

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

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## Development of the Upper Arms

By *BERNARR MACFADDEN*



**S**TRONG arms are certainly a desirable possession. They usually indicate also the possession of good lungs and a well-developed chest, as the usual methods required in developing strong arms influence advantageously the chest and lungs. If it was generally understood how easy it is for one to develop this part of the body, there would be but few indivi-

duals who would allow a weakness of this nature to exist.

"Feel my muscle" is a remark frequently made by those who are proud of their arms. Biceps are supposed to be about the only muscle in the body, and the average individual who desires to be strong and wishes his friends to realize it, usually gives considerable time to the development of these particular muscles.

Grasp the arm of an athlete who is known for his strength, and he will nearly always immediately flex his muscles that they may appear to the best possible advantage. An unflexed muscle should be soft and pliable, almost as soft as a baby's flesh. If otherwise it usually indicates a muscle-bound condition, or in other words, slowness, in some instances awkwardness in case this condition exists in all the muscles of the body.

There are many methods of developing the arms, but these various methods frequently produce quite different results. Free light movements, requiring very slight efforts, will in some cases produce an increase in the size and strength of the arm, though frequently this increase is so slight as to be hardly noticeable. Exercises of this character will tend to develop more of the rounded outlines of symmetry than the more rugged outlines of strength.

Dumb-bells are unquestionably of very great value in developing the muscles of the arms, but in case one is traveling there is the disadvantage of being compelled to carry them around.

Wrestling and sparring are especially advantageous exercises for developing the arms. Wrestling will usually develop



EXERCISE No. 1.

Keep the muscles tense as possible and bring the arms up very slowly as far as possible, trying to force them still further; straighten arms very slowly, tense muscles, and try to force them still straighter. Continue until tired.

fighters to wrestle in order to develop the rugged vigor produced by wrestling. The fighter accustomed to wrestling in his training can stand far more punishment and be able to endure more of the rough and tumble influences of fighting if he is in the habit of wrestling while training.

Most anyone can develop the arms from one to three inches by the regular use of the muscles in their various actions. It is well to remember, though, in exercising to take the movements energetically, with vigor and vim. Especially is this essential in the resisting and flexing exercises which are illustrated in this article. The exercises are more especially for men, though they would be of equal advantage to the opposite sex.



EXERCISE No. 2.

Place left hand on right, pressing down slightly with left; bring right up from straight arm to position shown; same, reversing position of arms. Continue until tired.

more strength in the arms than sparring, though it is strength of a different kind. A sparrer will naturally be able to strike a harder blow than a wrestler, for the reason that he has used and trained the striking muscles more than the wrestler. Wrestling, too, has a tendency to make one slightly musclebound if no other exercise is taken. It is usually advisable for wrestlers to spar for the purpose of developing quickness, and for



EXERCISE No. 3.

Place left hand under right wrist. Now, starting with right arm flexed and slightly resisting movement with left arm, bring right arm down until arm is straight; same exercise with position of arms reversed. Continue until tired.



EXERCISE No. 4.

With left arm flexed and bent far over as shown, resisting movement slightly with right, twist left arm at shoulder, keeping it flexed, and bring it far over in front of chest; same, with position of arms reversed. Continue until tired.

The extraordinarily prominent muscles and veins which are often produced in the arms of a man who is training for extraordinary strength can never be developed by a woman. It will be noticed that the women athletes who have acquired strength, equal and in some cases superior to male athletes, nearly always possess arms which simply show the well rounded symmetry desired by the average woman.

The prominent veins very frequently noticed in the arms of an athlete are not in all cases desirable, though great strength is usually accompanied by them unless considerable fatty tissue has been deposited.

Remember that the arms cannot be developed by a few spasmodic efforts. One must exercise daily, and after becoming inured to the exercise each movement must be taken until the muscles used in that particular movement are thoroughly fatigued.



## The People of India from a Physical and Moral Standpoint

—By—  
FRED. A. TAPE

A



ANYONE who has traveled much in India cannot fail to have been struck with the handsome, aye, refined, appearance of the populace one meets with on every hand, not merely in the purlieus where the wealthy classes abide, but in the haunts of the lowly, in public squares,

in villages, at fairs, processions,—in fact, on every hand.

In order to make a comparison, it is safe to say that it would be impossible to compare the bulk of European nations in this respect with our Indian brothers to the former's advantage. This is never more strikingly demonstrated than at the port of Colombo, where the big vessels of the Russian Volunteer fleet refit and give the emigrants, bound for Vladivostok and Eastern Asia in general, a day's

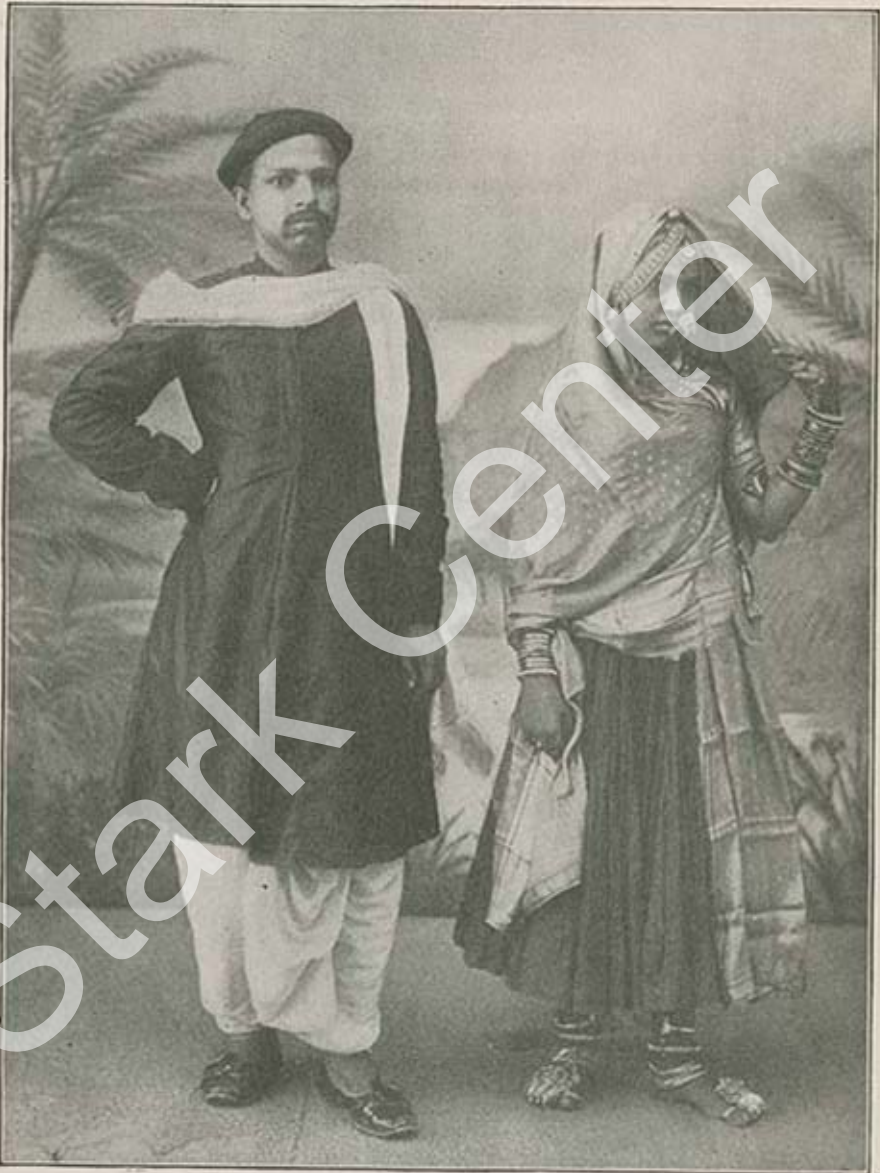


NATIVE CHIEFS IN STATE DRESS.

liberty on shore to stretch their limbs. Just look at the two crowds. The uncouth, often brutish, looking denizens of the North, from the vast dominions of the White Czar, unkempt and slovenly,

one is truly heavy and ursine, the other sleek and feline.

This argument is and can be very fairly admitted here, because the necessary limitations of this paper can only



PROSPEROUS INDIAN MERCHANT AND WIFE.

with intellect not far removed from the beast of the field, and the lythe, adroit, handsome and bright-eyed children of the Sun, who have collected in numbers out of curiosity and with a desire to chatter and barter, around these strangers. The

deal with very broad generalities and traits and customs of a whole conglomeration of races, albeit of the same common stock and fundamental peculiarities. Now, how comes it that in spite of pestilence and famine, in spite of dire

maladies and often bad climatic conditions, this vast host of a people have preserved this very noticeable feature through all the centuries? How is it that we meet on every hand such fine, handsome forms, round limbs, upright carriage, bright eyes and clear-cut oval faces, with well-formed hands and feet?

There are and have been many influences at work, the most notable of which

to get into the country, and your Indian is a great walker, and fond of perambulating, and there is the whole glory unfolded. Though the people know it not, they unconsciously and without ceasing worship at this universal shrine.

One only has to observe casually to find this on every hand. By the shore of a gem-like lake, by the bank of a devious and wooded stream, in the wood-



A BULLY PLOUGHING IN RICE FIELD.

I will here dwell upon shortly. There is to my mind hardly any factor more potent than beautiful nature, if it has been permitted, as in this case, to exercise its benign sway for untold centuries. And the people are in closest communion with that great Mother always, from the cradle to the grave. Even the dwellers of cities are not confined and shut in as is unfortunately the case with the people of Northern lands. The Sun, the Life-giver, shines upon poor and rich alike, almost always, and the seed is carried and germinates within the most squalid surroundings, trees blossom and flowers grow in gorgeous profusion on the roofs, on the cornices, by the window of the poorest mite. It takes but a few steps

land, one has ample opportunity to find multitudes of these devout worshipers, who, perhaps, are themselves unaware of the why and wherefore. Ask the aged Hindoo as he squats facing the sea, under the cocoanut-fronds whose roots are laved by the gently murmuring surf, while the Mousbon is souging in the foliage overhead. He will probably be brought back to this reality with a vacant stare and incoherent answer. Ask the child as it watches the eagle soar high in the air, or the mother and babe as she pensively stands looking into the "Pride of India" tree full of blossoms like a scarlet conflagration. They will not know, and cannot tell you, yet the rapt look on their faces will betray that they

are inwardly conscious of the glory which surrounds them.

But undoubtedly the greatest of all causes is the simplicity of their lives, their sober habits and general freedom from moral vice, which has characterized their nation as a whole for many centuries, which has made them what they are to-day,—goodly to look upon.

We can safely leave here all lepers and unwholesome sights on one side; although unfortunately all too numerous, they do not affect the vitality of the people as a whole, or the subject under discussion.

The two most important religions also, Buddhism and Islamism, teach and enforce no precepts more stringently than plain feeding and cleanliness of the body. Because the people are by nature very devout, this wholesome influence has been of the greatest consequence and magnitude, and there is no prettier sight than to watch the people, young and old, disporting themselves and enjoying themselves at the countless public bathing places. There is hardly, I swear, throughout the length and breadth of the land, an individual unable to swim, and swimming is, to my mind, one of the healthiest exercises that the human body can be put to. It expands the chest, it gives play to every muscle, it teaches self-reliance and clears the brain; how sad that in our Northern cold dreariness we are only able to indulge in this sport of the gods for so short a time each year.

