry's favor, but the thought would arise that their views of marriage would be so different that they could never be happy. She had her peculiar ideas of marriage, and though unconventional, she felt unequal to the task of questioning him in the matter. Again and again she called herself a weak-minded woman, and tried to subdue the desire for a life so different from that which she had vowed to follow.

She wished to do right. "But what is right?" she would ask herself over and over again in calm moments. She knew that if Harry had viewed marriage as she did that she could probably accomplish more if married. But this she considered unlikely.

"He's so handsome and so honest and honorable," she would murmur to herself in moments of dreaming. "He could never be unkind; his eyes are too sincere and gentle for that." More than once while in this mood she seriously concluded to give herself to him, let the consequences be what they might.

That morning her thoughts were continually of him, and she began to fear the consequences of his visit. For the first time she doubted herself. Might she not lose he



self-control? She recalled his influence over her on a former occasion, and she realized that there was good cause for fear.

"Edith," said Helen, after a long silence, "I am so sorry you are going. How I wish you could stay with us always. You imbue me with greater strength and confidence."

"I would like to, cousin; but I can't," answered Edith, smiling.

"Do you know, coz," said Helen, with a serious face, "when you talk to me I feel as though my life might be made of value."

"Well, you can't imagine how pleased I am to hear you say that, Helen," answered Edith, the smile dying from her countenance. "It assures me that my efforts have not been wasted."

"They have not indeed. You have made me think seriously."

"If your thoughts will only lead on to actions, I will be satisfied."

"But you are going away too soon—just as I am becoming enthusiastically interested."

"Don't allow my departure to retard you. I will write long letters, and if I find that you are becoming a backslider, I shall have to return promptly."

"Well, I'm sure to be a backslider, if that will bring you back," answered Helen, laughing.

"Oh, no; you would not do that," said Edith, with assumed seriousness.

"I will merely pretend that I'm backsliding," said Helen, her

features quieting down with a smile.

"Now, leaving all jesting aside, you intend to continue improving after I am gone, do you not?" asked Edith earnestly.

"Yes, certainly I do."

"You think so now, but will you when I am not here to enthuse you?—that's the question."

"I'll try hard."

"Well, if you try, that is all I can ask."

"You can rely on that. You mentioned the other day that you were ambitious to become a fine vocalist. Now, Helen, why don't you?"

"I would like to, if I thought it possible."

"I am sure you can. You have a pleasant voice, but it lacks power. Your vocal teacher encouraged you in the belief that something could be made of your voice, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did."

"Now, cousin," said Edith, gazing at her seriously, "I have several reasons for encouraging you in this desire. Who knows you may be compelled some day to rely on your own efforts for a livelihood; if you would cultivate and make something of your voice, you could then earn your own living if necessary."

"That's true!" interrupted Helen enthusiastically.

"Then you would have an object in life. To live without an object is sinful. When thoroughly interested in voice cultivation, a fine



physique will be especially desired. Physical culture has already benefitted you, and should you desire to use your vocal talents for financial gain, an imposing physique would add greatly to your chances of success. There is scarcely a successful vocalist on the stage who does not possess considerable beauty. A fine voice can only be possessed by those with a fine body.

"Yes, I suppose you're right. Nearly all our great singers are fine looking women."

"Well, where do they acquire their fine figures? They are not developed in society life—that is certain. There is scarcely a vocalist of renown who did not come from a life of obscurity. Many performed hard labor in their early youth. This was a blessing, for it developed the magnificent figures and vigorous health, so essential to life's success. If you desire to be successful in this ambition, first be beautiful, and beauty can be cultivated by following instructions I have given you—namely, take regular exercise, thoroughly ventilate your rooms, bathe regularly, don't worry, always try to be happy and by all means avoid the habit of deforming your body with tight lacing! That is awful!" emphatically.

"Ah, cousin, you are too severe on corsets," said Helen.

"No, I'm not. Proper exercise will develop beautiful figures, but the use of that soul-and-body-crushing device will destroy them."

"But, cousin, isn't there danger of acquiring big, brawny muscles like those of a blacksmith, if you exercise very much."

"Ah, what nonsense; no matter how much exercise a woman might take, she could never cultivate such muscles. Did you ever notice women athletes in circuses? They are nearly as strong as the men, but they have no big, brawny muscles. They are usually round, smooth and finely developed, and circus gymnastics are far more difficult and violent than is the ordinary exercise used in physical culture."

"Coz, your arguments are convincing, and I suppose you are right. I am beginning to believe in you, anyway, and should you remain here much longer, I would not be surprised at my becoming one of your most devoted disciples."

"If I thought so, I would make you a much longer visit on some other occasion," said Edith.

"All right, you come, and I'll try it. Anyway, should I not please you, there will be Mr. Moore. He will be here," said Helen, teasingly.

"Do you think so?" answered Edith, elevating her eyebrows and smiling slightly.

"If he was away, he would soon be here, should I inform him of your presence."

"His taste might change."

"No, he won't; he's beyond change in that regard."



"How you do like to tease," smilingly.

"I'm not teasing, I'm merely stating facts."

"Of course you could not make a mistake?" with slight sarcasm.

"Not in this case?"

"Why not in this case?"

"Because I must believe what I have seen. What do you intend to do with him, dear?" asked Helen, growing suddenly serious. "My, but he loves you. I have seen him follow you with a worshipful expression in his brown eyes that spoke more than words ever could."

Helen paused. Edith remained silent, her thoughts were far away.

"Dear, sometimes I think you love him," continued Helen, coming over behind Edith's chair and caressing her cousin's shapely neck.

"Do you?" softly asked Helen, leaning forward until her face nearly touched Edith.

