

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

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Washington Crossing the Delaware

From the painting by E. Lurie

Frontispiece

Stark Center

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR DEVELOPING THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF VITAL, FUNCTIONAL, NERVOUS AND MUSCULAR VIGOR. LESSONS ARE GRADUATED AND ARE APPLICABLE TO THE STRONG AND WEAK OF BOTH SEXES. ALL THE INFORMATION PREPARED FOR THE BOOK "PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED" PREVIOUSLY ANNOUNCED WILL APPEAR IN THESE LESSONS

By Bernarr Macfadden

The Photographs Illustrating These Lessons Were Specially Posed for by the Editor Himself

LESSON IV.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE REQUIREMENTS IN THE BUILDING OF BODILY VIGOR

(1) *Air* (2) *Water* (3) *Rest and Relaxation* (4) *Food* (5) *Exercise* (6) *Bathing*

SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE UPPER ARMS. DETAILED REMARKS REFERRING TO THE TIME TO EXERCISE, IMPORTANCE OF THE PLAY SPIRIT, AND OUTDOOR GAMES.



THE exercises presented in this issue are especially adapted for developing the muscles of the upper arm to the very highest degree of perfection. A physical culture enthusiast is usually desirous of possessing a large, well-developed upper arm, or biceps, as this part of the arm

is commonly called. Strong arms are essential in all kinds of active games. They add to your self-confidence; they render you more capable of caring for yourself under any and all circumstances, and, what is of still greater importance, they usually indicate a proportionate strength of the entire internal functional system.

Strong, well-developed arms are certainly desirable in all spheres and in all stages of life. They not only aid and increase your mental confidence, but they add to your physical courage. In articles and books on physical training very little mention is made of the value of muscular strength as the surest means of attaining the acme of mental confidence. It is deserving of a great deal of attention. No matter what may be the aims and desires of your life, you must have self-confidence if you would hope for success. You must feel that

the accomplishment of your ambitions is not beyond you. Anything that has been previously accomplished can be performed again, and many things never thought of by previous generations can be used to advantage in this modern age. The possession of strong arms, and the vigorous physique and mentality that must of necessity accompany them, will give you this confidence in your ability which is necessary to attain your ends and obtain results.

In the daily régime which supplemented every lesson of this course, I have referred to the time of day that exercise had best be taken. That you may, however, be more thoroughly familiar with the needs of physical culture students in this way, I will here discuss the subject in greater detail. The exercises do most good when taken at a time when you can be conveniently free from the incumbrance of clothing. No matter what time of day you may set apart for your exercises, remember that the mind should be as free as possible from care and worry. You should also remember that it is well to select a time when you have sufficient leisure to allow the exercises to assume as nearly as possible the form of play. You should learn to look forward to them with pleasure. Do not consider them work. When they grow monotonous and seem like hard work, they are, in many instances, productive of but

slight benefit. About the best example of the spirit in which a course of physical culture exercises should be taken is illustrated by children engaged in some intensely interesting game that requires

great muscular activity. Notice them as they wrestle, run and jump, and as they push and pull. They use almost every muscle of the body, and they are absolutely unconscious of effort. Their sheer



Best system of exercise is illustrated when two vigorous children are seen engaged in active play that is thoroughly enjoyed.

delight in their play carries them away and entirely dispels all idea or feeling of work. When taking exercises I would exhort every pupil to use all possible means to acquire and cultivate as much of this spirit of play as possible. It is also well to be mindful that your improvement will be vastly enhanced if you can indulge in those active outdoor games which you like best. Golf, baseball, football, tennis, and, in fact, any game that takes you out-of-doors and calls for considerable activity, I most enthusiastically recommend.

Many years ago, when

PHOTO No. 42—Exercise No. 24. Place the left hand in the right palm, as shown in the illustration. Now, resisting the movement slightly with the left hand, bring the (See next photo.)

my interest in physical development was first aroused I regularly visited the gymnasium quite as much for the enjoyment I secured while there as for the physical benefit I sought and received. During my first endeavors, and for a long time, I supplemented this gymnasium practice with a special system of exercise which I took at home for the purpose of developing the defective parts of my body.

The system of exercise I have outlined here can be used to secure a perfect development, but I must repeat that the play spirit should be made as dominant an element as possible when taking the exercises, and that I especially recommend you to add to the exercises active and interesting outdoor games of some kind. They should require the active and vigorous use of your muscles. Lakadaisical games, those that do not keep every sense alive and alert, are of questionable value in developing the body, though any-



PHOTO No. 43—Exercise No. 24—Continued. Right hand up and forward as far as you can, bending the arm, as shown in the above illustration. This is one of the most effective movements that could possibly be devised for bringing into thorough action the biceps—the largest muscle of the upper arm. This exercise can be varied slightly by placing the left hand on the back of the right hand, instead of in the palm. Take same exercise with position of arms and hands reversed. Continue the exercise with each arm until tired.

thing that takes you out into the open air is to be commended.

A most valuable aid in adding interest to your exercise is the use of a large mirror. Not only will the study of your

reflection as you make the various movements be interesting to

size almost immediately. More blood is drawn to it by the exercise. As the muscles are flexed and relaxed the venous, or impure blood, is forced along, and replaced by new arterial or purified



Your exercise can be made more interesting if you will stand before a mirror and watch the muscles as they are flexed and relaxed.

you, but the exercises can be more perfectly performed. The play of the muscles as they are flexed and relaxed in the movements will hold your attention in a manner that will be beneficial and will also increase your pleasure. Your improvement can thus be plainly noted. You can actually see your muscles grow. In fact, you can see them grow during each exercise, as every studied movement of a muscle increases it in



PHOTO No. 44—Exercise No. 25. Grasp the right wrist with the left hand, as shown in the illustration. Now resisting the motion with the left hand, straighten the right arm, (See next photo.)

blood which enters in greatly increased quantities. This almost immediate acceleration of the circulation swells and enlarges the muscles very materially.

The upper arm of some athletes will measure from a half-inch to an inch larger while being vigorously exercised than when inactive. The mirror will show all this. It very forcibly illustrates that this acceleration of the circulation strengthens and cleanses the body.

Remember, too, that the same blood which nourishes these muscles also feeds the nerves, so that in improving the quality of your blood your every nerve is thereby strengthened and made more perfect and delicately sensitive in its workings.

If you are a clerk or engaged in some sedentary work where your muscular system is entirely inactive, and you are busy from early morning until evening, your best method in that case would be to take a few movements in the morning, merely enough to make you feel supple and alert. For instance, Exercise 12 or 13, illustrated in March issue, would be very good if you are fairly strong. If they are too vigorous, take some lighter movements that will use the larger part of the muscular system. Then before retiring at night, remove all your clothing and go through a more thorough course of movements, always remembering the necessity of giving special attention to the defective parts of your body.

If you are engaged in an occupation which requires only a part of your time, such as studying, for instance, then you can



PHOTO No. 45—Exercise No. 25—Continued. As shown in the above illustration. Be sure to bring the right arm downward until entirely straight each time. This exercise can also be taken with the palm turned downward. Take same exercise, reversing position of the arms and hands. Continue the exercise with each arm until tired. For the triceps, the large muscles that straighten arm,

exercise at that period of the day when the exercises are most likely to be pleasurable to you. Do not exercise immediately before or immediately after a meal. In fact, it is better to allow from one to three hours to elapse after a meal before exercising. If you exercise vigorously before a meal a large part of the

less serious in its influence than exercising soon after eating a hearty meal would be. But if you desire to secure the greatest possible benefit from physical culture, it will unquestionably be to your advantage to exercise at those periods when there will be no interference with the digestive processes.

I am fully aware that the average laborer usually eats a very hearty meal and that a short time afterwards he begins his work, and that apparently no ill effects ensue. This is true, but the laboring man exemplifies in the most remarkable manner the wonderful influence of muscular exercise even in unhealthy surroundings upon the digestive powers. The average laborer has the digestive powers of an ostrich. He can eat al-

most anything with impunity, though it is well to note that he is not usually as strong muscularly as the average athlete. The habit of begin-



PHOTO No. 46—Exercise No. 26. Place left hand over back of right wrist and hand, as shown in illustration. Now, resisting movement slightly, bring the right forearm upward and outward from the right side (See next photo.)

blood circulating through the body is drawn to the exterior muscles, and the process of digestion is affected and made more difficult. A vastly increased quantity of blood is needed by the stomach while digestion is progressing. However, vigorous exercise taken immediately before a hearty meal is perhaps far

ning work shortly after meals may not do much towards producing this result, but, undoubtedly, it has some effect in this direction. The deficiency of muscular strength in the average laborer is probably due, first, to the fact that the muscles which he uses are over-worked; whilst certain other equally import-

ant muscles are entirely neglected; second, to the habit of stuffing the stomach to the extreme limit three and, in some cases, four and five times a day. Under such circumstances an enormous amount of energy is required for the di-

As I have stated before, very few occupations call for the use of all the muscles. Only a part of the muscular system is used, and that part is usually overworked. A blacksmith probably comes nearer to using all the muscles of the body in his work than one employed in any other occupation, and I have known young men engaged in this active work to take up physical culture and greatly increase their strength thereby.



If your occupation requires muscular activity you should first study to determine what parts of the body are not being used, and

then select movements that will exercise them.

The exercising régime for a manual worker should differ materially from that advised for the mental worker. Where your daily duties use all your energies I would not advise any exercise of importance upon rising beyond that which is essential to stimulate

PHOTO No. 47—Exercise No. 26—Continued. As far as possible, as shown in the above illustration. This is simply a twisting movement, the upper arm remaining stationary while the forearm is moved upward and outward. Take same exercise with the position of the arms and hands reversed. Continue the exercise with each arm until tired. For the muscles of the upper arm.

gestive processes, and there is little left for the muscular system.

If your occupation requires you to be muscularly active, do not be deceived by the conclusion to which this might tend to lead you that you cannot be vastly benefited by scientific physical culture.

your circulation and make you feel thoroughly awake; but while on your way to work I would especially advise the deep breathing exercises as instructed in previous lessons, and at all times during the day, especially if in the open air, it would be of great advantage to fre-

quently inhale deeply and fully. Then, on those evenings when you feel thoroughly fatigued from the day's duties—when you feel more like sleeping than exercising—do not try to exercise. Merely take a cold bath, use a sponge or wet towel to moisten the body, drying thoroughly with a rough towel. Then retire, but not before giving attention to remarks made in previous lessons in reference to thorough ventilation. But on evenings when you feel vigorous and energetic, you should then exercise the muscles that are not required in your occupation, and which have been inactive during the day.

It should be especially noted that this does not apply to mental workers. If you are a mental worker and are thoroughly tired from the day's duties, the exercise of the muscular system will be restful. If the nerves seem all "on edge" from the strain of a

himself as to the best time to take these exercises. However, the time they are taken is not of very great importance, provided due consideration is given to the remarks already made in reference to avoiding too close a proximity to meal hours. The requirements are: regular and uniform use of all parts of the body,



PHOTO No. 48—Exercise No. 27. Interlace fingers, as shown in above illustration. Now, resisting slightly with the left hand, force the right hand over toward the left shoulder (See next photo.)

day's worries, mild yet thorough exercise of all parts of the body will quickly put you in a normal condition, and will induce a feeling of calm peacefulness that is of priceless value to one in such circumstances.

Each pupil can thus easily perceive that, after all, he will have to study his own needs and habits, and determine for

and if you find it more convenient to exercise in the morning of one day and the afternoon or evening of the next day, it will make no especial difference.

DAILY REGIME.

I herewith repeat the daily régime, with a few changes.

The pupil should now be advanced

sufficiently in this course to determine fairly well just what particular parts of the body are most in need of development. I would therefore advise each one to select from the exercises previously given, those particular movements that are apparently of special value in remedy-

cising for health and do not care particularly for possessing an extraordinary muscular development.

About the best all-around exercises to precede those shown in this lesson, if you are simply desirous of accelerating the circulation throughout the entire muscular system, are exercises Nos. 12 and 13, though, of course, the exercises for building vital strength, Nos. 14 to 18 inclusive, can be added with advantage.



If you are weak, and are just beginning, rest when the slightest feeling of fatigue is noticed. If you are fairly strong,

PHOTO No. 49—Exercise No. 27—Continued. To position shown in illustration. You will note in this exercise that there is but little change in the bend of the arm at the elbow. Be sure to resist vigorously with the left hand. Take same exercise with the positions reversed and continue the exercise with each arm until tired. This is an excellent exercise to strengthen the muscles used in a contest where one tries to force down the arm of another.

ing defective parts or building strength wherever it may be the most needed. Of course, if you have plenty of time and are fairly strong, the entire course which precedes the movements herein shown, can be taken, though these are hardly necessary if you are merely exer-

each exercise can be continued until the muscles are rather tired. The exercises should be taken in a room with the windows wide open, and with as little clothing as possible. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Leave the windows of your sleeping room wide open at all

times. The colder the air the harder you have to work to bring about a feeling of warmth to the external surface.

Follow the morning exercises with a dry friction bath. This can be taken with a dry rough towel, which should be

water as cool as you can bear and still be able to recuperate with a feeling of warmth. Unless working very hard at manual labor, two meals a day should be sufficient, though many working men are able to thrive better on two meals

each day than on three. If you do eat three meals a day, be careful not to eat more than you can comfortably digest. I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that you cannot improve by eating three meals a day; I advise the two-meal plan to guard against the liability to over-eating.

Acquire the habit of drinking one or two glasses of water before or after exercise, before retir-

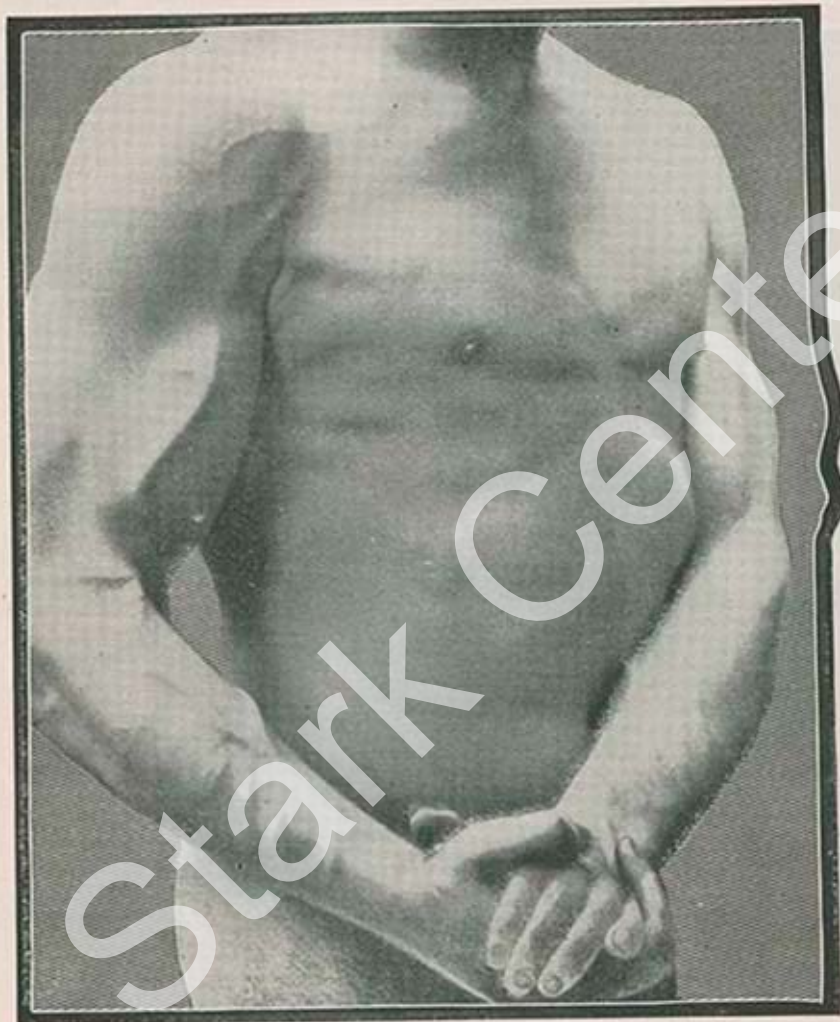


PHOTO No. 50—Exercise No. 28. Place the left hand in the right palm as shown in illustration. Now, resisting vigorously with the left arm, bend the right arm at the elbow, bringing the hand up as high as you can (See next photo.)

rubbed back and forth over every part until the skin is pink from the increased amount of blood brought to the surface by the friction. Follow this exercise with a cold sponge bath. Have the

ing and on arising in the morning. Although I advise that you drink freely of water, I do not by any means recommend that you imbibe vast quantities. You can overload your stomach with water to dis-

advantage. Ordinarily you should use from three to six pints of water each twenty-four hours, though if you perspire freely the quantity required increases greatly. Masticate every morsel of your food to a liquid. Avoid all liquids during meal-times, unless especially thirsty.

If thirsty, satisfy your thirst freely, but do not use liquids to assist you in swallowing food that you have failed to thoroughly masticate. If accustomed to a drink at meals, and it seems difficult to break the habit, you can use cocoa or a cup of hot milk after finishing the meal, drinking it very slowly.

If preferred by the pupil, all this exercise can be taken in the evening before retiring instead of in the morning, though ordinarily it is advisable to take a few movements in the morning. It will thoroughly awaken you for the day's work.

If you are working hard at manual labor, the exercises which use the same muscles as are employed in your work should be omitted. Two or three evenings during the week a hot bath should be taken before retiring, and in every instance the exercises should precede it.



PHOTO No. 51—Exercise No. 28—Continued. To the position shown in the above illustration. The same exercise should be taken, placing the left hand over the back of the right hand. This slightly changes the action of the muscles used. Reverse the movement and take same exercise with other arm. This is another especially good exercise for the biceps of the upper arm. It has been illustrated in this magazine before, but because of its excellence I have taken the liberty of repeating it. It is very similar in its effects to Exercise No. 24, but as almost all enthusiasts are desirous of highly developing the biceps muscles, I have added this that they might have more varied movements for effecting the desired results.

THE MOST WONDERFUL SWIMMER IN THE WORLD

STAYS SIXTY CONTINUOUS HOURS IN THE WATER, SWIMS IN MID-OCEAN AND IN MID-WINTER WITH THE MERCURY FIFTEEN DEGREES BELOW FREEZING POINT

We have made arrangements with Mr. Horan, who is a teacher of aquatic sports and physical training at Harvard University, to write a series of articles on swimming, illustrated by photographs of himself specially taken for *PHYSICAL CULTURE*. The first paper of the series will appear in the next issue of this magazine, and the series will be continued all through the summer months.—EDITOR



Henry S. Horan,

Champion long-distance swimmer of the world, and teacher of swimming and physical training at Harvard University.



MR. HENRY S. HORAN, who has just announced his intention to attempt swimming the English Channel from Dover to Calais and break the record of the famous Captain Webb, is perhaps the most modest and unassuming man in America. He was born April 6, 1871, graduated at Eastman College, and in his early days he himself taught at school, but soon abandoned teaching to take up the study of law. Standing six feet one inch and weighing two hundred and twenty pounds when in condition, Mr. Horan is an excellent specimen of physical manhood, but it is as a swimmer that he discounts them all. His endurance is marvelous, and it is on his grit and absolute indifference to the strongest currents that he relies in his attempt to establish the record he is training for.

The following feats which he has performed will give the reader some idea of his extraordinary staying power. In the coldest weather he goes about the streets and country in pursuit of his ordinary avocation clad in the lightest of garments.



Mr. Horan before starting for Shirley Gut

He usually starts his day's work by taking comparatively long swims, stripped to the buff, in the open sea. On September 29 of last year Mr. Horan swam, with his hands tied, into and through the dangerous Shirley Gut in Boston Harbor, and braved the terrific currents which abound there. In the warmest weather and under the most favorable circumstances, and with hands and feet unhampered, this feat is one to test the strength and endurance of the strongest of swimmers, yet Mr. Horan covered the distance in eight minutes, and on the same evening he swam through again and covered it in twelve minutes with his feet bound, but with his hands free. An idea of the difficulty of this task may be formed when we state that after landing Mr. Horan announced that he would never again attempt the Gut on any inducement.

On November 15, 1902, he swam from the Boston Pier to the Duxbury Pier Light in a current so strong that the boatmen who attended him had their work cut out in rowing against it. The temperature on this occasion was at freezing point. Amongst those in the boat who accompanied him for the purpose of authenticating this record were Mr. Lester E. Ayer, of South Boston, and John F. Staples, of Boston and Maine Railway Service.

Mr. Horan is just as much at home below the surface as he is with his head

above water, and he can swim without the slightest distress or fatigue from 350 to 370 feet under water. His repertoire includes many tricks and seemingly impossible feats, and at times he appears to surrender himself to the arms of Morpheus and indulge in a peaceful sleep while floating on his back or on his side. He can use any stroke that is known in swimming and is a past master in his art.

Mr. Horan's career as a swimmer would be uninteresting if he had not any exciting incidents to look back upon. On one occasion, while swimming to Nut Island from Boston, a shark chased him, and it was only with great difficulty and after a severe fight, in which Mr. Horan used his clasp-knife, which he always carries, that he drove the shark to bay and conquered.

Mr. Horan has all his life been an ardent student of physical culture and he attributes his wonderful endurance and strength to the very simple mode of life he follows. His food is of the plainest. He goes in for long fasts occasionally and does not believe in smoking or alcoholic stimulants, but confines himself to large doses of pure, clear, cold water, fruit and cereals. It is, he assures us, because of his adherence to this menu that he was enabled to swim sixteen miles on one occasion without food or drink that he was able to swim one mile



Mr. Horan, after performing about the hardest feat of any athlete in the history of the world, by swimming through that dangerous body of water (in Boston) known as Shirley Gut, with his hands and feet securely tied with strong rope.

in midwinter with the temperature at fifteen degrees below zero, and able to cut through Shirley Gut with the current running at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

round athlete and a clever wrestler. He can sprint well for a man of his weight, and is quite at home on the mat—at Græco-Roman or Catch-as-Catch-Can. But the most striking characteristic of



Mr. Ho-
ran also
believes
in spend-
ing as
much
time as
possible
in the

open air, and he has more than once expressed a longing for the old life of the rugged trapper in the wilds of Montana, where he spent some of his early days. He is just as formidable on land as he is in mid-ocean, inasmuch as he is an all-

Mr. Horan, lying in the snow after swimming one mile with the water fifteen degrees below freezing point.

Mr. Horan is his extreme modesty. He never blows his own trumpet, nor does he go out of his way to have his virtues heralded by the press, and he never

evinces any desire to talk about what he thinks he can accomplish.

We wish Mr. Horan all the success he certainly merits in successfully accomplishing the Cross-Channel swim which he is contemplating.





Mrs. Marguerite Anne Neve, Age 111 Years

A WOMAN WHO SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

LIVED THROUGH THE NINETEENTH AND IS STILL ALIVE AND HEARTY IN THE
TWENTIETH CENTURY



ON the 18th of May, 1903, is to be celebrated the one hundred and eleventh birthday of Marguerite Anne Harvey Neve, who was born in St. Pierre Port, Guernsey, Channel Islands. Mrs. Neve enjoys the remarkable experience of living in three centuries, the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth.

As a girl she had much beauty. According to the custom of the country, she

went with arms and neck bare in all weathers, summer and winter. She wore sandals and a high-waisted frock, and spent much of her time in out-door play, which accounts in great measure for her wonderful vitality.

At the age of fifteen she was sent to a school kept by the Misses Cottle—sisters of Amos and Joseph Cottle, both of whom were then regarded as poets of some merit. The Misses Cottle numbered among their intimate friends many well-known people, and while under their care Miss Harvey made the acquaintance of

Hannah More, Charles Lamb, Zachary Macaulay and other authors of the day. Her wit and beauty were greatly admired, and she was quite a favorite with the literary celebrities.

On January 18, 1823, she was married to Mr. John Neve. The one bridesmaid was the bride's sister, Miss Eliza Harvey, who died in 1884, at the age of ninety.

After a quarter of a century of married life, Mrs. Neve became a widow, and returned to her home to reside with her mother and sister. The two sisters went abroad every summer and spent a long time on the Continent. In the winter they spent their time reading history and studying the language of the countries they intended to visit the following summer. After she had entered her one hundred and fourth year this remarkable lady would converse in a most entertaining way of her travels. To her friends she often says, "I have neither an ache nor a pain." Mrs. Neve enjoys wonderfully good health. Indeed, there appears no physical reason why the venerable lady who first saw the light in the last decade of the eighteenth, should not live well into the first decade of the twentieth cen-

tury. She can still read large print without the aid of glasses, and her voice is strong and clear. On warm, sunny days Mrs. Neve may be seen walking about the grounds, and until quite recently she often visited the markets on Saturday mornings. In her one hundred and second year it was that Mrs. Neve, being missed from her room, was discovered in the loft whither she had mounted to inspect the apples and potatoes stored there. To reach this loft she had to mount a step-ladder which many women of less than one-half her age would have hesitated to ascend unaided. Her relatives expressed their concern at this venturesome feat, but she smiled at their fears and descended the ladder without assistance. Her complexion is wonderfully clear, and she has few wrinkles for her great age. Her eyes are bright and her voice strong, without any signs of quavering; every word she speaks is distinctly pronounced. She spends her time sitting erect in her arm chair close to a window where the sunshine and fresh air, which have been such great factors in her healthy life, still cheer her.



Crossing the Desert

By Thos. Fiere Bey

THE MOVEMENT CURE

MACHINERY WHICH MAKES YOU EXERCISE

By Grace H. Potter



IN all the change and fluctuation of time and knowledge and conditions of men, there has been one remedy for a disordered state of the human system which has stood. It is safe to say that the first man who had an accident rubbed the bruise to cure the pain. It is safe to say that the first man who ever felt fatigued stretched his arms above his head and sought relief in that way. This was primeval massage and movements. It was done instinctively, and because it was based on Nature it has withstood the test of centuries.

As people progressed in intelligence they made massage more and more of a science. Its effects were so apparent that altho' they were at a loss to explain them, they nevertheless appreciated what was accomplished. The oldest written record of massage is that of the Chinese. Two thousand years before Christ the people of the Celestial kingdom wrote of its benefits and they are still most skillful operators. The people who are the most adept in it in Japan are the blind. The habit of exposing the children's eyes to the direct rays of the sun has made a large number of sightless men and wo-

men in that country. The Greeks were acquainted with massage, and when Rome conquered Greece, the Greek slaves taught the indolent Roman how delightful it was.

In the early Christian era, the monks gave massage and gradually it began to

be associated with religion and mystery. The "laying on of hands" was supposed to have something of a divine significance. Many people took up the work and in the middle centuries fraudulent claims were made as to its efficacy by charlatans, whose only end was to make money. The credulity of the people was worked upon until finally a reaction came, and then for centuries massage was in disrepute.