Except in the far North, and in the high mountains, the climate is warm enough to admit of scanty and simple raiment to be worn which gives freedom to the limbs and ample chance to the skin to perform its allotted function without stint. No garment is allowed to be tight enough to prevent free and unrestricted movement. Even in the colder North,

on the Himalayas, where the whole body has to be constantly covered against the rigor of the climate, this hygienic law is recognized and followed, and as a consequence we see up there almost the finest specimens of humanity on earth,—a fine type of a Pathan or Afghan woman, and they are the rule, and not the exception, tall and straight as a lance, with small, oval head, straight, thin, delicately nostrilled nose, which nostrils are mobile and sensitive, like those of a mettlesome blood-horse, and a figure, firm and round, like the masterpiece of an ancient sculptor in bronze. A perfect creature from her abundant raven hair to the high-arched little foot, which knows no disfigurement, no covering except a little soft half-slipper. Why is she grown as God ordained? Because she follows the dictates of Nature! Her radiant beauty has a greater charm than the hollow fashion-mockeries which all too oft, alas! have become necessary with us to hide something incomplete, ungainly, which has no right to exist, which has been forced upon the poor, maltreated body through blindness and perversion of the fundamental laws of our being, and which through an all-merciful and wise ruling of Providence may still be remedied by adopting simple rules of treatment which are potent to every one who has the good sense to look.

We have in the illustrations types from all the strata of the Indian people,—native chiefs, who look virile, intelligent, and handsome, every one, the merchant, or middle class, a prosperous looking, sturdy citizen—with his buxom and pretty wife, and the villagers who with their ox-teams and primitive plow till the field which their forbears have perhaps done before them in the same rude manner for a thousand years.





## Hot Water and Its Uses

By Dr. C. Gilbert Percival

**W**HAT cannot be done with hot water! An application of moist heat by means of cloths wrung out in boiling water, is called fomentation. Flannel cloths give the best results. It is a simple remedy, and perhaps one of the most useful for home treatment. It is easy of application, and efficacious in its results, though its range of usefulness is not to be considered a cure-all. Almost every kind of pain, sprains, toothache, earache, neuralgia, pain in the stomach and abdomen, headache, backache, and other aches, can be controlled more or less by fomentation.

For a baby that is crying with colic—put its feet into hot water, and apply fomentations to the stomach. As soon as the cloths cool off they should be wrung out of hot water again, and the application kept up until relief is obtained. This will usually put the baby to sleep in a short time.

For a sprain, use fomentations from one to two or three hours the first thing; then afterward apply them regularly two or three times a day, according to the amount of pain present; in this way the pain can be kept under control, and the inflammation will subside very nicely.

Older people, having indigestion, with cramps in the stomach, find the same treatment very helpful to them. Plenty of fomentations over the seat of the pain, and putting the feet in hot water, will relieve many of indigestion. This can be made more effective by drinking plentifully of hot water, even to the point of causing vomiting, thus relieving the stomach of a burden of undigested and fermenting food.

In those cases of fever in which the skin is cold and clammy, the fever can be reduced by the application of a fo-

mentation to the spine or stomach, or both, followed by a tepid or cool sponge bath. Fomentations tend to bring the blood to the surface and induce sweating, thereby reducing the fever.

Fomentations applied to the chest and throat are excellent in colds. In the early inception of a cold, prompt measures of this kind, combined with a very hot foot bath, adding mustard to the latter to draw the blood thoroughly to the feet, followed by a rest in bed, will frequently break up a cold. The treatment of a settled cold consists of fomentations to the chest. It relieves the cough, and gives comfort. For this, fomentations can be applied once a day, or more often, if necessary to control the cough and pain, if there is any pain, in the chest.

Fainting is relieved by heat applied to the head. In fainting, a person should always be laid flat on the bed, or floor. Relief for an asthmatic attack is an alternate hot and cold application over the chest and spine. Some people prefer fomentation to alternate hot and cold applications for this.

A weak heart can be stimulated by heat applied over it, or to the spine. If necessary, to intensify the action of the heat, use alternately hot and cold applications.

As the acute stage of the cold passes off, the fomentations still continue to be useful, and the application is rendered still more efficacious by alternating the hot with the cold. This is done by rubbing a cold cloth over the chest after each application; or, better still, by using a piece of ice to rub over the chest after each application of heat. Rheumatism and inflamed joints of whatever nature do very nicely under thorough fomentation. The heat relaxes the tissues and relieves the pain, especially in acute inflammation.

Headaches can be cured by hot water

with the fomentation applied directly to the head. Sometimes the heat is applied to the spine, acting by inducing the blood away from the head, and in that way relieving the headache. At other

times much relief is afforded by the use of alternate hot and cold to the spine or head, or to both. Fomentations to the spine, and a foot bath, will often relieve sleeplessness and nervousness.

## The Battle for Honesty

By J. D. Jones



It is intensely gratifying to note the course of PHYSICAL CULTURE in its struggle for mankind. Progression ever has been the life of civilization. "The Battle for Honesty" is, at present, the most momentous conflict in the war of existence. Multitudes are now, as always before, pioneering on the borders of the infinite realms of knowledge. Many stake out claims and settle at the first opportunity. We are traversing a mountainous district. Peaks arise on every hand, and toward each, people are hastening. One mountain, very dazzling and brilliant, but steep and precipitous, is that of money. Millions are crowding it, fighting and slaughtering, right and left, struggling for positions. There, many would permanently rest, and at its base many eternally rest. Various bodies of men follow their chosen leaders, and seize tracts of territory, incited by personal aims, and strive to establish permanent sovereignty. Right they are in exploring all regions, but wrong in trying to compel all pilgrims to gather under their banners, or swear allegiance. Here and there are small kingdoms and dukedoms held by sects and tribes ready to levy tribute and impose vassalage upon whom-

soever they may. But far in the distance looms a mountain, faint and dim, but mighty and stupendous; one which promises to maintain all who reach it, though they be innumerable. It is ethics—the science of right living. It invites all to rest and live in its green valleys and fertile fields.

PHYSICAL CULTURE is expanding surely to the principles and precepts of ethics; ethics in its broadest, its true sense—the science of human duty. Armies are gathering from all quarters for the crusade for better conditions. We are only waiting for the leaders. Let PHYSICAL CULTURE step forward and take the lead. The battle cry is "The World for Humanity." All who oppose the movement will be swept aside. Those who choose to remain behind in desolated territory have the privilege of so doing. Another magazine, or newspaper, weekly or bi-weekly, joining hands with your two magazines, would be hailed with loud acclamations. There are many periodicals, sectarian and partisan, interesting possibly to certain classes, but disappointing and unsubstantial pap to the majority. A model life (not ideal necessarily) is composite, and the whole is grander than any of its parts; so a magazine liberal and rational—radical though it be—with the broad aims of the best in the world for mankind, would be of the noblest, and worthy of unlimited support.

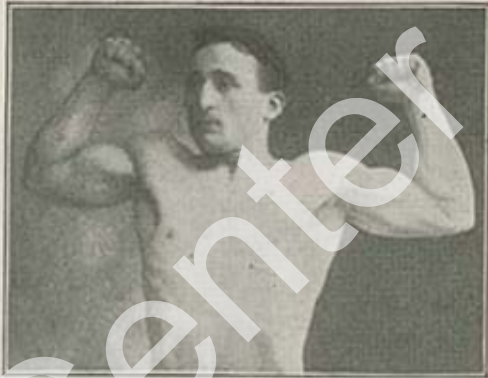
## How I Recovered My Health and Regained My Physical Form in Two Months at the Age of 31 Years by the Intelligent Study of Physical Culture

BY WM. J. LEE

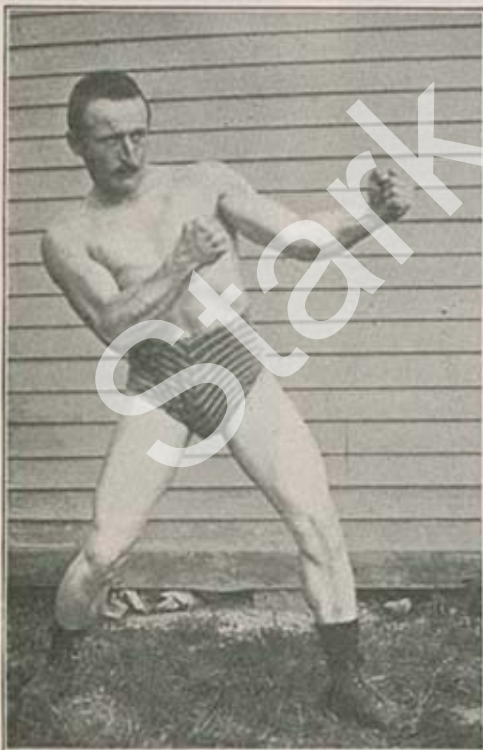


**A**S FAR back as I can remember, I was never sick as a child, having a good constitution and good digestion. I grew up as strong as a young ox, so to speak. At the age of 16 I could lift a 100-lb. dumb-bell from floor to shoulder, and to arm's length with one hand. I

could run well, swim or row a boat in good time. This was all developed from play. I was the son of a tailor,



WHEN I ENTERED THE ARMY.



BEST DEVELOPMENT I COULD REACH AS A BOXER.  
Weight, 140 lbs.

and lived all my life in city tenements, attending the public schools till 12 years of age, when I went to work to learn a trade. Being shut up in stuffy shops, one does not feel frisky enough for play, and many of the boys are stunted for life by being taken away from play, the open air, the freedom of mind and joy that comes from vigorous exercise. Despite this, I gained strength from open air games in the evening. I did not smoke or use tobacco in any form, nor



PRESENT DEVELOPMENT.  
Weight, 140 lbs., after 2 months' course of light training

liquor, but I did at times overeat (unknowingly), but vigorous play burned up all that, and I maintained a good digestion.

At the age of 18 my young friends and brother urged me to go in for athletics. I joined the P. A. Athletic Club of New York, with a younger

brother, who was troubled with bronchitis and nose-bleed from childhood, but who

constitutions for life—by violent running with heavy sweaters on, and sometimes by using drugs. They expect to go into the ring in a strong condition, never thinking of the awful tax on their vital organs by trying to sweat off their weight, and never thinking of diet, stuffing their stomachs three times a day. The writer has seen such cases often among boxers and trainers. How many times will you see in the daily papers of a champion, when defeated, making the excuse that he is weak at the weight. This is how many have lost well earned laurels.



No. 1.

developed himself to a good boxer, and competed for the American championship in the featherweight class with credit. So well was I developed that one would not believe that it was from simple play and boyish games. I was

warned against the practice of regular exercise, being advised that I would get stale from such training, that twice a week was enough for any boy to exercise, unless in active training for a contest. I weighed then, nude, 140 lbs., was of solid flesh and muscle, deep chested and broad shouldered, and I took to professional boxing.

And, let me say right here, I have seen more harm come from stupid weight reducing than from muscular inactivity, young men reducing down to the lowest weight in order to enter some boxing tournament—not fat reducing, but good tissues, and so weakening their



No. 2.

20 lbs., and winning easily.

They are not all Fitzsimmons, however. He is a great believer in regular exercise, and so keeps his vital organs in good condition.

When young Griffo came to this country to meet the American champion I was the first boxer to meet him in private, as a trial horse. He had never reduced his weight to box in his life. He was the cleverest boxer the world

When Bob Fitzsimmons defeated J. Dempsey the press claimed that he would not be strong at 154 lbs. He undertook the hardest course of training ever undertaken by any fighter, reducing some



No. 3.

ever saw—a wonder at self-defence—and he sank down to the lowest by the use of drink, overeating and tobacco. But with all this experience I must say I did not take warning, and the once powerful form I possessed was fast leaving me. At twenty-five years of age, after meeting some of the best boxers in the ring, I tired of the game, and married and settled down.

I was compelled to try the ring again

suffering from nervous debility, and my power of endurance was lessening greatly. I used tobacco freely, and beer. I weighed one hundred and fifty when I enlisted.

Photos A and B show best development ever possessed while a boxer. Photo C shows weight reduced to 140 lbs. after five months drilling and training at Fort Slocum.

After being mustered out of the service I went back to my trade, began to get stout and reached 175 lbs., in weight. Took no regular exercise but my day's work. Eighteen months later I applied

for policy from the Colonial Life Insurance Company. Was examined physically, by Dr. Bessinger Huber, 41 West 45th Street, New York City, and was rejected by the company as a bad risk.



