

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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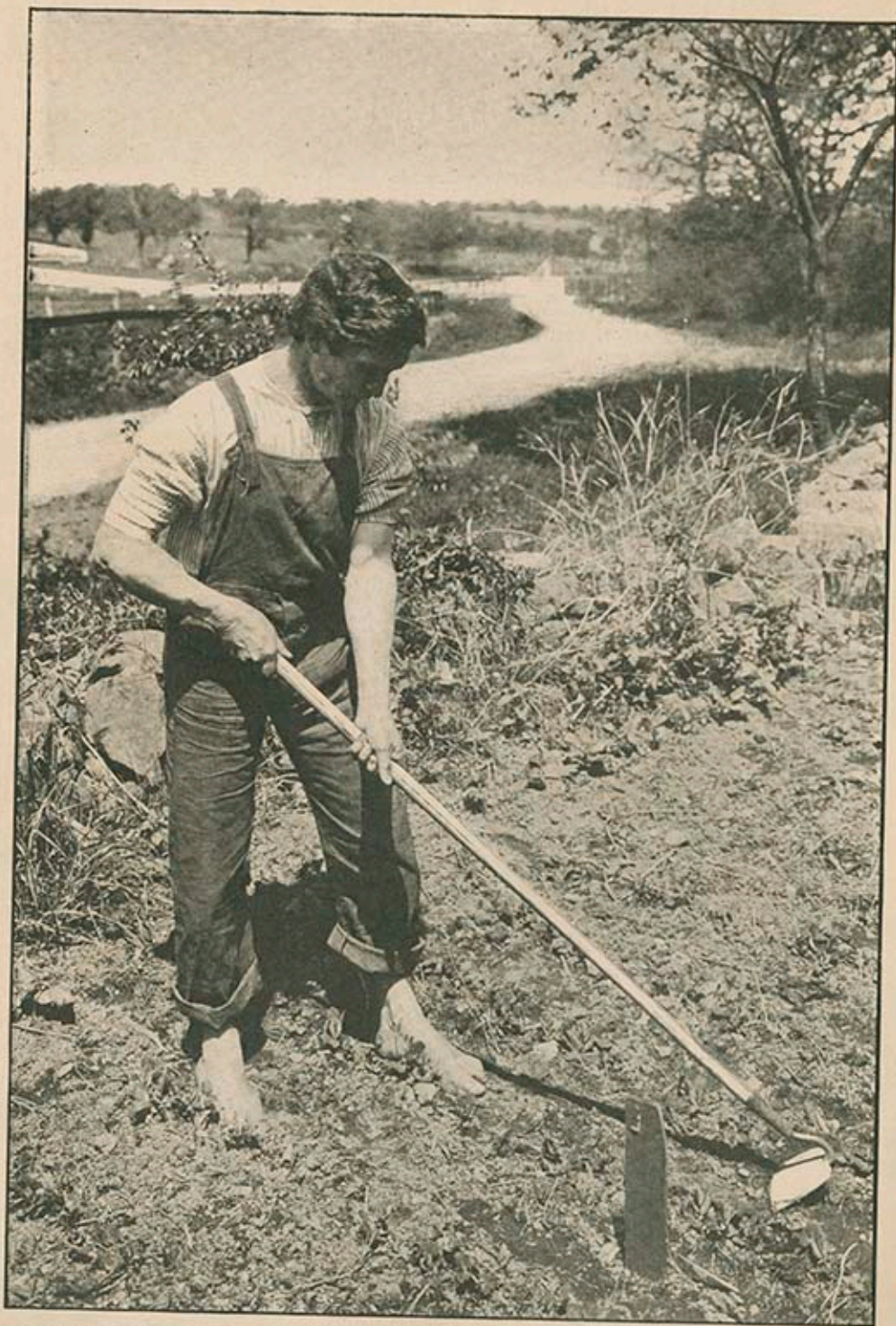
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Showing My Gardening Costume, Consisting of a Pair of Over-alls and the Upper Part of a Pair of Pyjamas. Total Cost, \$1.40. Hoeing is One of My Favorite Summer Exercises. I Can Recommend it as a Means of Development of Value Equal to That of Expensive Exercisers, or Systems of Exercise (See page 99)

MY EXPERIENCE GOING BACK TO NATURE

GARDENING, MOUNTAIN AND TREE CLIMBING AS A MEANS OF BUILDING PHYSICAL POWER—CHEAPNESS OF COUNTRY LIFE WHEN ONE CARES NOT FOR SHAM OR SHOW

By Bernarr Macfadden

THE ambitious farmer boy yearns for the city. His greatest ambition is to find means of earning his living there. He reads of the glories of these centers of civilization and to him there is an attractive glamor about city

ous strife and struggle. They realize that in the calm life in the country, away from the never ending contest, they can recruit their energies and find refreshing rest.

In a recent issue of the magazine I ad-



Our little shanty, which we converted into a Japanese boudoir. This little house is located at the foot of a steep hill, sufficiently isolated to enable us to dress as we please and yet within six minutes' walk from a railroad station, and about an hour from New York City

life. He imagines that life there must be filled with a vast deal more pleasure than can be secured in the country.

But when these ambitious country boys find success in the city they usually realize the terrible wear and tear of the strenuous life they have been compelled to lead in order to achieve it, and they turn again for relief and rest and health and strength to the country. They get tired and sick of the eternally monoton-

ous every one of my readers to go out into the country. I believe that the country is the true place for man to live. City air is not fit to breathe. City influences destroy ultimately all the best there is in human character. The nervous excitement that seems literally to be in the air makes one live his life far more speedily and far less satisfactorily.

Out in the country, where the very air tends to induce serenity and peace, is the

only place for a sensible human being to live. There you breathe Nature's pure air, you can enjoy all of her richest beauties, and active exercise of all kinds in the open air is a joyous exhilaration. There is no work about it. It is real, enjoyable play. Systems of exercise are all very well. They will develop your muscles and every part of your body; they will counteract to a certain extent the influences of city life; but, after all, they are simply poor substitutes. Natural exercise that one secures from active

ments of great athletes, often yearn for a chance to attend gymnasiums and schools in order that they may develop all their physical powers, and be able finally to compete in some of the great athletic events. But if only they knew it, they have right at hand the best possible means of building the highest degree of physical health and strength. If they have the inspiration that comes by contesting with others, and if they will secure the knowledge that comes with thorough familiarity with physical culture



The use of a garden fork and rake is interesting and is guaranteed to accelerate the circulation, improve your digestive power, and generally increase the physical forces. It is cheaper than expensive systems of exercise and far better than most of them

play, from active work in the open air, furnishes the very best possible system of exercise. You are then engaged in an interesting occupation. The time glides swiftly by. You are accomplishing something. You are not making a few set movements that merely exercise the muscles. Every effort of your muscle does something, and physical culture of this character is by far the most beneficial.

Farmer boys, reading of the achieve-

ments of great athletes, there is no reason in the world why they should not be able to develop into athletes equal or superior to those whom they envy.

The most of my life has been spent in cities. Again and again I have determined to get away from the heat and dust and foul air coincident to city life. Though I usually spend a large part of the summer at the seashore or other country place, never until this summer have I been able to get out into the real

country. This year I determined to become a farmer. I tried as nearly as possible to get away from all human habitations. I wanted to live and dress as I pleased and to be able to avoid the criticisms of conventional ignoramuses. I wanted to go back to Nature and live as nearly as possible as Nature intended man to live. First, it was our intention to find a suitable spot and erect a bungalow or a tent, but it was far more difficult than we thought to find this "suitable spot." We made many trips without discovering a location that exactly suited us. But on one of these trips we were shown the little house of which a photograph is here reproduced. It was not much more than a shanty, but after some consideration we concluded that it would be better than a tent.

Within stone's throw of the house was a mountain stream, and there was at least a half an acre of ground that could be used for a garden, and there were trees of every kind to be climbed. What more could we want for the experiment? The ordinary rent of the house was probably not more than \$5.00 a month, but we paid the asking price of \$10.00 without question and began to live close to the heart of Nature. It was enjoyable from every standpoint. The clear mountain air was exhilarating to an extreme degree. There was plenty of work of all kinds to do, but the most interesting was the garden. There is something fascinating in seeing things grow when you plant them with your own hands. The mysterious workings of Nature become

doubly interesting under such circumstances.

I had some experience in gardening when a boy and I found the limited knowledge I had gained at that time quite useful. I planted lettuce, radishes, beans, peas, onions, and all the various popular vegetables. I spent from one to four hours a day working in the garden. I felt better and stronger every day because of it. To be sure, it is inclined to make you stoop a little, but by frequently straightening up, throwing the shoulders back and inhaling a deep breath, even that can be counteracted.

The little mountain stream proved to be a great convenience to us. We found

a natural bath-tub, of which we have an illustration, and our cold baths were taken there. We secured a large, light tin bath-tub for taking hot baths, and this proved a very great convenience. Instead of taking our baths in the house,



Natural bath tub, showing where we take our cold morning dips

we would simply carry the utensils needed to take a hot bath to the side of the stream, heat the water on the stove and then we could enjoy the luxury of a hot bath surrounded by walls of green leaves, which give as much or more privacy than the ordinary city bathroom.

My wife converted the inside of the house into a sort of Japanese boudoir, and a startling surprise was furnished to the natives whenever they happened to view it. Furnishings and decorations of this character are comparatively cheap, though you decorate a room very attractively with them.

My wife was not quite so fond of the garden work as I was. But she spent considerable time assisting me. I found the work of turning up the ground with the garden fork to be a splendid exercise, using the muscles of the arms and back, and one or two hours of this work vigorously rouses nearly every muscle and function of the body. Hoeing and raking are not nearly so good, but they are light exercises from which an immense amount of benefit can be secured. In hoeing vegetables properly one is compelled to stoop slightly. This is hardly advantageous, although the method of straightening up and breathing deeply, previously described, will easily remedy this. Raking and pulling up weeds, together with the ordinary work of making a flower garden, makes a very fine light exercise that can be especially recommended for

women. There is no possibility of a strain or overwork, and it is a pleasant occupation.

The water we secured did not prove to be as good as we desired, either at the well or at the stream, and we were compelled to order some from the city. However, a good water still would easily have remedied this difficulty. The well was used for an ice-chest. Milk, butter, or anything that we were desirous of keeping cool, was simply lowered into the well and it would be ice-cold when drawn up. There were a few mosquitoes in the locality, and we screened the windows in order to avoid being

bothered by them, although not at any time did they prove to be a pest. There were no house flies to speak of, though as a rule they do not become bothersome where they are not needed as scavengers. In other words, if you keep your house clean, and do not allow scraps of food to lie around, there will be nothing for them to eat and naturally they will not be attracted.

Our station was only a little more than an hour's ride from New York and it was therefore quite convenient. To be able to go from the heart of New York city out into the country away from

human habitations in such a short period was a privilege that we appreciated.

This article is written not only because it will be of interest to my readers to know of this experiment, but because it may be of actual aid to them in conducting similar ex-

periments, for there is certainly no better or simpler means of building increased health than by following an out-of-door life such as is described here. I hope the time is not far distant when we shall be able to find a satisfactory location for our Physical Culture City. Then I can move my entire publishing business into the country.

Tree climbing was one of my favorite exercises, and in a future issue I will give some illustrations and write a short additional article on this subject.



A view of the mountain stream where we could heat water for hot baths when desired. A coal-oil stove with ordinary boiler thereon shown in lower left-hand corner of photograph

SIMPLE AND DIFFICULT HEALTH BUILDING FEATS

TUMBLING EXERCISES THAT WILL STRENGTHEN AND DEVELOP THE MUSCLES

By Don H. Silsby

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR TORRINGTON Y. M. C. A.

BY physical training, and physical training alone, is one thoroughly equipped to meet not only the certainties, but also the uncertainties of life, and, surely, no one doubts that a greater part of our life is filled with uncertainties.

If it were more universally understood that to develop a strong, perfect body is to develop mental and nervous power, then exercise and everything that would be inclined to strengthen the body would be far more popular among the people. Courage, self-confidence, self-poise and the power of reasoning clearly on questions that may come up to be solved are acquired in just so much as the body is brought into perfect physical condition. The better the man is physically, the more easily will the unexpected difficulties encountered be overcome.



Balance on Hands, Knees on Elbows

Ex. I.—This should be attempted on floor at first. Place hands on floor and knees on elbows, lean forward and slowly raise feet from floor

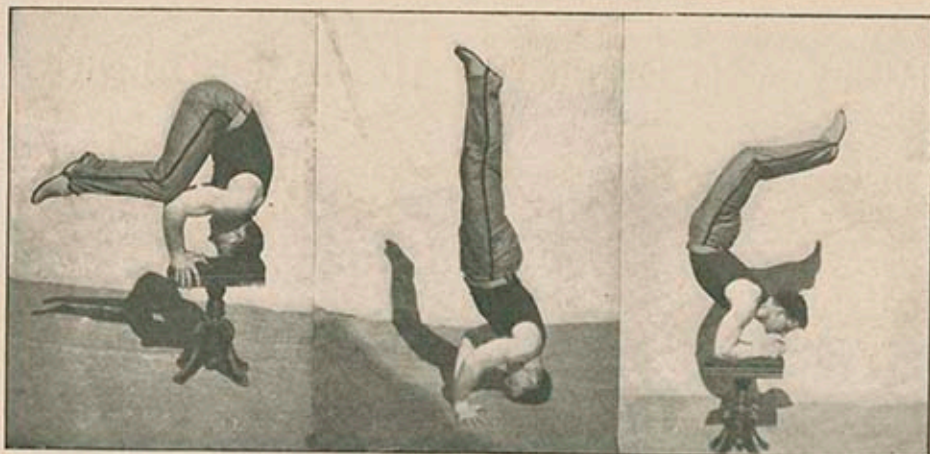


Balance on One Hand

Ex. II.—Come to balance on two hands, shift weight over left hand and raise right to side

The average person spends years upon his mental training. He hopes to gain success in life—in his business—by devoting every energy to the cultivation of his mental powers. He may succeed at the expense of the necessary vitality of the body, but some day the nerves and the constitution in general will give way, and then the earnings of a lifetime of devoted labor are bartered away to regain that which could have been retained by a little time and attention, and which is more precious than all the success in the world—perfect health.

It is an encouraging fact, though, to notice how, in late years, physical training has been brought to the front and placed within reach of all through schools, universities, Y. M. C. A.'s and even through magazines.



Balance on Head and Hands with Knees on Elbows

Ex. III.—This should be accomplished on the floor before attempted on chair or stool

Balance on Head and Hands with Body Vertical

Ex. IV.—From position shown in Exercise III. raise feet until body is vertical. Arch back slightly

Balance on Forearms

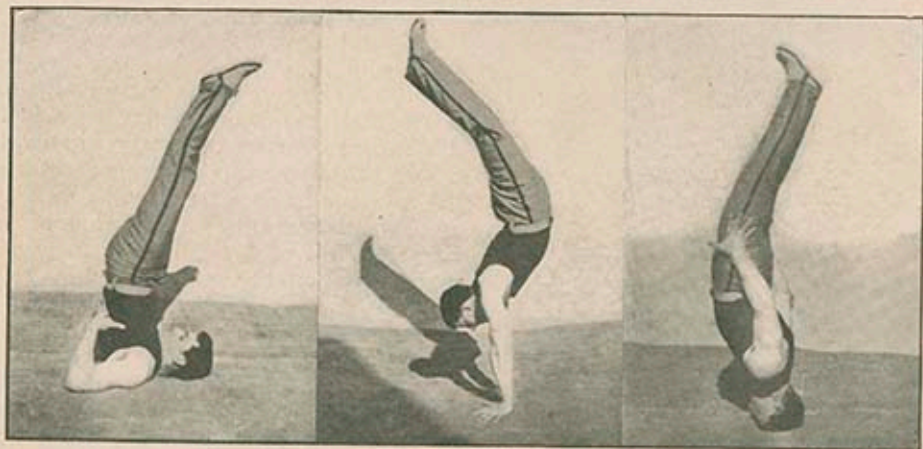
Ex. V.—Place forearms, bring legs up till body is vertical. Arch back well

It is especially agreeable to know that religion is recognizing more and more that physical culture must go hand in hand with spiritual culture—that we must glorify God in our bodies as much as we glorify Him in a spiritual sense; that a weak or a diseased body is a sin, a desecration of the temple of the Holy Ghost. Churches everywhere are taking up the religion of health and perfect bodies in connection with their work of making better and nobler men.

There is no factor of physical culture that is more important, or from which results may be noted more quickly, than

what is commonly known as ground tumbling, or merely "tumbling." It must not be thought that tumbling is confined alone to the professional acrobats of the vaudeville stage or sawdust ring, or that it is an art which does nothing more than please spectators. It is far more than this. It is one of the best of body builders. It makes strong ankles, knees, wrists and backs and gives grace of carriage and ease of movement to the awkward, loose-jointed boy or the stiff, over-self-conscious man.

Among other things to be considered is the effect of tumbling on the mental



Shoulder Balance

Ex. VI.—Roll as far back as possible. Place hands against sides and upper arms on floor. Keep legs well extended

Hand Balance, Body Vertical

Ex. VII.—From position raise legs slowly till body is vertical. Arch back well

Head Balance

Ex. VIII.—Come to balance on head and hands, shift all the weight over the head, raise hands to sides

**Upstart**

Ex. IX.—From position shown in photo bring legs over quickly, at the same time push strongly with hand and head and come to stand on feet

Arch on Hands and Feet

Ex. X.—From stand bend body backward until hands touch floor. This should for the first time be attempted on a soft place

Lever

Ex. XI.—Come to the position with feet on floor first, place elbows well under and slowly raise toes from the floor

apparatus. Through it one acquires self-reliance and control; prompt and accurate action in the right place and at the right time. A good tumbler sees quickly how to do a thing, and as quickly does it.

To become proficient in this art does not require a long tedious training, such as is demanded of one of the crew or eleven. A few minutes spent each day will accomplish wonders.

You say you are not built for a tumbler, that your joints are too stiff, or that you are too heavy or perhaps too tall? Of course, it is not probable that all of

us can ever equal any of the Nelson family, but it is certainly true that any young man in fairly good health and with a whole body can learn the easier feats of tumbling, such as the forward or backward rolls, the "cart-wheel" or the "hand-spring."

The accompanying illustrations will in a way show what can be accomplished with a little practice. Perhaps these cannot be done the first time that they are tried, but the easier ones will come soon, and the others need only time and practice. Stick-to-it-ive-ness will win out every time.

HE GOT THE JOB!

"Can't you give me a job as floorwalker?" asked the tired-looking man.

"What experience have you had?" inquired the drygoods man.

"Three sets of twins," replied the applicant, with a weary smile.

**A St. Paul, Minn., Physical Culturist**

J. Rosemeyer, Age 5 Months, Weight 20 Lbs. Raised on Mother's Milk and Plenty of Good-sense Exercise Sleeps in Cold Room and Gets His Air-bath Every Day

THE ATTAINMENT OF SUCCESS

LIFE'S GREATEST AND MOST IMPORTANT EFFORTS DEVOTED TO
THE ATTAINMENT OF SUCCESS—THE UNDERLYING PRIN-
CIPLES THAT GUIDE TO SUCCESS—SUCCESS EASILY
WITHIN THE REACH OF THOSE POSSESSING
INTELLIGENCE AND PERSISTENCE

By Bernarr Macfadden

FROM the time the realities of life are first presented to us, until death, our existence here is almost one continuous struggle for success. Around the goal of success is a glamor that attracts us all.

Success is always associated with strength—usually a combination of mental and physical strength. The success of the athlete comes from his physical vigor, but the success of the business man depends upon his brains, comes from his nervous and mental energy.

However, you take the average man, who has made a great success in life, a great man financially, a great legislator, or a professional man, and you will find that most of them have been possessed with more than the average physical vigor. You will find that they were "well set up," strong and physically able to stand the strain necessary in this strenuous life.

When a little child toddles off to school the serious work of struggling for success begins.

What Is Success?

Of course, with different individuals there will be varying definitions of success. Go out and ask the street gamin what success is, and he will tell you that only the rich are successful. Ask the average man what success is, and you will find that it is still measured from a financial standpoint. Rich men do not always make a success of life. I do not believe that success can be measured from a financial standpoint. A man may be ever so wealthy and yet not be a success. He may actually feel that his life has been a failure. The most of us imagine—that is, those who have not wealth—that when we have attained riches we

shall have succeeded. And yet success is something far, far beyond that.

You have been successful if you have lived according to the dictates of your conscience and your intelligence. A successful man may not be wealthy, may not be famous; but if he has lived wisely, and has gotten all there is in life, if he has gotten all the power within his reach and has used it to advantage, if he has realized all the possibilities of his nature and his environments, if he has lived normally and temperately, I would call that man's life a success.

Fame An Empty Bauble

Fame is like a bubble blown into the air. It looks alluring and attractive. But suddenly all its beauty disappears.

Whenever I think of fame I recall the experience of George Dewey. When he came home from the war he was a great hero. He was lauded everywhere, and many were almost ready to worship him as a god. But only a few short weeks afterward he deeded to his wife the house that had been presented to him by the people. He was criticised in the most scathing manner for this act. That ended George Dewey's career as a hero.

And this shows you how little fame amounts to. You may be the most famous man in the world, and the most honored, and the next day the public may be smattering you with the mud of contempt.

Wealth Does Not Bring Success

I presume that most of my readers would call Rockefeller's career successful, and yet I wonder if he is as happy as the average man. I wonder if he has secured any more from life than the average man. If you possessed all

the money in the world you could not wear more than one suit of clothes at one time, you could not eat more than you could digest without suffering. Wealth simply gives you opportunities to work out your individual desires. It also enables you to satisfy abnormal appetites. This perversion brings weakness, sickness and misery, and makes of life a pitiful failure. I am inclined to believe that among the poor and middle classes you will find more actual happiness than among the rich. They have their work to do, their duties to perform, and they earn everything they get, and, strange as it may seem, happiness must actually be earned. It can never be otherwise secured.

Life's Failures

Near one of the great thoroughfares of New York, every night, you will find a man who has made it his business to take collections for the purpose of putting failures to bed—men without money, men who have no place they can go to. He stands there night after night, no matter how cold the blast of winter may be, and puts these "failures" to bed.

Life's "Failures"! And if you inquire of any of these men as to the cause of their failure, in the majority of cases you will be told it was liquor. This poison brings men down until they are actually compelled to beg for a place to sleep. How many other influences enter into a man's life to pull him down, down, ever down in his struggle upward toward a better, more successful life, it would be difficult to tell; but the same curse of failure that is stamped on the brow of the alcohol slave is stamped irretrievably upon the emaciated physical weakling, the sexual slave, the nicotine slave, and the slave of excesses of every kind.

Need of Unswerving Principles

THE AVERAGE MAN FAILS PITIFULLY. The average boy, when he comes from school or college, intends to be honest. He has good principles. As a rule, his ambitions are all right. But when he comes in contact with the hard business world—he must have a strong will, he must have principles that do not bend, to go on to real, true success. Take the business methods of to-

day, and I care hardly what business it may be, you will find much falsifying, and when you become an employee you are often compelled to use deceit to hold your position. The policy of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you is rarely followed.

Real Success Brings Happiness

Now, real success in life, I believe, carries with it happiness. Not continuous happiness, of course, because if it were continuous it would not be happiness. We cannot expect to be elated with happiness all the time. We cannot expect to be satisfied all the time, but success of the right kind, I believe, always gives what one might call permanent happiness.

Failures Caused by Physical Weakness

I believe that most failures, first of all, are caused by physical incapacity, caused by the lack of that energy which is essential if you are to go on to success. Principles, firm and unswerving, come with the possession of perfect physical powers! The sick man, the delicate man is weak and vacillating in character. A strong, energetic body is, by nature, antagonistic to everything that is mean, puling and wavering. Unwavering principles in life come with physical force.

Success Depends on a Definite Aim

Then comes the lack of a definite aim in life, the lack of a definite purpose. How many start out in life without knowing whither they are going? And no matter how much you may be impressed with the necessity for health, remember you must have a clearly defined purpose to attain true success. You must have something definite in view. You must know yourself and your capacities. You must criticise yourself just as though you were someone else. You must be willing to struggle, to strive continuously and persistently, and all the time there must be one definite aim, a well-defined goal in mind. You must know where you are going and what you are going to do.

Know What You Want to Accomplish

If the captain of a ship should leave port without a definite destination in view you

would consider him a fool; and yet in life's voyage how many of us have a definite goal in view? How many of us know just where we are going and what we desire to accomplish? **HAVE A DEFINITE, CLEARLY DEFINED AIM! STAND BY IT! FIGHT FOR IT!—ON AND ON TO THE END.**

Physical Power the Broad Foundation of Success

But if supplied with firm principles and a definite aim, you must not by any means forget the necessity for physical development, the great power of physical vigor. It furnishes you with a foundation, it gives you the nervous force that is needed so greatly in your struggles. It stands by and upholds you, imbues you with confidence and energy so greatly needed to accomplish anything of value in life.

Develop your body to the highest attainable degree of health and strength. **BE A STRONG, VIGOROUS MAN, AND THE MANLINESS AND COURAGE that will come to you because of all this will give firmness to your principles and add to your power in every way.**

A "Pull" of Little Permanent Value

We meet so many along life's highways who are continually complaining of their hard lot. In some way they are not able to get ahead. They will tell you it is the lack of a "pull." They will call your attention to others who have advanced by the aid of influential friends. **A "PULL" OR INFLUENCE NEVER PUSHED A MAN FORWARD TO THE HIGHEST AND TRUEST SUCCESS. THEY ARE NOTHING BUT PROPS that are liable to be removed at any moment, and when these false supports are removed, if there was not the capacity and talents that would have brought success ultimately without assistance, then the failure that will follow is far more certain and more pitiful than otherwise might have been the case.**

STAND ON YOUR OWN FOUNDATION. RISE OVER AND ABOVE "PROPS," INFLUENCES AND "PULLS." If you have the capacity within you to succeed, you will go on to success and nothing can deter you in your onward march. Success is just as certain as that day follows night.

You Must Start at the Bottom

DON'T COMPLAIN OF BEING COMPELLED TO START AT THE BOTTOM. Many fail by trying to attain success suddenly. They want to succeed in their aims in a few months or a few years. Real, true success was never won in this manner. **YOU MUST START AT THE BOTTOM. THERE IS NO OTHER PLACE TO START.** You have to learn your A, B, C's before you can learn how to read. You have to start at the bottom in order to secure the knowledge essential to succeed at the top. The boy who learns his first lessons well will graduate usually with honor. The boy who most accurately learns the lessons that are taught in the school of experience, grows gradually stronger and more capable as years go by.

Lesson to be Learned Only in the School of Experience

In the school of experience there is every opportunity in the world to learn all that is essential to the attainment of life's greatest and most satisfying success. Schools and colleges can help one but little. At the best they only furnish you with the rudiments of that knowledge that is essential to the attainment of true success. It is in active life, with all its various experiences, that we learn lessons that become of practical value to us.

When you begin at the bottom you are in the primary school of experience. Learn your lessons well, for these daily lessons may be useful to you all during life.

Don't Despise Your Work

Do not make the mistake of despising the work in which you may be engaged temporarily, no matter how lowly it may be. You can learn something in any occupation. You must learn to do well that which you are doing before you can become capable of doing anything else in a higher sphere. The business man who started as a cash boy is the one who is the best prepared to meet the contingencies of his business. The editor who has started as a printer's devil ultimately becomes the most capable man in his line. And so it is all through life; it is only they who start at the bottom and gradually advance step by step, who will be able to acquire the knowledge necessary to succeed at the top.

Self-Mastery the Greatest Victory of Life

But to acquire all desirable characteristics, one must first of all be his own master. LIFE'S GREATEST VICTORY IS ACHIEVED WHEN ONE LEARNS TO MASTER HIMSELF. IT IS USUALLY THE HARDEST VICTORY. The average human being is mastered by his stomach, by his passions, or by enslaving habits. One way—in fact, the only way to really succeed and thereby secure all there is in life—is first of all to master yourself.

YOUR CONSCIENCE AND INTELLECT MUST GUIDE. I admit that this is hard at times. It cannot be done in a day or a week, and sometimes it takes years. Sometimes you go on and on trying. You may deviate time and time again; but if you strive continuously, the time will come when you can really claim to be master of yourself. AND THEN YOU ARE FREE! YOU OWN YOURSELF. Until you master yourself you are a slave to every emotion or desire.

Knowledge Needed to Master Self

But before mastering yourself you must know yourself. You must be familiar with yourself and with every particular need. You must know your own faults and failings. You must know how to bring out the best there is in you.

I must admit that the average individual knows but little of the essential requirements needed in mastering himself. For instance, the average individual would think it foolish to spend much time in building superior physical force. Muscle developing pastimes might be considered a waste of time. Therefore, one must learn the requirements to get the best out of himself and to be finally able to master himself. For, after all, your nerves and muscles are simply tools with which you work, and these tools are good or bad according to the care you give them.

Fools Depend on Luck

So many are waiting for luck to turn up. I DON'T BELIEVE IN LUCK. If you sit down and wait for opportunities, there is but little in life for you. Opportunities come only to those who diligently search for them. If you quietly wait for

opportunities they will be gone before you have discovered that they were within reach. Then there are so many waiting for their ships to come in—waiting for some good fortune to drop into their laps. If you want good fortune, if you want success, you must work for it, and must work for it continuously and persistently. Success was never achieved without work. Even if it should come without effort it would not be recognized or appreciated.

Don't Forget the Value of Strength

And do not fail to fully understand that the development of the muscular and nervous vigor that can be obtained through physical culture gives you a physical foundation. It gives you the strength needed to carry on your work. To succeed in this strenuous age, you must have nervous vigor, and plenty of it. You must have determination and will power, and all these depend upon a fine digestion, good food, and acute nerves.

I Deserve No Special Credit for Succeeding

A great number of people have written me that I deserve especial credit for what I have achieved in my particular work. I do not consider that I deserve any credit. I do not deserve credit for living out my life according to my ideas. A man or woman deserves no credit for doing what he or she believes to be right, for following one's own ideas is always pleasurable. I am doing this work because I enjoy it. I call it work, but I don't consider it work. It is play—one continuous game from morning to night.

Happiness and Sunshine Add to Possibilities of Success

And as you strive for success do not forget the value of happiness, the value of good cheer and sunshine. Many poor beings make the world dreary and their lives miserable, by a wrong mental attitude. Frequently this gloom is caused by indigestion, by the lack of exercise, by the presence of dead cells in the body or brain. There is considerable in the Christian Science idea that the imagination—mind—controls matter. If you find yourself

clinging too closely to some unpleasant subject, or harrowing yourself with trouble, command yourself to smile. Just try it, and often you will be able to discover cause for smiling. You are made more happy merely because of your mental attitude. I have not said much about this subject in my magazines. There are so many magazines discussing the power of mind over body, the power of mental culture; but I believe in securing all possible happiness from life.

The right kind of happiness is always beneficial. It is a pleasure to yourself, and to all with whom you come in contact, though one should be careful not to mistake dissipation for happiness. Happiness is not represented in doped nerves or abnormal exhilaration that follows the use of alcoholic poisons. Dissipation only satisfies the abnormal desire, and is always destructive to mental and physical powers.

You Reap What You Sow

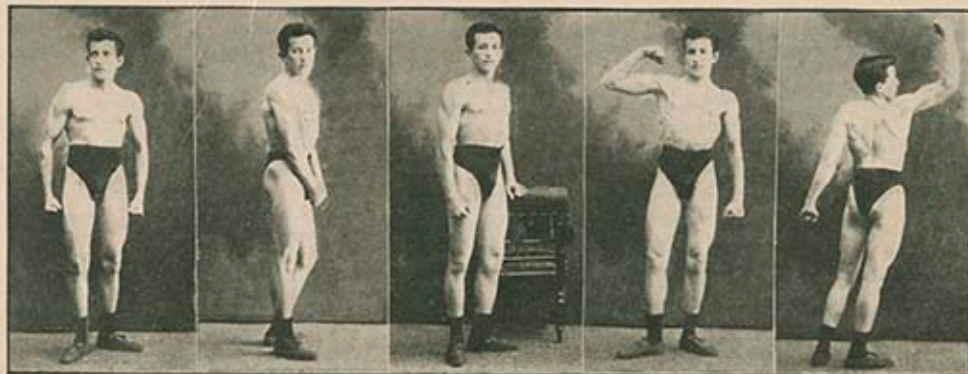
You have all heard that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." There was never a greater truth. If you deviate from the laws of nature, if you deviate from the laws of right, you are bound to suffer. There are no pardons in Nature's courts. If you break her laws, you will suffer the penalty in every case. There will be no deviation from this in any circumstances whatever.