It was finally revived by Ling, the great Swede, who devised a system

of associated movements to accompany the manipulations. Ling demonstrated by his work as well as by what he wrote of it, that massage is valuable in many of the ills to which human flesh is heir. His theories have never been questioned by any standard authority, and are to-day



Percussion of the back. Relieves rheumatic pain, develops muscles of back

taught in all medical colleges.

To the fact that doctors do not oftener prescribe massage and movements for their patients may be assigned these reasons :

- 1—Patients want drugs.
- 2—They want quick results.
- 3—They will not wait until there is an opportunity to right things in a natural way.
- 4—Doctors want the fees themselves which otherwise would go to the masseur.

The time and attention necessary for giving massage made it a luxury which

only a few could enjoy, until Dr. George Taylor, of New York, some fifty years ago invented machinery which should take the place of the human hand.

The different movements which the human hand can give are all simulated most closely by the machinery. Just what results massage accomplishes most people are familiar with, but the physical changes which take place in the body, producing these results are not so well-known. The fundamental movements of massage are four: effluage or stroking; pettrissage, kneading, or pinching; tapotement, striking; frictions, or deep rubbing.

Effluage increases the flow of blood to any part of the body, carrying nutrition to and waste matter away from a part. Pettrissage causes the muscles to contract as in exercise, and is of especial value where the nerves are in an exhausted condition so they cannot properly direct muscular work of the body; tapotement, or slapping, is a nerve stimulant, directly affecting the heat-producing function of the body, besides causing contrac-



The abdominal kneader, for constipation. Increases peristaltic action of intestines and strengthens the abdominal muscles

tion of the muscles. Friction, or deep rubbing, is a movement which breaks down abnormal growths or deposits as in rheumatism and gout.

All this can be done by Dr. Taylor's human-like machinery. There are some advantages besides that of economy in having machinery to do the work instead of people. The patient may adjust the pressure himself and have exactly the amount he wants. It may be changed at his will as he is able to bear more and more. No

ets, women lay aside all tight garments and put on loose gowns.

The first machine to which a patient at the movement cure is directed is the "foot-shaker." One foot is put into an iron device, something like a shoe, attached to a shaft, which is vibrating one thousand times a minute. The movement is felt up to the hip. If there be much waste material in the tissues, an unmistakably plebian inclination to grasp one's leg and "scratch" will make a newcomer dreadfully uneasy. But a friendly neigh-



Abducts and adducts the arms. The horizontal bars move, closing together, bringing arms forward, then the bars open out again, carrying the arms back. Patient exhales as arms are brought forward and inhales as they are brought back; develops chest muscles and increases lung capacity

masseur can accurately judge of the needs of a patient, and no masseur can give the extremely hard pressure which is required in some cases without great exhaustion. The treatment, too, may be given over the clothes.

Men who come for treatment take off their coats and vests and don house jack-

weeks before the process will have reached a point where there will be no irritation. If there has been a partial paralysis of the leg, the treatment tends to so increase the supply of nutrition to the part that the power, which seemed entirely gone, comes back and the nerves once again take up the work they were meant

bor will always notice the distress and say reassuringly, "Scratch if you want to; we all do at first." The increase in the blood flow is carrying away dead matter and bringing new material to nourish the tissues, and it may be many days or even

to do. After sitting for five or ten minutes at the "foot-shaker," the patient lies flat on the back on a low couch to rest for a few minutes.

The other foot is then submitted to the foot-shaking process. Between the treatment at the different machines a period of rest always comes. One feels only a little drowsy after the foot-shaker. The patient usually does not go to sleep, as after treatment at some of the machines.

Next comes the hand-shaker. This consists of a small roller passing through a shaft, which vibrates in much the same way as the foot-shaker does, and produces the same results in the arm as the previous machine does in the leg.

Then comes what is known as the V rubber, a machine which can be adjusted to the arm, to the leg, to the side, to the abdomen, to the hip, to the back, to the shoulders, or in fact to any part of the anatomy.

It is one of the favorite machines, and patients often stay an hour at it. There are two pieces of rubber, backed by a piece of leather, which are placed against the part one desires to have massaged, and they vibrate very swiftly, producing the effect of deep rubbing. The look of supreme content and happiness which patients have on their

faces while their aches and pains are being rubbed out of existence shows how much they enjoy it. It produces a drowsy feeling which after awhile compels one to lie down and sleep. Patients who have suffered a long time from insomnia often find here their first relief.

The next machine may perhaps be the abdominal kneader, which consists of a long, low couch, upon which the patient reclines with the abdomen down. In an opening at the center of the couch, covered only by a strong piece of linen, turns a roller, which moves along following quite closely the large colon of the intestines, up on the right side, across the abdomen and down on the left side. This movement is used in constipation. It increases the peristaltic action of the intestines and strengthens the muscles of the abdomen. A similar

couch has a small roller which moves back and forth over the stomach. The soothing influence of these machines often sends patients to sleep before they have "done their time." Usually, about fifteen or twenty minutes is spent in the "kneading process."

Another abdominal kneader is made so that the patient's abdomen is massaged as he half sits and half stands at a machine.

After all this massage comes the treatment at the machines which give movements, the patient having a greater or less degree of work to do here himself. There is one machine into which the patient puts the arms to be carried alter-



Pressure on machine by foot lifts weight; weight then drops and thigh is extended at right angles with body. Develops muscles of thigh and leg

nately back and forth. The patient is instructed to take deep breaths in time with the movements of the machine. The muscles of the chest are developed and the capacity of the lungs increased. There is another machine which extends the hip; another extends the leg below the knee; a machine known as the "horse" gives one the same movements as riding horseback—it is of special advantage in liver troubles.

A machine especially designed for the relief of rupture and displacements requires the aid of an operator. The patient lies at full length on an adjustable couch which tips up at the base, making an inclined plane. The position of the contents of the abdomen is thus changed at the will of the one manipulating the machine.

After all this the patient goes to what is known as a "high couch" and lies down for a good nap. After waking, any special movements which may be required are then given by the doctors in charge.

As soon as the patients are able, they are instructed to take independent movements and rely less and less upon the machinery. There is no doubt but that independent movements are advisable as soon as there is nervous power to direct them. But there are conditions when exercise is needed and there is no nervous power to direct the movements.

This happens

when there is a functional disturbance of the nervous system, as in nervous prostration, also in paralysis. A great disinclination to exercise occurs in diabetes. As this disease is marked by a deposit of sugar in the muscles, and as exercise is the only way to use up this surplus and carry it away, the patient is instructed to take exercise. But the exhaustion which accompanies exercise can only be obviated by taking it involuntarily at a movement cure. The machinery may be very advantageous in getting rid of accumulated waste material, but, of course, only right habits of living can prevent the same condition from recurring. The very cause which produced a wrong condition once, will, if allowed to continue, produce a like effect again.

There are, too, people who do not wish to take the time necessary for the exercise which would keep them in good condition, and who come regularly to the movement cure to have done for them the work which they do not wish to do themselves.



Lateral suspension—for curvature of spine. Patient lies with convex side of the spinal curvature downward on machine; the plane below the curvature is then tipped at an angle to the plane above and the muscles on the concave side are stretched out and those on the convex side are contracted by pressure

Society women take the movement cure to keep their complexions clear and beautiful, their muscles elastic and firm, and their figures supple and graceful. Business men who stay in their offices day after

spend a certain definite time every week at the movement cure institute. Ministers, lawyers, authors and other people who do a great deal of brain work, take advantage of this way of relieving the nervous system of undue strain. Spinal troubles, nervous prostration and rheumatism are among frequent difficulties which are remedied. For chronic disease no drugs at all are advised; fresh air and simple food are the only accessories to the



Foot rests in belt, patient exerts pressure at heel, lifting weight attached. Relieves pain in spine due to congestion about spinal nerves. Develops muscles of the leg and lower part of back

movement cure itself.

Patients beginning treatment may be listless and dull-eyed, with a muddy complexion, narrow chest and lagging steps. They are transformed into beings

day, come now and then to the movement cure for the exercise which they must have to keep old age from claiming them before its time. Literary men, whose duties bring on that plague of modern life, "brain fag,"

with bright eyes, a clear complexion blooming with Nature's tints, broad shoulders, chest high and confident, and a gait bespeaking muscles elastic and supple and perfectly controlled.



Coming from the Fair

By Rosa Bonheur

THE STRONG MAN OF CHELSEA

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.



THOMAS EUGENE WHITE, a twenty-year-old youth, is a living example of what consistent, systematic physical culture can do.

His case is most remarkable, for he is a hard-working boy who only has his evenings, being em-

ployed for eight hours every day in the ropeyard of the Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Young White was born in South Boston in 1882, and received his education in the Boston Public Schools. Both of his parents were strong and very well developed and from them he inherited a sturdy frame. During his school days he took part in all the school exercises and was a recognized leader, though at this time he did not show any prospect of being the developed marvel that he is to-day.

At the age of sixteen he left school to enter the preparation room of the ropewalk of the Charlestown Navy Yard. At the same time he joined the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. of Boston, where he took up a course of

systematic training under the personal supervision of Dr. Woodbury. White first started in with very light dumb-bells, and light arm and leg movements. These dumb-bells he gradually increased in weight, until at the present day, after four years of this systematic course in physical culture, he thinks nothing of juggling with weights of one hundred and eighty and two hundred pounds with as much

ease as the writer would handle those weighing but a few pounds.

All during this course of training White took many long tramps daily to develop his leg muscles, and this in spite of the fact that the ropewalk at the Navy Yard is seventeen hundred feet long, which during his work he walks just four times a day.

Mr. White was called to Harvard last year to be examined by Dr. Sargent, to exhibit himself before a body of professors and students of the University. At this time he lifted seventeen hundred pounds by what is known as the leg lift, much to the astonishment of all present. The spectators were also astonished by the manner in which he easily and slowly pushed over his head a weight of one hundred and fifty pounds and



Thomas Eugene White, the Coming Strong Man

over, and holding out sideways, simultaneously right and left, eighty-two and one hundred pounds respectively. He also turned a back somersault while holding a twenty-five pound dumb-bell in each hand.

Dr. Sargent at that time paid high tribute to White's strength and said that certain parts of his physical development were even better than those of Sandow, especially his leg muscles. He furthermore stated that he was one of the coming strong men of the country, as he had plenty of his best years to improve in.

White has been asked by several well known Boston artists to pose for

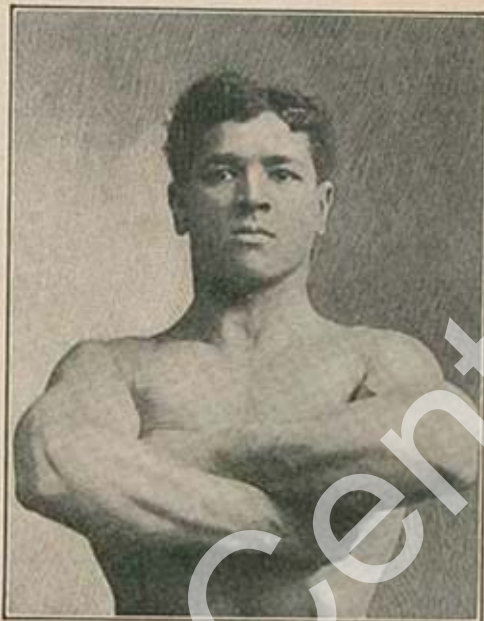
them, but owing to the fact that he is employed all day at the Navy Yard, he has found it impossible to do so.

White neither chews, smokes nor drinks.

He gets from nine to ten hours' sleep every day and eats what he calls two square meals. He takes light exercise in the morning after getting out of bed and again just before retiring. For hard exercise he gets all that he requires at the long ropewalk.

Mr. White's measurements at the present writing are as follows:

| | | |
|----------------|-------|------------------------|
| Height | | 5 ft. 3 ins. |
| Weight | | 151 lbs. |
| Chest, cont'd. | | 35 $\frac{5}{10}$ ins. |
| " exp'd. | | 39 $\frac{1}{10}$ " " |
| Forearm, both | | 12 $\frac{3}{10}$ " " |
| Waist | | 31 $\frac{1}{10}$ " " |
| Hips | | 35 $\frac{3}{10}$ " " |
| Thighs | | 21 $\frac{3}{10}$ " " |
| Calf, both | | 15 $\frac{1}{10}$ " " |
| Biceps | | 14 $\frac{3}{10}$ " " |



Mr. White in a Characteristic Pose



Fontinabra

Giov. Muzzoli

WHAT THEY TAKE AND WHY IN AMERICA

By F. Akirk Iller

F. Akirk Iller has indeed transcended himself in his selection for this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. He was struck by the strenuousness of the strides toward success which ex-Judge and Congressman Powers made by virtue of the usual course in Greene's Nervura. Stimulated toward success by the skit on what Greene's Nervura did for his own flesh and blood, ex-Judge Powers grew bold and mapped out a "follow-up course" in Peruna which had disastrous results. F. Akirk Iller is brimming with sympathy and compassion for the lawyer, but the sorrow which he betrays in his faithful sketch of the career of the learned gentleman finds relief when he turns his attention to the inseparable "German Statesmen" and incomparable comedians, Weber and Fields. Swamp-Root always offers F. Akirk Iller abundant facilities for drowning any inclination to malignant animus. Weber and Fields are the last people in the world he would fling mud at, but it is a license permissible to him only to have his feelings displayed in type.—EDITOR.

H. HENRY POWERS, lawyer, congressman, ex-Judge of Supreme Court and judge of patent medicines, was born in Morristown, Vt., May 29th, 1835. In early infancy he took to the bottle and has clung to the habit to the present day.

Vermont being a prohibition state the drug stores do a land-office business in tonics, bitters and patent medicines. No home in Vermont is complete without a sideboard well equipped with snake-bite cures and strengthening cordials. As a result young Powers grew up in a rattling manner among the bottles. His favorite pastime in his boyhood was collecting the empty medicine phials about the place and reading the marvelous cures that were recorded on the labels.

When he was to manhood grown his one ambition was to "take something" and be cured. He studied law in the University of Vermont, and was admitted to the bar in

1858. The bars in Vermont being blind tiger affairs, no one was admitted except by special permit.

The early part of his career in the legal profession was in keeping with the usual

hard struggle of the young lawyer, and it became painfully evident to him that he would have to spring something on litigants in order to secure a clientele. He accordingly took three bottles of spring medicine labelled "Paines Celery Compound," and repeated the oft-told tale "How I was Cured." This testimonial brought him prominently before the public, and he was elected prosecuting attorney, state representative, state senator and judge of the Supreme Court in succession.

Although cured by Paines Celery Compound, he was still a long way from being a healthy man. When he was elected to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court his physical disorders broke out in a more

JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT

Supreme Court Judge H. Henry Powers Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura.

The Highest Endorsements by Prominent People Given to Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy that were Ever Given to any Medicine in the World's History.



MEMBER OF CONGRESS H. HENRY POWERS, EX-JUDGE OF SUPREME COURT

No other medicine in the world is so well adapted to the treatment of all the ailments of the blood and nerve system as Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy. It is the only medicine that will cure all the ailments of the blood and nerve system.

You will see the advertisement from which this is taken in the New York "World" of March 14th, 1904

50 Members of Congress Send Letters of Indorsement to the Inventor of the Great Catarrh Remedy, Pe-ru-na



Congressman Powers,
of Vermont.

Congressman H. H. Powers, of Vermont, writes from Burlington, Vermont, as follows:

"I have been in the habit of using Pe-ru-na for many years, and I can testify to its efficacy in curing catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."



Congressman Irvine
Dungan, of Jackson,
Ohio.

Congressman Irvine Dungan, of Jackson, Ohio, writes from Jackson, Ohio, as follows:

"I have been in the habit of using Pe-ru-na for many years, and I can testify to its efficacy in curing catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."



Congressman Lantry,
Iron North Carolina.

Congressman Lantry, of Iron, North Carolina, writes from Iron, North Carolina, as follows:

"I have been in the habit of using Pe-ru-na for many years, and I can testify to its efficacy in curing catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."

Extract from advertisement which appeared in the New York "Herald," December 14th, 1902

aggravated form than they ever had before. He had taken so much of Celery Compound that he was literally full of "Pains."

One of the first brief trials in which he was successful was in a case of Greene's Nervura. He consulted Greenleaf on evidence and read the legal digests of Vermont, and came to the conclusion that there was evidence of indigestion in the case. After mature deliberation and carefully weighing the events of the case he decided in favor of Greene's Nervura. This decision established a precedent and made him famous. On the prominence gained by this second testimonial he was elected to the United States Congress. On his arrival in Washington, D. C., he found that this body no longer existed, and that it had long been replaced by the Peruna Congress. The majority of the congressmen and senators put forth their best efforts in trying to establish Peruna as the national tonic. Powers soon discovered that the cause of Nervura was a

lost cause, and he promptly set about digging up a new crop of pains in his multi-cured anatomy to fit the regulation Peruna testimonial. In a short time he announced himself the possessor of an aggravated case of catarrh and the coughs and tired feeling that go with it. The matter was taken up by the Committee on Ways and Means of Being Cured, and the contract for curing Powers was awarded to Dr. Hartman of

Peruna fame, hailing from Columbus, Ohio.

Pitted in Congress against the Peruna faction was the Malt Extract party which was led by the invincible Chauncey Depew.

The Peruna faction was led by Amos Cummings who was completely cured by Peruna, but died shortly afterwards. The death of Cummings threw open the leadership of the Peruna party and gave the aspiring Powers a powerful opportunity to advance still fur-

STRAIGHT-FORWARD EVIDENCE FROM MEN OF NATIONAL PROMINENCE

That Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh Wherever Located.

Congressman, Governor, Catholic, General, Protestant, P. 17-18.

No other remedy has effected the rapid relief of catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system, as Pe-ru-na. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."



Taken from advertisement which appeared in the New York "World," October 5th, 1902



Congressman
H. H. Powers.

"I have been in the habit of using Pe-ru-na for many years, and I can testify to its efficacy in curing catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."

"Peruna I have used in my family with success. I can recommend it as an excellent family remedy and very good for coughs, colds and catarrhal affections."—H. Henry Powers, U. S. A. Sen., ex-Congressman from Indiana, writes: "I have used Pe-ru-na for many years, and I can testify to its efficacy in curing catarrh of the bladder, and other ailments of the urinary system. It is a most valuable remedy, and I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with these troubles."

the landing stage and opposite to their row of saloons. Whenever a boat arrived Weber and Fields would get into violent action in the pavilion, and naturally the passengers would run in the opposite direction and land in the saloons.

They next joined a red wagon circus, and divided their time between playing clowns and being general utility men. Fields did the heavy work, carrying ice water for the elephant; while Weber did the light work, filling the balloon with hot air before the daily ascension.

After a season on the road they returned to the Bowery and played in the variety shows. They made some managers rich and others poor, and finally organized a company of their own and toured the country with success.

As soon as they accumulated the necessary wherewithal they embarked in the saloon business on Broadway. As a side attraction to their thirst parlor, they opened up a music hall and dispensed song and humor nightly to the public. The dryness of their humor soon proved to be their most valuable source of income, and their patrons naturally sought relief by wetting it at the nearest bar.

After wearing out half a dozen cash registers in the box office and behind the bar, they decided to invest their surplus in an all-star stock company of testimonial writing actors. They accordingly signed Fay Templeton, who testified for Paine's Celery Compound; Willie Collier,

who wrote for Greene's Nervura; De Wolf Hopper, who claimed he took Malt Extract, and Lillian Russell, who recommended Recamier Cream. They hoped, also, to get some prominent actor who had used some porous plaster and use him for a drawing card, but were not successful. These haughty testimonial actors looked down with contempt on their managers because they had never yet reached that rung on the ladder of fame when their pictures appeared in the papers in a patent medicine advertisement.

When the humiliation became unbearable Weber suggested to Fields that it was high time that they take some pain cure. "But what will we take?" said Fields. "Let's take a tonic," said Weber. "Won't beer do?" urged Fields. "No," replied Weber, "that's Teu-tonic."

They then retired to their joke factory and manufactured the travesty on their isochronous (See Dictionary) acquisition and disposition of the aches, pains and irritations stated in the above testimonial. This Swamp Root testimonial made them the most popular actors in the land; they were swamped with offers from different managers, promising fifteen hundred dollars a week (twelve hundred in stage money and three hundred in United States currency), but they refused all offers. Since Fields was cured he has been troubled with rheumatism and tonsillitis.



The Roll Call

Lady Butler



Mr. Mahoney at twenty-two years of age



ON his eighteenth birthday Mr. P. Mahoney, whose photographs illustrate this article, stood five feet ten inches stripped. He measured only thirty-three inches around the chest, and he was proportionately scrawny at all other points. He had read a good deal about the beneficial effects of persistent physical culture exercises, and determined to try them, convinced that he had everything to gain and nothing to lose. The accompanying photographs show the measure of success he has secured.

This is how he went about it. He devoted an average of fifteen minutes daily to his different exercises. He secured a chart with the picture and measurements of a classically perfect man, and set out to develop such a physique or die gamely in the effort. He used no other gymnasium apparatus than a pair of three-pound

A MARVEL OF PERSEVERANCE AND PHYSICAL GROWTH

dumb-bells, but these he used only for arm development, as he found them of little good for anything else.

In the system of exercises he followed he brought into play almost every piece of portable furniture in his room. He thus succeeded in filling out what doctors call a "double chest," or what athletics term a "chicken breast" (an abnormally prominent breast bone with sunken pectoralis major muscles). He was aided considerably in this by lifting for several times a piano stool off the floor with both hands and without bending the knees, and raising it as high over the head as the arms allowed, imagining at the same time that he was lifting an elevator filled with freight. He exercised his deltoid muscles by a Morris pushing chair high over his head until thoroughly developed by repeated opening and closing a bureau drawer filled with books, and every now and then going in for a wrestling match with a folding bed—pushing and pulling it on its rollers.



At eighteen he measured only thirty-three inches around the chest and was scrawny at all other points

He attained his "perfect man" meas-

urements at twenty-four, but found, however, that his height was two inches over six feet, the height of the ideal perfect man. He calculated that he would have to put on an inch more of muscle on his arms and one-inch on his calves

body
arms
half
his
and

He now weighs one hundred and ninety pounds stripped, and is one of the best all-round athletes in the West, having won a score or more of medals and trophies. He recently got hold of the measurements and



He attained his "perfect" man development at the age of twenty-four, but his height was two inches over six feet

things to be perfectly developed at this height. This he set out to do, and his ambition was satisfied on the first of this year at twenty-six years of age.



He now weighs one hundred and ninety pounds and is one of the best all-round athletes in the West

picture of Hercules, and these he is now trying to equal, and he hopes to accomplish this within four years.



A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL CULTURE AND HEALTH

By *Eustace Miles, M. A.*

Formerly Scholar of King's College, Cambridge; Amateur Champion at Tennis and at Racquets; Author of "Avenues to Health," Etc.

FIFTH LESSON—HINTS FOR THE MORNING



IN the first two articles for this year I have outlined a night and a morning, and I have brought you to the time for rising, when you have got out of bed, stripped to the air and light, and then have done your exercises, if you prefer to do your exercises at this time.

A great deal has been said about air and breathing, but too little has been said about light and clothing. It was in New York—in Nassau street, I believe—that an employer of labor made an experiment as to the effects of light rooms and dark rooms upon his employees. Dr. Forbes Winslow has written an admirable book which tells of the bad results of deficient light. Sir James Wylie also made some interesting researches as to the health of those who lived on the bright and dark sides of certain buildings in St. Petersburg. Plants yearn for the sun and ivy pierces stone walls to enjoy it. The whole of the evidence—and this is but a tiny fraction of it—endorses the great saying:

LET THERE BE LIGHT

Now, while we urge rich capitalists and managers to see that their offices are well-illuminated by white ceilings, and—if below ground—by glass prisms and other contrivances, it is the morning that offers to individuals the chance of self-indulgence in light without clothing. Naked, except for nature's finest dress of air and brightness, breathe deeply, move briskly, rub your skin-surface with your hands, massage yourself, keep free from fettering coverings as long as you can.

SAMPLE MORNING EXERCISES

As I said before, the best exercises for this early time cannot be satisfactorily described here. But one or two demand mention. The first is the massage of the colon. The colon may be compared to a croquet-hoop, beginning above the right leg, going up, then across the body (above the navel), then down again to above the left leg. Follow this line with the massage (pushing, pinching, punching—whichever kind suits your case). Then practice the body-swing which I have described elsewhere. Standing with firm feet and legs, swing the trunk round to the left, till your head faces one way, and your feet another; then swing round to the right; let your arms hang loose or even help the movement. These are two out of a dozen exercises which tend—among other excellent results—to a proper and natural opening of the bowels.

It is probable that one of our most valuable instincts is that of excretion. Most of us in the civilized world have lost it or mislaid it. It behooves us to find it again. These and other practices will help in that direction. The call of the bowels (which should be obeyed before people meet together in the morning, just as a bath should be taken before they meet) is one of the most sacred and imperative in modern sedentary life. It should be attended to inevitably and unhesitatingly, without any reliance on salts or breakfast or what not. In case the faculty has disappeared, let careful consideration be given to the diet—of which we shall speak in later articles, pointing out the merits of wheat and fruit, and, at the proper times, of water.

After the deep and full breathing through the nostrils—this also helps the

motion of the intestines by lifting up the weight of the diaphragm from the stomach and liver and so by lifting up some of the pressure of the stomach and liver off the colon and also by, as it were, massaging the abdominal organs; after this and the massage and the exercises, there will come

THE WASHING

The water should be soft either by nature or by art. By nature, rain-water is soft; by art, distilled water is soft; by art, also, water with certain salts added to it is considerably softened.

Now, undoubtedly the most cleansing water is soft warm water with soap; let the skin be wetted with the warm water first, then soaped, and rubbed. Next let there be cool or cold water to invigorate and harden the surface against changes of weather. After this cold sponging or plunging let there be a brisk rubbing with the hand or with a glove or soft brush.

Next should follow exercises to restore circulation (if it is not already restored), and among the exercises should be the complete breathing.

There are, however, not a few people in Europe and America who prefer the quite hot bath in the early morning. The hottest bath closes the pores of the skin; let it cool somewhat, and the pores begin to open; let it cool to coldness, or let cold water be applied, and the pores close once more. At the two extremes are—I speak generally and ignore exceptions—closed pores and a bracing effect. I could name a score of athletes who find that the very hot bath—and some athletes and other people continue it for a quarter of an hour, keeping up the temperature all the time—not only does not give them the unpleasant shock of the cold plunge, but also serves as a tonic. Perhaps we might compare the case of those natives

of Southern Europe of whom Alison tells us, in his "History of Europe." They seem to have been so thoroughly impregnated with heat in their native countries (Italy, etc.) that in an English winter they felt warm at first; in fact, felt warmer than Englishmen. And every reader can recall instances of people who, after a sojourn in warm lands, can tolerate a cold climate at least for a time. It may be, then, that there are people for whom, in their present state of health or un-health, the cold plunge—and perhaps even the cold partial-bath or sponging—is not "indicated."