No. 4.



No. 5.



No. 6.

one year later, and made one of the worst exhibitions possible. Having had no training, using alcohol, tobacco, stuffing my stomach, and having no knowledge of the simple laws of health, I reaped what I had sown in crushing defeat.

The victor went on and won the world's welter championship. Taking me by the hand, he said, "If you ever get in good condition again I will give you a chance." That man was Matty Matthews. I drank more and more, caring nothing about Nature's laws, and took no regular exercise, until at last I was a sick man.

When the war broke out with Spain I enlisted in the army. The open air life did me good, but the old habits were there, and helped to delay good results. I was not an invalid by any means, but was

I then sought the advice of a well known specialist in New York, and was treated with drugs, but got no relief. I began reading PHYSICAL CULTURE, and was surprised to note the truth and daring of the editor. I began to take hints from the contents for my family, but none for myself. Later I took digestive hints. About last November I was lecturing out-of-doors and hard campaigning told on me and

I contracted severe illness. Tried fasting, cold baths and exercise; came out all right, but it was not until February 12th, 1902, that I decided to get more knowledge of Nature's laws.

I began to practice what I had read and thirty days surprised me as to the results, reduced from 175 to 158, eating but two meals a day.

My strength of endurance began to return. I felt that good health was

9. It astonished me and my friends. Not only had my health returned, but I lost about thirty-five pounds of fatty tissue without any inconvenience, reaching again my normal weight of 140 lbs., nude, and proving the theory that a man can maintain his weight and strength and muscular development on two well digested meals a day.

At this writing I have a physique such as I never had in my early youth. All of my exercise was done nude before an open window, and when I retired at night I was careful to see that all of the windows in my sleeping room were open.

The following table gives my measurements before I commenced the course of light exercise and light diet, and at the end of two months' trial, when



No. 7.

again to be mine. Kept up the advice given, and thinking that others might be benefited by my experience I went to Hall's Studio and was photographed.

Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 show results. In trying to flex the muscles to the fullest extent I was so unsteady that the operator had to put a brace behind my head.

That was March 15th. I lost steadily in weight, but gained in strength and endurance. I began walking daily about two and a half miles to and from my day's work. My strength came back to me, and I increased the exercise daily. Result five weeks later will be seen in photographs Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8 and



No. 9.

last pictures were taken:

When I commenced.		At the present.	
In.		In.	
39 normal	} Chest	{ contracted 34	{ expanded 41
35 contracted			
40 1/2 expanded			
38 . . .	Waist . . .	29	
13 . . .	Biceps . . .	13 1/2	
12 1/2 . . .	Forearm . . .	13	



No. 10.

*The :: ::*

*Natural Way*



WHILE the practice of medicine, so-called, is confined to the bipeds of the animal kingdom, the Nature Cure seems equally available to every living thing. It has always been something of a mystery to the lay mind why such drugs as strychnine, quinine, morphine, etc.,

which are daily used in the materia medica of the schools for treating diseased conditions among men, should not be of equal value in treating animals. Their afflictions arise from the same causes, and are in a great many instances identical in character. The untutored animal, however, is the greatest anti-drug crank known. Probably it is due to his aversion to being dosed, that the method of treating the domestic animal when ill is so different from that adopted in treating the sick man.

It has long been well known that when an animal is sick it usually refuses all food, seeks a cool place for retreat, and allows Nature to effect a cure. Some domestic types, however, become so degenerate through association with the man-animal that these processes are neglected, and hence the mortality among domesticated horses, cows, swine, dogs, cats, etc. The ill effects of ordinary feeding are as plainly illustrated among these quadrupeds as in the examples furnished by the higher animal type—man.

The efficacy of natural treatment, as applied to domestic animals, is aptly illustrated in the following veracious accounts, furnished by trustworthy correspondents.

A gentleman who resides in Texas, and who has come to look upon physical culture as being the only logical and effective exponent of the theory and treatments of diseases, tells the following interesting story about his office cat, from which he learned a valuable lesson.

He writes: "This cat has reached an age at which the ordinary member of the cat family, as compared to one of the human family, would be about 90 years old. She has no teeth, but catches the largest rats. Recently she caught sev-



THE CAT.

eral, and following the dictates of her appetite, ate them all. The gorge was too much for her, and she suffered from a bad attack of indigestion. She at once stopped eating, and for three weeks wasted away. She became very thin and weak, and everyone who saw her thought

that she would certainly die. She crawled off to a dark place, and lay upon the ground until the fever had passed. Each day she would manage to crawl out and take a sun bath; she slept most of the time. When she got so that she could eat a little, she was given one meal of milk a day. It took her two or three weeks to regain her wonted sleekness, but to-day she is strong and healthy again. Although I endeavored to feed her when she was at the worst, she would not touch a mouthful. I send you photo of the cat as she is to-day."

Another gentleman who has become an enthusiastic physical culture advocate tells the following story:

"We live in the country, and I have a brother who is credited with being an original thinker. He came to me one day and said: 'If this physical culture scheme is good for a man I do not see why it would not be good for a horse. I am going to buy up all the sick and decrepit horses I can, and see if I cannot make them well.'

"The first broken-in horse flesh he got was a fine, large bay, that had a fistula and was considered worthless. He fastened him up in a stall, gave him plenty

of water to drink, took him out for a walk every day, but did not feed him anything for nearly a week. Finally he came to me and said: 'Say, that horse nearly ate his stall last night. I wonder if he is not hungry enough to feed?' The next day we put him on a diet of green grass, and in a week or two he was all right.

"A few days later he found a broken-down nag that had a bad case of heaves. Everybody in the neighborhood knew the horse, and thought he was worthless. We put the animal through a course of fasting, and a few days' feeding on his natural diet, grass, and he was able to pull a fairly heavy load. One of the natives, met my brother when he was driving him with a load, and said: 'What have you done to that horse? He was the worst wind-broken beast I ever saw, and now he seems to be all right.' The driver replied: 'The only trouble with him was that he did not know how to breathe properly. We gave him a few lessons in deep breathing, and now he is getting along all right.' If the boy keeps on his career of reformation of old, broken-down horses, he will surely be a magnate some of these days.

## CURIOUS FACTS

"In Japan, not the least striking feature of novel forms and conditions of life, is the "Ricksha" man. He will draw a heavy man about the streets all afternoon, going at a run, except up hills, and literally performing a horse's work, all on a diet of rice and fruit. How many American laborers could even run an hour, without drawing the vehicle?"—CORRESPONDENT.



"To return to Queretars. As we entered the town by the garita, in a disagree, which ran by the side of, and in the very street, were a bevy of women and girls in the garb of Eve, and in open day, tumbling and splashing in the water, enjoying themselves like ducks in a puddle. They were in no degree disconcerted by the gaze of the passengers who walked by at the edge of the canal, but laughed and joked in perfect innocence and unconsciousness of perpetrating an impropriety. [?] The passers-by appeared to take it as a matter of course."—ADVENTURES IN MEXICO, BY RUXBON.

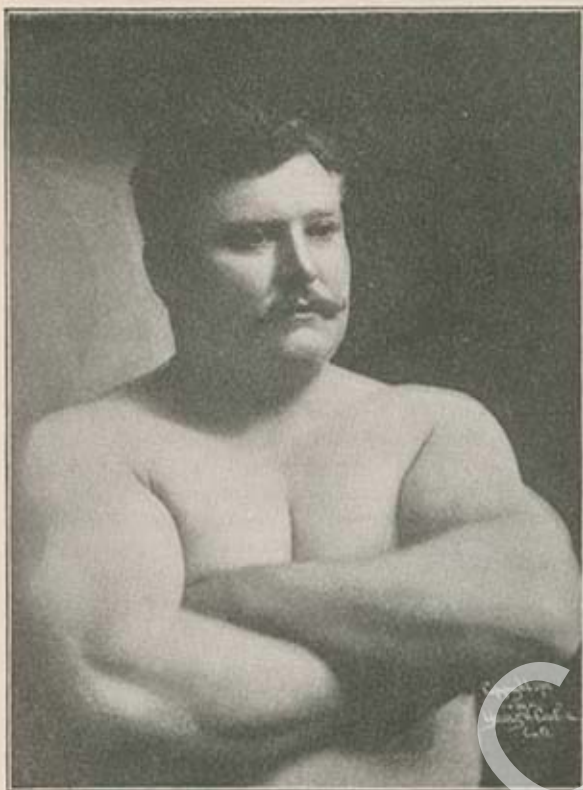


The Parisian French, who are notoriously the most immoral people on the face of the earth, are shocked, and think it very indecent for a Scotch Highlander to go through the streets in a kilt.



## Strong Men of the Middle States

By L. BOYD MARVIN



HENRY HOLTGREVE, CINCINNATI, O.

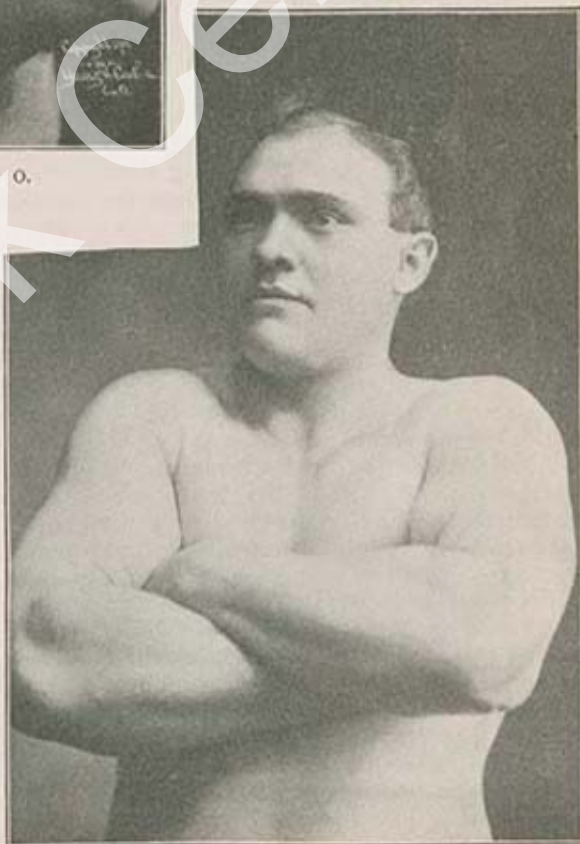
qualities of lifting strength, are all-round athletes, who would make a fine showing in any of the tests requiring muscular energy, endurance and quickness.

Holtgreve has established a record in the West for strength, having competed with and defeated several men under the old, or accepted order of strength tests

Winkelhoefer is known as the boy Hercules in his native city. He is twenty-two years old, six feet high and weighs 225 pounds. His development is the result of intelligent, modern training, and instead of presenting a great, ponderous mass of muscles, available only in weight-lifting tests, his varied exercises have made him an all-round athlete, agile, free in movement, and a dangerous competitor in any form of athletic sport.



THE photographs I send with this are of the strong men of the Central States, Henry Holtgreve, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Tom Winkelhoefer, of Hamilton, Ohio. I believe these men will be powerful competitors in the strong man contest proposed by PHYSICAL CULTURE. Both of them, while possessing unusual



TOM WINKELHOEFER, HAMILTON, O.

## Question Department

**Q.** A small tumor appeared on my shoulder, just above where arm joins, some months ago, and it has been growing rapidly ever since. Can I get rid of it without an operation?

**A.** It is entirely possible to rid the body of any such abnormal growth as you mention without recourse to the knife. The process is a lengthy one, however, and you cannot expect eradication to come under six to ten months. The method of procedure is as follows: If it is possible adopt a natural food diet immediately. (See answer below on natural foods.) Be abstemious in your eating habits, endeavoring to avoid taking any more food than is absolutely necessary for the nutrition of the body. Use your muscles vigorously, and regularly every day, to the point of making them slightly tired. Every night massage the tumor vigorously from eight to ten minutes, not merely rubbing the surface, but gripping it with the fingers, and kneading down among its roots. Bind wet cloths over it, and allow to remain all night.