Body Made of Little Cells

We should all remember that the body grows from a little cell, to which your body is all the time adding new cells, and

you are the one who can influence these cells, you can make them good or bad, of good quality or poor quality. Right in this connection is where physical culture is so valuable. Here is where you are able to build up your body by establishing proper habits. This phase of the subject is broad. I cannot emphasize too strongly that success cannot be achieved without a vigorous physical foundation. I owe what little success I have attained in life to strong determination, and firm principles, backed by great physical and nervous vigor, and I believe that everyone who wishes to achieve success, who wishes to secure all the happiness there is in life, must make the tools with which he works as superior as possible. Make them sharp. Keep your brain clear, and your nerves strong, and you will not only be able to achieve all possible success, but you will enjoy all of life's attainable happiness.

Few men accomplish in life what they first set out to do, but the pitiful failures that these men represent can be easily accounted for in nearly every instance. Nearly all of these failures are caused by the lack of strong nerves, by the need of the broad foundation furnished by great physical vigor, or by habits that dulled the brain and thinking powers necessary to success. But with a physical foundation, properly maintained, a definite aim, unswerving principles and the ability and determination to struggle on persistently with one thing kept continually in view, you will in nearly every instance reach success.



Physical Culture in Practice in Far Away China

Some photographs of a PHYSICAL CULTURE subscriber in Shanghai, China
Photographs of Jayme L. Rangel, age 16 years, residing in Shanghai

A HOME-MADE LUNG TESTER

EXPENSE ABOUT \$1.00

HOW ONE CAN EASILY SECURE A DEVICE THAT WILL EXERCISE THE LUNGS AND CORRECTLY MEASURE THE BREATHING CAPACITY

By Bernarr Macfadden

MANY enthusiastic physical culturists, realizing the importance of good, sound lungs, have purchased and paid exorbitant prices for spirometers and other devices of this character. There is no mystery about these machines. They are simple and easily made. I described in a previous issue how a device could be made with two bottles that would measure correctly the air that is expelled from the lungs. In this issue I am illustrating a still more simple device, which is cheaper and can be more easily manufactured than the one previously described.

In order to secure a perfect spirometer, all you need is to invent some method that will enable you to measure the quantity of air that you expel. In making the device here illustrated, provide yourself with two large tin cans that will hold from a gallon and a half to two gallons. One should be less in diameter than the other, and the narrow can should fit snugly within the other. The narrow can should be open at one end and closed at the other. At the closed end should be a little opening with a thin spout, shown in illustration No. 1. These tin cans or buckets can sometimes be bought at a hardware store, but any tinsmith will make them for from 50 cents to \$1.00.

If your lung capacity is large the cans

should be made to hold from a gallon and a half to two gallons. If small, cans holding a gallon or a little more would be sufficiently large.

Illustration No. 1 shows the two tin cans necessary to make the device. The tin can on the right is of the lesser diameter and shows the tin spout attached.

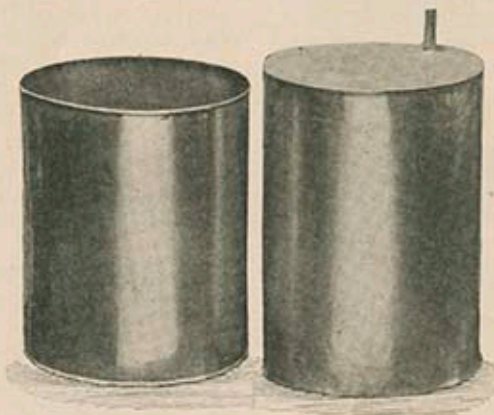


Illustration No. 1.—Showing the two tin cans that are needed to make the Lung Tester, the taller can being slightly less in diameter than the other and containing one open end and one closed end, being supplied with tin spout as shown. The can with the larger diameter has one closed and one open end.

To complete your device after securing these two cans, you should purchase two or three feet of small rubber tubing that will fit tightly over the little tin spout. Now fill the tin can of the larger diameter about three-quarters full of water. Place the can with the tin spout to which the rubber tubing is attached inside of the larger can. You will then have a device such as appears in illustration No. 2, which shows the lung tester ready for use, with a rubber tube coiled on top of the can. You will notice, however, that this lung tester in illustration No. 2 is provided with a measuring rule. If you have no method of measuring such as described in the previous article on a Home-Made Lung Tester, you can provide your spirometer with a measuring device in the following manner:

Procure some surgeon's adhesive tape, or some thickly woven white cloth on which you can use a pen. Now paste this cloth or tape around a narrow piece of cardboard of nearly the entire length of the taller tin can, such as is shown in

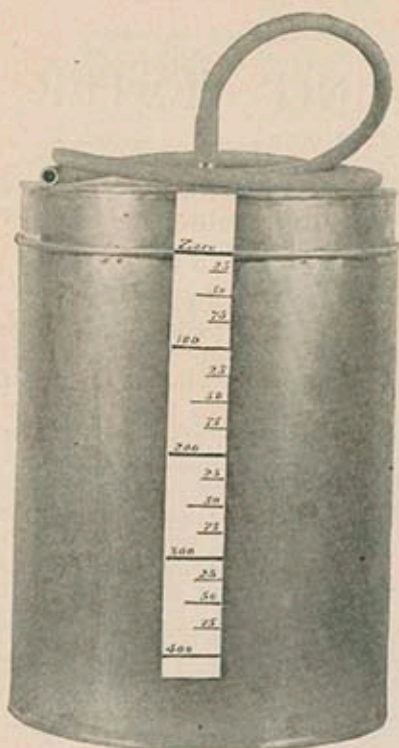


Illustration No. 2.—Showing the device ready for use, with measuring rule

the illustration No. 2. This cloth should be slightly longer than the small piece of cardboard around which it is pasted. The free end of this cloth should be fastened with glue, or in some other way tightly secured to the top of the can with the tin spout, as shown in the illustration. You are thus provided with a measuring rule which will rise and fall with the can attached to the tube as the air is blown in or exhaled from the can.

Now, if you have no method of measuring the number of cubic inches contained in the inner can, you can arrange your measuring rule in the following manner: Place the taller can in which the tin nozzle is fastened upside down on a table. Be careful to let the tin nozzle extend over the edge of the table. Now stop up the tin nozzle and pour in water to the depth of about half an inch. Secure a quart measure that is absolutely accurate. Now place a long slip of stiff paper on the inside of the can containing the water, extending from the bottom to the top. Just at the top of the water make a mark on this paper with a lead pencil.

Now carefully pour a quart of water into the can. Then, with lead pencil, mark on the paper the exact point where the water comes after having poured in a full quart. There are 57.6 cubic inches in a quart of water. You will thus be able to place at this line the figures 57.6. Put in another quart and mark down twice 57.6, equalling 115.2, add still another and mark it three times 57.6, equalling 172.8. Continue until your can is very nearly full.

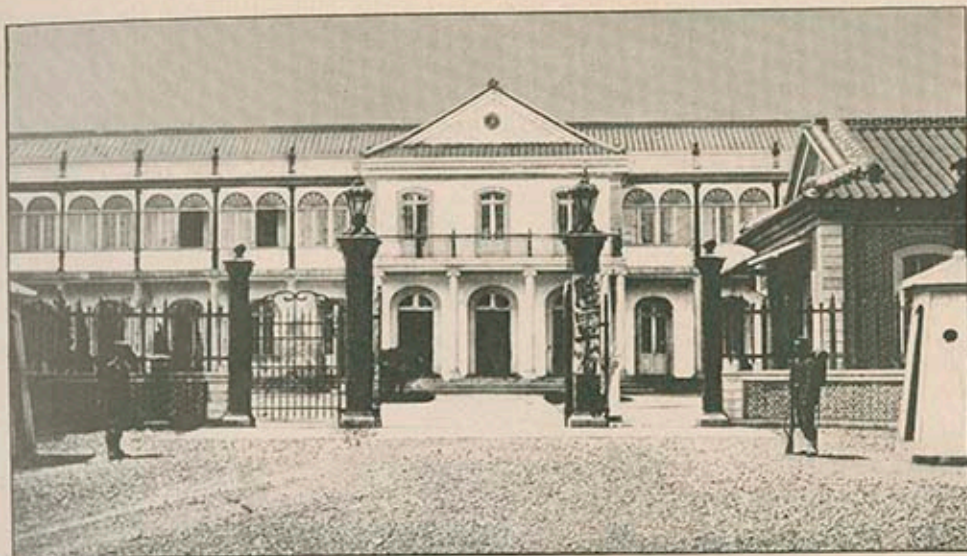
Now take out your paper and transfer this data from your paper to your measuring rule. For instance, turn the paper upside down, placing the first mark you have made on the paper at the top of the larger can where we have zero in illustration No. 2. Your next line would record 57.6. Now, if you will pick up the rubber tube and blow into the can until it has raised and the line recording 57.6 has reached the top of the lower can, you will then have blown 57.6 cubic inches of air into the device.

Now you can take your rule and subdivide the spaces originally marked off as often as you choose. Between each line you can make from four to ten divisions if you desire. This is especially



Illustration No. 3.—Showing the device in use. Upper can has been blown up to limit

necessary as you get in the larger numbers, in order to tell you accurately how much you blow on each occasion.



The Government Building at Tokio

THE FOOD THAT FIRES THE JAP

HOW THE PLUCK, STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE OF THE WIRY JAPANESE FIGHTER HAS BEEN DEVELOPED BY A STRICTLY ABSTEMIOUS DIET

By H. Newell Wardle

IT is no mere chance that the marvelous pluck, strength and endurance displayed by the Japanese in the present crisis are founded upon a diet derived from the paddy-field and the sea. Even the wonderful mobility of the Mikado's forces may be traced to those sources. The emergency ration of the Japanese soldier is boiled rice and dried fish. The latter—a little packet, some eight inches by two—has been ingeniously boned and condensed from a fish fifteen or twenty inches in length. On the forced march, with no time for the preparation of food, he cuts off a bit of his hard provender and chews it en route, obtaining enough nourishment to sustain him for hours. When circumstances permit the enjoyment of his beloved rice, the island soldier may well smile from the height of

superior wisdom on the heavy canned beef of the white man's commissariat.

In the Land of the Rising Sun, rice is the basis of life for all classes. In its simplest and most readily recognizable form, it reappears with an unflinching regularity upon the lacquered or richly inlaid, span-high table of the noble as upon the rice-straw mat of the poorest coolie; but, like the maize of the ancient American, and the wheaten flour of the modern, it masquerades in many garbs of soups and cakes.

Aside from the ubiquitous rice, millet, wheat, buckwheat, barley and beans ground into meal are prime favorites in the culinary quarters of Miss Cherry Blossom; while sugar, honey and fruit add a dash of sweetness to life. Horse chestnuts, after days of soaking and boil-

ing, she does not disdain; and she may even transform them into an omelet. She makes a sort of macaroni, called "soba," from buckwheat. When boiled soft, and served with soy—a kind of sauce, concocted from rice, the soy bean and occasionally fish—it is eaten with chopsticks from a large bowl. Round cakes of millet dough with, perhaps, a heart of bean pulp, are offered hot on moonlight nights to pleasure parties, and called, in the sentimental phraseology of

into strips and eaten from the fingers or the chopsticks, proves both refreshing and strengthening. Then, there is "ame," or "mizu amie," a thick syrup from wheat, delicately sweet, for which the Japanese doctors claim all the virtues of malt extract and codliver oil. The dainty is often reduced to a sort of taffy and cut into oblong strips.

Yet, with all this wealth of utilized possibilities, the milk-white grain, tended and reared with such infinite patience and



Yokohama Rejoicing Over a Victory

the East, "cakes for gazing at the moon." That soft, brown center of sweetened bean pulp is tucked away in many quaint cakes, some round, some diamond shaped, or modeled after leaves and flowers. The outside is of rice dough, snowy white or tinted in delicate hues.

Consciously or unconsciously, the Japanese have selected the most highly nutrient of plants—legumes and cereals—even for their sweetmeats. Jelly—clear, transparent balls of jelly, or dark red "yokan," like thick blanc-mange — is made from beans. This odd tit-bit, cut

pains, is the one essential of human existence in the Mikado's realm.

Next to rice in economic importance are the products of stream and sea. Whether the sea product has helped to give the Japanese the strength and endurance they possess is a question. Fish, at all events, is a cleaner food than is the meat of animals. Salmon, bream, and trout fleck the teeming fish market with gleaming silver and gold. Bonito, halved and dried till they attain the hardness and color of mahogany, are carried home by the busy housewife to be scraped as a

flavoring into other dishes, for the islanders are inordinately fond of suggestions of the sea. Fresh raw fish, minced or sliced, are served with vinegar and cold stewed vegetables, such as turnips, carrots and sweet potatoes, slices of young bamboo or lotus bulbs. Even the great, coarse tunny enters into soups and salads; and sharks are the delight of the epicure.



The Orchestra of the Dinner

Fish broiled and boiled, or baked in little balls, stewed with lotus roots or "mirin"—a sweet liqueur—or pickled with their favorite eighteen-inch-long radish, may grace a single festive occasion.

So deeply rooted is this love of fish that they are used for presentation as a mark of esteem. Done up in strange packages, every fold and knot of which is minutely foreordained in the elaborate gift-giving etiquette of the land, the finny messengers of goodwill are offered and received with deep obeisances.

The Japanese are very fond of tortoises, sea mussels, lobsters and crabs. A giant spider-crab was formerly sold in the fish shops, the purchaser buying part of a limb, a yard long or more, which lasted the family a couple of days; but so relished were these gold and crimson monsters that the islanders must now content themselves with smaller species. Great delicacies, too, are the long-armed,

gelatinous cuttlefish and octopus, the elusive jellyfish, the sea cucumber—a strange, spongy roll, cousin german to the starfish—and the queer, speckled sea-slugs, which, perched on submerged ledges, solemnly wave their big stalked eyes and, if missed by the fisherman's net, dart away in a cloud of purple ink.

Even more highly esteemed is the flesh of the dolphin, the porpoise, and especially the whale. This last dainty finds its way into all the chief cities from the little fishing villages on the coast. There, large boats are kept ever ready for launching. A whale is sighted. Twenty men leap in and push off. Each pair of boats is provided with a huge net of twisted grass, two hundred or three hundred feet long, made in sections some thirty feet square. Vigorous rowing brings the whalers across the path of their mighty prey. He strikes the net with a force sufficient to break the slight attachments between the sections, and carry



A Japanese Kitchen

off a square clinging round his neck and shoulders. The faster he swims, the closer it sticks. Frightened, breathless, again and again he returns to the surface, spouting, floundering and plunging. A second net is tangled round

the giant seafarer, till at last he floats exhausted at the mercy of his plucky captors. Then, when his struggles have ceased, comes the arduous task of dragging the vast bulk inshore, by sheer muscular strength.

The ingenuity, courage and brawn of these simple fisherfolk, who fish for whales with straw, are built up on a daily regimen of rice and fish. Even the deer and wild boar that, by night, pillage their paddy-fields on the Kii coast, seldom pay for their plunder with their lives, but are driven away by rattles and shouting.

Yet greater endurance is shown by the gatherers of seaweed. This tasty relish, always in great demand, is extremely wholesome and nutritious. Growing in twelve feet of water, it must be picked bit by bit,

around a huge fire that half bakes while it warms their chilled bodies. It is a rigorous life, requiring courage and hardiness even in summer; but in the bitter winter, with the keen winds blowing down from the snow-clad mountains and across the sea, these girls plunge into the icy water and carry on their work with marvelous pluck and endurance.

Thus all the resources of the sea have been pressed into service by this island people, till their wholesome diet of almost all rice, together with beans, fruit, vegetables and fish, lacks no variety.



A Tea House Made Charming

by hand. At low tide, boat-loads of women put out to the diving grounds; and one by one the occupants slip over the side and disappear below. As each comes up, she shakes the water from her blue-black hair and, swimming to her little tub, bobbing on the waves, flings in a handful of the gelatinous alga. A moment's rest, and she is gone again. They remain under water about thirty seconds at a time and, when resting like nymphs on the swell, whistle a strange, plaintive note. After some two hours' collecting, they seek solid land and crouch



A Visitor Come to Take Tea

On the other hand, there is no gourmandizing. Diseases which spring from excess, and from unwholesome food, are practically unknown. Even the excessive saki-drinking is a modern vice, chiefly confined to large cities—a

reflex from the abominable liquors imported by European traders. Moderation is the keynote of Japanese eating and drinking. Tea, the *sine qua non* of every social occasion, is drunk from tiny cups. The poorer classes, who perform the most arduous labor, substitute for the tea of commerce the more healthy, sun-dried leaf, or a decoction of barley and hot water. Firing tea—drying it by artificial means which increases the bad effects of the tannin—was introduced by the foreigner.

So, too, their feasts with their two courses and a preliminary service, seem



The Great Rice Fields, near Kobe, Showing the Marvelous Terraces Characteristic of the Intensive Farming of the Japanese

but children's tea parties—the individual tables, like diminutive footstools, the little bowls of tempting tit-bits, the merry converse, the strange music, the rhythmic posturing of the pretty singing girls—suggest the childish world of make-believe, rather than the European analogue, a stuffing-bee.

The geisha girls are, of course, always in demand for social functions; but wrestlers and jugglers add entertainment upon special occasions. The feats of these men and women are often really astounding. Trained for their profession from the earliest childhood, they acquire a perfect command over the delicate and intricate machinery of the body. Not only

the future acrobat, but all the youngsters, receive a certain amount of physical culture. The open-air sports of the boys call into play all the healthy organism and early fit them for the hardships of life. The little girls go through their merry, active games, with the baby, often scarcely smaller than its diminutive nurse, strapped upon their backs. From first to last, it is essentially an open-air life. The sliding paper walls of their houses invite the free circulation of the breeze, fresh from the mountains or the sea, and this pure air and the daily bath are no slight factors in the hardihood of the race.

Though small, compared with the stat-



A Japanese Dinner Party

ture of the northern European, the Japanese are well made, brawny, active and strong. The women are diminutive, but, like the men, muscular and energetic, capable of carrying enormous weights for great distances, and undergoing repeated and lengthy exposure to all kinds of weather. This is true not only of professional athletes, of porters, swift-footed couriers and jinrikisha-men, but of the great mass of the people, whether toiling in the flooded rice-fields, picking tea on the upland slopes, or fishing in the waters of the wondrous isles.

From our artistic standpoint, the Japanese figure is sadly lacking in beauty; but what we regard as their physical defects are mainly due to bodily habits. Especially marked is this in the women. The national rest posture, of kneeling with the top of the foot laid flat upon the

thick but unyielding mat, has enlarged the ankle and destroyed the instep; the knee also acquires, from the same custom, a heavy pad, making the joint appear greatly swollen. In addition, there is a constriction below the armpits, caused by the obi, for, in the severe winter, when several garments are worn, the tight tying of their respective sashes interferes with the proper development of the upper chest—not, however, so injurious as the compression of the waist practiced in other lands.

Such faults can scarcely be charged to insufficient nourishment. They are an outgrowth of the special culture of the Land of the Rising Sun. That this wonderful people should have attained their artistic, intellectual and physical strength on a diet whose basis is almost all rice is a strong point in favor of the principles of moderation and vegetarianism.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TRIUMPHS AT NAVAL ACADEMY

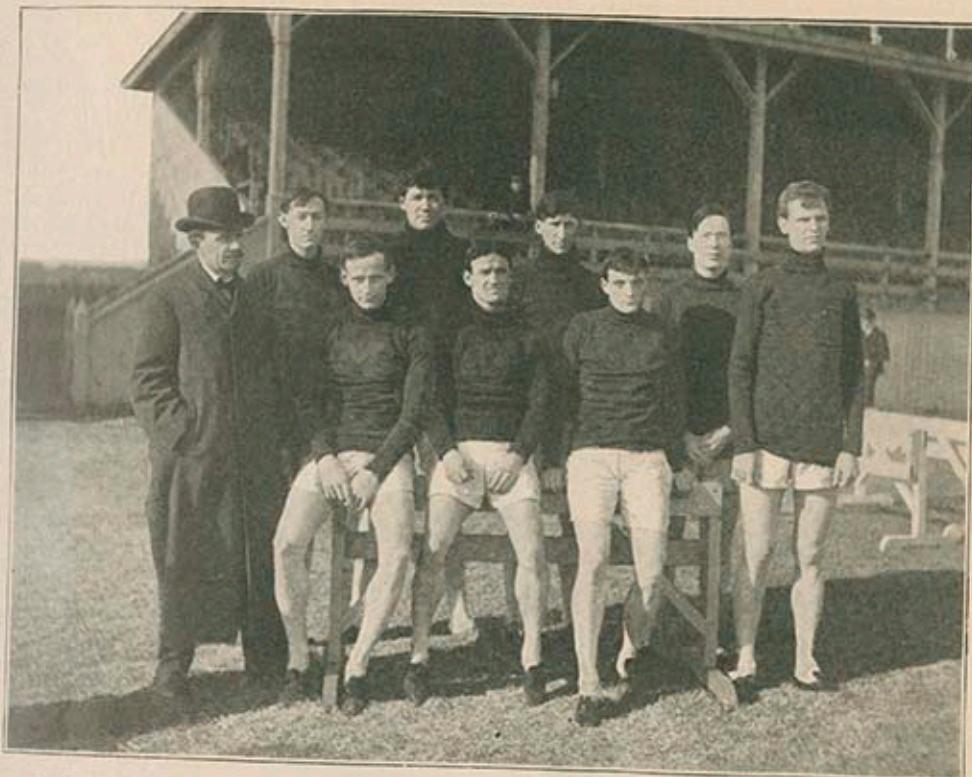
One of the most recent remarkable demonstrations of the effect that physical culture has on the young men of today who are casting aside the rusty theories of living of a decade ago, is shown in the report that has come to us from the Naval Academy at Annapolis. C. W. Adair, of Xenia, Ohio, who is an ardent

follower of physical culture, was the first to pass his physical examination at the academy, on June 6. Adair's physique was considered near to perfect by the examiners. He has followed a physical culture diet for more than two years, going so far as not only to exclude meat, but excluding soup and fish in his diet.



A Delightful Physical Culture Baby

Samuel Ellis Rosenberg, Age 9 Months. Mother Subsisted on a Diet of Nuts, Fruits and Vegetables During Pregnancy. No Tea, Coffee or Other Stimulant That Might Weaken the Nervous Structure of Child. Took Judicious Exercise Daily. Result is Shown in the Delightful Disposition and the Strong Constitution of the Little One



Top Row, from Left to Right: Perry, Rose, Schule, Stone. Lower Row: Davorak, Hahn, Doane Capt. Kellogg. Man at Left End: Keene FitzPatrick Trainer

RALPH ROSE, MICHIGAN'S GIANT ATHLETE

By S. P. Cole

FOR years the athletes of the East have contended that the Western men were their inferiors, evidently assuming that the quality of muscular fiber produced in the West was of a poorer grade. However, the absurdity of such pretensions is gradually becoming recognized in the face of the high standard of excellence recently attained by Western athletes. At the great Inter-collegiate relay carnival and track meet held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, this spring, it was Michigan that carried off the honors.

Chicago, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa furnish a host of athletes of the very first caliber, but perhaps the most remarkable among these is Ralph Rose, the giant freshman of the University of Michigan. With little effort this nine-

teen-year-old giant has tossed the sixteen pound shot 48 ft. 2 ins.—a feat that no college athlete in America had ever before accomplished.

Little was known of this young man when he appeared in the University of Michigan gymnasium, except that he was credited with splendid work while in the high school, and some day would probably smash all records. It did not take Trainer FitzPatrick long to size him up and decide that he was a wonderful specimen of manhood and would be able to do things with the weights. "Fitz" took him downstairs, handed him a sixteen-pound shot and told him to go ahead. Rose grasped the shot, bent low, and with a step like a ballet dancer shot across the ring. As he turned to get his weight behind the put he thrust out his

long right arm like a piston and the shot fell forty-four feet away. He did this with an overcoat on and a heavy suit of winter clothes. At the 'varsity meet he put the shot 46 ft. 1½ ins., and a week later he made a new American record of 47 ft. 6½ ins. On April 23 he equaled the world's record. Rose is 6 ft. 5 ins. tall and weighs 240 pounds stripped. He has worked with the shot for five years and his form is original. Unlike many strong men, Rose is not a dummy and stands well in his classes at the U. M. Law Department. His great height compelled him to send home for his made-to-order bed, but before it arrived a furniture company, one of whose owners was Neil Snow, the wonderful football man of two years ago, sent the big man as a present a fine metal bed nearly eight feet long.

Ralph Rose, the Giant Freshman of the University of Michigan, Putting the Shot

There are several pole vaulters in the West of about the same caliber as Davarak, of Michigan, who has done 11 ft. 9 ins. in competition. Schule, of Michigan, has been able to do the 120-yard hurdles in 11¼ seconds. Michigan's sprinting champion, Hahn, won the championship of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States a year ago,

but did not compete in this event the present season. He has done the 220-yard dash in 21¼ seconds.

Captain Nelson Kellogg, of the Michigan team, is one of the best mile and two-mile runners in the West. He takes very great care of himself, eats little meat, and is able to run the mile in 4:30.

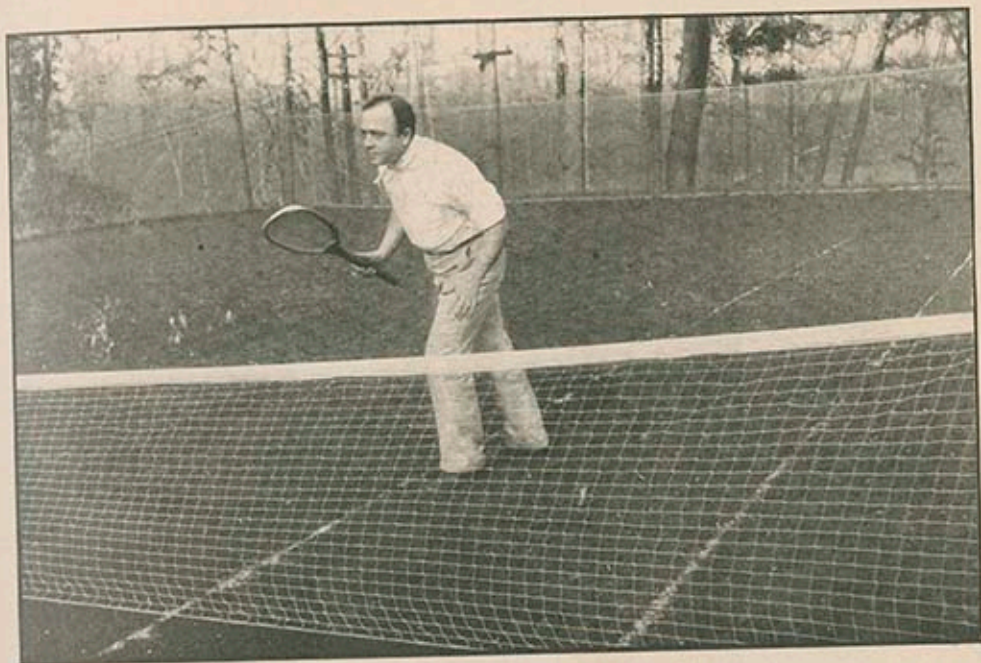
Brewer, Miller and Keller, all of Michigan, can do better than 5 ft. 11 ins. in the running high jump. Rebstock represents Michigan in the quarter-mile, although perhaps the best Western athlete at this distance is Poage, the colored man of the University of Wisconsin, who has run the quarter in less than 50 seconds, and is on a par with Taylor, the colored man from Pennsylvania.

Michigan is represented also by Perry, Doane,

Stone, Hall and Ramey in the mile and half-mile runs, and all of them are first-class men.

Maloney, of Chicago, is perhaps the greatest all-around athlete in the West. He also has run the high hurdles in 15¼ seconds, and can make the 220-yard hurdles in less than 25 seconds.





Robert Edeson Engaged in Storing Up Vitality

THE SUMMER LIFE OF FAMOUS ACTORS AND ACTRESSES

HOW ACTORS AND ACTRESSES SPEND THE SUMMER IN STORING UP THE VITALITY ESSENTIAL FOR THE TRYING DEMANDS OF THE THEATRICAL SEASON—PRACTICALLY ALL PROMINENT STAGE CELEBRITIES ARE DEVOTEES OF ATHLETICS AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

By H. Mitchell Watchet

A VETERAN theatrical manager, a man whose name is identified with the pasts of at least two Broadway houses of amusement, and with the production of a half hundred successes in the 80's, was recently asked wherein the up-to-date actor differed most from his immediate predecessor. Without hesitation he replied:

"First, by reason of his love of athletic exercises, and secondly, on account of the manner in which he is received in the homes of those outside the profession. In the early days of my career we were a race apart in a social sense. Now, 'respectable' people seem glad to have us among them."

Asked if he thought that there was any connection between the athletic bent of the actor and his current social status, the manager replied that he didn't know, but possibly there might be. This showed that he wasn't a thoughtful man. But he added that the regard of stage people for muscle-breeding and health-giving pursuits was mainly in evidence in the summer, when, between seasons, the actor gave himself up to all manner of athletics.

Not the least interesting of the social re-adjustments of our generation is this passing of the ancient prejudice against members of the theatrical profession. In this regard the chasm that separates the

actor as he is from the actor as he was can hardly be understood by the layman unless he has topped a half century or so of life, or has read books of the type of "The Life of Joseph Jefferson," the author of which is that venerable artist himself. Such a book emphasizes the fact that but comparatively few years have passed since Jefferson, now a landed proprietor and the universally honored dean of a highly honored vocation, was a "rogue and vagabond" according to the statute books and, with his fellows, was tolerated rather than encouraged by a public that had a deeply-rooted contempt for the "play-actor." And that which stood good for "Rip" stood good for the great majority of his contemporaries all the world over.

Now, what has wrought this change in the sentiment of the community in general and that portion of it which arrogates to itself the title of "society?" What has brought about, not only the professional, but the personal vogues of

the Drews, the Hacketts, the Sothens, the Mansfields, the Edesons and other of the prominent actors of to-day? Why, in England, have the honors of knighthood been bestowed on theatrical folk? Why, in this country, is the staid inhabitant of Philistina rendering respectful

homage to the socked and buskined citizen of Bohemia? What is the true inwardness of the Church and Stage Guild?

It seems to the writer that the reply to these questions is, that the actor has worked out his own salvation, so to speak. If it be further asked, "how?" the answer would be that practically every actor of note now before the public is, to all intents and purposes, a physical culturist and that

that fact does, to a very great extent, explain his current status. For the observance of the principles of the cult means much more than the mere attainment of physical perfection. There are moral and intellectual outcomes to true physical culture which follow on the faithful exercise of its basic rules as surely as



David Warfield, the Famous Comedian, on His Farm in Eastern Massachusetts

David Warfield is another of the fresh air and pure food devotees and an advocate of the cold water shower and plunge bath

the fruit follows the blossom. The theory, as applied to the histrionic profession, will without doubt be dubbed revolutionary if not worse. But let us see.

It is evident that the creations of the playwright of our times cannot have had anything to do with the private favor now accorded to the men—and women

playable and paying plays, very wisely decided to fill the eye if they couldn't satisfy the brain. So came about some gorgeous and, indeed, ingenious spectacular productions, the promoters of which smoked fine cigars and wherein the ghost walked unflinchingly. Apart from these and the few rare legitimate suc-



Eleanor Robeson in Her Massachusetts Summer Home

—behind the footlights. Take the season just closed, for example. The gentlemen who "present" us with our theatrical dishes have given us menus that, for the most part, consisted of froth, flummery, floating island and failures. The few successes—from the boxoffice point of view—were chiefly achieved by managers who, recognizing the scarcity of

cesses, the playgoers gave fealty to certain revivals of old time comedies and Shakespearian plays. And the season was but the culmination of a series of seasons of the like sort as far as the indifferent quality of the theatrical fare was concerned. Obviously, if the public regard for the stage and its people is dependent on the pieces of the hour,

frowns rather than favor would be given the latter.

The really marvelous arts of the scene painter, the stage machinist or the property man, with the resultant beauty and realism, have done much to popularize the theater of our day. But such popularity has nothing whatever to do with the attitude of the community toward the persons who form the histrionic pictures which it is the business of the scenic artist to frame. If it be urged that the stage has become a fashionable profession considered as a means of livelihood, the retort is that its standing in this respect is the outcome rather than the cause of the conditions that now obtain in the case of the actor. The appearance on the metropolitan boards of a couple of British noblemen and the influx of gilded youths or society girls are alike of recent date, whereas the social renaissance of the profession on the lines already indicated began several years back.