Some time or other—whether before or during or after these breathings, exercises, and washings, I cannot tell—one should give up a time to meditation or Prayer or Self-suggestion or whatever it may be. There is a tendency to shirk this. No greater error ever was. "The beginning is half of the whole," said the Greek philosopher: the beginning should be calm meditation, with concentration, for mental poise and right action throughout the day. Without this aim in view, much of the day's work is likely to be wasted. There will be a tendency for the wise Self to be forgotten, while the silly self predominates. We need at least five minutes of calm Self-government, to which we may return now and then—but especially now—during the day. The exact rules for this mastery of the self by the Self I cannot lay down here. But all Physical Culture that ever was or shall be is of little worth if this final aim be neglected.

We have now come to the time for breakfast. In the next number we shall see what the breakfast may be. We shall, as usual, leave the final decision in the hands of each reader. But we shall ask him to make two experiments, if he has not already made them and found them either useful or otherwise.



NEEDLESS DEATHS : AN OBJECT LESSON OF INTEREST TO INTELLIGENT LAYMEN

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN NO TREATMENT, BAD TREATMENT AND GOOD TREATMENT

By Charles E. Page, M.D.



IHAD expressed a sentiment, or rather a truth, something like this: In every 1,000 deaths from sickness, under 70 years of age, under the prevailing drug treatment, probably 75 per cent. (750) are needless; that is, premature. Granted that "all must die some time," that's no argument. We need to know that, short of ripe old age, sickness comes to *cure*, and not to *kill*; and that *right treatment* speeds the cure and makes it certain. The habits of life promote disease; when this reaches the point of sickness, he is fortunate who has a physician who knows how to *help* nature and *not hinder* her. Between *no treatment* (e. g., "Christian Science") and *bad treatment* (mere drugging) there is a genuinely *helpful* treatment for the saving of life.

"Then your position is," responded a listener, "that as everybody has to die some time, he may as well die without drugs as with them!"

And, still, this man is not an idiot; he is actually an unusually bright young man; he is one who dabbles in stocks and "keeps ahead of the game," too; and this tends to show how terribly misled the people are everywhere, the result of the almost universal teachings of the medical profession and the medical schools, which cram their pupils full of knowledge of a certain sort and leave them bereft of the chief essential of the physician, *common sense*.

Again I essayed to give my hearer a needed lesson. I said: "You seem to have missed my point altogether. It isn't at all as you seem to imagine. It is a question of the doctor's going into a sick-

room to help the patient get well, instead of actually adding to his disease, as is the rule—to *soothe* instead of to *sandbag* him."

For instance, I said, to cite a single case (an actual one of recent occurrence), here is an elderly woman, frail and delicate all her life. She had had much sickness, and the most "regular" treatment for it, until finally it seemed to her and all of her friends that she was fatally ill. She had been critically sick for four months, hemorrhage of the bowels, losing often a pint or more of blood at a time. She was continually fed, *ad nauseam*. "O, I don't want it," she would say to her daughter; "but the doctor says you must take it;" and take it she would. This increased the disorder, and caused excruciating pain, and this "indicated" opiates, of course, which were freely administered from time to time. She had no natural sleep. Something chanced to bring about a change in doctors; there had been changes before, but only from one to another of the same kind. This time the doctor was one of the sort above described. It was not expected of him that he could cure this poor lady; but they felt that he might ease her pathway to the grave. What did he do? This: He stopped all feeding, save water, hot or cool; of this she was commanded to take small portions very frequently, by the clock; a cold compress was applied, and gently pressed over the forehead and temples to ease the splitting pain there; a nice damp bandage was applied around the body to suck out, so to say, the internal heat and help start a healing process in the bleeding intestine. Full directions were given as to needed changes of the body bandage—"as often as this should prove soothing to the patient's feelings." Directions for appro-

priate bathing, also, were given. Well, within thirty-six hours this woman was getting the first natural sleep she had had in weeks. The intolerable agony from which she had been suffering was practically banished; not that, with all the complications of her disease, including bleeding and painful hemorrhoids, she was so soon put completely at ease; but every day found her mending. At the expiration of four days she was given a little food of the "elementary" sort—half a dozen nice dates, a sip of rich milk with each, all chewed together, as a starter. From this point her diet was gradually increased in amount. The hemorrhage ceased about the tenth day. The patient is now up and about the house a little, and is certainly getting well, and no happier or more grateful household could be imagined.

Now, assuming this to be a truthful portrayal of the case, is there a man or woman so absolutely lacking in sense as to style such management merely a "let alone treatment?" Well, to answer my own question, I will say yes; there are just such persons; and their folly may easily cost them their lives some fine day, when, under favorable conditions, they might as well have had many years of splendid working life in a world richly worth sticking to!

When we learn the fact that the same principle of treatment, of course differing in technique, applies in typhoid fever, with its "regular" death rate—15 to 20 deaths in every 100 cases, when there should be no more than three to five, allowing for exceptionally bad or neglected cases; in pneumonia, with its death rate of 20 to 30 per cent. (Dr. Cabot, before the Saratoga meeting of the American Medical Association, referring to Massachusetts General Hospital results), whereas the normal mortality, so to say, is not above five or six in private practice under natural treatment, with reference to the class of patients among ordinarily temperate folk,* and so on throughout the entire list of acute diseases—when, I am saying, we understand something about

the difference in results between the prevailing drug treatment and the hygienic treatment, we have an idea of the enormous number of needless deaths all the time occurring about us.

"Yes. You seem very firm in your convictions," said my friend, "and you may be right in the main; but you must admit that there are emergencies in which drugs are of use. For example, take the case of a person in a dead faint, such as I saw recently, that of a young lady, to whom they gave a teaspoonful of brandy to bring her to—would you have allowed her to die for want of it?"

"The fact of the matter is," I replied, "the young woman 'came to' in spite of the poisonous drug, not from any aid it gave her. If her hold on life had been very much less strong, the alcohol would have prevented her restoration, as has not infrequently happened, according to my belief."

"What would you do, then, in such a case, if life seemed almost, if not wholly extinct?"

There are various measures which may be taken, as applying a hot fomentation over the region of the heart, when that organ needs a genuine stimulant; or, again, all about the head, under certain peculiar conditions, etc., etc.

In conclusion, I would suggest to our readers that they notice the daily bulletins reporting the condition and treatment of more or less distinguished persons, as the late Senator McMillan, for example, whose life was extinguished by the "powerful heart stimulants" which first seemed to cause him to rally from his attack, and then actually caused him to have a "sinking spell," when, as we read, "the most powerful heart stimulants were administered, but without avail!" Whenever a so-called Christian Scientist loses a "patient"—and they most certainly do lose a great many whom rational treatment would "cure"—medical men cry out for a law under the operation of which the "Science" fakir may be prosecuted for manslaughter. Could I frame a law, and secure its passage, it would make every such case a case of manslaughter, in which the attending physician had administered strychnine, or digitalis, or other poisonous drugs, to the deceased.

*With reference to the enormous mortality in large city hospitals, it is only fair to state that such institutions have a large proportion of alcoholics, a class very poorly fitted to bear a treatment which, in itself, tends to prevent recovery, viz., forced feeding and constant drugging.

THE STRENUOUS LOVER.

Original Story by Bernarr Macfadden

Revised with the Assistance of John R. Coryell

"The Strenuous Lover" is being dramatized and arrangements are being made to put it on the stage as early as possible. The difficulty in securing professional or amateur actors and actresses whose physique and development are in harmony with the principal characters in "The Strenuous Lover" is very great. The play will be staged quite as elaborately as any drama of the day, and no expense or pains will be spared in accomplishing this. The author will be glad to receive communications from professional and amateur actors and actresses who deem themselves physically and otherwise capable of doing justice to "The Strenuous Lover." All communications with reference to this matter must be accompanied by photographs of the applicants in costume, together with an epitome of their careers on the stage.—EDITOR.

XII



It is hardly possible to exaggerate the difficulties of Arthur's position in relation to Amelia. He knew what a high spirit and what a strong will were hidden by the sweetness and gentleness of her nature; and he dreaded the consequences of insisting on talking with her on the subject

of corsets.

He knew how her real nature was belied by her seeming weakness and frivolity; but for that very reason he was the more sure that he would find her immovable unless he could contrive to hit upon the exact appeal that would compel her sympathy with his view.

The trouble was that poor little Amelia had been instructed in almost everything but herself. Of herself she knew nothing, and had a horror of knowing anything. Nor could she reconcile it with either propriety or nice feeling that Arthur should wish to discuss "forbidden" or *risque* subjects.

Moreover, she felt very strongly that he was outside of his own province in trying to govern the sort of clothing she should wear. If his sister chose to go without corsets to please her husband, that was her affair; but neither Arthur nor any other man should decide for her.

She said this, even to herself, in her own pretty, piquant way, as if she were only half in earnest; but that was only because she had no idea that Arthur

would push the matter any further than he had already done.

She had already consulted with others on the subject, and felt herself at once fortified and justified in her attitude. One of the first persons she had gone to was her father.

Of course, it was a very delicate subject for an American girl to talk to her father about, but she needed some information which only he could give her. She went to him as he sat in the library, one evening, just before the gas was lighted. And she would not let him light it because it would be so much easier to talk about such a thing in a dim light.

"No," she had said in her pretty peremptory way, "I don't want the light. I am going to sit down here and talk to you."

"Sit on my lap then," he said, tenderly; for she was the object on which he lavished all his love.

"No, not until I have asked my questions."

"I begin to be frightened. It isn't another new hat?"

"Oh, no; I wouldn't talk to you about hats. I might talk to you about the bills, but not the hats. Men don't know anything about hats. Well, I don't think they do; but maybe they do. Anyhow, maybe they think they do. Why do men think they know so much more than women, papa?"

"Is that one of the questions?"

"Now, don't be a foolish little papa! No, that is not one of the questions; that

was only a little bit of sarcasm. What do you know about corsets?"

Little Mr. Winsted was not in the habit of thinking about corsets, let alone talking about them; for he was an extremely proper person.

"Er—er—Is that one of the questions, Amelia?"

"Yes, it is."

"Why, my dear," he answered, after a pause, "I must say I know nothing about them."

"But mamma wore them?"

"Why, yes, I believe so."

"Now, you know she did, don't you? She always wore them, didn't she?"

"I have no doubt she did, my dear. Ladies always wear them, I think. I never gave the matter much thought, naturally, but I am convinced that your mother did wear them. She had a beautiful figure; and I suppose she couldn't have had that unless she wore corsets; could she?"

"But you are asking me questions, and I didn't come here for that. Do you mean to say you never talked with mamma about corsets?"

"I don't remember doing so; and I am quite sure that I did not. I don't know why I should have chosen such a peculiar subject for conversation with her; and I don't believe I ever did."

"Oh! you think it a peculiar subject for conversation between a lady and gentleman, do you?"

"Why, really, Amelia! don't you?"

"There, you are asking questions again! Don't do it again! I'm to do all the questioning. Do you think corsets a peculiar subject for conversation between a lady and a gentleman?"

"Why, yes. I don't see how a man can know anything about the subject, unless—with sudden illumination—"he is in that business. But why do you ask?"

"Asking questions again! No, a man wouldn't be likely to know much about corsets. That's true. And it would be very foolish of him to pretend to know. I suppose mamma never talked to you about them because she took it for granted that you wouldn't know. And you never broached the subject because—well, because it was none of your business. Yes, I see! Now, I'll sit on your lap for five minutes."

"But why have you been asking me such strange questions, Amelia? It seems to me that if you want to know anything about wearing apparel you should go to a dressmaker."

"What a dear, clever old papa you are! Yes, certainly. There! I'll kiss you for that smart speech."

It was now quite clear in Amelia's mind that she had been right in feeling that Arthur had transcended the proprieties in talking with her about her corsets; but she meant to be fortified on all sides; so she went to see Mrs. Raymond one day when she knew Margie wasn't home.

Maude was with her mother, but Amelia did not mind that, knowing that Maude had no sympathy with the novel ideas Herbert Courtney had brought into the house. Amelia opened her business at once.

"You know, Mrs. Raymond," she said, when the affectionate greetings were over, "I have no mother, and have to come to you with some of my little troubles."

"You could come to no one more eager to help you, dear," was the earnest answer; for Arthur's mother had always loved her little neighbor, and since her engagement to Arthur had taken her into her heart quite as one of her own children. "What is the matter now?"

"Oh, it's the corset question. Arthur wants me to give up corsets."

"I sometimes think Arthur is worse than Herbert," interjected Maude. "He is forever telling me that my only salvation is to stop wearing them."

"I do wish," sighed Mrs. Raymond, "he wouldn't be so opinionated. I suppose I'm old-fashioned, but I must say I think there are some things that we women would better regulate ourselves. I hope you told him, dear, that you thought it was a subject you naturally knew more about than he could."

"Well, I told him I just wouldn't discuss the subject with him."

"Quite right," said Maude.

"But," added Amelia, earnestly, "I don't want to do wrong and I do love Arthur so much that I want to be sure I'm right. You know I'm not well, Mrs. Raymond, and Arthur declares that I would be if I stopped wearing corsets."

"Oh, he's crazy on the subject of physical culture," snapped Maude, whose own health was so poor that she was generally irritable. "I think he'd try to mend furniture by physical culture if he had his way."

"Arthur means well, Maude," said Mrs. Raymond, gently, "but of course it is impossible that he should know as much as he thinks. He doesn't know as we do that women are never strong."

"He points to Margie," said Amelia, "and says she owes her wonderful health and strength to giving up corset wearing. And, of course, Margie is well; isn't she?"

"Of course she's well," cried Maude, "but she always was. Arthur might just as well tell us to take our shoes off. As for Margie, she would have been well anyhow; and she may go without corsets or without shoes if she wants to; but I won't make a fright of myself."

"I must say," sighed Mrs. Raymond, "that I don't see either sense or modesty in giving up corsets. Why, I would fall to pieces if I took mine off. And as for looks, you need only ask any dressmaker to fit you without corsets if you want to hear her opinion."

"Oh," said Amelia at once, "you should have heard Madame Mathilde when I spoke to her about giving up corsets. Of course, I only did it to hear what she would say. Well, she did give the dress-reformers fits. And really you know they are a funny lot."

"I spoke to Dr. Brayton about the matter," Mrs. Raymond said, "and he told me it was only a fad that would soon be out of fashion. He said it was very well known that consumption was less common among women than men, and that it was undoubtedly the corset that brought about such a condition."

"Really?"

"Yes, and he laughed heartily when I told him that Herbert and Arthur laid Margie's good health to her having given up her corsets. No, Amelia, you may depend upon it that they don't know what they are talking about. I only hope poor Margie won't have cause to regret what she has done."

"Her shape is spoiled already," said Maude. "She'll never get her waist back. She admits, herself, that it is four

inches larger than it was. And her hips do not seem nearly so finely proportioned as they were formerly. Have you noticed that, Amelia?"

"They certainly are not as prominent."

"For my part," went on Maude, "I'd like to be well and strong, but if I were sure I could be so by giving up my corsets, I can tell you I'd stop and think a long time before I'd do it."

"I'd like to be well, too," said Amelia; "and sometimes I think that if I were sure I'd be better without corsets I might give them up. But I've got myself to a good shape now—you'd be surprised how small my waist is—and unless I am sure—you don't think there is anything in it, Mrs. Raymond?"

"There's nonsense in it, my dear, and nothing else. If corsets were such evil things I guess the fact would have been discovered before Arthur came along to find it out."

They all laughed gaily at this, and felt that Mrs. Raymond had settled the question very effectually.

"And you wouldn't give in to Arthur about it if you were in my place?" Amelia asked.

"Certainly not, my dear. I think we women know our own business best. Be firm and he'll soon give up this notion. He's so young, dear, that it isn't strange he thinks he knows more than he really does."

Thoroughly fortified now, Amelia was prepared to take a firm stand against Arthur in case he should insist upon again discussing the subject of corsets.

That he would approach the subject in a mood so serious as his was she did not dream. There certainly did not seem to her to be the material for a tragedy in such a subject as a part of her wearing apparel.

She could see that he was troubled, however, when he met her on the evening of his talk with Margie, and as she was a very tender-hearted little creature, she nestled very close to him and said softly:

"Has something gone wrong with you, Arthur, dear? You look tired and anxious, as if something were worrying you."

"There is nothing wrong with me," he answered, "but I am unhappy about you.

I can't bear to see you growing paler and weaker all the while."

"Oh," she said brightly, "don't worry about me; I'm taking a new tonic now that will bring me about; the doctor is sure it will."

"Do you remember how he kept drugging me until I refused to take any more of his vile stuff?"

"This is different, Arthur, dear. But never mind about that! I have a quarrel with you, sir. Do you know that you never told me a word of the fine things that sculptor said to you?"

"I'll tell you all about that later, if you care to hear it, but I must talk to you about yourself, dear. Your health is the most precious possession you have, and I want you to—"

"All right," she said in a tone of resignation, "go on if you will, but if you knew how tired I am of that subject you would never broach it again."

"But you must want to get well, Amelia?"

"And papa is paying the doctor to make me so. You dear old Arthur! don't you suppose I am as much concerned as anybody else?"

"The doctor will never make you well, Amelia; drugs will never make you well. You are violating the laws of health, and as long as you do, you will suffer. I know you don't want me to talk about—"

"Arthur!" she cried, starting to her feet, "you know I will not listen to you if you talk about that forbidden topic."

"Amelia, dear," he answered, pleadingly, "I must talk to you about it. I have thought and thought, and I see no other way. You are the most precious object in my life. I love you with all my heart and soul, and I shall not be true to either you or myself if I do not speak the truth as I see it."

"You have no right to say anything I forbid you to," she cried with spirit.

"Not if I beg you in the name of our love to listen?" he pleaded.

"There are some things I must judge the propriety and wisdom of," she answered. "Besides, I know all you can say already; and I don't care to listen. I won't listen."

"But, Amelia," he said in a low, pained tone, "have you the right to dispose of

my happiness as well as your own in such an arbitrary way? Your health is not a matter of to-day, merely, but of all our married life.

"Your happiness!" she repeated, looking at him wonderingly. "How am I disposing of your happiness? Is it such a delight to you to talk about—my corsets?"

"Oh, Amelia! you know it is unfair of you to say that."

"And isn't it unfair of you to insist on talking on a subject that is utterly distasteful to me? Surely, what I wear concerns no one but myself."

"Amelia, dear, isn't a husband properly concerned in his wife's health?"

"You are not my husband, Arthur."

"I am engaged to you; we are to be husband and wife."

"Not until I am well, Arthur; so you see you are premature."

"And if I am sure that by going the way you are going you will not be well, have I not the right to warn you? Surely, our engagement does not mean that we are to wait forever for each other?"

"If you are impatient," she cried proudly, "the engagement may be broken off when you please."

"Oh, Amelia!"

"Well, I don't mean to say unkind things, Arthur, but you make me when you argue with me in that way. I can't help being sick."

"Yes, dear, you can. At least you might try my way."

"No, I will not; and you have no right to ask me to."

"I have a right, Amelia, and I can prove it to you if you will let me."

"I won't hear a word about corsets."

"I will try to avoid that particular subject, but I may have to say some things that will shock you. Please don't mind if I do. You know that I love you, and that my respect for you is such that I would rather bite my tongue off than permit it to utter, unnecessarily, words you may object to."

"Oh, Arthur! I wish you had never turned reformer. I wish you would let me alone. I wish you would be like other men. Nobody else finds fault with me. Other folks think I have a good figure."

"I am so sorry," he answered deprecatingly, his eyes resting sorrowfully on

the pouting face. "I would not be even what I am if I had not stepped out of the beaten track. I can't let you alone, because I love you and want you to be well and strong, so that you may enjoy life as I do. Besides, dear, has it ever occurred to you that it is your duty to be well and strong?"

"I am sure no one wants to be more than I do, but I don't see how it is my duty."

"Surely, you have no right to marry unless you are well."

"I don't mean to do so. You know I have always said we must wait. But I don't see what *right* has to do with it."

"No woman has a right to be a wife and a mother who cannot give her children good health," he said.

The color flooded her face and she caught her breath. It was shocking to her to have Arthur say such a thing so plainly. He went hurriedly on:

"Don't be shocked at my words, Amelia, for it really pains me to say them; but there is no other way of getting at what I must say to you. We expect to have children, do we not?"

She did not answer him, but sank into a chair a little distance from him, and sat there with her head bent. Despairing of an answer from her, and feeling that it was his duty to make himself clearly understood, he went on again:

"I could prove to you, if you would let me," he said in a gentle, pleading voice, "that it is impossible for any woman dressing as you do to be the mother of strong children. Even if you were not sick it would be your duty to live right for the sake of your children. You do agree with me, I am sure."

She would not answer, but sat like a statue. It was as if she had realized his seriousness and had made up her mind to hear him out, no matter what he said.

"Don't you see, then, dear, that I have a right to talk to you about how you dress if anything in your dress will prevent our making a happy home, and no home can be happy without children. I know it is not customary to talk of such things; I know it is the habit to pretend that children have nothing to do with the reasons why people marry; but nothing is so sure as that children are the result of a permanently happy marriage, and it

is equally sure that it is criminal to marry without health."

He was silent so long that Amelia rose to her feet and faced him, her cheeks pale now.

"Have you finished, Arthur?" she asked.

"I want to hear your views, Amelia," he answered; "please don't be angry; sit here by my side, won't you, dear? Why can't we talk of these things in love and tenderness," he said, his tones agitated as he noted her white, drawn features.

"Love and tenderness!" she said, a touch of scorn in her tone. "It does not seem to me as if love and tenderness had much to do with the matter. From the way you have been talking, I should think marriage was a very commonplace, mechanical affair."

"Oh, no, Amelia, don't say that!"

"One must be well and strong," she said with curling lip. "The notion that love is the reason for marrying is out of date and old-fashioned. Oh, no! people marry now with a doctor's certificate of health in order that their children may be well."

"You are angry, Amelia," he said, gazing at her sadly and reproachfully.

"Do you know, I wonder, the plain meaning of what you have said to me?"

"I do not know what interpretation you put upon my words; but I do know that I love you."

"I did not suppose that love demanded a certificate of good health. I had always supposed that when the object of one's love was sick, one grew more tender and loving."

"You are twisting my words, Amelia."

"Did you not say that a woman must be in good health to be a wife?"

"I said she should be and I cannot retract my words, because you are angry with me, Amelia."

"Then you meant that if I would not get well you would not make me your wife?"

"I did not mean that, dear. I would gladly make you my wife to-morrow if you would consent, and would agree to try reasonable methods of recovering your health; but I would not dare take up with you the duties of parentage if you were not well and strong."

"Words! They mean the same thing."

I must be well, and I must be well in your way; and you reduce the sweet, holy union of two souls to the level of the animals."

"How can you say that, Amelia?"

"Well, have you not as good as said that if I will not adopt your ideas you will not marry me?"

"That is a very harsh way of putting it, Amelia."

"Come, then! Will you marry me if I refuse to take your view of the matter?"

"Do not ask me such a question as that!"

"Well, then, I do refuse. I shall wear corsets now, and as long as I please. I shall believe that the doctor knows more than you, and will follow his advice; and now you may have your freedom. Here is the ring you gave me!"

"Amelia! Amelia! You will not do this!"

"I have done it, and I abide by what I have done. I will not be controlled by you in matters that do not concern you. You are mad with theories."

"Do you no longer love me?" he asked sadly.

"I love you far better than you love me, but I will not retract what I have done. Our engagement is over. Here is your ring!"

She placed her engagement ring on a table near her and swept out of the room.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIII.

Arthur went away from the Winsted house with hopeless despair written in every line of his mobile features, for he loved the little creature who had been closer to his heart than any other from their childhood.

It was one thing to theorize on marriage and its duties, but quite another thing to be torn away and sent adrift from the object of one's dearest love.

Arthur could remember no such despair like that which filled him as he slowly left the house and walked away into the silence, the gloom and the loneliness of the night.

It would have been easier, as it would have been pleasanter, to have remained in the parlor waiting for Amelia to re-

turn, and hear his plea for forgiveness.

But such a plea must have been accompanied by a retraction of what he had said; perhaps, even, by an admission that he had been wrong in saying it; and, alas! sorrowful as he was, he could not believe that he had been wrong.

He could wish that he had been more tactful, that he had somehow contrived to convey his idea of the truth to her without offense; but as he went over the ground again and again, he still came back to the point that it was the most sacred duty of a would-be parent to be in good health.

"I know," he groaned aloud, "how brutal it must have seemed to poor little Amelia, when she understood that I made health a paramount condition of marriage. Oh, why did not someone teach her long ago that a marriage cannot be happy without children, and even though the begetting of children is an animal function, it is none the less sacred? Why are we taught to belittle that which is animal? As if that which is animal may not be charged with the noblest and most purifying sentiments!"

It did not lessen his pain to know that Amelia still loved him so well that she was probably crying her heart out, and moaning for him to come back and be to her what he had been that first blessed week of her return from Europe, when there was no question between them but of love and adoration.

It did not help him in the least to know that her arms would be wide open to him would he but return with a recantation on his lips. He knew he had only to go back and say: "I was wrong."

And his love for her, yes, and his pity for her in her illness, kept continually urging him to go back with those few easy words on his lips. He knew, too, that his mother and his sister Maude would assail him with reproaches and pleadings to be like other young men and put his strange notions aside.

Recant! Recant! Conform! Conform! So the many have cried out to the few in all the ages of the world. Be different at your peril! Be like us if you would be happy!

But there are some who cannot conform, who are unable to recant; those who, having had the courage to think,

have the still greater courage to endure for Truth's sake.

A man's spirit may be more bruised by such a conflict as Arthur went through with himself that night than by all the trials that may be put upon him by others; and so it was that he crept into the house long after midnight, worn out.

If he had met his sister Margie immediately after leaving Amelia, he would have told her all that had taken place, and that would have been good for him, for a loving, sympathetic woman can give a man such help as he can obtain nowhere else.

When morning came, however, and the night before seemed to him a long, long way off, with its events already shadows in the dim past, it seemed to him that there was nothing to talk about.

Margie, woman-like, had heard him come in, and had looked at her little bedside clock. "Poor Arthur!" she had murmured, "he has had a hard time."

In the morning, eager to help him, she had put herself in his way, had thrown a sisterly arm about him, and had said:

"What luck, Arthur, dear?"

"The engagement has been broken."