**Q.** I am troubled with disorder of the bowels; have tried all remedies without relief. What would you suggest?

**A.** Cleanse the entire alimentary canal, from end to end. To do this, abstain from eating for a period of three to five days; take warm water enema every two days; remain quiet at home, and confine exercises to what you can take reclining. Following this, adopt following diet: No breakfast; whole wheat bread, peas or beans, potatoes, and rice for noon meal; meat should be eaten not oftener than three times a week. Last meal should consist of stewed fruits, whole wheat bread, boiled whole wheat grains and milk. Eat sparingly at this meal.

**Q.** I seem to be getting a bad case of

piles. What can I do to obtain relief?

**A.** Adopt vegetable diet, eating freely of fruits, lettuce, spinach, etc. Peas and beans once a day instead of meat; or nuts. Take cold sitz bath for three minutes morning and night.

**Q.** I am 19 years old, and troubled with malaria every summer. Please advise me how to avoid it this year.

**A.** Drop your breakfast, and eat but two meals a day. Eat cereals and vegetables. If you eat fruit, make it part of a meal, and do not eat it except at the two stated times. If you feel the symptoms of malaria coming on, stop eating at once. Drink water freely, and bathe morning and night. Take a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise.

**Q.** I am 36 years old and well nurtured in body. About six years ago I noticed that I had difficulty in walking; my joints seem sore when walking, and the limbs feel as though there was compress on them. What is the trouble, and what can I do to remedy it?

**A.** The probabilities are that you are suffering from gouty or rheumatic complications, and the proper method of treatment is to eliminate all starchy foods from your diet; avoid stimulants of all sorts; exercise regularly, and stimulate the circulation in the affected joints by applying cold-water compresses on retiring, until the trouble is remedied.

**Q.** I am 22 years old, and have been taking regular exercise for over a year. When taking bending exercises there is a severe pain in my right side. Please give remedy.

**A.** You have probably been exercising too violently. One whose muscles are weak and flabby cannot take violent exercise without pain as the result. Would advise you to commence with some of the easier reclining exercises that have been illustrated in this magazine from

time to time, and take only a few movements a day until you have strengthened the affected muscles.

Q. I have been reading your magazine for over a year, and have frequently noticed reference to diet of fruits, vegetables and nuts. Will you please tell me how these are eaten, and in what proportion?

A. Natural food diet should be eaten in its natural state—that is, without cooking. The first meal should be taken at the usual breakfast hour, consisting of an orange, apple, or berries only. The principal meal should be eaten at about noon. At this meal such fruits as bananas, figs, dates, etc., should form a part of the diet. Cracked grains and nuts, such as peanuts, walnuts, filberts, etc., should also be eaten at this meal, the latter supplying the elements of nutrition generally found in meat. To make the cracked grain palatable a little honey might be mixed with it. The last meal should consist of fruits, berries, and such vegetables as can be eaten raw, exclusively.

Q. I am troubled with gastritis or catarrh of the stomach, of long standing. Can it be cured, and what is the treatment?

A. A total fast until a natural appetite appears and the coating on the tongue disappears. Then adopt the two-meal-a-day plan, avoiding meat. Masticate your food thoroughly, and eat only a moderate amount of food daily.

Q. I am 20 years old and weigh 126 pounds. My mouth is in a very foul condition every morning, throat inflamed, and complexion sallow.

A. Make your last meal very light. Walk four to six miles every afternoon or evening. Follow this by a brisk rub down and cold sponge bath.

Q. What can I do for hives caused by indigestion? My work requires eight to ten hours' walking every day.

A. Eat nothing but vegetable diet for the next two weeks. Brush the skin all over with a soft bristle brush, and sponge off with cold water morning and night.



QUIZ.—Has the doctor turned Physical Culturist?

BLZ.—No; there's a smallpox scare at Shantyville; and all the school children are to be vaccinated. The doctor sees visions of numerous half-dollars a head.

*An Open Air : :  
Municipal Gymnasium  
Boston, Mass.*

By  
*Dr. C. G. Percival*



THE oldest public outdoor gymnasium in the United States, with the enviable reputation of having produced more world's champions than any other institution of its kind in this country, the Charlesbank Gymnasium, is now entering upon its 14th year of existence.

Last year over 250,000 men and boys, or, to be exact, 253,850, used the gym to develop their bodies and strengthen their muscles, and it is predicted that the number this year will exceed 300,000.

The gymnasium, which is situated on the bank of the Charles River, at the corner of Charles and Leverett, near Craigie Bridge, is one of the largest and most fully equipped institutions of its kind in America. On its five-lap cinder track three world's champions have been developed—the mighty Wefers, the fleet-

known athletes, both of the past and present day, do, or did, all their training at the gym. Some of the old-timers who were brought before the athletic world were Hallowell, the crack Harvard hurdler; Phil Stingel, the one-time New England champion high jumper; Charles Brewer, of Harvard football fame; "Tom" Keene, who is still winning professional sprint races in England, and Fish Marsh, the wonderful professional all-round athlete. "Tommy" Conneff and George Tindler, of Ireland, two of the fastest mile runners the world ever saw, always put on the finishing touches of their training for races in this vicinity at the Charlesbank, and both often declared the track to be one of the fastest in the United States.

The gymnasium, which was thrown open to the public for the first time in July, 1899, is ideally situated, and even on the hottest days in Summer a cool, refreshing salt-water breeze is felt in the air.



THE CHARLESBANK OPEN AIR GYMNASIUM, BOSTON, MASS.

footed Burke, and Arthur Duffy, the Georgetown flyer, who only last month, twice in the same afternoon, equaled the existing world's record for the 100-yard dash. Hundreds of other less widely-

The length of the gym is about 200 yards, while in width it is about 50 yards. On the outside of the gym is one of the fastest cinder tracks in the United States, five laps to the mile. It is banked at

the corners, so as to allow high speed, and is also used during certain hours of the day by cycle riders.

Inside the track is found all kinds of gymnastic apparatus, horizontal and parallel bars, flying rings, chest and wrist machines, high and broad jumping boxes, a shot-putting arena, and also a place for the devotees of quoining to gratify their desires in that direction. To enter the gymnasium it is necessary to pass through the superintendent's office in the locker building. This building is located on the southerly end of the grounds, and is two stories in height. Lockers are provided for 200 persons, and on the same floor are a number of shower and

most every country in the world. Situated as it is in the West End, one of the most cosmopolitan settlements in America, it is only natural that the youngsters to be found on the horizontal bars, or climbing the rope ladders, are an interesting study.

Hebrew and Italian, Irish and Dutch, Greek and Armenian, Syrian and French all vie with each other in difficult gymnastic feats, or in covering one lap in the quickest time.

A striking contrast to the above-mentioned classes can be observed any afternoon or evening when the scions of some of Boston's wealthiest and most exclusive families, who are in athletics for the pure



THE CINDER TRACK.

spray baths, with hot and cold water at all times. On the ground floor of the building are situated a store room for the care-taker and also public toilet rooms.

To reach the gym proper one must go through the office and then across the bridge which is built over the running track. Everything is free, closets, lockers, soap and towels, and also the advice of the instructors, who tell the young men what kind of exercise they need most, and also how much work they should do to perfect themselves in the branch of sport in which they seem most proficient.

The habits of the gym represent al-

love of the sport, put in their daily practice. Running with them you can see Fish Marsh or Eddie Hobbs, who, during the Summer, make a living by winning races for cash prizes. A motley crowd can be found every evening, and the spectacle is worth the trip.

All classes and ages of men and boys use the gym daily. Class gymnastic work is one of the features of the gym. There are two classes, one for boys, which meets every afternoon at four, the other for men, which meets evenings at eight. Instructor Hugh C. McGrath looks after both classes. Last year over 20,000 entered the two classes.

## Through Pelee's Fiery Blast

By J. R. STEVENSON



SEVERO ALGOROZA opened his eyes with a twinge of pain. Sunlight was falling upon his face. He started up in surprise. His head ached, and he noted that he had been lying on a pile of straw, thrown upon the floor. The room was without furniture. The walls were bare stones, and the floor was the same material.

He looked up. One narrow window, high above him, and grated, dimly lighted the space about him. Something suddenly gripped within his breast, shortening his breath to a gasp. Horrors! He was in a dungeon.

He stared helplessly about the cell. His mind groped fruitlessly with the shadowy images of past events. How did he come there? What had he done? Was it real or a nightmare?

He sprang to his feet, and ran to the iron door, and tried it; it was locked!

Then he sat down and endeavored to connect this present catastrophe with his past life.

A week before he had landed in Martinique, he, Severo Algoroza, the hero of the Antilles, the matador, incomparable, of the islands of the Spanish Main!

He remembered walking the streets in conscious pride, a hercules among the inert inhabitants of that sleepy city. How his name ran before him, and on either side! How dusky eyes flashed at him! How necks were craned as he passed!

He remembered, later, when he had sat in a flower-embowered café near the harbor, and drank the strange, green French liquor, and hearkened dreamily to the musical tinkle of the drowsy conversation about him.

Then came dim visions of controversy, of anger, of contest, and then—the stone walls, barred window and locked dungeon door were realities he could not understand the cause for.

A patter of bare feet upon the pavement aroused him, and a jailer appeared with a meager pittance of a breakfast. Severo arose, a squarely built, massive man, and he demanded: "How did I come here?"

"Does monsieur not know?" questioned the other.

"No, no; I drank some of your cursed green liquor, and I have forgotten some hours or days of my life."

"Ha! ha!" chuckled the jailer. "The green liquor is potent to overcome so noted a champion, a man of such magnificent physique. Monsieur was quarrelsome in his cups, smote the good mayor's deputy on the nose, and assaulted divers of the gendarmes when they sought to lead monsieur to a safe place for a rest, after his draughts of the green liquor. Ha! ha! and monsieur is now under charges."

Severo sank upon his pallet with a groan. The jailer pursued: "I have here a little breakfast, not such as the cafés, with the flowers in the yard, provide, but such as the law says shall suffice for the imprisoned."

He put down the tin platter and jug of water.

His eye took in the bared arms and chest of the prisoner. They were corrugated with underlying muscles.

"My, but you're a fine fellow," exclaimed the jailer. "I don't wonder that you gave so much trouble to the gendarmes."

Severo unconsciously swelled his chest with pride. The admiration was a faint echo of the applause that had greeted his appearance in the ring. It was nectar to his spirit for a moment; then he saw the bread and water, the

mean pallet, the barred window, and he drooped; his magnificent physique was not a thing to be proud of here! It did not help one to bear the irksomeness of confinement or the shame of imprisonment. He dropped his eyes. The jailer lingered.

"You missed a splendid and terrible spectacle last night," he said. "Mt. Pelée, old demon Pelée, has waked up, and the way he flung his lurid torch into the heaven was a sight to make one shudder. To-day he is smoking, pouring out masses of dun lightning-streaked vapors that are fearsome in outline and titanic in height and breadth."

"Pelée, Pelée," murmured the captive; "I've heard of that."

"Yes, our volcano."

"Volcano!" almost shrieked the other; "here?"

"Oh, a few miles away; far enough to be harmless; near enough to make a spectacle for a holiday. Sorry you can't see it. Adieu."

"Adios," muttered the prisoner.

The jailer shuffled away. Severo stretched himself, strode about the room till he felt the glow of healthy circulation, and then quaffed deeply from the jug of water. He scorned the bread. His appetite, so lately surfeited, made no call for it, and he left it alone. He began to be aware that loud detonations, muffled by the walls, came again and again to his ears. It was like the concussions of a thunder storm. He thought of the volcano, and his heart grew sick. Following each explosion he sensed a trembling of the floor and walls of his dungeon.

"Earthquake!" he muttered; "Bueno Dios! I'm trapped like a rat if anything happens."

