

In every man's life there is one Big Moment when he makes the decision that either robs him of success—or leads on to fortune.

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STRENGTH

Vol. 6

JULY, 1922

No. 11

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Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

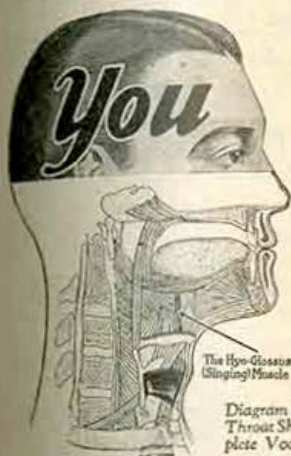


Diagram of the Normal Throat Showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism.

Caruso's Throat and Yours

Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.



Diagram of Caruso's Throat Showing the Superb Development of his Hyo-Glossus Muscle.

We Guarantee— Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by correct training.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—descendant of a long line of musicians—famous in the music centers of Europe, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Berne, Vienna, Paris and Florence, for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the musicians of the Continent who went in and out of the profession year after year blindly following traditional methods, Professor Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the "Singing Muscle".

Professor Feuchtinger went even further into the Science of Singing.

He perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

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Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day; The exercises are silent. The results are sure.

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

A Beautiful Voice for YOU

You do not know the possibilities of your voice.

If you want to sing—if you have always felt that you could sing but lacked the proper training because you had not

the time nor the means to study—here is your chance. Professor Feuchtinger's course will improve your voice 100%. You can now learn to sing at a very small cost and in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

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Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book and you assume no obligations whatever by sending for it.

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Physical Education and Right Living*

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It is edited by the world's leading authority on health and social questions, idealist, champion athlete and reformer, Bernard Bernard. He has gathered around him helpers who are the most reliable and best informed on their subjects; and each issue is a masterpiece in literature and practical and useful reading.

In addition to articles on all health questions, the great social problems that confront humanity are dealt with in a masterly, frank, and honest fashion.

Every sphere of athletics comes in for its share of space, and in addition to being a journal for all men and women who desire progress in its best sense

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Its articles on mental efficiency and psychology are sound and scientific, and especially written to give freely what are held to be secrets of success in business or professional life.

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Amateur Athletics in America
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Do We Want Birth Control?
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Yes: Annie G. Porritt

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By George Pritchard

How to Be a Baseball Star
By Dr. A. H. Sharpe (Cornell University).

What Youth Must Know
By the Editor

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Do You Know the Value of Daily Exercise?

SLOWLY and gradually, the American people are beginning to realize the value of exercise. Doctors and physical directors are urging the people everywhere to join gymnasiums, to acquire health.

Unfortunately, not all of us have the advantage of joining a gymnasium or of living near one. However, health and strength can be acquired right in your own home, with a pair of dumb-bells. Ten or fifteen minutes a day, exercising with a pair of dumb-bells, will make you feel fresh, vigorous and full of "pep." Dumb-bell exercises are being practiced in all well-regulated gymnasiums.

Instead of getting up at "the last minute" and eating a hasty, distasteful breakfast and rushing off to work, get up twenty minutes earlier. Take from ten to fifteen minutes' exercise with a pair of dumb-bells and you will prove to yourself how fresh and "alive" you will feel and how you will enjoy your breakfast and your work, during the day. It will give life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ and every body cell. Your health, after all, is the most precious possession you have, and through it you either obtain or lose success or happiness. If you make it a duty to yourself, to exercise fifteen minutes daily, you will promote your physical condition and thus enhance your usefulness and happiness. *Health goes hand in hand with Success and the courage to do things.*

THE SHORT TIME THAT YOU WILL SPEND IN EXERCISING WILL DO WONDERS FOR YOU AND YOU WILL BE MORE THAN SATISFIED WITH THE RESULTS

Every man and woman needs some sort of muscular activity which very few of us get in the course of our daily work. The effect of light exercise on a tired-out system is remarkable, bringing strained, tired or over-worked muscles to their normal condition and increasing their vitality.

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How to Rid Yourself of Your Catarrh

QUICKLY!

PERMANENTLY!

Without Drugs or Medicine of any Kind

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

Founder of

The Alsaker Way

THE majority of the people in our country suffer from catarrh. Some have it from time to time, others have it all the time.

"Catarrh of the head is troublesome. Catarrh of the throat causes coughing and much annoying expectoration. When the catarrh goes into the chest it is called bronchitis. If it is allowed to continue it becomes chronic, and chronic bronchitis means farewell to health and comfort. It robs the sufferer of refreshing sleep and takes away his strength. It also weakens the lungs so that the individual easily falls a victim to pneumonia or consumption.

"Then there is catarrh of the stomach and small intestines, which always means indigestion. Catarrh of the large intestine often ends in inflammation of the lower bowel—colitis.

"Catarrh of the ear causes headache, ringing in the ear and general discomfort.

"Catarrh of the liver produces various diseases, such as jaundice and gall-stones, and often ends in much suffering from liver colic.

"All who easily catch cold are in a catarrhal condition. Those who take one cold after another will in a short time suffer from chronic catarrh, which will in turn give rise to some other serious disease—as if catarrh itself isn't bad enough.

"Either you personally suffer from catarrh, or some member of your family is afflicted. Isn't it time to give this serious danger a little attention, before it is too late, and solve the problem for yourself? You can do it. It's easy.

"Catarrh can be conquered easily and permanently. It has been done in thousands of cases. You can cure yourself—and while you are losing your catarrh you will lose your other physical ills. That discolored tongue will clean up; that tired feeling will vanish; that bad taste in the mouth will disappear; that troublesome gas will stop forming in the stomach and bowels; and the pain will leave your back; headaches will take flight; rheumatism will say good-by and those creaky joints will become pliant."

Realizing the great need of definite, practical information regarding this terrible disease, Dr. Alsaker has prepared a plain, simple instruction book on the cause, prevention and cure of catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds. This book is entirely free from fads, bunk and medical bombast. It sets forth a commonsense, proved-out PLAN, that is easy and pleasant to follow—a plan that teaches the sick how to get well and how to keep well. The name of this book is "Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds." It tells the true cause of these objectionable, health-destroying troubles, and it gives you a safe, simple, sure cure without drugs, medicines or apparatus of any kind. You apply this wonderfully successful treatment yourself, in your own home, and without the expenditure of an additional penny. There is nothing difficult, technical or mysterious about this treatment. It is so easy to understand and so simple to follow that anyone, young or old, can reap the utmost benefit from it.

If you suffer from colds, coughs or catarrh in any form, send only \$3 to the publishers of "THE ALSAKER WAY," THE SUCCESS MAGAZINE CORPORATION, Dept. 751, 1133 Broadway, New York, and get your copy of this valuable instruction book. Follow the instructions for thirty days; then if you are not delighted with the results—if you do not see a wonderful improvement in your health—if you are not satisfied that you have made the best \$3 investment you ever made—simply return the book and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Remember this: If you want to free yourself forever from catarrh, asthma, hay fever, coughs and colds you can do so. Dr. Alsaker's treatment is not experimental. It is proved-out and time-tested. And it includes no drugs or serums, sprays or salves. And it costs nothing to follow it, while doctors' bills, prescriptions, and apparatus, patent medicines that do not cure, soon eat a big hole in any man's income. Send for this book today. Follow it faithfully and you will experience the same splendid results that thousands of others are receiving.

Health and Strength from Sports

Do you want to be a weakling all your life? Will you be satisfied with the average development, or do you want to be better than the average in strength and sports? Do you want to be a real man?

Nearly all strong men were below the average, physically, in their youth. These men built frail bodies into the splendid types of physical power that they are now. Why don't you follow their lead?

You can have the broad shoulders, the deep chest and the sturdy back that you long for. You can develop vitality and strength, endurance and a clear-thinking brain through sports. Mental and Physical Power can only be developed through interesting and pleasure-giving exercises. Make your daily exercises fun, not work.



Double Chancery Hold

Hackenschmidt's Course in Wrestling

The name of this book is sufficient explanation of the contents. Mr. Hackenschmidt not only explains the practice of wrestling in a clear and concise manner but also explains thoroughly the theory.

He teaches the best holds and counter holds—how your defensive holds

may be used to secure an opening for a fall—holds in upstanding wrestling—holds for ground wrestling—scissors holds—and counters and breaks for them—Nelsons and Chancery holds—many other holds and hints on training. Complete course sent postpaid on receipt of \$2.00.

Tommy Burns' Boxing Course for \$2.00

By publishing this course in book-form we are able to offer you this remarkable bargain, a complete, well-illustrated course by the former world's champion heavyweight boxer, Tommy Burns.

Some of the main points included in the course are: Footwork, Position, Feinting, How to punch effectively, Defense and Counter-hitting.

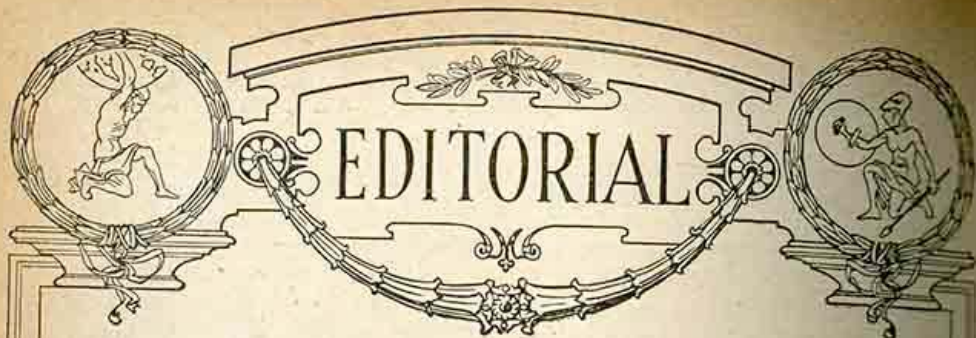
Tommy Burns' Favorite Guard, Some Hints on Offensive and Defensive Tactics, Training on Scientific Lines, Diet, Massage, Ring Strategy and Tactics in Fighting, Making a Man Beat Himself, Fouls. All these and many other important points covered by Tommy Burns so that no previous experience is required by the pupil.

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Everyday Strength

IN the columns of a small daily, from an upstate New York town, we came across a news item that interested us. It told of the physical prowess of an elderly farmer in Maine. It seems that he needed some concrete laid, and accordingly ordered some cement. When the goods arrived, the truck driver was unable to get his machine within fifty feet of the required spot, and, as the bags of cement weighed over 400 lbs. apiece, he naturally hollered for help. The farmer having no helpers available, first scoffed at the idea of a young man being unable to handle the stuff and then himself gravely carried the bags *in his hands* one by one and threw them in place.

Pretty good for a man over sixty years old, or for any man for that matter!

Now this story evidently interested the editor of that paper. Also he knew it would interest his readers, for everyone knows that people "like to look upon a man when he is strong."

A shrewd observer once remarked that the athletic hero was not the man who did something no one else could do, but the chap who did something that everybody could do, and did it better than anyone else. This particularly applies to strength feats. The public appreciates only what it understands. Any professional "Strong man" will tell you that he gets more applause for "putting up" a 150-lb. man, than for elevating a 200-lb. dumb-bell in the same manner.

Further on in this magazine you will find an article "The Romance of Strength" by Mr. Jowett. The author tells us of some wonderful *informal* feats of strength which he saw performed in England.

Now with all due respect for the well known athletic qualities of the English, we firmly believe that in this country we have "natural strong men" whose feats will match up with those performed in any other country.

WHAT about the Alaskan Indian who in the early days of the gold rush carried an upright piano on his back over the Chilkoot pass?

Or the York state farmer, who, according to Mr. Julian Hawthorne, shouldered a 300 lb. plow and carried it across country for

ten miles, without once shifting his burden? Or a certain farm superintendent in Maryland who is reported to be able to lift 1,900 lbs. hands alone? Or the Yankee giant who walked a half mile along the sea-shore carrying a 350 lb. cask of water in each hand?

Those are the kind of men the public appreciates, admires and envies, because their strength is not purely for show, but can be put to practical use.

Incidentally many professionals have just this kind of strength. Arthur Saxon's strength is traditional in England, because in addition to being a wonderful handler of bar bells, he proved his practical strength in other ways. For example, in his shows he used a sack of flour weighing several hundred pounds. He would shoulder it, walk across the stage, put it down, and offer to present the sack and contents to anyone who could carry it back. Hundreds tried, but no one ever succeeded.

The ex-champion amateur, John Y. Smith, is famous in Boston not so much on account of his lifting records, as because of his rough-and-ready strength. It was John Y.'s pleasure to interrupt a stroll and show a couple of perspiring teamsters how easy it was for a real man to handle a 1,000 lb. crate, or "put up" with one hand a bag of sugar weighing a couple of hundred pounds.

Send in the Records

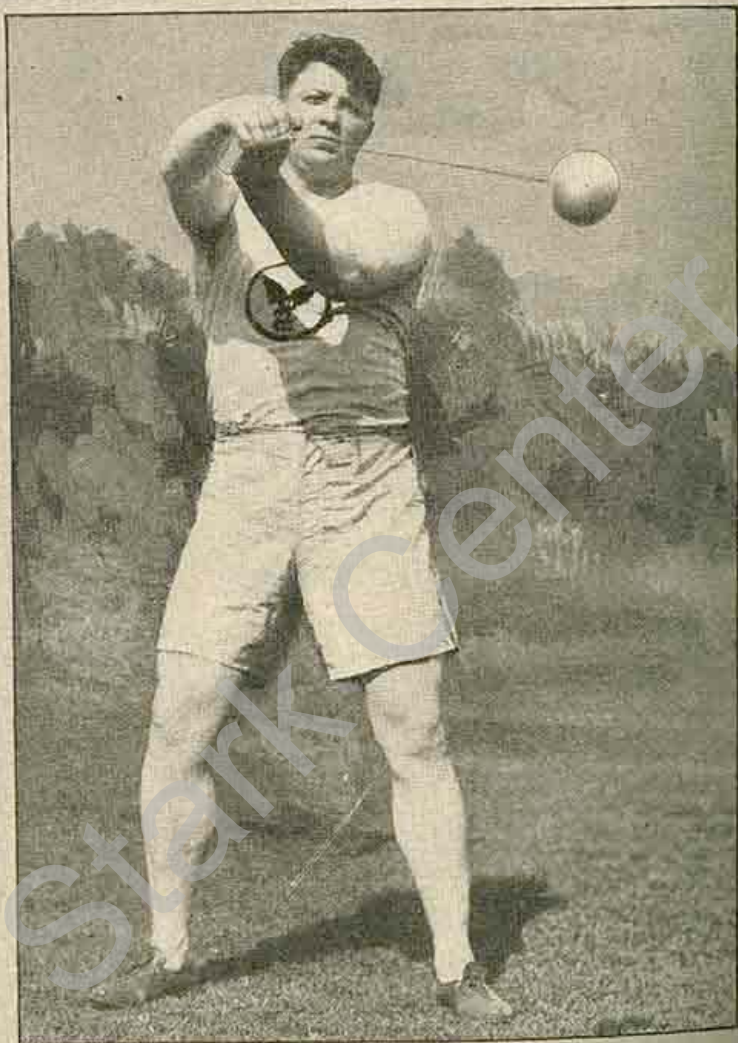
WE believe that every city, every town, village and neighborhood has its strong man; some Herculean individual, who is endowed with two or three times the normal amount of bodily strength. We would like to collect statistics concerning such men. You may know one of them. If so, please write us. You will be doing us a favor, and will help us start a little "experience meeting" which will have beneficial results for all of us.