"Ah! Arthur, I'm so sorry," she said, tenderly.

"Yes; by her. I was not tactful; she was angry. This is the end."

"She will think it over, and all will be right again, Arthur."

"I think not. I can't talk about it, Margie. Help me when mother and Maude find out. They can never understand."

That was all he meant to tell any of the family; but Amelia said more. She told Mrs. Raymond and Maude practically everything, believing, perhaps, that somehow, through them, Arthur could be brought to her again, shorn of his strange notions.

And Mrs. Raymond and Maude, filled with indignation and horror, assailed Arthur at once, as he had foreseen they would; and he discovered that a man need be strong indeed to resist the importunities of those with whom he is in daily and hourly contact.

Sorrowful looks, sighs and words were his lot day after day. His mother and sister made Amelia's cause their own, and fought it with a pertinacity that had for

its basis a sense of injury to the whole sex; and in spite of her good will Margie was powerless to give him much help.

It would be idle to repeat all that was said to poor Arthur, for there was necessarily much repetition; but one conversation may be given as a sample of many. It was the first after the breaking of the engagement became known.

"Oh! Arthur," moaned Mrs. Raymond, "why have you broken your engagement with Amelia?"

"It was not I, mother. She broke it."

"But why, Arthur?"

"I don't want to talk about it, mother. We had a difference of opinion on the subject of the importance of health to a mother."

"Health!" cried Maude, irefully, as was natural with a girl suffering from the follies of unhygienic clothing; "one would suppose that a red skin and the ability to walk ten miles were of every importance, and love of none. I don't want to marry any man who looks me over like a prize cow before asking me to be his wife."

"You have no more right to be a wife in your condition than Amelia has," answered Arthur, a little sharply.

"If all men held such dreadful notions, Arthur," said his mother, severely, "there would be no marriages. Do you mean to say that love is of no consequence in marriage? Are you sure that you are not confounding the baser emotion of passion with the pure and holy one of love?"

"I don't mean to, mother. But you, mother, don't you think parents owe it to their children to give them good health if they can?"

"Ah, Arthur, we never discussed such subjects in my day. Why, if your father had ventured to speak to me about such matters before we were married I—I—why, I wouldn't have married him."

"Then you and Amelia are of the same mind," answered Arthur, wearily, "for she refuses to be my wife on substantially the same ground."

"And quite right," said Maude. "But I don't see how you can help being ashamed of yourself when you think that you have deserted her because she is not well—the very time when she needs your loving help the most."

"Arthur, dear," said his mother, "why don't you give up these singular notions of yours and do as your father did—let well enough alone? Go to Amelia and tell her you love her just as well as ever, and say you regret the unkind words you have spoken to her. Surely, you don't want to make her unhappy?"

"I don't want a child of mine to have the right to tell me that it owes its ill health to me," Arthur answered.

"A well-taught child will never address such a reproach to its parent."

"But it would have the right," he replied; "and a conscientious parent cannot rest content with a silence which his knowledge of the truth makes an accusing one."

"Don't you believe in love at all?" Maude demanded. "Is marriage all on a physical basis with you?"

"All marriages are founded on a physical basis, no matter how much spiritual love may be added," he answered curtly. "It must be, no matter what sentimentalists may say."

"My boy, you do not mean what you say," cried his mother. "Why, you would lower us to the level of the brutes. Do you not love Amelia?"

"Better than anyone else in the world."

"Then why not smother your foolish pride, and go to her, asking her to forgive you for words that must seem hard and cruel to her?"

"Oh! mother, why will you not understand me? It is no matter of pride, but of plainest duty. Amelia refuses to understand me just as you do. Like Maude, she would rather be fashionable than well. She clings to her corsets as if they were holy things, on which her immortal soul depended, when, if she would but think for a moment, she would see that there must be more of the spirit of evil than of good in a garment that tortures, maims and distorts the body, and renders her unfit for motherhood. And she is unfit for motherhood; she admits it herself by refusing to marry me until she is well."

But Arthur might as well have argued the matter with one of his plaster casts for all the impression he made on either his sister or mother. They passed over any telling point as if it had not been made, and repeated their reproaches with ever fresh zest.

If he had but known it, even little Amelia tired of their assertions continually repeated. It seemed as if they made her see the futility of her own feeble contest against the truth.

Then she began to listen to Margie with more attention; for Arthur's sister, seeing his distress, and wishing to help him most effectually, had ventured to broach the subject to Amelia.

How much impression she made she did not know; but one day, less than a month subsequent to the interview between the lovers, she said to Herbert when they were alone together in their room:

"I am making some headway with Amelia; I know I am. She is asking questions."

* * * * *

CHAPTER XIV.

Arthur, meanwhile, was absorbing himself in business, hoping to find in its absorption a relief from the ever-present distress of his trouble with Amelia.

Mr. Raymond was especially pleased to have Arthur devote himself to the business, his own health being in such a state that he felt he had no secure hold on life, although he kept his own counsel in regard to that.

The real estate business which Mr. Raymond had built up during many years of close and conscientious work was now in the most prosperous condition that it had ever been, so that the sick man had the comforting assurance that now that Arthur thoroughly understood it he need have none of that horror of death hanging over him which must haunt the man who has a family depending on him and no means of supporting them.

So Arthur, glad to relieve his father, and rejoiced to put all his energies into something so worthy, took over more and more of the work, until it seemed as if his powers must be inadequate to the labor he had to perform.

But even work was not sufficient to fill all of his time, or take all of his thoughts. The gymnasium, indeed, demanded a small portion of his spare time, but not as much now as formerly, when he was building up the magnificent body which he was now only concerned to maintain in its perfect condition.

It was thinking of this that one day recalled to his mind the flattering words of the artist Bernardo. He had practically forgotten him until that moment, his trouble having so occupied his thoughts; but when the sculptor did enter his mind, it was to rouse the wish to see him.

Aside from Arthur's pleasing recollections of the man, there was the incentive of the probability that there would be some interesting art works in his studio; and Arthur was passionately fond of the beautiful.

That very afternoon, happening to be near the studio, he bent his steps toward it. It stood on a side street, just off Fifth avenue; and Arthur saw at once that one of New York's fine old mansions had been used. He discovered later that the back yard and stable had been made into one huge studio, the former being covered with glass.

His hand was on the door-bell to ring it, when the door was opened, and he stood face to face with a young woman who was about to come out of the house.

The sudden and unexpected encounter confused both of them; they murmured a few words of explanation and apology; smiled because they had done so, and she was gone.

An extraordinary sensation thrilled Arthur. His blood throbbled more swiftly. What soulful, honest, child-like eyes those were that had looked into his! What lips that had parted over the white, regular teeth when the reluctant, shy smile had crept over her face! What a glow of health beneath the snowy skin!

He looked after her, oblivious of the servant who stood in the doorway. What a superb carriage! How gracefully, but with how little effort she moved!

"Did you want to see anyone, sir?" the negro servant said in a loud voice, a faint grin showing on his lips.

"Oh, I didn't know—I didn't see you. Mr. Bernardo! Is this his studio?"

"Yes, sir. Walk in, sir."

He went into the front parlor, now used as a reception room, evidently, and there he was presently joined by the sculptor, who showed great pleasure in meeting him again.

"Forgive me," said the artist, "for not shaking hands with you, but as you see,

I am covered with clay." He pointed to his apron and hands, which were stained with clay. "The moment I heard who you were I came in without stopping to clean up; but my work is over for the day, so waive ceremony and come back into the studio with me and look around while I wash off the dirt."

The studio was a vast apartment, at one end of which, under the full light of the glass roof, stood what seemed a massive group, covered with cloth, indicating to Arthur that it was the one Mr. Bernardo was at the time at work on.

"My model has not been gone five minutes," the latter said, as he threw off his apron. "If you had come a little sooner you might have met her; and well worth seeing she is, too."

Arthur felt himself flush, and was annoyed to think that he should do so.

"Perhaps I did see her," he said, trying hard to make his tone one of indifference, and wondering all the while why the mere thought of the young woman he had met should start his blood throbbing again. "I met a young lady at the door just as I was coming in."

"Make you think of Aurora or Hebe, or some other favorite goddess?" asked the sculptor.

"She was certainly a splendid specimen of womanhood," Arthur answered, studying a statue with a critical air without seeing it at all.

"That must have been she. I'll show you my study of her in a few minutes. A very fine young woman!"

He spoke in a tone of praise, but with a calmness Arthur found himself half resenting.

"Perhaps she won't like me to see the study," he said, trying to be fair to the young lady, but hoping the sculptor would find an argument with which to push aside his scruples.

"I wouldn't show it to everybody. No, she won't mind in this case. I've spoken to her about you and my hopes, you know"—he laughed genially—"and she said I might let you see the group, and see her, too, if I thought best. Of course, I don't mean posing; you understand that, of course. That's a fine thing you're looking at now. It was done by a friend of mine. That one over there is a copy of

Donatello's—but of course you know it without my telling you."

Talking gaily, and drawing from Arthur his opinions on this and that piece of sculpture, he led him around the studio.

And Arthur tried his best to take an interest in everything; though all the while his eyes kept wandering wistfully to the cloth-covered group at the end of the studio.

But it was not until he had shown Arthur everything else that the sculptor approached the large group, saying:

"After all, my heart is nowhere but here, now. I think this will be my masterpiece, Mr. Raymond. That is why I begged you so hard to pose for me. Perhaps when you have seen it you will have pity on"—he interrupted himself to smile at Arthur.

"I am afraid not," said the latter; but if the sculptor was noting he must have been aware that Arthur was not as firm and vigorous in his refusal as he had previously been.

Mr. Bernardo stood with the cloth in his hand, delaying withdrawing it while he talked to Arthur.

"You will notice that this group contains four figures, a man, a woman and two children. I have done nothing excepting on the woman. I am sure you will admit that the female figure is magnificent. It is only slightly draped."

He drew the cloth away with an almost loving slowness of movement, and Arthur found himself catching his breath in the rapt excitement of the moment. It was to him rather as if the model herself were being revealed to him, and he gazed upon the figure before him with the deepest reverence.

He had never seen anything so beautiful before; and the longer he looked the more it seemed to him that he saw before him a living, breathing body.

"Well?" said the artist in a low tone.

"Exquisite," was all Arthur could say.

It was the form of a fully developed woman at the period of her greatest beauty. Some soft, clinging draperies hung from one shoulder and were wound gracefully around her waist and hips. She was pointing upward with the finger of her right hand, and the poise of her head

gave her an appearance of proud dignity.

There was a harmony of contour in every curve of the figure. The arms were slightly larger than are seen in the average woman, but they were exquisitely rounded and proportioned. The hands were not small, but they were almost perfect in shape.

One side of the bust was uncovered. It showed the full, well-rounded outlines that come with firm flesh and strong muscles. The waist curved inward, and was a trifle small for a figure of this size. Down the center of the back of the figure, beginning at the nape of the neck, was a deep furrow, and at each side there were round mounds of white flesh, formed by the firm and beautiful muscles. The hips swelled out from the waist with an almost matronly curve, so large were they, although every line was perfect. The limbs were large and finely proportioned, the ankles and knees being small, while the swell at the calves and thighs was just enough to give the right taper for perfect contour.

Arthur was silent so long that the sculptor turned his eyes on him and studied him, realizing with delight that he was fairly entranced.

"You will pose?" he said at length. "You will do me this favor?"

"It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw," Arthur breathed. "It would be an honor to represent the male type by the side of such a magnificent specimen of womanhood."

"Say you will pose, then," pleaded Bernardo. "It was in order that I might win your consent that I prevailed on Miss Bertram to at once permit you to see this and to know her."

"Miss Bertram!" murmured Arthur.

"Miss Helen Bertram. You will pose, Mr. Raymond?"

"I should see her in that case?" he asked in a low tone.

"If you will come to-morrow at three o'clock. She will be through by that time and I can present you; but, Mr. Raymond," he added, with dignified seriousness, "she is a lady in the finest sense of the word; a noble woman."

"If she were not I would rather never see her again."

"Forgive me the warning!"

"Thank you, rather."

When Arthur went home that evening he forgot to cast his usual wistful glance at the windows of the Winsted house; and Amelia, hidden behind the lace cur-

tains, uttered a little cry and a surprised sob. It was the first time that had happened since the day of their broken engagement.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF UNCOOKED FOODS

By *Emile La Croix*



Of all God's creatures, man is the only one that cooks or specially prepares his food, and he, too, is the only one who is heir to a thousand ills, and who is more liable to die in infancy than to live to maturity. He also is the only one that needs doctors, drug stores, hospitals, insane asylums, rum

shops, etc. Some may answer that we also have veterinary surgeons; but these are for our domesticated animals, who, trusting in our knowledge, accept the food that we give them, and are thereby made sick. The poor, trusting dog is fed on things which were never intended for his stomach, and lo! you are surprised that your pet has distemper, or that he suffers from mange or asthma.

Meat eating is an innovation of comparatively recent date in the history of man. You need, therefore, have no scruples about omitting it from your menu. Begin the change by substituting nuts for meat. In a short time you will not miss the flesh, fish and fowl; then commence to leave off the vegetables, and eat such fruits as prunes, figs, dates and raisins, oranges, apples, peaches, pears

and grapes. Bear in mind to eat *only* when you are hungry. Do not eat because the breakfast, dinner or supper bell rings, but when you are really and truly hungry.

A few words now as to raw cereals and vegetables. Both contain starches, enclosed in the little minute sacs of cellulose, which are entirely impervious to the actions of the digestive juices, and if they are not liberated by mastication, or thorough chewing, they will pass through the system without being assimilated. They cannot be freed from their cellulose sacs by either of the above processes unless they are retained in the mouth a sufficient length of time to allow of their being entirely saturated with saliva, which is alkaline, and has the power of changing the starch into dextrine and grape sugar. If too many cereals are eaten the calcareous matter hardens the arteries by deposits during the sleeping hours, when the circulation is less rapid, and causes the stiffness that so many notice in these early morning hours. Intime more and more of that calcareous matter remains in the arteries, diminishing their orifice and obligating the heart to make greater efforts to send the blood on its onward flow, and "heart failure" is liable to result.



VACCINATION

THE PROCESS WHICH VACCINATES (?) BUT DOES NOT POISON

By Harria Gray



It has been left to the ingenious homeopathic doctors to devise a way out of the vaccination difficulty. With the astuteness and farsightedness well worthy of the good cause, these adroit men have found a way of vaccinating without doing harm to the patient. The medicine they give in other difficulties (that is the straight high potency homeopaths) is so attenuated that chemical tests applied to it fail to show any sign of the drug under whose name the medicine is prescribed. For instance, the preparations of arsenic which are given, if tested, would indicate none of the chemical changes which the real arsenic would show. And yet this medicine, say the homeopaths, effects cures—at least their patients get well. The vital life principle, they say, is affected in some mysterious way which it is impossible to describe. It would require a great stretch of the imagination to think out any kind of a chemical change which might take place *inside* of the body at the behest of the medicine, which is entirely unable to effect any chemical change in substances *outside* of the body. Be that as it may, they have applied their theories to vaccination, and they vaccinate by what is known as internal medication. They give an attenuated preparation of vaccine virus which is to be taken internally. This, they claim, is as good as the surgical operation on the arm, the usual method of vaccinating. And indeed, we quite agree with them, it is as good! It is better; it is the best method of vaccination.

We have known of people taking children to a doctor and pleading that they wanted the children to go to school, but dreaded submitting them to vaccination. This is easily arranged. The doctor prescribes the one thousandth potency solution of virus. A few days later the child is again brought to the doctor's

office. The medicine has been taken—home, at least; whether it was ever swallowed or not is another matter. The youngster is carefully examined, and the wise doctor gravely announces that the vaccination is successful.

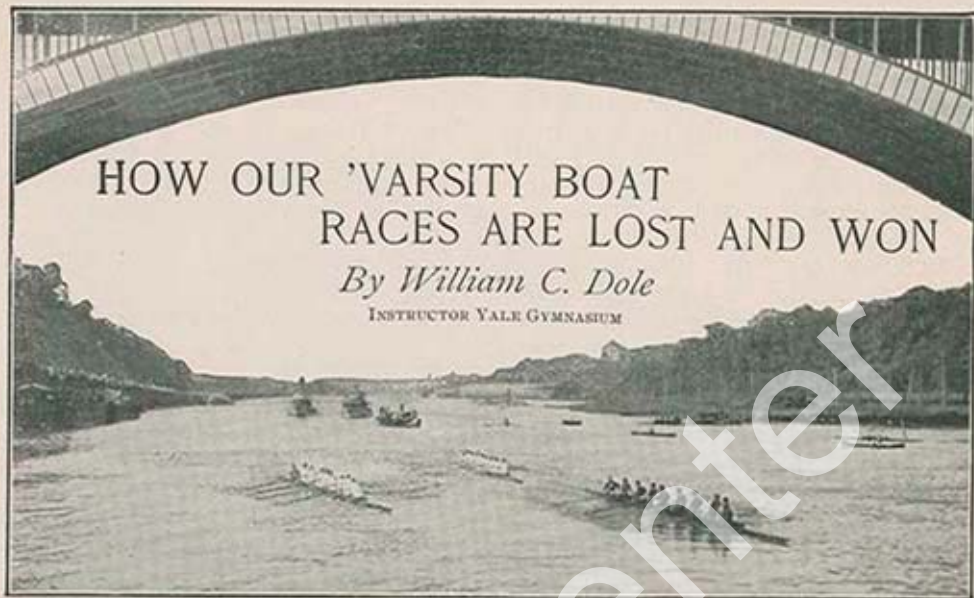
And who is going to say the doctor nay? Has not a physician, a regular medical graduate, a right to an opinion? Is it erratic? Is it at variance with the theories of the opposite school of medicine? Maybe, but what of that? All the theories of the homeopaths are at variance with those of the allopaths. Their theories in regard to treatment of other diseases are diametrically opposed to each other. If the homeopaths are right in their treatment of disease, the allopaths are wrong, and *vice versa*. If the homeopath treatment does good, the allopath treatment does harm. If the allopath treatment does any good, the homeopath treatment is child's play. But there is so little, if any, difference in the percentage of patients who get well under the one treatment or the other, that no one knows on which side the advantage lies.

Vaccination by internal medication does no harm anyway, and until the laws are so changed that it is possible for a child to go to school without a certificate of vaccination, it is recommended as an easy solution of the "poison problem," which confronts so many anxious parents, who have neither the time nor the money to fight the law which keeps a child away from school until vaccinated.

We give below the form of certificate which was issued in New York this past year.

To Whom It May Concern:—This is to certify that.....of.....of New York City has been successfully vaccinated by me by internal medication.
(Doctor's Signature.)

Go to a homeopath doctor and tell him about it when the occasion arises for a certificate for one of your children.



HOW OUR 'VARSITY BOAT RACES ARE LOST AND WON

By William C. Dole

INSTRUCTOR YALE GYMNASIUM

Rowing on the Harlem River



HAVE you ever seen the boat race at New London? The quaint little city, its magnificent harbor covered on that great day with all manner of pleasure craft, each and all decked out in brightest colors, and filled oft-times to and beyond the danger line with noisy, cheering partisans.

Just above the great steel drawbridge on either side of the river are the lengthy moving flat-cars, yclept to-day "grandstands," occupied by undergraduates and fair friends of the blue or crimson universities, all in expectation or suspense, for, flashing down the narrow streak of blue water, come the two crews. It is near the end of a June day, the sun is in the faces of the rowers, but it also shimmers off their brawny backs at more or less regular intervals. They are near the line; a pistol crack, a roar, and all is over. The victorious crew proudly pulls a few more strokes; the losers slide over the line, and "droop like a lily" at the sad, sad end.

All is over. A mad dash is made by all to get home: darkness comes on, and night is ushered in by the winners by

the din of clanging bells, tin horns and cannon crackers. In the other city the campus is dark, dreary, deserted. No bonfires here. Just quiet, quiet.

Upon another river beyond the famous Highlands there is another wonderful steel bridge, from which is to be seen another great race at about the same time, in the same June, and over the same distance. Here there are other crews striving for victory; and while there cannot be more noise than at New London, it is more varied in the college yells and colors. There is, moreover, the same beautiful work; the same fight the whole four miles, and—"human nature is the same everywhere"—the same triumphant song of the victors, the same downcast air of the losers. If, therefore, you have seen either of these races or both, you have seen the cleanest sport of modern times, handled in the fairest possible manner, and fought out to the bitter—or, it may be, sweet—end, in the most courteous, non-interfering way.

But, having seen all this, have you seen much of it really? You saw a few minutes of a fierce contest, a glimpse as from a car. What brought all the people here? How came it that these men pulled all the way with the same persistent heave of

back and push of legs, from thirty to, yes, forty, if necessary, strokes a minute? Well, the people came because they knew they would see men doing their educated, trained best to win—not for themselves alone, not for money, but for a pair of silken colors, and the glory of their college. All this is the spectacular, the tableaux, the climax, looked on at as in a play. Backward turn the wheels of time. We have seen the flush of sunset and of pride of finish. Let us begin in the day-break of these crews' lives and follow

deal at times. Some "Winters linger in the lap of Spring," and some do not. With this reservation, let us try to learn about what is done to bring a crew to the start at Yale or any other university.

The last Saturday in September finds a number of "calls" made for rowing men to report at boathouse. The class crews are immediately organized, and the advent of scratch crews is not frowned upon. The situation is like this: Of the 'varsity eight several have left and their places are to be filled; nor is it



Columbia University Preparing for a Spin

them to the start, where they, being fully prepared and fit, await the word, "Go."

Aside from the natural differences, which location and season of the year cause, the description following may be fairly said to correspond with the work performed by any of the great rowing American universities—Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Harvard, Yale, Wisconsin, Syracuse. Nor must this résumé be held to strict account in a particular sense. The routine here varies a good

absolutely sure that those remaining will retain their seats in the boat. Time was when this was so; but times have changed. Over six hundred new men have entered college. While some have gone down to the boathouse on their own account, many more, knowing that football has the pride of place now, have answered the football "calls" and gone to the field: hence, thither goes the keen-eyed rowing coach on sundry afternoons, and makes quick acquaintance with eligi-

ble young men, who, attired as they are in football armor, are plainly to his mind revealed as just the kind of man he wants.

Thirty years ago, a rowing man was

stand about six feet and weigh about one hundred and seventy pounds, trained weight, in the boat. They don't care about arms, but they do want strong backs and waists, deep chests, good thighs, and not too much muscular rigidity. Well, after the fall races there may be a little rowing, yet nothing except "laying pipes" is done until January. The freshman crew is then called out, followed soon after by the call for variety. It is



University of Pennsylvania Out for Practice

sized up and rated by amount of biceps and lack of waist, while legs were not worth considering. The published measurements—padded sometimes they were—figured highly in the probable outcome of a race. This passed away. Fifteen or rather more years later, weight was the prime factor—what the crew weighed, not what they measured. This also passed away. It is left to the



Harvard at Gale Ferry

intelligence of the reader to surmise why both of

these fallacies faded away.

To-day, all the prominent rowing coaches agree on one thing, i. e., that the ideal rowing man in an "eight" should

at this time that the captain and coach (having previously scoured the campus for these men who approach the above ideal) "round up" about forty of them, and begin to use "the tank." Here is the "mirror held up to nature" literally, while outdoor runs and "setting up" forms of exercise are the winding up of the day's work. This goes on all the rest of the winter. The men are trimmed down in numbers slowly, the general ef-



Cornell on the Hudson

fect of this work being to build up the majority of the candidates, the evenness and regularity of the required exercise having tended to require the average man to eat more, sleep more, rest more. Some day, however, a harbinger of spring appears—down to the harbor they go; deserted is the dreary old dismal tank; in a real boat at last! Here the coach finds that some excellent tank rower is worthless, and vice versa. Again, therefore, the squad is cut to about three crews.

During Easter week vacation still more trimming is resorted to, until in early May what is kept going is worth having, worth teaching. From now on is the real toil of all. Warmer weather, less wind, longer rows, later dinners, to compensate. All are at training tables, where the best food which experience can direct is given them. All are on their honor in getting to bed early, and no form of even the mildest dissipation is tolerated. Owing to the large number of men, any



Yale at Gale Ferry

staleness or overwork is looked into at once, and needed rest and relaxation given.

But we people, who, unless we go down to the harbor, have not seen them much of late, learn that they are going to New London. For one day they are to be seen about the campus, packing up. Arrived there, ensconced in the old familiar quarters, on the course itself, they enter a new zone of life, and row and row, and eat and sleep. They are not so many now, and they know pretty well "who's who" in the boat. The coach having now got his crew where he wants them, can afford to drop his stern, cold

carefully, as much depends on the week before the race. If the coach has been fortunate, if there has been no accident, and he has them "together," with the boat running well, he can ease them up a little and allow a few, a very few, words of praise to reach their astounded yet delighted ears; but if he has been unable to call out the right man, if No. 6 has to go to No. 3, or if the best man in the boat has to get hurt "fooling around," or, escaping all this, if he sees, and others see, that the other crew is faster, then indeed is it hard for him and hard for the men. Changes may not be made in positions, but in style of stroke,



Columbia Returning From Practice

look, and smile again. Time trials over parts of the course are compared with other years. Meanwhile the last examinations which have followed the men in the shape of two examiners, have been passed, and not a care remains; but there is one, after all. For just down the river, last night, the other crew came, and their banner is flapping boldly. "What a big, strong lot of burly fellows they are," say each crew of the other. Visits are exchanged, as it may be supposed, with an increase of doubt in their former idea of superiority.

The men are now being handled most

in dip, in any of the many details which have been dinned into their ears for months; there may be such changes as appall and dishearten all; here is wear and tear indeed; if there is overtraining here is the time and opportunity for it. That these men get over this precarious situation, and row often a hopeless race to the finish in good form, and with good courage, is one of the greatest benefits of the training they receive. But, after all, who ever told them they were good oarsmen? Not the coach, surely. They have been humbled to the earth, figuratively, so long that it is a wonder to

themselves to learn the day after the race how good they really were—if they won, for the public has never yet felt that the crew which finished a few feet behind in a race before twenty thousand, is nearly as good as the winner. Every man who rows in the race, however, knows that the beaten crew was good enough almost all the distance. In his heart he remembers just where the other crew might be even better than his.