His senses were clear now. Those far-off, fear-breeding boom-booms of subterranean forces had shaken his scattered senses together; the trembling earth made him keenly alive to his peril.

"What were they doing above there? Were they fleeing, leaving him alone?" He screamed, and the smallness of his effort in the narrow cell cowed him. He recalled the jesting

jailer, and he felt reassured. Several times he called him; then he became aware that the thunders had ceased. The earth did not give forth her spasmodic, all but imperceptible trembling. Had the phenomena been trivial?

Suddenly, as if straining in mighty physical effort, the earth under him seemed to swell and shudder with convulsive tension. Then a terrific, ear-splitting explosion shook the very walls, and threw him forward; a minute after, a terrible roar, like the growl of a million roaring furnaces, swept over his head; fumes of sulphur and the hot, stifling odor of burned-out air overpowered him. He fell forward on his face, his nose among the straw of his pallet, his arms wound over his head, his body nerveless for the final, supreme shock of dissolution.

He felt the earth under him twisting like a convulsive, living thing, and about him, mixed with the roar of the great cataclysm, was the crash of falling bodies. A terrible mass fell upon the floor over his head, and two or three loosened stones toppled upon his recumbent body. He could not breathe; every time he tried to open his lungs the pungent vapors that had penetrated to his cell made him gasp convulsively. He found opportunity to get a gasp once in a while, only, when his nose was hidden in the straw. The atmosphere was not so hot there, and the choking dust, fiery hot, was absent.

He felt like a diver far under water. He instinctively knew that to breathe fully meant death. He felt the veins swell, the perspiration start from every pore. Time and again he strained his endurance to the limit; then, with a gasp, he would literally lick a few particles of foul, but comparatively cool, air from the floor. The minute he lifted himself he felt the blinding, stinging heat and the fumes of the sulphurous air penetrate his nostrils.

There Severo, the long-tried toreador, powerful athlete of trained and tempered physique, with organs developed to the utmost and in their prime, fought the most agonizing, heart-breaking, nerve-wrecking battle of his life.

He was fighting a demon of invisibility. It was endurance of a new and novel kind, he was called upon to display. He knew what it was to hold a muscle tensely flexed under strain till the frame ached and the nerves rebelled without flinching. Now he had to control one of the involuntary functions. There was little pure air to breathe, and he had to breathe as little as possible, like a swimmer buffeted by waves.

He clung to the floor. He sensed the drying moisture as it was literally licked up by the heated vapor that floated about him in lieu of atmosphere, and after each long spell of breath-holding he felt himself weaker than before. There were points of fire, too, that seared his face and skin where they were exposed, making his body tremble in an agony of pain.

For ages, it seemed, he struggled, gasp by gasp; then he remembered the pitcher of water. He stretched forth a hand, groped for it, and found it, and poured the contents over the straw. The floor of the cell seemed to improve; he could snatch deeper gasps of vapor-laden air that did not stifle. After a time he was able to breathe normally by keeping his nose to the floor, and he even ventured to lick up a little of the water.

How long he lay there, face downward, he did not know. He realized when the crisis of his own physical struggle had passed that there were chaotic noises outside of his cell, but voices of men he heard not. It was dark during his greatest trial, with flashes of lurid light; later he saw, out of the corner of an eye, a greyish haze about him, and smelled the odor of violently broken stone, burning timber, and of dust. Then came darkness again, darkness this time that was characterized by unbroken silence. No thunder, roar of tempest, cough of furnace; just the stillness of death and of centuries of apprehensive, strained alertness.

Light came again, after an agonized wait, through the little window. When it grew till he could distinguish objects he saw that a great mass of débris

—stones, charred beams, etc.—were piled confusedly above and beside the window.

He was hungry now. It seemed an age since he had lain there; an æon since the jailer who had left the bread and water had gone.

He struggled to his feet, and shouted until he was hoarse. He strained his ears for a response, but none came. He got down on hands and knees, and groped for the bread. He came across a hard mass, covered with dust, and devoured it eagerly. There were a few drops of water still in the jug, and these he poured down his throat, though the fluid was almost black, and tasted strongly of sulphur.

The hours dragged themselves, and the prisoner sat in the corner, with bloodshot, gleaming eyes, watching the tiny window, starting as each new muffled detonation came to his ears. Some sense of his fate came to him. He felt that he was buried alive; that the heat and stifling fumes had been due to the burning of a section of the city. He gave up hope and merely waited for the end.

Once or twice he struggled to his feet, and walked around the cell, seeking a possible breach. Darkness settled again upon him and he was wrapped in death-like stillness. He was without water, and the bread his stomach refused. Stupor seized his senses, and all his limbs were benumbed. He lost interest in the flight of time. He slept, and waked, and slept again.

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Four days after the destructive volcanic cyclone had swept over St. Pierre, levelling its buildings, suffocating and incinerating its inhabitants, a band of rescue workers came to the site of the prison; found the dead piled about indiscriminately; and one, more curious than the others, peered through the little window that opened from the dungeon, and saw the crouching figure there.

A few hours' work opened the way for his release, and the rescuers drew forth a semblance of man. In patches his clothing had been burned from his



body, his back and legs were seared with livid sores, such as a blast of steam, or a white-hot iron, would mold. His face was without mark.

The man was palsied, bent, crouching, and looked inconceivably old. His countenance was wrinkled and of a parchment hue. He could scarcely walk. His arms and legs were attenuated and weak.

"Who are you?" demanded the leader of the rescue workers.

"Severo, the bull-fighter," was the answer.

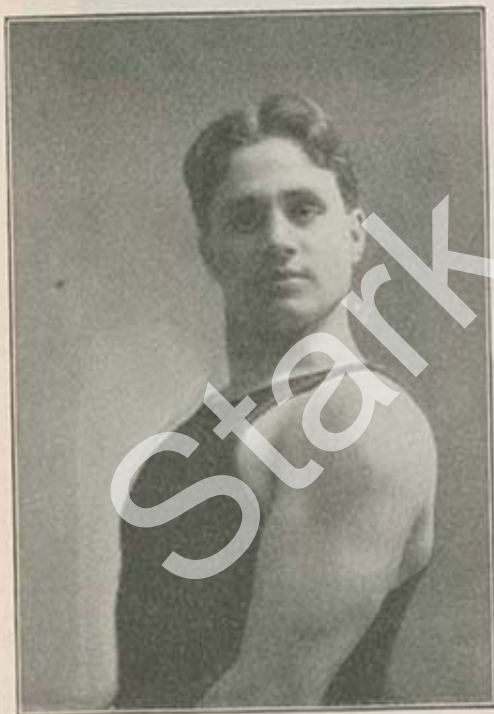
"What!" they gasped in wonder, and they looked away from the pitiful wreck.

The sunlight streamed upon the most appalling wreck of manhood any of them had ever seen.

"Do you know," one asked, "that you are the sole survivor of 50,000 persons? You are a wonder. How did you do it?"

Severo couldn't understand, at once, the extent of the horror he had been through, nor was he able to give any clear account of himself. Later, when he had eaten and rested, he related his adventures, substantially as told above.

But he will never enter the ring again. He became a very, very old man during the hours the deluge of fire raged over his place of confinement.



GEO. H. GROB, FREMONT, O.



FRANK A. LARISH, OSHKOSH, WIS.

## LONGEVITY

By  
J. R. STEVENSON



IN a home for the indigent, situated in New Jersey, lives a man who is 130 years of age. He is the marvel of the twentieth century. He has lived longer, perhaps, than any other human being whose span of life touched the nineteenth century.

At present his physical senses are almost in eclipse. He has almost lost the sense of smell, hearing and taste. He has no teeth; his form is bent and shrunken; his skin is like parchment, and clings, apparently, to the bones.

One looking at him would say that there is not much for such an object to live for. His relatives and friends have all passed away. He has been a pauper, and an inmate of a pauper home, for forty years. Still he is a physical marvel, for he has kept the vital spark alive longer than any of his contemporaries.

His present condition has inspired numerous editorial writers to draw the moral that longevity is not desirable; that a condition such as he presents, having to be waited upon like an infant, sans senses, sans intellect, sans everything that makes life attractive, is little better than death. And the conclusion is a logical one.

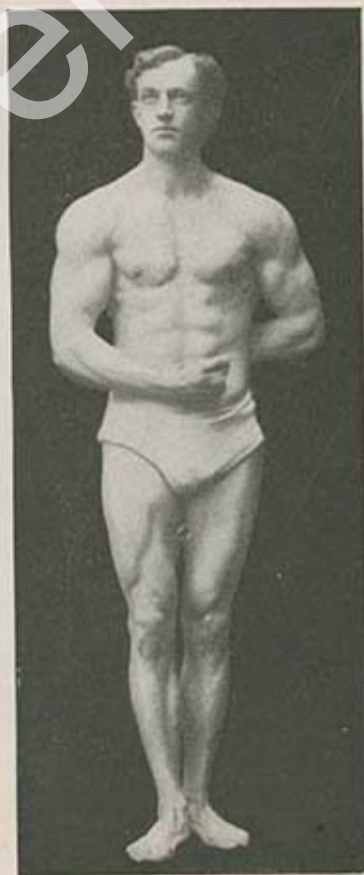
But there is another lesson to be learned from this case. The man never was a specimen of mentality to be emulated, and that phase of the matter we may let pass without comment. The fact that is worth holding in view is that he has succeeded in living so long.

It is the glorious exception that demonstrates that humanity is not condemned by Nature to the short span of life that is the rule. A man in the 20th century has lived to nearly twice the age that

men who die of old age usually live, and to twice the age our sacred books fix as the limit of human life.

Painstaking calculations based on birth and death statistics reveal the following law of averages:

Of 1,000 persons born to prosperous circumstances, 57 have died at five years; and in any thousand born among the poor, 345 have died before passing the five-year limit.



L. C. HUTCHERSON, HEMPSTEAD, L. I.

Of any thousand born to prosperous environment, 443 have died before the age of fifty is reached, and of any thousand born among the poor, 717 have died.

By the time seventy years are reached over 950 out of every 1,000 born have died.

It is worth our while to study such a phenomenon as this New Jersey pauper. There are other examples of even greater longevity afforded by comparatively modern records, without looking back to biblical and legendary individuals who numbered their birthdays by centuries.

A writer of a recent article on longevity in a French magazine, *Le Journal d'Hygiene*, declares:

"Observation shows that an animal lives eight times the period necessary for it to complete its growth. Thus the dog, which develops in two years, can on the average, live sixteen years. Man, however, seems to escape this physiological law. Twenty-five years are necessary to his complete physical development. A life extending two hundred years would, therefore, be his natural term of life, under this law. Death occurring before this period was completed would be accidental, or artificial—that is, caused by disease, or degeneration, due to preventable causes."

This writer cites several recorded instances of unusual longevity in support of the theory that the usual term of life ascribed to man is not based upon natural laws. Passing the examples mentioned in sacred writings, he comes down to more modern instances, and shows that a great many men have passed far beyond the century mark. He says:

"The history of France cites the case of a certain Jean des Temps, who had been a soldier under Charlemagne, and who died in 1136, at the age of 360 years."

More recent, and, consequently, more authentic, are other records this French writer presents. He mentions a certain Zartan, who died the fifth of January, 1724. He was born in 1530, which brought his age up to 194 years. His eldest son reached the age of 155 years. Iko Mardenoff, a Russian subject, who

died in 1892, reached the age of 164 years.

In a former article in this magazine I referred to a certain savage tribe of South America whose members, as a general thing, live to be more than a hundred years old. It seems to me pretty clearly established that it is entirely within the range of possibility for any individual who has grown to maturity, with sound health, to live 50 to 75 years beyond the so-called allotted three score and ten.

So far, in collecting data regarding longevity, many important facts have been overlooked; but from what we know we may set forth the requirements necessary for a person to live comfortably and happily beyond the century mark, barring accidents.