Fifty years ago a Puritanical bigotry was the rule where a broad and liberal spirit now obtains. Also has the daily press done much to foster an intelligent interest in, and a power of criticism of, the stage and the things that are of it. And periodicals having to do with the theater have increased and multiplied amazingly within the past few years. Yet, again, none of these things or conditions will explain the "elevation of the stage"—to use a sufficiently hackneyed term—in the sense under discussion. The change has come from within, not from without. All honor to the histrionic

lights that are either extinguished or are consuming the last drops of their oil of life. They—the pioneers of the drama in this country—were actuated by the pioneer spirit, which is one of the noblest of spirits. Giants were there in those days of theirs—mighty intellects battling against armies of difficulties and being usually victorious. Nevertheless, they who came after seem to have recognized much that their forefathers overlooked. And chief among these

later day revelations was the inalienable connection between the sound body and the sound mind, between the purity of the flesh and the cleanliness of the soul, between the power of the thews and the force of the mentality. In other words, the actor, in common with thousands of his lay fellows, is recognizing the tremendous import of the tenets of scientific physical culture.

But to particularize: When the end of the season arrives, and the curtain has been rung down for three months or so, the travel-

worn, work-wearied actor betakes himself to places where he can hear cool surf splash and see green things grow and smell the odors of warm earth and buds that be a-blooming. Long Island is a favorite stamping ground of his. At St. James, Elmhurst, Allenhurst and half a dozen other points there are good-sized theatrical colonies, the members of which have their own houses, gardens, boats and other things that go to make for pleasure and recreation in the summer term. Then he proceeds to store up vitality with the aid of a plain régime

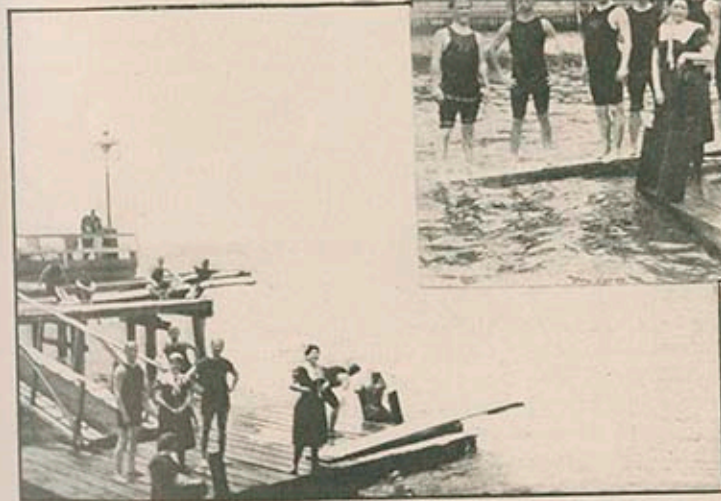


Blanche Bates, Who is an Enthusiastic Physical Culturist

that includes lots of fruit, sun and ocean baths, sensible garb, and exercise in many and varied forms.

Robert Edeson, one of the younger stars whose success last season in "Ranson's Folly" was of a notable sort, may be taken as an exemplar of the actor who makes good use of his holidays on physical culture lines. Way on the eastern end of Long Island Mr. Edeson has a country home, the sight of which is enough to make the urbanite's mouth water. It is a rambling, homelike structure with piazzas and posts and trellises covered with vines and honey-suckles and climbing roses. There is a big garden in which grow all manner of fragrant and lovely blossoms. Then there is an orchard, a small fruit plantation, a wealth of shade trees, bees, chickens, horses, dogs and

follows, the menu being of a very plain sort, with fruit and milk again in evidence. After disposing of correspondence, or glancing over the parts of a new play, Mr. Edeson will, if a friend happens to be handy, have a lively hour at the tennis nets, or he puts on the gloves with him, or dons masks and gauntlets and a bout with the foils follows. Failing that, comes a long walk, during which the roads are often avoided and a cut across country is made—this for the purpose of bringing all the leg muscles into play. On reaching home a cold sponge bath is



Thespians on "Old Long Island's Sea-girt Shore"

other household pets, the sea not far away and a river near at hand. Of a truth, Mr. Edeson is a lucky man.

Here is the daily routine of the actor during the brief weeks of his leisure: He rises very early and exercises with the dumb-bells for ten minutes or so. A glass of milk and then a plunge in the surf. After a rub down and a rest comes breakfast, at which fruit and milk predominate. Another period of quiet and a horse is brought around and a ride is taken until about noon. Luncheon

taken to the accompaniment of calisthenics, with or without a towel or stick. Another rest and then dinner.

Incidentally, Mr. Edeson is a great believer in cereals, cooked or otherwise. The meal ended—it is rarely of the solitary sort—there is an interval on the piazza and then either a row in the dusk or some music or chat in the drawing-room, or it may be another walk through the nearby woods. Sometimes the rod replaces the horse and the result is usually that Long Island brook trout appears for breakfast, for the actor is an expert with the fly and split bamboo. Then an apple and early to bed.

As a consequence, Mr. Edeson, when

he begins the fall campaign, is as hard as the proverbial nails. And in a modified form he manages to keep up his physical culture scheme of the summer right through his fall and winter seasons.

Another star who has a keen appreciation of the value of a combination of proper exercise and plain food is Kyrle Bellew. Like the ancient Romans, he holds that the seat of the soul is in the stomach to the extent of holding that the intellectual best of a man is only possible when his digestion is in perfect working order. So that Mr. Bellew's meals are never elaborate and he eats much fruit. Likewise is he very methodical in the matter of exercise. Let come what may, so much time is set aside during the day for the benefit of the muscular portion of the actor's make-up. A firm believer in the all-around benefits of recreation in the open air, he thinks that fishing from a boat is, perhaps, the ideal manner of passing a summer afternoon. There is a certain amount of mental stimulation about the uncertainties of rod and line, so he explains, while the use of the oars or the punting pole supplies the requisite occupation for theews and sinews. As a consequence, Mr. Bellew's waterside villa on the river Thames, near Maidenhead, England, there are punts and boats galore. In view of his British ancestry, it is perhaps needless to add that he is addicted to his daily cold water tub.

The subtle rhythm of the art of Eleanor Robeson is directly traceable to the perfect poise of her personality. Those who know this actress in real life know, too, of the atmosphere of radiant health that seems to surround and emanate from her. Miss Robeson is yet another example of the results that accrue from the acceptance of physical culture principles. Her summers are usually spent at Bass Rocks, Mass., where she has a very delightful cottage. There she goes in for weeks of perfect rest of mind and body, punctuated by work with the oars, some fishing and a good deal of absolute relaxation in the sea or on the sands. During this period she shuns society, denies herself to all but a few intimates and eats much home-grown fruit. This year the cottage will be closed, for Miss Robeson

is in England, where she is repeating her American success in "Merely Mary Ann."

David Warfield is another of the fresh-air and pure-food devotees. Time was when he was tinctured with somewhat of the professional traditional disregard for the things that make for health. Now it is otherwise, and has been so for these many years. Up in Harlem, Mr. Warfield has a goodly amount of paying real estate. He also has certain other vested interests in Greater New York. But when the season closes he puts the theater and his business affairs behind him and hies to a spot in the eastern part of Massachusetts. In this place of perfect recreation the actor rides a good deal, plays golf enthusiastically, if not like an expert, and is an advocate of the cold water, shower and plunge baths. A couple of big apples are invariably to be found in his dressing room. "They are the finest stimulants imaginable," he once said to the writer, "and after a heavy scene I take a few slices, feeling the benefit thereof right away." The Warfield smile, as it is known to the public, is a fact in private life as well. And it may be added that it is the cheery, if capacious, child of the vigorous constitution which is the comedian's by reason of his attention to the laws of every-day hygiene, as he phrases it.

Blanche Bates is a superb example of the value of physical culture. She is an ardent student of the principles that go to the perfecting of one's physical being. Scientific exercise of the body on physical culture lines and a strict attention to diet are a part of her daily religion. She is a good all-around athlete from the woman's standpoint. Swimming and riding are her favorite pastimes. From a practically unknown actress, she developed a few years since into a fairly good one, and then when the opportunity came she proved her possibilities as a star. Miss Bates does not hesitate to admit that her career has been built on the foundation of magnificent health that is hers for the reasons given. And what stands good of her stands equally good of pretty nearly all her prominent colleagues.

MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

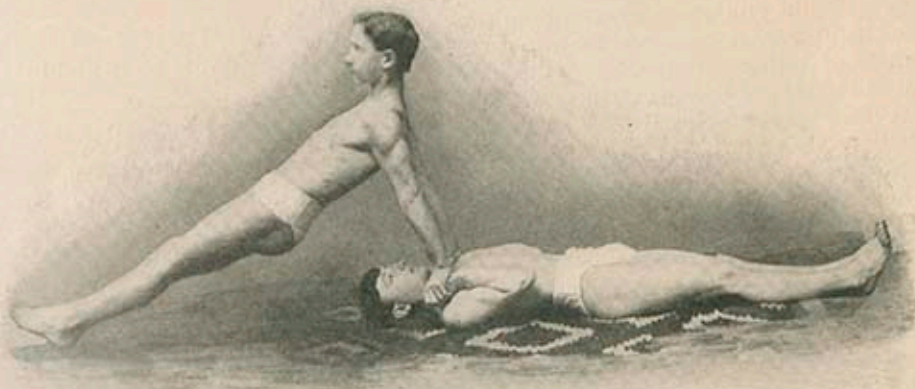
By *Bernarr Macfadden*

“BOYS will be boys,” is the remark very frequently made when boys become unusually boisterous, or give vent to their desire for violent activity. Not infrequently this remark is made from a derogatory standpoint, as though there was something innately evil in the character of the average boy. Remarks of this kind are especially common when the boy is very strong and is more thoroughly supplied

“Boys-will-be-boys” kind of a boy that is really worth talking about.

Boys of this sort often get the reputation of being bad when they really possess the opposite characteristics. Such boys must have something to do, and in sports and active play of some kind they may find a means of giving vent to their surplus vitality.

Therefore, I would say to my boy readers, and to all those who have boys



From position shown in illustration, the boy reclining on the floor should push the other upward until the arms are straight. Now holding this position a moment, the boy overhead should bend elbows as much as he can, then straighten them, after which boy reclining can again bend his arms and assume position shown in illustration. Each boy should alternate in the reclining position

with the nervous energy that calls upon the muscles for almost constant activity.

But we should remember that boys who are willing to sit and mope for hours, who pore over their studies unceasingly for long periods without complaint, who have but little desire to be a “boy,” do not usually amount to much in life. It is the boys who have snap and vim and energy, those who have a plentiful supply of “ginger,” that accomplish results of importance. It is the

under guidance, furnish good, wholesome methods by which boys can be supplied with means of using up their vital energies. The real boy who has the right kind of stuff in him is always panting for something to do. Whether it is good or bad is in some cases not of very great importance to him, but he must be active. Every nerve and every muscle cries out for activity.

But if my boy readers will always find ways of using their surplus energies,

in physical culture exercises, or in active games of some kind, they will be storing up health and strength of vast value in the future, and there will not be even the slightest temptation toward evil habits. The boy who wants to be strong and

rugged, who wishes to grow up into a superb, manly man, and who uses his surplus energies in wholesome games and in a temperate amount of study, will avoid without the slightest effort all that is evil.

BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Some time ago I had a swelling on my right leg, and the doctor called it a varicose vein. What treatment would you recommend for this? Would it be caused by running?

A. Varicose veins are usually caused by standing or walking too much. They can be induced sometimes by a strain. Bathing the affected part in very cold water and applying cold wet cloths would be found beneficial. Very prolonged and straining exercises that use the muscles adjacent to the affected parts should be avoided.

Q. Would you consider climbing the rope, hand over hand, good for the arms and back? How about chinning the bar?

A. Chinning the bar and climbing the rope hand over hand are excellent for strengthening the arms and chest. These exercises also use the muscles of the upper part of the back. The lower part or "small" of the back is developed by lifting exercises.

Q. Why do many prominent athletes die of lung trouble?

A. Athletes never die of lung trouble because they are athletes. When athletes pass away in

this manner it can always be attributed to dissipation and excesses. Alcoholic liquors and athletics do not go together. A first down-grade step with alcohol will kill an athlete, in the end, almost as quickly as it will any other man.

Q. Is it natural, when one exercises vigorously in the evening, to feel tired in the morning?

A. You should not feel tired in the morning after exercising in the evening, unless you have exercised to excess, although a tired feeling in the morning is induced often by poor ventilation of sleeping rooms.

Q. Where can I get information as to building up my entire body and to curing a weak heart?

A. Volumes IX. and X. of PHYSICAL CULTURE, containing my entire system of exercises, will show you how to effect desired results.

Q. Is it well for boys of fifteen to lift heavy weights to get strong?

A. There is no harm in boys of this age lifting weights, providing the greatest possible care is used not to strain or overwork the muscles. Don't try to lift more than you can properly raise.



Boys' Class in One of Boston's Well-Equipped Public Gymnasiums

IMMORALITY AMONG CHILDREN

INSTEAD OF DERIVING THE KNOWLEDGE OF SEX FROM PARENT
OR TEACHER THEY LEARN IT FROM THE EVER-READY
LIPS OF UNCLEAN COMPANIONS

By Celia Carmen

WHEN this subject is mentioned the minds of many people go instantly to the slum portions of our great cities. There, in the congested quarters, where many people are huddled together in small spaces, where children are ragged, dirty and neglected, of course, they are immoral; but in good society—and here the fond mamma casts a loving glance at her own sleeping children, so glad and thankful is she that they are well protected, that they know nothing of the sin of the great, wicked world. Perhaps that mother has cause for her thankfulness, but perhaps her peace of mind may have its source in *ignorance*.

Every child born into the world is born with an undeveloped sexual instinct. That instinct will be developed in a normal way at its proper time, or at an improper time in an abnormal way. Which it will be is decided by the child's training and environment. The fact that the child's parents live in the country, a small town, or a select part of a large city, or the fact that they have good social standing, are rich, influential, or religious, has little effect upon the child's life along these lines. The training that will save a child from misery, and perhaps from open disgrace, must be specific and to the point.

The reason that this evil is so hard to correct is because the majority of mothers and teachers either indignantly deny that such a condition exists, or, when it is mentioned, are too much shocked to be willing to discuss the subject. Nevertheless, hundreds of young people from respectable homes are every year failing in health, losing their minds, and even dying from the effects of this terrible curse.

The writer has had an experience covering several years of public school work, and during that time has received the con-

fidences of other teachers, mothers and children, and each year is more deeply impressed with the commonness of this habit among children.

The mothers of the present generation, many of them, have married with no definite preparation for motherhood. They know very little about a child's nature or how it is developed, hence are unable to avoid mistakes that may start the child on the wrong road. In order to be sure that your child has not learned immorality in his very early years, you must be sure that he has been kept free from conditions that foster the habit. These conditions begin in the home at a very early age. There came a time when your child began to ask questions. The way you answered those questions laid the foundation for future purity or impurity.

A motherless girl of fourteen was becoming somewhat wild. Her teacher had a long talk with her, in which the girl made this confession: "We girls wanted to know about mothers, so I asked Gracie's big sister and she said I ought to be ashamed to ask such a question. Then I asked my aunt, and she said that little girls should be seen and not heard. They acted so about it that I made up my mind that I would know anyway. So I went to Anna Jones; they said that she was a bad girl, and I thought she would know. When I asked her she said, 'Why, Mary, I didn't think you were that kind of a girl.'" All this trouble and reproach because a girl budding into womanhood asked a perfectly natural question, to which she should have been given at once a correct answer.

The air of mystery that mothers maintain on subjects of this kind, the evasion in answering questions, all arouse the curiosity of the child, and he or she decides to "know anyway." So he goes for his information to the boy or girl he

meets on the street or at school, and the boy or girl who has the reputation of being bad is instructing your child in these subjects, giving him, of course, an abnormal and impure view of the whole thing.

There are other ways in which this habit is fostered in the home, many mothers through ignorance helping to ruin their own children. It is a well-established fact that the food a child eats is a large factor in determining the age of maturity. A meat diet, with tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, highly spiced foods, vinegar, tobacco, or anything belonging to these classes, all stimulate the passionate nature.

The custom some mothers have of urging their children to lie in bed in the morning because the mother is so busy that she cannot attend to them at once is productive of much evil. Let your child play or help you for an hour or two in his night clothes, if necessary, but never allow him to lie in bed a moment after he is awake. The dressing and bath should be supervised by the mother, if possible, and not left to a brother or sister or to a maid.

Excitement of all kinds should be kept as far as possible out of a child's life. Late hours, and the dancing school, where very young children get the idea of having beaux, should be avoided. Let the child come up naturally, without constantly worrying him about how he should act, and let him do his dancing in his natural play, out in the open air.

Don't decide that your child knows

nothing of evil because he does not talk to you about it. After having told your child a falsehood about the coming of the baby, or having assured him that it is very, *very* naughty for him to ask such questions, don't expect him to come to you when later on he finds that you have lied to him. No; you have told him that this is an impure subject. What must be his opinion of his own father and mother, after having received his street education on this subject and being told by his mother that only bad people ever mention such a thing—when he thinks of his own birth or sees little brothers and sisters still coming into the family? Small wonder, then, with such training, that there is so much impurity. The wonder is rather that there is not more.

"But," some mother asks, "how can I teach my child these subjects? What shall I tell him?" What you tell your child, so long as it is the truth, is of very little consequence. Unless your own mind is pure, you cannot possibly give your child a pure view of this or any other subject. Your first step may be to pray with the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Let us hope that the time will soon come when mothers, fathers and teachers will realize their duty along these lines; when they themselves will be pure-minded enough to shake off the awful curse of prudishness that is defiling society today. Until this comes to pass there can be no solution of the "social evil."

SIR JOHN SAWYER'S NINETEEN RULES FOR LIVING ONE HUNDRED YEARS

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Eight hours' sleep. 2. Sleep on your right side. 3. Keep your bedroom window open all night. 4. Have a mat to your bedroom door. 5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall. 6. No cold water in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body. 7. Exercise before breakfast. 8. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked. 9. For adults, drink no milk. 10. Eat plenty of fat-making food to | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> feed the cells which destroy disease germs. 11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells. 12. Daily exercise in the open air. 13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms. 14. Live in the country if you can. 15. Watch the three D's—drinking water, damp, drains. 16. Have change of occupation. 17. Take frequent and short holidays. 18. Limit your ambition. 19. Keep your temper. |
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HOW MANY MEALS SHALL WE EAT?

THE EATING OF WRONG KINDS OF FOODS AND THE HABIT OF
BOLTING OUR MEALS THE CAUSE OF CRAVING FOR
TOBACCO AND COFFEE AFTERWARD

By Albert Lent

WE often find "Tables of Times for Digesting Foods;" these allow only for the digestion in the mouth and stomach, which is not the whole process. The important work done by the bile and pancreatic juice has not yet begun. After the digestion there has to be assimilation. Therefore, many maintain that we must allow at least five to six hours between meals, and give no extra work to the digestive organs during that time. There are, it is true, strong arguments in favor of many small meals during the day. I know several athletes who find this plan best, perhaps because it never strains the digestion very severely. But for most of us the best plan is probably to take two main meals, the second being, for social and other reasons, the evening meal. The explanation is that thus the organs are rested and the juices ready to be poured out upon the food, and that during the evening there should be less worry, and therefore a freer flow of better juices. Another condition of good digestion satisfied by the evening meal is that at it we are likely to eat more slowly, because there is generally little work to be done afterward.

This being taken for granted, the first meal may be either breakfast or lunch; the third meal, if there is one, should be light. Most people who try the Light Breakfast plan or the No Breakfast plan for more than a few days (during which there may be a feeling of emptiness or weakness) prefer it to the Light Lunch or No Lunch plan, with certain obvious restrictions. Among these not the least is that the opening of the bowels is at first likely to be stopped by the absence of breakfast. There are not a few busy men of my acquaintance who take both a light

breakfast and a light lunch. Two of them tell me that their bowels open regularly every night, not in the morning.

Against the No Breakfast plan is the difficulty of getting a really good mid-day meal in the city. The following nourishing meals, if they agree with the individual, may be had in almost any neighborhood:

Wholemeal or other good bread or biscuit with cheese and salad or fruit.

Macaroni or spaghetti.

Grain food and milk or cream (to be eaten slowly).

If you feel thirsty, do not swill drinks; recent experiments made by Pawlow have conclusively proved that a certain amount of cool or cold water does excite the digestive juices. But large draughts of liquid must dilute and weaken the juices. During the meal don't be influenced by the hurry and scurry around you. Be amused at the people. Imagine yourself to be watching a scene at a play. Think how admirably these people are acting, or criticise them for *overacting* their part. But don't you act also.

After the meal many people smoke and drink. The plea is that they feel uncomfortable otherwise, and that the tobacco and coffee is an excuse for resting and talking. It is now a well-known fact that the desire to drink or smoke arises from fermentation in the stomach, and that this in its turn arises from fast eating or excessive or wrong foods, especially with foods made of white flour. The remedy will be slower eating of less food and better chosen food. To smoke tobacco is to deaden the sensation of indigestion—to drug Nature's sentinel—rather than to remove the indigestion itself.

EDUCATION, NOT LAW, WILL SOLVE THE CURSE OF UNFIT MARRIAGES

DOCTORS SUFFER FROM "LAWMANIA"—LAWS ONLY AGGRAVATE
EVIL—MORAL AND PHYSICAL DEGENERATES WILL EVADE
ENACTMENT AND BECOME WORSE CRIMINALS
EDUCATION THE SALVATION OF HUMANITY

By B. M. Jackson, A. M., M. D., L. L. B.

THE individual chiefly interested in the passage of laws compelling men and women to obtain a physician's certificate stating that they have been instructed regarding the marriage relations before they may obtain a license to marry called on the writer some time ago, and asked that I sign a petition to the Legislature of Iowa to pass such a law. He exhibited a petition on which appeared the names of a few physicians, and told me that some of them have formed a society—the Iowa Society for the Prevention of Degeneracy—whose principal object is the securing of laws for the purpose aforementioned.

Having had some experience with "laws" because of his membership also in the legal fraternity, the writer was well-nigh thunderstruck at hearing that such laws were being advocated. I tried to argue with the gentleman on the fallacies of "laws," and particularly on the bad effects such laws would have upon mankind and the evils consequent therefrom; but he was *interested* in their passage and simply would not listen. In the May issue of this worthy journal there is an editorial which, in plain terms, conveys the idea to the reader that our esteemed editor is also in favor of such laws.

Now, let us reason a moment. A few physicians are in favor of laws to govern the instincts, inclinations, and personal considerations of men and women contemplating matrimony. The same class of men has advocated, and succeeded in the enactment of, laws which declare that everybody must be vaccinated; laws which declare that only doctors of medicine shall administer to the sick; laws

which declare that a physician in one State is not a physician in any other, etc.; and now they want a law compelling people to do something that is unreasonable, inhuman, and incompatible with human nature. If a few physicians can go to a Legislature and, for the mere asking, get a law passed, who knows whether they may not, some day, ask for one to compel people to submit to inoculation of anti-toxin, anti-feverin, anti-pneumone, anti-crazine—or any other kind of an *anti* or *ine*? And that because some genius has not discovered an anti-law-maniac-ine with which physicians shall inoculate themselves lest they do not suffer from a *mania for laws*. I have come to regard many physicians as "law-maniacs" (the word is a combination of the words "law" and "mania," and is defined as an *insane desire for laws*) for the reason that they are always in favor of and ever ready to advocate some kind of a law, with the expectation, of course, that the same will be of some benefit to themselves. This, in spite of the fact that the laws thus far enacted more or less in their favor have proven very detrimental to them.

No one is more familiar with the pernicious and harmful effects consequent upon the passage of laws that attempt to crush the human instincts and rule the inclinations of mortal beings than the intelligent and progressive editor of this journal, yet he seems to agree with the men favoring a pernicious law in this instance. Are laws an effective *modus operandi* for the *prevention* of crime? Who commits a crime, the one who has been educated to the point whereat he

is able to reason that it is a *moral* wrong to harm a fellow-being, or the one who has been told and knows only that the law punishes for the commission of one? Is there any doubt as to the one who commits crime? The latter being the one, how will "laws" for the suppression of degeneracy remedy matters? Someone will say these laws may lessen, at least, the number of inter-marriages among the unfit.

Will they do that *in fact*? Emphatically no. What they will do is this: Statistics may show a decrease in the number of inter-marriages among the unfit, but the penitentiaries and asylums will show an increase in crimes and insanity—perhaps new in form—and all we shall have to do will be to "strike a balance." Laws can only punish for the commission of crime, but *never* prevent its commission. In fact, the gentleman who first suggested these laws admitted that *other laws* would have to be enacted to make the original one effective. (Vide April issue of this journal, page 298.)

And there can be no doubt about that. Suppose a man and woman about to marry are told to procure a physician's certificate, and, knowing themselves infirm, decide to cohabit as man and wife without taking steps to legally marry? There would have to be a law to punish them for doing this. Suppose a man and woman apply to a physician who himself knows little or naught about the marriage relations, or who is too busy, or indifferent about it, but gives a certificate as a matter of form because there is a fee in sight? How remedy such abuses, if not by law? Suppose, too, that the physician has given a certificate to parties that were really unfit to marry, what about the consequences of such marriages? The punishment that the laws will inflict upon the parties concerned will be a poor consolation to humanity, and hardly a recompense to the decrepit offspring. These laws will simply necessitate the appointment of some more penitentiary and asylum "officials" to keep the *delicto* parties behind locked doors—except

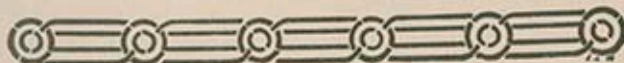
those who have sufficient funds and live in "castles."

There is *but one way* to lessen the number of inter-marriages among the unfit, and that is by *education*. Mankind generally will welcome some knowledge concerning the marriage relations. Education is the only *modus operandi* for the purpose of lessening, at least, almost any kind of an evil and to bring about more desirable conditions. Education has done, and can do, more for humanity than all our statutes and laws. Let physicians and all educated men and women lay aside *prudery*, banish *false modesties* and start a propaganda of education. Let intelligent fathers and mothers educate their children; let physicians educate the masses, regarding matters pertaining to sex and the ideal marital relations. Let us do things in the proper way, and we may depend upon good results and wholesome conditions.

Let us give the people bread (education) and not hang stones (laws) around their necks to console their stomachs (misdeeds, because, in truth, they know not better).

Education is the only leaven which, when impregnated into the faculties of mortal beings, expands the physical features, beautifies the form and brings out the finer and more subtle qualities of individuality. We have entirely too many laws already that are intended only to curtail human inclinations and suppress the instincts. Alas! they have been "found wanting." There are individuals on every hand ready to suggest some new law; others who lobby in Legislatures in order that some kind of a new law may be passed, and still others ready and willing—aye! only too anxious—to fill the offices that laws necessarily create.

Education must be the watchword of every physical culturist, and he must resist with all his might the attempt to curtail freedom of thought and the pursuit of happiness. Laws have been tried too often and found wanting. Education has proven invariably, and will ever prove, to be the *sine qua non*.



**TWO THOUSAND YEARS HENCE**

The Ideal Man and Woman of the Future Criticising the Weaklings of To-day

THE MYSTERIOUS MR. ROGERS

A ROMANCE OF A FAMOUS AUTHOR—HOW HE STIRRED UP
A SUMMER COLONY*By H. M. Lome*

THE advent at White Beach of J. Rogers, of New York, was of so inconspicuous a nature that it was not until the morning following that the majority of the summer colony knew that it was committed to the entertainment of a stranger. Which was attested to the unobtrusiveness of the newcomer. For the White Beachers were, so to speak, members of a close corporation—jealous of their stretch of chanting pine woods on the northern edge of the full-bosomed Long Island sand dunes, of their spray-stained Inn, with its cordon of cottages, of the quaint wholesomeness that impregnated the beach like the odor of lavender buds.

Holding these things sacred, and desiring not that they should be "popularized," the colony was given to eye askance the rare and casual sojourner, fearing lest he be a real estate man on booming intent, or the forerunner of a horde of holiday undesirables. Not, however, that there was much danger of the place being given into the hands of the Philistines. For Mrs. Hiram Smith, relict of one of the ancient clam-fed cap'n's of the Great South Bay, and owner and hostess of the Beach, had had the Inn and its foster buildings annually pre-empted by the same half-score families of well-to-do city folk for many years. With these she kept watch and ward over the exclusiveness of the Beach. Nevertheless, it was held that even a well-meaning cap'n's widow might be lured into the flowery paths of speculative real estatedom, and so it came about that Mr. Roswell, "dean" of the Beach, took an early opportunity of questioning her anent the why and wherefore of J. Rogers.

Mrs. Smith's replies were assuring. J. Rogers was a professional gentleman, of some sort, who needed a rest where the unrest of summer hotels was not. An

old-time Beacher—one who had lapsed into the ways of the world and Asbury Park—had vouched for him. That was all, but she held it to be sufficient. So did Mr. Roswell, and at luncheon that day he extended the metaphorical right hand of fellowship to J. Rogers, who took it with such easy and honest satisfaction that the old gentleman resolved to cultivate him forthwith.

I do not think that Miss Browsers took special notice of J. Rogers during the meal. As a matter of fact, the man did not possess an impressive at-first-sight personality. Otherwise was Jimmy Allison, his vis-a-vis, who, regarded as a magnificent young animal, was as instantly convincing in an æsthetic sense as he was subsequently tiresome in a general way. For Jimmy's glorious head, thatched as it was with wavy corn-tassel tinted hair, was woefully empty of ideas save those that appertained to college track athletics, and other things having to do with straining lungs and o'er-stretched sinews.

To hark back to J. Rogers, it is sufficient to say that he lacked a full three inches of Jimmy's stature, that he had a soldierly bearing, a frank eye, straight eyebrows, and the manners of a man's man. He laughed assuringly, and owned excellent teeth. Now for a brief description of Miss Browsers, and then to drop personalities.

Jimmy Allison, after a head-racking review of the heathen ladies of old—having decided that no modern "was in the same exhibition class" as Miss Browsers—came to the conclusion that Juno was the nearest that the ancients could do in the way of duplicating *his* divinity. Miss Browsers certainly did possess some of the traditional attributes of Jove's spouse. She was tall, moulded on lines of youthful opulency, and carried herself with a certain maidenly majesty. Her cheeks

and neck and arms were clear *mat*, her eyes the color of, and as soft as, those of a dove; her nose like unto that of Tennyson's "Maud," and her upper lip deliciously short and disdainful. Apart from all else, however, Miss Browsers was unlike the average girl by reason of her perfect poise and equally perfect femininity. Either her self-unconsciousness, or her belief in her powers to hold her own against all comers, prevented her from ever losing her grip upon herself, which is equivalent to saying that she retained her hold on others. Yet she was as negatively dominant as sleep itself—and as restful. Likewise had she the habit of looking straight into your eyes when you talked to her, or when she talked to you—which she did excellently well. Lastly, she made the subsequent society and chit-chat of others of her sex resemble seltzer from which the fizz has sped. She and her widowed mother had, for two or three seasons in succession, occupied one of the Beach cottages.

It was that same evening that Miss Browsers really became cognizant of the presence of J. Rogers, and at the dinner table at that. She caught his eyes fixed on her face in a fashion that her eyes in turn half resented. As she told her mother that night, he seemed to be making a mental appraisal of her and hers. In spite of her invariable self-control, she felt an unaccustomed tingling in her cheeks. J. Rogers' gaze did not falter before hers, although its expression became otherwise.

"May I send you some salad?" said he.

"I thank you, no," replied Miss Browsers, stiffly, and straightway became annoyed with herself for having starched her words in so unnecessary a fashion.

Whereupon J. Rogers nodded politely, and didn't look in her direction again during the meal.

Mrs. Smith had a little sanctum at the western end of the piazza of the Inn. Its bow window, framed by wistaria vines, gave one an unobstructed view of the Atlantic sunsets. Only the widow's special favorites were given the freedom of the room, Miss Browsers being one of them. Thither went she, after dinner, partly to see the ocean turn from sapphire into carnelian, and again to silver,

streaked with jade, and partly to escape the adoring glances and lapsing conversation of Mr. Allison.

Miss Browsers was not quite pleased to find that people were seated right outside the snugger. But, as the curtains of the window hid her from their view, while they did not materially obstruct hers of the sea, she concluded to remain. Then she heard a small voice pipe:

"P'ease tell us annuder story."