"There you are again," answered Edith, looking back at her with a faint suspicion of tears in her eyes. Always searching for romance, squeezing her arm slightly.

"Now, please don't squeeze my arm so hard," ejaculated Helen.

"Do answer my question?"

"Some day," said Edith, drawing Helen around into her lap.

"Not some day, right now, coz.," taking Edith's lovely face in both hands, turning it slightly until she could look into her clear eyes.

"You have your share of curiosity," answered Edith, returning her gaze.

"I have in this, because you would be such a handsome couple."

"Do you think so?" asked Edith, smiling.

"I do, indeed. He's so handsome—almost as handsome as you. I do wish you would marry him, and then you would live here. Wouldn't that be grand!" she cried vehemently, leaning back, throwing her arms around Edith's neck, and drawing her face close to her own.

"What a child you are!" said Edith, caressing her. "Such a building of air castles!"

"And you can make them all real, cousin. Don't disappoint me!" in pleading tones.

"I should prefer to please you, dear, but you would not desire me to do that which would make me miserable, even to please you, would you?"

"Not for the world!" nestling closer, affectionately. "But this would never result in misery—that is, if you love him," pinching her cousin's cheeks and smiling meaningly.

"But suppose I don't love him, then what?"

"But you do?"

"I haven't said so."

"And you haven't denied it, either."

"I know," answered Edith, pausing, then looking away thoughtfully.

"You need not consider it, I have it all arranged," said Helen, grasping her cousin's arm and shaking her playfully.



"Now, dear," answered Edith, while her face assumed a serious expression, "I have not the faintest intention of marrying. It is far from my thoughts. I have stated this many times; I gave you my reasons for this resolution, and I have not changed. I like Mr. Moore as a friend. I admire and respect him as a friend—nothing more."

Her enthusiasm for the great cause again possessed her. When she uttered that sentence she believed it. Her newly-formed love for Harry was of little importance in these enthusiastic moments, when weighed against her life's great purpose.

"I did think that your regard for him was beyond friendship, cousin. I hoped it was true, and you can't imagine how disappointed I am to know of my mistake," said Helen, in sad tones, looking down and

playing with the hem of her handkerchief.

"It can't be helped, dear. Let us drop the subject; it makes me sad, and it does you, too."

"All right, dear."

They both remained silent for some time.

"Suppose we go to the park?" said Helen suddenly, quickly rising as though trying to drive sad thoughts from her mind.

"I cannot go this morning, Helen. I have some writing to do; but go yourself. The walk will do you good."

"It's so lonesome, walking alone," answered Helen.

"Well, wait until this afternoon and I will accompany you."

"Very well. I'll finish the interesting novel on reform I was reading," said Helen, as she started towards the door.

*(Concluded in next number.)*

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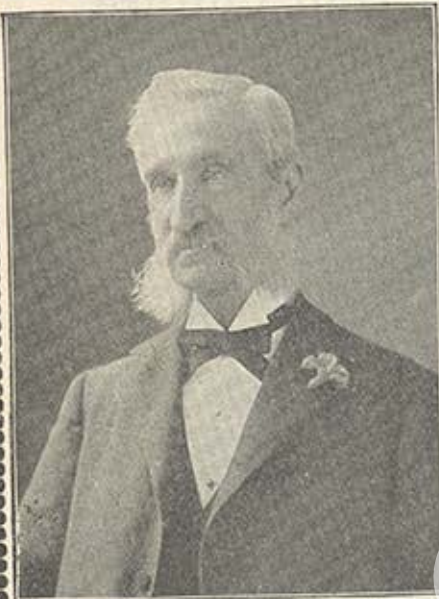
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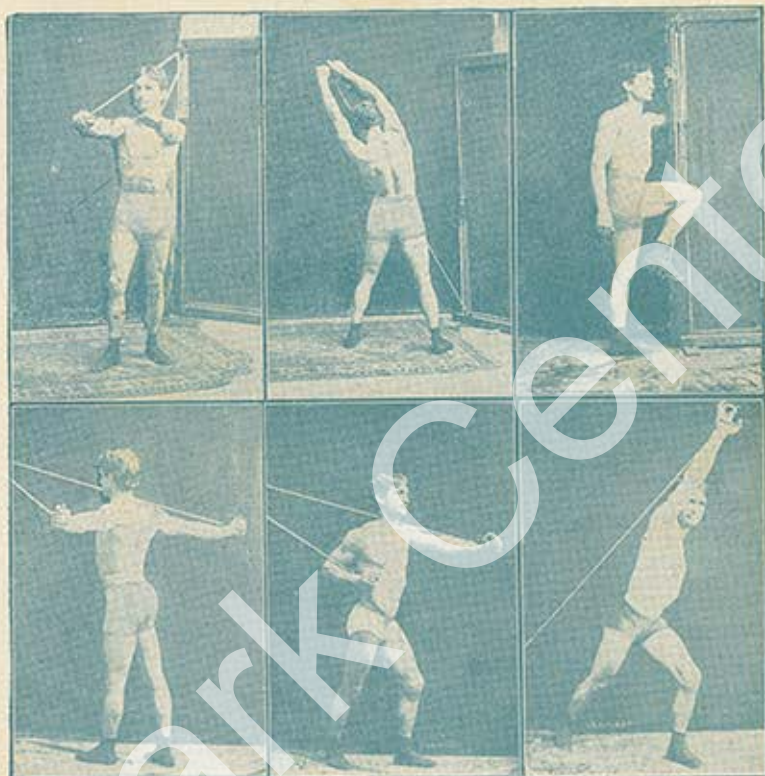
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