Of first importance are the physical attributes. Two qualities are absolutely essential, i. e., a straight spine and a deep chest, which signifies large breathing capacity. Given these, the other essentials are to be applied by the individual. The most important consideration is that of diet. The utmost care should be exercised to avoid taxing the stomach with more food than is required to keep the body well nourished. The man or woman who would live long must realize early in life that the stomach is in no sense an organ of pleasure, and that taste must always be held in check by reason and the sense of feeling.

Careful watch should be kept on the bodily functions. Foods that tend to produce constipation should be eschewed at the first intimation of this condition, and a change in diet should be made.

For the guidance of the individual in the matter of food taken, the following rules should be observed:

Never eat unless hungry. Stop eating before there is a feeling of distention of the stomach. Avoid foods that tend to produce indigestion, sour stomach, etc. Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly. Do not eat oftener than there is an absolute demand for food. The simplest foods that can be obtained to maintain nutrition are the best.

Owing to the well-established fact that meat on animal tissues are hard to digest, produce unwonted nerve stimulation, and show a greater amount of waste matter

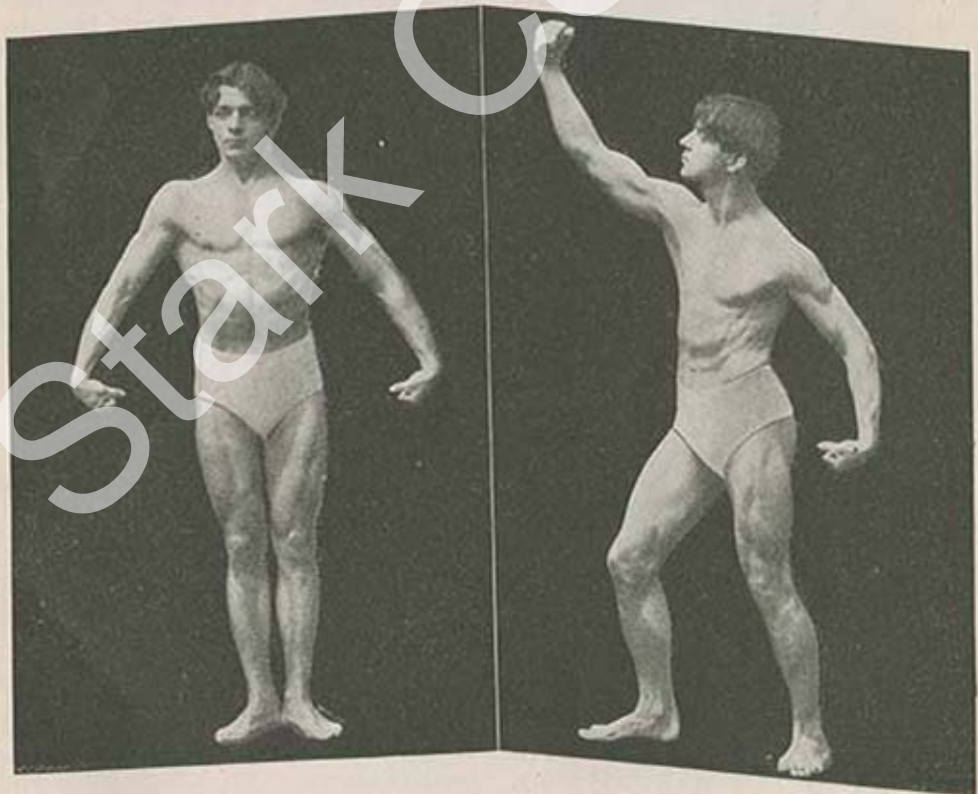
in a given weight than vegetable foods, one desiring to live long, and maintain health, should eat very sparingly, if at all, of flesh foods. Besides the harder task of digestion and assimilation, the character of the food is necessarily such that it is oftener found in a state unfit to eat, and incapable of affording nutrition, than the vegetable foods.

Tons of meat products are condemned in foreign cities daily, and how many tons of rotten, poisonous meat products are sold to Americans daily, under the false name of foods, no one can estimate.

From all data available it seems reasonable to conclude that a judiciously selected vegetable diet is the ideal one for longevity; it occasions less wear and tear of the human machinery than the meat or mixed diet; its effects, compared with those of the meat diet, were admirably set forth by Horace Greeley, the great editor, who experimented upon himself

with both diets. He, after trying both, for varying periods, wrote in his autobiography:

"I may be asked, what peculiar effects of a vegetable diet did you experience? I answer generally: Much the same as a rum drinker notes, after a brief return to water drinking exclusively. I first felt a quite perceptible sinking of animal spirits, a partial relaxation, or depression, of natural energies. It seemed as though I could not lift so much, jump so high, nor run so fast, as when I ate meat. After a time this lowering of the tone of the physical system passed away, or became imperceptible. On the other hand, I had no feeling of repletion or overfullness; I had no headache, and scarcely an ache of any sort; my health was stubbornly good; and any cut or flesh wound healed more easily and rapidly than formerly. Other things being equal, I judge that a strict vegetarian will live ten years longer than a habitual flesh eater, while



WALTER McADAMS, 19 YEARS OLD, 5 FEET 7 INCHES HIGH, WEIGHT 170, AFTER ONE YEAR OF HOME TRAINING.

suffering, in the average, less than half as much from sickness as the carnivorous."

An almost equally important essential is that of drinking an adequate quantity of water. Nearly every person of sedentary occupation drinks too little water. The canals along which the semi-digested food must pass, and be absorbed, are seldom flushed clean. Such persons should form the habit of drinking water freely during the morning for an hour or two before eating anything.

The majority of the daily portion of food should be eaten shortly after the middle of the individual's period of daily activity, or midway between time of working and going to sleep. But little food should be taken at other times. Just enough to stay hunger, if it becomes manifest.

Next to the faults of feeding, the artificial luxuries of living in houses, and wearing clothing, do more to weaken and destroy the vitality of the living cells than any other agencies.

An adequate supply of pure, circulat-

ing air is absolutely essential. No person who spends as much as a third part of the day in stagnant or confined atmosphere can hope to maintain perfect health or live beyond the ordinary term. A little crack at one window is not enough. All the windows of a sleeping apartment should be open two or three hours every day. Plenty of out-of-doors walking, running, or otherwise using the muscles and machinery of the body, is, too, highly necessary. Laziness must never replace activity, or stagnation and decay will follow.

Clothing should be worn that will admit of a free supply of air to all parts of the skin, and it should be frequently changed. Heavy woolen fabrics should not be worn next to the skin, nor should garments be tight fitting.

With these conditions fulfilled, it is entirely within reason for any reader of this article who starts equipped with a fair amount of health, to live beyond the hundred-year mark, with faculties and senses preserved, and bodily vigor but slightly impaired.



STRENGTH FEAT PERFORMED BY JOSEPH KOHEN, ALLEGHENY, PA.

## City Children

By F. L. Oswald, M. D.



THE main condition of true civilization has been defined as "a recognition of the fact that the union of State and School is as important as the separation of State and Church," but it must be admitted that our era of marvelous progress is still far from having realized that ideal. The fearful experience of the Middle Ages has not been wholly lost, and, with rare exception, the governments of the contemporary world have ceased to meddle with the domain of the unknowable; but their educational policy still varies all the way from compulsory promotion to compulsory prevention.

A full third of the Eastern continent is subject to periodic famines, and between Turkey and China there are hundreds of cities that have to dispense with an organized system of public education. They let the rising generation find private trails to the promised land of knowledge, or miss the road altogether. "Their poverty, if not their will, consents."

In central Africa there are tribes of savages who can hardly be induced to accept schools as a gift. Their chiefs might tolerate the experiment, but would let the teacher die of hunger, unless, like Dr. Robert Moffat, he should come provided with the means of self-support. But this afflicted planet of ours has witnessed worse things, and there are countries where beings of our species have savagely punished the children of the poor for trying to get an education at their own expense.

The historian Llorente records cases of that kind in Cordova, where the youngsters of the vanquished Moors were arrested as renegades if they attempted to acquire the rudiments of secular science.

They were allowed to attend convent rehearsals—"Sunday-schools," as we would call them—but the three R's were tabooed as earthly, of the earth. Proficiency in the Rule of Three rendered a scholar liable to the suspicion of anti-Trinitarian tendencies.

Slave-owners, too, tried to prevent the mental development of their two-legged cattle, and there was a time when the children of Brazilian negroes were publicly scourged for slipping away after dark to attend the evening schools of Mestizos and other freedmen.

But the time will come, and may be near at hand, when scores of our American cities will be held guilty of even more unpardonable outrages. Physical culture, as the basis of all health, is fully as much needed as mental education, but in the years of childhood its importance is moreover enhanced by the fact that the consequences of neglect are almost irremediable. Nature inculcates that truth in a way of her own by promoting an early awakening of the desire for physical exercise. A boy of six years, if left to the guidance of his natural instincts, is impatiently ready for outdoor sports of all kinds, while an instinctive hankering after knowledge asserts itself much later—often not before the end of the teens, when a young man suddenly begins to manifest an interest in the Data of Ethics and the progress of the Nebular Hypothesis.

"You may say 'twas philosophy that this did,

I can't help thinking puberty assisted," rhymes Lord Byron, and Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his masterpiece (*Emile, ou de l'Education*) for the special purpose of demonstrating the importance of early physical training and the uselessness, nay, often the serious danger, of too early grammar drill.

At all events the lost opportunities of

an early scientific education can be retrieved with comparative facility. I remember the case of a young German game keeper, the son of an impoverished nobleman, who had died a few years after the birth of his son and left him no legacy except a car-load of miscellaneous books. Either that bequest, or some latent mental heritage, kindled the thirst for knowledge some fifteen years later, and the fire speedily developed an irresistible blaze. Taking advantage of his winter-night leisure, the young autodidact mastered text-book after text-book, and at the end of the third year graduated with the highest honors of a college that generally required a decade of preparatory studies. Thomas de Aquinas and Ignatius Loyola owed all their learning to the efforts of their mature years, and Victor Alfieri revelled and sported away a third of a century before commencing the studies that made him a classic of his native land.

But indoor confinement during the years of growth afflicts the organism with a lifelong handicap. It is far easier to turn an athlete into a scholar than to redeem the physique of a learned dude—an experience akin to the historical fact that a dozen nations of vigorous barbarians have developed a high degree of civilization for one effete race regarding its lost prowess.

The reason of the difference is that school education is really only a kind of mental specialty training. The affairs of every-day life afford the brain abundant opportunities for incidental exercise, and a youth, cultivating a natural penchant for observation and controversy, may have become an intellectual gymnast before ever turning his talent to the study of special 'ologies.

Enforced physical indolence, on the other hand, impairs the very capacity for athletic development, and the victim of bodily weakness resembles the idiot whose mental gifts have been stunted by solitary confinement. Count Struensee, the moral and physical tutor of a feeble-minded prince, conducted his work of educational reform on the principle of exhausting the resources of remedial gymnastics before mentioning a word about the mysteries of the here-

after, and probably held with Dr. Bence Jones that dumb-bells should precede church bells.

Lycurgus, too, knew what he was about when he removed all boys of eight years from the nursery to a government gymnasium and deferred mental training to the time when special talents could be relied upon to manifest themselves.

There are countries where Nature herself enforces physical exercise enough to modify the necessity of such precautions, and others where a thorough system of physical training compensates the lost opportunities for field sports. Switzerland is an example of the first-mentioned class, and Prussia of the other; but a considerable portion of our model republic lingers in a fatal midway stage of development. The chances for rural pastimes have been exhausted before experience has provided anything like adequate substitutes.

The Happy Hunting-Grounds of numerous American cities are gone, and the expected millennium of gymnastic education has failed to arrive.