"Another, dear?" answered someone, who was unmistakably J. Rogers. "Why, I've told you two already."

"But vey was so nice that ve want some more," declared yet another childish treble.

Miss Browsers, peeping cautiously through the curtains, saw J. Rogers lolling back in a big chair, surrounded by a group of the children of the Beachers.

"All right," said he. "Now listen. There was once——"

"I don't like that nassy smoke. It dets in my eyes," interrupted one of the auditors.

"Don't you, dear? Then it shan't do so any more," and the scarcely lit cigar went whirling out into the sand beyond, while J. Rogers resumed his story.

For a good hour the children clustered around the man, silent, absorbed and altogether happy. And in Mrs. Smith's sanctum sat a young woman listening, also, persuading herself that the sunset was responsible for her being there, yet grudgingly admitting that the newcomer was an admirable raconteur—for babies.

Then came the several nurses, with bedtime summons. The little ones solemnly kissed their entertainer good night. Half way up the piazza one of the children—a mite of a girl—came running back.

"I love 'oo," said she to J. Rogers.

"And I you," he answered, kissing her forehead. "I wish I had a little girl like you. Now run along and dream of the fairies."

J. Rogers forgot to light another cigar, and when Miss Browsers left the room she could see him silhouetted against the moonrise, motionless, and apparently lost in thought.

Late that night the girl, being awake,

heard some of the men of the Beach chatting as they sought their cottages.

"That newcomer, Rogers, plays pool like a professional," said Andy Von Glahn.

"Perhaps he is one," retorted Harry Overton, with a snigger.

"Hardly. The fellow is a gentleman. But the way in which he gave Allison fifty points, and then—"

Here the voices died in the distance, and Miss Browsers, wondering what kind of man a man might be who was loved by little children, who would sacrifice a good cigar for their sake, and played pool like a professional, and feeling an unreasonable satisfaction in that Jimmy Allison had been given fifty points only to be beaten, fell asleep.

The ways of a maid are usually past finding out, even to herself. Yet in this instance the maid had but little difficulty in accounting for the frigidly curt nod with which she acknowledged the greeting of the man at breakfast the next day. The truth was that Miss Browsers resented the manner in which J. Rogers had impressed himself upon her interest. Neither was she the more pleased when she caught herself studying his profile, and noting that he had a masterful chin and a good facial angle.

Therefore, when later Miss Browsers, being pleasantly placed on a couch of pine needles overlooking the sea, and being, too, in the tenth chapter of a new novel by her favorite author, heard the muffled sound of approaching footsteps, and saw approaching her of the phenomenal pool playing and the fairy tales, she prepared to squelch him and her budding interest in him once and for all.

But he paused not as she had expected. Touching his cap, he strode on, halting a space beyond to strike a match on a gnarled trunk. And then—such is the inconsistency of even young goddesses—Miss Browsers felt aggrieved because he hadn't tried to chat with her, as any other man at the Beach would have done. Next came a flash of self-contempt, and she resumed her book.

To her came running the little one who, on the piazza, had declared her love for J. Rogers.

"If 'oo p'ease, Miss Browsers," said the child, her eyes shining with expectancy,

"help me find a boo'ful lady who lives wight in a twee."

"What do you mean, dear?" said the perplexed Miss Browsers.

"Mr. Wogers told me and Maudie and Hawwy and Gertie about boo'ful little ladies wiv, oh! the loveliest long hair and boo'ful eyes who live wight in twees, and I'se dot to find one," was the reply, given with an emphatic nodding of a small and curly head. Miss Browsers thereupon remembered that wood nymphs and dryads had figured in the tales of the night before.

"Very well, Beatrice," she said, "we'll see if we can't catch one of these lovely ladies at home right now. Only you mustn't be disappointed if they've shut their houses up so tight that we can't even peep inside."

And the couple disappeared in the rustle of the pine woods.

J. Rogers, having finished his stroll, returned some fifteen minutes later. On the needle carpet lay an open book. He picked it up and eyed it curiously. Then he smiled. It was "The Implacables," by J. Hendley Ashworth, the young author whose trio of novels had made him famous in less than a quartette of years. As you will remember, each of his books dealt with a social question—dealt with it in such trenchantly truthful fashion that his detractors called him brutal, and his admirers a clarified Zola. "The Implacables," as you will further recollect, had to do with the dull, persistent hatred of Labor for those whom—in default of a better name—we call the upper classes. It was an explanation of this hatred, based on a tremendously powerful arraignment of them who are responsible for the conditions that surround the workers of to-day.

He was still turning over the leaves of the volume when Miss Browsers and her small companion hove in sight.

"I couldn't find her," said Beatrice, as she took possession of the man's hand and cuddled it lovingly.

"Who?"

"The boo'ful lady."

"I thought you had," replied J. Rogers, absently, and without glancing at Miss Browsers. At which the young woman was more annoyed with him than ever.

"That's scarcely typical seaside litera-

ture, is it?" ventured Mr. Rogers, with a smile, as he handed "The Implacables" to its owner.

"No," replied she, not without a touch of asperity. "But for my part I think a good book is readable anywhere."

"I, too," very readily. "Only we have each our ideas as to what constitutes a good book."

"Have you read this?" asked Miss Browsers, indicating the volume, hoping that he would reply in the negative, and surprised to find herself willing to continue the conversation.

"Yes," somewhat indifferently.

"And may I ask if you think it to be good?" with a tinge of sarcasm.

"I imagine," replied he, "that our judgment of a book is apt to be biased by our sympathy with its purposes, or by our regard for its author, or our admiration of its style, or half a dozen different things. So that that which I believe to be excellent you may hold to be worthless. Can you, for instance, conceive of any of those fellows who have their grip on the throats of our big industries bubbling with enthusiasm over 'The Implacables?'"

When Miss Browsers smiled, as she now did, a man was apt to lose the thread of his thoughts, as J. Rogers nearly did.

"But you haven't answered my question," insisted she. "I want to know just what your impressions are of—" a pat on the cover of the novel.

"Why?"

Miss Browsers gasped a trifle. She wasn't used to being asked "Why?"

"Well, because one likes to hear that one's opinions are—not quite nonsense," she answered, ending lamely.

"I can hardly believe that anyone would think that of any of your beliefs, Miss Browsers," said the other, and the girl, looking into his eyes, saw that he meant it.

"However," he went on, "I'll evade no longer. I do like the book, because—well, I know a bit about the poor wretches that it deals with; and I know, too, that Ashworth was much, was indeed, terribly in earnest when he wrote it."

Miss Browsers was seated instantly. "You know that really? Then you must be acquainted with him? Oh, Mr. Rogers, please tell me something about him.

I've often tried to imagine the kind of man he must be, and each successive book of his seems to upset my previous conception of him."

The girl's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were luminous.

"I'll venture to say that he's totally unlike the Ashworth of your imagination," was the laughing answer, as J. Rogers slid comfortably between the roots of a pine facing Miss Browsers, with Beatrice still clinging to his hand. "Well, he's—he's, oh! I was never good at description. He's a fairly decent fellow, as fellows go, and he has a pretty good income, thanks to a kindly public and his royalties."

Miss Browsers gave evidences of disapproval.

"And so that is all that you can tell me about the person who wrote 'As of Iron' and 'Rock Ridges' and 'The Reckoning' and 'Of a Verity' and this? Mr. Rogers, you are quite right. You are not good at description. But if I had the privilege of Mr. Ashworth's friendship, I think that my impressions of him would go a little further than that of his being 'a fairly decent fellow.'"

J. Rogers chuckled. "If Ashworth were only here to hear that. Now, Miss Browsers, what do you want to know about him? The color of his eyes, the extent of his wardrobe, the furniture of his den—"

"Those are impersonals," interrupted the girl. "I want to know if he lives out his written beliefs, if he talks as he writes, if—oh! those things that he doesn't hint at in his books."

"I can answer you easily and briefly—in part. No man can put all his theories into practice, least of all an author; and he doesn't talk in a booky way, for if he did he'd be a bore and a prig."

"One would almost imagine you wrote, yourself, since you know just what a writer should or should not do," remarked Miss Browsers, maliciously.

"A palpable hit," laughed J. Rogers, flushing a little. "By the way, Ashworth has a new book coming out in the fall, and I've been promised an advance copy in a couple of weeks or so. Shall be glad to let you have it."

"That is very, very kind of you, Mr. Rogers," answered the girl, looking at

him with friendly eyes. "I now forgive you for—your poverty of descriptive powers." And the pair laughed duet-wise.

Just then Jimmy Allison came from between the trees. He looked far from pleased to find Miss Browers and J. Rogers on such apparently excellent terms, reminded the former of a tennis engagement, and bore her off with a scant nod to the other man.

The friendship between J. Rogers and the girl, thus begun, grew apace with the lapse of days. While by no means a blue-stocking, Miss Browers had a literary bent to which, to her satisfaction, the man was found capable of ministering in a very thorough fashion. In this companionship of letters Allison, who was desperately in love with the girl, had no part, while it gave his rival, as he now chose to consider J. Rogers, constant and plausible reasons for daily hours of the young woman's society. Yet the dog-like and patient devotion of poor Jimmy would have touched a harder heart than that owned by the girl, and in consequence she was often so sweetly gracious to the lad that he swooped upward from the depths of hopelessness to giddy heights of happiness. And then J. Rogers, standing aloof, would, much to his astonishment, feel an indefinable discomfort and restless, that led him to smoke more than was good for him, and take long and solitary night walks among the pines. As for Miss Browers—well, like many other girls so circumstanced, she refused to dissect the situation or to analyze the meaning of thoughts and feelings to which she heretofore had been a stranger.

And still the weeks passed on. Then came a day when the beauty and nobility of the girl's soul was borne on J. Rogers like a great burst of music. Nothing in particular was responsible therefor, but the revelation came, and he knew that he had loved her almost from the first.

There was one thing that really troubled Miss Browers, though she would hardly confess it to herself—in regard to J. Rogers. His social connections, his profession, and, indeed, everything connected with himself were hazed in mystery. To these he never alluded, save casually, and then to no illuminating ex-

tent. Once, and once only, did he drop a hint about himself and his doings, and that was at dinner one night, when the conversation turned on a disaster that had befallen British troops in the Northern Himalayas. He talked entertainingly, and with much apparent knowledge, about the wild country in which the soldiers were operating.

"Upon my word, Rogers," said Allison, with an attempt at a sneer, "one would think that you'd been there."

"I have," was the cool response, to the secret delight of Miss Browers. But he dropped the subject immediately.

Then came an afternoon in August. Miss Browers, monopolized by Jimmy, was seated on the piazza with the rest of the Beachers, and not far away was J. Rogers, playing with a half dozen of his small friends. Suddenly appeared Mrs. Smith.

"A messenger with this telegram has come over from Squantog, Mr. Rogers," said she breathlessly. "He wants a reply, and is waiting."

J. Rogers broke the seal of the blue envelope, and Miss Browers, watching, saw his brow contract and his lips tighten.

"What time does the telegraph office close at Squantog, Mrs. Smith?" he asked.

"Ten o'clock, sir."

"Tell the man to return at nine for my answer," and with that he rose and left the piazza.

He did not appear at dinner that night, but instead sent his apologies to the Beachers at his table, and added that he would rejoin them during the evening. Miss Browers was distraught at the meal, Jimmy Allison desperately gloomy, and Mr. Roswell grumbled audibly because of the absence of his favorite.

At about eight o'clock, however, the truant made his appearance, and, after an uneasy turn or two up and down the piazza, walked toward the pine wood where, on the seaward edge, he felt pretty certain of finding Miss Browers. But she was not there.

With a decidedly disappointed face, J. Rogers struck further into the wood, and turned toward a little glade that fronted the open country. As he reached it he halted, for close by, and holding her un-

resisting hand in his, stood Allison and the girl. Jimmy's attitude was unmistakable—so it seemed to the spectator—and so was that of Miss Browsers. J. Rogers, with something like a groan, turned to go. A twig snapped, and the others, turning, saw him departing.

At nine o'clock the messenger went back to Squantog with a reply to the dispatch. A few minutes later, Mrs. Smith, on the verge of tears, was informing the Beachers that J. Rogers had to leave them the next day, not to return. Whereupon, Miss Browsers excused herself and went to her cottage to tell her mother. The man did not show up again that night.

The principals in this chronicle, with the exception of Allison, met the following morning at breakfast, as usual. Miss Browsers was pale, and, with the others, expressed polite regrets at the pending departure of J. Rogers. He was impassively courteous in response. But the girl noted the set of his lips, and the added straightening of his eyebrows.

"He looks like a soldier who is to lead a forlorn hope," she said to herself, and a dumb, hitherto unknown misery gripped her as she looked.

Again J. Rogers isolated himself in his room, and again the Beachers, as was their wont, gathered on the piazza to await the arrival of the New York newspapers from Squantog. These came in due season, and for a time there was silence, broken only by the rustling of the big sheets. Then, of a sudden, Mr. Roswell emitted a yell of amazement.

"Listen, folks!" he roared. "Just listen to this!" Here he waved his copy of the *Planet* excitedly. "Listen, I tell ye! Would anybody have believed—but listen!" So he read:

"The *Planet* congratulates its readers and itself on having secured the services of Mr. J. Hendly Ashworth in connection with the war that now seems inevitable between two great European powers on the score of disputed territory in northern Africa. Mr. Ashworth's reputation as a successful novelist is too well established to need emphasis in these columns. But he will not undertake the onerous duties of war correspondent for the *Planet* without a knowledge of the special and extraordinary needs of the position. During the 189— campaign of

the British in northern India he represented the *Daily Universe* of London, England, in so notable a manner that that newspaper was anxious to re-employ him on this occasion. Happily, the *Planet* was enabled to forestall its English rival, as stated. Mr. Ashworth has been summering at White Beach, Long Island, where, under the incog. of J. Rogers, he has enjoyed the rest not always possible to a man of his fame who fails to disguise his identity. It was from White Beach that the *Planet*, last evening, received his telegram of acceptance of its offer."

There was an amazed silence among the Beachers, and then, Miss Browsers, swaying slightly, rose and went to her cottage.

Ten minutes later a tap came at the unmasked J. Rogers' door.

"Miss Browsers and her mother would like to see you, at your convenience," said a servant.

"All right, Polly. I'll be with them in a few minutes," was the reply.

In the cottage parlor he found the girl—alone. She looked exquisitely and pathetically beautiful, and his heart beat with thick agony as his eyes met hers.

"Was it quite kind of you?" said she, with a tiny, wan smile. "How often you must have laughed at me when I ventilated my silly theories about books and their makers, and—you."

"Indeed, I never did," he answered, speaking slowly, and crushing back the words that he would have given his life to speak.

"And now you—are—going to leave—us?"

"Yes."

The tension was unendurable, and the man, in utter helplessness, blurted out:

"Where is Allison?"

"I don't know."

"Not know? Why I—I want to see him, to—congratulate him."

"On what?"

Miss Browsers took a step nearer, and looked at him with compelling and misery-misted eyes.

"Oh," said Ashworth, stupidly, "you know. His engagement to you. I saw you—" here his voice broke dryly.

"Yes," Miss Browsers' rich contralto rang with desperate clearness. "You saw

us. Mr. Allison did ask me to be his wife. And I——"

"And you?"

The girl dropped miserably into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Well," asked Ashworth almost sternly.

She rose and once more her eyes bent on him with that unshrinking, virginal gaze that he knew and loved so well.

"I told him," she said, "that—I could not marry him. That—the man—I wanted to marry was—that kind of man who could write—books—like 'The Im- placables.'"

* * * * *

When Mrs. Browers came into the

room a few minutes later she saw what all mothers with desirable daughters must expect to see sooner or later. And, when Ashworth kissed her very tenderly on the forehead with a brief, "Mother, dear," she was as content as mothers may ever hope to be who give their children into the keeping of others.

Just as the lovers were coming back to the world again, and as the realization of the possibilities of everyday life in general, and of that of a war correspondent in particular, were breaking on them, another telegram arrived for J. Rogers. It read thus:

"War cloud disappeared unexpectedly but absolutely. Ask to cancel arrangement. Sorry.

"EDITOR, *Planet*."



"Greater than Kings Am I"

Whiskey has Forced Kings and Potentates, Men of Intellect and Honor, to Become Abject Slaves to Its Accursed Power

HOW CLACKSTON WAS REJUVENATED

THE STORY OF HOW AN OLD MAN READ THE PATENT MEDICINE ADVERTISEMENTS IN A NEWSPAPER, WAS CONVINCED HE NEEDED REJUVENATING AND BEGAN TO SEND FOR MARVELOUS DISCOVERIES

By Robson Neville

MISTER CLACKSTON had never had a pain, or ache, or "that tired feeling," in all his life. He was free from those objectionable things until he reached the ripe age of seventy-five. His had been a simple life—a round of hard work, oatmeal porridge and wheaten bread. He had been content to labor on at masonry, with elections and the twelfth of July as diversions, until he was seventy-five.

Mister Clackston read his paper every evening as part of a heaven-sent duty. Now, in the subtle folds of that newspaper lies the foundation of my account of this prosaic man.

John Clackston would begin with the headings and proceed down the columns, one by one, until he came to the advertisements. "Faugh!" he would say. "Faugh! I'm jiggered if any of them get-it-by-mail fellers'll catch John Clackston. Not by a gunshot."

Now, one evening, at an unguarded moment, while reading his paper, his eyes roved to a gaudy advertisement that had a pictorial supplement in one corner. It depicted a strong man, held in by an arrangement that looked for all the world like a cartridge holder, but which was in reality "an electric belt for only \$3.88."

John's gaze became riveted. He could not draw away. The subtle ad. writer held him with that irresistible power which only an ad. writer can explain.

"Any man may rejuvenate for only \$3.88. Dr. Soakem's belt sent free on trial for five years."

"Be gosh!" gasped John, "great thing for me to feel rejuvenated, wouldn't it? Come to think of the matter, I'm not feeling just as young as I was twenty years ago, and ye can tell that the feller that wrote them words ain't no fake."

John sent for his belt. The affair was iron shod, bullet-proof, etc., etc., and, of course, the exhilaration of feeling the prickly plates jabbing one's flesh was quite sufficient to remove from John's mind all thoughts of his age, or of anything else, for that matter. "It's done me a heap of good," he said to his wife one day. "Why, gol darn it, ye can feel the lightnin' jumpin' all over ye, and the feller what sold it to me said that the 'lectricity would keep my lights all trimmed and burnin' fur the next fifty year."

Finally, however, the desire for novelty began to prey upon Clackston's mind. No doubt his belt was all right, but its use in conjunction with some tonic would hasten the results.

So he argued, and again he scanned the ads. Ah! Here was what he was looking for:

"Doctor SENT DE HELLE

"Plunky Pellets,

"Guaranteed to cure tuberculosis in all stages."

"Men have taken Plunky Pellets on their death-beds, and have jumped up with the vigor of youth. Take ten at a time. They can be taken at any time for anything. Our Motto—TAKE PAINS IN EVERYTHING YOU DO. IT HELPS OUR BUSINESS!"

John Clackston bought a box. The result was that he paced the room all night, clad in his electric belt, and (for the benefit of the Woman's Prudery Union, we'll add "his nightdress, too") howling with internal disorders.

He must get some alleviation. Where was his newspaper? Where in ——— had he put it? Where had his wife gone and taken it to?

At last he had it. He removed his hands from his aching head long enough to open the pages of the paper. Appar-

ently the patent medicine ads. had all disappeared. Ah! here was one. Thus it read:

"Tell me your troubles

"Like a deah fellah.

"I receive ten thousand letters per day and give long and careful consideration to each case.

"SIMPLY GIVE YOUR NAME

"(THE SHERIFF WILL FIND YOUR ADDRESS).

"I will send you an order on your druggist for sixty casks of Doctor Whoop's Ginger-up, the great specific. You need not send a single cent. I am in the business for the love of it. Father sends me monthly checks from England. Don't refuse my public-spirited offer. I would be offended."

Away went a letter to Doctor Whoop. Soon came the casks.

He used the tonic. It removed the pains caused by the Plunky Pellets.

John was confident that he was on the high road to recovery, when, confound it! a dull, monotonous pain appeared at the base of the brain.

Again he appealed to the advertisements. Ah! Eureka! Spadina! Surely here was the balm for his wound. Thus it read:

"Hear what a suffering brother has to say:

"Dear Dr. Thomas Rotte—I wish to add my testimony to that of thousands who have gone before. I was a bank teller, and, as is quite usual with men in such a position, became so nervous while pinching bills that I decided to leave my employment, but—was caught. After my term was up, I left the place of refuge, and on a physical examination found my body covered with black and white stripes, running horizontally. I was alarmed, and after using your medicine and following your directions regarding the change of clothing, I find that my stripes have gone.

"P. S. I had a subsequent attack of raving fever, caused by my hearing a boy whistling 'Anona.' Your medicine saved me."

John sent for the dope, at three dollars a yard.

Did it save him? John thought that it did. And it really did. It banished the pain at the base of his brain.

Then John began to recover. The vigor of youth began to reassert itself. His face was getting fleshier. All nature seemed to smile upon him. But—stop!

John suddenly placed his hand in the hollow of his back. There was a sharp, shooting pain. "Ach!" he cried. "Ach! It must be one of two things—two horrible things! It is either Bright's disease or vegetarianism, be gosh!"

Out came the newspaper. Again did

he find the specific. This time it was in still more enchanting form:

"BROTHER,

"Drink from the fountain of Youth.

"Take a swag—then take another.

"The firm will forfeit the sum of \$5,000.00 if this ad. does not sound well. Mrs. Saphira Jane Easybluffed, of Chili, writes:

"Dear Gents—For years my husband Annanias suffered greatly from pains in the chest. So numerous did these panes become that I could see the dear man's lungs without glasses. Then the family doctor said that the man had a cute indigestion, but I could not see anything cute about it. He swallowed everything from rubber tubes to pills that looked as big as Johnnie's football. Then, after exhausting my purse on remedies, I came across your Kerosene Discovery. Annanias used it, and I really believe that if he had used it in time he would now be sitting around the family board. Alas! for the ghastly Reaper and his slasher.

"A grateful wife,

"JANE EASYBLUFF."

Two days later, four packets of the Kerosene Discovery came to the door of Mister Clackston. Thence it was hauled inside, thence to Clackston's room, thence to the sick man's lips, and—thence to his mortification. Now we are nearing the end. Not John's end, but this narrative's. He had drunk his last. He had finished his fight. Anyway, he had done his best to fight the awful germs that had attempted to assassinate him. The fight had cost him exactly \$84.54, besides the loss of work and his personal inconvenience—interior inconvenience.

John's stubborn, hard-set mind was beginning to reassert its common sense. He lay on his bed, fagged out by the anti-septics and germ destroyers and microbe scarers—utterly fagged out. He thought he would never rise again.

Never to see the beautiful sun as it sank to rest; never to inhale the heaven-sent air, never to plug for the Tory candidate—never to yell for King Billy. "Oh!" And Clackston groaned aloud.

Hark! There was a ring at the door bell—r-r-r-r-r!

Then again—r-r-r-r-r!

Clackston arose and slipped on his clothes. Then he leaned far out of the window. "Hello! Who's thar?"

"It's me, sir; Mr. G. Beatem Alle, representing the Conquest Medicine Co., of New York and Paris."

Clackston leaned out further. His face grew hard and set. His lips were tightly

compressed. "What may be the business ye can be wantin' o' me?"

"We heard, sir," answered the sleek sales agent, "we heard that you were suffering from rheumatism. We diagnosed your case by telepathy. We prepared, especially for you, two bottles of our specific. Three dollars, you s-s-ee."

The agent grew nervous. John had withdrawn his head for a moment. He went to the corner of his room and slid some mysterious article up his sleeve. Then, tiptoeing to the window, he yelled out: "I'll be down in a jiff. I guess I'll take the elevator."

His hand went out to the rain pipe. It was solid. One leap sent him through the window, and slip, screech, away went the irate John Clackston, down the incline, at a peculiarly dangerous pace. The agent looked up. From long habit, he grasped his valise and took a prudent step backward. It was well that he did. The enraged mason, on recovering from his aerial flight, made one fierce swoop for the Medical Adviser. The latter turned and tried to remonstrate. It was useless. Then, turning on his heel, he fled down the street. John followed him.

Away went mason and medical man, the former hysterically waving an empty medicine bottle that until then had slumbered in his sleeve. John's scanty dress was sufficient to avoid arrest, but no more. He increased his pace. So did the peddler. The hue and cry had attracted quite a crowd. Cheers and laughter resounded on every side. John's pace was slackening. His breath came thick and fast. From his lips burst a series of untranslatable expressions: "Ach! Faugh! Phew! C-cure r-r-rheumatiz! Kill him if I kin catch him!"

Tears were in his eyes—tears of impo-

tent rage and fury. He glowered at the crowd. He shook the bottle in their faces. He dodged the police successfully and finally reached his own street. Then homeward he returned.

That night the supper board in the Clackston home, by John's orders, was heaped high with good things. John, himself, as he began to eat, wore the smile of blissful bliss. "I tell ye," he laughed to his wife, "that run o' mine just set me on my feet—another loaf, Susanna—I must have gone two miles—more praties, Susanna—and for a man of my age it's a pesky long distance—another loaf, Susie—fer a feller to go—more cheese, please. Inside of two days I'm goin' back to work—if I possibly can. Why, gol darn it, me dear woman, experience is the greatest—another loaf, please—the greatest teacher a feller can have—er-er-er—now fer me pipe. As the poet says:

"May my last breath of life

Be drawn through a pipe.

"First meal in two months—first satisfaction in two months—I wouldn't take no more medicine—h'm! not for the world."

John was silent for a few minutes. Then, picking up the newspaper, he began to read. His better self, curious at his long silence, looked up from her work. She could scarcely believe her eyes. John was perusing in deadly earnest—what do you think?—*a patent medicine advertisement*. He dashed down the paper, as though to fight the temptation, but it was useless.

"Susanna," he said, as meekly as possible, "ye'd better git me—I say—er-er-er ye'd better git me a bottle o' Southern Blood Tonic when you're out in the mornin'. Remember the name—Southern Blood. They do say it's good."

SOME MEDICAL JOKES

"How is Dobbs? I hear he has been very sick."

"That's what! Nine doctors failed to relieve him."

"Great Scott, he must be tough!"—

"Now," said the physician, who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature."

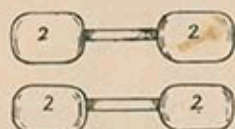
"All right," responded the patient, in

a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that, too."
—*Medical Mirror*.

Jorkins—Drugged and robbed? Why don't you have some action taken in the matter?

Johnson—I can't. I suppose the fellow had my permission. You see, he was my doctor.—*New Yorker*.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN DUMB-BELLS



Finished dumb-bells after cans have been removed and edges rounded by file

No gymnasium is complete without its dumb-bells. When the body has been made sufficiently strong by simple calisthenics the next step should be the using of dumb-bells. If you delight in making your own apparatus, or if the purchase of dumb-bells is found to be a trifle too expensive for your purse, then you can make your apparatus at your home, and they will furnish you as good an exerciser as the more expensive bells that are made of iron or wood.

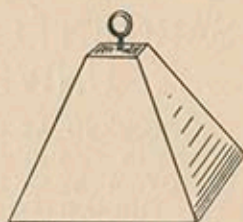
Procure two large tin cans, generally used for canning fruit. Cut out bottom. Next make four circular pieces of wood large enough to be placed firmly in the can at either end. Into the center of each of these cut a hole as shown in illustration. Procure also a hardwood bar the length of the ordinary dumb-bell.

Now procure some cement. Mix one part cement with two parts of sand. Add water until soft, but retaining a degree of firmness. Fill cans with this

cement, covering top and bottom with the circle pieces of wood. Insert wooden rod. Run in wedge at the ends of the cans to keep piece of wood in place. Before rod is placed in cans it would be well to run several nails into it. This will make it hold firmer in the cement, and it will not be apt to slide out after the cement is dry. The second dumb-bell is made



Procure two large tin cans



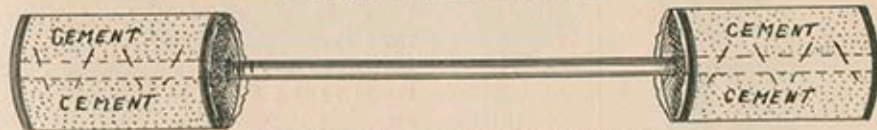
A lifting weight made in the same manner

in the same fashion. Let entire apparatus stand for about four or five days, or until cement is perfectly dry. Then pieces of wood and tin can be removed leaving you the dumb-bells made of cement. They can be smoothed off with a file and made to appear as shown in illustration. A coat of good paint would also help to improve the appearance of the dumb-bells.

A lifting weight can be made in the same manner. The directions are so simple that the illustration in this article showing one made of cement will give anyone a clear idea how to make it.



Make four circular pieces of wood. Cut hole in center of each. Procure hard wood bar the length of the ordinary dumb-bell



Cans filled with cement and with bar attached.

EACH ONE HAS A DIFFERENT DIET

The orator eats tongue, I hear,
The Sultan, turkey lunch;
The undertaker drinks his bier,
The pugilist his punch.
The fisherman drinks Bass's ale,
The flea, tea made of hops;
The barber eats his hare (with tale),
The woodman eats his chops.

The acrobat spring-water drinks,
The banquet man eats toast;
Surveyors eat their stakes, methinks,
And editors a roast.
Shoemakers always eat fried soles,
The printer, pie and sweets;
The hungry actor eats his rôles,
Policemen eat their beats.—*Just Fun.*

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY

RECOGNIZED AS ONE OF THE LEADERS IN THE PRESENT WIDESPREAD MOVEMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE UNITED STATES

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

DR. DUDLEY A. SARGENT, of Harvard University, is so well known to physical culturists throughout the country that an introduction as one of the leading men in the physical culture movement now sweeping the country is almost superfluous. In the matter of scientific gymnasium apparatus and instruments he is recognized as the greatest authority that the world has ever known.

Long before 1875, when he graduated from Bowdoin College, Dr. Sargent was interested in physical culture.

The Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard University, equipped as it is with more than thirty of his appliances, shows the surprising amount of invention he has contributed to the field of anthropometric science since that time.

The two new changes in the intercol-

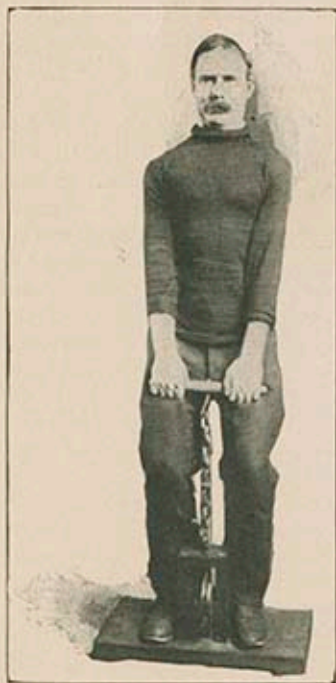


Dr. Sargent at His Desk, Hemenway Gymnasium, Harvard University

legiate strength test made by the Society of College Gymnasium Directors, meeting at Princeton, N. J., during the Christmas holidays, swell the list of important contributions.

Like many of his others, they are simple but important, and up to the present time have never been correctly explained. They have to do with two of the seven exercises which every athlete must take in trying for the intercollegiate strength test record—the straight lift and the push-up and pull-up from the horizontal bars. Heretofore, in the lifting exercise, the dynamometer, or machine which measures the lift, has always been fastened to the floor, so that by a peculiar swaying backward of the body, men of considerable weight have been able to use that weight to direct advantage. The method has been to get the handle of the chain attached to the dynamometer over their knees and then by falling backward to pry on it. In this way men of heavy weight have had a distinct advantage over men of lighter weight.

How to do away with this had puzzled physical culture experts for a long time, but Dr. Sargent solved it in a simple manner by making each contestant lift



Old Method of Straight Lift Test
Allowing Contestant to
Sway Backward

his own weight. Instead of fastening the dynamometer to the floor he fastened it to a small wooden platform, standing upon which it was impossible for the strong man to sway backward as before without toppling himself, apparatus and all, to the floor. The straight pull consequently had to be a straight pull, pure and simple—a direct straight lift; and all men, whether big or little, heavy or light, are thus placed on an even footing in making the test.

The other change, in the push-up and pull-up exercises, grew out of a tendency to sway forward in making this test, and thus to make the effort more of a swing than a straight lift—a movement that would be termed "tetering." This Dr. Sargent removed by placing just in front of the bars a screen,

which, under the new rules, a contestant must not touch with his head.