Behold now, training all over, no more practice pulls or starts, for, paddling slowly, or drifting gently to the start, they back up to their starting boat. The other crew are already there. A nod or covert look, a few sweaters tossed out, the correct line of direction taken. "Are you ready?" from the referee. A nervous, low-spoken "Yes." Then an awful instant of suspense—and "Go!" is heard. They are off, and the race is on. We saw them finish ere we turned back to trace their way. What care we which won. We know each and every man will pull

undaunted to the limit of his strength and skill, for are they not, all of them, strong, brainy men, selected carefully from the thousands of their university to pull this race? Have not the stored up fruits of experience been theirs to study and imitate? Have they not, all of them, lived the manly life of a manly man? Here is one phase of physical culture brought to its highest point. These men have been honest, obedient, persevering. Having the love of the sport grow on them, it is true, but let this not be forgotten—they were just as earnest, just as true to the ideals of college traditions and glory when they first stepped into the tank on that first day of the "call out" as when they rowed in, winners or losers, at the finish, on that beautiful day on the river at New London, or the river at Poughkeepsie. Honor, then, to the men who practice, yes, live the life of required physical purity, to the glory of their college and to the benefit of all who read and think.



From the painting by Toby E. Rosenthal

Who Laughs Last Laughs Best

THE EFFECT OF DEEP BREATHING UPON THE (SINGING) VOICE

By La Pierre

The attention of professional and amateur actors and actresses is directed to the editorial note which heads the current instalment of "The Strenuous Lover," which appears on page 383 of this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. We are in urgent need of capable and leading actors and actresses to fill the different roles in the dramatized version of the novel.—EDITOR.



Mme. Patti

Adelina Patti (sixty years old), whose long and successful career on the operatic stage is emphatically due to her careful and abstemious mode of living and dieting.

DID you ever study the operatic stars from a physical culture standpoint? If not, it will perhaps surprise you to note that one and all of our great dramatic singers are the healthy possessors of fine physiques, and are especially remarkable in the matter of chest development. In fact, the singer without a large chest expansion is seriously handicapped, being liable to contract all manner of throat and lung diseases, and, until the defect is remedied, can

never hope to attain a high position on the operatic or concert stage.

ing alone would never make a singer, but the fact remains that a great singer was never made without it.

Let anyone, unaccustomed to sing, try a few scales and note how soon the breath is exhausted, and what a severe strain there seems to be on the chest and lungs. It is like running up six flights of stairs at full speed. This shows how little control the ordinary

never hope to attain a high position on the operatic or concert stage.

A well developed chest is the *sine qua non* of a public singer.

Melba, Sembrich, Nordica, Eames, Calvé, are all large chested individuals and are living illustrations of what deep-breathing and intelligent physical culture will do in the development and control of the singing voice.

Jean De Reszke was a failure as an operatic baritone until he went to Spriglia, whose first lesson might be comprised in these words: "Buy a pair of dumb-bells—build up your chest!"

We all know the result—he developed his chest and a tenor voice at the same time, and he is to-day the world's most renowned and highest salaried male singer.

Of course, deep-breath-



Mme. Melba as Juliet

Nature gifted Mme. Melba with an excellent physique, but she has neglected developing it to its fullest

mortal has of his breathing muscles. The ability to give volume and warmth of coloring or artistic "timbre" to sustained notes can come only after we have mastered the problem of right breathing; and this, as applied to the singing voice, involves not only the taking of breath in the right manner, but the ability to retain or husband the breath and use it sparingly in the difficult art of vocalization. This power to retain and distribute the breath artistically (to regulate the breath-pressure) is the distinguishing mark of a really great singer.

I have said that the ability to breathe properly alone will not make a singer, but if in addition to this you have a good voice, a bright intellect, a strong, healthy body, a winning personality, then you have a combination that will result in even greater mastery of your vocal organs, the power to phrase correctly, and a magnetic control of your audience; which in short transforms you



Mme. Sembrich

If Mme Sembrich would only give a little attention to natural dieting and physical exercises the improvement in her physique and carriage would be wonderful.



Mme. Eames as Elizabeth

Mme. Eames goes through her work deliberately and with a set purpose. She is blessed with much common sense, and has ever been mindful of the importance of rational living in the matter of food and dress for the full development of the voice.

from a nonentity into a celebrity, and lifts you from the ranks of mediocrity into the realms of pure air and high art. You know the higher we climb the purer the air becomes, but we must learn how to breathe if we would experience the full effect of its life-giving qualities. And just here let me remark that it is of little use to breathe correctly if we have not pure air to fill our lungs with.

To illustrate this point, I will mention the fact that on one occasion I had engaged and rehearsed a noted tenor in a trying Mozartian rôle the evening before the public performance and found his voice sweet and clear as a silver bell. The following night, however, he was unable to sing. He opened his mouth and strained his muscles, distorting his face in his



Mme. Calve as Carmen

Mme. Calve has wonderful vitality and is well supplied with animal spirits, which divert the attention of an audience from certain physical imperfections.

and the honor that would have been his if he did his best, besides being regarded as unreliable and thus losing several future engagements. Moral—"Let a little sunlight in!"

Successful singers as a rule take better care of themselves than any other class of people, if we except the "all-around athlete" and professional exponent of physical culture.

The reason is plain. Health is their stock-in-trade. Without it they cannot sing. They are sparing in their diet and very careful not to drink strong wine or whiskey—at least, when they have a public performance on hand, and many of them are total abstainers. They spare no pains to perfect their physical well-being and are very much inclined to practice

despairing efforts, but the voice refused to come. It was a case of temporary paralysis of the vocal chords. And what was the cause? The night before he slept at a friend's house in an *ill-ventilated room*, a modern dungeon without a window

that is sometimes called an "inside room." Being accustomed to plenty of breathing space, fresh air and sunlight, the close quarters were too much for his constitution to withstand; so he lost his voice, lost his fee,

vegetarianism, though not in a strict sense. They cannot afford to be intemperate in anything.

A popular basso with a tremendously deep and rich voice informed me that one night's dissipation, or even loss of sleep, produced a very noticeable deterioration in the quality and depth of his tones. In fact, when he could do so, he was in the habit of going to bed soon after eight p.m., for several nights in advance of some important engagement, in order to have his voice in its full purity, resonance and power when the trying ordeal came.

A full-fledged operatic song-bird prepares for her vocal flights as carefully as a pugilist does for the fight that will decide who is the champion boxer of the world. No thoroughbred runner for the Derby has been more carefully groom-

ed than our prima donna essaying a new rôle. She has been put through her paces every day, in moderation, and at the moment of her expected triumph is at her very best, physically. The public demands her best efforts, each appearance is a "tour de force," and the climax of the opera is a supreme moment when she dominates the stage and carries all before her. The audience is spell-bound and attributes her magic power to inspiration and genius.



Mme. Nordica

The statuesque poses and dignified carriage of Mme. Nordica on the stage tell their own story of the value of the strictly natural mode of living which this charming singer has always followed.

Not so! Deep-breathing, right living and careful preparation are the foundation of her success.

Public singers as a class are a splendid proof of the benefits to be derived from physical culture, abstemiousness in eating and rational living which necessitates freedom from worry, change of occupation, rest and proper sleep.

Patti in her forthcoming American tour declines to sing oftener than twice and thrice a week, alternately, although her contract calls for \$5,000 for each appearance and fifty per cent. of the gross proceeds over \$7,500.

Patti is sixty years of age and lives mostly on eggs, nuts, fruit and vegetables, always has her windows open, never overtaxes her strength, and is today younger in appearance and possesses more vitality than most women of thirty and thirty-five who pay no attention to right living and do not practice the plain rules of physical culture.

Now, I think I have said enough to show that health and deep-breathing are at the very foundation of a successful vocal career.

One teacher of my acquaintance makes

the pupil lie "flat on his back" on the studio floor, in order to relax all the muscles and prevent clavicular breathing which is so detrimental to health and vocal art.

The main point to be taught, however, is that deep-breathing commences at the abdomen, the action here precisely corresponding to that of a bellows. When the air enters the abdominal bellows is inflated, and it is deflated and relaxed when the air is pumped up into the chest, thence to pass through the larynx and over the vocal chords until it reaches the mouth, there to be modified by throat, cheek and lip muscles (the roof of the mouth and hard palate meanwhile acting as a natural sounding board) until at length it is evolved into that miracle of art and Nature—Artistic Tone.

The best advice I can give all embryonic operatic stars is this: Breathe deeply, build up your chest (Spriglia usually says "*Beaucoup de dumb-bells*"), live simply, eat sparingly, exercise regularly and spend as much time in the open air as possible. Then you are ready for study, and remember "Life is short and Art is long!"



Adagio

From the painting by Geo. Van Hoerlin

PHYSICAL CULTURE AMONG THE MAHRATTAS ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

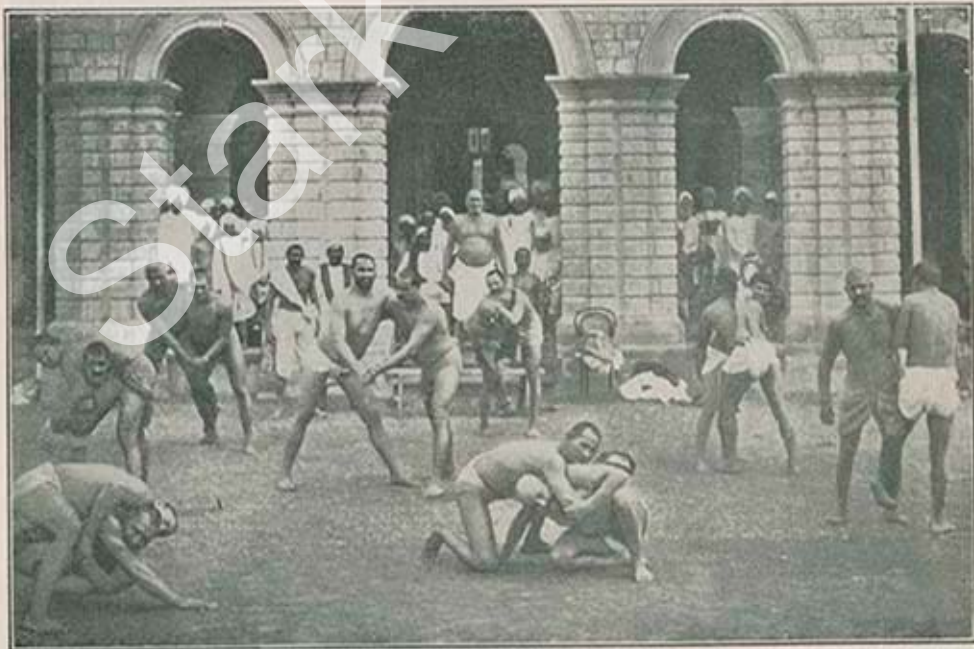


IN a book by Thomas Duer Broughton, entitled "The costume, character, manners, domestic habits and religious ceremonies of the Mahrattas," printed as early as 1813, we find the following interesting account of physical culture exercises as practised by that Indian tribe:

"Our Sipahes have commenced the exercises which are customary at this season of the year. The natives all over India are exceedingly fond of these diversions, which are regulated by certain ceremonials, observed with the most scrupulous etiquette.

"A sufficient space is marked out generally in the smoothest ground, and, if possible, under the shade of trees, which is carefully dug up and cleared of all the stones, hard lumps, etc. This is called the Uk hara, and is held sacred, no one

entering it with his shoes on; nor any impure thing being suffered to be brought within its limits. At one end a small heap of earth is raised, to which each individual, as he enters, makes an obeisance, and adds a handful of earth. The most skillful among them is appointed Khuleefu, or superintendent, for the season, who regulates the exercises and instructs the young Puthas or scholars. Everyone strips to his dotee, which is drawn as tight as possible about the loins, and rubs a particular kind of white earth over his body. The first exercise is generally the Dhum, which is thus performed: The exerciser, having balanced himself upon his hands and toes, each about two feet above, throws his body forward until the chest comes within three or four inches of the ground; loosening his elbows and tightening his knees, but without moving his hands or feet from their original position, in which motion almost every muscle of the body is ex-



A common sight in India, showing servants thoroughly enjoying themselves in a wrestling bout outside the Sahib's house or bungalow

erted. He then straightens his elbows and erects his head and chest; and having remained in this position a few seconds, draws back to his first posture, and repeats his Dhuns as long as his strength will allow him to continue. At first it is difficult to exceed ten or twelve; but by practice a man may bring himself to make as many as two, or even three hundred. The next exercise is the Kooshtee, or wrestling, at which the natives of India exhibit great skill and activity. They salute by striking smartly with the right

to twenty pounds in weight, which are wielded about somewhat in the manner of our dumb-bells; the latter is a stiff bow of bamboo, bent by a strong iron chain, to which a number of small round plates of the same metal are affixed for the purpose of increasing the weight and making a jingling noise. The bow is used by alternately stretching out the right and left arms to the utmost extent and extending the other arm in the opposite direction. All these modes of exercising tend to open the chest, set up the body,



A typical group of four Mahratta families, showing the women with the caste marks on their foreheads, and wearing nose rings and armlets

hand upon the left arm, doubled on the rest, and upon the hollow of the right thigh; and they do not consider it a fall unless one of the wrestlers is laid flat and helpless on his back. In these contests, strength is much less exerted than skill, yet a broken or dislocated arm is by no means an uncommon event. The other principal exercises are with the Moogdurs and the Lezum; the former are thick clubs of hard wood about two feet or upward in length and from fourteen

and strengthen the muscles, and the effect produced by them upon a young lad at the end of the season is astonishing. When the business of the day is over the players gather around some individual of the party, who repeats a Kubit, or a little poem, upon the occasion; they then perform the salute, first to the Khuleefu, and afterward to each other, and conclude by a few Dhuns, performed by the whole party drawn up in a line, with the Khuleefu at the head.

THE ART OF BOXING AND SELF-DEFENSE

By Prof. W. F. Lee

Ex-Lightweight Champion of the East

This Series of Boxing Lessons is illustrated by instantaneous photographs of Professor Lee, ex-lightweight champion of the East, and William Rodenbach, amateur middle and heavy-weight champion of America. We have arranged with Professor Lee for a complete series of lessons, and the second of the series is presented herewith—EDITOR.

SECOND LESSON

POSITION 8. See Fig. 9. This photograph shows the wrong way to duck to avoid straight left lead. Ducking in and losing sight of opponent's head and hands. Left lead blocked with open glove, palm outward, affording firm brace to uppercut with left. Repeat it. This is the blow with which Corbett defeated Mitchell, the English champion.

This is the style most amateurs use

when starting in trying to avoid the blows of their opponents by dropping their heads down in front. It is a most serious mistake, as you lose sight of your opponent's head and hands. "Ducking" and "dodging" are two different things. To *duck* a blow is to drop your head under and resume position; to *dodge* is to slip to the side. To master the art of ducking you must first learn

to dodge, first to the right and then to the left, which is more difficult.



Figure
9
Wrong
way to
duck



Figure 10. Reach straight from shoulder

REACHING. POSITION 9. See Fig. 10. This lesson shows the length of reach used to advantage and illustrates how Bob Fitzsimmons beat Jack Dempsey. It is of no advantage, however, unless used in a straight manner. One never loses one's balance in hitting straight from the shoulder. Besides, it has a jarring effect upon your opponent. This is the best way to stop a rusher. Learn to hit straight with right and left and "find" your opponent's head.

POSITION 10. See Fig. 11. The right way to dodge straight lead: in position to send either hand to body. You are protected at the head by opponent's arm and your left covers your body. This is one of the finest positions to assume in beginning to box. It is in this position that a rapid volley of blows can be sent to opponent's body. This kind of boxing, however, generally results in clinching, which is unscientific, unless performed by one experienced in the art. The knack of hitting in clinches, called "one arm free," is a distinct part of the science of boxing itself.

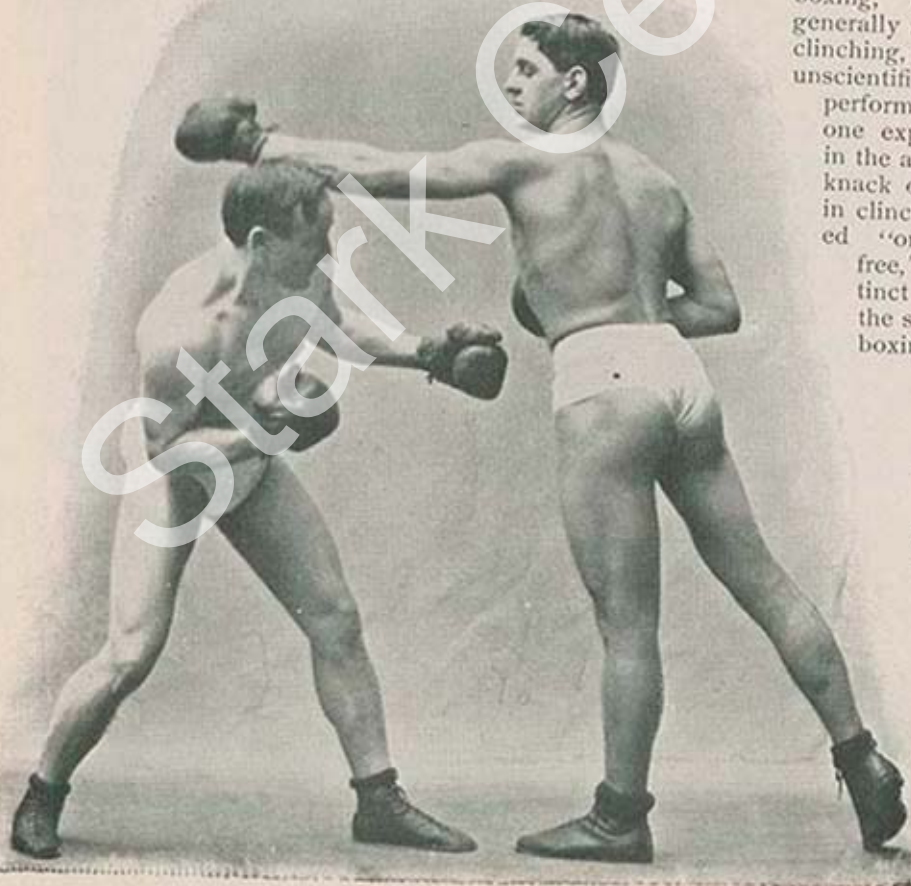


Figure 11
Dodging

Figure 12
Blocking or
palming



POSITION 11. See Fig. 12. Blocking or palming left lead to head; blocking left upper-cut, palm down. The thing to be most carefully guarded against is injury to the wrist, for should your opponent's elbow come in contact with your wrist, the effect is very serious and painful. The elbows are often used as a final means to prevent your opponent's attacks; if one parries well with elbows or forearms, your opponent will not be so anxious to lead heavily for you, as this is a great fortress of protection.

POSITION 12. See Fig. 13. Rush; double left lead, double block with forearm. This often happens, when both boxers make a severe rush in testing one another's guard. This, of course, is a great handicap to the smaller and lighter man. It is for him to see if his heavier opponent intends to keep this work up. If he does, he should be on the lookout to side-step his rushes. It tires an opponent when he makes a violent rush and strikes nothing.

Figure
13
Rushing

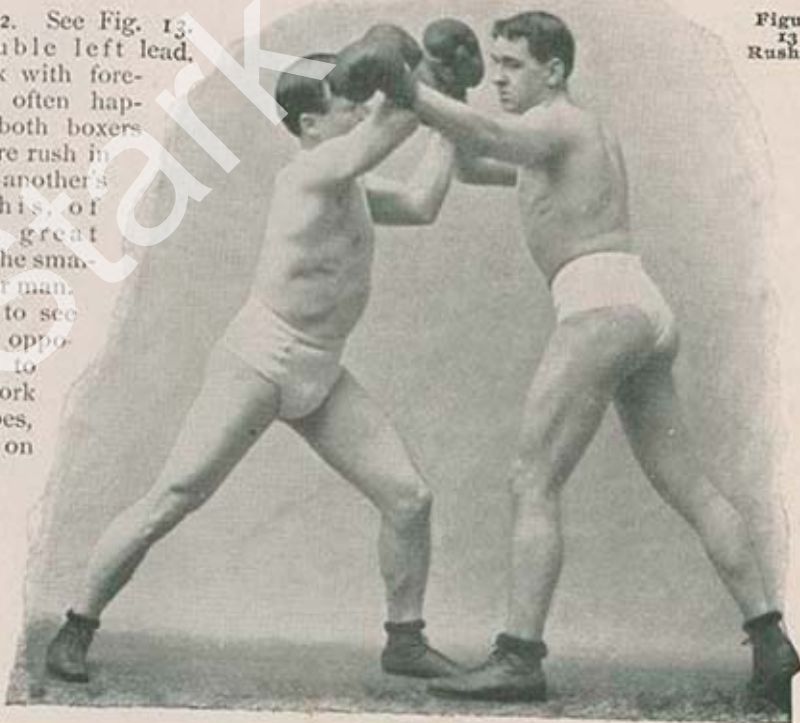


Figure 14
Left lead
blocked



POSITION 13. See Fig. 14. Left lead blocked with right forearm, left pinned, preventing advances of left upper cut with right palm down.

If blocking left, lead with forearm, flex the arm rigid, else the blow of your opponent will jam your forearm across your face, covering your line of vision, which would be a great disadvantage. Be ready with the other hand to block.

POSITION 14. See Fig. 15. Left lead slipped. Right hand, cross counter blocked with right glove. This must be executed quickly as you are open to left of body. This mode of blocking opponent's cross counter is the professional way; one should slightly drop the head to the right to relieve the jar on your glove.

The photograph shows the jaw completely covered.

Figure 15
Left lead blocked and
slipped



THE SLOTH SKELETON

By Frances Adelaide Smyth



UR-GH! Ur-gh! Ya-aw-n!
Str-et-ch! Clutch the
bedclothes! Pull them
closer about your dull
ears! Poke your nose un-
der again! Breathe the
vitiated air once more!
Shut your weak eyes to
the daylight, you human
sloth!

Surely it cannot be
time to rise!

"A little more sleep! A little more slum-
ber!"

'Tis the voice of the sluggard. I heard
him complain:

"You have waked me too soon; I must
slumber again."

What a picture! And who does not
know how true it is to nature? Who
can plead "Not guilty?" Back in those
days of boyhood or girlhood, before the
affairs of life were pressing, there is the
skeleton of a sloth. Let us call it up.

Come, Sir Sloth, come out of your hid-
ing place and show yourself in your true,
livid colors, and in all the bareness of
your rattling bones. Come and answer
these charges against you:

First.—You are a parasite upon the
spiritual nature of the unfortunate being
to whom you attach yourself.

Second.—You act the vampire upon
his mental powers, and thereby limit the
flights of his imagination.

Third.—You are a leech upon his phy-
sique, weakening him, and detracting
from his natural bodily energy.

Thus you harm him body, soul and

spirit. What possible defence can you
make?

The Sloth Skeleton: Ladies and gen-
tlemen, it is not often I have to deal with
you, so I will address myself to the boys
and girls, who, despite their natural ac-
tivity, are those to whom I manage to
make myself attractive. As you have
resurrected me to answer these charges,
I must do my best to chatter out my state-
ment. I am Sloth by name and sloth by
nature. I ought not to be blamed for
either. I attach myself to no one on this
globe without encouragement. I am a
most judgematical personage, and only
go where I shall be received. I never
force myself on anyone. Therefore, I do
not consider it wrong to take up my abode
where I am welcome. I pray you let me
get back to my retreat. It is cold stand-
ing here in my bones.

Get thee gone, Sloth. Happily, thy
species is becoming extinct. We have
discovered the true miscreant—it is Hu-
manity himself. He invites his enemies,
chums with them, and makes them his
boon companions; so he cannot complain
if they turn and choke him. Until he
rouses from his lethargy, and overthrows
sloth, he will remain the prey to blood-
suckers. They will cloud his spirit, dis-
sipate his mind, enervate his body.

But when he has shaken himself free,
and arisen in all his mighty manhood, he
will teach himself the science of his own
nature, discover the power of his mind
and will be able to practice with suc-
cess the art of happy living.





How Jack Won

BY FRANK MC CULLOUGH

This story is entered in the PHYSICAL CULTURE Prize Story Competition 1903-1904.—EDITOR.

"Go to work, you good-for-nothing loafer," were the words that fell upon

the ear of Jack Haviland, a bright but not over-industrious youth of nineteen, as he sat tinkering away at a much-worn bicycle; for Jack loved a bicycle as he loved his parents.

The speaker was a man of medium height, well-proportioned, poorly, yet neatly dressed, between thirty-five and forty years, with a careworn face, whose deep set lines indicated a past that had been tempered with much sorrow and trouble; such was Jack's father.

Jack did not look up to meet the gaze of his parent, for a guilty feeling came over him; he well knew he ought to be assisting his parents by contributing a few paltry dollars, as did his older brother Fred, to help sustain the ramshackle affair they called home.

"Did you hear what I said to you just now?" thundered the senior Haviland.

"Yes, father," replied Jack, "I heard you very well, but I've asked and asked for employment, and the only reply is, 'We do not need anyone at present; times are too hard.'"

"Bah! don't tell me such rot. You idle your precious time away on the street corners, discussing bicycle races and athletics instead of trying to assist your parents. Get out of my sight, you reprobate."

Deeming discretion the better part of valor, Jack quickly left the house for a spin on his beloved wheel, and was soon

lost to view amid the illy-paved streets leading to the country.

Mr. Haviland, before coming to N—, resided on a farm in the northern part of New York State. He was the son of a wealthy farmer of that State and a graduate of Cornell University, a man of worldly affairs. At one time of his life he was a wealthy stock broker, but unfortunate speculations had reduced him almost to abject poverty at the time we find him living in N—, a town in Massachusetts. Here he had struggled along, ever hoping to better his condition without recourse to his wealthy friends, but it was a hard task. His family consisted of a wife and four children; two boys grown to manhood—Fred, aged twenty; Jack, aged nineteen—and two children who were just old enough to attend school. Fred was employed in a rubber mill as a helper of some sort. The remaining brother, Jack, worked at various occupations, here, there and everywhere, now in a mill of some kind, and sometimes in a bicycle store repairing bicycles when business was brisk. His one ambition was to become a lawyer, but being without funds and of poor parents, his desire was ungratified. His father was only a bookkeeper in a broker's office at the miserable pittance of ten dollars per week, which barely enabled him to exist.

As Jack sped along through the crowded streets that led to the country road where he was wont to take his daily spins when not employed, he thought of the words his father had used toward him, and his feelings rose in rebellion at what he thought injustice; but as he rode farther into the country his better nature asserted itself, and he reflected that after all his parents were right. "Yes, he was the

black sheep that he was," he soliloquized. He dismounted, and placed his wheel against a huge tree and threw himself down on the tall grass in a secluded spot. He fell into a sort of a reverie and his thoughts drifted to bicycle races and racing men. He pictured himself at the racetrack in the town where he resided, clad in a bright, well-fitting racing suit, a starter in a big race for which a big money prize was the stake. He even imagined himself winning the event amid the applause of the people. And then as a sudden inspiration seemed to take possession of him, he muttered to himself, "Why cannot I win races and thus help father? None can pass me on the road as I wheel along. My muscles are strong and pliant, and I have the courage. I'll enter the big races of the Clipper Wheelmen next month, just two weeks ahead; I've time to train!" And saying which he mounted his wheel and scorched away happier than he had been for many a day.