And chiefly, perhaps, because so few of our fellow-citizens have begun to realize its benefits. Three or four of our largest cities seem to claim an exception, but only because the vast accumulation of wealth overflows into luxuries. New York City has a few public gymnasiums and free public baths, thanks only to the same causes that have created Cesnola art museums and free zoological gardens. They have been added for the sake of variety, as metropolitan curiosities or concessions to national fads.

The lack of anything like an adequate appreciation of their sanitary importance is illustrated in the hundreds of middle-sized cities, where public spirit, or bigotry masquerading under that name, has not only failed to provide the means of physical education and expurgation, but actually spends considerable sums for the suppression of the substitutes which the instinct of self-preservation has prompted the children of poverty to improvise. Appropriations of public money that would furnish the nucleus of free gymnasiums and free baths are devoted to the prevention of river bathing and the dispersion and per-

secution of poor youngsters who have turned a vacant building lot into a ball play-ground.

It would be blasphemy against the holy spirit of reason to doubt the approach of a better era, but its advent is delayed not only by ignorance and apathy, but by the active opposition of educational class interests—by interests which, like poison plants, can flourish only in a sickly soil.

Their doom is sealed. Light, their destroyer, has conquered the heights; but only time can effect their complete expulsion, and in the meantime the health-seekers of benighted cities should try to save their children by compromise plans like that which in many towns of Eastern Europe has compensated the lack of public reading-rooms. After trying to enlist municipal assistance and agitating for years, in vain, the petitioners got tired of further delays and solved the problem by self-help shiftmakes in the form of circulating libraries—one or two for each ward, and a free reading hall for the crowded factory quarters. The benefits were so manifest that philanthropists were shamed into occasional mites of assistance, such as donations of books, coal, candles, or even a free building lot.

"Let this bit of England go a noble way," said a dying British patriot who presented his park and country house to William Pitt. The ward libraries, in the course of time, became self-supporting. Their ground rent was paid for years in advance. The librarian's salary was secured by legacies. Co-operative neighborhood establishments had, to all practical purposes, become free public institutions.

Even thus American city children could be helped to free public baths and gymnasium. Instead of waiting for the conversion of bigots, the rationalists of every ward should combine for the support of mutual benefit establishments that could not fail to prove popular enough to enlist additional patronage.

Then, as usual in such cases, said bigots would sneak in to claim the credit of the reform; but the pioneers could afford to bid them welcome. It can do no harm to let that sort of heaven assert its ancient prerogative of helping those who have helped themselves.

The work of physical redemption would also be greatly aided by tenements constructed on Charles Reade's plan of flat-roof dwellings—a plan which experience has taught Southern Europe and Spanish America to adopt centuries ago. Those roofs could be partitioned out for dormitories, with the result of mitigating the horrors of the Midsummer martyrdom one-half. The night air superstition would have no chance against such arguments, aided by the survival of the fittest. The few maniacs, sticking to their indoor swelter dens, would die out at a rate serving the purpose of an irresistible object-lesson. The riddle of the life-devouring Sphinx would be solved—the secret of the dog-day diseases that have crowded our city cemeteries with baby graves.

And a combination of physical and moral reforms could be effected by the establishment of "kinder-halls," or Winter-evening rendezvous for the children of the poor. With inexpensive bits of ornaments, free music and a variety of gymnastic apparatus, such resorts would outbid the attractions offered by the haunts of vice, and would reclaim thousands of youngsters of the class represented by that poor Lowell street-arab, who a week ago pleaded guilty to the charge of drunkenness, extenuated by the difficulty of sitting still, for hours together, and the equally trying alternative of shivering in the storm-swept streets. He had no home of his own, hardly, and so strayed into dramshops where they permitted him to sing and romp. "Are there no better resorts?" they asked him. "Ye-s," he stammered, "but they ain't for a poor, ragged kid like me."

The cities of our Southern States might also brighten the prospects of their children with liberal dividends of sunlight, if they would modify their school-routine to the extent of adopting the Louisville Summer plan. In May and June when days in Dixie are already warm enough to justify a little vagrancy, if not a vacation, the commercial metropolis of the Blue Grass State has decided to let their youngsters go to grass, after 2 P. M. School begins at 8 A. M.—and why not, when daylight does four hours sooner?—intermits for a quarter of an



hour at 10.30, and closes at 1.30. Those who have brought their dinner along are free for the rest of the afternoon, and can dine *al fresco* on the free-and-easy lawns of the riverside park.

Their friends will join them, before long; housekeepers, too, are glad to enjoy a good, long afternoon recess. And

the implied trifling deficit in 'ologies is more than outweighed by the gain in health—even from a teacher's point of view, for air and sunlight re-act on the organ of the soul, and the bright-eyed afternoon rompers can not only play better, but study better than an assemblage of drowsy invalids.

## A Lesson for Thinkers



Mr. B. is a well-known lawyer of New York City, and Harry and James are clerks in his office. A few months ago Mr. B. moved into new offices and, of course, all the furniture had to be reset up. Among the articles was a large book-case, with shelves for books at the upper part,

and the lower part divided into small sections, or pigeon holes, to receive papers, maps and law blanks. The shelves full of books above made the upper part very heavy, and Mr. B. thought it would be firmer if he placed a piece of wood under the front of the book case. He did this, and everything seemed all right.

After a couple of weeks the weight of the books began to tell, and the doors of the lower part of the book-case would not close easily; and it was not long before they would not close at all, much to the annoyance of all in the office. A few days later Mr. B. was out, and Harry was studying the book-case. He said to James: "The trouble is, it is propped up in the middle, and sags on one side; and I believe that if we could put another stick under the other side, we could doctor it up all right."

James agreed, and so they got some sticks, and while Harry raised the book-case, James shoved a small board under the lower side. Then they tried the doors. They worked better, but still they

would not close easily. Then Harry said: "That helped a good deal, but now it leans too much on this side, and if we can put another prop under here, it will be in good shape." So they put a prop under that side also, and then tried to close the doors, but still they would not close. Nevertheless, Harry would not give up. "One more trial," said he. "I wish to put this thin piece of wood on top of that big one in the middle, so as to have it all even." So they braced up the middle also, and tried the doors. Strange to say, after all their trouble, the doors would not close at all.

In discouragement and anger, and fearing the disapproval of Mr. B., they kicked out all the pieces of wood, and let the book-case rest firmly and naturally on the floor.

Suddenly James spoke up in triumph: "Look here, Harry, the doors close as nicely as could be; what do you think of that?" "Well," Harry replied, "I suppose that is the way the book-case was meant to be, and 't stands all right that way. You see, the weight of the books don't bear too much on any part of it now, and so the doors close easily."

When Mr. B. returned they proudly showed him the book-case and told their story. Said he: "Boys, there is a moral here. Propping up is never a good thing, and whenever you feel the need of stimulants to brace you up just remember this lesson. Go back to Nature's plan of living, and try that, and see how quickly she will set you right again."

## Scientific Knowledge



By  
Timothy Drake



COMMISSION of scientists was appointed by the authorities of Martinique to investigate the condition of Mt. Pelée, prior to the late disastrous eruption. The members came to the doomed city of St. Pierre and studied the phenomena of the volcano, and their report was that Pelée showed no indications of abnormal violence, but that the indications were identical with the recognized phenomena of volcanoes generally. They figured from the position of craters, and their 'expert' knowledge of the habits of volcanoes, that St. Pierre was not threatened.

"This report was promulgated, and the authorities acting under such scientific knowledge posted armed sentries to prevent the inhabitants from fleeing from St. Pierre. The very next morning the Governor who issued the order, the Commission, whose learned members had posed as authorities on volcanoes, and the entire population of the city were destroyed."—Press Dispatch.

A few years ago a man was on trial for his life in the courts of New York. The charge was poisoning his wife. A set of noted chemists testified to finding evidences in the woman's stomach of corrosive poisoning. Another set declared, and cited authorities to prove their contention, that all that was accepted as scientific evidence of poisoning by the first set, might have been the result of abnormal functional action of the organ, in connection with certain ordinary non-poisonous food products.

Half a dozen times in recent years the

handwriting expert, a pseudo-scientist, has appeared in sensational trials to swear to diametrically opposite facts.

And still again, as we all know, hardly any two doctors will give the same diagnosis of the simplest ailment. A few weeks ago the writer was called upon by a young woman, who told him with blanched cheeks that her doctor had declared that she had appendicitis, and that unless she had the organ extirpated her chances of living were exceedingly slim. A few questions elicited the fact that she had suffered from constipation from childhood. Flushing the colon thoroughly, and abstemious diet of natural foods removed the trouble, and she retains her appendix, that much maligned and generally unobtrusive organ.

These facts lead us to ask, what is scientific knowledge, anyway? Is it knowledge at all when it gets beyond what we know and can prove by constant and identical experiments, or demonstrate mathematically; or is it the guesswork of a brain in which the imaginative faculty has been developed beyond the ordinary limits?

Certainly the philosophers of seismic phenomena, who gravely viewed the smoking summit of Mt. Pelée and listened to the subterranean rumblings, were guessing wildly when they declared that such actions were common to harmless volcanoes, and there was no need for apprehension on the part of those who dwelt in doomed St. Pierre.

Certainly the expert medicos, who so solemnly swear to the certainty of obscure phenomena, which from time to time figure in medical jurisprudence, are exercising a like imaginative faculty when they so unreservedly abandon themselves to their theories; and the chirographic experts who can tell so readily

one man's handwriting from another are disciples of the same cult.

And guessing, predicated on a smattering acquaintance with the manifold phenomena of living human bodies, is all that one can truthfully call the diagnoses of our so-called learned physicians.

We know a few things, and these few facts are the extent of our scientific knowledge. We have accumulated them through centuries of experience. They are stable and certain. We have a great deal more to learn, and it must be learned in the same way.

We know that exercise promotes growth, and stimulates all the functions of the body. We know that a sick animal cures itself simply by abstaining from food, and relying upon air and sunshine. That is the extent of our healing knowledge. Every dose of medicine administered, every drug prescribed, is an experiment, predicated on a guess, the same sort of scientific opinion that was given out by the Martinique commission that reported on the volcanic condition of Mt. Pelée.

## *A Question of Nerve*

By  
*The Veteran*



TALK about diet, care of the body, and its relation to that trait of character we call nerve," said the old gentleman by the club window, as his eyes roved over the stream of passing people, "I've seen a demonstration that would convert a doubting Thomas to the doctrine."

The remark was apropos of certain heavy feeders, who had just left the club dining room, red faced, and a trifle loud in talk. They belonged to the "sporting set," and were reputed to be "gamey." One of them—a well-known speculator—it was popularly supposed, would risk a million without change of pulse.

"That chap," continued the speaker, indicating the departing group, "is not nery. Such a feeder and liver could not be. His stock in trade is innocuous bluff. I've seen him weaken and trem-

bic under pure mental strain, without any added element of physical danger."

"When? Where?" chimed in the youngsters who had swallowed in toto the extravagant stories of the great one's nerve.

"Well, it was not so very long ago—no longer ago, in fact, than a certain wild flurry on Wall street, when the stock of a certain railroad went soaring sky-high in a day, and men were financially ruined while a watch ticked.

"I have read a whole lot about fighters who face bullets and that sort of thing, and I've never had any experience of that kind; but I've seen men when their nerve was shaken by mere excitement of loss and gain, till they shouted like madmen and cried like children; and that big, over-fed individual was one of them.

"If you fellows are interested, go down to the Stock Exchange any day and you'll see similar men, crazy as loons to everything but one idea, utterly without nerve—spectacles of gambling humanity

that a real nervy gambler would look upon with disdain.

"I happened to see our fat friend's collapse, and at the same time a display of stupendous nerve by another man that, if shown on the stage, would make the success of any play.

"It was at the height of the stock manipulation I have alluded to. It became known on the street shortly after noon, when thousands of shares had been sold short, that a certain clique, headed by one of the most skillful manipulators, held all but a few shares of the stock in question safely locked away, and that the owners had given absolute control of the stock in question to this one operator.