Don't take "hearsay." Write us something you actually saw, and be sure you *know* the weight of the article lifted, carried or moved, as the case may be.

You may have a little trouble, because many of these "natural strong men" are almost incurably modest. You may be able to satisfy our curiosity. We have heard of a tinsmith in central Pennsylvania who can seize a 56 lb. bar of iron, muscle it out and twirl it the way a drum major twirls his staff. Perhaps you can tell us his name, age and weight.

Or perhaps you can tell us the name of the Yankee giant referred to above. This story was vouched for some years ago by a reader of **STRENGTH**, but his letter has been lost or mislaid. Otherwise we would not willingly let that particular Samson remain unhonored and unsung.

Please, *all of you*, get in on this. You can help us prove our contention that when it comes down to bred-in-the-bone, natural, enduring, practical strength, no other country can beat us.



PAT RYAN,
the Herculean hammer-
thrower. There is power in
every line of his mighty
frame. (See article on page
14.)

Everyone Should Play Tennis

High-class tournament tennis is a youth's game, a combative game and a hard game. Probably there are more poor tennis players than there are poor players of almost any game.

Whether they are poor players because their groundwork in the game is not good or because they are too young or too old to stand the tournament pace, the fact remains that they get fun and health from playing.

Tennis for all would produce not only more and better tournament players, but also more and better health and fun for everyone.

By Walter Camp

THERE was a time when in this country tennis was regarded as an aristocratic game. The ordinary public school boy played baseball and football but he was rather inclined to regard the man with the racquet as a "dude." Golf, which followed much later, bore something of the same characteristics, only to a greater extent. But long before golf began its gain in popularity among the ordinary people, tennis had spread and courts were springing up all over the country. To-day it is probably true that there is hardly a school, college or university which can possibly provide enough tennis courts to relieve the congestion in good weather and at the hours when men are free to play. In fact, it is a fair assumption that if we furnish enough courts we can get three-fourths of the men in the universities into this game, which is far more than probably any other sport would draw of active participants. After considerable searching for the reason for this, one is rather forced to the conclusion that in many of the other sports a man who does not play well is diffident about trying his hand, whereas in tennis, a natural desire lies in every man to hit some kind of a ball with a bat, and it is far easier with the size of the tennis racquet to hit the ball than it is to hit a ball with a baseball bat or with a golf club, or even to hit, with any satisfaction, a football with the feet. A student of sport once made the statement to me that he believed there were more poor players in tennis than in any other game. That may be true, but they have a good time just the same, and it is excellent exercise, even though the style of the player may be far from good, and although the game is more "pat ball" than tennis.

There is a satisfaction about hitting the ball with the racquet and after a time the struggles to return the ball over the net meet with some result, and the exhilaration of a combative game follows. The next step, with the young athlete at least, is having seen good players hit the ball hard, he goes in for terrific speed in service as well as in strokes and for a considerable period of time his game is somewhat wild. But sooner or later, on account of competition, he settles down and then comes the question whether he will or will not make a player, dependent largely upon his muscular co-ordination and his ability to effect a compromise between wild hitting and patting the ball. Few indeed rise to the top, and those few by constant and severe practice and devotion to the game, but thousands and thousands enjoy it just the same and gain a great measure of healthful exercise from it.

There are two principal parts to the game of tennis. One is the service, and the other the returning of the ball after it has been put into play. Perhaps one could best illustrate this by referring back to the National Tennis Title of 1920. This title was practically won by service. In fact, one might almost say that it was won by the inches by which Tilden in height overtops Johnston, for theoretically a man might be tall enough if he were sufficiently accurate and had speed to put in a service that would be unplayable, consistently and steadily. Tilden came very near to demonstrating this, for he served no less than 16 aces during the match, besides several balls which were extremely difficult but which Johnston barely managed to get back. Johnston was the fighter and the consistent.

careful fighter. He never played better than he did in the second set after Tilden had overwhelmed him in the first, and exactly reversed the six-one by which he had been defeated. He made Tilden run more than Tilden made him run. He looked farther ahead. Tilden had more strokes under his command and yet had he not abandoned some of his careless slashing he would not have won out the final set. He realized at last that he must work and that he must stop taking any wild chances, and, more than that, that he must expect, no matter how good a shot he made, that it might come back again and so he must be ready for it. In the early part of the match, when he made a particularly brilliant stroke, it seemed as if he assumed that Johnston could not possibly get it back, and the result was, that when the little Californian did get it over, it many times resulted in a point.

This illustrates each division of the game and it also perhaps explains why many a player wrecks his game on the altar of service. He begins to set such store upon a service ace that he neglects the rest of his game and the very fact that he puts so much speed upon his service finds him unprepared for a return. He should remember that there is another part of the game and build up that part at the same time that he increases the speed and accuracy of his service.

A little later in this article we speak of the facts of physical condition as a requisite to satisfactory tennis play. This may be best illustrated by the very unsatisfactory termination of Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen's visit to this country. She had previously, abroad, beaten Mrs. Mallory and everyone looked forward to most interesting matches between the two when the French woman champion would arrive on this side. Her departure had been delayed on account of illness, and it is only fair to say that the part of wisdom would have been to put off her visit probably for another year. Mrs. Mallory had been playing excellent tennis and was quite determined to avenge her former defeats when she met Mlle. Lenglen on American courts. The writer had predicted before the match at Forest Hills that it would be criminal to enter the French woman a day or two after her stepping off the boat, and particularly

in view of the illness which had so long delayed her sailing. Mrs. Mallory had worked her game up to its highest pitch, and was really playing the game of her career. When the two met on the courts of Forest Hills, Mrs. Mallory had never appeared so impressive; while the French girl, although on one or two occasions showing some shadow of her former game, would be seized with a fit of coughing as soon as she commenced to put on pace, and the first set went to Mrs. Mallory at 6-2. Mlle. Lenglen was bitterly criticized for giving up, and allowing the match to go by default. Whether with true American abandon she should have sacrificed herself and gone on struggling and perhaps laying herself open to serious illness for the sake of "not quitting" is a matter that is viewed differently by different people. The crowd of spectators had testified to their interest by coming in droves to the match and naturally were much disappointed. Mrs. Mallory, too, would have welcomed a real contest, and it is a decided question whether even if the French girl had been in normal condition, she could have repeated her two previous victories. At any rate, her condition made the play one-sided and resulted in a most unsatisfactory contest and later in a storm of criticism for the French girl.

Tennis is one of the finest games ever devised for combined pleasure and exercise. It is far more adapted to youth than is golf, for the latter does not provide the vigorous kind of exercise that youth craves and likes—in a measure, the combative spirit. Golf is competitive while tennis is combative, and herein lies the distinction which should be made the most of. I remember vividly seeing the progress of Jay Gould, now the world's Champion in Court Tennis, when he was, as a boy, under the tutorship of a competent professional, learning strokes. This patient, persevering preparation has given him the mastery of more strokes and a greater command of strokes than anybody in the world. But it is not of Court Tennis we are writing, but Lawn Tennis. It is true, however, that mastery of stroke in Lawn Tennis is almost as important as in the Court Tennis game. Few of our players in the early days of their novitiate place enough stress upon the acquirement of good form. As a matter of fact, the Dohertys were the first on their visit from England to awaken the American

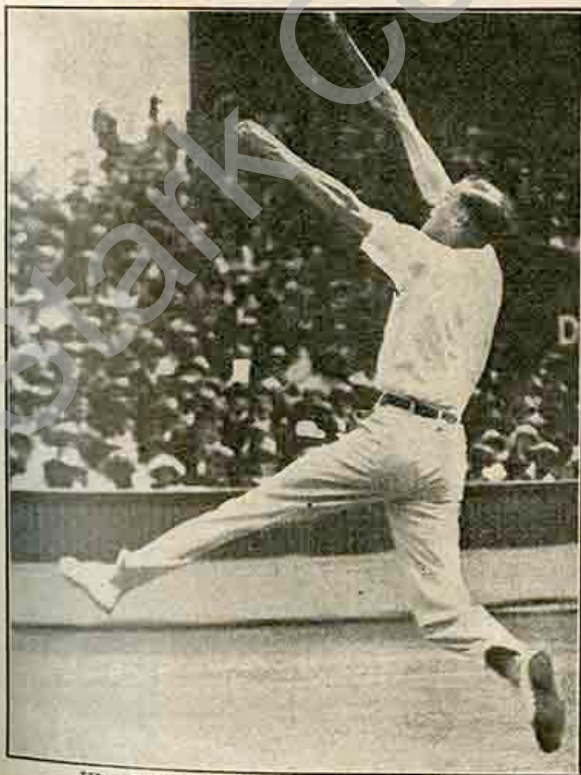
tennis public to a better understanding of good form in making strokes. Undoubtedly this lack of perfecting method early is responsible for the enormous number of players we have who are lacking in good form, and who, even when showing great promise, only reach a certain state in progress and then stick there. This is by no means a denial of the fact that in tennis, as in almost any other sport, a man may come to the top without being graceful or even playing in what is accepted form, but this is rare. A combative disposition, if under control, is one of the great factors in the play of a winning tennis contestant. This was well illustrated in the case of McLoughlin, one of the most combative of all the players we ever had. There are players, who, lacking a little in this combative spirit, forget for the moment in the enjoyment of making a good stroke, or in contemplation of their own form, that there is another man the other side of the net, and the ball is likely to come back. This kind of disposition has beaten many a good man in his progress in the tournament. As the game is combative, so it is exacting, particularly in a physical way.

To play through a tournament in summer, especially in hot weather, requires a basis of physical preparation of a very pronounced character, and many men have fallen by the wayside, although their play might have justified their going farther, simply because they did not train properly for the event. It is a game that requires great physical endur-

ance. Never was this illustrated better than by the breakdown of Tilden, after calling upon himself for over a year of steady competition. The old methods that we used to see in the early days of the Newport Tournament, when men would drink or dance or play cards till an early hour of the morning and then expect to compete in a tournament, have gone by. Social life, it is true, mixes in somewhat, but men who really expect to come to the top have to take care of themselves. Competition is too severe for any other method, and sooner or later the well-trained man usually works his way to the top, if his game is sound and sufficiently high-class to deserve it.

And with all this comes another caution that is well worth consideration. When a man reaches middle age, he may have kept himself in such condition that tennis is all right for him, but even then he should remember that as the further years slip by his store of vitality is lessening and he should not make serious drains upon it, but should begin to consider shifting part of

his pleasure from tennis to golf, and he should begin to play more in doubles and less in singles. There is one other reason for this that, outside of general physical condition, a man should bear in mind, and that is even though his muscular system has been kept in exceptional condition, and he can go on with his tennis without evidence of exhaustion, still as the further years pass, his bones are more brittle and a misstep or a slip instead of regular system has
(Con. on p. 60)



Wm. Tilden, World's Champion Tennis Player.

Who Are the Strongest Athletes

Weight-lifters and weight-throwers are called upon to use virtually the same muscles.

It is very strange that men who are unusually proficient in either of the two sports do not attempt the other.

Mr. Calvert is the foremost authority on feats of strength and on strong men. His ideas about the amount of strength needed to really excel in either sport are of interest to, not only weight-lifters and weight-throwers, but to every one interested in Strength.

By Alan Calvert

IN the first three of the Modern Olympics, the program included two weight-lifting, as well as the usual weight-throwing events. For some reason, lifting was dropped from the list after the third Olympic at Athens and the only time it has since appeared at a big athletic meet was at the Panama Pacific Fair at San Francisco. I remember distinctly that the event, although advertised, was about to be dropped from the list of events, and was replaced only after Mr. Treloar (of the Los Angeles Athletic Club) and I had guaranteed that a number of high-class amateurs would enter.

We never sent any lifters to the European Olympics and Europe never sent any to ours, but in almost every Olympic, our shot-putters, hammer-throwers, and 56-lb. weight-throwers have just about cleaned up. I understand that Finland is now developing a wonderful lot of weight-men and it may be that we will have to struggle to hold our honors.

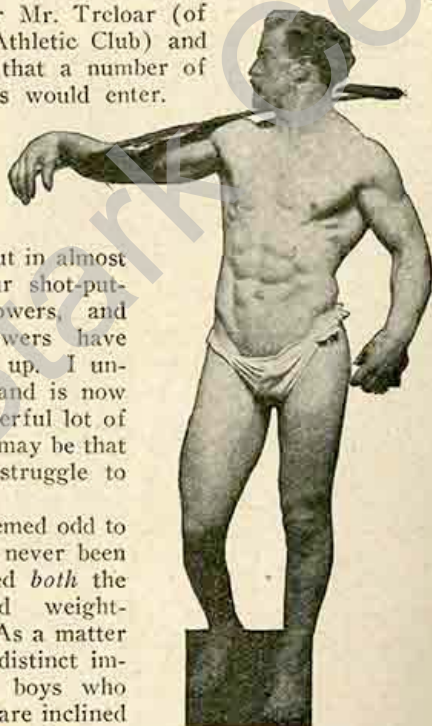
It has always seemed odd to me that there has never been a man who entered *both* the weight-lifting and weight-throwing events. As a matter of fact, I have a distinct impression that the boys who throw the weights are inclined to sneer at the chaps who merely lift weights, and the lifters who are accustomed to handle iron by

the *hundred-weight* profess disdain for the athletes who use mere 16-lb. chunks.

Always in their disputes the question of "knack" arises. Each class accuses the other of using more skill than strength, which, of course, like all general statements, is only partly true. I don't profess to know much about weight-throwing, but I do know a little about weight-lifting and I can assure you that *no* man, no matter how strong, is able to "put up" a 200-lb. dum-bell with

one hand until he spends some weeks (or sometimes months) in learning how to apply his strength. I believe that no man would be able to throw the hammer even as far as 125 feet on his first day, but I am ignorant as to how long he would have to practice before he attained that distance.

Of course, there have been lifters, like Louis Cyr, who, without training, was better than almost anyone else *when trained*. And on the other side there was the gigantic Ralph Rose, who was practically a champion shot-putter from the very first minute he took the shot in his hand. Leave them out, and I will admit that it takes practice and training to make a star lifter, just as I believe every college trainer will admit that natural strength has to be reinforced with skill and method before a star hammer-thrower is developed. Bear that in mind, and also remember it is just as unfair to expect the ham-

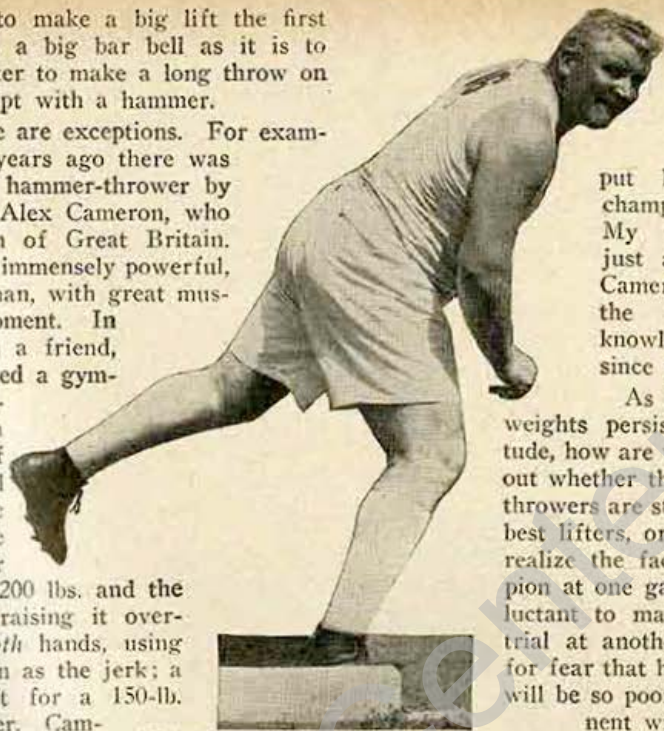


ADOLPH NORDQUEST, the statuesque type of weight-lifter. Excels both in dumbbells and dead-weight lifting. Should make a high-grade weight-thrower

mer-thrower to make a big lift the first time he grips a big bar bell as it is to expect the lifter to make a long throw on his first attempt with a hammer.