The result has been to throw the strain of the push-up and pull-up exercises more on the arms, where it rightly belongs. These two devices seem simple, but they are only fair examples of what Dr. Sargent has been giving his attention to for thirty years, and which have contributed in making him the foremost man in

physical culture improvement in the world. Since his connection with Harvard he has been filling the Hemenway Gymnasium with apparatuses like these two until, to-day, it is the best-equipped gymnasium in the world. The list comprises machines for developing the arms, wrists, neck, legs, fingers—in fact, every conceivable muscle of the body.

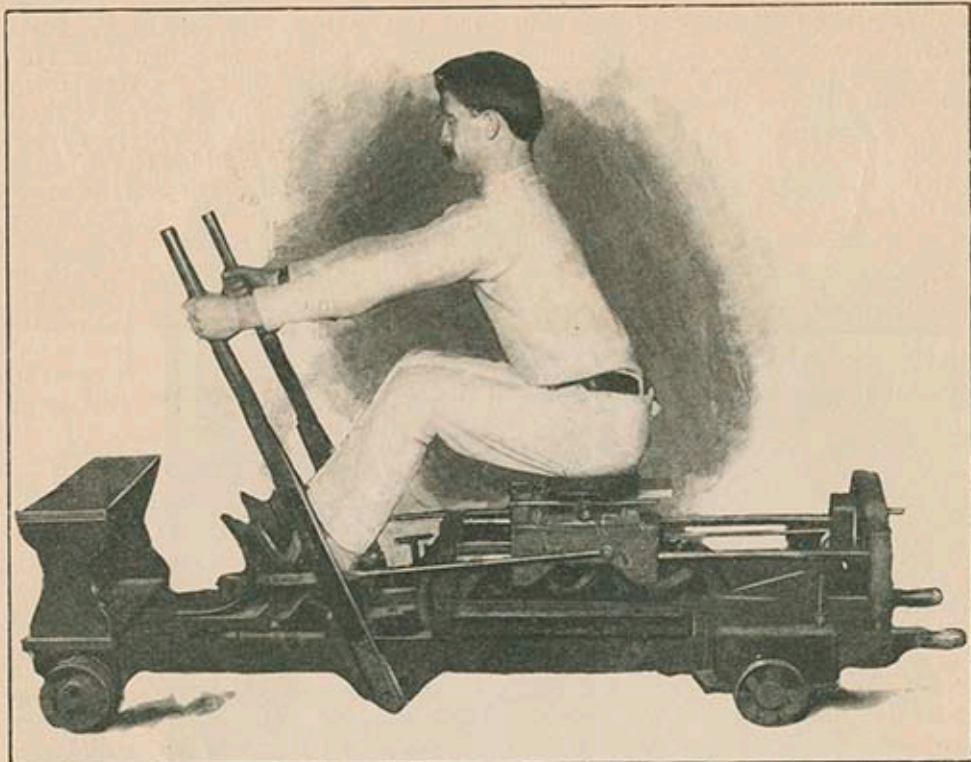
Of all these machines Dr. Sargent considers his

inomotor the most important. This is an ordinary rowing-machine on wheels, differing from the regulation machine only in the fact that, by a combination of balanced parts it enables the person working it to localize his power and thus to bring about a specialized development. The handles of the inomotor, instead of reaching out like oars, extend vertically into



New Method of Straight Lift Test—Doing Away with Swaying

the air and are so adjusted that power can be applied to them either by pulling or pushing. On the slides are straps placed over the toes, which allow the legs to be used in pulling as well as in pushing, and, in fact, the whole machine is splendidly adapted to physical development. Another important invention, and one that has come into general use, is the pulley



Dr. Sargent's "Inomotor"

weight machine that Dr. Sargent originated.

The United States Government is preparing to use the Sargent tests at West Point and Annapolis. The great gymnasium at the World's Fair at St. Louis is built and equipped on lines drawn up by Dr. Sargent.

Dr. Sargent is distinctly opposed to the use to which the St. Louis Exposition gymnasium is intended to be put. From the very first he has objected to the too common use and practice of schools and colleges in using physical culture and athletics as a medium of advertising. He thinks that this is true of the St.

Louis Exposition, and it is a matter of deep regret to him that the magnificent gymnasium that has been erected is to be used as a money-making show, and not for the truly high purpose of instructing the multitudes of people who will visit the Exposition in the science of physical culture and the methods of physical development.

Dr. Sargent, in the last few years, has measured and examined nearly every athlete of note in America. All of the boxing champions have visited him, have been measured, examined, and have received his criticism or praise.

AGITATION IN BRITISH PARLIAMENT AGAINST PATENT MEDICINES AND "PATENT" FOOD

Resulting from the death of a child that had been given medicines and "patent" foods, a British coroner has started an agitation that is destined to create quite a reform regarding the pernicious, unrestrained sale that has been going on in England. The coroner, at the inquest,

held at Wandsworth Coroner's Court, declares his belief that the sale of patent medicines and foods for children was the cause of a number of deaths and of a great deal of disease. Efforts will be made in Parliament, and agitation continued until that body takes some effective form of action on the subject.



THE CANOE AS A SPLENDID MEANS OF EXERCISE AND RECREATION

By Frank McLees

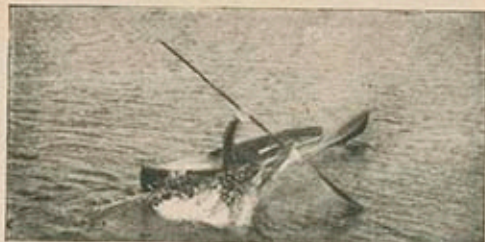
THERE are many sports. Some are strenuous, others easy. Men and women engage in them with enthusiasm while youthful vigor enables them to keep at the top, or while the novelty lasts. Most sports require some sort of organization and an artificial course or grounds, and cost a good deal of money. But canoeing needs only a canoe, a paddle and water enough to dip the blade in. Rowing is not to be mentioned in the same breath. Unable to see where he is going, unless he loses his stroke, the rower "backs blindly up against the scenery," violently bending his back at every pull and is soon tired out.

Paddling a canoe is so different! Sitting on soft, springy cushions, with a comfortable rest for his back and facing the bow of his craft, the canoeman's mind is free from all anxiety about obstructions, collisions or shallow places. He can see them without twisting his neck, and can avoid them without slackening his speed, and he can go safely where no other kind of boat can be taken. Dams cannot stop him, for he can carry his canoe around them. Rapids do not worry him—his canoe is at home in them.

Yachting is expensive; rowing is drudgery; but canoeing is neither costly nor strenuous. A good canoe costs less than a good bicycle, and lasts as long as does a house. It is sixteen feet long, thirty inches beam and about nine inches

deep amidships. A child can lift it, a boy can carry it, and it has never been accidentally upset. A double-bladed paddle is used. The cushions are four inches thick, filled with cork shavings which never get packed or lumpy. Paddling with a single blade is an art, but the double blade can be learned in a few minutes. It is the gentlest exercise known. The blades are thrust forward alternately right and left and dipped, then the paddler pulls himself and the canoe up to each blade in turn. The feet may be braced against a thwart when speed is necessary, or you may sit cross legged like a Turk; you may kneel on the cushion or stand up and paddle in calm water. Every muscle seems to be working. You push with the left while you pull with the right and you have to push just as hard as you pull alternately with every stroke. Each stroke twists the body from side to side, flexing and stretching the muscles of the back and abdomen without straining them. In fact, there is no strain anywhere.

One summer not long ago the writer, convalescing from a severe illness, was invited to spend a few weeks with friends at their summer home in Sea Cliff, L. I. The canoe was shipped from New Jersey by express to a small Sound steamer lying near Brooklyn Bridge. The express company's wagon, after the manner of common carriers generally, arrived at the pier before the steamer was out of



sight, but not before it was out of reach. The driver apologized,

like a gentleman, which was pleasant but not remedial. Missing the steamer meant a whole day's delay, but the weather was fine, the tide was favorable, and it took but a few minutes to slip the canoe into the water, arrange the cushions, and get started on the thirty-mile trip to Sea Cliff.

The tide in the East River is a great help if you are going with it. It held right as far as Hell Gate, where the inbound current was met, and then the struggle began. To keep out of the contrary tide it was necessary to work inshore.

Rounding Lawrence's Point and crossing the fierce current, the first landing was made at South Brother Island for dinner at 4 p. m., after which the fight with the adverse tide was resumed. Whitestone was reached at about 6 p. m. The canoe was left in charge of a boat-house at that point, and a clean little German hotel furnished a comfortable bed into which the aching traveler climbed after a good rub down with a wet towel. His very recent illness and lack of preparation for the fourteen-mile

pull from Brooklyn Bridge to White-stone left his muscles in very poor condition, so that from shoulders to waist was one dull ache.

No trace of stiffness or weariness remained, however, after the night's rest. This remarkable freshness of body and muscle so soon after fatigue I credit to a vegetarian diet. Meat eaters feel sore for a few days after a test of this kind. The last half of the trip, from Whitestone to Sea Cliff, was made in comfort.

When Sea Cliff was reached it was 10:15 a. m., which made, allowing for stops, seven and one-half hours for the entire trip from the Bridge. It is about twenty-eight or thirty miles, and most of it was made against a strong tide. A few days later the canoe's sea-going qualities were tested by a trip with a passenger across the Sound from Sea Cliff to Larchmont and back in less than

two hours each way. After a very enjoyable two weeks' stay, and completely restored to health and strength among

people who know how to live according to natural



1 Result of Over-Confidence. 2 Safe! 3 Racing Position, Standing. 4 Comfort. 5 Seated on Deck. 6 Racing Position, Kneeling

laws. the former invalid decided not to go back by steamer or rail, but embarking once more in the canoe shortly before noon of a bright day in September the return trip was made in a leisurely manner down Long Island Sound to Hell Gate, through the Harlem River to Spuyten Duyvil, and across the Hudson to Fort Lee, where a florist, returning from market with his wagon empty, was prevailed upon to cart the canoe across the hill to a small creek

that empties into the Hackensack River, on whose waters the little craft is now in active service.

Within a few minutes' ride of New York (see any good road map) are dozens of large and small streams, bays and lakes on which more real pleasure can be had in one day with a canoe at slight expense than could be had in a week in any other way. The sport combines healthful exercise with pleasure right close to nature itself.

CANCER OF THE BREAST CURED BY NATURAL METHODS

To the Editor:

Hoping my experience may be of interest to the many readers of your magazine, I will give a brief account of the way in which I was cured of cancer of the breast by physical culture methods.

Having witnessed many beneficial results from fasting, I took a fast of ten and a half days. I took indoor and outdoor exercise and short walks every day, practiced deep breathing frequently, took tepid sponge baths, and used several enemas of warm water to assist in cleansing and purifying my system. I drank nothing but cold water. When I had fasted seven or eight days the cancer showed decided improvement, and several days after the close of the ten-and-a-half-day fast it was entirely healed. I have had no return of the trouble, proving conclusively that Nature, without any assistance from doctors or surgeons, will tear down and cast out cancerous growths, or unnatural discharge pipes, as soon as the sys-

tem is so purified that it will not need them. Wishing you unbounded success in your efforts to relieve suffer-



Mrs. M. L. Smith, Who Cured Cancer of the Breast by Adopting a Fast of Ten and a Half Days' Duration

ing humanity through natural means, I remain,
Yours truly,
Plainwell, Mich. MRS. M. L. SMITH.

GREAT MEN OF ALL TIMES HAVE BEEN PHYSICAL CULTURISTS

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught;
The wise for health on exercise depend;
God never made His work for man to mend."

—DRYDEN.

"They in old, who drank the streamlet clear,
And fed upon the fruits which Nature sent,
They should be your example, should appear
Beacons on which your eyes should still be bent."

—MICHAEL ANGELO.



Children's Day at Coney Island—The Children of the Poor of New York's East Side Seldom Get an Exhilarating Surf Bath Though So Near to the Great Surf at Coney Island

THE CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO

HOW THE CHILDREN OF THE EAST SIDE POOR OF NEW YORK GET
THEIR EXERCISE AND RECREATION

THOSE to whom the lower East Side of the metropolis is as an unexplored country are apt to think of it as a wilderness of narrow streets and crowded tenements wherein the first principles of hygiene are disregarded and stunted parents raise hordes of wizened children. Especially does this belief apply to Eastsiders of Hebrew-Slavic ancestry.

Now the majority of generalizations consists of a mixture of truth and error. This one which has to do with New York's Ghetto is no exception to the rule. It is true that the adults of the territory, physically speaking, are usually poor specimens of humanity. But on the other hand its children, taking them as a class, are sturdy and abounding in that spontaneous vigor that is the sure sign of youthful health. Deterioration begins when the youngsters take up the burden of life in grim earnest. Then the sweat-shop, with its foul air, its long hours of

labor, its perpetual cramping over the sewing machine and its poor pay, quickly robs the child of its childhood, giving it in its stead an undeveloped manhood or a sickly womanhood. And what stands good of the sweat-shop unhappily stands good of most of those industries that are identified with the East Side as a whole.

The pictures that accompany this article will go to prove that, as already intimated, the small Rebeccas, and Isaacs and Miriams, and Jacobs are, in spite of all, a very jolly, wholesome lot of little folk indeed. Remembering the conditions that usually surround them in their homes, one may wonder at first thought at their plump faces, clear eyes and well-rounded limbs.

But if you are familiar with them and theirs, and consider them apart from the stuffy room or two in which they in company with father and mother and probably four or five sisters and brothers eat and sleep, the reason of their capital

condition will become apparent. And the explanation is that the children, unknowingly perhaps, but actually nevertheless, are pretty thorough physical culturists. They live out the rules of the system in the rough it may be, but all the same the practical application of the rules is there and the results are the laughing, romping groups that have been caught by the cameras' of this magazine.

To begin with, the food of the child of the Ghetto is of the sort that the physical culturist cannot but approve. His bill of fare, for obvious reasons, is guiltless of pork. Such meat as comes to him—and it doesn't come any too often—has

tracted is rarely in evidence. And as he eats much bread and still more bread, it is safe to assume that no small part of his sturdiness comes from that same bread being of the "natural" sort. And with the bread, water, with an infrequent cup of coffee, constitutes his drink.

Inheriting from his Oriental forbears a love of the open, he lives in the street as much as possible. This may not be good for his manners, perhaps, but it is excellent for his health. Even if a stern parent, or some other unpleasant fact, keeps him at home, you'll find him usually at the open window, on the fire-escape or pattering over the roof. This instinct for fresh air he observes all the year round, and he broils in the sun or feels his cheeks and nose glowing by reason of the nipping of Jack Frost's fingers with equal enjoyment.

His amusements, such as they are, are still more or less in a line with those of the physical culturist.



Playing Under One of the Cool Piers of Coney Island that Line the Entire Beach and on Which the Amusement Halls and Other Features of Coney Island are Built to a Great Extent



The Very First Thing a Child of the East Side Will Do When it Sees the Purling Waves in Front of It is to Take Off Shoes and Stockings and Revel in the Cool, Eddying Salt Water

been passed upon and approved by the proper authorities from the synagogue. "Kosher" it is, and "Kosher" is a synonym for wholesomeness.

Then the youngster eats much green stuff in the way of salads, also all the fruit he can get, and he rejoices in things in the raw in the shape of radishes, onions and the like. Furthermore, he eschews white bread, not from choice exactly, but because the abomination of civilization in question is practically unknown in the East Side home. Rye bread there is, and brown, bran or black breads. But bread from which the muscle-making and bone-begetting elements have been ex-

During the summer, the East River being handy, he leads a semi-aquatic existence. He haunts the docks and piers, and in the intervals of diving off string-pieces, takes long and luxurious sunbaths. The East Side "cop," knowing that cleanliness isn't many degrees removed from municipal godliness, doesn't interfere with him to any great extent. Passengers on ferry-

boats may be shocked or amused by the incidental spectacle of unclothed East Side juvenile humanity as the case may be. But on the whole, the lack of bathing trunks is atoned for by the resultant excess of physical good that comes to the more or less innocent unclads.

The public playgrounds, the small parks that dot the East Side and the recreation piers that fringe the river front are also factors in the lives of the children of the Ghetto. The city fathers of the metropolis may have much to answer for, but it is safe to assume that when the

of the streets beyond. The other half consists, for the greater part, of women, mostly young mothers with babies on their laps or at their breasts. To these, the recreation pier means the difference between life and death—between a small, waxy placid body that shall be nothing but a harrowing memory, or a man-child or woman-child who in due season may render honor to the city that provides so well for its physical development.

Of all the things from which these children manage to extract pleasure, perhaps the most valued is the street band or piano. Some time since one of those individuals who apparently are never happy unless marring the happiness of others, being armed with a little brief authority, tried to have a municipal ordinance passed to the end of abolishing the musicians of the curbstone and the gutter. The stupid and indeed cruel



Children's Outing—Philanthropic Societies Take the Children from Their Crowded, Smothering Environment in the Hottest Days of Summer and Convey Them, by Boat, to Cool, Delightful Spots on the Hudson

recording angel strikes their balances, these same stretches of greenery and breeze-swept and river-washed oases will offset a goodly percentage of things that come under the caption of "jobs."

Visit one of the piers, on a stifling August night, and mark what they mean to the child of the tenement. Westward there is a shimmering glow that tells of a heat unendurable, of feverish sleep, of hot, stagnant air, of foulness borne of sun-baked bricks and mortar. Here is a cool gurgle of waters and a blessed wind that is conceived in their dusky, undulating bosoms. The pier is crowded. One-half its occupants are youngsters too happy to be noisy, who have escaped from the stewing and roasting atmosphere



A Scene at a Children's Outing on the Hudson

effort of the meddling one didn't come to anything, but the incidental arousing of the East Side, as was shown by communications to the newspapers and speeches in the aldermanic chamber, proved how dear to its heart is the mechanical piano.

The throng that surrounds one of these instruments as it follows it from halting place to halting place, gives one an excellent opportunity to study the immature Ghettoites. Apart from the obvious health of the youngsters the characteristic that will impress itself most strongly on the

observer is the unmistakable racial type of the features of the children. This is due to the fact that the East Side is the home of orthodox Judaism of the strictest and sternest. Mixed marriages are in consequence unknown. So is the blood kept pure and the facial peculiarities of the race not only conserved but even exaggerated.

These music-worshipping crowds are made up of two parts, the audience and the performers, the latter being young girls who dance usually in couples, but



A Dance on the Sidewalk of New York's East Side—How the Children Get Their Exercise and Amusement

always wonderfully well. There is a sort of mystery attached to these small danseuses and their efforts, for while they know nothing of the interiors of dancing schools, their work is not only dainty and graceful, but in addition the dances themselves are of a sort that are unknown to the outside world. Occasionally one sees the interjection of a "two-step," or equally familiar movement, but on the whole the dancers seem to be indigent to the territory in which only they are to be seen. Most of them have a variety of fancy steps of the not too easy sort. Sometimes they suggest a modification of an old-time jig or hornpipe. Once the writer saw a quartette of solemn, swarthy children giving what was evidently a re-

vised version of a Russian peasant dance. The curious thing about it is that, while nearly every girl of the Ghetto seems to be acquainted with these dances, they don't appear to know just how or where they learned them.

"Vell, it just come by me," said a panting, happy little one who was the evident belle of the curb ball, when asked who had taught her.

"But some one must have shown you the steps."

"I guess I was born-ded with dem," was the reply. "We all the dance do—sister Lena and Sarah and Esther. That so. I luv to dance. So."

Also has pretty nearly every block its star performer. And she doesn't hesitate to enter the terpsichorean lists against her rivals at every opportunity.

A good deal of the sunlight that comes into the too brief childhoods of the East Side is due to those commendable institutions whose relig-



Hand Organ—The Visits of These Italian Musicians Come as a Ray of Sunlight in the Haunts of the East Side Children

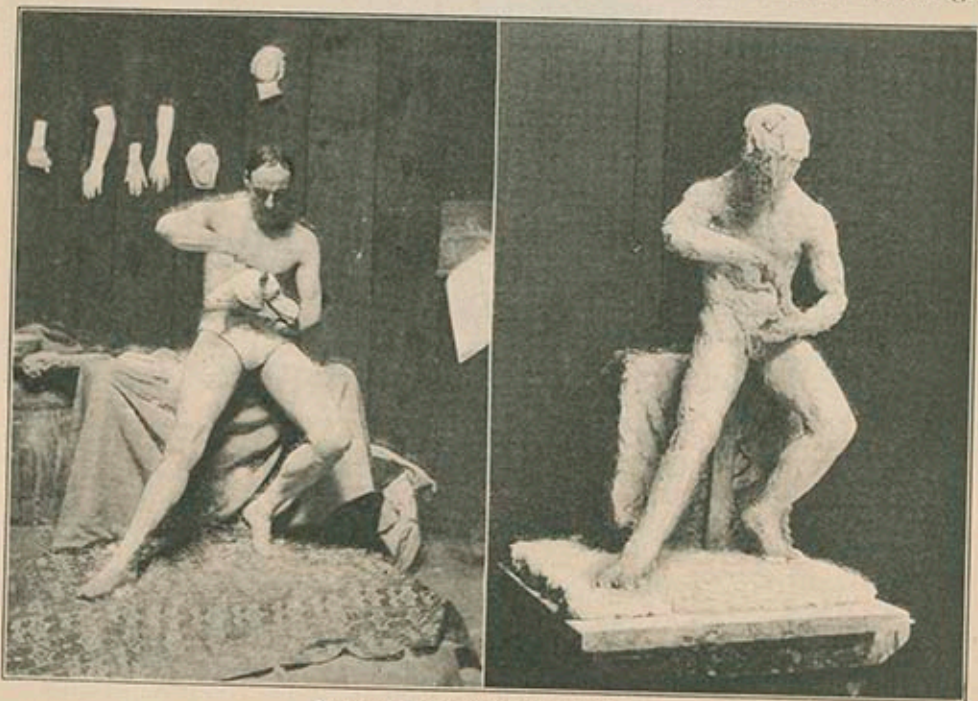
ious or philanthropic efforts are confined to the territory named. Of these the College Settlements are doing much in the way of physical and moral sweetness and light. A series of East Side Boys' Clubs, in which the youngsters are treated rationally, and in a sense manfully, have been highly successful. The East Side Summer Outing

Association, an organization of an undenominational and practical sort, gives every year many days of wholesome pleasure to its juvenile guests. So does the Woman's Flower and Fresh Air Mission, the title of which tells its own story. The Girls' Recreation Club is but little known outside of its members and those to whom it ministers. Its work and its workers are equally entitled to praise, however. The former consists in giving the East Side "little mothers" a series of outings—usually up the Hudson—while the latter are almost all women of social standing who are willing to spend much of the heated term in town in order to lighten the burdens of their small sisters. These are but a few of the many commendable efforts that, either at special seasons or all the year round, are being made to make the lot of the Ghetto child purer and brighter.

Finally, a well-known New York physician who, through his connection with one of the institutions in question was for some years closely identified with the people of the Ghetto, was asked why the invariably healthy Hebrew lad usually became a puny, spirit-

less, sallow-skinned man. He answered:

"Outside of the sweat-shop, the cigarette is the curse of the East Side. Go down Grand Street, during lunch hour, and the youth or man who hasn't one of the coffin nails between his lips is a curiosity there. These fellows smoke from breakfast time to bedtime, and in scores of cases I've known them to get up in the middle of the night to satisfy their craving. The average cigarette is bad enough, but those sold in New York's Jewish quarter are made of the vilest tobacco, or of chopped "snipes"—cigar butts—picked up in the gutters. The cigarettes can be bought three or four for a cent, so you can imagine just what they are. I attribute at least thirty-three per cent. of East Side crime to its detestable cigarettes. For the moment a man becomes a cigarette fiend he ceases to be normal, and then anything is possible to him in the way of criminality. The diseases—especially those of a mental type—bred by the East Side cigarette are numberless. I believe that it is only the sturdy constitutions of the women that prevents the cigarette from causing the Ghetto to become a colony of idiots or weaklings."



Making a Plaster Cast for Statue

Photograph of J. H. Knowles, Los Angeles, Cal., posing for a statue. By careful development of the body Mr. Knowles has reached, to a great extent, the sculptor's ideal of the perfect human form

SOME SWIMMING FEATS AND HOW THEY ARE ACCOMPLISHED

By *H. S. Horan*

TEACHER OF SWIMMING AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

IT is hardly necessary to preface this article with an account of the great benefits which are to be derived from swimming as an exercise. The part it plays in purifying the skin, developing the muscles of the body, increasing the

able to float on the breast. Stand with backs of the hands touching the sides of the waist or thighs, palms out, hands rather scoop-shaped and elbows and wrists perfectly rigid. Then make a circular sweep of the arms through the water till

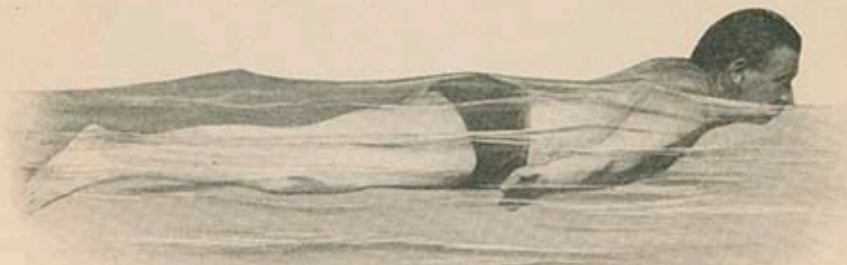


Fig. 1.—Swimming on the Breast

vitality and in strengthening the lungs and heart is now universally recognized by athletes. The following feats herewith described are novel and should prove of interest and value to every swimmer.

FIGURE 1—SWIMMING ON THE BREAST, FEET FOREMOST. In order to accomplish this feat successfully, a person should be

the palms of the hands touch above the head and in a straight line with the body. The legs can be kept straight and rigid and in a line with the body, or they can be used alternately, drawing the water backward by means of the instep and toes combined and bending the legs at the hips. As a rule, the mastering of this feat requires a great deal of perseverance and practice.



Fig. 2.—Swimming on the Back, Feet Foremost

In bringing the arms and hands to the first position, or beginning of the stroke, the swimmer can either bring them

FOREMOST. Start by floating on the back, holding the chest well up, back arched and legs in a straight line with the body,



Fig. 3.—Swimming with Both Legs Out of the Water

through the water, or just above the surface, or both.

FIG. 2.—SWIMMING ON THE BACK, FEET

arms and hands close by the sides, holding the palms out; hands scoop-shaped and the elbows and wrists rigid. Then,

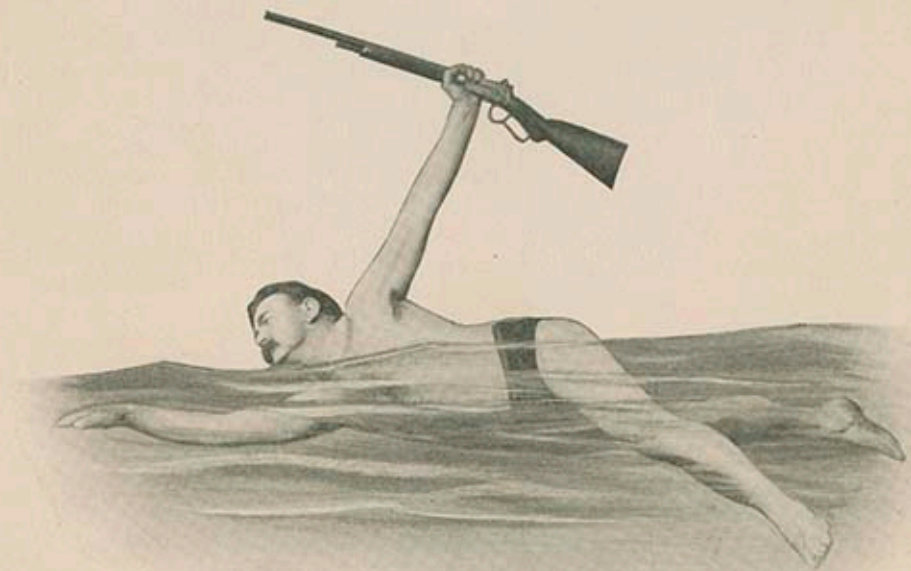


Fig. 4.—Swimming with Either One or Both Hands Out of Water

with a long and powerful sweep of the hands backward, as far as possible, you can force the body through the water, feet foremost. When the arms are recovering from the stroke all the muscles of the arms and hands must be relaxed so as to offer as little resistance to the

same time turning up the legs perpendicularly and at right angles with the body. Keep the chest well up and the back arched and breathe through the nose. The downward and backward movement of the hands and arms will serve for two purposes—that of keeping

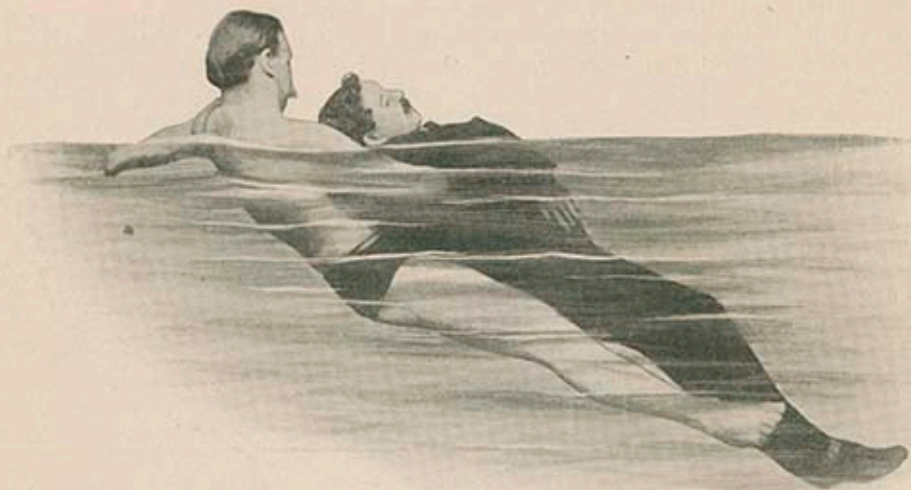


Fig. 5.—How to Save a Life

water as possible. The legs may be kept rigid and in a straight line with the body, or may be used to aid in propelling the body by kicking backward and bending at the knees at right angles with the body. If the legs are used it should be alternately. The head should be only high enough to enable you to keep your nostrils out of the water. Keep the lips closed and breathe through the nostrils. When you wish to turn either way, use with increased power only the arm and hand opposite to the direction in which you wish to go.

FIGURE 3—SWIMMING WITH BOTH LEGS OUT OF THE WATER. This is another feat that calls for a great deal of patience as well as perseverance. Begin by practicing with one leg out of the water, at first, then the other, and finally with both together. The elbows and wrists should be kept rigid, and pressure applied with the hands and arms downward and backward as hard as possible, at the

the body from sinking, and at the same time propelling it. In this exercise the hands should never be brought above the surface of the water.



Fig. 6.—The Forward Standing Dive

FIGURE 4.—SWIMMING WITH EITHER ONE OR BOTH HANDS OUT OF WATER. The advantage of this feat will very readily be appreciated by anyone who wishes to swim across a stream, burdened with a package or bundle he does not wish to get wet. First practice by using both legs and only one hand. After you have accomplished this, you can then hold some small, light article with the other hand out of water. You can gradually increase the weight of the article carried and can also increase the distance. This style of swimming, in case of emergency, will be found very useful. It comes in very useful for soldiers when, as often happens, they have occasion to swim across rivers with one hand out of water, especially in time of war. Every swimmer should master this feat.

FIGURE 5—How to SAVE LIFE. What to do to save a person from drowning depends a great deal on the nature of the accident and its surroundings. Care should always be taken to approach a drowning person from behind. Seize him by the arms near the shoulder, or by the clothing at the back of the neck with one hand, using the other hand and legs to swim, as shown in Fig. 17. If the person has sunk, you can locate the body by the bubbles that rise to the surface, if the water is comparatively still. Any person who cannot swim and falls into the water can keep afloat for a long time by lying on his back and keeping the arms under water, the lips closed and the lungs well inflated.

FIGURE 6. THE FORWARD STANDING DIVE. There are so many ways and

styles of diving. Figure 6 shows the correct position for starting the forward standing dive, or plunge. Proficiency in diving or plunging depends in a great measure on perfect balance and control of the body. The diver should in the forward standing dive keep the arms straight above the head in a line with the body, and the thumbs locked together. The legs should be kept stiff, straight and also in a line with the body. The body of the diver should enter the water in a straight line. His head, body and feet should enter the water successively where his hands first struck the water. He should cut the water as clean as an arrow. Draw a long deep breath before starting. Keep the lips closed, and be careful to open the eyes after head gets below surface.