"I was in that operator's office when two men, both caught short, and, appraised of conditions, came in. One was our friend of reputed nerve, the other a man said to be a millionaire several times over. You all know him by repute. He is as abstemious in his habits of life as he is thrifty in business.

"Our fat friend presented a pitiable sight. His face was blanched, his big body shook like jelly; his voice was broken and husky, and he was the most completely 'called' man I have ever seen. He was, he thought, cornered in a game he had played so often; the stake was his wealth; the operator held it apparently at his mercy, and the bluffer trembled, cried, begged, entreated, and was ready to accept any terms almost that were offered.

"The other man was equally hard hit. In fact, as he stood there it looked as if a forced settlement might wipe out his enormous fortune and reduce him to bankruptcy. He was the only man in the room with all his 'nerve' with him. He stated the conditions, and asked the big operator what was intended.

"'Ha! ha!' laughed the operator. 'You, too?'

"'Yes,' was the cool rejoinder. 'I have

been a dealer. I have been caught in this trick. Now I want to know how far the 'bluff' is to carry. You can't get through this time with the spoils without attention. I have come to make an ultimatum to you. Trading in this stock must be adjudicated, and that quick, or I turn loose all the dogs of war on you. Exposure would mean something in this case besides a little unpleasant newspaper comment.'

"The big fellow said nothing for a few minutes. Then: 'This was not intended as a speculative coup; outsiders gave it that appearance. We are willing to settle.'

'All right,' pursued the other, evenly, 'and it must be fair.'

"That was all. The old fellow turned and walked steadily out. You all know what followed. A settlement was made that didn't hurt very much the traders heavily involved, and the old speculator pocketed his loss without a murmur.

"It so impressed me that later I wrote to him, stating what I had seen, and the admiration I had for his nerve, and begging him to tell me, if he could, how that superb command of mental and physical powers had been his under circumstances that seemed to upset all the others, and I think I have his answer here."

The speaker fumbled in a pocket, pulled forth an envelope, and extracting a square business sheet, read:

"Sir: Your inquiry is novel, and that earns it this reply. I live the life of a reasoning being; I don't fire up fagging powers with alcohol, deaden sensibility with nicotine, or paralyze my stomach by gorging half-cooked meat three times a day. I eat when I'm hungry, do my day's work, rest when I'm tired, and avoid seeking artificial nerve stimulation by way of diversion."

"And that," concluded the narrator, "is the man whose nerve I'd bet on. I have seen it tried, and it didn't fail."

# Editorial Department

**W**HENEVER one is searching for an up-to-date method of humbugging the public he immediately evolves some mysterious system which is not plain to himself and which cannot be made clear to any one, and then labels it with the word "science." A vast number of humbugs are being foisted upon an easily duped public at the present time under the name of "science."

The average individual appears to imagine that this word indicates some intricate and extraordinarily complicated accumulation of mysterious knowledge, which can be understood only by the initiated.

## *Science and "Humbugology."*

If one will turn to the dictionary, the meaning of the word "science" is quite plain. Roughly defined, it simply means systematized knowledge; in other words, knowledge so arranged that one is enabled, by a comparison of facts at hand, to deduce conclusions of special value. For in-

stance, we know that two and two equal four; we also know that any poisonous elements will have a destructive influence upon the tissues of the body, and we therefore reason that this influence will produce weakness and in some cases death.

Not long ago we received a letter from a subscriber in defense of Christian Science. He stated that there are many things in Christian Science that could not be understood clearly by the public, but that simply proved beyond all doubt, that it was a "science." He claimed to have read the book written by the founder of this so-called "Science," and the mere fact that he was unable to understand the full meaning of all the contents of that book was positive proof, to his mind, that there certainly was a large amount of "science" in this newly discovered belief. It is to be regretted that this is the general idea of the public as to a "science" of any kind, and this condition has enabled "fakirs" to reap a rich reward by simply preying upon persons who consider every mystifying influence in an argument as evidence of superiority.

We are under the impression that we live in an age of progress, an age where superstition exerts but little influence. There was never a greater mistake.

The influence of superstition at the present day is probably as great as it ever was. A few broad thinkers are able to get beyond and above it and reason to plain conclusions, but the great majority are so puzzled by life and the conditions that surround it that they are unable to deduce simple conclusions where but little reasoning is required.

No one understands the source of life; no one ever will understand it. It is beyond the comprehension of the human brain, but there are some problems of life which are easily solved. The source of health and strength and vital power, the cause and cure of disease, the conditions that produce happiness or misery, are in every case the result of easily-ascertainable influences.

It may be the attempt of the average person to clear up these unsolvable problems which has so mystified his mind that the impression is acquired that

all systematized knowledge of special value must be of the same mysterious, unexplainable character.

True science of any value to human life is nothing more than common sense. Many call it "common sense" simply because it can be easily understood, but it could far more accurately be called "uncommon sense." There can be no science in anything about which indisputable facts cannot be acquired. Therefore do not be mystified or humbugged by those who choose to use "science" as a means of advancing their selfish ends. When a "science" is mysterious, incapable of being understood by intelligent, clear minds; when it is loaded with incomprehensible problems, which even those who pretend to solve them cannot clearly define, put it on the humbug list, and instead of "Science," a better name would be "Humbugology."



**I** BELIEVE that future athletes of the civilized world will be vegetarians. I might go still further and predict that they will subsist on an uncooked diet. With all our advancement in scientific matters but little is known of this subject. Though it is of vast importance to human health, happiness and success, it has been almost totally disregarded.

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are," is a statement that has been quoted on many occasions by those familiar with the value of proper diet.

#### *Vegetarian Athletes*

The blood is made from food, and it requires but small mental effort for one to conclude that the quality of this blood is unquestionably greatly influenced by the quality and quantity of the food used. "The blood is the life." Upon the quality of this fluid depends the proper working of the entire functional system. If your blood is pure your body is well nourished. The dead cells are quickly removed; new cells replace them. Every function works in harmony, and that valuable possession, health, always remains with us.

The average person imagines that an athlete is a mysterious person, gifted with remarkable powers. Every man and every woman should be an athlete, for it simply means that one is capable of handling his body easily and gracefully. It simply means the ability to run and jump, and the possession of strength of the arms and body. This manifestation of strength in the body of an athlete does not merely indicate possession of extraordinary muscular strength. It usually also indicates internal functional strength. To the average individual, when one speaks of muscles he is supposed to mean the biceps of the upper arm. Many may be surprised to know that every function of the body is performed by muscles. You cannot turn your eyes without the aid of muscles. You cannot speak without muscles, and the use of the external muscular system essential to the development of an athlete creates a demand in the blood for those particular elements essential to muscle building, and every part of the internal functional system is made stronger.

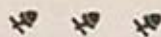
The future athletes will be vegetarians, because a vegetarian diet, or an uncooked diet, furnishes a greater amount of energy in proportion to the efforts made in digestion than the ordinary diet. The less nervous and muscular energy required in digesting your food, the more of this force will be reserved for other purposes. Meat unquestionably furnishes a food that is quickly and easily

assimilated, but it requires far more efforts of the depurating or purifying organs in ridding the blood of impurities than is necessary when one subsists on a non-meat diet.

In other words, a meat diet uses more energy in the process of making pure blood than does the vegetarian or raw diet.

Strength is really nothing more than stored energy. If a very large amount of this energy is used in digesting food, that much less remains which can be used for other purposes.

In feeding the body one must, of course, consult the appetite and eat those foods which are the most palatable, for the reason that under conditions of this nature the organs of digestion are more thoroughly prepared to receive and assimilate them, but the fact must be constantly kept in view that the quality of food vastly influences the strength acquired.



**C**LEVELAND is the only city in the world absolutely free from smallpox.

Cleveland is the only city in the United States absolutely free from the vaccination crime.

**HEALTH BOARDS OF THIS COUNTRY**, are you aware that Cleveland has stamped out smallpox without polluting the blood of all of its citizens with the revolting pus poison that you are injecting into the circulation of every healthy human being in your cities?

***Murderous Vaccine Injectors.***

We will now have a chance to find out the real object that influences the health boards of this country in the matter of vaccination.

Do they vaccinate for the purpose of preventing smallpox, or merely for the money they secure from the victims? These are questions of vital importance to every human being affected.

If the health boards are vaccinating for the money they receive only and have no thought as to whether or not it prevents smallpox, they are a lot of cold blooded murderers, with characters as rotten as the vaccine virus which they use, and there is no punishment, capital or otherwise, that would appropriately fit the crimes they are daily committing.

Watch the fake newspapers all over this country as they hob-nob with the health boards in assisting them in every possible way to get up an effective smallpox scare. How much they get for their trouble, it would be hard to state, but if you have any facts that you wish to present that are against the theories of vaccination, merely try to influence some of these newspapers to publish them. Your eyes will then be opened, and you will know more as to the cause of the continuation of this terrible evil than you did before.

Money rules this world! **HUMAN LIFE!** Why it's the cheapest of all commodities on the market to-day.

Your life and my life, my friends, are worth nothing if they interfere with or can be made a means of putting a few paltry dollars into the pocket of some fakir in power.

Where, I would like to know, is the American spirit! Are the men of this country disappearing? Must we submit like a lot of nincompoops to the injustice, the murders being committed daily by a lot of self-inflated so-called scientists whom

political heelers have put into power? Must the children of this generation be continually poisoned year after year simply because a lot of incompetents who happen to be on the health boards of this country are following the exploded theory that vaccination prevents smallpox?

Turn to the facts in Cleveland all you members of health boards who have one small atom of honesty in your breasts, and adopt the only method that has ever actual'y prevented smallpox. If health boards fail in this plain duty, let the public rise up and give them their just deserts.



**I**T gives me the greatest possible pleasure to state that the first of the Monster Physical Culture Meetings for the purpose of giving free Sunday night lectures in the various large cities, held at the Grand Opera House, New York City, Sunday night, June 1st, was a grand success. Nearly 3,000 attended the meeting, and a very large number were turned away for the lack of more seating accommodations.

*The Monster Physical Culture Meeting.*

Nothing further will be done in the formation of societies until next fall, when we hope to announce a plan which will be the means of organizing societies for the purpose of holding these lectures in all the various large cities. Everyone seemed to be greatly pleased with the entertainment, and the success of future meetings is assured beyond all possible doubt.

For the benefit of those who attended the first meeting I wish to state that the collection taken up on that evening amounted to \$65.88.



**P**UBLIC schools in the following cities accepted our offer to supply medals for Public School Championship Contests.

These contests were held at nearly every school on the third Saturday in May, as before stated, and were well attended and successfully conducted in every instance. We hope to have a larger list next. Nearly \$500.00 were spent on the medals supplied to these schools.

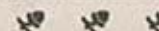
*Public School Contests.*

Blue Island, Ill.	Carthage, Ind.	Fayette, Mo.	Sutter Creek, Cal.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Chicago, Ill.	Grand Junction, Colo.	Sun Prairie, Wis.
Bayfield, Wis.	Cedar Springs, Mich.	Lisbon, N. H.	Sioux Falls, So Dak.
Carthage, Mo.	Dublin, Ind.	Lead, So. Dak.	Vineland, N. J.
Cairo, Ill.	Denison, Texas.	Monte Vista, Colo.	Walla Walla,
Cazenovia, N. Y.	Danville, Ill.	No. Manchester, Ind.	Wash.
Caldwell, Ohio.	Forest City, Iowa.	Richmond, Ind.	Wymore, Neb.



WE would be pleased to hear further and receive photographs from the strong men all over the country in reference to the contest to decide who is the strongest man in the world. We will offer a prize in a belt and in cash that will equal \$5,000.00 in value if there appears to be enough interest in a contest such as we have proposed.

*Strongest Man.*



WRITERS will please not forget our offer for short stories. \$100.00 for the first prize, \$75.00 for the second prize, \$50.00 for the third prize, \$25.00 for the fourth prize. Contest will close September 1st.

*Prize Stories.*