Again, there are exceptions. For example, a dozen years ago there was a big Scotch hammer-thrower by the name of Alex Cameron, who was champion of Great Britain. Cameron was immensely powerful, a big-boned man, with great muscular development. In company with a friend, Cameron visited a gymnasium in London, where a number of middle-sized lifters were practising. The biggest bar bell weighed 200 lbs. and the lifters were raising it overhead with both hands, using what is known as the jerk; a very fair lift for a 150-lb. amateur lifter. Cameron was totally unimpressed, but was finally persuaded to try his strength. Grasping the bell in both hands, he lifted it to the chest, pushed it aloft a couple of times by pure arm strength, and then tossed it lightly over a 7-foot partition. The club members were enthusiastic over the feat, and told him that he would become a record-breaker if he took up lifting, but Cameron refused to be persuaded.

The other side of the picture. I have a friend almost as big as Cameron and devoted to lifting. He can "military press" 100 lbs. with one arm and that is a wonderful feat of pure arm and shoulder strength. He visited a college athletic field and became interested in the work of the shot-putters. This was a small college and the candidates for shot-putting honors were neither very big nor very good. Thirty-eight feet was the best any of them could do. My friend asked to be allowed to try a put, explaining that he had never before had a 16-lb. shot in his hand. He stood at the front of the circle, gave a mighty shove with his arm, and sent the shot 39 feet without moving his feet. The college men told him that if he would practice a bit and learn the hop across the



(Underwood & Underwood)

PAT MacDONALD putting the "16-lb. shot."
A gigantic athlete who could undoubtedly make wonderful lifting records

seven-foot circle, he would shortly do 45 or 46 feet; enough to put him near the championship class. My friend proved just as obstinate as Cameron was and to the best of my knowledge has never since put the shot.

As long as heavy-weights persist in that attitude, how are we going to find out whether the best hammer-throwers are stronger than the best lifters, or vice versa? I realize the fact that a champion at one game is often reluctant to make an informal trial at another man's game, for fear that his first attempts will be so poor that his opponent will be in a position to belittle his physical powers.

At present most of the "two-hand" lifting records are held by a few gigantic European lifters; men like Swoboda and Steinbach in Vienna. Most of the records for throwing the hammer, the 56-lb. weight and putting the shot, are held by American and Irish-American giants like Rose, MacDonald, Flanagan and Ryan. I do not know how the two Austrians would make out in weight-throwing, but I am positive that if the four Americans I have just named, were to take up weight-lifting, and devote to it the same amount of practice that they gave to mastering the form of throwing weights, then the amateur lifting records would come to this side of the water.

For a weight-thrower must of necessity be a heavy powerful man, otherwise he is apt to be pulled out of the circle when making a big throw. A man weighing 160 lbs. or under, may become a good shot-putter, but is not apt to shine in throwing the 16-lb. hammer, simply because he has not sufficient bodily weight to counter-balance the immense momentum of the whirl-

ing hammer. When it comes to the 56-lb. weight it is even worse, for a small man, no matter how great his muscular development, is simply not hefty enough to throw such a weight any respectable distance.

Now what are the physical requirements of a hammer thrower? Besides the bodily weight, he must have big shoulders, a powerful back and sides, a sturdy pair of legs, strong arms, and, of course, good wrists and ankles.

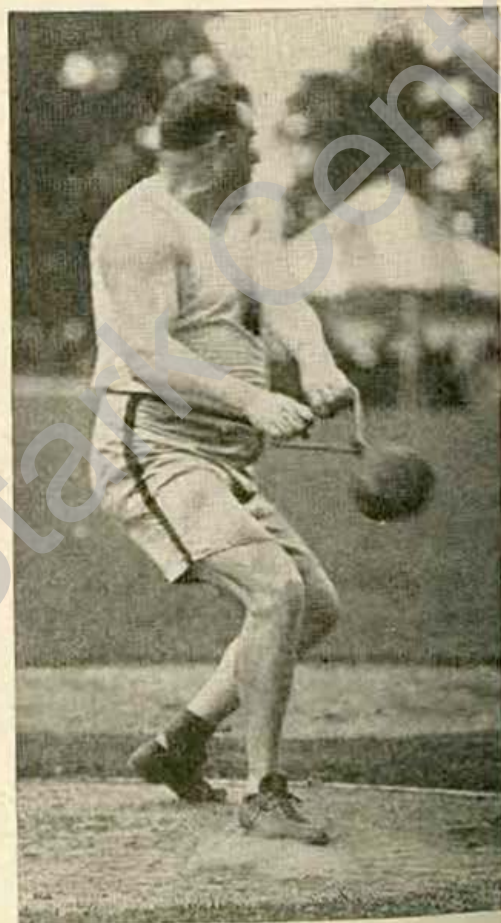
What are the requirements for a good performance in the "two-arm jerk" with a heavy bar bell? Exactly the same as for the hammer-thrower. In Europe, the home of lifting, they acknowledge that great skill plays an important part in one-arm lifting, but they give the palm to the man who can make a big two-hand lift over-head. They consider the athlete who holds the record in the "two-arm jerk" to be the "Strongest Man in the World." That is simply their point of view. For all they can prove to the contrary the man who holds the record for throwing the 56-lb. weight may be just as much entitled to be called the world's strongest man.

Let us see how a lifter applies his power. Take for example Henry Steinborn Milo when he lifted 347 3-4 lbs. aloft in Philadelphia last October. He stooped by bending legs and inclining the body forward from hip-joints, grasped the bell with both hands, gave such a mighty pull by straightening legs and back, that the bell rose nearly four feet from the

ground. Like a flash he bent his knees, so lowering his body that he was able to meet the bell and fix it at the height of his neck. Then he slowly stood erect, drew a long breath, bent his legs a third time and sent the bell aloft with a simultaneous thrust of the legs and arms. This brought the bell a few inches above his head and before it lost its momentum, he bent his legs for the fourth time, and so lowered his body that he could get his arms straight.

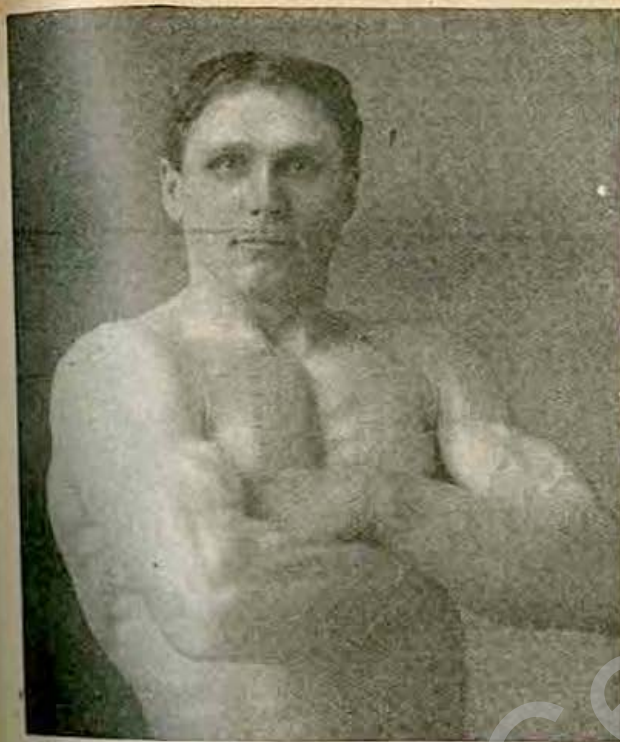
Eighty per cent. of the work was done with the muscles of his shoulders, back and legs, and this is in distinct contradiction to the popular view that dumb-bells and bar bells are lifted by the slow pressure of the arm muscles.

Take the hammer-thrower. He stands at



(Underwood & Underwood)
MATT McGRATH throwing the 56-lb weight. A sample of the powerful type of physique which excels in this event

the back of the circle, facing outwards. First he whirls the hammer around his head a few times, with each revolution getting more speed and a wider arc. When the hammer has obtained sufficient momentum, he revolves his whole body, making three turns, which bring him to the front edge of the circle, and with a final mighty heave, he discharges the hammer on its journey. While he is spinning across the circle his arms are almost straight. The throwing motion is done not by the arm muscles alone, but by the shoulder and back muscles, while the leg muscles are giving the whole body the necessary impetus. So in two-hand lifting and hammer-throwing we have the following factors common to both sports: Bodily



JOHN Y. SMITH, a medium size weight-lifter, famous for handling huge masses of weight, in dumb-bell or any other shape

weight, strong back, shoulders and legs; balance, speed, co-ordination and explosive muscular energy. Any man who lacks one of these requisites will never star at either sport.

There are hundreds of amateur lifters in this country, a fair percentage of whom are heavyweights, but it is unlikely that many of them ever throw the hammer or put the shot. There are hundreds of shot-putters and possibly some of them are lifters. The crop of hammer-throwers is small, because the game can be practiced only on a large lot. The colleges of the country develop a few dozen hammer men every year, of whom very few ever make a throw after leaving college. The combined athletic clubs turn out a couple of dozen hammer men every year. There is little inducement for a young chap belonging to an athletic club to take up the sport, because the best he can hope for is to come somewhere near the marks of the few names who have dominated the field for the last two decades.

Shot-putting can be practiced indoors,

providing a rubber or leather-covered shot is used, but as a rule, shot-putting is a spring and summer sport.

That a shot-putter can be benefited by weight-lifting I know to be a fact. I recall one spring at an Inter-Academic meet the first and second places in the shot-put were won by two lads whose puts were several feet longer than those of the other competitors. Both these boys had put in six weeks' steady training with bar bells, to the immense benefit of their putting records.

I am not arguing from this, that all weight-throwers should include lifting in their training. I am not saying that lifters, either individually or as a class, are any stronger than the shot or hammer men. That is a question that can be settled only when we can get some agreed test with which both classes of men are familiar; and that in turn means quite a long period of prepara-

tion.

The athletic public takes very little stock in dynamometers, that is, in machines that register the strength of different sets of muscles, but they do take a huge interest in applied strength.

The young man who wins the intercollegiate hammer-throw acquires a lot more glory than the other collegian who shows up the biggest strength-test. The public which refuses to take any interest in the man who can register a huge total of pounds on a punching disk, would wildly applaud the same man if he could consistently register the same number of pounds on his opponents' chins.

Since there is apparently no middle ground on which our two classes can meet, it remains for us to try and induce some of our big weight-throwers to make a few trials with the bar bells; meanwhile compelling a few of our heaviest lifters to practice a bit with the hammer and 56-lb. weight. There is in this town an eminent sporting-editor who is credited on the rec-

(Continued on page 56)

The American Venus

America's best-developed girl and a swimming champion at the age of twenty is Miss Artelt's record.

Miss Kenyon found that Miss Artelt had definite ideas of why it was that she had attained these distinctions.

Credit for the "American Venus's" perfect form must certainly be given her father, Dr. Artelt, who has taught and developed her all her life. She was judged to have the most perfect figure in a group of 2,000 girls from all over the United States.

By Thelma Kenyon

SPECIALIZATION has long been a peculiarly American aspect of athletics among men. Very few are supremely good at more than one sport. And, when women seriously entered the athletic realm they inherited the traditions of their brothers. "Be really good at one thing" was their battle cry. That is the primary reason why we have a Molla Mallory in tennis, an Alexa Sterling in golf, and a Gertrude Artelt in swimming.

Miss Artelt is one of the most interesting and charming figures in the whole field of women's athletics. Last year, in competition with 2,000 girls from every part of the United States, she was adjudged to have the most perfect figure, and to be the finest type of feminine all-round athlete in the country.

"The American Venus!" It's a rare and wonderful title for a girl to wear—the finest, perhaps, of all the titles and championships that she has won. All? Well, in a comparatively short span of competition she has captured enough medals, watches and cups to make many a swimmer of the male sex turn a sickly pink with envy.

Gertrude Ar-

telt is a product of specialization. She is a competent gymnast, an excellent captain-ball player, and has done better than eight feet in the standing broad jump, but swimming is her one love. In it she is unexcelled; one of the greatest girl swimmers of whom athletic history tells.

"Of course, I like other sports," she said. "There's golf, for instance, and tennis. I have always wanted to play them, but I have never had the time. Last year I went out on the links occasionally—three times, I think—and became mighty interested, but there were always some swimming meets to train for, and I had to give it up. It is the same way with tennis. A friend handed me a racquet the other day, and told me that I had to use it—but I don't see how I can.

"It is all right for a person who does not



(Underwood & Underwood)

MISS ARTELT keeps in form by aqua-planing

aspire to great success in any one sport to have diffused interests — to play basketball or golf or run — to do one thing one day and another on the next. But to make a real success of any athletic endeavor you've got to stick to your knitting." That is just what Miss Artelt has done. She is only a girl—still on the

sunny side of twenty-one—but she has set up records in competition that are amazing. Swimming has developed to a fine art among women. Her contemporaries in the game are stars, and to out-speed them she has had to show the finest sort of form. Time was when Fanny Durack, the Australian mermaid, was looked on as incomparable, but she showed in matches, in this country, that she had numerous equals or superiors. Olga Dorfner, Ethelda Bleibtrey, Eleanor Uhl, Elizabeth Ryan and Gertrude Artelt proved that the Antipodes could produce neither in quality or quantity—the equal of America's water nymphs.

There is the lustre of romance in Miss Artelt's career; and the glittering gold of success, too, a success that is enhanced by the charming modesty she has shown ever since she won her first match. Why, five years ago, when she was a sophomore in the William Penn Girls' High School in Philadelphia, and was winning cups in the pools about the city, her own class-mates knew nothing about it. They all read in the newspapers about the Gertrude Artelt who was making such a name for herself among the city's natators, and they commented on the similarity in names. Neither by word or sign did the girl let them know that this new swimming star and herself were identical. How many girls—or men, either—do you know who are so genuinely modest and unassuming as that?

Gertrude's athletic training began early enough. When she was less than a year old, her father, Doctor Henry Artelt, saw to it that she was given a cold bath every morning. She was kept in the open air all



(Underwood & Underwood)
MISS GERTRUDE ARTELT, of Philadelphia, who has captured more gold medals, cups and watches than many male swimmers.

day, and, as she grew older, family calisthenics were introduced. Every morning Gertrude and her brother, Ted, and their parents went through setting-up exercises. This was carried over a period of years, and kept them in excellent trim.

When she was ten years old the girl who was to become the greatest of American woman swimmers was placed in the hands of a professional instructor at the Philadelphia Turngemeinde. She made fair progress, but was by no means a sensation among the many excellent swimmers in the or-

ganization. Then, one day, she had an accident. She climbed on the back of another girl, balanced herself for a dive, and fell off into deep water. She was thoroughly frightened, and for several years after that did little work in the pool. Gradually her distaste for the water left her, and she began to appear regularly in the Turngemeinde tank.

A girl named Elizabeth Becker was the bright particular star of the club, and though they were the best of friends, it became Gertrude's single ambition to finish ahead of her in a regular race.