Jno. J. Conroy, J. J. Driscoll, L. McInnis, H. A. Higgins, Mathew M. Leary, chief; James J. Walsh
Group of Chief of Gymnasiums and the Physical Instructors of Boston's Municipal Gymnasiums

HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

This story was begun in the January issue. I believe it will be read with fascinated interest by every reader. The plot is well laid, the characters are wholesome, and the story progresses naturally to a dramatic climax. Mr. Coryell has written, under various pseudonyms, about one hundred and fifty well-known novels. He collaborated in the revision of my story entitled, "A Strenuous Lover."—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARRY had acted impulsively in assuming his tramp disguise. If he had given the matter more reflection he would have seen that such a semblance as he had put on was pretty nearly the worst possible for his purpose of making inquiries about Ruth. But he was at his home station before he realized what a mistake he had made; and then it was too late to rectify it.

He jumped quickly out of the car and crept away into the fields nearby, so conscious of his own identity in the midst of the familiar surroundings that it was not until he had been passed by three old acquaintances without recognition that he felt a sufficient assurance in the completeness of his disguise.

Even so, however, he did not feel easy until he had made his way well into the country, where he was less likely to meet any of the villagers who were most familiar with him.

His objective point was the little school-house, where, in spite of the information he had received that Elizabeth taught there now, he could not quite rid himself of the hope that he might yet find Ruth. The incongruity between Elizabeth and the little district school was so great that he could not adjust himself to it.

When he saw the familiar little red building his heart began to throb altogether in the old way; and when he came near enough to hear the hum of voices coming through the open windows, it seemed impossible that he was not to see Ruth now as formerly. He could not fix Elizabeth in the picture at all, and was sure that when he reached the school-

house he would find that if not Ruth, certainly not Elizabeth would be sitting in the little chair on the teacher's platform.

The sound of voices was hushed as he came near the school-house, and when he was where he could peer through one of the windows he saw the scholars all sitting in rapt attention, while the well-known voice of Elizabeth broke the silence. He could not see her from where he stood, but he could hear her words.

"I don't know how you feel, but I can't stand this any longer. I like being here with you, and you like to have me, don't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the instant, vociferous response.

"Of course you do; we're having lots of fun together. Still, I can't sit here and look out through the windows at the cool woods, I can't listen to the rustle of the leaves in the cool breeze without wishing I was out of this stuffy room playing like the little birds that swoop past the windows every once in a while. I don't suppose they are playing, but if they are at work it is work they want to do, and that's play, I think. Anyhow, don't you agree with me that it would be a great deal pleasanter to be out-of-doors just now than in here?"

"Yes, ma'am," came in a thundering roar from the scholars.

"Evidently," thought Harry, in amazement, "Beth has her own ideas of how to teach school." He moved his position so as to be able to see her, and was hardly able to suppress an audible outbreak of mingled surprise and approval. Elizabeth, with the courage of her convictions, was in bloomers. The scholars were

manifestly accustomed to the sight of her thus arrayed, for their faces expressed no surprise, though they did express unbounded admiration; and at that Harry did not wonder, for Elizabeth was a sight to rejoice any unprejudiced observer as she stood there in all her robust beauty.

"Well, I'll tell you what we'll do for the remainder of the session; we'll go outside and play. I want to know how many girls have bloomers on under their skirts."

She looked inquiringly around the room, and presently the girls began to stand up, one after another, until not one remained seated. Elizabeth gave her desk a thump of approval with her closed hand.

"Every one of you!" she cried. "Good! Now you boys get out of here, and we will turn the school-house into a dressing-room. And you, Jack Pilcher, tell that dirty-faced gentleman at the window that it is time for him to move on his journey."

Harry started back at this unexpected evidence that he had been seen by Elizabeth's quick eyes; and the scholars, turning in time to see his movement, burst into a roar of laughter.

He moved hurriedly away, but had not gone much past the door when the boys came trooping out, shouting and laughing as boys do when they are set free from school.

Harry had meant to get away from the vicinity of the school in order better to pursue his inquiries, but it happened that one of the smaller boys who ran past him, in curiosity, was one of whom Ruth had been especially fond. On the impulse of the moment, Harry spoke to him.

"Say!" he said, maintaining his character of tramp, "got a new teacher, ain't ye?"

"Uh-huh!" assented the boy.

"What's 'come of the other one?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"I guess that's none o' your business," said another voice; and Harry turned to see that the other scholars had gathered, and that Ben Lewis—the same who had been "trounced" by Elizabeth—was glowering at him.

"I was only asking a civil question,"

Harry answered, and would have gone on, only that the big boy, finding the tramp so meek, grew bolder and approached him, squaring his shoulders and saying:

"Well, we don't like civil questions from tramps. You go on about your business, or you'll get something you don't want."

This would have afforded Harry a vast deal of amusement under other circumstances, but just now it made him uneasy, since it might interfere with his plans for a secret inquiry.

"All right," he answered, "I'm ready to go."

"What d'you know about the teachers, anyhow?" demanded Ben Lewis, truculently, very conscious of the admiration of the smaller boys about him.

"Why, I'd ben by here before and remembered a little teacher; that's all. How far it is to Melton?"

"What's the matter, boys?" called out Elizabeth from the doorway.

"You hurry and git out o' here!" said Ben Lewis, with a last burst of bluster. One of the smaller boys, eager to relate how brave Ben Lewis had been in bullying the tramp, ran to Elizabeth and eagerly explained:

"The tramp was asking about Miss Warner, an' Ben Lewis, he told him to mind his own business, he did."

"Miss Warner!" cried Elizabeth. "Here! stop! I want to speak to that man, Ben."

Ben, strong in the conviction that Elizabeth was irresistible, ran in front of Harry and barred the way. Harry wavered between the temptation to push the boy aside and run and the consciousness that he might easily spoil his chances of learning anything about Ruth by taking to flight and so arousing suspicion against himself.

He decided to risk recognition, trusting to his disguise and his good acting to aid him in coming off without difficulty; so he turned toward Elizabeth and awaited her coming.

"What did he want to know about, Ben?" she asked, approaching with that air of serenity which belongs with conscious strength.

"He was pryin' around to know somethin' about Miss Warner," answered Ben,

anxious to justify himself, and making as good a case as he could.

"I wasn't doin' no pryin'," said Harry, roughly. "I jest asked a civil question. I been around here afore, an' I seen a little teacher here; that's all. There ain't no law agin askin' civil questions, is there?"

"What did you want to know about her?" Elizabeth asked peremptorily.

"I tell ye I didn't want to know nothin'. I was passin' by and I heerd you talkin' an' looked in. I see you warn't the same teacher, an' I up an' ast about it. That's all."

"When were you about here before?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, a while ago; I don't know when jest ezactly. But I got to git along, now."

"Yes, but not that way," said Elizabeth, with decision. "I want you to go with me. Children, school is dismissed for the day. Carrie, get me my skirt, and bring it here."

"We'll take care of him while you go in and put it on, Miss Mowbray," said Ben.

Half amused, in spite of his annoyance, Harry looked from Elizabeth's calm face to the young man's determined one, and would then and there have shown them the danger of reckoning without their host, had it not been that he was afraid that by escaping in such a way he would have a hue and cry raised throughout the country.

"Will you tell me what you want me fer?" he asked.

"I want you for being a suspicious character," answered Elizabeth in a most business-like way. "If you can give a good account of yourself you will have no trouble, but if you cannot, why—" and she shrugged her shoulders.

"I didn't know a feller could be arrested on suspicion of jest anyone," said Harry. "Suppose I was to suspect you? Most gals don't go around in togs like them."

"I won't discuss that with you."

"I don't think I care to go with you, miss."

"It isn't for you to choose," was the calm answer; "you will go with me."

"I'll go, too," said Ben.

"Very well. And see that he doesn't

get away while I go in and put on my skirt.

She started toward the school-house. Harry had been making up his mind, as he talked, what he would do. If Elizabeth had intended taking him to the village alone he would have gone with her, and made himself known to her rather than expose himself to the general search that would have followed his escape. Now that Ben was to be of the company, he decided on another device.

Elizabeth had taken but a few steps toward the school-house, and the bigger boys, led by Ben, had begun to gather aggressively about him, when Harry made his decision and acted upon it instantly. He thrust out his hand and pushed Ben aside, swept a passage through the other boys with the other hand, and sprang forward. The boys afterward said that it was as if an iron arm attached to a steam engine had moved upon them, so absolutely irresistible was it.

At that moment, however, they did not stop to make smiles, but yelled with one accord to Elizabeth, as if they felt sure that, woman though she was, she would be able to cope with the stalwart tramp.

She turned at the cry from the boys, and saw the tramp fleeing down the road. Congratulating herself that she had not yet donned her hampering skirt she started in pursuit. In a few moments she had passed the scattering line of boys, and was presently overtaking the tramp, just as she had confidently expected to do; for Elizabeth had a secret contempt for the unathletic average man, and a very open contempt for the sort of man who would turn tramp.

After a few minutes of running, however, she became conscious that she was no longer overtaking the fleeing tramp. She increased her speed, and saw him look back and increase his speed. She now studied his form—that is, his running form—and saw that he was moving along with the ease and speed of a practiced sprinter.

Instantly the thought flashed into her brain that her first suspicion of the man must be correct. He was not what he had seemed. He certainly was not an ordinary tramp. She knew that he could run more swiftly than she; it seemed to

her that he ran even more easily than Harry, who was the only person up to that moment who had ever outrun her.

She did not give up the race because she was being outrun, however, but with her usual coolness considered the situation. It was plain that she was not going to be able to overtake the man, but she knew that she could keep near him, whatever pace he was able to keep up, and she had no doubt that if he kept to the road he would soon be met by somebody, driving or walking. He should find her a most difficult person to get away from.

Harry, looking back occasionally, saw her fall into a dogged pace, which he knew she could keep up by the hour, and comprehended what her purpose was. But he had already thought of the possibility of someone meeting them, and had decided to take to the fields and woods the moment he came to a place favorable to the purpose. As a matter of fact, the running was doing him good, giving him a clearer brain and putting him in a better mood.

He began to recall all he knew of Elizabeth, remembered her unflinching serenity and her judicial fairness. It was true that he had no choice but to trust her, but he was able to realize that he had only to make out his case to win her silence.

He laughed as he vaulted the fence, and took across the grass lot toward a field of young oats. He knew Elizabeth's lack of imagination, and was sure he had taken her by surprise, as indeed he had, for until she saw him go over the fence she had not contemplated anything but a straight run along the road until she had chased her quarry into somebody's arms.

However, she was over the fence as readily as he, and was loping along after him in a style to win any athlete's heart. She did realize that he was making for the woods, and she knew now that he was not a debase weakling of a man who would easily succumb to her superior prowess, but rather an athlete who might have even the strength to conquer her.

She looked back to see where the boys were, but was not greatly reassured to see them coming on at a snail's pace—doing their best, no doubt, but, being

untrained, unable to keep anywhere near her. It never occurred to her to give up, however, and she began to go over in her mind how she would act if the man turned on her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Harry was well in the depths of the woods, Elizabeth was not far behind him, and the boys were not in sight nor in hearing. He stopped, breathily deeply, but manifestly not exhausted, and, to Elizabeth's indignation, on a broad grin. She stopped, too.

"You might as well give in," she said. "I shall not let you out of my sight until help comes."

"I'd like to know what I've done," he said, wishing to get what little fun he could out of the situation. "What do you want with me?"

"You know very well you are not a tramp."

"If I'm not a tramp, what do you run after me for?"

"You are disguised, and will have to explain yourself."

"How do you know I'm disguised?"

"I know a tramp could never run as you have done. But I don't care what you are, I shall not leave you until you are in custody. The boys will soon be here; with their help, whoever or whatever you are, I shall be able to make you my prisoner."

Harry wondered what the effect on a real tramp, or upon any other man but himself, must have been of being confronted by that splendid woman, whose very beauty of face and magnificence of body only made her composure the more striking. There was not a trace of fear in her clear blue eyes, and he knew that she must recognize in him a man very likely her superior in strength, as he was her proved superior in agility. Certainly he had never respected or admired her as much as at that moment. He dropped his assumed tone and spoke naturally.

"You are quite right about the disguise, Beth. I am Harry."

"Harry?"

"Yes. I am here to find out something about Ruth Warner. You must know how I feel toward her since you are taking her place in the school."

"Oh, Harry!" She was too matter of fact to grasp at once the reason for his disguise.

"I think you and father have been unfair to me in some way. I hope you will explain. I cannot imagine you engaged in anything underhanded, Beth, but this looks a little like it."

"Does it? Maybe it does. Yes, I suppose it does. Hm! I don't know what to say, Harry. I haven't anything to do with the affair, really. I guess you'll have to ask your father."

"You won't tell me why you are teaching school in Ruth's place? Can't you see that I must be horribly troubled? I suppose it is useless to appeal to you on the ground of my love for Ruth; you can't understand such a sentiment, of course. Will you tell me why you teach in Ruth's place?"

"Somebody had to take her place when she went away. I volunteered."

"Here come some of those boys. Let us meet them and send them away, unless you mean to refuse to give me the information I seek."

The noise of the approaching boys could be heard as they entered the woods, panting, and crying out for Miss Mowbray.

"I don't know what you expect me to tell you," Elizabeth said, "but I want to talk with you. Suppose you go home with me."

"No. I won't do that; it is not necessary. I came here to find out why Ruth did not answer my letters. If you won't tell me I shall go elsewhere. I assure you I shall not give up trying until I know what has happened to Ruth—not even if my inquiring leads to a rupture with my father."

"Let us walk back together," she said, soberly. "I will send the boys away, telling them that I made a mistake. It seems very strange to find you in a mood like this."

"It seems strange to find Elizabeth Mowbray teaching school."

"Yes, I suppose it does; of course, it must. I really hadn't thought of that, it seems so natural to me now."

"Not more natural than it does for me to be in the mood I am. Well, there are your boys flying to your rescue, as if they loved you pretty well. I should

think you would be almost a convert to love by this time."

"That kind of love! Oh, that kind is all right enough; it is the other kind I don't understand. Oh, Ben! I'm sorry to have brought you such a chase. It was all a mistake, that has been explained satisfactorily. You may go home now."

"But, Miss Mowbray!"

"I don't want to talk about it now, Ben. To-morrow you may ask me any questions you wish to. I wish you to go home now."

"Yes, ma'am." He turned meekly and went away, making the other boys, who had straggled up, follow him.

"A nice, obedient boy!" said Harry, sarcastically.

"Yes. He trusts me," answered Elizabeth.

"Looks almost as if he might be afraid of you."

"What do you mean?"

"Was it a knock-out blow, or did you take him over your knee? Oh, I heard how you trounced him into obedience."

Elizabeth smiled. "I put him on his back, and sat on him while I explained to the other boys that I was not to be trifled with; that was all. It was quite enough, though."

"And now he's in love with you."

"Oh, I guess not."

"Yes he is; madly, heels over head in love with you; ready to die for you; anxious to show how much your slave he is. And you don't believe in love."

"Nonsense! Because you are out of your senses you think he is afflicted in the same way. Love, indeed!"

"Then you know that I love Ruth? You have admitted as much. I know that father is mixed up in this matter, and I see that you are. Will you tell me why Ruth went away so suddenly? Will you tell me where she is?"

"You say you love her? Yes, I knew you thought so. Do you mean to say, too, that you will spoil the beautiful experiment we were to make? You know, Harry, that is what I can't understand in you. There may never be such another opportunity to bring a perfect child into this world; and I do wonder at you in turning aside from it. I can't say anything about love, but I can say I don't

see what it has to do with such an experiment as the one we were engaged in. Just imagine if we had a daughter born to the physical beauty and strength which we have! Would she not have been the most magnificent object lesson to a foolish, convention-ridden world? Why—"

"Oh, Beth! You make me tired! I wonder that I once was a victim to the same absurd notions. I don't believe a child could be at its best unless it was born in love relations. If we loved each other as Ruth and I love, then our child would be of the best."

"But Ruth is a puny——"

"It is enough for me that I love her and she loves me. No, I don't know that she loves me. That is what I want to know, what I shall know. You cannot keep me from knowing; you cannot keep Ruth and me apart if I find out that she does love me. I can see that something has come between us, and it is plain enough that father and you have had a hand in separating us. I did not believe that you or he would ever stoop to do such wrong."

"You can discuss your father's business with him. As for me, I can assure you that I have done nothing to separate you two. And yet I am not sure that I would not have done so if it had been necessary, for I think she is totally unfit to be a mother."

"She is perfectly well; constitutionally strong; and the foremost specialists among the doctors believe now that heredity plays no part at all in giving qualities to children."

"Pshaw! That's what they believe today; to-morrow they will be telling us something else. They don't care for the truth. It is only a new sensation they are after. You know perfectly well that some babies are born miserable and puny, and others well and hearty. Has heredity nothing to do with that?"

"It all depends. Some of the puny babies are born of apparently strong and hearty parents. But the one thing we can be sure of is that almost any baby can be brought to magnificent health and vigor by being properly cared for and trained. I believe just as much as you do that no human being has a right to enter upon parenthood unfit; and I would not marry Ruth unless she were fit to be a

mother; but to be fit it is not necessary that she should be an athlete like you. Frankly, I would back Ruth's child against yours. And, anyhow, I must be the judge of my own responsibilities. Will you tell me her address? I believe you know it."

"I do not."

Harry was silent for a few moments, then said, soberly, but with an air of unalterable determination:

"Very well! I will see father and will tell him that I shall permit nothing to come between me and the woman I love. It is a dreadful thing to have to do, but it is my right to go my way without interference."

"You won't go to your father, Harry?" Elizabeth said, anxiously. No one knew better than she what such an interview might lead to.

"Yes. He has been unfair to me; he has interfered in some way. I do not know what he may have said to Ruth in order to get her to go away, but I am sure, now, that she did not go willingly. I had written her two letters, which I am sure she would not have left unanswered if something extraordinary had not been done to prevent her. I told her that I loved her and begged her to tell me how she felt toward me."

"If you go to your father, Harry, you may bring about a rupture that will separate you forever. You say a great deal about love, Harry; have you no love for your father?"

"Surely I have; but neither love nor anything else gives anyone the right to interfere arbitrarily in my life. It seems to me that the question here is whether he is acting from love of me, or from a desire to further plans of his own—plans in which I am only a factor. It cannot be love for me, for love seeks not its own, but the happiness of the loved one; it is unselfish."

"Now you know, Harry," said Elizabeth, judicially, "that is just nonsense. If what you say is true you would help some other man to win Ruth if she loved him more than she loved you."

"But I would do that. I am not saying I am the one to make Ruth happier than anyone else can, but I am hoping she will think so, since then I shall be utterly happy."

"I declare, Harry," Elizabeth exclaimed after a moment of silence, during which her calm blue eyes had been studying Harry's face, "I wish I could understand more about love. Of course, I always have liked you, but I never liked you as well as I do now. I wonder if that is because you are in love!"

"It surely is," he answered, eagerly. "Why, since I have known Ruth and have had love growing in my heart, it has seemed to me that I could love everybody. And love begets love. I never felt so strong a liking for you as now."

"Maybe you could love me if you tried," she said, quite seriously. "It would simplify matters so much. If you will try, Harry, I will do the best I can to love you. I do like you a great deal, better than I like anybody else, I am sure; and I would do whatever you told me to learn to love you."

"Good gracious, Beth! you can't love to order like that. Either you love or you don't love; and when you do love!—oh, Beth!"

"It seems to make people very obstinate," she said, reflectively. "Well, I'm sorry, for I would like to see our experiment tried. It does seem a shame to throw away all we have done. Did you know that I could chin myself with either hand now? I can. And I have some new Japanese tricks in wrestling. Have you ever looked into the jiu-jitsu?"

"Oh, what do I care about that now, Beth? I don't suppose I can make you understand, but nothing is of any consequence to me now but Ruth and my love for her."

"Do you mean to say you wouldn't care if I had learned some tricks that would enable me to throw you?"

"I hate the thought of such things."

"My goodness! I don't want to be in love, then, if that's the way it affects one."

"I wonder you and father don't try the experiment," said Harry, petulantly. "I think you and he would make a fine pair. You might better marry, for you would surely understand each other; and you wouldn't care for love or happiness; and when you grew tired of each other—as you surely would—you could calmly and philosophically separate, merely to meet on stated occasions in order to compare notes on your beautiful experiment."

"I have thought of it," said Elizabeth, composedly. "When I saw how obstinate Ruth was—"

"Aha!" cried Harry, exultantly, "then Ruth does love me!"

Elizabeth flushed and looked rebukingly at him.

"I said nothing of the sort."

"You said enough to show me that you had talked with her, and talked about her love for me; else why should you say she was obstinate just after saying what you did about me? Come, Beth, you are not the sort to be deceitful, or to be unkind either; tell me the truth!"

"I certainly have not been deceitful, Harry, and I don't mean to be unkind; but I do think you are two foolish persons who act very like ignorant children crying for something that surely will make them ill when they get it."

"But, Beth," said Harry, cunningly, "how can you say Ruth is wrong to want me, when you want me yourself?"

"Pshaw! I want you in the interests of humanity, while Ruth, poor child! is possessed by this love—Harry! you have trapped me into saying this!" And Elizabeth eyed him with all the sternness of which she was capable.

Harry, on his part, laughed joyously, sending out peal after peal, quite indifferent to her look of mingled chagrin and indignation.

"I forgive you everything, Beth," he cried. "Since I know that she loves me the rest is nothing."

"I did not say so."

"Yes, you did. But never mind, Beth! I can see that we are going to be better friends than ever before. Tell me! didn't you like Ruth, yourself? Did you get to know her at all? Did you ever see a sweeter, more womanly little creature?"

"Rather puny, Harry."

"Oh, I can see by that speech that you and she must have talked of me, for that is the phrase that I hurt her with at first. Honest, Beth, isn't she a lovely girl?"

"I certainly wish she was more robust. And I can tell you that she isn't fit for motherhood."

"She will be some day. If you had seen her as she was the first time I met her, you would find a great improvement in her. You see, Beth, she had been brought up to think knowledge of sex

matters sheer indecency, and robust health and vigor as attributes only of boys and men. You will see how she will improve right along. Where is she, Beth, dear?"

"I think you are trying to make love to me now."

"Why, Beth?"

"I don't remember you ever calling me 'Beth, dear,' before."

"I shall always call you 'Beth, dear,' if only you will give me Ruth's address so that I may go to her."

"I don't know it."

"Does father know it?"

"I think not, but I don't know whether he does or not."

"Somebody must know it."

"I presume Ruth does."

"Now you are being smart, Beth, and smartness doesn't agree with you. You are beautiful and athletic, but not clever as a wit."

"I told you I could chin myself with either hand, didn't I? Will you come home with me and see me do it?"

"I don't see what that has to do with your trying to be smart."

"It has this to do with it: I don't care to talk about Ruth, and you insist on doing so. I try to turn you from the subject and you don't like it; then I offer to show you my stunts because that is what you say I am clever at. I think you are very unreasonable. I suppose that is because you are in love."

"Yes," said Harry, "I am unreasonable. You have told me what I most wished to know, and I ought to be satisfied. I am very grateful to you, Beth. I shall find out where she is; I shall not give up until I do."

"But you are working on the trust case for your father."

"I shall give that up."

"And make your father unhappy? I don't think you are a very good son."

"He took Ruth away from me; so you see it is his own fault. Shall I go to him and say that I demand Ruth's address?"

Elizabeth looked earnestly at him as if she would search out his secret thoughts.

"Do you really put Ruth before your father?" she asked.

"Before everyone."

"How strange that is! And yet I believe I like you better for it, Harry. Still, we must not forget what this experiment

means to your father. Don't let him know yet that you have discovered Ruth's absence, but attend to the work he has given you, and leave it to me to bring him around to acquiescence."

"Wait indefinitely?"

"You know that she loves you; and you said that was the all-important matter."

"Do you assure me that she really does love me?"

"Did you not say, just now, that you had surmised as much from me?"

"But I want you to say it in so many words."

"Yes, she loves you; she is quite as silly as you are. And now I have told you what your father would not have wished you to know."

"You are as good as gold, Beth."

"Yes, I understand; I am good and dear when I do what you wish, and horrid when I oppose you. But understand, there is a condition attached to my helping you."

"What is it?"

"You must give me your promise that you will never marry Ruth until she is absolutely fit for motherhood."

"It is not necessary. Ruth would not marry me if she were not fit for motherhood, nor I her. Still, I will promise if you wish."

"That is right. You won't go home with me?"

"No, but I will walk with you until there is danger of meeting someone. You will have to go back to the school, you know."

They had crossed the fields and were standing in the road near where Harry had led the way over in the chase. Beth looked at him, for a moment, with an odd expression in her eyes.

"I think we'd better say good-bye here. You'll write me, if only to say where I may send you word of Ruth?"

"Yes, I'll write."

"I think someone is coming this way," said Beth, looking back toward the school-house.

"Why, it's father," cried Harry, starting back. "I'll go. But how did you know he was there? You were not looking."

"He is so worried about you and Ruth that he comes every day to meet me and talk about it."

"Oh!"

(To be continued.)

AILMENTS CAUSED BY SUMMER HEAT

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE TREATMENT OF COMPLAINTS THAT ARE QUITE COMMON AT THIS PERIOD OF THE YEAR.

SUN OR HEAT STROKE, HEAT EXHAUSTION,
SUN-BURN AND SUN-TAN

By Bernarr Macfadden

SUN OR HEAT STROKE.

THIS complaint can be caused by exposure to the rays of the sun, or it may be induced anywhere by extreme heat. Those engaged in occupations where excessive heat is present are frequent sufferers from troubles of this nature. It is well to note, however, that it rarely occurs except in those who are debilitated from some cause. Inactivity of the pores is a frequent cause. The free use of alcoholic liquors is in many instances an important factor.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.

The first symptom is usually weakness, especially in the legs, followed by an indistinct sight, objects appearing blurred and sometimes of a bright color, sudden pain in the head, nausea with fullness and pressure at the pit of the stomach, pulse frequent and weak, skin hot and dry, face flushed or pale.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

When one is convinced that there is a possibility of an attack he should find as quickly as possible a place where the temperature is as moderate as can be had. Then remove all excess of clothing and loosen every band that may be in any degree constrictive. If all clothing is removed from the body it will be still better. Following this, place the hands up to the wrist in cool water and allow them to remain there for a few moments, then dash cold water all over the body.

This usually will remedy ordinary attacks, though, if more serious, cloths wet in cold water should be wound around the body, and following this cold water should be sprinkled over the patient. The

best means of doing this is with an ordinary watering can, such as is used in the garden. Free flushing of the lower bowels in ordinary cool, not cold, water can be used to great advantage if the attack does not readily subside. Rubbing and kneading of the entire body while in the wet pack can be recommended. If the face is very pallid as the treatment continues, hot applications should be made to the head and over the heart.

Where one has fallen unconscious from sun-stroke his clothing should be removed immediately and cold applications made to the head and the entire body, and in a general way the self-treatment advised above should be adopted.

TREATMENT FOR HEAT EXHAUSTION.

Heat exhaustion might be termed a very mild heat stroke. Symptoms are usually a feeling of prostration or stupor from the extreme heat. Similar methods to those advised for sun-stroke can be recommended. If hands and arms up to the elbows are placed in very cold water relief usually will be induced. Free drinking of moderately cool water is frequently to be recommended, although the greatest possible care must be taken to avoid excessively cold water. Ice water is in many cases the prominent cause of troubles of this nature.

TREATMENT OF SUNBURN.

One of the most painful troubles that people suffer from quite frequently in the summer time is a bad sunburn. The inflammation and the accompanying pain will continue sometimes from two to five days, and under such circumstances it is usually impossible for one to secure even a moment's sleep. Of course, it is a sim-

ple matter to avoid being sunburned if a due amount of intelligence is used in exposing the body to the sun. The influence of the sun upon the body is unquestionably of very great benefit. But if a delicate flower grown in the shade is suddenly exposed to the extreme heat of the sun it will quickly wilt and die, and if we expose ourselves suddenly for a prolonged period to the extreme heat of the sun some unpleasant manifestations must be expected. But if you have made the mistake of exposing the body too freely to the sun what is the best method to adopt? On many occasions I have had to suffer severely from too free exposure to the sun. However, I finally learned a method of treating sunburns that lessens very greatly the serious discomforts that follow them.

The entire burned surface, as soon as it begins to inflame, should be swathed in cloths wet in cold water. These wet cloths should be kept on the burned surface while the inflammation remains. For instance, if you have burned your neck, arms and shoulders, take a fairly thick shirt, wet it in cold water and wear it. Upon retiring this shirt can be worn under your regular night clothing. Each time the shirt becomes dry it should be removed and again wet in cold water. If the inflammation is at all serious the moment the shirt is dry the pain will warn you of the necessity of again wetting it. If the sunburn is treated in this manner the stinging, burning pain that always accompanies a serious burn will hardly be

noticed and you will be able to secure your usual amount of sleep.

TO REMOVE SUN-TAN.

Most sensible persons have but little objection to sun tan. Usually it makes one look more vigorous and healthy. However, if one desires to remove it before the indoor life of fall and winter, which usually causes it to fade away, it can be done easily by a bleaching process. Get a thick cloth and cut it in a manner to closely fit over the entire face. Wet this before retiring and place it over the features, and allow it to remain until morning. This, if followed up night after night, will soon have a whitening effect upon the skin. It should be remembered, however, that one should keep out of the sun during the time this process is going on. If one objects to tan, the use of a wide-brimmed hat will enable him, usually, to enjoy the sunlight without becoming browned to any serious extent.

Freckles, which accompany sun tan, can be removed usually in a similar manner. Where they are present at all times this remedy may have some effect, although it is not by any means warranted to remove them.

In connection with the subject of sunstroke and heat exhaustion it might not be out of place to call attention to the methods of keeping cool presented in our last issue. It might be well to remember, also, that the wearing of black clothing greatly intensifies the effect of the sun's rays, serving to absorb the heat, inasmuch as black absorbs the heat, while light clothing reflects it.

WISDOM IN THE YOUNG

THE VALUE OF FINGER NAILS.

A little boy who had been pretty much bitten by mosquitoes was busily engaged in the delightful operation of "scratching." His mother had reproved him, saying that he would make the bites sore, when the little fellow replied: "Well, mamma, what are finger nails for?"

AN AMATEUR SWIMMER

"What is a stomach pump?" asked the teacher in physiology.

"Takin' a trip across the lake," promptly responded Tommy Tucker.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A LITTLE GLUTTON.

Papa—Tommy, you mustn't eat so much. Everybody will be calling you a little "glutton." Do you know what that is?

Tommy—I suppose it's a big glutton's little boy.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

USE AND VALUE OF NATURAL FOOD AND SOME PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR ITS PREPARATION

By Amelia M. Calkins

This is the eighth of a series of Weekly Menus which began with the January issue. Weekly menus of cooked foods entitled, "Physical Culture Menus," are appearing serially in the Beauty and Health magazine.

So many inquiries have been received for more detailed information of the uncooked diet that I have arranged for a series to appear monthly during this year. Some cooked foods can be added to each of the meals if desired. In fact, it would no doubt be better to use some cooked food with each meal in the beginning if not accustomed to following an uncooked diet.—BERNARR MACFADDEN

NEARLY all animals live four or five times as long as the time in which they attain their growth, but when we come to man, highest in the scale of being, there the average drops far below and we are told by scientists that forty years is the average of the life of men and women to-day. This fact would seem difficult of acceptance but that it is known that about half of the children born into the world die before the age of five years and in many, if not most, instances it is "murder of the innocents," due largely to mistakes of dietary.

Animal mothers, depending upon instinct, rarely lose their progeny—not more than one per cent. at most—but the human mother, not gifted with instinct, and seldom educated on the subject of food, makes sad work of the responsibilities of her office of motherhood. "Doctors, lawyers, nurses fit themselves to have charge of human beings; why not the mother?" is a most pertinent question, for the proper feeding of the infant and child is one of the most important questions of practical hygiene.

A poorly-fed child is going to be a weak man, for a man is what he has eaten and also what his father and grandfather have eaten. Anyone who has talked with a farmer upon the subject of rearing successfully colts or calves has learned that the first six weeks of their lives is the crucial period, when they must be properly nourished, with not too little or too much food, and proper care must be given, for once those weeks are past they can never be atoned for at any future time. Yet farmers, so careful in the manage-

ment of the inhabitants of their barnyards, give absolutely no thought to the diet of their children.