* * * * *

Upon reaching home he immediately confided to his brother Fred his intentions.

Fred listened in silence, and when Jack had finished he asked somewhat sarcastically what was the amount of the prize and the distance of the race?

"It's for a purse of a thousand dollars to the winner, and it's a one-mile handicap," replied Jack. "Just enough to help father start in business again if I should win."

"Oh, yes; if you should win," retorted Fred.

"You can't dissuade me," said Jack, "for I'll get the longest start, and I can sprint a quarter in twenty-six seconds. A horseman timed me with a stop watch yesterday on the Fair Association trotting track. I tell you I have a good chance to win."

"Why, Jack, you can't race with those fast riders. You don't realize what you are talking about. There are some champions entered from all over the world. Some are from far off Australia, and then the German and French riders, and the English stars, too. You would be beaten so badly that everybody in N—— would ridicule you forever."

"I know all that," was Jack's answer, "and I know what I am capable of doing."

"Nonsense," said Fred; "you'd better take your father's advice," and with this parting shot he left Jack to his reflections.

Jack clung to his belief in his idea of winning and continued to train for the big race on the roads leading to the suburban towns, often riding centuries, and at times sprinting for miles. One day as he was returning from a particularly long spin he met a fellow-rider in distress. He had met with an accident and was carrying his machine. Without waiting to be applied to, Jack was off his wheel in an instant proffering his assistance.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, sir," said Jack.

"Yes," responded the stranger; "I've broken my chain and punctured my tire. If you can repair the damage I'll be very grateful to you, for I wish to rejoin my companion, a young lady who is some rods in advance of me, and is even now unaware of my accident."

"Oh, I'll soon fix it," replied Jack, as he took hold of the broken chain and commenced to repair the damaged link.

Just then the young lady referred to wheeled into view, and was soon in their midst.

While they were talking Jack had the chain repaired and was ready for the punctured tire.

"Are they single or double tube tires?" he asked.

"Really, I don't know," replied the stranger. "Bicycles are an unknown quantity to me, for they—"

"They're single tube tires," interrupted his fair companion, "for I am familiar with bicycles. I've often watched my brother take his apart."

"Ah!" said Jack, "I'll have it ready in five minutes." As he located the puncture he took some dark, ill-smelling liquid which he injected into the tire, after which he pumped it up; and, having satisfied himself as to its being air-tight, he next proceeded to wrap a roll of sticky cloth around the tire, and announced the wheel as ready to ride.

The stranger and his fair companion were profuse in their thanks, and insisted

on his accepting a five-dollar bill, which he finally did after much entreating on their part, but not before he had informed them of his desire to compete in the big race to be held at N—, and that it was for the purpose of entering the race he accepted the money.

"I hope you will win, my boy," said the stranger as he prepared to depart, while his fair companion murmured, "I wish you success, Mr. —."

"Haviland, Jack Haviland."

"Mr. Haviland; for you were very kind to assist in our trouble."

"Thank you," stammered Jack, as his face flushed crimson. "I'll do my best."

"Good-bye," and they wheeled away.

* * * * *

At last the day of the great race meet rolled around. People came from miles around. The townsfolk and even the country people came, attracted by the flaring posters announcing the champions of foreign countries as competitors. It was a great epoch in N— wheeling circles.

A great crowd had gathered by one o'clock, watching the riders as they wheeled around the enclosure preliminary to the races, and by two, the hour set for the races to begin, not a vacant seat was to be had in the immense stands and bleachers. People even crowded upon the track in their eagerness to observe, until forced back by the police in charge. Now and then a favorite rider appeared on the track for a practice spin, whom the crowd greeted with vociferous applause. "There goes Moreen, the great French rider," shouted a youth in a gaudy cycle costume. "Rah for Baldwin, the American champion," cried a coterie of youths as that rider passed in front of the grandstand.

Inside the training quarters the scene was an inspiring one to look upon. Men ran hither and thither. Wheels were being given the last mechanical touch preparatory to the races. Racing men clad only in Nature's garments, were reclining upon cots, while their trainers massaged their bodies.

How was Jack faring all this while? Did his courage forsake him when he saw so many racing men come pouring into the town? Quite the contrary. He

watched them and noted that some were as young as he, and he thought, "I have a chance at the most."

His brother Fred noticed that he appeared nervous and that his hands trembled. Brotherly love seemed to have asserted itself at this point, and Fred inquired if he could aid Jack in any way.

"You may help me by doing what I bid you. It is this: have your pistol with you at the track, and after you start me, watch carefully the progress of the race, and when you see a rider about to overtake me, fire the pistol. Can you do that without mistake?"

"I can and will, Jack," said Fred. "And now let's go to the track."

Upon their arrival they found the racing men gathered there in large numbers, surrounded by their trainers and attendants. Jack immediately donned his racing suit, a modest affair, and took a practice spin upon the track. Few of his friends recognized him, as he had not yet placed his racing number upon his back. None of the famous riders appeared to notice him as he sat waiting for the races to begin. He watched with intense interest the trainers massage their charges. This was all strange to him, as his training consisted simply of riding until he was tired and then resting, and he wondered if this rubbing of the muscles was really an aid to the riders.

The riders in the first heat were now taking their places; so many riders having entered for the races that it was necessary to run the races in heats. The first two men in each heat rode in a final heat. Eight riders started in the first heat.

After an interval of some ten minutes or so a couple of diminutive riders of tender age appeared and rode an exhibition half-mile on a tandem in one minute and forty-five seconds, drawing forth great applause, especially from the gentler sex of the audience.

The next event was the final heat of the mile scratch race, which proved to be greatly exciting. The way the men lined up was: Moreen, France; Clinton, England; Baldwin, New York; Pearce, Canada; Kupper, Chicago; Smith, San Jose, Cal.; Kuzzzen Germany, and Cutler, of Boston.

Much interest was centered in this contest by reason of the foreign competitors, for the crowd was wrought up to a great pitch as they repeatedly entreated the American riders to win. Two stalwart men, mounted on a motor-tandem, were selected to pace this race in order to make fast time.

At the crack of the pistol there was a scramble for the advantageous position back of the puffing machine. The Frenchman, Moreen, secured it. The pacers then rode like demons possessed for three-quarters of a mile, when they ceased pedalling, and then the real race began. The Frenchman had the race apparently won, when Clinton, the English champion, by a mighty burst of speed, swept over the line a winner; the American, Baldwin, barely managed to defeat the Frenchman for second place. The time as announced was one minute and fifty-eight seconds, a State record. The great crowd cheered the victor as the band played an English air, and wished 'twere an American who had won.

Then followed a trick rider, whose breast was adorned with many medals, who performed for about fifteen minutes some daring tricks, which pleased the audience hugely.

* * * * *

The next event on the programme was a human pace ten-mile exhibition by Mickel, the English champion, who was to ride ten miles inside of sixteen minutes for a prize of \$500. Six teams were used to pace him. A six-seated machine took him the first mile in 1.31, the teams changing at each mile, and at the finish it was officially announced that he had broken the world's record for ten miles, the time being 15.33.

Pandemonium reigned while the crowd waited for the event of the day, the American handicap for one mile, the prize for which was \$1,000, \$200 for second, and \$100 for third. The name of Jack Haviland was seen on the programme as a starter for this great race, but the people thought it a printer's error.

The first heat was being called and the riders were getting on their marks. There were sixteen starters in this heat. Jack had 160 yards, the largest start of all. As he walked to the mark, accompanied

by his brother, people again consulted their programmes and saw it was really Jack Haviland, their own fellow-townsmen. The starter cried: "Timers ready! Starters ready!" the pistol cracked and the race was on.

Jack was coolly waiting; he was not trembling now. Aye, he was a different being. As the pistol cracked his brother Fred gave him as hard a shove as he was capable of, and then stood by ready to give the signal agreed upon. Jack gripped his handle-bars tightly, and threw all his weight upon the pedals, and now he was started in earnest; he was moving at a terrific pace; now he bent low to his work; how he pedalled; he swept past the judge's stand at a great rate, and the crowd wondered if he would be leading when he again passed it. No sound yet reached his ear. Twice more must he circle the third of a mile track before the race would be ended.

A second time he passed the judge's stand in the lead and yet no sound. Now the people broke out in a cheer as they saw him holding his place. Was it possible that he would hold out? While Jack thought "once more around and I'll be a winner." He rode fiercer than ever now. He had turned into the home stretch still leading. People were on their feet cheering him like madmen, when crack, a pistol shot rang out, and Jack knew it meant a rider dangerously near him. Thirty yards from the finish a figure in red shot past him. Was he to lose, now so near the goal? Desperately he rode and just succeeded in finishing in second place.

Jack was happy. He had qualified. Now he could start in the final heat. And as he walked to the dressing rooms he was cheered to the echo.

Little interest was manifested in the remaining four heats, desperate finishes though they were, between the American and foreign riders. The crowd wanted to see Jack Haviland ride in the final and naught else would satisfy them.

After what seemed an age to them, the riders could be seen coming forth from the training quarters ready to take their places for the deciding heat of the big race. They were off again.

The riders gripped their handle-bars firmly and threw all their strength on

their pedals. They tugged and strained every nerve to hold their handicap and get moving quickly. Now they were riding like the wind, every one bending low to his work. Jack rode until the veins stood out on his face and body. One-third of a mile had been ridden, yet no signal. Once he thought he heard a rider close behind him, and his fear lent him greater speed. Oh, how he pedalled, faster and faster. Twice they had circled the track, now for the last time, thought Jack, while the crowd waited breathlessly to see whether he could continue the terrific pace at which he was riding. He was still thirty yards ahead when he was seen to slacken his speed the merest trifle, and the people said, "Ah, he's beaten." "Too bad," muttered one of the trainers; "his strength's gone; he's done." Aye, at that moment Jack felt that he could not last much longer. His legs and back were collapsing. He felt he must stop ere the backstretch was reached, but a voice seemed to whisper in his ear: "On! On! On! Help your father, Jack." Now they had reached the backstretch, and Jack began to imagine himself the winner, when suddenly a pistol shot rang out. It was the dreaded signal again, and before Jack knew it two figures swept past him. Struggle as he might, a third and a fourth passed him by, while a groan went up from the immense throng. They were at the last eighth pole now, and the English champion led. "My God," he thought, "am I to be beaten. I must win," and with a superhuman effort he seemed to lift his wheel along, like an Aeolian bird. One of the riders was overtaken and passed. Another fierce lunge at the pedals, and one more rider is passed, but two riders only separate him from victory. Fifty yards from the finish another is passed. Can he overtake the leader, the flying Englishman? Has he the strength left? His head is whirling; his eyes are becoming dim; he sees nothing but a flying figure four yards ahead of him. He feels himself gaining. At forty yards he catches him. Thirty yards and his front tire is at the other's pedal. He is winning. Yes! He is gaining, inch by inch, and at ten yards they are on even terms. He feels himself reeling in the saddle.

But look! His opponent, the great Clinton, he, too, is reeling. What a race. How they struggle in the remaining ten yards. Their faces are frightfully drawn and their eyes starting from their sockets; their nostrils dilated and their breath coming in gasps. But five yards is between them and the goal, when Jack makes a last desperate effort, and his wheel touches the tape a bare six inches ahead of the great Englishman. His head falls forward as he sweeps over the line a winner. The momentum the wheel has attained carries him clear around the track, and he has barely strength enough left to guide it.

At last he slackens in front of the grandstand. They lift him from his wheel. The people press forward eager to grasp his hand now that he is a hero. He is conscious only of a dull roaring sound in his ears. His arms hang limp at his sides; his head falls forward on his breast, and he sinks down in a dead faint. It is a full ten minutes before consciousness returns to him. His brother Fred, assisted by some trainers, half lead, half carry him to the dressing room, while a mighty roar goes up from the great throng. People grow hysterical, while some weep for joy. The name of Jack Haviland is on everyone's lips, while cheer upon cheer rent the air.

The announcer cries out: "Jack Haviland, of N—, wins." But the people hear him not; they know who is the winner, and the big crowd lingers to catch another glimpse of the victor.

Jack quickly dressed between handshakes and congratulations, and, as he emerged from the dressing room on to the track, the treasurer of the Clipper Wheelmen stepped forward and handed him one thousand dollars in gold, the first prize. At this the crowd broke out into another cheer, and the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." The great Englishman warmly shook his outstretched hand and expressed surprise when told that Jack had never before been in a race.

The applause was to him like a balm to a tortured soul. It was a great triumph for one who, a few weeks before,

was seeking work from some of the same admirers of his racing.

That night as he sat eating his evening meal he told his father of his success and handed him the thousand dollars. "Take it, father; it will help you to enter into business again. I am proud to have earned it for your sake."

The elder Haviland wept as he saw what a noble son he had. "John, my boy," he cried, "forgive your father."

"There's nothing to forgive," replied Jack. "I simply prefer to earn my living as a racing cyclist rather than slave my life out in the mills and workshops, for the sight of a workshop is loathsome to me, and all I desire is your permission to continue to race."

"You may if you choose, my boy, for you have earned my consent."

The following day Jack received a

check for five hundred dollars from the manufacturers of the wheel which he rode and three hundred from a tire manufacturer for riding his tires. For advertising purposes this race was considered an excellent thing, and Jack was eight hundred dollars richer. This, too, he gave his father, which enabled him to embark in his old business of broker.

A week later Jack received a contract from a large manufacturer to ride his make of wheel and tires at a handsome salary, which he accepted, and became a professional racing man for some years, during which time he accumulated a little fortune of some ten thousand dollars.

He afterward became a lawyer and statesman. His brother became a prosperous bicycle manufacturer, and he never tires of telling how Jack won the great American handicap.

AIR AS MEDICINE.

The tissues in your body are always undergoing change. The played-out particles are constantly being eliminated ever since you entered your cradle. Water is the power which increases these tissue changes and which multiply the waste products. Any obstruction to this action is detrimental to health and induces disease. If you are weak and languid, or have that "tired feeling" in the morning when you arise, it is because of the imperfect secretion of these waste products. Drink a tumblerful of water before retiring. This will keep you right during the night and also make your sleep healthier, and you will wake in the morning with a sweet mouth.

ENVIRONMENTS AND HEALTH.

At the recent lecture at Cardiff, in Wales, Dr. J. C. Burry showed that under a perfect system of hygiene the body should be so trained as to assure the best physical condition, and thus enable the citizen to cultivate the mind to the highest possible attainment, and at the same time develop moral faculties. He also proved that the terrible waste of human life which was daily going on could be prevented by means well within our control.

THE IDEAL FIGURE.

Jenner, the discoverer of vaccine virus, was a barber. Like other barbers in those days, he sometimes bled, removed wens and corns, lanced boils, and sewed up wounds. His discovery of vaccine virus was the result of barber shop gossip, verified by the testimony of ignorant milk maids, and put into practice by the over-enthusiasm of an ignorant barber.—Clipped from a medical journal.

RANDOM SHOTS.

It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting.

They Must Have Worn Corsets.—One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all these have I not found.

The wise man is strong; yes, a man of knowledge increaseth in strength.

Put a knife in their throat if there be a man given to appetite.

Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not part from it.



SOCIETY GOUT FACTORIES

BY C. Gilbert Percival M.D.

EVERY new swell club-house opened means a new gout factory. There is more gout every year in the big cities, and the increase is due to these clubs.

What is more appalling is that the increase is not at all in proportion to the increase of the population. It's away ahead of that. It's in proportion rather to the increase in club membership and to the increase in the receipts of the fashionable restaurants and cafés.

Then there is the cab habit.

The cab habit knocks out what little chance the average clubman has for exercise. If he would only walk home once in a while after all his dinner and all his wine, the exercise would do a little to help along digestion, and gout might leave him alone a year or two longer.

But he won't. He takes a cab if he has only two blocks to go, just from force of habit.

Of course, all this talk about the increase of gout applies only to the city and only to a limited part of this city's population. It's different in other parts of the country—in New England, for instance, where wine-drinking as a regular habit is practically unknown; where they drink water with their meals, and where they take all of their alcohol in rum or whiskey.

Gout and its allied diseases are increasing in the higher walks of life. That is because there are more clubs and more excesses and because men go in for those excesses earlier in life than was formerly the custom.

There is a general prevalence of al-

coholism due to the constant taking of wines and other artificial beverages in non-inebriating quantities. The system is kept saturated.

Digestion is interfered with, so that instead of fine "ashes" and smoke, easily and comfortably eliminated as a final product of digestion, we have by-products of clinkers deposited in the tissues and circulating in the fluids of the body, causing pain and inflammatory phenomena, which we classify in a broad sense as gout.

This is due largely, of course, to the drinking of wine, especially champagne and the heavy red wines, ale and beer. Wine contains extractives, certain undefined ingredients of the grape, which interfere very materially with the digestion.

All wines are acid, the acidity being due, practically, to the acid salt, bi-tartrate of potash. If the acidity is due to potash salt, it is difficult to understand, under our present theory of gout, how such wines would be detrimental to goutal subjects because all organic acids and their salts are converted in the system into alkaline carbonates and are got rid of as such, thereby rendering all the fluids more alkaline, and thus contributing to the prevention of the deposits of concretions in the tissues of the kidneys and bladder.

There is not enough sugar in even the so-called sweet champagne.



pagne to do any harm. The truth is that sweet champagnes are fortified champagnes, and it is probably the added alcohol, which the added sugar is intended to mask, that does the harm. Natural wines are dry.

So far as gout is concerned, rum and whiskey drinking is nowhere near so dangerous as wine drinking.

Why, eight or nine years ago there was a regular gout scare among clubmen in this city. When champagne was brought on they turned their glasses upside down and would not touch it for fear of the gout.

But they got over the scare. They came to the conclusion that the danger was in the sugar in champagne, so went to drinking dry wine. But in my opinion that is about as bad.

Gout to-day among men between 35 and 40 years old is common. Between 45 and 50 it is very common. I have known a number of men to get gout by the time they were 30, and I know of one victim not over 25.

Rich foods are more responsible for gout than the wine, although practically the two always go together. The human stomach is a long way behind modern cookery and it will never catch up.

There is too much variety. We can't even have two breakfasts alike. Variety is good only to gratify the taste, not for the health.

The farmer, the soldier and the sailor eat about the same thing day after day. They rarely have gout.

Is this increase in gout and other troubles incidental to high living a serious indication of general deterioration?

Oh no, not at all. There is always something to militate against the general physical welfare. If it isn't gout, it's something else.

But the city-born and city-bred man or woman doesn't amount to much in the long run. Of course, there are exceptions to that, but as a rule we get our

able citizen from the country, where wine is never heard of, and generally these country boys and girls who come here with a good physical start themselves have time to raise children of their own before they become prosperous enough to indulge in wine drinking and the other luxuries that lead to gout.

The habitual substitution of wines, malt liquors, etc., for water is pretty sure in the long run to result in evil, in the majority of cases. For, in the first place, where pure or undiluted wine is drunk, the individual is not disposed to take enough to supply the system with the requisite amount of fluid, and, if he should, everything is upset by the pernicious effect of the contained alcohol.

Beer, though containing less alcohol, is open to the same general objections. It should never permanently or for any lengthened period be allowed to take the place of pure water. All these beverages are unnatural solvents; besides water they contain many ingredients intolerant to most alimentary canals. Especially is this true in those persons already suffering from deranged digestion.

The physical salvation of the young men who have lots of time and money is in the ever-increasing interest in outdoor sports and the exercise incidental to them.



HOW I MOVED A MOUNTAIN WITH A STRAW

By *J. Kowalski*

USE the above words metaphorically of course.

I am a convert to hygienic living, and I purpose to tell how I found a cure for, and incidentally the cause of, a little troublesome trouble with which I was troubled until recently.

Of course I had to ruin my stomach and nearly kill myself before I began to think I was one of those fellows who was never going to get sick. By and by I became one of those fellows that could never be made well—what do you call 'em?—hypochondriac.

Well, it's a long story, but I'm going to make it short.

First, I quit smoking. Yes, that was a job! Then a doctor dropped a hint on dietetics and I got smart in that direction. I smarted a good deal until I stumbled upon a copy of "P. C." Then I threw overboard a whole collection of habits—coffee drinking, liquor tasting (I never was addicted to the use of liquors, but would occasionally take a drink), water shrinking, fresh air shrinking, work shrinking, meat eating, three-times-per-day stuffing, and finally, over-eating. Of course I got well; and yet my stomach would act very queer at times. Sometimes it would work nice and smooth, and again it would go on a strike without an apparent cause, and demand better treatment—it's so much like a working-man, anyway. While it was under complete subjection, it grumbled not at all, but once it learns that it, too, has rights, it makes no end of trouble.

Well, I was open to arbitration, so old Mr. Stomach and I would hold conferences now and then and try to reach an understanding, but I never could clearly understand its demands. Sometimes I would even give him several days off with pay, but while he would come back to work fresh and vigorous, he soon would register a kick. At times I got

impatient and tried a go with him, but no, it was no use.

So, with tearful eyes and a fluttering heart, I resolved to eat still less and still simpler food, notwithstanding that already I was eating but two small, simple meals per day. Accordingly I laid elaborate plans, made resolutions, filled a paper with epigrams, and tacked it over my table, etc., etc. I think I did somewhat diminish the quantity of my food, but I confess that most of my planning and resolving was done after—just after, usually—my meals; and oh dear, what a miserable thing it was to have a weak stomach!

One day—I do not remember just when or why—I commenced eating right slow, and sucking and playing with each mouthful of food, though I all along knew the importance of thorough mastication (I thought, of course, that I was giving that its proper share of attention), and when I arose I noticed the absence of the evil symptoms.

Mr. Stomach and I get along first rate now. The other day I was visiting a neighbor, and sat down to dinner with him, from which, on previous occasions, because of its sumptuousness, I usually suffered some; but not so this time. I just played with every mouthful, and oh, what a splendid time that little purveyor did have! He just rolled and wallowed in the sweetest sweets he ever tasted. I ate so slow that I finished but one small plateful ere the dessert was served. I bit into my pudding, and when I got about half way, pie was passed around, but I was not ready for it, and had to, for decency's sake—oh! torturing moment!—pass it on. I got no pie that dinner.

So, to sum the thing up, I cured my trouble, learned to do with less food (not less than I need by any means), and yet enjoy the pleasure of eating more and longer than ever; save money, save energy, and add to my health, happiness and usefulness.

HOW CORPORAL FINNEGAN WON HIS BRIDE

By
*Henry
Rabbes*



This story is entered in the PHYSICAL CULTURE
Prize Story Competition 1908-1904.



CORPORAL FINNEGAN was a very peculiar man. He would have been peculiar from the point of many men, but as viewed by his immediate associates, the non-coms., and privates of Troop —, —th United States Cavalry, he was decidedly peculiar; in fact, a good many of them did not

hesitate to state that they believed he was a trifle "daffee." It would not have been wholesome or healthy to say so in so many words to Corporal Finnegan, as that gentleman was rather noted for his physical prowess; in fact, his conduct in that particular line and his methods of achieving his physical supremacy were what called down criticism upon his auburn colored head.

They were all a healthy lot; plenty of outdoor drill, coupled with a little work and good plain food, tended to keep them in pretty good trim.

But when pay day came there was nothing to it but a good time while the money lasted and then an aching head and after that a dull and tiresome wait for next pay day. All but Corporal Finnegan; pay days came and pay days passed and the Corporal kept on the even tenor of his ways; not a drop would he drink; not a call would he miss, and his devotion to his health and physical development continued. The boys simply

could not understand it; he never missed a setting-up drill. Even when on guard he came over to the troop quarters from the guard house and joined the drill squad the same as he did when subject to the call.

Whether on kitchen duty or stable duty, he was always there and he went through the various movements as if he enjoyed them with a dash and a vigor that were good to behold.

Thirty minutes before the first call in the morning he was up and down to the chilly and shallow creek that flowed by the post for his morning plunge. The others would simply not think of getting up before the sound of the gun and then rush and tumble out just in time to fall in and answer roll call. Corporal Finnegan was there fresh and smiling. He had had his plunge and twenty minutes of exercise. He did the same each night; no wonder the boys thought he was peculiar, while they all agreed that they had more than enough to do, Corporal Finnegan was actually looking for more. He was a "broth of a boy," about five feet ten, clean limbed, muscles of steel and as quick as a wildcat and weighed one hundred and seventy pounds.

No two men in the post would have tried conclusions with him, though he was gentle and quiet as a lamb, and withal they loved him more for his virtues rather than for his physical strength, and at such a place physical prowess is at a premium.

Now, the second sergeant of Troop — was a stern, uncompromising "old sol-

dier," Hodgson by name, twenty-five years or more in the service, sound as a dollar and a soldier every inch of him. He had a daughter, a fine buxom black-eyed girl, with whom every soldier at the post was in love. The old sergeant declared time and again that she should never marry a soldier and that he was preparing to send her to her mother's relatives in the East. She was now eighteen, and the sergeant decided that the time had arrived. Mary Hodgson thought otherwise. Many and many a time she had argued the matter with her father in her soft, persuasive way, pleading to remain by his side where it was her duty to be, and so far she had always managed to obtain the old Sergeant's consent to delay awhile, but never to give up the idea entirely.

Corporal Finnegan was quite a regular caller at the little house just under the brow of the hill, and the Sergeant never made any objections, as he held Corporal Finnegan in high regard. Still, Corporal Finnegan, good man that he was, was a soldier, and there should be no soldier for Mary.

One night as she was pleading with the old Sergeant to postpone her departure until Fall, an orderly appeared at the little house and informed Sergeant Hodgson that he was wanted at Headquarters. An Indian outbreak, he said, he thought was the trouble, judging from the fragments of conversation that he had overheard. Hastily donning his blouse, Sergeant Hodgson made his way to Headquarters, where he found his Captain in consultation with the Commanding Officer, and learned that a small band of Sioux had broken out, renegades most likely, and had stolen about twenty-five head of cattle and were then headed due North for the Bad Lands. A detail was made up consisting of Captain G—, Sergeant Hodgson, Corporal Finnegan and ten men. This number was deemed sufficient to corral and bring back the thieves. Heavy marching orders and three days' rations were ordered also to be made ready to enable them to start at daybreak.