"I wanted to beat Elizabeth more than anything in the world," she admitted with a smile, "but I used to be sick at heart because it seemed as though I never would be able to do it. I tried—oh, how I tried time and again, but never with any success. Everybody knew of our rivalry, and I was afraid to quit because they would think that I was yellow. So I stuck to it in the face of continued defeats, and at last I did beat her.

"Then, several years later, I faced the

same task against Olga Dorfner, one of the greatest swimmers I ever saw. Seven times I took a silver medal for finishing behind Miss Dorfner, but I stuck to that, too, and never quite despaired."

That is the keynote to Gertrude Arfelt's success—determination—the will to win. After all, that is back of every girl's or man's specialization. They want to get to the top, and they will sacrifice everything else, their interest in other sports as well as the softer things in life, to get there.

Miss Arfelt was a normal baby with no outstanding physical attributes. At the present time she is five feet ten and one-half inches tall, and tips the scales at one hundred and sixty-five pounds of smooth, firm muscles. Her father, Doctor Arfelt, is an expert in the training of athletes, and he made it his business to build a perfect woman out of his baby girl. Outside the cold baths and continued open air, Gertrude's upbringing was little different than most children's. Her diet was the usual one, and she had the normal amount of sleep—no more.

Apparently, credit for the "American Venus's" perfect form and glowing health must be given to her father's "cold water and fresh air" theory. Certainly, there is no other apparent reason than this. It was followed out in the career of the son of the Arfelt family, and now, at eighteen he stands six foot three inches, and weighs two hundred pounds.

He specialized in no particular sport, being one of those all-around athletes, who play on the football, basketball and baseball teams, run on the track, and otherwise expends his energy in a broad and careless



(Underwood & Underwood)
MISS ARFELT is also the holder of the World's Record for back-stroke swimming

way. So, unlike his sister, he is proficient in many things but an expert in none, as she is. He has not specialized.

The Europeans are rather inclined to scoff at the earnest way in which we take our games. Even the English—than whom there are no greater lovers of sport in all the world—are inclined to smile at our intentness. Perhaps we are wrong, yet it is significant that only among the golfers do our home-bred women bow to the daughters of Britain—among the golfers who are the most serious of sports-women.

Gertrude Arfelt has won her honors by that seriousness, which is a seriousness of purpose, and not of mind or face. This rosy-cheeked American Venus is a gay, lively girl, who does not regard her achievements with awe. The laurels are worth gaining—worth fighting hard to get—but they do not place her on a pedestal above her friends and acquaintances who have not her athletic talent.

Just what are her achievements?

Well, among other things, in 1917, she won the National championship at 100 yards and the Pentathlon title, taking four firsts—the 50-yard breast stroke; the 50-yard back stroke; the 100-yard dash, and the rescue event. In 1918 she became the Pacific Coast title holder at 50 yards, and in 1920 won the Middle Atlantic Amateur Athletic Union championships in the 50-yard free style, and the 100 and 150-yard back strokes. Incidentally, she cracked the world's record, held by Miss Ethelda Bleibtrey, of New York, in the 100-yard back-stroke event, setting the new mark of 1:27 3-5. She was then swimming under

(Continued on page 58)

Heroes of the Hundred

America has always had remarkable sprinters, since the Olympic Games have been restored. Paddock is undoubtedly the greatest of them all and may, this spring, prove that he is as versatile as the best of the old-timers.

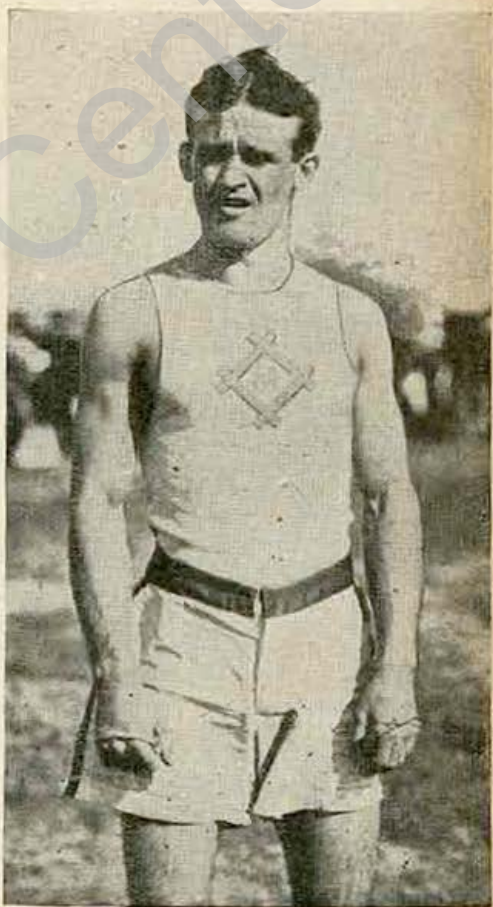
By Chas. W. Paddock

THIS period in American Sprinting History is in some respects the greatest, and in others the most pathetic in all the annals of short-distance running. For the story of it reads like the rise and fall of nations, and the lesson taught has ever been kept in mind by Yankee athletes. Because in 1900 it seemed as though the development of the dash had reached perfection and there were more splendid exponents of the game than ever before or since, for that matter. The nations of the world looked to America as the center of all that was best in training, speed and science, athletically speaking. It was a day when the old champs were still in the game and when the new stars were there to gain inspiration and experience from competition with them. It was a linking together of the old and new with the best of results.

Among those soon to lay aside forever their spikes in 1900 was Tommy Burke of Boston. His name will long be cherished in the hearts of sport lovers because of his valiant efforts in the first Olympics, held at Athens in 1896. That day Burke of Boston competed in the finals of the 100 meters and won it and then later came first in the 400 meter championships. Tom was perhaps a greater quarter miler than he was a sprinter, for, possessing unusually long legs, he obtained a long stride, in the end sacrificing starting speed to driving power. Though Burke never won a National 100-yard championship, he more than made up for the same by his victory in the Olympics, which technically stands for the world's championship. He moreover received an honor which since that time has seemingly passed away. For the custom had been in ancient Olympics to name the four years between the games or the Olympiad for the winner of the 100 meters. At the suggestion of the King of Greece this quaint custom was revived at Athens, and so when the laurel wreath was presented to Tommy Burke, it was also proclaimed

that the following four years should be known as the Olympiad of Thomas Burke of Boston!

With the passing of Burke came also the last running days of Tom Keane. That great old sprinter and quarter miler, like Burke, had never possessed much luck in the shorter distances, though he afforded grand competition for the youngsters and was not so backward himself when it came to travelling over the 440-yard distance.



International
ARCHIE HAHN won three Olympic championships
in 1904 and one in 1906

His name came to be a threat to every young sprinter and a spur to harder training, for if they did not prepare it was said, "Old Keane of the B. A. A. will get you if you don't watch out!" Both Burke and Keane, however, were badly outdistanced by the greatest quarter miler who ever trod a cinderpath. Maxey Long of the New York Athletic Club. Maxey commenced to make the cinders fly long before 1900, and kept up active competition even into the twentieth century. He was swift enough to win a National Championship in the 100 yards from the best end in the 220 yards, as well as coming home far ahead in the quarter. His record in the latter event still stands, though there are many athletes of to-day who claim that Bill Stevenson of Princeton may smash his mark in the summer Championships.

From this brief survey of the sprint stars

before 1900 and leading up to that time, the reader might easily be given the impression that the sprinters of that day did not specialize, as do the dash artists of the present generation. And in the majority of cases this is quite true. For there were few good sprinters of that time who were not also capable of running through a fast quarter mile when the occasion demanded. F. R. Moulton was another star of this type. He weathered the storm of the nineteenth century competition and still was capable of winning a 440-yard victory in the Senior Nationals as late as 1902. But Moulton was essentially a sprinter and proved one of the hardest men for Arthur Duffey to defeat when the latter was in his prime. But of all these stars who preceeded the champs who held sway from 1900 to 1905, Bernie Wefers of the New York Athletic Club was undoubtedly the greatest. Bernie,

like Moulton, Long and Burke, was capable of running any distance well up to and including 440 yards. But he was at his best at the 220-yard distance where he held the world record until last year. He accomplished 9, 4-5 seconds for the Century many times and held the record up until that day in 1903 when Arthur Duffey made himself famous for life at Berkeley Oval, New York, when he was credited with 9, 3-5 seconds. But a description of this event which marked the acme of sprinting in this period will be reserved for later in this article, something, in other words, to cheer up the athletic enthusiast who believes in America, because the last years of this period were anything but cheerful.

Something should be said about Wefers. He is still recognized as one of the greatest sprinters who ever lived, and many people of his period proclaimed him greater than Duffey. Wefers was the wiry type of sprinter, having long, muscular limbs which were capable of an enormous stride and also possessing a barrel-like chest, similar to many of our present day so-called stocky sprinters. But he was neither too heavy or too tall to



The finish as **BERNIE WEFERS, SR.**, perfected it. **WEFERS** was the greatest sprinter of his day

keep from being a fast starter. Wefers seemed to possess everything necessary to make him the fastest of sprinters, and many wonder why he did not run in 3-5 seconds officially. He had been accredited with that time unofficially on several occasions. The only possible reason might be traced back to this fact that he had never specialized, for he ran all the events as did the other sprinters of his time. He perhaps lacked that something which comes through specialization. To-day Wefers believes that if he had trained for this event alone he might have been able to have clipped off that final fraction which stood between him and the world record.

Arthur Duffey, who was old enough in the running game to obtain all the benefits from these veterans and still young enough to establish his records after these had hung up their spikes, followed out a system of specialization, and the result was a world record. Though the reader may look in vain for the records of Arthur Duffey in Spalding or in the files of Amateur records, nevertheless he was the first man to officially run the Century in 9, 3-5 seconds. Charges of professionalism later caused the removal of his marks from the books. However, when he ran the distance he did it as an amateur. Duffey was the opposite of Wefers in build and temperament. He was short and stocky with a marvelous start and pick-up and just enough endurance to see him through 100 yards. He found, soon enough, that if he was really to accomplish something in his favorite event he would have to give up broad jumping and long distances. This he did while at the University of Georgetown. As a result he increased his speed but hurt his staying power somewhat and shortened his years of fast running. His wind went back on him, a condition which probably would never have occurred if he had also stayed within the 220 yards. So there is also the danger of specializing too much. Duffey trained faithfully for his event and herein lay his



RALPH CRAIG ran through when he was finishing. Two first places in the Olympics are to his credit

success. He studied his race as no man had done previously and he perfected two kinds of finishes which had been used with fair success before his day, the "Shrug" and the "Lunge." The former was done in the following way: When the runner was almost to the tape, he would throw his shoulder well forward to break the string and would perhaps save himself six inches. The "Lunge" was accomplished through the throwing of the arms back and the chest out, hurling the body toward the tape.

By this time, the world and America alike, considered that Yankee sprinters were unbeatable, but with the passing of Duffey, the standard commenced to wane, though sport followers of that time did not admit the same or pay much attention to it. They still possessed enough stars to keep America far ahead. Archie Hahn well filled

the shoes of Arthur Duffey. Some considered him equally as great because he won bigger races than Duffey had captured. But Hahn, though a lightning starter and a smooth runner, could never close to 9-3. He won three Olympic victories in 1904 and came back with the victory in the 100 meters at Athens again in '06.

Hahn was recognized in the sport world as a wonderful campaigner and he well lived up to this reputation by winning big races far from home. He was consistent and always dependable to come through in the finals largely because of his ability to save himself when running his heats and semi-finals. Hahn never exerted himself any more than he had to and possessed the kind of confidence which is usually found among great professional athletes. Hahn was small like Duffey and was much the same type of runner as the latter, save for the fact that he possessed a great deal more power and strength.

There were two other sprinters of Hahn's time who gained National and even International reputations, though their victories were never as important as the little Michigan star's. These were Lawson Robertson and Charles Parsons. The former won signal victories in indoor work. He studied this particular branch of running and developed the start to such perfection that established several short distance records which still remain on the record books. He started



DON LIPPINCOTT, who was the backbone of the Penn. Track team while in college

with both feet well under the body, with only the semblance of the outdoor crouch start. The weight was kept well forward so that he fell forward and saved himself by two or three short strides. When he had made these he was well into his regular stride and finished strongly, employing the finish form which those old masters, Wefer and Duffey, had used so well.

Charlie Parsons hailed from the West and was one of the first great sprinters to be discovered on the Pacific Coast. He ran under the colors of the Olympic Club of San Francisco and attended the University of Southern California. He possessed that same short, stocky build which Hahn, Duffey and some of the other stars of this period exemplified. Parsons was a good starter, not a great one, but he possessed worlds of natural speed and plenty of strength. He ran everything on the program, which possibly cut down his best efforts in the 100 yards. At that, however, on a fast, hard track he ran the Century 9.47 seconds with one watch registering 9.35 seconds. The East scoffed at such incredible times and wanted to see Parsons in action. They did, for Parsons went back to the Nationals in '05 and won the Championship in the 100 yards. This was the first of a number of surprises which Easterners received in inter-sectional competition. Though the Atlantic Coast has

(Continued on page 60.)

Are You 50 Per Cent Efficient

By Hugo Otopalik

Physical Director of Iowa's State College, at Ames, Iowa.

Can you chin yourself 8 times, lift 300 lbs., swim 20 yds. in 10 sec., run 50 yds. in 5½ sec., high jump 4 ft. 4 in.? If you can do all these how would you make out on the rest of the test of which Mr. Otopalik writes.

Do not read the article and decide that you could pass the tests easily. Read it and try them and let us know the results that you obtain.

Do you think these tests too hard or too easy?

THE value of physical efficiency tests was demonstrated in the United States Army during the late World War; of the forty per cent. of the men who were able to pass the physical examinations given by the draft board examiners and the Army Surgeon, a great number were unable to pass the functional tests of muscular capacity. In one camp, 25,000 men were given these four tests with the following results:

100-Yard Dash—Averaged 14.2-5 sec.

High Jump—Averaged 4 ft. 1 in.

Running Broad Jump—Averaged 14 ft. 9 in.

Standing Broad Jump—Averaged 7 ft. 2 in.

In another camp, 462 men were tested with the results as noted below:

Standing Broad Jump—26% exceeded 5 ft.

Running Broad Jump—24% exceeded 12 ft.

Running High Jump—19% exceeded 4 ft.

100-Yard Dash—13% less than 14 sec.

Eight-Foot Fence Climb—21% succeeded

Mile Run—7% less than 8 min.

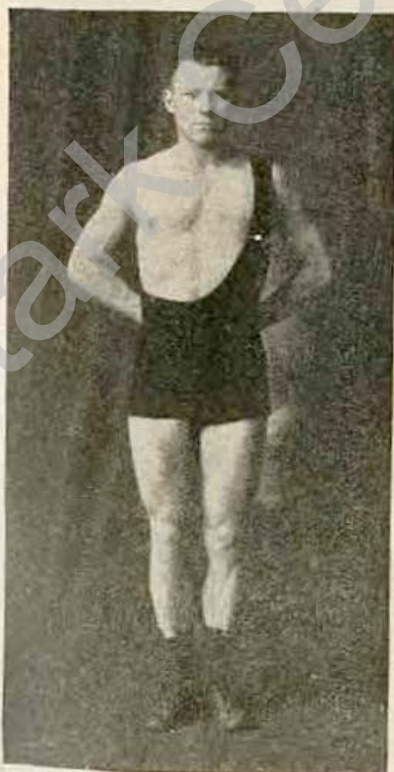
Tests taken in high schools and colleges show that high school and college men can fre-

quently pass physical and health examinations creditably, but are far below standard in efficiency tests, muscle co-ordination and in training.