The lunch provided for school children especially is productive of incalculable harm. Many mothers seem to feel that almost anything will answer for a child's lunch, so the almost inevitable white bread and butter, pickles, cake, and perhaps pie, are given; eaten as hastily as is possible in order that some time may be left for play. When a child is given money to buy a lunch the result is perhaps a shade worse, for the cream puffs, ice-cream and soda-water all distend the stomach and relieve from the feeling of hunger for a time. Then, on returning from school, a lunch must be had that weakens the digestion of the six o'clock dinner, because the digestive organs are still busy with the three o'clock lunch. So much of the food ferments in the stomach and generates poisons, which, absorbed into the system, are productive of disease.

These harmful effects will be done away with when mothers and those having children in their care learn the dietetic value of nut butter, entire wheat bread, nuts, dates, raisins, figs and prunes, which, used in many combinations, either chopped or ground, make luncheon material that never fails to please and satisfy. The harm that has sometimes been thought to result from use of these foods was caused by their use after the stomach had been filled by the ordinary diet of cooked food. Then the digestion was unable to take care of anything additional.

Civilized people eat too much food,

and too rich food, and the rebound has come in the desire of many for something equally good, satisfying and more hygienic. To meet that demand the following menus are given:

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER, CEREAL COFFEE, MELONS, CANTELOUPES, PEARS, POPOVERS, BAKED POTATOES.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAMED TOMATOES in SHREDDED WHEAT SHELLS. Cut from top of half a dozen shredded wheat biscuits a piece two inches square. Remove it and a spoonful of shreds, to make room for tomato. Remove skins from tomatoes by scalding for a very short time. Cut in inch-square pieces; add a little sugar and salt and a cup of cream with the shreds from the biscuit. Make hot, but not cooked. Fill the shells, previously dipped quickly in milk, and put in oven until brown.

COLDSLAW with MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

FRUIT SALAD with GRAPE NUTS. Cut into thin slices five juicy oranges and sweeten to taste with powdered sugar. Put a layer of fruit in dish and on this put grape nuts and continue alternating, using grape nuts last. Let stand in a cool place while a pint of thick cream is whipped to a stiff froth. Sweeten, and flavor with pineapple extract. Spread over top of salad and ornament with candied cherries.

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—FIG PRUNE COFFEE, HOT WATER, MILK PUNCH (minus the punch).

Beat white and yolk of eggs separately, and add a teaspoonful of sugar to each egg. Put egg in glass with a little salt and fill up with milk. Or the eggs may be broken into glass and a teaspoonful of lemon or orange juice added, and then swallowed like an oyster whole. Greater benefit is obtained from the egg taken so rather than cooked.

FRUIT BREAD, GROUND WHEAT, HARVEST APPLES and CREAM. Any tender apple is desirable cut up raw and served with sugar and cream.

SECOND MEAL.—CORN SOUP. Choose six very nice tender ears of ever-green corn. Cut the grains through

twice, scraping out the milk. Grind corn, and add butter, salt and three pints of milk. When hot, but not boiled, add a well-beaten egg and, if desired, a cupful of whipped cream. It is found that many vegetables can be used by being ground and they are quite as satisfactory to any one, if not more so than when cooked.

NUT SANDWICHES. Spread thin slices of brown bread with currant or raspberry jelly and sprinkle over that chopped walnuts or hazel nuts. So few people masticate thoroughly that it is very desirable to have nuts ground. English walnuts may be soaked before cracking for twenty-four hours, and will then be more digestible. Make sandwiches also of chopped stuffed olives with the addition of a little mayonnaise dressing. Spread on buttered bread, but do not remove crusts, as they are best and sweetest.

BANANA SALAD.—Peel bananas, cut in halves crosswise; roll in beaten white of egg, then in chopped salted peanuts. Serve on lettuce leaves with a cream dressing.

CEREAL or POSTUM COFFEE, OLIVES, CHEESE, FRUIT BREAD.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—BANANA COFFEE, APPLES, GRAPE NUTS and CREAM. CORN MEAL GEMS, EGGS. WALNUTS, BAKED POTATOES.

SECOND MEAL.—WATERCRESS and MITI HAARI.

To make this soup begin by picking over, washing and chopping one bunch of watercress. To prepare Miti Haari grate one cocoanut; pour over it one pint of boiling water. When water is cool enough, squeeze the cocoanut by handfuls in the water, strain the mixture through a piece of cheesecloth. Stand it aside until cream comes to the surface, then strain it off. Add it to milk, also the required amount of salt, butter and a spoonful either of banana flour or entire wheat flour. Let it get hot, but not boiled, and serve with brown bread croutons.

NUT SANDWICHES.—Spread thin slices of brown bread with nut butter and over that put finely chopped nuts with a little salt and a lettuce leaf.

FRUIT BREAD and STUFFED DATES. CREAM CHEESE.

A PLUM PUDDING.—Remove the pits from a quart of plums and add powdered

sugar, separate whites and yolks of four eggs, crumb up a half-dozen macaroons and strew half over the plums in serving dish. Next beat whites and yolks thoroughly apart; then add half the whites to the yolks, reserving the other half, to which add sugar and vanilla flavoring. Put plums and macaroons until dish is nearly filled, then pour over it the egg, and put white on top in separate spoonfuls.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CORN MEAL GRUEL, HOT MILK, GRAPES, PEARS, OMELET with NUTS, BANANA FLOUR MUFFINS, PRUNES, BUTTER MILK.

SECOND MEAL.—NUT SOUP.—Grind one teacupful of blanched almonds. Have one-third cupful of ground wheat soaked for twenty-four hours. Add three pints of milk. When quite hot add butter, celery salt and salt and one well-beaten egg.

FAVORITE SALAD.—Take three mellow, tart apples; slice very thin over lettuce leaves. Next add seeded (not seedless) raisins that have been soaked an hour, and then a handful of pecan nuts. For a dressing use the juice of one-half a lemon, one-half a cupful either of raspberry or pineapple juice, two tablespoonfuls best salad oil, a teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt.

It is thought the flavor of nuts is enhanced by having them ground. It makes a variety to mix them both ways, and in any way they form a delightful substitute for the meat diet that so many rebel against as being undesirable and unclean.

DESSERT.—FRUIT BREAD and GRAPE JUICE.

This delicious drink should be prepared in large quantities by every good housekeeper, for nothing can be more desirable and healthful. For jelly, grapes should be used, not quite ripe; but for grape juice they should be chosen when just fully ripe. Remove from stems and wash thoroughly. Put in granite-ware preserving kettle, with almost no water, jamming them to remove juice. When thoroughly soft put in cheesecloth bags to drip. Return to kettle without sugar. Have bottles hot, and when the juice is

just at boiling point fill bottles and seal. Label first dripping as number one. Then with fruit-press extract remainder of juice which, while good, is not as clear as number one, and so may be marked number two and be used for puddings and salads. The expense is very slight compared with that purchased at stores.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—BANANA COFFEE, HOT MILK, WHORTLEBERRIES and CREAM, BANANA or BROWN FLOUR CAKES.

“LADIES’ FOOD,” which consists of ground figs, dates and nuts, and to each cupful a spoonful of grape juice, from which delicious sandwiches may be made.

SECOND MEAL.—APPLE SOUP.—Two cupfuls of apples, cut in small pieces, two cupfuls of water, one-half cupful of chopped English walnuts, two teaspoonfuls of brown flour, two teaspoonfuls sugar, one saltspoonful of cinnamon and one of salt. Stew apples until soft. Mix together into smooth paste the flour, sugar, salt and cinnamon, with a little cold water. Pour this into the apple and let it get hot. Strain it and add the nuts. Serve with brown croutons.

NUT HASH.—One cupful roasted peanuts, one cupful potatoes, one cupful crumbs of gluten bread, or ground wheat, soaked; one cupful sweet milk; salt and pepper to taste. The nuts and bread should be ground, the potatoes chopped. Mix thoroughly, mould into small cakes, and brown in oven.

BUTTER MILK, FRUIT BREAD.

RHUBARB SOUFFLE.—Cut up six or eight stalks of rhubarb in inch pieces; add one-half cupful of water, and let it just come to the boiling point. Add cupful of sugar. Beat yolks of three or four eggs very light and add when partly cool. Beat whites with one-half cupful powdered sugar and put on top. Decorate with candied cherries or strawberries.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CEREAL COFFEE, HOT WATER, GRAPE NUTS and CREAM, FRUIT BREAD, CORN MEAL GEMS, EGGS.

SECOND MEAL.—CELERY, WITH CREAM DRESSING.—Wash, scrape and cut celery as for salad. Sprinkle with a spoonful of grated onion and a little pa-

prika and salt. Make cocoanut cream by squeezing grated cocoanut in fruit-press. Add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Pour over celery, and serve with wheat meal crackers. Balls of cream cheese, with halves of English walnuts pressed on either side.

BANANA SALAD.—Four large, ripe red bananas. Peel them, and with a spoon remove enough of the pulp to leave a boat. Fill the space with pulp of grape fruit and sugar; cover with French dressing, and serve on the white hearts of lettuce.

DESSERT.—PEACH ICE CREAM, LADY FINGERS, COFFEE.

SUNDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT GRAPE JUICE, GRAPES, APPLES, PEARS.

Ground wheat, soaked twenty-four hours. Press out the water, add chopped raisins, and serve with cream.

GRAHAM GEMS, GRAPE NUTS.

SECOND MEAL.—GRAPE NUTS and APPLE SOUP.—Grind one cupful of either hazel nuts, walnuts or black walnuts. Have one quarter of a cupful of barley soaked for twenty-four hours or more. Chop very fine one-half cupful of cab-

bage; use one-half cupful grape nuts and one tender, juicy apple cut in small pieces, two quarts milk and water. Make it hot, and serve with lettuce sandwiches.

AN UNCOOKED OMELET.—Beat whites and yolks of one-half dozen eggs very light. With sharp, pointed knife split one-half dozen shredded wheat biscuits into halves and remove inside of biscuit carefully, without breaking the shells, which may be made hot if desired, and buttered. Mix yolks of eggs and half of whites with salt and pepper, and the shreds removed from biscuits. Grate one-half cupful cheese and mix with the remaining whites of the eggs, adding a spoonful of thick cream. Fill shells with mixture and put whites on top. Garnish with parsley.

DESSERT.—APPLE AMBROSIA.—Pare and grate five or six fine, tart apples. Wash and seed one pint of white grapes. Chop one-half pound Brazilian nuts. Fill up glass serving dish with apple and powdered sugar, then a layer of nuts, then grapes, until dish is nearly full. Cover top with whipped cream, and garnish with purple grapes.

RASPBERRY JUICE, SPONGE CAKE, CHEESE.

FASTEST TALKER IN THE WORLD

Oral physical culture has suddenly sprung into prominence through the challenge of a young man in Baltimore, who asserts his ability to speak correctly and understandingly 55,000 words an hour continuously for a length of ten hours. At last a man has been found that can beat his mother-in-law in talking! This rivals the record of women in general.

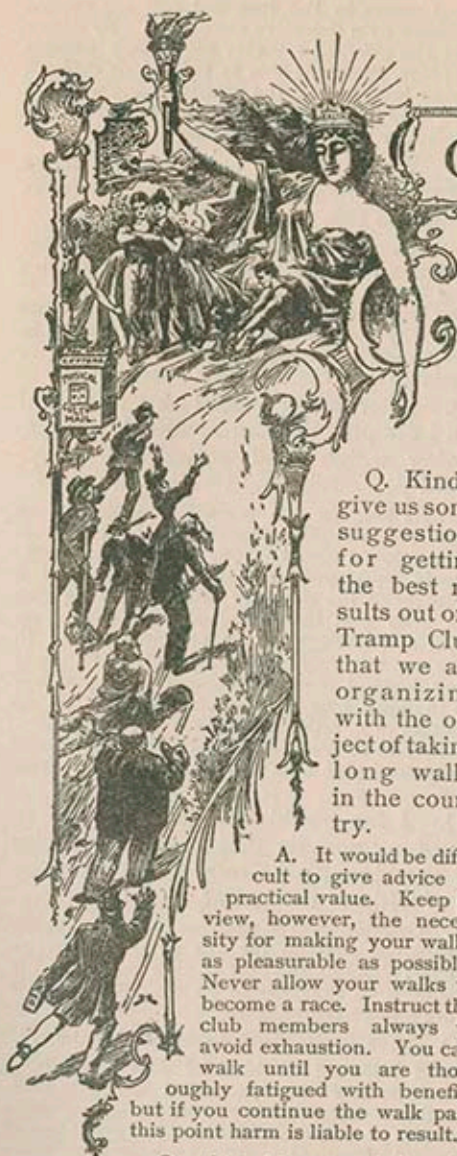
Mr. Conway has a remarkably strong

and powerfully developed voice. Physicians and throat specialists have expressed wonderment that the strain which this feat entails upon the heart, vocal cords, brain, ears, tongue, nerves, lips and eyes has not affected his head and caused a general break-down of his constitution. Mr. Conway has powerful lungs, developed by systematic exercise, and they seem to sustain him in his remarkable talking abilities.

VACCINATION GIVEN A SET-BACK

The vaccination movement was given a very decided jolt in Jamestown, N. Y., during the spring, when the Board of Education was compelled to rescind a resolution excluding unvaccinated children from the schools. It seems that the attempt to enforce this ordinance had kept such a great majority of children

away from school that it would have been just as well to close the schools altogether. A vigorous anti-vaccination campaign ensued, and many prominent citizens attended the meeting of the School Board and demanded the rescinding of the ordinance. The Common Council of the city also repealed the vaccination ordinance.



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

It is impossible for me 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.

Q. Kindly give us some suggestions for getting the best results out of a Tramp Club that we are organizing with the object of taking long walks in the country.

A. It would be difficult to give advice of practical value. Keep in view, however, the necessity for making your walks as pleasurable as possible. Never allow your walks to become a race. Instruct the club members always to avoid exhaustion. You can walk until you are thoroughly fatigued with benefit, but if you continue the walk past this point harm is liable to result.

Q. Would you advise the use of a home feed-grinder for grinding your own wheat? Is there an advantage in having bread made from freshly-ground wheat?

A. If you have the time to make use of a home grinder of this character it will be unquestionably to your advantage. The bread and other articles of food made from flour freshly ground always tastes sweeter and better, though some bakers claim that it is more difficult to make bread from fresh flour. When properly made, however, it is unquestionably more palatable and, I believe, more nourishing.

Q. Placed in situations where the air

is very bad, would it be better to breathe as deeply as possible, thus getting lots of air, or to breathe lightly so as not to get much of a poison in the lungs? This refers to working all day in such an atmosphere.

A. Under conditions such as you mention, I would not advise either extreme. Of course, do not take breathing exercises in an atmosphere of this kind. Simply breathe as you naturally would to supply yourself with oxygen. Of course, the less you breathe the less of the poisoned air you would inhale, but it might be as reasonably argued that the more air you breathe the more oxygen would be absorbed.

Q. Will you please tell me why it is that one's face or part of the body which is exposed most to the air and is most frequently bathed, is most liable to skin diseases?

A. It is quite natural for skin eruptions to appear more frequently upon the face. The face and all exposed parts of the body are in a more healthy, wholesome condition, the pores are more active and it is therefore more easy for impurities to be eliminated through this portion of the body. Disease, as I have tried to explain in many previous issues, is after all nothing but a cleansing, and what one might term a healthful process. It is a step toward health, and the functional processes of the most healthy parts of the body are in a better position to throw off impurities than are other parts.

Q. Is there any satisfactory method for distilling water at home?

A. Any method of condensing steam to water would give you a satisfactory device for distilling water at home, although you should use vessels of a material that will not taint the water or give it an unpleasant taste. After distillation the water will taste far better if it is aerated.

Q. Is it necessary for a farmer who plows and hoes in the field from sun-up till sun-down to take any other exercises?

A. There is no need for a farmer to take ad-

ditional exercises after a hard day's work. I would say, however, that exercises of this kind do not by any means use and develop all the muscles of the body, and on rainy days, and at other times when the farmer has leisure, it would be decidedly to his advantage to exercise and develop those muscles which his work does not call into action. For instance, many farmers are inclined to be stooped or round shouldered, and frequently have an awkward, ungainly gait. All this can be remedied by proper exercises for developing activity and grace of movement. Too much hard work, without other exercise, is inclined to make one stiff and awkward unless active games or some special exercises are taken to counteract its effect.

Q. Is there any physical culture treatment for catarrh of the ear? Is this not largely due to climate?

A. The cause of this trouble is similar to that of catarrh of the nose, to which an article was devoted in the magazine some time ago. Though climate may have some influence, this disease is caused nearly always by constitutional conditions. Wherever catarrh is present it is simply a means adopted by the system to eliminate the impurities that the ordinary depurating organs are unable to excrete.

Q. Have been troubled occasionally with epileptic fits, and would appreciate information as to proper treatment?

A. A detailed treatment of this disease will appear later in the magazine, although the general constitutional treatment, the greatest possible care to avoid over-eating, and outdoor exercises are especially advised.

Q. Can stuttering or stammering be cured by physical culture methods?

A. Physical culture methods will be unquestionably of great aid to you in remedying the defects that you mention. Institutions for the cure of stammering use physical culture methods extensively in their treatment. Special exercises for strengthening the vocal cords are advised. Article in Vol. IV. of PHYSICAL CULTURE discusses this trouble.

Q. Kindly advise proper methods for a young man to pursue in order to become a natural cure physician. Do you recommend osteopathy?

A. The osteopath, I believe, approaches nearest to what one might term a natural cure physician. Many of them use fasting, exercise and diet in the treatment of disease.

Q. Can one who has hereditary blood disorder, and who has just had a tumor removed by operation, prevent a recurrence of this tendency by proper living?

A. You can unquestionably avoid a recurrence of your trouble by following proper habits of life.

Q. What are the cause and cure of cramps in the foot and calf?

A. Cramps in the foot and calf are caused sometimes by a defective circulation. By active use of the affected muscles the cramp usually disappears, though if this is painful or difficult vigorous kneading of the affected parts with the hands, pinching or pressing the muscles, will immediately remedy the trouble.

Q. What are the cause and remedy of abscesses? Should one marry who is inclined to this trouble?

A. Abscesses are always caused by the accumulation of an excessive amount of impurities in the blood. They can easily be avoided if proper habits of life are adopted. There is no reason why one should not marry if troubled in this manner, providing he is willing to live in accordance with Nature's plain laws.

Q. After losing weight on a two-meal plan I adopted the four-meal-a-day habit, gaining weight and strength thereby. Would you advise me to continue this?

A. As long as you seem to maintain your weight and strength by following the plan that you mention, I would advise you to continue it. I would warn you, however, that there is a possibility of the opposite effect following this habit after you have reached your maximum weight and strength. Our principal object in recommending only two meals daily is to avoid eating beyond digestive capacity. If you are able to digest four light meals there can be no objection to it, although there is a much greater tendency to over-eat when following this three or four meal plan than when living on two meals a day.

Q. I am troubled with a growth in one of my nostrils that requires cutting out occasionally. Could this be gotten rid of without the knife?

A. Growths such as you mention could hardly be removed without the use of the knife, although I should think that if your habits of life were such as they should be a growth of this nature could hardly appear.

Q. Are contortion feats harmful?

A. I know of no harmful effects resulting from feats of contortion, but I am fully convinced that when one strives to perform abnormal feats of this character his muscular vigor is not equal to that of those who take the usual exercises. It is a fact well-known among gymnasts that contortionists are weaker than athletes who train for strength. The extraordinary suppleness required of the muscles and sinews seems to lessen strength. I do not believe that the striving after abnormal effects is ever of value.

Q. Is there some natural method of curing wild ivy poison?

A. It is practically impossible for one to be poisoned by wild ivy if in a proper physical condition. Therefore, the only method of curing it is to adopt those means essential in purifying the blood. Eat very lightly, bathe frequently, live in the open air as much as possible, and eruptions that are caused by this poison will disappear quickly.

PHYSICAL CULTURE COLONY INSTEAD OF PROPOSED PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY

A CORRESPONDENT'S SUGGESTIONS IN REGARD TO THE PROPOSED
PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY

By F. H. Brigman

WHILE there are many arguments in favor of the proposed Physical Culture City, I wish to give a suggestion regarding the advantage that a colony would have over your contemplated plan of creating a city.

To build a city we would have to be manufacturers, and in times of depression or panics we would suffer or go down in failure. The boast of the United States has always been, "that if a wall were built around it, they would not know the difference and could stand a siege of any length."

Put a wall around New York City, and in a few days what would be the result?

The way for us to do is to place ourselves in such a position that if a wall were built around us we could live within our own resources. When we separate from the world, let the separation be complete. Such a separation could be brought about only by colonization.

According to this plan, we could arrange to have the Physical Culture City in the center and around the city would be the farms, vineyards and orchards.

The question might arise in the minds of some of your readers, "Where is the land?" There are many large tracts of land in the South, West and South-west that can be purchased for from one dollar to five dollars per acre, unimproved, which for our purpose would be better than improved lands where we would have to buy improvements that we would tear down and throw away. Our homes, stores, offices and factories would be built to suit our needs and our manner of living.

There are many ways to finance this undertaking. The first would be to incorporate and sell stock to our colonists, the land and all the improvements to belong to the corporation, and each stockholder to receive the dividends the same

as from stock held in any other corporation. For the services performed each could receive wages just as does an employee of a railroad. In this instance the employees would own the greater part of the stock. The rules of any corporation could apply to this company. Should we be unable to raise sufficient funds to carry on the work, we could issue twenty-year land-bonds in order to get more land or to improve what we held.

To colonize will require a new man in the field as general manager. His position will be a hard one, for he will have jeers, wet blankets, ridicule and every calumny under the sun thrown at him. He will have to be cool, confident, persistent, courageous and not afraid to keep up the fight when everything seems lost. If the right man is selected, and he stays by the ship, in the end his fame will be dimmed only by Fra Bernarr.

Agricultural colonies, as a rule, have been very successful. In spite of what has been said about the Mormon religion, these people have been very successful as colonists, for "they have made the desert bloom;" Dowie has his Zion City; but they cannot live alone, and depend on manufacturing and tithes from outsiders. We should adopt the good points of all colonies, and having health and strength, there is no question about the success.

Any person of good moral character who believes in our teachings regarding health and habits should be eligible to membership upon conditions to be stated in the by-laws, which would be changed from time to time as experience dictates.

The surplus products of the farms would be sold. Being living examples of good health, our hospitals and sanitariums would in a few years support the

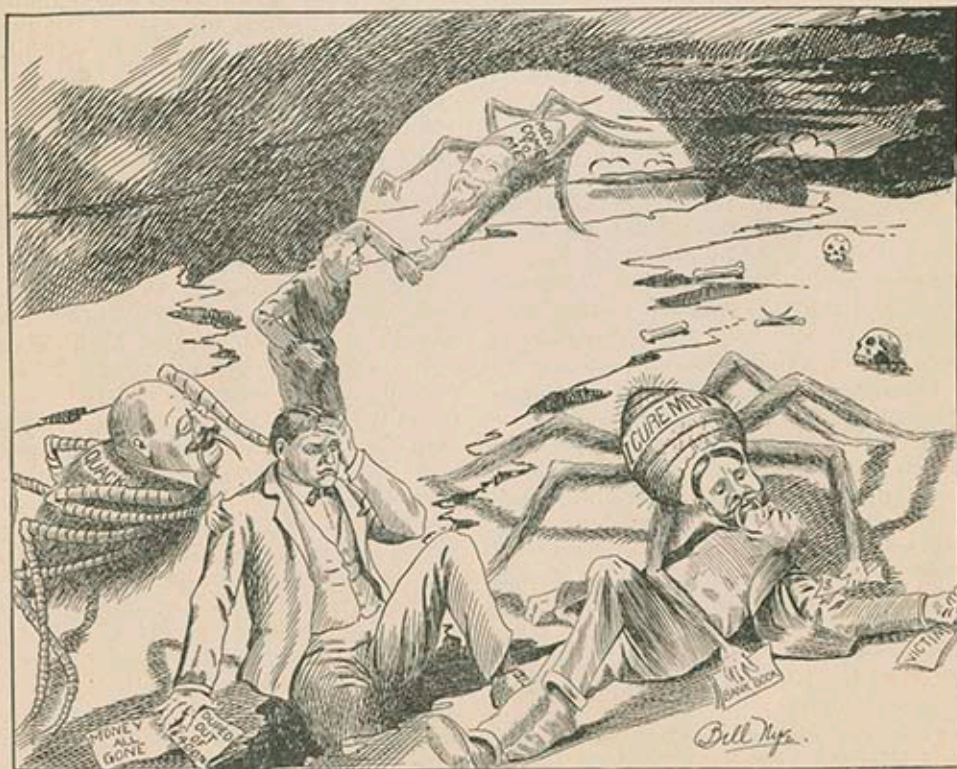
entire colony. If a sick person came within our bounds we would force him to get well. Good health would there be the most contagious disease on earth. As manufacturers we would prepare foods, athletic supplies, books and various other commodities.

In order to assure increase, of course, we would have the colony births, and as a mercantile corporation we would send out travelers, both male and female, as missionaries to teach our doctrines of health, virtues and habits, and to take orders for our manufactured articles. The way these representatives would dress, act and live when among strangers would add to our fame and bring recruits and wealth. Besides, we could form societies in other places where those who were not colonists could

meet, mingle and aid in spreading our system of living.

Religion being of the spiritual there would be no established colony religion, but each must respect the opinion of every other in worshipping God or Nature according to the dictates of individual conscience. The public hall or opera house could be used each Sabbath by different religious followers, each taking their turn. The company would not favor any form of religion or worship, but would be strictly non-sectarian.

One of the first things to decide upon would be a costume or uniform that embodied our ideas of health and freedom of the body, and at the same time was a mark of honor that we would treasure more highly than the soldier treasures his uniform.



The Vampires of Modern Civilization

MEDICAL DELUSIONS IN REGARD TO THE OPEN AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

By *W. D. Wattles*

The writer of this article was formerly a clergyman. He was given up to die with consumption. After trying all the usual methods of cure, he began the Open Air Treatment. After many days of fasting and life in the open air, he noted an improvement. Many months of careful treatment resulted in a complete cure and he felt that it was his duty to study consumption and its treatment rather than return to the ministry. He has visited every institution of importance in Europe and America and has spent eight years scientifically investigating the various systems of curing diseases by natural means. His article should be read with interest.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

IN a recent number of a prominent New York magazine there appeared an article on "Consumption, the Great White Plague," which is worthy of some attention. It illustrates very well the unscientific way in which medical "scientists" jump at conclusions, and dogmatize positively upon the most uncertain premises. The unblushing assurance with which the writer arrogates the credit of originating the open-air treatment to "modern medical science," deprecating physical culture and physical culturists, and with which he tries to harmonize the open-air cure with the germ theory, involves him in some curious contradictions, and brings out clearly the astonishing ignorance of simple physiological facts that prevails among our falsely educated medical practitioners.

After showing some small intelligence on the subject by condemning in vigorous language all patent medicine fakirs, and asserting that there is no medicine that will cure consumption, he says:

"There is a specific for the Great White Plague. Without it you cannot recover. It is the hardest thing in the world to get in sufficient quantity, and it is what in all the world there is most of. It is fresh air."

In vigorous language he asserts that the open window is not enough. You must be out-of-doors twenty-four hours each day, at all seasons of the year. In cold weather wrap up, but stay out-of-doors. Do not fear night air, or damp air, or anything but the impure air of a closed room. That is fatal, and will certainly kill you. Pure air will cure you, and there is no other cure.

All this is excellent; but now he pro-

ceeds to elaborate some fearful and wonderful theories for the accessory treatment. Your lungs are being consumed, he says, by the bacilli, which are a low form of plant life. They must be killed, and can be killed only by the white corpuscles of the blood. These white corpuscles are "tiny soldiers" always on the lookout for bad disease germs, which they seize and devour. If there are enough of the leucocytes, or white corpuscles, to destroy all the bad germs, you will get well. Your only hope is in breeding these good "bugs" in sufficient numbers to destroy the bad "bugs" which are eating up your lungs!

This theory of "modern medical science," that disease germs are destroyed by the leucocytes, is a mere assumption. There is no proof of it. If it be true, then a treatment that would cure consumption would cure smallpox, typhoid fever and all other germ diseases. Nothing would be necessary but to breed the good germs. But is not this "scientific" theory, which makes our lives dependent upon the issues of a combat between good and evil germs, a little too much like the savage medicine man's hypothesis that summons good spirits to fight for our health against the evil ones who fill us with disease? The writer says that the consumption germs die when "exposed to clean water." Are there leucocytes in the water?

Disease germs are never found in pure water. They are found only in water that contains sewage or impurities, because sewage or decaying matter is essential to their propagation. It is not necessary that there should be good germs in the water to eat them; they starve to death. There appear to be good grounds for assuming that the case

is the same with the blood. Disease germs cannot exist in clean or pure blood—not because the good bugs eat them, but because filth is essential to their propagation. This theory is far better supported by the facts than is the one advanced by "modern medical science."

But now comes the really remarkable part. Having settled that the thing for the consumptive to do is to breed and encourage leucocytes the writer proceeds to tell us how to do it. "You have to eat, hungry or not. There are no big gorges to overwork the stomach, but there are six meals a day of moderate size. Some patients can eat full meals, and then swallow thirty-six raw eggs a day. The aim of the treatment in these sanatoria is to get the sick man to drink three quarts of milk and eat a dozen raw eggs a day, in addition to his regular meals of simple food."

Heavens! Where is Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey and his no-breakfast plan now? Three quarts of milk and a dozen eggs would weigh about eight pounds. And to this add "six moderate meals," and the total of food consumed cannot be less than eleven pounds. If the patient assimilated all of it, he would gain at least eight pounds per day. But if he gains only a few ounces, or does not gain at all in weight, does it not necessarily follow that the unassimilated food is converted into poisonous sewage in the alimentary canal, to be forced out of the system at a fearful expense in vital energy? The digestion of food is *work*; it requires power. Even a very limited knowledge of physiology would tell us that it is an act of homicidal ignorance to force upon a weak and struggling organism the enormous labor of disposing of ten or twelve pounds of solid and liquid food every day. How long would a well man live and work if he ate six meals, drank three quarts of milk and swallowed a dozen raw eggs every day?

Are the laws of life and strength different for the well and for the sick? Is there any logical or scientific reason for the theory that a consumptive will be benefited by a dietary regimen that would destroy the strongest man in a short space of time? Out upon such unscientific, idiotic rot!

And, yet, a fair percentage of consumptives recover under this treatment, whereas they all invariably died under the ministrations of the "modern medical science" of yesterday, which shut them up in close rooms and killed them expeditiously with foul air, creosote and cod-liver oil.

You must bear in mind that comparative statistics do not prove that any treatment is curative. More fever patients get well where quinine is given than when bleeding was the practice; this does not prove that quinine cures fever, but only that it is less murderous than bleeding. A larger percentage of children recover where anti-toxin is used than under the former treatment; this does not prove that anti-toxin cures diphtheria, or that serum-therapy is correct in principle. If rain water were used instead of anti-toxin the percentage of recoveries would be larger still! So the mere fact of a larger percentage of recoveries under the open-air and stuffing process does not prove the good-and-bad-bug theory to be sound; it *does* prove that the old shut-in-and-drug treatment was homicidal. And, further, it leads us to hope that, under a really common-sense and scientific treatment, practically all of the consumptives will get well. I am firmly of the opinion that we shall demonstrate, soon, that if merely turned out-of-doors, allowed to follow their natural impulses in the matter of eating, and lightly and sensibly exercised, nine cases of consumption out of every ten would recover.

But the climax of the writer's absurd inconsistency comes when he speaks of exercise: "There must be no exercise as exercise. If you are able, and feel like it, amuse yourself, but don't take exercise to build your system up. I know (sic). I, too, have heard these stories about men given up to die, who began work in a gymnasium and, by violent exercise, entirely recovered their health. You mustn't believe all the physical culture people tell you, any more than all the patent medicine people tell you. They're both in the miracle business. When the lung tissue is attacked by tuberculosis it heals, if it heals at all, by this fibrous scar-material filling in the cavity. No new lung tissue is formed to

replace what has been lost, and this scar-material is useless for breathing. Suppose you had a deep cut in your hand, and you kept working that hand violently, how long do you think it would take the cut to heal? When exercise is taken or you 'expand the lungs' you have to work the lung tissue just as you work your hand, and if it is wounded there will be a much larger proportion of scar-material useless for breathing when it does get well. It is the practice, now, to make the affected lung immobile with strips of adhesive plaster and to inject it with nitrogen gas, so that the lung won't work. There is no doubt at all that, so far from effecting a cure, exercise has killed many and many a consumptive who might otherwise have recovered. And the notion that by athletics you can make yourself proof against disease is just a notion."