Sergeant Hodgson immediately went over to Troop — quarters to select and notify the men and make such other

preparations as his twenty-five years' experience of Indian fighting had taught him were necessary. If the men were eager to go, Corporal Finnegan was doubly so. His eyes sparkled and an eager light leaped into them, for the love of excitement and adventure was strong within him; and, in truth, life had been rather dull, for there had not been an expedition or sortie of any kind for a long time. While the Sergeant was busy making his preparations the gallant Corporal hied his way to the little house below the hill, feeling sure that Mary would be waiting for him. "Have you heard the news?" was his greeting. "Yes," replied Mary, "are you going?" "And sure," said the Corporal, "and mind you, Mary dear, if we have a brush with the red devils I will be a sergeant when I return." "And that you will," said Mary, "for you should have been one long ago, and then perhaps father will consent to our marriage." "I do not think so," said the Corporal, dubiously, "for well as the old Sergeant likes me, he knows soldiers too well to ever allow his daughter to marry a man in the service. Next to you, I love the service best, but when my time is out, I shall take my discharge and then 'ho' for the little farm for you and me among the hills, and a home for the old Sergeant when he retires. I have over five hundred dollars with the paymaster now, and by next Fall I can easily make it six hundred." "Yes," replied Mary, "though I myself was raised in the service and love it dearly for its many memories, I believe it will be for the best, and when father retires we will have a home for him." After a fond and affectionate farewell, the Corporal took his leave, for he had many things to do and felt as if he would like a good sleep, for he probably would not get another for a few days.

Promptly at daybreak the little squad set forth; a sharp trot of ten miles to the rancher's house, where the cattle had been stolen, and the trail was taken up. It was easy to follow, as a little snow had fallen the day before. They pushed on steadily and by nightfall they had reason to feel that another day would bring them up with the thieves. At daybreak, stiff and sore, they started forth again.

Good progress was made and by ten o'clock they came upon the camp the thieves made the night before. Steadily they pushed on. At eleven o'clock it commenced to snow and by twelve it was a howling blizzard. The trail was lost and the horses were floundering about unable to make any headway. The men could scarcely see each other, and the Captain ordered the men to halt and prepare for camp, to fight the blizzard as best they could.

A genuine Northern blizzard was upon them, and a blizzard in March in the Bad Lands is about the deadliest proposition for man to fight. It is almost certain death and any man once caught never cares to undergo the experience again. The snow was cleared and a picket line was stretched between two scant, forlorn and scrubby-looking trees. The men were divided into details and squads, and worked two hours at a time. Brush and buffalo chips were gathered and the fight for life commenced. The Captain immediately put the men on half rations and personally directed and worked with them. Shelter tents were stretched and with saddles and blankets they barricaded their little camp as best they could. The wind was now blowing a terrific gale. It seemed to be snowing harder than ever, and it was with the utmost difficulty that a semblance of a camp was maintained. All through the long and weary night they fought the blizzard; and by morning half of the men had succumbed from sheer fatigue and cold. What little material there had been for fire was about exhausted. The cold was steadily increasing and their chances of life appeared to be very slim indeed.

Corporal Finnegan was a marvel. Here, there and everywhere, doing more work than any two men, he seemed almost as fresh and strong as when he left the post. He had scarcely eaten anything, in fact only one meal the day before and a half ration at that. The Captain remonstrated, and ordered him to eat his share, but Finnegan simply replied that he felt better as he was.

The next morning the horses were gone. The picket rope had broken during the night and the horses, driven before the storm, had wandered away and were

never seen or heard of again. The condition of the camp was indeed pitiful, food was running low, fuel exhausted and with nothing but a few blankets to keep them warm. The blizzard came on with renewed vigor, and it was only a question whether they would freeze or starve to death. The next morning conditions were desperate, indeed. The Captain, by sheer power of will, Sergeant Hodgson, and Corporal Finnegan were able to be about. Corporal Finnegan, communing with himself, admitted that things looked bad, indeed, but he had no thought of giving up. Going to the Captain, and saluting as if on parade, he said: "Captain, about how far are we from the post?" "Well, about thirty miles or less, I should judge," replied the Captain; "we are not as far away as you would think, as our course from the ranches was to a great extent parallel with the post, and, as the crow flies, we may not be more than twenty miles, possibly even less than that." "Well," said Corporal Finnegan, "I would like permission to start for the post for the purpose of obtaining relief. I do not believe I will have much snow to go through, as the heavy winds kept the plains clear and once I get out of the hills there will be no more drifts and I can make good time; so if the captain will give me his compass and direct me. I will have relief here no later than noon to-morrow." The Captain hesitated. While he had always thought Finnegan a good soldier, he had grown to like and respect him during the few days they were snowbound and it almost looked like sending him to certain death, while to remain there was a chance; a very slim one, indeed, but still a chance that some of them might be alive when a relief expedition reached them. He hesitated long, but Finnegan was eager and at least gained the desired permission. "All right," said the Captain. "When will you be ready to start?" "Now," replied Finnegan. Giving him the compass with full directions as to how to steer, and with a "Heaven help you," the Captain saw Finnegan off.

Late that night the Sentry of No. 1 saw a man struggling slowly across the parade ground; he wondered who he was and what he wanted, as the men invari-

ably remained inside on such a night as this. The form looked familiar, stalwart and rugged, still strangely drooping. It was Corporal Finnegan, game as ever and with a reserve of physical strength and a clear mind in spite of the fearful strain under which he had labored. He immediately reported to the Officer of the Guard. His story was soon told; a relief expedition was detailed and with all the necessary equipment they set forth. The storm had subsided somewhat and by noon the next day all were safely returned to the post, rescued and rescuers alike, and in a few days the men were comparatively well again.

Corporal Finnegan, modest as ever—Sergeant Finnegan now—refuses to say much regarding his struggle to the post

for relief. He simply tells you that he considered it his duty to do what he did and that if any of the other men had felt as strong as he, and had been as able, they would have done likewise. He was made the subject of special recommendation to brigade headquarters by his captain.

Mary did not go East that Spring or that Fall either, but when Corporal Finnegan took his discharge, there was a quiet little wedding attended by the Colonel, the Captain and the other officers of the post, and Sergeant Hodgson was the happiest man there.

The farm is a reality now. The ex-corporal and his wife are happy and prosperous and ex-Sergeant Hodgson can be seen every day taking care of the chickens and the pigs.

FOOD IN ITS RELATION TO PHYSICAL CULTURE

By G. H. Corsan

The author of this article maintains that man's ideal food is nuts and fruits, and has exemplified his theory in his own diet. He is a champion swimmer, having won many contests in Canada, and at the invitation of the editor he has undertaken to write about his peculiar methods of training, diet, etc.—EDITOR.



I AM often asked, "What is the best food for muscle and endurance?" "What do you live on?" "How can you swim so far and so hard and not be out of breath?" In answer, I say that I eat and drink that which gives me the greatest amount of nourishment in the smallest possible space. After experimenting for years on all manner of foods, I find that I receive this from the nuts for solids and the fruits for fluids, using absolutely no salt whatever. There is no form of exertion equal to a 100-yards or a 220-yards fast swim for telling what a man's physical condition is up to; every muscle in his body is brought into play, and his wind is tested to its utmost. The construction of the individual concerned depends upon what he is constructed out of, and I find, after years of experimenting upon myself and others, that vegetables, meats, mushes, puddings, cakes, milk, fish

and mushrooms must be eliminated out of the diet of the athlete. Also, all minerals, as salt and other matter that is held in solution in the various mineral waters, and soft (?) drinks that are for sale everywhere. Soups are particularly poor food for an athlete to train on, as they unduly distend the stomach. The same can be said of porridge, mush, etc., for the saliva will not flow upon an already wet starch. Raw grains are too hard for man's teeth as they break in chewing corn, flint wheat, hullless barley, rye, and as they lack flavor they leave the individual hungry all the time. Milk and eggs form a soft flabby tissue which is incompatible with muscular vigor. Vegetables require flavoring which causes thirst, and thus we have a mass of stuff in the stomach which is too bulky, and from which too little strength can be drawn. On the other hand, nuts are eaten very slowly, as the long chewing process in the mouth renders very little work for the stomach to perform, and—unlike oysters and fish, which are also easy to digest, give excellent returns.

WOMAN! WHY IN THE WORLD WILL YOU SUFFER ANY LONGER?

By Justice



Mr. A., the proprietor of the ——— Patent Medicine Company, was a kind, generous and old-fashioned gentleman. He was a native of Texas, six feet four inches in height, and the possessor of a basso profundo voice, which shook the building whenever he chose to raise it. Many years ago, when a soldier in the Confederate Army, so his story goes, Mr. A. discovered in the glow of an autumn moonlight, at the base of the mountains which intersect the alkaline deserts of Arizona, a mineral substance of such marvelous curative properties, that, according to himself, saved a large part of the army of the South from the ravages of a virulent contagious disease which at that time made its appearance.

This God-given remedy was now being advertised and sold by the sly old Texan and put on the market under the name of "Elixir of Life"—a panacea for all diseases which infest *"The baby in the cradle, the boy at his bat, the man in his prime, in his decline and old age, as well as the maiden, the matron and the mother. Man never had, and never could compound the equal of this Elixir, which is as far above, beyond and ahead of anything man ever offered man, as is the sun that rules the day, or the moon that rules the night, above and beyond the wax taper or the candle dip."* So quoth Mr. A. in his literature.

Another remarkable quality which this wonderful remedy possessed was that it flatly and absolutely refused to cure its discoverer, who suffered greatly from acute rheumatism, neuralgia, asthma and kindred diseases, brought on, according to himself, by the strenuous life he had led formerly. This made it necessary for him to go to a milder climate during the coldest time of the year.

One morning, I sat by my desk in his establishment, answering a complimentary letter from a new patient who had tried our first course of treatment, and stating that letters like hers always gave us renewed courage to go on with our good work for God and Humanity, when the old gentleman came along with a stranger, a pleasant-faced, reserved-looking young man, with spectacles, whom he introduced to me as "a scholar and a gentleman" who was to start a department for diseases of women in the establishment.

The scholar and gentleman, whose name was Johnson, went about his business in a quiet way, took his time, polished his eyeglasses, kept the office help at a proper distance, and succeeded in creating a favorable and general impression of superiority. The newcomer was a foreigner, and a graduate of one of the foremost universities in Europe. The fact that we spoke each other's language perhaps accounted for our quickly developing an acquaintance. We took our lunch together, often spent our evenings and Sundays together, and quickly became quite intimate friends.

Johnson was an expert in the handling of the diseases peculiar to women. He had already been in business for himself in an Indiana town, where he ran a partnership concern called The ——— Medicine Co. He prospered for a time, or until his partner, who must have been of a strenuous disposition, suddenly disappeared, taking with him all of the company's available cash. This was the end of the ——— Medicine Co., which made it necessary for Johnson, who got the tail end of the bargain, to shut up shop, and it was thus that chance brought him into Mr. A.'s employ.

I wish some of our women friends could have seen the scholarly gentleman in the laboratory at our establishment standing coatless, with his sleeves carefully rolled up, mashing tomatoes, add-

ing to the pulp first a little opium, then a little perfume, and et ceteras in a large mortar—compounding the celebrated medicine which had in the past been dispensed by the Great International, and was now to be administered from our establishment for the relief of the sufferings of the frailer sex.

He went about his business with a nonchalant professional air, which completely fascinated the old man, who proudly called him "Doc," and seemed to place great confidence in him.

When the mashed tomatoes, the opium, the perfume, and other ingredients had been thoroughly mixed, the resulting compound was put in neat, little round boxes, labeled with sundry directions for use, and then packed in cases ready for dispatch. Then Johnson sat himself down to his desk and wrote a charming circular, eulogizing woman, deploring the heritage of suffering

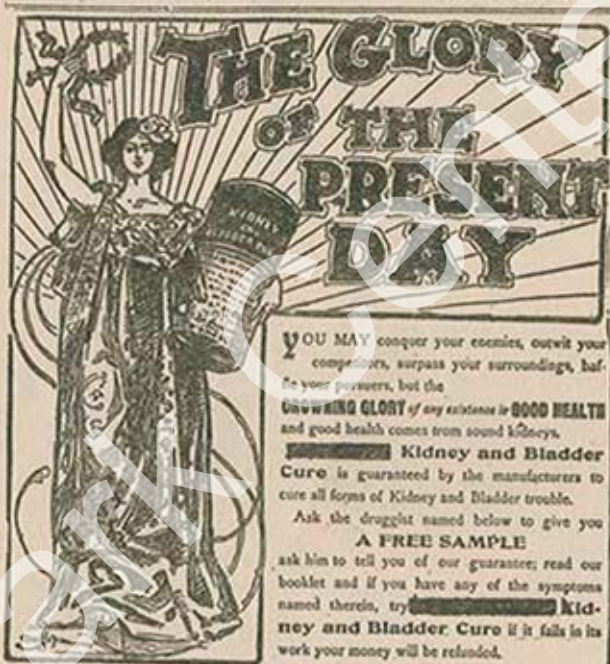
which is hers, and enlarging sympathetically upon the diseases peculiar to her sex. "But why," asked he in his peroration, "should she permit herself to continue to suffer when a discovery had been made, and a medicine compounded, to banish all her pains forever?"

Here, also, we had our own printing establishment. It therefore did not take long to put hundreds of thousands of this magnetic circular into print. Thus ready for business, our artist was commissioned to design an attractive but stern-faced woman, extending her arm and pointing

upward. The drawing was reproduced in our advertisements, the uplifted finger pointing toward the heading of the advertisement, which in large and fat type read: "*Woman, why in the world will you suffer any longer?*"

You suffering sisters who seek in vain for relief from your troubles by the use of Mr. Johnson's tomato mash, you can at least take comfort in the thought that "there are others like him." "Sisters!" they call to you from out the pages of the newspapers, the family story papers, the farmer papers, and fireside com-

FEBRUARY 18, 1909.



THE GLORY OF THE PRESENT DAY

YOU MAY conquer your enemies, outwit your competitors, surpass your surroundings, baffle your pursuers, but the **GLORIOUS GLORY of any existence is GOOD HEALTH** and good health comes from sound **Kidneys**.

Kidney and Bladder Cure is guaranteed by the manufacturers to cure all forms of Kidney and Bladder trouble.

Ask the druggist named below to give you **A FREE SAMPLE** ask him to tell you of our guarantee; read our booklet and if you have any of the symptoms named therein, try **Kidney and Bladder Cure** if it fails in its work your money will be refunded.

In future issues we hope to be able to shed a lot of light on certain advertisements which may tend to cast a halo of quite another nature around patent medicines of this type.

Johnson's is not exactly after my head, but—you have to do something these days if you are not to be eaten up alive by the other quacks, scoundrels and cut-throats. My own medicine is all right. You have read about how I discovered it, haven't you? And anyway, I have reached an age of life where I have come to the conclusion that when a man or woman has \$50 or \$100 to get rid of, I may as well get it as anybody else, eh?"

This is the kernel of the philosophy of the Patent Medicine and Medical Institute Fraternity.

panions, "Come to me, sisters, I can cure you. Why in the world will you suffer any longer?" Remember, however, in writing these unknown friends of yours, that it will be cash with order, or goods to be sent by express, c. o. d.

"I am an honest man, and expect to die as such," said old man Mr. A. to me one day. This —Woman's Department business of

The two following letters are only specimens of very, very many of a similar kind which we are daily receiving. If you have anything to say about gentlemen of the type referred to hereunder, let us hear from you at once. We want authentic and reliable information—first-hand information if possible—which would be calculated to throw a stronger light on the mechanism of certain Patent Medicine and Electric Belt institutes on which we are keeping a careful eye. The more people we have to help us the better. Do your share then, and if you can give us any valuable information do not hesitate about it. We will make no use of your name, but we must have both your name and address to test your bona fides. We prefer to hear from subscribers to this magazine.—EDITOR.

MY DEAR SIR:

I desire to congratulate you on your action in a matter of exceptional importance. I refer to your exposé of the "Medical Institute"—"Free Prescription"—"Free Cure"—"Electric Belt"—"I Cure Men" gangs.

Ever since reading your first article I have been investigating the matter myself, and, incredible as it appears, all, and more than all you have said is true. Compared with these robbers, the grave ghoul is a useful and honorable citizen.

Keep the light turned on. You are not only exposing scoundrels—you are protecting the innocent, the ignorant, the poor. I believe you are alone in this work. If this is a fact it is of sinister significance. The journal that abets this worse than fraud can have no excuse but ignorance—where ignorance is no excuse at all,

Most respectfully, L. G. L., Pittsburg, Pa.

DEAR SIR:

For some time I have been reading in the columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE your editorials on the "Electric Belt Fraud." I was astonished at the ignorance displayed in a letter, by some Sapheaded fool, which appeared in your February issue.

I have examined two or three of these "Best in the World" belts, and have known of cases used, but I do single cure. The ways get the money. They in a very short desired result is they recommend with a stronger the dupe has all his money, "sucker" from cality is trapped writer once anomalous in a catalogue of these electric belt ROBBERS, pretending he was suffering from the same trouble as the person, whose "face" and testimonial adorned a whole page. Reply soon came and the fellow wanted to sell me a belt, assuring me he would sell it as cheap or a little lower than the manufacturers. I saw through the whole scheme. The testimonials are bogus, the parties have been humbugged until the ROBBERS had to dispose of them some way, so they took them into the game, giving them about twenty-five per cent. commission to keep them still, and go after their neighbors and sell them a LIFE PRESERVER.

You are only doing justice to the ignorant people in exploiting this swindle, and every one who reads this I hope will write you what they know of the game and if they have had any experience with these thieves make it known. I can hardly see how we could have people so ignorant as our Chicago friend, whose letter appeared in February, who would uphold this great Pagan Doctor, Electric Belt, and Medical Institute Fraud to young, middle-aged and old men, as being good for humanity. Keep on; you are on the right track. The time will come when this Chicago man will be an enthusiastic physical culturist, providing his belt don't kill him. Yours, very truly,

H—A—.

120-1001111111111111
Be
"A Man
Among Men".
Write To-Day.



Everybody Admires and Honors a Strong Man. Are You One?

YOU CAN PAY ME WHEN CURED

Extract from advertisement in the N. Y. American,
March 8, 1903

OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE PULPIT

Outline Sermon No. 2

Subject: Barrenness; Its Cause, Curse and Cure.

Physiological conditions interfere with mental, moral and spiritual manifestations. Man was made in God's image. Through violating natural laws the Divine image has been partially or absolutely lost. Our one purpose and object in life is to bring back



to man the stamp of Divine perfection and physical holiness, and we shall never rest or cease in our efforts until THE GOD WONDERFUL LIVES AND REIGNS IN THE MAN BEAUTIFUL.

These sermons, which are being prepared for us by the Rev. James G. Evans, B.A., M.D., are primarily intended for clergymen, and it is our belief that they will fill a long-felt want. Thousands of ministers are interested and could interest others if they could be easily supplied with facts, figures, data, etc., tending to prove beyond a doubt that moral perfection was intended by God to exist not in whitened sepulchres, and that the human temple is intended to be strong and clean and fit to live in and not filled with disease or allowed by neglect to grow into a state of wreck.

The churches have already their temperance lessons, their missionary lessons, their education lessons; why not also have their physical culture lessons, and instead of working so much on shadowy things let them turn their attention to the nobler and more concrete one of saving our men and women from becoming total human wrecks?

We make bold in asserting that if the principles of physical culture were presented by the pulpit and practiced by its preachers it would undoubtedly lead to many in the pews being led to see the godly side of what we advocate. The second of the series is presented herewith.—EDITOR.

BARRENNESS: ITS CAUSE, CURSE AND CURE.

TEXT, Psalms 127: 3—"The fruit of the womb is His reward."

A Physical Culture Homily—specially prepared for PHYSICAL CULTURE.

INTRODUCTION—(1) One of the earliest commands of God to man was: "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." (2) All things created for a specific purpose and woman is no exception to the universal rule. God created her to bear offspring.

ALL WOMEN MAY BE DIVIDED INTO THREE DISTINCT CLASSES:

- 1—THOSE WHO WANT TO BEAR OFFSPRING: Lovers of children. True mothers. Noble wives.
- 2—THOSE WHO DON'T WANT TO BEAR OFFSPRING: Haters of children. False wives. Artificial creatures.
- 3—THOSE WHO CAN'T BEAR OFFSPRING: Injured, maimed or diseased women. Unfortunate.

The latter may be caused by heredity, accident, contagion, drugs, medical blunders, criminal surgery, etc.

ANALYSIS.

- 1—**BEARING IS A NATURAL FUNCTION.** The presence of an Uterus is an evidence of its legitimate function. Woman has a broad pelvis, hips, etc. for the specific purpose of bearing children. Man made to labor, hence the broad shoulders, etc.
- 2—**BEARING IS A SCRIPTURAL DEMAND.** "Be fruitful and multiply," etc., etc., 2 Peter 1:8. "Be neither barren nor unfruitful." See also Deut. 7:14. The woman who can bear and won't bear is an offense to Almighty God and merits the severest Divine punishment.
- 3—**BEARING IS A PLEASURE.** The healthiest and happiest women in the world are those with large families. Look at the New Testament cases of Mary and Elizabeth. And speaking of children, Scripture says: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." A home without children is like a world without sunshine.
- 4—**BEARING IS PROFITABLE.** Every child born adds to the sum total of public wealth. Population alone gives value to land, its absence takes away and leaves it worthless. Bearing women should be paid a premium for each child they bear and give to the State. Give the millions of unused land to mothers and not to corporations, landsharks and unscrupulous speculators.
- 5—**BEARING IS HEALTHY.** Old maids and barren wives are rarely ever healthy. The drug users and medicine tinkers belong to the barren class. The mortality of mothers smaller than that of old maids and barren wives.

CAUSES OF BARRENNESS—From a broad, general standpoint, are four (4):

- 1—Lack of physical and mental adaptation in marriage. Temperamental Incompatibility.
- 2—Physical malformations, such as Prolapsus, Retroversion, Retroflexion, etc.
- 3—Disease, such as Leucorrhœa, Syphilis, Scrofula, etc.
- 4—Indisposition. Which is sustained by resorting to drugs, shields, removal of Uterus, induced abortion by surgical methods, compelling practice of onanism, society fads, etc. Many marry for a home—a good time and don't want children to prevent so-called enjoyments.

CURSE OF BARRENNESS:

- 1—It makes domestic life miserable. No children means no happiness.
- 2—Leads to immorality and domestic infidelity. Childless women often go astray morally.
- 3—Breeds brazenness; makes heartless; makes criminals and murderers. The habitual abortifacient has no scruples.
- 4—Depopulates the State; retards growth of church; injures society. Abortifacients merit penal servitude.

CURE OF BARRENNESS:

- 1—Correction of all physical malformations by exercise, diet, baths, etc. Follow **PHYSICAL CULTURE'S** advice.
- 2—Proper selection in marriage, and proper conduct during gestation. Seek physical and mental affinity. Live a pure life.
- 3—Punish all who practice criminal abortion by imprisonment for a long term.
- 4—Punish severely all who use, sell, or advertise abortive remedies. In England this good work has already begun.
- 5—Punish newspapers for advertising abortive remedies. Refuse to take a paper that advertises such remedies.
- 6—Stop the infamous establishment of baby farms and "confinement" homes.
- 7—Give children a value, and recompense the mother who bears; encourage production. Amen.

(Rev) James Evans B.A. M.D.

THE SYMPTOMS, CAUSE AND CURE OF RHEUMATISM—ACUTE AND CHRONIC

By Bernarr Macfadden



THIS complaint is one of the most annoying and painful diseases that afflict humanity. It is rarely immediately fatal, though it often causes a vast amount of suffering. In acute rheumatism great care is necessary in the treatment. When death occurs, it is usually caused by the effect

of the disease on the heart. Medical authorities state that acute pain in the left side, in the region of the nipple, disturbance of the pulse, increased frequency of respiration, and high fever, indicate the extension of the disease to the heart.

When the disease has become chronic, and is manifested in swollen joints and other deformities, it is very difficult to effect a complete cure.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.—In its acute stages rheumatism is liable to appear very suddenly, though where the disease is of a chronic nature it often requires months and even years to completely disable a patient. Usually, the symptoms are pains in the joints, the shoulders, wrist, ankle and knee. When the case is acute, this pain increases with remarkable rapidity. Great tenderness and soreness are noted where the inflammation appears. The pain becomes very severe upon motion, or the slightest attempt to use the affected parts. The joints are frequently swollen to considerable size. Action of the pulse is greatly accelerated. Respiration is sometimes greatly increased. Perspiration emits a characteristic unpleasant odor. There is great thirst, usually for acid drinks like lemonade. The urine is highly colored and sometimes filled with sediment. The tongue is coated, and there is a bad taste in the mouth. Constipation usually exists at the time and previous to the attack. The face is often puffy and flushed. There is usually complete loss of appetite, and, in the most acute stages, great repugnance to food.

GENERAL CAUSES.—The most prevalent cause of rheumatism is undoubtedly sedentary occupations. Where the body remains inactive for a long period, the depurating processes are seriously interfered with. The cleansing organs, the skin, lungs, kidneys and bowels, cannot perform their duties of casting off the impurities effectively under such circumstances, and they remain to poison the blood. The breathing of confined impure air, which is nearly always an accompaniment of an inactive life, adds to the difficulties. Without pure air and plenty of it, the blood cannot be pure. When the blood becomes filled with waste material that cannot be eliminated in a normal way, nature begins an inflammatory process as the only alternative to rid the system of what might otherwise cause death.

Though lack of exercise and the fresh air needful may hinder the elimination of impurities, and so bring on disease, another aspect of the case is this—that too much waste is put into the body in the first place by errors of diet. Eating unwholesome, indigestible, over-cooked foods, and eating more than is needed to nourish the body—these are active factors in causing rheumatism. Stomachs are often loaded until they are actually worked to death by having to dispose of three or four meals a day. Eating without appetite, or eating to satisfy an abnormal appetite, exciting an unnatural appetite with alcoholic stimulants or strong condiments, and excessive meat eating—all these come in for the severest condemnation, as directly causing the disease. Impurities in the blood, as stated before, produce the symptoms. Over-eating, eating beyond your digestive capacity, creates the impurities. I know the average physician will tell you that rheumatism is caused by exposure to the cold and wet. Many physicians claim that the disease is inherited. It is possible to inherit a tendency to it, but if the body be kept strong and vigorous, and the dietary

habits are right, there is no danger of the disease.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.—In acute cases, patients must fast until all serious symptoms—pain, inflammation, and the general discomfort occasioned by the disease—have disappeared. As the disease is caused by impurities in the blood (uric acid, as most physicians declare), every possible means must be used to waken to the greatest possible activity all the depurating organs. This will naturally relieve the system by diverging the impurities from the inflamed and painful regions to the natural organs of elimination. The patient should drink a plentiful supply of absolutely pure water, distilled or aerated water is best. See that you breathe air of the purest quality. Keep the windows of your living rooms wide open. By drinking freely of water you greatly increase the activity of the pores of the skin and the kidneys and every important depurating organ; and by breathing pure outside air deeply and fully at frequent intervals you will accelerate the purifying processes of the lungs.