Physical efficiency tests are given at least twice each year at Iowa State College in connection with the regular gymnasium classes of the first and second year students. Those recorded herein were given the first quarter 1921 without any preparation on the part of the student. The object

of the test is not only to interest the student in all-around development and participation in all lines of sports, but to give an adequate idea of each man's physical efficiency in terms of body control, agility, physical strength, endurance and condition. This information is then used as an indication for special training to correct deficiencies, to measure progress during the year, also as a stimulus to the student to meet the standards and to encourage him to train and better his last record. This information is used to demonstrate physical efficiency of students of one school as compared with another in competitive try-outs of like nature.

Track and field athletics, gymnastics, aquatics and tournament games and athletics make



Ralph Shawhan, who won 1st place in a group of 1,039 students

up the plan for these physical tests; but only the first three sections are compulsory and the events in these require very little, if any, special training, for the average student takes part in them from boyhood. There is no danger of injury to untrained students, for prolonged tests of stamina are not here advisable.

Tests in swimming are given and points may be won by even the mediocre swimmer. All men are encouraged to take part in the various forms of athletics, and instructors and coaches are provided for in each sport.

The pointage system is used to determine the division into which a student is placed; a certain number of points are awarded for the record a student makes in each event.

NOVICE DIVISION

—Required 100 pts. with at least 20 pts. in each of the first three sections.

ATHLETIC DIVISION—Required 200 pts. with at least 20 pts. in each of the first three sections and 50 pts. in the fourth section.

HONOR DIVISION—Required 300 pts. with at least 50 pts. in each of the four sections.

MEDAL DIVISION—Gold and Silver Medals will be awarded to the two contestants making the most number points of the possible 500.

All scoring is based upon the pointage system and judges determine the points won in each event. The students are not required to take up the fourth or Athletic Division, although all are encouraged to take up some sport. Above are given the events in the various sections with the points that may be earned in each, it being possible to make 305 points in the 3 sections.



Horace Greenwood, the second-place man in Mr. Otopalik's contest

TRACK AND FIELD ATHLETICS

High Jump

44 in., 5 pts.; 48 in., 10 pts.; 52 in., 15 pts.

Run. brd. Jump

12 ft., 5 pts.; 13 ft., 10 pts.; 14 ft., 15 pts.

Stand. brd. Jump

6 ft., 5 pts.; 6 ft. 6 in., 10 pts.; 7 ft., 15 pts.

50-Yd. Dash

7 sec., 10 pts.; 6.5 sec., 15 pts.; 5.5 sec., 20 pts.

12-lb. Shot Put

27 ft., 10 pts.; 32 ft., 15 pts.; 35 ft., 20 pts.

GYMNASTICS

Chinning

6 times, 10 pts.; 7 times, 15 pts.; 8 times, 20 pts.

Dipping

4 times, 10 pts.; 5 times, 15 pts.; 8 times, 20 pts.

Fence Vault

4 ft., 10 pts.; 4 ft. 6 in., 15 pts.; 5 ft., 20 pts.

Weight Lifting

200 lbs., 10 pts.; 250 lbs., 15 pts.; 300 lbs., 20 pts.

Basketball Throw

1 out of 5, 10 pts.; 2 out of 5, 15 pts.; 3 out of 5, 20 pts.

Rope Climb, 18 ft.

15 sec., 10 pts.; 12 sec., 15 pts.; 10 sec., 20 pts.

AQUATICS

20-Yd. Dash

20 sec., 10 pts.; 15 sec., 15 pts.; 10 sec., 20 pts.

Run. Front Dive

Poor, 10 pts.; good, 15 pts.; perfect, 20 pts.

Plunge

20 ft., 10 pts.; 30 ft., 15 pts.; 40 ft., 20 pts.

Swimming—Back

40 yds., 10 pts.

Swimming—Crawl breast

40 yds., 15 pts.

Swimming—Stroke side

40 yds., 20 pts.

20-Yd. Back Stroke

30 sec., 10 pts.; 20 sec., 15 pts.; 10 sec., 20 pts.

TOURNAMENT CONTESTS AND ATHLETICS

Football (class)	25 pts.
Basketball (Class or Frat.).....	25 pts.
Baseball (class)	25 pts.
Track (Frat. class or all Col.).....	20 pts.
Wrestling (Frat. class or all Col.)..	25 pts.
Boxing (Frat. class or all Col.)....	25 pts.
Swimming (Frat. class or all Col.)..	25 pts.
Handball (Frat. class or all Col.)..	25 pts.

The Men's Physical Training Department at Iowa State College conducted the above tests during the fall quarter of 1921. Although the records made are not as good as expected they compare very favorably with the results obtained in similar tests as conducted in the army and in other colleges and universities. They are above the average when it is taken into consideration that the students took these tests without any preliminary tryouts or preparation.

FIRST PLACE 305 POINTS

Ralph Shawhan.

Age—19.

Weight—168.

Home—Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

Attended High School—Watertown, So. Dak.

Participated in Football, Basketball and Track.

During Prep. year at I. A. C. participated in Football, Track and Physical Training.

Delta Upsilon.

SECOND PLACE 270 POINTS

Horace Greenwood.

Age—19.

Weight—142.

Home—Emerson, Iowa.

Attended High School at Emerson, Iowa.

Participated in Basketball.

At I. A. C. Plays with Frat. Team.
Member Tau Kappa Epsilon.

Below is given a general summary of the tests with the records. 1,039 students participated in the tests:

High Jump

19% jumped 44 in.

35% jumped 48 in.

30% jumped 52 in.

16% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Running Broad Jump

15% jumped 12 ft.

20% jumped 13 ft.

29% jumped 14 ft.

16% jumped 15 ft.

20% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

50-Yard Dash

45% ran in 7 sec.

35% ran in 6 2-5 sec.

4% ran in 5 4-5 sec.

16% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

12-Lb. Shot Put

49% put the shot 27 ft.

16% put the shot 32 ft.

5% put the shot 35 ft.

1% put the shot better than 35 ft.

29% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Standing Broad Jump

5% jumped 6 ft. 6 in.

12% jumped 7 ft.

31% jumped 8 ft.

44% jumped better than 8 ft.

8% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Chinning

12% chinned themselves 6 times.

7% chinned themselves 7 times.

15% chinned themselves 8 times.

27% chinned themselves more than 8 times.

39% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Fence Vault

12% vaulted 4 ft.

25% vaulted 4 ft. 6 in.

40% vaulted 5 ft.

23% unable to qualify by the minimum standard.

(Continued on page 57)

Strong Men of the Movies

In Reeldom as well as in Realdom there are strong men. The actors are particularly fond of indoor and outdoor sports, and it is hard to find one that is not.

Such men as Farnum, Bushman, Stone, Walsh and Fairbanks are constantly training and are always in good condition.

By L. E. Eubanks

AN actor's individuality, personality, stage-presence—whatever that quality is that makes him exactly what he is—is both physical and mental. The best conception of a rôle is useless if imperfectly expressed. A weak, effeminate man could not by any technical skill make a good "Sea-Wolf." He could depict vindictive brutality, true, but not in the way London's character did it. A "Sea-Wolf" must be a big, hard-fisted man, with a jaw and a voice as big as his shoulders. This we may term elemental expression of the physical. There are many others—the magnetism of vigorous, vibrant health, as seen in a "Parsifal"; the pulsating passion of warm blood and a perfect body in a "Cleopatra." Physical health is the foundation of personality, its vehicle, ranging in force from the brute strength of a savage chieftain to the half-ethereal caress of purest love. Touching on this physical phase, Barander Matthews said:

"Sometimes a playwright beholds one of his characters transformed by an actor, who charges it with a meaning and a purpose, a variety and veracity that the author himself did not suspect and that he had not consciously intended. This transformation may have been caused by the artistic insight of the performer, or it may have been

due simply to his personality. Sometimes a part is thus transfigured by the physical fitness of the actor for the character. For it is not only the personality of the actor which affects his part; it is also his actual person. The tools of his trade are the members of his body. His hands and his arms, his walk and his gestures, the glance of his eye and the tones of his voice—these are the implements of his art; these are his chisel and his marble, his brushes, his palette and his canvas."

Strength and grace come through physical exercise. Many present-day actors have wisely realized this. Such men as Francis X. Bushman and William Farnum study to keep their physique at its best. Bushman is an all-around athlete, a sculptor's model, and one of the best wrestlers in the country. He cultivates every side of his physical self and is as graceful as he is strong. Farnums' robust manhood and physical wholesomeness account in large measure for his popularity.



(Underwood & Underwood)

WALLACE REID believes in beginning early. His son should be an all-round athlete of note

The handsome Warren Kerrigan simply would not be out those broad shoulders, athletic carriage and chivalrous demeanor. As a rule, the athletes of the silver sheet like to incorporate the play spirit into their physical training. Team contests are popular, one group will challenge another to a

handball series, a volley-ball game, a tennis match, or a medicine or push-ball contest, with a dinner to be paid for by the loser. From these contests, too, comes much of that "good sportsmanship" we so admire in our screen hero.

Naturalness is the essence of individuality, and naturalness will not live in the same corporeal citadel with ill health. Nerves, in a pathological sense, have no place in an actor's make-up. Self-control is the very foundation of the histrionic art. For the nervous system, if there were no other reason, all actors should—and most of them do—practice outdoor sports. Theatrical work is extremely wearing, and the best performers are the most likely to suffer nervous breakdown, for the reason that they put into their efforts more emotion.

A person looks taller on the screen than he actually is. I cannot explain it scientifically, but the fact has often been observed. Lawson Butt is all of 6 feet 2 inches, and rather slender in the bargain,

so that when he dons his doublet and hose, and appears on the screen as *Romeo* or *Petruchio*, there seems to be no limit to his linear measure. On the other hand, William Russell is an exception to this rule. I did not realize his height till he lined up with that tall pugilist, Al Kaufman, in "Pride and the Man." Bill is 6 feet 2 inches tall, but he is so broad that he looks scarcely 6 feet. He is extremely well built for such a tall man, and carries his 200 pounds with perfect ease.

The same thing is true of Charles Murray, the comedian, who carries an even two hundred weight, and is just 6 feet tall. This

latitudinal illusion, enhanced by the rather baggy clothes that he wears in some of his character parts, makes Charlie look like a short man. William S. Hart is as tall as Russell, but looks much taller. There are two reasons for this. He is not as broad in the shoulders, carrying relatively more weight in his waist and hips. He has, too, an erect carriage that gives him, sometimes, an air of arrogance. Hart has a way of registering pride and independence with his body, and when he draws himself up and looks down on his foe, or spurns the smiles of some tempting vampire, he looks six feet six! Hart, when he rides, generally uses a small horse and this helps to accentuate his height.

Thomas Meighan is another six-footer. The "Big Irishman" weighs about 190 pounds, and keeps himself in good condition by attending the Los Angeles Athletic Club. And mention of Meighan reminds me of another habitue of that famous club, Herbert Rawlinson. He is not as heavy as the

others I have mentioned. Weighing about 165 pounds, he is comparatively slender, but wiry and strong. "Herb" is at his best in the recent production, "Conflict" (starring Priscilla Dean); I heard several comments on his fine chest and athletic bearing. There is the smoothness of well-oiled machinery in his movements and he can fight like a bear-cat.

I have spoken of J. Warren Kerrigan. He distributes 190 pounds over 6 feet 1 inch of stature. Here is an actor with a remarkably fine walk; it signifies strength and self-confidence. His attitude when standing is noticeably



Underwood & Underwood
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who performs more original stunts than any other screen artist

self-possessed; it is even more evident in personal appearance than on the screen. Kerrigan is highly adaptable; he can, when necessary, use his height to great advantage. Then again, he seems to be able to contract his supple body to suit the part of a youth just reaching man's estate. That Jack really has a good "reach" many screen battlers can testify from experience.

Monroe Salisbury is just a shade over 6 feet tall, and well proportioned, so that he plays the virile Western type very convincingly. Marc MacDermott frequently dresses so as to appear even taller than his full six-foot measure. The comparative smallness of a man's head usually adds to the apparent height, and this is true in Marc's case, especially when he wears the tapering Russian cap to accentuate the effect.

Charles Ray, a trifle over 6 feet, is a member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Like Rawlinson, Ray is slender compared to Russell. He weighs perhaps 170, and can give a good account of himself as an athlete. As Joel Parker in "The Pinch Hitter," he certainly convinced his clubmates that he could play a good game of baseball. He not only did some good batting, but starred in field work. Ray's height is useful to him in playing "rube" rôles, for the popular conception of the raw country lad seems to demand unusual and embarrassing height.

The would-be screen hero who cannot fight is seriously handicapped. The fighter is popular, not only because he fights, but because he is a good actor; for good fighting is good acting. It is not claimed that actual encounters are essential in every play; but the

fighting spirit and the fighting physique are admirable and useful qualities. Admirable because humanity instinctively admires a fighter; just as the "whole world loves a lover"; useful because the greatly broaden an actor's adaptability to various parts. Henry B. Walthall lacks physique and physical aggressiveness, and the fact that not even his peerless acting can entirely blind us to the weakness is highly significant; when the "Edwin Booth of the Screen" falls short many are bound to fail. Wallace Reid, on the other hand, can do anything. Not because he is a better actor, but because it is more practicable to suppress fighting qualities than it is to assume them. It is a long step from feminine impersonations to fighting a mob of Southern negroes, but Reid succeeds in both. He makes a better woman—though admittedly a good-sized one—than Walthall would a herculean blacksmith.

Reel fights must be *real*. If there is any time in a play when every spectator's attention is thoroughly

alive, it is during a fight scene; and poor execution of this will well-nigh ruin a play. In "The Spoilers" is it not the Farnum-Santschi struggle that we remember most vividly? These men can fight, and they do; it is hard to believe they are not in deadly earnest. In fact, they are for the time, and this is what makes actual ruggedness indispensable to the man who would depict fights. An actor cannot step into this branch of the work and succeed merely because he has done other rôles well. He must have careful training. Not only the particular scene has to be perfected. (Cont. on page 31)



Underwood & Underwood

FRED STONE is an acrobat of skill and distinction

The Camping Lure

We all want to go camping, just as "Von's" lawyer friend did. To want to go is one of those irresistible impulses; in fact, as strong as that impulse to come back if you start wrong.

T. von Ziekursch knows all there is to know about the great out-doors and he knows how to tell about it too.

Next to calling him up before you start, the best advice that we can give you is to read this article.

By T. Von Ziekursch

THE frivolous person who first conceived the question about how old is Ann and the other who asked why is a dog, were really expounding hard and fast logic compared to the individual who originally demanded an explanation of that thing men know as "Spring Fever."

About the time this finds its way into print, probably something like thirty million of us will be cursing the fact that we were born with good looks as our heritage, instead of a plentiful checking account and nothing to do except gratify that desire to see the places we have never or rarely seen and do the things we get such little opportunity to do.

The "inspiration" for this article comes from a trip we took some time ago with a lawyer friend. His professional activities during the winter months earned him a fair emolument, but he is one of that great class of Americans who have forgotten the thing which is such an essential part of the European—the ability to play. Rather, we should say that he was one of them, for now he has learned how.

We know what that feeling the world calls "Spring-oes" is. Who doesn't? There is no use of describing it now. Just look around you and pick out the languid attitudes and appearances of

many of your acquaintances; listen to the wails about wishing they could take a few days off and get out in the country. That's what it is—the "Springoes."

It is a normal reaction after the months of being cooped up during the drabness of winter. Well, to get down to the backbone of matters, beware that you do not fall into traps when these feelings assail you, as we did.