Yes, oh, yes! If you want to make yourself proof against disease you must keep quiet and consume, every day, six moderate meals, three quarts of milk and, in addition, "suck" from twelve to thirty-six eggs. Follow these dictates of "modern medical science," dear health-seeker, and you will, unless your power of survival is exceptionally strong, be proof against disease in a very short time. PHYSICAL CULTURE does not advise a consumptive to take violent exercise; but it does prescribe such exercises as may be necessary to tone up the abdominal muscles, so as to give the lungs support from below and to assist in the building of the body; and I would have him hang by his hands a little while every day from a horizontal bar or swing to stretch the intercostal muscles, raise the ribs and so get air into his lungs. What possible good can fresh air do a lung that is

"made immobile with adhesive strips and injected with nitrogen gas?" Remember that consumption is a disease that begins generally, and which makes its most rapid progress, in *unused* or immobile lung tissue. In an infected lung the air-cells are closed and the tissue is so heavy that it sinks in water, while a healthy lung floats. The closed-up, immobile lung, in which the blood is stagnant and does not circulate, is the ideal breeding place for the microbes of tuberculosis. The circulation must be very defective in a lung made immobile, as the writer describes. How does he propose to get his leucocytes into this infected lung, in order that they may eat the bad germs?

Violent exercise is to be avoided, but the consumptive must *breathe*. His only salvation lies in getting pure air and pure blood into contact in every cell of his lungs every hour, day and night, the year around. In a family of consumptive children it is quite common for one or two to be asthmatic, and these usually escape the fate of the others and live to comparative old age. Does this writer know why? Is it not because asthma is a continuous breathing exercise, promoting so free a circulation in the lungs that the work of the tubercle bacilli is prevented?

The open-air treatment for consumption has been forced upon the slow-moving medical profession by outside investigators. While the details of the treatment are being perfected by experiment it is the duty of all who are interested to see to it that the theory is not exploited by charlatans whose prejudiced ignorance may partially rob mankind of the greatest blessing about to be bestowed upon the race for centuries.

ENDS FAST OF SIXTY DAYS—CURED OF HOPELESS CASE OF DYSPEPSIA

Mr. D. R. Wilcox, of West Fairview, Pa., who undertook a prolonged fast to cure himself of a severe and advanced form of dyspepsia, has ended his 60 days' fast, and is a cured man.

In speaking of his remarkable recovery, Mr. Wilcox says: "I now feel like a fighting cock. Have gained twelve

pounds in fourteen days and can eat my meals now without suffering for hours after with indigestion. To-day I will enjoy my first meal of vegetable soup. Four weeks ago I was so weak I could not whistle. Now I can talk as much as any woman. I take daily exercises, and will soon be in excellent shape to do almost any kind of work."

THE HEART THAT HAD TO CHOOSE BETWEEN RICHES AND PERFECT MANHOOD!

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND AMBITION VS. PALTRY GOLD AND WEAKNESS IN THE FIGHT FOR A WOMAN'S HAND—WHICH WON?

By Albert Lincoln Wyman

MISS LEONORA CRANE lived in a beautiful house on the crest of the hill in Woodmont, in the northern suburbs of New York.

June roses swayed in crimson glory in the gardens before the house; the birds sang riotously in the trees that grew in primeval strength in the wood near at hand, and violets and buttercups, cowslips and daisies sprang up chastely in the fields where she wandered. To all these beauties of Nature she was oblivious, for she rambled afield as one in the misty mazes of a midsummer night's dream, and the faces of two young men rose up constantly before her vision.

Leonora did not sit "on the bank whereon the wild thyme grows, in maiden meditation, fancy free." Far from it. Her fancies were captive. She labored in the throes of Choice, and, laboring, could not choose.

But what would you, when one lover is rich and the other a personality; one a gentleman in the old-time sense and the other a man of brain and brawn?

Which?

And Leonora hesitated, because with all her woman's active mind she was thinking of the future as well as of the present, and wondering which would be the better husband and protector.

Leonora sat pondering again on this question one evening in June on the broad veranda before the house. She sat in a hammock, swaying gently to and fro, at the hour when silence broods over Nature after the turmoil of day. She pondered, and watched the lamps on the deep blue ocean of heaven light one by one and twinkle brightly from afar. A mysterious gloom swallowed up the outlines of trees and distant landmarks, and the ghostly shadows of twilight en-

shrouded all things. The night cry of a wakeful bird startled her calm, and the answering calls of sequestered tree-toads in the woods beyond made the hour seem more sacred.

A footstep sounded on the porch. An instant later, Reginald Van Brunt stood before her.

In the dim gray twilight he had seen the gleam of Leonora's white gown, and, hearing no voices of parent or friends, rightly rejoiced that for once he had found her alone.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Brunt," said Leonora, rising, and offering her hand. "I can hardly say I am glad to see you, but I am glad you have called."

And with merry jest, the two passed a pleasant hour. But each felt a certain restraint. Leonora intuitively divined that Van Brunt had come for a long-deferred purpose, and Van Brunt talked lightly of golf and tennis and yachting, inwardly longing for courage to speak his mind.

"How beautiful the stars are to-night," said Leonora, suddenly. "Up there Jupiter shines, and there the Great Bear."

"And over there," exclaimed Van Brunt, as his hand clasped warmly over hers, "shines Venus, star of evening, and celestial Queen of Love."

"What a poetic idea," said Leonora, withdrawing her hand from his. "Do you think the Van Alstens will attend the hop to-morrow at the club house?"

"I don't know as to that, but I do know I love you," said Van Brunt, boldly. "Leonora, do not evade me to-night. The twilight hours seem to draw heart to heart, and to-night the warm breeze of June softens the mood, and bears the perfume of blossoming trees. Life is awakening and love is busy in all Nature.

That chorus of cricket and hyla we hear is Nature's nightly anthem of praise to that bright divinity, the Star of Love."

Leonora rose from the hammock, and walked to the end of the porch. She gazed out silently and steadfastly into the depths of the night sky. Van Brunt followed, and, putting his arm about her waist, drew her gently to him. They stood thus in silence a few moments, each busy with many thoughts.

"You love me," said Leonora, gently disengaging herself and facing him in the mysterious gloom, "but that is not enough." She lowered her voice as one bestowing a sacred confidence. "There is another loves me, too, as truly as you."

"Bruce Armstrong!" exclaimed Van Brunt. "But remember, I am wealthy; we can travel through Europe together to learn the wisdom and the art of the Old World; you can have everything money can buy and receive everything you desire. I can give you all the luxuries the world affords. He has nothing but—"

"Health, strength and ambition," interrupted Leonora, quietly. "He is succeeding in his profession, and is doing good to humanity with his talents."

"That may be true," contended Van Brunt, coldly, "but he will never achieve such a fortune as mine."

Leonora watched a meteor shoot with blazing vehemence across the night skies.

"Wealth is not all," she said. "Suppose, like that shooting star, you lost your wealth and fell into the resisting atmosphere of modern competition, where before your course had been without a part in the struggle for existence? What then? Could you provide for me, and save my feet from the paths of want and starvation?"

"Leonora," and Van Brunt took both her hands in his, "I love you and my wealth is yours for the asking."

"My heart is not for sale," she answered, simply. "I am going to marry a man, not money. Leave me now to

think, and to-morrow I will let you know my decision."

Thus she dismissed him, and his footsteps echoed faintly on the gravel path that wound dimly through the darkness, until he was gone into the silence.

But, if she dismissed him, he was still uppermost in her thoughts when she reached the seclusion of her bed-chamber.

Which?

On her dressing table stood a photograph of Armstrong.

It was the face of a strong, resolute young man, clean, healthy, wide-awake, aggressive. His was a strong personality, and, though he lacked the accumulated wealth of Van Brunt, he possessed that wealth of vitality and vigor in mind and body that Van Brunt, with all his money, could not buy and did not possess.

Leonora seated herself at her writing-desk. She picked up a letter, and opened it again for the twentieth time.

"I love you," it said. "I suppose Van Brunt and some of the other wealthy young men of your set love you, too, and perhaps have said so. I can offer you only myself, my health, my strength, my brains and the product of my labors. But if you love me, and will marry me, I can and I will provide you with a comfortable home, and if you can be contented to wait, some day I will win the wealth for you that I do not now possess. Tell me, do you love me?"

Leonora, as in a mist, saw Armstrong's face gazing earnestly at her, and then—she heard again Van Brunt's words. Some mysterious voice out of that night hour spoke to her. It was the voice of awakening love, and it impelled her to instant decision. Then Happiness surged up in her heart. Doubt fled. Health or wealth, the man or the gentleman—it was all very plain to her now.

She drew pen and paper to her, and upon the perfumed surface she wrote words that carried joy to—

Well, which?

The gentleman or the *man!*



HIS BUNKIE

HOW A MILD-MANNERED EASTERN BOY DISCIPLINED THE BULLY
OF THE CAMP

By Eliot Williams

HE was stretched full length upon his bed, meditatively puffing mouthfuls of smoke into the little bedroom where we were sitting.

I looked at his great length of limb, at the splendid physical development of this young miner, and at his rough, but strong face. "Here," I thought, "should be material for an article," for having come all the way to Oreville to gather news about a strike that had not come off, I must return to my editor-in-chief empty-handed unless I could strike Jake in a communicative mood. Then there would be no excuse if I returned with empty note-book.

"I should think," I began indifferently, "that there must be many interesting incidents in a life like yours, Jake." There was no response, only the smoke was being puffed more quietly. I continued cautiously, for I well knew that if Jake suspected me of working him for a story he would shut up tighter than an abalone shell. "Lots of interesting characters"—I paused.

"There are," he said simply. I had nothing to do but listen.

"Why, there's a fellow came out here this winter—I just wish you could see him. I was down at the depot the day he came; hadn't an idea he was bound for Camp Oreville, but there was something about him sort of interested me.

"He was kinder slight and delicate like, and just about medium height. I noticed that he walked as if his grips were heavy. He had two, but then, what's two grips? He didn't ride up to Jones', as I thought he would, for Easterners allers ride, I've noticed, and he was from the East as plain as the nose on your face." I winced. My nose is a sore point, but I knew Jake had meant nothing personal.

"He told the man what wanted to drive him that he was broke, and he guessed he'd walk in any case. I watched him going off, and concluded he'd come out for his health, and feeling kinder sorry for the kid—he was a young one—I says: 'Help yer with them bags?' He smiles, about the kindest sort of smile I ever see. 'Thank yer,' says he, 'but it's only a step now.' And that's the last I expected to see of him.

"I was down in the hole all day, and when I got back to camp that night Pete met me.

"'You've got a new bunkie,' he says.

"'I'll be damned if I have,' says I.

"'He's come to stay, and your room's the only one with a spare bed; so I guess you're up against it this time.'

"I was mad. I stalked into my room, swearing like a good one, and there, with his back turned, was the new bunkie. He heard me slam the door, and turned. 'I guess you're sorry I've come,' he said, holding out his hand.

"I pulled myself up sharp, and held out my paw. 'No, I ain't,' I said. I hadn't meant to, but it was the kid I'd seen at the depot, and he was so young and green—well, not exactly green, you know, but new to the business.

"'I guess we'll get along all right,' he said. And I knew we would.

"'What you going to do?' I asked, for he looked that delicate.

"'Sampling, to start on, I think.'

"'By thunder!' I exclaimed, afore I thought.

"He smiled. 'What's the matter?'

"'You wouldn't last a week,' I blurted out, like a fool.

"'But he did last a week.'

"Well, you know how it is whenever you get a number of men together. There's allers sure to be one among them

that's mean. And Camp Oreville is no exception. There was a feller named Harding with us then, and he was a great, big, powerful man, regular 'think-I'm-h—l' kind, and noted for being a scrapper.

"When the kid come he was just game for Harding, or so Harding thought. 'Course it wouldn't have done to pitch into the kid with his fists, he being so much smaller and weaker, so Harding took it out in trying to make his life miserable.

"When we'd get back, tired out with the long day's work in the hole, the kid would find all his things turned upside down, and tucked into out-of-the-way places, and mornings he'd contrive all sorts of little mean ways to get the kid late to the mine. Through it all the young one kept his temper, and tried to make friends with Harding, but somehow the kinder he was to him the more Harding laid into him. This went on for a couple of weeks, until one day the kid's best girl sent him her picture from the East, and the next night, when we come back from work, there weren't no picture. I thought there'd be a howl of a time right there, but the boy never said a word, though he was darned white.

"We were to have a smoker that night, and everything went on fairly smooth, but Harding had been drinking pretty hard, and finally he flung some sneering remark at the kid about his girl. Well, sir, you should have seen that youngster! He rose right up. 'Harding,' says he, 'ever since I came here, for some reason unknown to me, you have treated me as no man or gentleman should, and I've tried to be your friend; but there is a limit, and that limit has come. I'll thank you to return the photograph you took from my room—and you'll take back those words.'

"Harding was red as fire. No one ever dared call him down, he was so big, and ugly he was, too, in a fight.

"'You want me to apologize, do you?' he roared. 'I'll see you in h—l first.'

"Before we realized what he was about, he'd grabbed up his wineglass and flung the wine into the kid's face. The boy was pretty near blinded for a second, then, with one bound, he had a hold of Harding.

"'Jake,' says he, so calm I was scared, 'just pour that wine over Harding while I hold him.' And I wasn't no ways slow or lacking in thoroughness, and emptied everything I could lay my hands on over him. All the while Harding was squirming and swearing and kicking, and trying to bite, but he had to stay until he'd had about all he needed. When he was half choked the kid let him go, and he was a pretty thing to look at.

"You'd have thought he'd got enough for one dose, but just the minute the kid let go, Harding saw his chance, flew at the kid, and lit out with a good right-hand punch at his face. Of course, they weren't no match—that big man and the slender youngster—but, by G—! if the kid didn't duck, and get to one side quicker than lightning, and as Harding's arm shot past he grabbed it, and like a flash had a wrench hold on his elbow, and swinging with all his strength, if he didn't let old Harding go—just sprawling in a heap on the floor. Then he sat on him and told him what he thought of him. And I tell you he didn't spare him any of the truth, and Harding had to hear each one of his dirty tricks commented upon before the whole mess.

"Old Harding had to apologize and promise to give back the picture before he'd let him up. Then says he: 'Now, if you don't know when you're licked, I'll convince you further at any time you wish.'

"'Look here, Jake,' I interrupted, 'I thought you said the boy was delicate?'

"'He did look it, but, thunder! he was nothing but muscle.'

"'Well, how do you account for his acting as if his bags were heavy that first time you saw him?' I asked, skeptically, my deductive faculties aroused.

"'They was, kinder. He had a hundred pound dumb-bell in each one, besides all his other things. Them's um,' pointing to a corner of the room, where, sure enough, the huge bells lay.

"'Did it end there?'

"'Yes; it pretty much ended there. They got on all right afterward, and I will give Harding the credit for treating us all better, though I can't say as any of us ever liked him much better than rattlers. The kid was the only one as had a good word for him. That's the only

fight the youngster ever had, and he's been with us a good while now. There's other sides to him."

Jake filled his pipe carefully, pulled a match from his trousers pocket, looked at it critically, then slowly lighted his pipe.

"Yes, sir; there never was a time when it was too cold—though twenty below in this very room—but he'd get up to give the men pine cough syrup in the dead of night, nor he warden't ever so tired but what he'd work overtime to give a hand to some weary miner, though he'd be so tired himself he could hardly walk to camp after the long day's work.

"Just about Christmas time there was an accident in the mine, which gave us a half day off; this was when he first came. We had just finished breakfast, and were raising things merry, when one of the boys called: 'There goes the kid on a horse, with a rifle!' We all went to the door to see. 'I'll bet a month's pay he's going over to the turkey shoot at Sandy Creek,' hollered Jim Bates. We all laughed. 'Wonder what he thinks he'll catch with a rifle!' said another, and so we roared and joked at the expense of the young tenderfoot.

"Hours later he came back, but without the turkey. 'Did you get the turk?' 'How did your rifle work?' and a whole lot of other fool remarks we threw at

him, but to all we could say he just grinned. You see, they shoot at a target or turkey heads in the East, and the kid had never shot at clay pigeons before, or used a shot gun."

"Well, no wonder he didn't get the turkey," I commented.

"But he did. I only found out the other day. He hired a shotgun, and shot eighty-eight birds out of a hundred. Not bad for a tenderfoot."

"Hardly! What did he do with the turkey?"

"Well, that's the point. It seems he knew of a miner who fell down a stope and got maimed for life, and he had a wife and nine little children. So, not having much money, the kid thought perhaps he could shoot for a turkey for their Christmas."

There was a silence.

I looked off over the snow-clad range of mountains, tinted with the rosy hues of the dying day. Jake followed my glance. Suddenly his eyes brightened, and a proud look came into them. A young man, hatless, with fair hair blowing in the wind, was coming down the hill; a child was on his shoulder, and a ragged little yellow dog was at his heels. He was singing to the little girl some merry, childish jingle.

Jake bent forward. "That's him," he said; "that my bunkie."

THE VALUE OF EXERCISE FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

Dr. R. L. Weston, Physical Director of the Y. M. C. A., Indianapolis, Ind., recently made some interesting statements in regard to the value of physical exercise for the average business man.

"It is a fact gradually coming to be recognized by business men that time spent in intelligent physical exercise is time well invested. If a man who sits at a desk all day would get into a gym suit a while each night he wouldn't spend so much time on his back with a ther-

mometer in his mouth. And, figuratively speaking, he would be able to look his liver in the face.

"If the business man were to follow conscientiously a system of physical exercise there would be a great return to the normal condition of life; business men in general would be kinder to their stenographers and other office accessories, their heads would be clearer for the solving of the great problems of the day, there would be fewer failures in the business world, and fewer cases in the divorce court."

NOT HEREDITY IN THIS CASE

Mrs. Goodun—Why do you have such a passion for drink? Is it caused by heredity?
Tanky Thompson—No'm; by thirst.

THREW POLICE OFF THE SCENT

A New York anarchist recently threw the police off the scent by taking a bath.
—*Saturday Blade*.

THE RECORD OF ANOTHER MEDICAL CRIME

CHILD A MARTYR TO THE CURSED VACCINATION SUPERSTITION
FOISTED UPON US BY MONEY-MAKING DOCTORS

By G. Edwards

FOUR weeks ago, my attention was called to a vaccinal injury in a boy.

At the home of the victim I found the mother, and from her lips came the sad history of a blighted child life caused by the cursed medical superstition—vaccination. The photograph reproduced herewith but faintly portrays the festering sores, too hideous to be described in detail, which exuded in the form of a foul, yellow matter almost continually.

On August 20, 1903, Mrs. Charles S. Corfield, Lowell Ave., Providence, R. I., wishing to anticipate the school board's mandate that all children must be vaccinated before entering school, presented her youngest child, Ricardo, aged five years and four months, to her family physician, Dr. Edwin G. Thompson, for vaccination. "It took." The arm swelled and a phagedenic ulcer resulted which sloughed off the flesh clean to the bone.

September 5, sixteen days after vaccination, the tendons under the right knee became painful, and Dr. Edwin G. Thompson was called, who applied hot fomentations, declaring it was rheumatism. Monday following, the leg swelled from knee to ankle, and shortly after from knee to thigh, with deep red color. Now the disease was erysipelas, and cold applications were ordered. After three days the color changed to dark brown, and very hard, and very much swollen. Now the doctor pronounced it blood-poison. It was blood-poison from the start, but vaccinators will not admit that fact until driven to the last ditch.

On Tuesday following, poor little Ricardo, almost delirious with pain, crying in agony day and night, was made to undergo an operation. An incision was made below the knee, and more than a quart of dirty, brown exuding matter resulted. About a week after this, another incision was made nearer the ankle with no result for the better.

September 19, Dr. Harris, surgeon of St. Joseph's Hospital, with Dr. Thompson, opened the leg from knee to ankle, and chiseled off the dead bone which appeared in spots.

On the 5th of October, Ricardo was moved to the Rhode Island Hospital and there, after two weeks' treatment, another operation was performed, and more dead bone removed. Amputation of the leg was urged to save the life that was slowly ebbing out, but the mother heart rebelled, and Thanksgiving eve he was taken home, as the doctors all thought, to die within a week. Wonderful to relate, he slowly recuperated, and within the past three weeks made rapid improvement. The shin bone that shows bare in the photograph is black and dead, and will be removed in a short time clear to the knee joints, when it is hoped that Ricardo will be able soon to go on crutches.

This life-long crippled child, a martyr to a medical inquisition as damnable as any inquisition ever conceived, is only one of thousands of children all over our land who are being subjected to the same murderous process that medical superstition and ignorance have foisted upon us.



Ricardo Corfield, a Martyr Child to the Vaccination Curse That is Blighting the Lives of Thousands of Young, Innocent Lives Throughout Our Country

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

THE Physical Culture Correspondence Club has been organized to permit physical culturists who have become imbued with the ideals of manhood and womanhood set forth in this magazine, to become acquainted with one another, and to permit correspondence and the exchange of ideas with those holding similar views.

We expect to conduct this Correspondence Club in strict conformity with the high standard set by our magazine throughout its pages.

The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

All members will be provided with a number.

Letters of all club members to other members, whom they have addressed by number, will be readdressed and forwarded free of charge.

Members who enroll immediately will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities, not to exceed forty (40) words in length. Twelve cents a word will be charged for every word over forty. The advertising rate of this magazine is \$1.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that members who take the opportunity will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner.

Make your personality brief. Your replies will be more satisfactory if you give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

Put in lower left-hand corner the number of person to whom you wish letter addressed; in upper left-hand corner put your own number.

Enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 19th street, New York.

The following personalities are mem-

bers of the club, and very enthusiastic physical culturists. Before writing a reply, carefully read instructions.

No. 59. Young man of 29, student of nature, would like to correspond with Physical Culturists, and especially Physical Culture girls, about Nature and Life.

No. 61. Active young bachelor, 34, German-American, Protestant; blonde, height 5.10½, weight 160, fond of outdoor sports. Started business with own savings, Detroit. Enjoys good income, desires friendship of cheerful, healthy, athletic young lady, brunette with very dark eyes, rosy complexion preferred.

No. 62. Would Physical Culturists, desirous of joining pleasant outings and other healthful athletic sports, care to correspond with young woman, 23 years of age, tall, healthy and enthusiastic Physical Culturist, who would enjoy such congenial fellowship?

No. 63. Gentleman, 41 years old, of a Physical Culture turn of mind, resident of western Montana, would like to correspond with some lady between the age of 25 and 35 years.

No. 64. I am very much interested in Physical Culture and would be pleased to correspond with others, for the purpose of starting an all-around dancing and Physical Culture school.

No. 66. Bohemian, 23 years, 155 pounds, 5 feet 6 inches. Black hair, brown eyes, dark complexion. Loves swimming, boxing, baseball. Would like simple Physical Culture girl. Don't expect flattery, smooth talk or dance fiend.

No. 67. Educated business man, 37 years, tall, young-looking, dark hair, likes music, outdoor life, wishes to correspond with a lovable Physical Culture woman having light or reddish-brown hair, dark-brown eyes, plump figure, Protestant.

No. 68. Artist, 5 feet 3 inches in height, home-loving, desires acquaintance of healthy, modest young woman. Well educated, refined, lively, fond of country life and a true disciple of Physical Culture.

No. 69. Business man, 40, 135 pounds, 5 feet 5 inches, blonde, desires acquaintance of practical and sensible Physical Culture woman who likes New England country life, and wants to live and practice its ways for mutual improvement.

No. 70. Gentleman, 40, 6 feet, 160 pounds, brown hair, good health, good looks, entirely alone, extensively traveled, fond of outdoor life, of letters and art, would correspond with refined cultured lady of similar tastes and about same age.

No. 72. A young Scotch woman would like to hear from Physical Culturists.

No. 75. Refined, intelligent girl, 33, possessing Physical Culture ideas of womanhood, un-

able to find gentlemen who possess the same high ideal of life, desires to correspond with men who appreciate intelligence, and ambition for a true, noble life, more than wealth.

No. 78. Western girl of twenty-two years, a Physical Culturist, would like correspondence with others interested in like topics.

No. 79. Professional gentleman, 35, good health and appearance, educated, refined, fond of athletics and outdoor life, especially walking and mountain-climbing, desires to correspond with enthusiastic Physical Culture girl, having good health and happy disposition.

No. 80. Young man of 18, height 5 feet 9 inches, weight one hundred forty-five, would like correspondence from young ladies 16 to 18, who are interested in Physical Culture.

No. 81. Physical Culturist, age 26, height 5 feet 8 inches, 150 pounds, dark hair, railroad brakeman, fond of amusement and out-of-door sport, who never knows what sickness is, would correspond with young women of the same ideas.

No. 82. Active man of 40, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150 pounds, dark hair, eyes, and complexion, good form, an ardent lover of good books and nature. Widower with two fair, blue-eyed girls, 4 to 5. Ladies write.

No. 83. A refined, corsetless young woman, 29, country bred and a pronounced Physical Culturist, height 5 feet 3½ inches, weight 134 pounds, dark-brown hair and gray eyes, desires acquaintance of other Physical Culturists interested in music, literature and fresh air.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT THE WHITE HOUSE

The highest office of our country is filled by a man who is a physical culturist to the core. Whenever and wherever the President can find the opportunity to give a healthy stimulus to the cause of exercise and outdoor life he lends his efforts. The three baseball diamonds that have been laid out at his suggestion are in use constantly. Now grounds are being laid out in the northwest corner of

Monument Field for the lovers of quoits. Archery grounds are also being laid out in the Smithsonian grounds, and it is possible that our outdoor President will permit golf links to be described through the Mall and through the Monument grounds. Our strenuous, open-air, rugged President only typifies the generation of strong, able-bodied young men that is springing up in the America of to-day.

TOUR OF THE WINNER OF THE \$1000 PRIZE COMPETITION



To the lovers of the classical human figure an opportunity will be given to study it in the beautifully formed and perfectly developed body of Mr. Albert Treloar, who was adjudged, by eminent sculptors and physicians at the Madison Square Exhibition, to be the most perfectly formed man in the world to-day. For the benefit of our readers we give Mr. Treloar's itinerary below :

	Week beginning	Ending
Orpheum Theater, San Francisco, Cal.	Aug. 21	Aug. 28
Orpheum Theater, Los Angeles, Cal.	Sept. 5	Sept. 12
Orpheum Theater, Denver, Col.	- Sept. 26	
Orpheum Theater, Omaha, Neb.	- Oct. 9	
Orpheum Theater, St. Joseph, Mo.	- Oct. 16	
Orpheum Theater, Kansas City, Mo.	Oct. 23	
St. Charles Orpheum, New Orleans, La.	Oct. 31	

Editorial Department

THIS magazine is leading in the fight for a cleaner, purer, nobler manhood and womanhood. We are working for the complete annihilation of those terrible evils which curse humanity in every civilized community:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------|
| 1. PRUDISHNESS | 5. DRUGS |
| 2. CORSETS | 6. ALCOHOL |
| 3. MUSCULAR INACTIVITY | 7. TOBACCO |
| 4. GLUTTONY | |

The reforms for which we are contending are so important, that they will be blazoned for a period at the top of this column.

* * *

IAM criticised severely sometimes because of many of the theories which I advocate. In order to follow in close detail the habits of life outlined in this magazine, it is said that one must divorce himself from his friends and live in every way so differently from that which is usual that life holds but little pleasure.

Although I strongly advocate that many of the reforms I have suggested be made in your diet and general habits of life, I do not, by any means, advocate a revolution in the habits of anyone that will make life in the slightest degree less worth the living. I believe in adding to the pleasures of life. Happiness is of paramount importance. Its attainment is the inalienable right of every intelligent human being. Misery warps the instinct and dries up the soul.

Our Theories for Our Readers

This magazine, first of all, advocates that every reader possess a free, unprejudiced mind. **HE SHOULD BE OPEN TO CONVICTION**; he should be willing to reason clearly and calmly to the conclusions, whatever they may be.

"A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still." I believe that in most cases very little benefit can be secured by following the habits of life recommended in this magazine unless, first of all, you are convinced that there is truth in our theories.

A man who is desirous of learning must be willing to experiment, though experiments on himself should be attempted only after a very thorough investigation. Don't make any immediate and radical changes in your habits of life. Make all changes slowly. If you are enjoying a satisfactory degree of health you must be doubly convinced of the value of a change before making it. If you have been ill for a long period, you can more easily afford to make a change, though the greatest care possible is essential even under such circumstances.

Let me make it plain that this magazine stands, first of all, for that free, open-minded attitude which enables one to accept the truth when it is presented and

proved to him. I do not believe by any means in the maxim that "What is one man's food is another man's poison." But it must be admitted that the mental attitude has a vast influence upon the effects of food and upon its nourishing qualities. For instance, if one man is exceedingly fond of a certain wholesome food he would secure far more nourishment from it than would another who does not consider it appetizing. It should be remembered that the mere enjoyment of food adds to its digestibility, and to the powers of the organs of assimilation in absorbing its nourishing elements.

I want every reader to conduct his life according to his conscience and intelligence. I am learning every day. Every intelligent human being must be always ready and willing to learn, always in a mental condition to accept new facts. What I am fighting for most of all is to have you avoid ruts. Keep out of the narrow sphere made by prejudiced conventionalism. In diet, exercise, and in every phase of your daily regime, guide your life as best you can according to your own individual understanding. If you adopt a certain dietetic regime, and do not seem to improve, change it, again and again if necessary, until you find a diet that will bring you the best possible health.

But experiments of this character nearly always teach lessons of value. Even though you might go back to your old regime, usually you will make some changes. New truths can not be accepted in a moment. Even the greatest and most important facts of life require time to fully assimilate. Thorough familiarity from every point of view is essential to grasp their full significance.



SEVERAL very good letters were received, giving suggestions as to the best method of taking Physical Culture into politics. The following letter is one of the best:

The supporters of Physical Culture could accomplish the following reforms in politics:

1. HAVE AN ORDINANCE in every town and city prohibiting the distribution of patent medicine samples on the streets. Children have often been made seriously sick by eating dangerous drugs left lying on doorsteps. This reform has been accomplished in many cities, but should be adopted in all.

*Physical Culture's
Mission in Politics*

2. Refuse to support any candidate who in any way upholds or aids proprietors of objectionable businesses. Under this would come editors and proprietors of newspapers accepting objectionable advertisements of patent medicines, quack doctors, nicely veiled offers to perform criminal operations upon women, etc., etc. Roscher, the great German political economist, in his Political Economy, mentions, as a disgrace to America, "the numberless bold advertisements of doctors that they are ready to remove all impediments to menstruation 'from whatever cause.'" We all know what that means. The man who publishes that kind of advertisements is aiding and abetting criminals.

3. Refuse to support any candidate who allows his name or picture to be used in the endorsement of any patent medicine. There would be few testimonials signed by Congressmen if every Physical Culture enthusiast in the offending Congressman's district would write a letter to him withdrawing his support.

4. Make an organized protest to all papers publishing patent medicine ads., and make a roll of honor of all political organs that refuse to take them.
5. Have open-air playgrounds and free baths in every city in the country.

The suggestions made in this letter are unquestionably good. Every enthusiastic Physical Culturist throughout the country who will vote this Fall should keep them in mind when election day arrives. Physical Culture societies everywhere will be a power for good if they will make themselves felt politically in all these important questions.



AS stated in a recent editorial, there should be societies in every city of any size for the purpose of advancing this most important work. There are thousands of Physical Culturists who feel isolated because of their inability to meet those in sympathy with them. By organizing societies everywhere the number of Physical Culturists would vastly increase, and the enthusiasts now so interested in this work will feel strengthened and encouraged.

The Editor's Lecture Tour

In 1902 I announced a lecture tour, but because of the inefficient organization of my publishing business I was compelled to cancel nearly the entire tour. I would like to visit every city and, in fact, every hamlet in the country, and pass my intense enthusiasm on others. There is no reasonable excuse why Physical Culture, as it is taught in this magazine, should not be a power to work for the benefit of humanity in every community.

For a long period I have made endeavors with a view to arranging my business interests in such a manner as to allow me time for lecturing. I am not satisfied, by any means, with the result, but this Fall I expect to visit several of the large cities, and I hope that my readers will in every way assist in making the audience so large that an enthusiastic Physical Culture society can be launched then and there.

Bernarr Macfadden



The Editor's Lecture Tour

Dates to be announced in the next issue. Where a theater or hall is not mentioned, arrangements for lecture not yet completed.

Boston	Chicago
Montreal, Windsor Hall	St. Louis
Toronto, Massey Hall	Indianapolis
Buffalo, Lafayette Theater	Cincinnati
Cleveland	Pittsburg
Detroit, Detroit Opera House	Philadelphia