Excepting the absolute fast necessary for acute cases, the treatment of chronic and acute rheumatism is nearly the same. It must be varied somewhat to individual needs. Do not make too sudden a change in your habits. If you are accustomed to breathing the confined air of a room, do not suddenly adopt the opposite extreme, but gradually inure yourself to the change. Extreme activity of the pores of the skin, which is so essential for a recovery, is impossible if you clothe too heavily. Instead of wearing flannels, as advised by the average physician, wear linen, or anything which has superior absorbent qualities. You should wear barely sufficient clothing to maintain warmth. The more air that comes in contact with the skin the greater the activity of the pores will be.

Now, in addition to those means already advised for encouraging skin activity, in chronic cases it is well to take a dry friction bath at least twice a day. Take two soft bristle brushes, one in each hand, going over every part of the body, and brushing back and forth until the skin in every part has been made pink from the accelerated circulation. It will be of advantage if this friction bath is

preceded by massage, especially of the affected parts. In acute cases, massage must be given with great care, but a skillful operator can gradually work out the soreness, and in the end the patient will feel vastly relieved. Fomentation is a valuable remedy for bringing immediate relief. Hot, wet packs, as hot as can be borne, are placed on the affected parts. In fact, where the entire body is affected, or in the acute stages of the disease, a hot, wet pack of the whole body can be given with advantage. Sheets or blankets, wrung out of hot water, can be used in taking hot, wet packs, being wrapped about the patient and then dry blankets placed over them. Air baths—that is, the exposing of the surface of the body to air—will also be found of benefit, though a remedy of this kind must be used with great precaution. As long as there is no appreciable degree of discomfort, it will usually be productive of satisfactory results.

In beginning treatment, if constipation is present, the flushing treatment should be resorted to for a few days. In chronic cases, where a complete fast is not taken, the patient should avoid all highly-seasoned dishes and super-cooked foods. Fruits are especially recommended for rheumatic patients. The whole grain of barley, wheat, or oats, simmered until the grain is slightly softened, and eaten with cream or milk; uncooked rolled wheat or oats, as sold in packages, will be found very palatable, and of great assistance in keeping the bowels active. The patient must not adopt a diet which is repulsive in any way. Enjoyment of food is necessary for perfect digestion.

Whenever you are able to exercise without pain, walking and other movements will be found beneficial. In chronic cases where there is a swelling of the joints or other parts of the body, application of very hot cloths, and massage, at frequent intervals, to the affected parts, will be of benefit. In chronic cases where swelling or deformity has existed for a long period, the greatest possible patience is essential in bringing about recovery. Month after month, and, in some extreme cases, year after year, you must expect to continue your efforts if you are determined to be well and strong.



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

It is impossible for the editor to give individual advice outside of the columns of the magazine. All those desiring advice for their individual needs are requested to consult some good Physical Culture teacher or natural cure physician.—EDITOR.

Q. I have been troubled with locomotor ataxia for over two years. My side is in bad condition; my left leg is motionless and I can only walk when I have some-

one to assist me. Physicians have given me up as hopeless, and I am simply waiting to welcome my end. Will you recommend a remedy which will give me even a little relief?

A. It is an extremely difficult matter to cure the particular trouble that you mention. When in the first stage cases have been reported as cured through natural methods. However, before attempting to bring about results, you must make up your mind that it is a long, difficult task. It would be impossible to give you information in detail in this department. Would advise you to familiarize yourself with all the different phases of physical culture: exercise, diet, bathing, value of fasting, etc. Then begin to build up your general physical vigor; try every day to use your muscles as much as possible, and, in the end, you are bound to be benefited if not cured. It will facilitate your recovery to begin a series of short fasts of from two to four days. Drink freely of water, eat wholesome foods, and if it is impossible for you to secure sufficient strength of mind to fast, you might try the one-meal-per-day plan. Bathing, friction baths, and every means that will

arouse the external and internal functional system, will be to your advantage.

Q. My brother is a victim of the morphine habit, and is in a miserable condition. I have tried almost every advertised patent remedy on him, but his passion for the drug is as violent as ever. Can you tell me what the nature of those patent medicines is? My poor brother has developed as strong a liking for the medicines as he ever had for the drug itself?

A. The average patent cure for the morphine habit contains a large amount of the very drug that the victims crave. This very plainly explains why they develop a liking for such "cures." In order to effect a permanent recovery from a habit of this nature the best method is to use every possible natural means of building up the general physical health. If sufficient strength of mind can be developed in the patient, he should abstain entirely from the drug, or any substitute, from the very beginning of the treatment. If this is impossible, he can adopt the "tapering off" process—that is, take a little less of the drugs each day. Long walks, deep breathing, and outdoor physical exercises, even to the point of fatigue, will be of especial advantage. Water drinking should be very freely encouraged. To quickly and effectively cure a patient a fast of from one to two weeks is desirable. But if the patient's consent to a fast cannot be gained, try the one-meal-per-day plan, if possible. The food should be plain, no condiments or high seasoning to be used at all.

Q. Please give me a cure for canker, or sores on the inside of lips and gums and the tongue. I have been troubled thus as long as I can remember, and have been told it is hereditary. I have been taking doctor's stuff, and am just as bad as ever.

A. A good antiseptic wash would be beneficial. Try salt and water. This, however, would be only a local means of remedying your trouble. The manifestation of symptoms of this nature indicates that your blood is not in good condition. A system for building up general physical health, strengthening your functional system, and there-

fore "toning up" your nervous and muscular system, will vastly assist you toward recovery. Would advise you to adopt the one-meal-per-day plan for a while, afterward eating only two meals each day and drinking freely of pure water between meals.

Q. I suffer a good deal from hemorrhoids, and am trying for a position in the Civil Service, but have been rejected medically. Would you suggest an effective remedy for my condition?

A. Would advise a fast of from ten to fifteen days, drinking freely of water during this period. After this fast, confine your foods to fruits, nuts and milk. Eat no meats of any kind, and it would be best for you to avoid cooked foods entirely for a time. At each meal let part of it consist of the following dish: Secure some rolled oats, ordinarily supplied in packages at grocery stores, also some of the purest olive oil. Take about half a cup or more of these rolled oats, put enough olive oil on them to moisten thoroughly, then use cream and sugar to taste. This will be found a very palatable dish, and will be of vast aid in bringing about complete and permanent recovery. Be sure to drink freely of water at all times. General physical exercises are absolutely essential, if you desire your recovery to be permanent and satisfactory.

Q. My husband is an inveterate tobacco chewer. Will you tell me in your Ques-

tion Department what you consider the best way to wean him from the vice, and point out the vile effects of the habit?

A. You propound a very difficult question in this instance. If you will plainly show your husband that this habit will wreck his nervous system, destroy the delicate sensitiveness of his emotional nature, and ultimately make him an unselfish and unsympathetic animal, you should be able to arouse a desire on his part to abstain from this filthy habit. We must say, unless you arouse a desire on his part to break the habit, it would be exceedingly difficult to accomplish any results of importance, though in some cases an exceedingly nauseating drug injected into the tobacco one is in the habit of using will sometimes sicken a man of the weed, and assist in breaking the habit.

Q. My breath is foul. I have tried all kinds of remedies without results. What can I do?

A. You are probably suffering from overeating and not drinking sufficient water. Confine your meals to two a day, chew every morsel to a liquid, have pure water at hand at all times and drink freely of same. The exercises given in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE would be of special advantage in building up functional vigor. Frequent bathing will also be affective in your case.



At the Watering Place

Koch

A CLEVER HYPNOTIC DELUSION ACCOMPLISHED BY SHEER STRENGTH

One of the cleverest and most orig-



inal acrobatic turns on the variety stage is that presented by the Brothers Theresse, who can lay claim to having produced a performance on entirely original lines.

Dressed in immaculate evening dress, one of the pair gives a clever performance at the termination of which he offers to hypnotize any member of the audience.

In response, a quiet, unassuming gentleman rises from the audience and expresses his opinion that it is all nonsense and steps on to the stage to accept the challenge.

He is requested to take a seat and the performer makes a few passes. The subject turns and smiles derisively, but after a few more passes evinces unmistakable signs that he is falling under the mysterious influence, and is soon completely overcome. After causing him to perform many outlandish and mirth-provoking antics, the hypnotist causes him to stand in the center of the stage with his arms folded over his chest, and then bend slowly backward till

the crown of his head rests on the ground. In this trying position he is left for some considerable time.

The performer next leaps upon the human arch, and



A quiet, unassuming gentleman accepts the challenge

the other then performs the seemingly impossible feat of raising himself slowly into an erect attitude with the performer standing on his chest, and finally stepping on to the other's shoulders and being carried around the stage.

Among the other feats of strength that the hypnotized subject performs is to roll about in all sorts of apparently impossible positions with



And with the hypnotist walking all over him he rolls about in all sorts of apparently impossible positions



opens his eyes, shakes hands with his brother, and they retire from the stage together.

the hypnotist literally walking all over him. All these tricks are so cleverly worked that the audience have no idea that the subject is a confederate and a trained acrobat, till the latter suddenly

And performs many outlandish and mirth-provoking antics

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.

There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect.

No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.

If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, does not endorse as truth and fact.

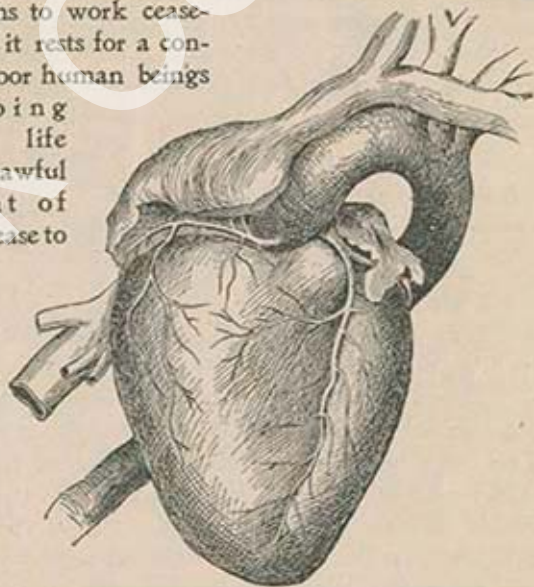
ABOUT the most terrifying of all symptoms are those of heart trouble. They indicate weakness or disease at the very fountain-head of all life. The heart is one of the most important and one of the most remarkable of all our internal organs. It seems to work ceaselessly, though science has proved that it rests for a considerable time between beats. Many poor human beings

The Heart Can Be Strengthened

are going through life with the awful thought of heart disease to depress them. They live in constant fear of death. They do not know what moment the heart may stop its action. Many constantly carry a heart stimulant, but the most profound medical scientists can give no hope. There is no absolutely sure method of strengthening the heart, they will tell you. They simply advise that you take care of yourself, and their idea of this differs very radically from what those familiar with physical culture methods of building and retaining health would advise.

The heart is composed of muscles, and, like the other muscles of the body, they can be strengthened and made more capable of performing their natural functions.

A heart stimulant never has benefited, and never will benefit, any human being. It is like the whiskey that is pored into the stomach. Whiskey may temporarily



*"Use means growth, disuse means degeneration."
This is as true of your heart muscles
as it is of your biceps*

spur the stomach to increased activity, but the poison that has thus been administered leaves it weaker in the end, not stronger.

A mild system of exercise, gradually made more vigorous as the muscular and vital strength increases, properly regulated diet, absolute abstinence from all stimulating foods, condiments or liquors, together with appropriate bathing, will in every instance vastly increase the strength of the heart. The exercises should be taken very carefully in the beginning. Great care should be used to avoid the possibility of strain.

One of my first pupils, many years ago, when I was a teacher of physical culture, was a victim of heart trouble, so severe in nature that his physician would not allow him to take even the mildest exercise. He was an emaciated physical wreck. I started his course of treatment with very mild exercises, deep breathing, and other means of building bodily vigor. He must have been slowly dying for the need of exercise, for his improvement was so fast he was able to enter a wrestling tournament about a year afterward and, astounding as it may seem, he defeated all the competitors in his class. The reader can rest assured that heart weakness was remedied absolutely in his case, and it can be remedied in a similar manner in nearly every instance.



OCCASIONALLY our circulation man brings in reports, after visiting thickly populated tenement districts of large cities, that please us very much. These reports prove that **PHYSICAL CULTURE** exercises a wholesome, elevating and a highly beneficent influence over every one of its readers. In these districts there are many newsdealers who sell cigarettes and tobacco. Their windows are usually decorated with cheap five-cent trashy novels and stories of the "Wild West" type so popular among boys. Here is a sample conversation between our circulation man and the newsdealer:

*Our
Beneficent Influence*

"Why aren't you selling **PHYSICAL CULTURE**?"

"Stopped selling it."

"Why?"

"It's injuring my business. Several of my former customers have stopped smoking cigarettes, and I rarely see them now."

This shows very clearly that the influence of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** is felt in quarters where it is difficult to bring about changes by more ostentatious methods. This may be a new method of reforming the youth, but I believe every interested reader will admit that our magazines are admirably accomplishing the ends for which they are being published. I hope that the time is not far distant when we shall see even the smallest newsdealer selling so many copies of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** that his profits on these magazines will be greater than those secured from cigarettes and tobacco.



WE have already outlined in a general way the rules and conditions which will govern the awarding of the \$1,000 PRIZE FOR THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN IN THE WORLD, AND THE \$1,000 PRIZE FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED WOMAN IN THE WORLD. These we supplement by the following particulars:

A separate competition will be held in the thirteen cities mentioned below, wherein will be determined **THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN** and **THE MOST BEAUTIFULLY PROPORTIONED WOMAN** residing within or near the area or district whereof such city may be a center.

\$2,000 in Prizes. \$1,000 Each to the Most Perfectly Developed Man and Woman

The winners in each of the **PRELIMINARY COMPETITIONS** held in these cities will be furnished with free transportation from such city to and from New York, in order to

enable them to attend the **SEMI-FINAL COMPETITION** to be held at a mammoth entertainment which will be given at Madison Square Garden, New York City.

The following are the cities which have been selected as centers for determining the winners who are to compete at the semi-final competition: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver, San Francisco.

We are arranging to have the preliminary competitions in these cities conducted under the auspices of some prominent club. As we have already stated, this competition is open to *every man in the world* who conforms to the age, weight and size limits and other conditions specified in a former issue.

The first step intending competitors must take, is to fulfill the conditions we have mentioned in former issues, and make application for entry direct to us. The intending competitors should then look out for a later announcement which will contain particulars of the clubs or representatives which we shall select in the various centers. They must then also register their names and addresses with the club or representative for their respective centers.

The winners of the **AMERICAN COMPETITION**, to be held at Madison Square Garden, will be furnished with a **FREE FIRST-CLASS PASSAGE FROM NEW YORK TO AND FROM LONDON, AND WITH LIBERAL EXPENSES FOR A TWO WEEKS' STAY ABROAD.** They must then appear for competition in a **FINAL COMPETITION** with the winners of the semi-final to be held in London for the purpose of determining the most perfectly developed man on *the other side of the Atlantic*, where preliminary competitions similar in all details and respects to those outlined for American competitors will be held.

This is intended to be a great and successful undertaking, well worthy of the cause of Physical Culture and no element of favor or prejudice will be allowed to mar the spirit of it. It is to be a *World's Competition*, and the honor of winning the prize will mean fame and fortune far more valuable than the prize we offer.

I shall be glad to have from intending competitors any suggestions calculated to assist me in the selection of clubs and representatives of prominence and standing in the cities above mentioned.



Photographs

The \$5.00 prize for the best photographs published in this issue of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** has been awarded to Mr. P. Mahoney.

THE volume of the extensively advertised physical culture courses is on the decline. There are still a few in existence, but they have, no doubt, been able to stand the searchlight of public investigation. They probably deserve to live, but a funeral is not far off for all the shady physical culture courses where exorbitant charges are made for a few simple illustrated movements, which can be bought for a few cents in this and other Physical Culture publications.

Fake Mailing Courses

We have accepted advertisements for insertion in this magazine that contained statements with the truth of which we were not entirely satisfied. Advertisements cannot be rejected on mere suspicion; the publisher must first have reasonable proof that the advertiser is engaged in a fraudulent business. One of the most important questions a publisher is called upon to answer when making application to the postal authorities for the privilege of mailing a publication at regular publishers' rates, is, "Can any responsible business firm advertise in your publication?" Your answer must be "Yes." If it must be otherwise, you will be compelled to pay ordinary postage rates, and this would practically mean failure.

The method adopted by some of the mailing course impostors is, first, to offer you their course, which frequently consists of nothing but a few printed letters, for say ten or twenty dollars. If you fail to respond in a month or two, you receive another letter offering you the same course for about eight dollars. They will wait another month or two, and you will then receive another tactfully worded letter, stating that five dollars will buy the course. It continues to go down in price, and I have heard in some cases of courses, which started at ten or twenty dollars, going down as low as fifty cents. I shall consider it a special favor if my readers will forward me the names and letters of the mailing course companies who have adopted the methods and system above described in endeavoring to sell their courses.



SINCE my editorial in a recent number of PHYSICAL CULTURE referring to the startling inefficiency of white flour as a food, articles have appeared in various publications throughout the country bolstering up this mis-named staff of life.

Let us examine for a moment the theories of those who maintain that white bread possesses a greater food value than bread made of the whole grain. The value

The White Flour Food Fake

of food should be determined entirely by the energy and strength-giving elements that can be absorbed and used as it passes through the body. One writer, who favors white bread, states that experimental evidence proves that white bread yields eight per cent more nourishment than bread made from the whole wheat, and that the branny particles contained in the whole wheat flour irritate the walls of the intestines, thus promoting peristaltic action which sends the food too rapidly through the intestines, making complete absorption impossible. To accurately determine the value of any particular food, especially when it is supposed to be capable of perfectly nourishing all parts of the body, one must make practical experiment by endeavoring to subsist upon it exclusively for a period sufficiently long to allow of his being

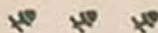
able to make comparisons of the strength and general condition of the body before and after the experiment.

The experiments heretofore made have shown that a greater percentage of white bread was absorbed as it passed through the system than of bread made from the whole grain, but no experiment has ever been extended over a period reasonably long enough to warrant the formation of an accurate idea of the comparative values of white and whole wheat breads in other respects.

In order to determine the value of white flour as a food, the experimenter would have to try to live on it exclusively from one to three weeks. The authority I referred to above, states that the branny particles contained in the whole wheat only irritate the intestinal walls and promote peristaltic action. I would be pleased to know why he uses the word "irritate." There is no evidence to show that the intestinal walls of those who eat whole wheat bread exclusively are in an irritated condition. In fact, if there is any way of comparing the condition of the walls of the alimentary canal of one in the habit of eating white bread with that of another who eats whole wheat bread, I am inclined to believe such an investigation and comparison would reveal a condition showing that the branny particles not only do not irritate the walls of the alimentary canal, but that they are inclined to keep it in a far more wholesome and healthy condition than they could be maintained with a dietary which includes white flour in any form. It is largely because the branny particles of the whole wheat do promote peristaltic action that whole wheat bread is a superior food to white bread.

Nature has wisely placed the bran about the kernel of wheat to help the system in carrying away that which is not needed in the body. Besides the bran on the outside of the wheat which is taken from white flour there is also a delicate covering of dark colored substance next to the starch which is in the center of the grain. Starch generates heat and energy and makes fat. The nitrogenous food compounds build muscle. Nitrogenous compounds are also found largely in meat, beans and peas. Hence, one accustomed to eating meat may well substitute for it the entire wheat bread which has so large a percentage of this same important constituent.

Numerous complaints are unquestionably caused by the tendency of white bread to retard and impede the expulsion of excreta from the bowels. Where the food is allowed to remain and ferment in the bowels for a long period, a serious condition is induced, and it is well known and conceded that one who is in the habit of eating white bread must be a victim to constipation to a certain extent. There is but little peristaltic action of the bowels, and the contents are forced along only by the introduction of more food. If you wish your food to bind, clog and ferment, or, as often happens, if you wish to allow it to decompose and rot before its expulsion, then cultivate the white bread habit by all means, but if you wish your alimentary canal to be kept clean and free from disease breeding influences, then it *behoves you to avoid white bread absolutely.*



IS holding the breath to be commended? This question is asked very frequently by Physical Culturists. Theoretically, a very strong argument can be put forward deprecating holding the breath for a prolonged period. If it is held a few moments, say four or five seconds, while two or three movements are made, no harm can possibly be produced. You are compelled to

hold your breath for a few moments in almost any kind of strenuous athletic work, such as lifting, or wrestling, or in any exercises where you are occasionally required to make a supreme effort. For instance, when lifting a heavy weight, all the muscles are flexed, and it is difficult and unnatural to breathe at the moment. A swimmer is compelled to hold his breath while diving, and even in ordinary

***Is Holding the Breath
to be Commended?***

swimming, where the head is kept above water, he is compelled to breathe only at certain intervals. Pearl divers are said to be as fine specimens of physical manhood as can be seen anywhere, and they can easily hold their breath from four to five minutes.

I have never seen, nor have I heard of a single case of injury resulting from the habit of holding the breath. Those who report cases of consumption and other diseases resulting from this habit probably secure their facts from their imagination. One of the best preserved fifty-year-old men I ever saw claimed that he cured himself of consumption when past the age of twenty by counting, when walking in the open air, how many steps he could take while holding his breath. He stated that he finally developed such remarkable powers in this way that he could easily walk an ordinary city block without breathing. Although he was fifty years of age, he did not look to be over thirty-five. He was engaged in the banking business and confined a large part of the day to exacting duties.

I do not advocate the habit of holding the breath to the extent described in this case, but I do advocate that while making special movements that bring into play the chest walls, a deep, full breath held for a few moments, say from three to five or ten seconds, while the movements are being made, will tend to force the air into every cell of the lungs, and will be of unquestionable benefit.



MISS CORA DEAN, a writer of short stories, who followed the uncooked food theories for a short while, died recently in Chicago. The attention attracted by the death of this young lady would be inclined to lead one to believe that the mere fact of living on uncooked food would be sufficient to warrant your living forever.

***Death Not Caused
by Health Fads***

Thousands upon thousands may die stuffing themselves with three meals a day, and following the usual idiotic habits of the average civilized citizen, and not a word is said, but when the cold hand of death overtakes one who happens to have had a few rational ideas, there is a hue and cry sent forth which is heard from Maine to California.

Though the report that this young woman died of uncooked diet was circulated throughout the entire country by the press, investigation shows that for a considerable time previous to her illness and death she had returned to the ordinary habits of eating.

Dr. Alice B. Stockholm, her aunt, who is a Vegetarian herself, and has followed the "two-meal-a-day" plan for many years, denies that Miss Dean weakened herself or became debilitated through refraining from breakfast and from what gourmards are pleased to call health fads. Dr. Stockholm stated that Miss Dean had given up the "no-breakfast" plan a *great many months* before her death, and that she ate meat

and other animal foods; but the newspapers and yellow journals throughout the country have committed themselves to the exaggerated statement that she died through following health fads, and I suppose the general public will still have to be satisfied with their untruthful statement. The facts, however, are otherwise, and are exactly as presented above.



**What the Corset Does:
Produces Tumors and
Inflammation**

WHAT a terrible experience it must be to undergo a surgical operation, where the knife is dug deeply into the body and important organs are removed. Thousands upon thousands of women have been compelled to undergo dangerous operations of this character. Many have sacrificed their lives on the operating table. Many have lingered for a few days or months, and then succumbed. A few have lived and regained health, but enquire among your friends, select those who have been com-



P. D. "Preposterous Delusion"

- (1) It hinders and sometimes ruins the digestive power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately injures and makes shapeless, flaccid and nerveless the flesh at the waist line.
- (5) Distorts the beauty lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and bust by restricting nourishment, interfering with normal circulation and thus lessening vital power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weaknesses peculiar to women, and from which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Greatly weakens, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently turn to expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacements.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of marital unhappiness and divorce.



The Sablin

"The Satanic"

elled to suffer in this way and you will find but few who can say that they have been benefited by an operation. These diseases, these tumors and this inflammation, for which these dangerous operations are prescribed, have very clearly defined and obvious causes. Men are rarely compelled to seek relief in operations of this kind. The female among the lower animals is perfectly healthy in this way. Women of the poorer classes who are engaged in active work never have an occasion to try remedies of this kind. And what does all this prove?

It proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the compression at the waist line and the forcing downward of the important organs lying in this region interfere with and dwarf and distort a woman's development, and cut off the natural circulation in these important parts of the body. There is no part of a woman's body that shows so much weakness. And where the impure blood is unable to freely return to the heart, and when it is forced to remain and arouse inflammation in its effort to eliminate impurities, what can one expect?

It is really wonderful how some women are able to breathe, much less live, under such circumstances, how life can be sustained and retained when these vital organs are abused in this terrible and outrageous manner. Gaze at the ordinary and natural figure of a woman, and compare it with the figure she assumes when laced according to modern style. Imagine, if you can, the terrible pressure which must have been exerted in order to permanently misplace these important organs. You can depend upon the accuracy of the statement that the corset is in every instance almost the sole cause of troubles for the relief of which modern scientific surgeons advise dangerous operations. If you have a wife, a sister, or any woman in whom you are interested, it is your imperative duty to use every effort in your power to induce her to avoid this baneful, health-destroying and disease-breeding device. Female complaints are the bane of the world at the present time, and when men will once realize that corsets are their real and practically their direct cause, it is to be hoped that this instrument will have a speedy exit.

BECAUSE I advocated breathing through the mouth in a *special exercise* that I illustrated in the magazine recently, I have received some inquiries as to whether it is excusable to breathe through the mouth at any other time or under any other circumstances.

Everyone should breathe through the nostrils at all times as nearly as possible.

Mouth Breathing

The nostrils act as a kind of separator or air filter. All dust and foreign material are refused admission into the lungs in company with air inhaled in this manner. Of course, in talking,

one naturally inhales and exhales through the mouth to a slight extent.

The exercise in which I advocated breathing through the mouth requires the air to be inhaled and exhaled very slowly. Under such circumstances the air is filtered, so to speak, and separated from all foreign matter. Breathe through the nostrils under ordinary circumstances. If it has been or is still your habit to breathe through the mouth, *break from it without delay.*

Publisher's Announcement

SOME of our subscribers were much annoyed the beginning of this year at not receiving their Magazines promptly.

The Editor wishes to apologize for any seeming neglect that may have occurred in the Business Department at that period. Subscriptions at that time were coming in at the rate of nearly one thousand a day, and our office staff was simply overwhelmed. The various Departments are now in proper condition, and if there are any readers who are not now receiving the Magazines with proper regularity, or are unable to get satisfactory replies, they are requested to address the Editor personally.

Bernarr Macfadden