We were sitting by a desk piled high with work, to which we unconcernedly turned our back, while we gazed out an open window and dreamed of rustling foliage and leaping white water where a few more or less deft casts would bring a fighting fool of a trout up, when the 'phone bell rang. Now, if half the rings on the 'phone went unanswered there would be about half as much trouble in the world. We are convinced of that. It is the one medium that surmounts any and all obstacles for the past. You can escape every other method of pursuit, and then the 'phone bell rings. With-

out the slightest hesitation you grab it. It might be and probably is that message you were waiting for. Is it? It is not. It never is, at least fully ninety-nine times out of the hundred it is some pest you didn't want to hear from.

A balmy sort



Campers in the National Forests keep in touch with the outside world by registering their names and destination.



Snowmass Lake camping grounds, Holy Cross National Forest, Colo.

of a breeze was blowing in the window and we were sure that trout we were visualizing measured at least twenty inches. Br-inn-inn-g. We grabbed the 'phone and gave the usual languid greeting. Then our ears perked up. The lawyer acquaintance (notice we speak of him now as acquaintance instead of friend) was on the other end. From his conversation we gathered these few salient facts:

He had been putting in an exceptionally hard season which had come on top of another exceptionally hard season and so on back during the past fifteen years or more. He was caving in under the strain, and the bright idea had been drummed into him by an adoring wife that a doctor just might be the man to see when one felt out of sorts.

The physician happened to be one of that new school who have come to realize that when a man has worked himself into such a state that he has one foot in the w. k. grave and the other on a very slippery banana peel, it sometimes helps to ease up a little on the work and grab some slight recreation before learning to twang the celestial harp and try to communicate with the loved ones left behind by rapping on tables and doors. That physician showed a lot of judgment. He advised a trip somewheres out of doors. What a grand idea! Unfortunately it didn't go far enough. The hard luck of it was that the physician either had been unable to tell his lawyer patient how to go

about it or had forgotten that such a mere detail was necessary. Well you have a hazy idea of what happens when the average man is left to figure out the dainty details of how to take care of himself when his wife is away. And what a mess that man made of it!

Of course, we were not aware of it then, but we soon found out. Our 'phone conversation ran something like this. He extended an invitation to accompany him, just for a couple of weeks on one of those auto-camping trips, and we accepted. Had we not been dreaming of rustling foliage, etc.? We did have sense enough to ask whether he had made proper preparations as to equipment and were informed that everything was as lovely as could be. We hustled home that night and got our own personal outfit of woolen shirts, khaki trousers, woolen socks and pac boots ready, along with the heavy knife that serves so many purposes, the strong twine, fishing stuff, water-proof match case and other what-nots. But there were so many things that we did not bother about, believing that he had made all arrangements. If we gave any thought to the various necessities that we were not taking along, it was merely to ruminate on the fact that more and more America's successful business and professional men are learning to play, first because it is necessary to keep them going at top speed and then because they learn to enjoy it. What

we forgot to take into consideration was that merely because they are capable business men does not prove that they know how to play successfully.

The following day we met our lawyer acquaintance with his auto fairly well loaded under one of the largest assortments of equipment of every description it has ever been our privilege to see outside of a department store. Looking at it casually it seemed that the only thing lacking was an oyster opener. But we learned different.

He had decided on a trip into the Buckingham mountains, and it certainly is a relief to look back and think of how many other mountains he might have picked where the conditions would have been worse. On the way he detailed the food and other equipment that had been brought along. We got numerous inward smiles at all the superfluous things and then it suddenly dawned that he had not mentioned salt. We managed to bribe a couple of boys out of a farmer's wife at one of the last human habitations we passed on the way in.

Late that afternoon we arrived at a likely looking spot as far back as an auto could travel and threw up the tent. Of course that was complete except for the pegs, but we could cut those easily enough. Could we? That bird had never dreamed of an

axe of any kind, but he had remembered three extra boxes of talcum powder. We looked at him and were prepared for the worst. After the salt and the axe anything could have happened without disturbing our poise. Then and there we began to suspect that we had been invited along to fix up for the things he had forgotten. That man's ignorance of what he was up against was more than refreshing, it was humorous. We have been out twice with him since then and now he knows. Our heavy sheath knife served to cut the pegs and we drove them with a hammer out of the car's tool box, but the knife cut more firewood during the next ten days than we ever hope to cut again by the same method.

Then came the first meal. Now, eating on one of those camping trips can be a pleasure and it can also be productive of more kinds of trouble, grouchies, indigestion and all-around cussedness than the immortal trio of w. w. and song. The human stomach can stand just so much fried bacon and canned beans before it starts open and unequivocal rebellion. Personally we do not mind certain kinds of hardships that are very often necessary to these out-door jaunts, but we would far rather travel on half rations than tie our innards in double cinch knots by gorging on stuff that was never meant for an innocent and contented human tummy. In all that con-



See Thousand Lakes Region, Superior National Forest, Minn. One of the most wonderful vacation lands of America.

glomeration of imported and domestic food there was not even the semblance of anything fresh nor even a bit of dried fruit. Imagine it; not even a poor lonesome prune. Your Indian and woodsman of the North recognizes the fact that vegetable matter is a valuable thing, although in the North meat is the essential, but in our climate health and condition absolutely depend on some change from canned food and meat. Right there we realized that our next day would be spent on a trip back to the nearest human habitation in a quest for dried apples or some other luxury, and possibly for an axe (which we got, incidentally, and broke).

That first meal—we exploded when the cooking of it started. There was a gasoline stove which must have cost considerable. It was an elaborate sort of thing and probably its inventor meant well, but we shall continue to have a lurking suspicion that he had deep aims against

the life and happiness of humanity in general. There is one unbeatable way to cook in the great out-doors. That is with the aid of two thin bars of steel, about an inch wide, an eighth thick and a couple of feet long. They weigh a few ounces, can be slipped in any pack, laid across a pair of rocks and the fire built underneath, and you can buy them almost anywhere for a quarter. We chanted a few bars of the "Miserere" as we tucked that gasoline stove away in the auto, never to be brought out again on that trip, and then built up some rocks in a sort of triangle with a bit of old angle iron from the tool box across the top to hold the frying pan and coffee pot. After that we ate.

It was fairly late when we had finished and thoughts of the night came with mingled dread as we asked about the sleeping equipment. There was a roll of blankets that had been made up after the advice of a clerk in a sporting goods store. They would have been excellent for use on a

sleeping porch in the wilderness of some suburb.

Possibly our disgust showed as we looked in vain for any sort of a poncho or other waterproof to spread them on. Now blankets are all right for sleeping out-doors, but the sleeping bag wins always. It is warmer, more sanitary and comfortable and better in every way in addition to being less cumbersome. Our request for ponchos elicited the information that we could take the seats out of the car and use them. We did not argue, we were beyond that. Instead we took the knife and started out. There were no spruce growing in that section and we would willingly have paid a four dollar

bill for a few young spruce at about that time, but there were plenty of small pines. In four or five trips we brought back enough pine branches to make a layer several inches deep on which to spread the blankets.

Thus it went. There were enough luxuries to have suited the tastes of

a fastidious Indian Maharajah and very little of what constitutes the necessities. However, we managed to get a lot of fun out of that trip. Not far from camp was a stream where bass could be lured out and we could risk pneumonia in a daily plunge.

But, to revert to the original basis of this article. This season of the year begins camping and vacation time. It used to be that ninety-nine per cent of your campers were boys whose doting parents stayed home and worried about their darlingest offspring for fear they would drown in that eighteen-inch creek that had been selected for them to camp near, or that a nasty spider would become a man eater and chew off a leg. The dread that they would take some terrible risk with a ferocious rabbit or hungry squirrel or hawk was a thing to lie awake of nights thinking about. Now the parents are going along, and two to one they almost spoil the trip for the kids. More than that, take a trip from your city to the

(Continued on page 55)



Fisherman's Luck.

The Romance of Strength

This is the first of two articles on incidents and experiences relating to the development and use of great strength.

Mr. Jowett is a former English weight-lifter and he is thoroughly competent to speak of feats of strength which he has seen.

Every town has its strong man and many people know about him and about his records. If you have a local strong man let us know how his ability compares with that of the men Mr. Jowett has seen.

By George F. Jowett

THE Romance of Strength commenced when primeval man stepped out on the borderland and fought for the preservation of his offspring and female mate and thus by accepting the law, that only the fittest survive, he demonstrated his efficiency over all others, making love and Christianity possible for those who followed after.

What titanic struggles must have ensued between man and beast, in those dim far-off days, we can only imagine; but the physical demonstration, sharpened by his jealous, subconscious knowledge of his future destiny, must have been terrific. We can more readily believe in our imagination that stupendous feats were then enacted, than we can believe the mythical tales of Grecian legendry.

The arena, no doubt, produced some magnificent gladiators, capable of accomplishing great feats, but so enshrouded are the feats of those heroes in myth, that it is almost impossible to distinguish the truth from fable.

The average person is lost in wonder when beholding the armour with which our ancestral sires bedecked themselves, to know how they ever moved around thus encased, and he feels insignificant by contrast, which is the cause for the common sentiment to-day that our medieval ancestors were much bigger and stronger than the men of this era. Therefore, it will surprise some people to know that by experiment the armours have been found too small for many of our average lifters of to-day. Yet, despite the physical superiority of the average lifters, it leaves one with a feeling of admiration for the possessor of the armour, to realize his steel-like thews that enabled him to wear, all day, his iron suit and battle for

hours in war and tourney conflict, wielding the large, two-handed sword, the axe, mace and lance, with untiring energy. It is common to read of knights and men-at-arms who, fully equipped in battle array, could leap astride their charger without help and this was only considered a fair feat.

History tells us that when Richard the Lion Heart, King of England, was away to the Crusades, his brother John reigned in Richard's place. John's hand was against all who stood for his warrior brother, and he did everything possible to crush them. There was at this time a Saxon Knight who claimed great friendship with Richard and who was bold in his denunciations of the tyrant John. This same knight was famous for his great strength, of which many stories were told and John decided to trap him by accusing him under false pretext and offering him freedom on condition that he demonstrated what John thought was an impossible feat. The Saxon was accordingly arrested and brought before John, who said, "It is told that you are the strongest man in my kingdom and that by one blow you can cleave a steel helmet in two, which will procure thy freedom, or, failing, send thee to the block." To which the Saxon replied, "False prince, what I can do, so can thy brother, who is my king, and even as I can split that helmet in twain, so shall thy power be split and the Saxon be freed." With these prophetic words the Saxon strode up to the table on which the helmet sat, and seizing the axe with one hand, he brought it down with such force that the helmet fell in two and the blade sank so deeply into the table that not a man there could withdraw it, with the exception of the Saxon, who pulled it out and tossed it at the feet of John and strode out, amidst the con-

sternation of all present, who were amazed at the combined strength and effrontry of of the Saxon.

Richard himself was a man of immense stature who loved the company of strong men and who was forever matching his power against an opponent. His axe and two-handed sword were so heavy that no other man could use them.

In the fourteenth century there lived one Muzio Attendolo, the founder of the Duchy of Milan, who was called the strongest Condottiere and sur-named Sforza, which means Force. It is recorded that while working on his father's farm a band of recruiters for the Condottiere came by. The Condottiere consisted of the pick of the physical manhood at that time and no others were admitted. They sold their services to the highest bidder and did their master's fighting. Muzio seized his spade and threw it, saying: "If it falls I will take it up and stay, if it does not, I will go to the wars." He threw it with such force that it went high up into a nearby oak tree and did not come down, which was considered a great feat as he was then only thirteen years of age.

His chronicler states, "That of all the Condottiere, who were the strongest in the land, Attendolo was easily the strongest. He was upright and rather above the middle height, lean rather than fat, had a large and strong hand with such strong fingers that he easily opened and broke in two a horse-shoe taken in his hand and could jump the length of the long lance of a man-at-arms. His chest was broad and he had a soldierly majesty in his well-developed shoulders.

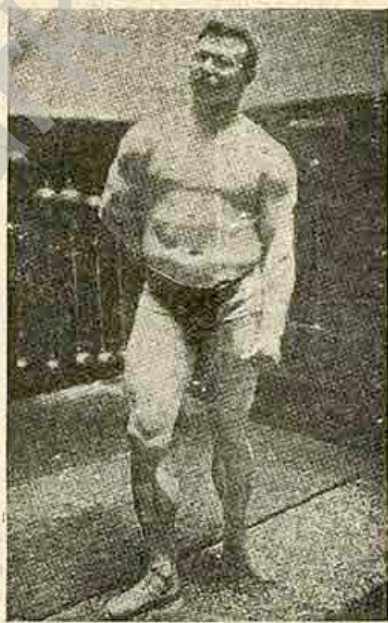
"His waist was so small that he could surround it with his two hands. His dexterity was such that without any assistance, fully armed and with helmet on head, he could vault lightly onto the saddle." This feat was greater than the

feat of many of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers who could leap into the saddle fully equipped, as the Condottiere were more heavily armed. So much so that Machiavelli scoffed at them for their uselessness. Generally when one of these men fell down they were unable to get up unassisted, which allows us to appreciate Attendolo's physical strength.

In the early part of the last century there lived in England a man by the name of Turner, who was a blacksmith by trade and it is quite evident that he was a real prodigy of strength whose feats are all vouched for. It is stated that he could leap a five-barred gate with a young girl who weighed 112 lbs. under his arm.

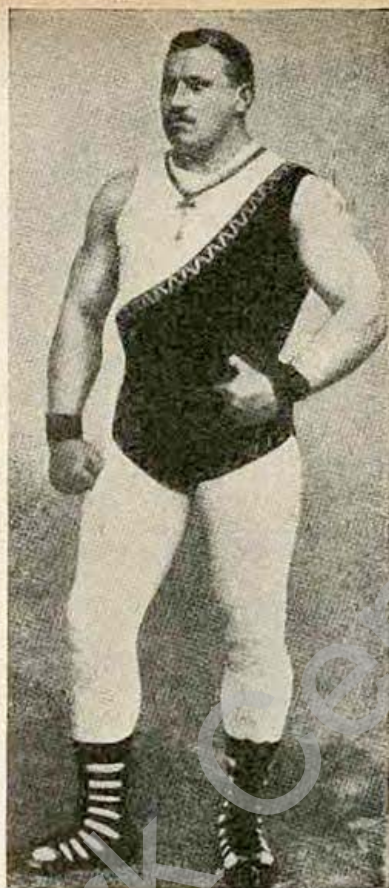
At another time, a ship put in at his native town where he ran his shop, and during a gale the eye of the anchor was cracked and had to be welded. Accordingly the smith was sent for and agreed to do the work and it was settled that the sailors would bring the anchor to the shop. A little later, Turner having nothing to do, took a look to see if they were coming, and he spied four men toiling along the sands carrying the anchor. Turner immediately set out to meet them, and to their intense surprise he took the anchor from them and shouldered it alone to the shop where he fixed it and carried it back, placing it in the row-boat for them. What the weight of the anchor was I do not know, but the fact that it took all the power of four able-bodied men is enough to convince me that it was a great feat.

I remember many years ago, while looking over an Australian convict ship, I saw the helmet and breast plate of the notorious bush-ranger, Ned Kelly. Here I learned the story of how Kelly, when he was being pursued, came to a small village and, thinking that he had thrown off his pursuers, he stopped to watch some men trying their ability



Pierre Bonnes, one of the greatest French lifters and instructors.

at long jumping. Among the performers was the village wheelwright, who had no rival at this sport, so easily could he outclass all. It was reputed that he could surpass twenty feet, dressed, and Kelly hearing of this asked if he might try his skill. To this the men readily assented, and without discarding any of his clothing, Kelly at the second attempt surpassed the wheelwright's best, but most unfortunately for himself. One very observant fellow noticed the gleam of steel under Kelly's coat when he gathered his legs up to leap and instantly recognized the famed steel coat that Kelly was known to never be without. Instantly he leaped at Kelly shouting to his comrades who he was, but Kelly, with a curse, belled him to the ground and before the others realized who their visitor was, he was clattering away in a cloud of dust.



J. Stienbach, the famous Austrian, who was at one time amateur champion lifter of the world.

When Kelly was finally captured his armour was put on exhibition on the famous convict ship that had carried all the exiles of Britain to isolation in the Pacific.

All other incidents I am able to quote from personal contact and observation through my travels in many guises around the world. Always a great lover of strength and physical feats, I never felt that I was going out of my way to see any real feat of strength and test its authenticity. I often travelled far in order to get in touch with any physical celebrity. I was always ready to do my best and admired the same in others. I remember when I was serving at sea, among the crew was a big, silent man who delighted in strength and was ever ready to try something. The best feat that he ever did was to lift a keg of water about two-thirds full, which made the lifting of it

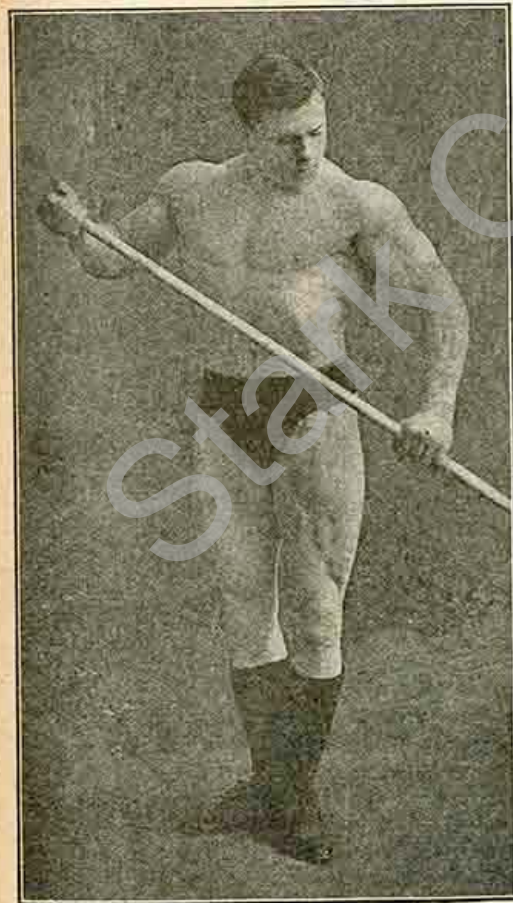
very difficult. He would stoop down, grasp the barrel by the chine and swing to arm's length overhead. Once overhead he would press the weight up and down three times, the total weight being about 230 lbs. I once saw an English farmer do a similar feat, though he would fill the barrel with water, which was not so difficult as the seaman's lift, but it was a splendid feat nevertheless, as the farmer was much lighter than the sailor, only weighing stripped 168 lbs., against the sailor's 200 lbs. The barrel placed on the scales weighed 224 lbs. and he gripped it by the chines of the barrel only and seemed to have no difficulty in accomplishing the feat.

Another prodigy of the sea was a huge fisherman who belonged to a North Sea fishing fleet. His particular feat was to pick up the anchor of his craft, which weighed 500 lbs., and toss it overboard to anchor. Unfortunately it was the means of his death. One evening all the crew had gone ashore leaving him as watch, and during their absence a squall sprung up. Thinking that the small anchor would not hold, he decided to cast the big one. Already the craft was rolling heavily in the swells and in his anxiety he did not wait for help, but picked up the anchor and threw it overboard. As he was heaving it the craft took a sudden roll and he slipped, and in endeavoring to thrust and recover at the same time, he received a severe strain. The crew, hastening back at first signs of the squall, found him in his bunk in a helpless state, where he died two hours later.

The greatest demonstration of untrained strength that I ever had the privilege to witness, was in the north of England, at

the time when Sampson was touring Britain. He was performing in the city where I happened to be and it was his custom to leave his bar bell in the bar of the hotel, with an offer to anyone who could lift it. My curiosity was twofold that evening, as together with a friend, I was going to see the Sampson bar bell and meet for the first time a miner who was an acquaintance of my friend and who possessed great natural strength.

We all met at the hotel and with many others gazed upon the huge bar bell which none of us could lift. However, we began to persuade the miner to try. He was very reluctant at first, but finally walked over to the bell and lifted it knee high, at the same time saying he could not lift it. We began to encourage him and at last he made an effort, pulling it clean to the shoulders. He actually began to push it to arm's length



Geo. Hackenschmidt, the famous Wrestler.

and raised it two-thirds of the way, to the position lifters call the "sticking place," and there he held it. We called on him to dip, but he knew nothing about lifting, and therefore did not understand. He lowered the bell to the shoulders and thrice pushed it to the sticking place. Throughout the lift he never removed as much as his coat. Sampson could not budge it from the shoulders in either a push or press, and it was his limit in a jerk. At that time Sampson was acclaimed the strongest man in the world, but on real strength merits the miner was vastly superior to Sampson.

I remember later on the miner was wheeling a truck of coal on the lines when the wheels left the track and somehow got jammed. The miner, who was always used to see things move to his efforts, was surprised to see that he could not move it. (Let it be understood that there was a little more than a ton of coal in the truck at that time.) At last he became enraged and began to twist and tug on the handles in his efforts to free the truck, till finally he twisted the steel handles from off the side of the car.

I have met many men at sea, in the mines and at lumber camps who would put many of our professional strong men to shame on real strength tests, but the miner was the greatest of the many untrained men that I have seen.

I remember seeing a remarkable, huge Turkish wrestler who, unfortunately, was never given the opportunity to show his ability. Antonio Pierré, the one-time famous Greek wrestler and founder of Madrali, was the man to unearth this colossal prodigy of might. It was during the big wrestling boom in England that Pierré brought the Turk over, but it was too late to enter into the tournaments that were then going on. I well remember the consternation that he wrought upon all the wrestlers and people present as he stepped into the arena to challenge the wrestlers. Count Derelli was his name, and he was certainly a mountain man, towering over all these other men-mountains of flesh and bone. No one accepted his challenge although among the contestants of the tournament were many of the most famous continental wrestlers. Derelli then asked any two wrestlers to step out, and among the

(Continued on page 62)

Head Locks and Chancery Holds

By William J. Herrmann

Of Herrmann's Physical Training Institute, Boxing, Fencing and Wrestling Academy, Philadelphia, Pa.

The line cuts illustrating these wrestling lessons were especially made from original drawings sketched direct from life by "Strength's" special artist. Einar Johansen, of Norway, the light heavy-weight wrestling champion of America; Charles Olsen, of Sweden, the well-known professional heavy-weight wrestler; Joe Lustig, of New York, the former middle-weight wrestling champion of America; Cyclone Green, of Philadelphia, the popular light-weight wrestling champion, and William J. Herrmann (himself) have posed for the drawings which illustrate this wrestling course. This aggregation of wrestling stars will also collaborate with William J. Herrmann in presenting these lessons.

Dear Herrmann:

May, 1922.

Your articles in "STRENGTH" on "Head Locks and Chancery Holds" are the most interesting and instructive lessons on these holds that I have ever seen.

Cordially yours,

ED. "STRANGLER" LEWIS,

World's Heavy-Weight Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestling Champion.

(Concluded in this issue)

Re-enforced Leg Head Lock

A method of getting an effective Leg Head Lock while on the wrestling carpet with your man on your right side is as follows: Work close to the left side of your man's face. Raise up your left leg and encircle your opponent's head in order to imprison it in the bend of your acting left leg. You are now practically sitting across opponent's neck and left shoulder, as illustrated by Fig. 118. Your next move will now be to bring your right knee under opponent's neck and left arm-pit and compress it up under his chest so as to enable you to reach your right leg with your left foot. Lock the toes and instep of your left foot on the back of your right leg at knee,



Fig. 119

Further Development of a Leg Head Lock Preparatory to Securing a Re-enforced Leg Head Lock.

as illustrated by Fig. 119. Fall forward and turn over to your right side in order to also turn your opponent so that his back and shoulders will be placed on the mat for a fall. Grasp your right ankle with your left hand, in order to re-enforce your Leg Head Lock Hold, as illustrated by Fig. 120. Fig. 118 illustrates an early stage of securing this hold. Fig. 119 illustrates a slightly further development while Fig. 120 illustrates a fall secured by means of this Re-enforced Leg Head Lock.

Developing a Leg Head Lock from a Leg Half Nelson

Another effective method of securing a Leg Head Lock is by developing it from a



Fig. 118

Beginning of Leg Chancery That Develops into Leg Head Lock and Re-enforced Leg Head Lock.



Fig. 120

Re-enforced Leg Head Lock.

Near Side Half Nelson applied with your leg. In the preceding methods you made your attack by going for and applying a Leg Head Lock direct, whereas in this and the following combination, the Leg Head Lock is developed from a Leg Half Nelson. A Near Side Half Nelson with your leg starts off the combination, but the Leg Head Lock completes it.

Play for and secure a Near Side Half Nelson Hold with your left arm and then secure a Near Side Half Nelson with your left leg, from the same side. Fig. 121 illustrates a Near Side Half Nelson held with your left leg. Fig. 120 illustrates a Half Nelson held with your left arm in combination with a Near Side Half Nelson held with the left leg. Follow up your advantage by turning your man over and then releasing the Half Nelson held with your left arm so as to enable you to grasp his left wrist instead. Press his left arm over and down on the mat to the side towards which you are turning him. Change your leg Nelson to a Clamp Head Scissors, or strictly speaking, a Leg Head Lock, by locking the toes and instep of your left Nelson leg on the back of your right leg just below the bend of your knee. This sequence of moves properly used and applied should score a sure and decisive fall in your favor. A strong and powerful combination from

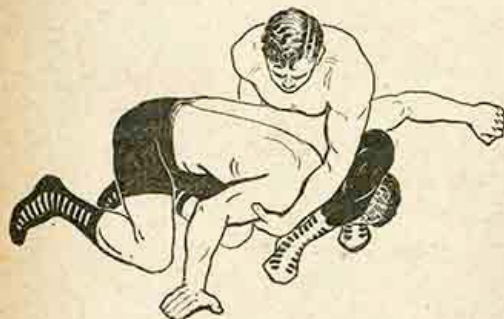


Fig. 121

Leg Nelson.

which it is difficult to escape. You are actually sitting on the side of your opponent's face as you score the fall in your favor.

As a general rule it is easier to develop a Leg Head Lock from either a Half Nelson held with your arm or from a Half Nelson held with your leg when your man is lying flat down on the mat. By lifting up his left arm and keeping a firm hold on his left wrist, you can easily secure an opening to apply a Half Nelson with your left leg as illustrated by Fig. 123. Hold his left wrist tight as you turn him over, by clamping the toes and instep of your acting leg on the back of your right leg just below the knee. Another instance of using a Leg Head Lock in such a manner that you score your fall while actually sitting on the side of your man's face, in order to keep his head and shoulders pressed down to the mat for a fall.



Fig. 123

Further Development of Leg Head Lock from a Leg Half Nelson.

Leg Head Lock, Toe Hold and Wrist Hold Combination

Although a Leg Head Lock in itself can easily hold a man down for a fall, it nevertheless is usually used in combination with some other assisting hold or holds, especially a Wrist, Double Wrist or Toe Hold.

Fig. 124 illustrates a Leg Head Lock, Toe Hold and Wrist Hold held in effective combination. A combination hold practically impossible to break if properly held and applied.

Leg Chancery and Leg Bar Lock

An effective double combination that combines a Leg Chancery with a Leg Bar Lock. A powerful leg combination sure to score



Fig. 124

Triple Combination—Leg Head Lock, Toe Hold and Wrist Hold.

a direct positive fall in your favor without the aid of any other assisting hold or holds. Develop this clever leg combination when working on your opponent when he is on your right side, in position on "all fours" on the wrestling carpet.

Seize his left wrist with both of your hands. Pull his arm toward you and lift it up high. While holding his left hand up in the air, circle your left leg around his neck. This imprisons his head in a Leg Chancery Hold as illustrated by Fig. 125.



Fig. 125

Raising Opponent's Arm, Applying a Leg Bar Lock.

Bring your right leg up and under his left arm and across his back in the same manner as when taking a Bar Lock with your arm. This move secures for you the Leg Bar Lock as illustrated by Fig. 126. You

are now holding a Left Leg Head Chancery in combination with a Wrist Hold on his left arm and a Bar Lock with your right leg. Sit heavily on your man and push his left arm down towards the mat. Push him over on his right side in order to turn him on his back. Place your left foot at ankle across his right upper arm in order to tighten your combination and prevent him from offering any effective resistance or counter-move against you.

Fig. 127 illustrates a fall gained by the use of this powerful Leg Head Chancery, Leg Bar Lock and Wrist Hold triple combination.

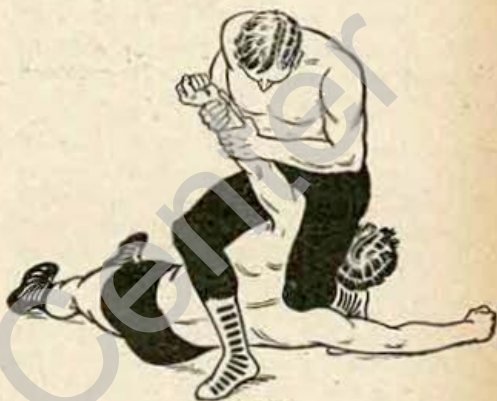


Fig. 126

Fall Imminent from Leg Chancery.

Combination Re-enforced Leg Head Chancery, Bar Hold and Leg and Block Arm

This triple combination is a rather difficult stunt to perform without considerable practice.

To apply this effective combination hold, work on your opponent when he is on "all fours" on your left side. Quickly get up



Fig. 127

Fall from Leg Chancery, Leg Bar Hold and Wrist Hold Combination.



Fig. 128

Getting into Position to Develop a Right Bar Lock in Combination with Re-enforced Leg Head Chancery.

on your feet and circle around in front of your opponent's head so as to enable you to seize his left arm and raise it upward in order to pave the way to apply a Bar Hold with your right arm as illustrated by Fig. 128.

Swing your right leg in such a manner as to trap his left arm in the bend of your right leg. This checks your opponent from freeing his left arm. With your left leg, apply the Leg Chancery around your opponent's head. Bend your left leg as much as possible, so as to hold his head tight in the bend of your chancery leg. Grasp your own left chancery leg at ankle with your left hand. This imprisons your opponent's head in a Re-enforced Leg Chancery Hold. Fig. 129 illustrates this effective triple combination of Re-enforced Leg Chancery, Right Arm Bar Hold and Right Leg blocking opponent's trapped left arm. Follow up your



Fig. 129

Re-enforced Leg Head Chancery, Bar Hold and Leg Arm Hold.

combination by falling forward on your chest in such a manner as to bring him over on to his back for a fall. If properly held and applied, there is a strong possibility that your opponent may concede the fall due to the punishing effects of this triple combination Re-enforced Leg Chancery Hold.

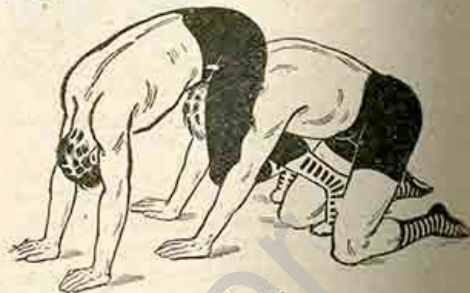


Fig. 130

Start of Flying Head Scissors.

Another showy hold that can be secured with your legs while working on your opponent when he is in position on "all fours" on your right side is as follows. Suddenly leap forward, swing your right leg over opponent's head and imprison his head between your thighs. Quickly cross legs under his body so that your left leg is over the right. Hook his right thigh with the toes and instep of your right leg as illustrated by Fig. 130, in order to enable you to help lift his body with your right leg. Follow up by a half side roll over your left shoulder, carrying your man over along with you. This half roll rolls your opponent on to his shoulders for a fall.

As you roll, grasp his left wrist with your left hand in order to use this wrist hold to help pin his shoulders down to the mat for a fall. Fig. 131 illustrates a fall secured by successfully following up the above sequence of moves.



Fig. 131

Fall from Flying Head Scissors.

The Work of an Artist Model

By Charles C. MacMahon

TO most people, the title of this article would, no doubt, seem more appropriate if the word "play" was substituted for "work."

But all models, a few tender-hearted artists and a small number of persons—who are neither of the above, but happen to be acquainted, in one way or another, with the facts—know that "work" is the correct term.

The opinion of the unfamiliar appears to be that the work of a model (or posing, as it is generally called) is very interesting, romantic and, above all, a "soft" profession.

Perhaps it is a little interesting at first. Most things are. To see yourself drawn, painted into beautiful pictures, or modeled into clay, has its thrills, I'll admit. But looking even at oneself becomes irksome, even to the egotist. Then the thrills turn to torture when the first hard pose is experienced and all interest is lost.

Romantic? Probably for a few exceptionally beautiful female models. But from a masculine standpoint I have failed to see it. Maybe I haven't looked for it. Possibly I wouldn't recognize it if I fell over it.

However, I am inclined to believe there is very little of this for either sex. For artists, as a rule, are deep thinking and hard working. The few successful ones are too busy raking in the dollars. And the beginners or the failures are usually wedded to their art. So you see, there is no chance for the romantic.

As to being soft—I recall in particular one hot afternoon in the middle of August. I was posing in the studio of a certain artist. The room possessed no outlet to the air except a small skylight (the light so loved by artists), so there was no ventilation. The costume I was posing in was very warm. It included a heavy hat and a thick wig, besides my own hair.

After holding hard poses, mostly of action, for several hours, we came at last to the final one, which proved to be the most strenuous of them all. The perspiration was and had been running off my entire body in streams.

Now I am very well aware that all people who are plying their various trades

on such a day as this was. Also that the Bible has something to say about "the sweat of our brows." But to my knowledge there is neither anything in the Good Book that says you cannot; nor any other kind of work, no matter how important or rushed it may be, that the worker is in duty bound not to wipe the water from his face when he feels so inclined.

But not so with the model. He or she is supposed to keep the pose the desired time, while the beads of sweat trickle down, tickling and tormenting until it is well-nigh unbearable.

To get back to this particular hot day. Besides what I've already related, was added a pair of shoes that felt as though they were on fire—they burned my feet so. The heavy musket, which I was holding in a ridiculous position, was digging into one spot on my shoulder, but I could not as much as ease it a fraction of an inch.

Then, on top of all this, mind you, the artist said, "Now I want a smile for a few minutes." I'm afraid some vile retorts came to my parched lips for an instant. But I kept my peace and managed to gather together a smile. I'm sure it was a sickly one, though.

After a while the muscles of my face began to twitch, which grew to be a regular shimmy. If you have never tried to hold a smile when there is nothing to smile at, you can't imagine the difficulty of it. If this is what any one calls "soft," they certainly have a capacity for manual labor.

But, of course, everything must end some time, and the cartoonist of "The Grand and Glorious Feeling" never appreciated his subjects more than I when the artist finally said, "That will do for to-day." This was, you will understand, an exceptional case. Some artists, I am willing and glad to say, have a heart.

Then, too, it should be known that the actual posing is only half the job. The other half, obtaining engagements, is just as difficult to do and without a doubt the most discouraging.

If one happens to be an exceptionally good model—I say "happens," because it is no fault of your own if you are—you will

find that the schools welcome you (for a time at least), but that even then it is no easy matter to keep a steady income because of conflicting dates.

For instance, two schools want you the same week. The first school's periods for life class (as nude posing is called) may be Monday, Tuesday and Friday. That of the second may be Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. So that one day prevents you from taking both in the one week. Then when you ask for one or the other for the following week you are told that they are booked up for months to come. Some of the large schools give solid weeks, but of course you can't stay with them more than a month at a stretch.

Next come the private studios. This is better pay, but still harder to get. If you have never posed for private artists you don't know where to start. So you think of the phone book and immediately your spirits rise as you glance over the abundance of names in the artist classification.

You copy what seems to be a few million names, addresses and phone numbers, when it dawns upon you that the numbers are no good to you. For you haven't the small fortune required to call them all. Then, too, it is better for the artist to see your face and form rather than hear your voice.

Consequently, you cease taking the telephone numbers. When you have what you think is enough addresses to keep you in work for the rest of your days, you start out.

As you study your list, you discover they are pretty well scattered over the city. Then you find there are half a dozen or more artists in one building. This is encouraging on the face of it.

In due time you arrive at one of these buildings. You enter the hall, either boldly or timidly, according to your nervous system, and look over the directory on the wall. You read the room numbers and find they are on the ninth floor.

You walk into the place and are further elated to see an elevator. As you are taken up, thoughts of how "soft" it is going to be, with elevators in all the buildings, pass through your brain.

At last you stand before one of the doors. But instead of one there are two names on it. Wondering at this, you knock. After a while the door is open and you tell your mission.

It is then explained to you that when a model is needed one artist poses for the other. Your jaw drops at this newly-found means of cutting the cost of art. You thank the artist—who is patiently waiting to close the door and get back to work—for something you didn't get.

Artists must be undisturbed in their quest for inspiration. Hence the top floors; it's further from the noise and bustle of the street and nearer heaven.

They are not all temperamental. And I believe the best of them are the most considerate.

You go to the next door. As you get close enough you see a card tacked up saying, "Will be back at 2 P. M." It's only 11.30 now, so you can't wait.

At the next door there is neither sign nor answer to your knock. And with lowering hopes you try yet another.

Ah! Again the door is opened. "Why, yes, I use models occasionally. I don't happen to have anything just now. But if you will give me your address I may be able to use you in the near future." As you find out months later, the future, like to-morrow, never comes.

However, you feel a little better for his courtesy and seek another door. These doors, by the way, would not be artist's doors if they did not possess a brass knocker. Which, when lifted and dropped, seems, in the absolute stillness of the hall, as though the noise would wake the dead. Nevertheless, you receive no answer again. Then your eyes catch (if they are not by this time misty with disappointment) a few scribbling on a name card upon the door. You finally make out these words, "Gone to Europe. Back in September."

Europe! You wonder what he is doing there. You forget, or rather you don't know, that one cannot be an artist unless one has been to Paris or somewhere equally as bad. The oftener one goes the better one is.

After walking a few squares to another building, you enter as before. Only the seventh floor this time, and you look about for the elevator.

Then you discover, to your dismay, that the place was built before elevation of any kind, except on foot, was thought of.

So by the time you reach the fifth door, on the squeaky stairs, your legs begin to

(Continued on page 53)

A Wild Man

once lived in the forest. He had no fear of man or beast. He carried a mighty club with which he fought his enemies of the jungle. His rough and active life in the open gave him the strength of the beasts themselves. He was a superman in health and strength. But who wants to be a wild man?

The Modern Man

There are men in our midst to-day enjoying the same abundance of health and strength. They are not of the wild man type, however. They are men of intellect, who have become leaders of industry. They realize that brains are essential, but of little value if placed in a weak body with sluggish blood circulation, or troubled with various disorders of the vital organs.

The Miracle Man

The wild man took years of active out-door life to attain his strength. How then can a business man acquire this same strength when his days are spent in an office?

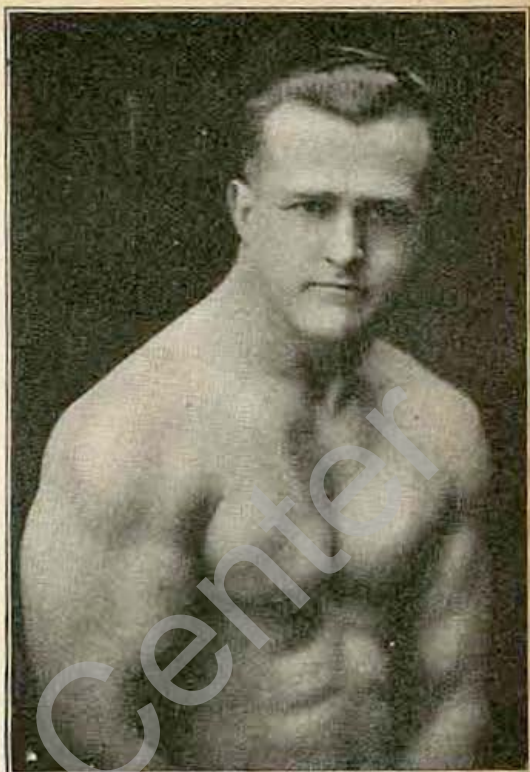


Photo of Earle E. Liederman, February 1922

One year ago a famous musician traveled from Toronto, Canada, to see Earle E. Liederman. This musician was most popular throughout Canada. People came miles to hear him. He was wealthy, but he was unhappy. He was a physical weakling. He worked nine hours a day, so he had no time for athletics. He asked Mr. Liederman to help him. Mr. Liederman asked him to give twenty minutes each day for three months in his own home. The musician went back with Mr. Liederman's famous apparatus and one week later the first lesson in "Progressive Muscular Development" followed him. To-day he is the champion weight-lifter in his country and his earning capacity has almost doubled.

What Kind of a Man Are You?

Do you arise in the morning full of ambition for the day before you? Do you feel the thrill of life pulsating through your veins? Can you finish a hard day's work still feeling full of pep and vitality? Do you have the deep, full chest and the brawny arms of an athlete? If not, you are not the man you were meant to be.

How would you like to increase your arms one full inch in just 30 days, and your chest two full inches in the same length of time? But that's only the foundation. From then on you build up an armour plate of muscle both inside and out that will fire you with ambition, giving the spring to your step and flash to your eye that only an athlete can know. This is what I promise to do for you. Come on then and make me prove it. Send for my book—

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is shock full of photographs of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to inspire you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an incentive to every red-blooded man. All I ask you to remember is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't tear one minute. This may be the turning-point in your life to-day. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is in your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,

Dept. 707, 305 Broadway, New York City.

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

Name

Address

City State

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

305 Broadway, New York

Dept. 707

Service Department

BEGINNING with this issue we are going to consolidate both the Service Department and the Question Box.

We are also adding to our editorial staff and can assure you of prompt and detailed information in the future. We are going to make the Service Department bigger and better than it ever was.

Every letter that comes in will be handled immediately. If your question will require some looking up because the material we have on hand will not fully cover it, we will at once notify you to that effect.

The question box was primarily concerned with questions devoted to health and muscle building and the service department to questions about where and for how much various types of equipment could be obtained. We will, of course, be pleased to continue to answer both of these types of questions and to print reproductions of answers in this department, if we believe individual questions are of sufficient general interest.

We are now answering a great number of these questions daily by mail, and feel that we are in a better position to handle them, than ever. We will, in all probability, print more of these in the future however, and give more detailed information in each letter printed than we have given in the extracts previously published in **STRENGTH**.

The following information sent to D. P. K. should be of interest to all thinking of taking an auto camping trip.

"Regarding the equipment for your auto trip through the country the following should be a fairly complete outfit:

"If you intend camping take a wall tent; 8x10 feet should be large enough, unless there are more than two. Unless the tent is of waterproofed material a fly will be a safeguard. A folding grate or two steel bars about two feet long, an inch and a half wide and an eighth thick for cooking. These can be laid across rocks and the fire built beneath. Water pail, coffee pot, frying pan, knives, etc., can opener, axe, small spade, 30 or 40 feet of rope, such as stout clothesline, spool of wire (very handy), pliers and nails. Also don't forget that you will need a light and make some provision for a lantern, either carbide or oil, water-

proof match case, small first aid packet (can be secured in any drug store), three pots (the kind that nest inside each other and take up little room), tin cup and plate. If you intend baking your own bread get a folding reflector baker.

"For sleeping equipment folding cots are excellent and take little room. Otherwise a large, heavy blanket and a tarpaulin or poncho to spread it on. Would advise to make a bed of branchings first in case you are sleeping on the ground. Spruce or pine is best. This will prevent rheumatism or colds. Lay the branches several inches deep, spread the tarpaulin on these, then wrap up in blanket or sleeping bag. Take only small branches or you will not sleep comfortably.

"If you expect to visit with the mosquitoes take a mosquito bar to keep them out.

"As to clothing: Any rough garments will do, either army trousers and flannel shirts or something kindred. Be sure your shoes and socks are roomy and comfortable. Advise heavy socks, but not coarse. A corduroy or waterproof coat is valuable and take a sweater.

"Don't forget soap, salt and dried fruit."

* * * * *

Don't forget that the Service Department of **STRENGTH** is here to help you solve your problem.

If you want to increase the expansion of your chest, or buy an automobile, or pick out a reliable school for your son, let us know and we will be able to help you.

Give us full and complete information so that we can immediately get you the data that you want. No two problems are ever alike and the more we know of your particular problem the better our chances will be of helping you to solve it.

Of course we keep on file names of all types of manufacturers and sellers of sporting, outdoor and athletic equipment. This includes the various types of clothing that are necessary to obtain the best results.

We keep on hand the names of publishers of all sporting, health, adventure and athletic books and we want you to take advantage of any of this information at any time that you feel you need it.

Control Is What Counts

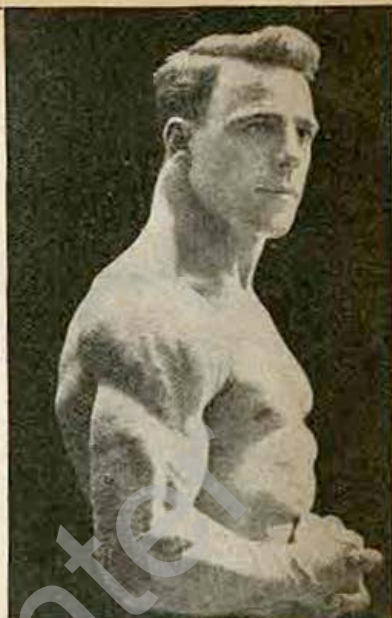
Control of your arm if you are a baseball pitcher—of your whole body if you are a golf player or fancy dancer—of your voice if you are a singer—of your lungs if you are a swimmer.

MUSCLE CONTROL

By MAXICK

is a marvelous system whereby the muscles are developed and brought under control, the internal organs invigorated, and the health made perfect—

Without { The use of Apparatus, without Fatigue, Breathlessness, Abnormal Blood Pressure or Danger of Strain.



MAXICK

HERE IT IS IN A NUTSHELL—You, Mr. Reader, can harden your arm muscles; you can "make biceps" at will. If you do it a couple of *dozen* times daily you will not only keep your arm muscles in condition, but you will make them increase in size and shapeliness. But can you, at will, thus harden the muscles of your legs, shoulders, abdomen and small of the back? Do you realize what it would mean to you in health, strength, development and vigor if you could?

This book of Maxick's shows you *in detail* how to gain control of every muscle in the body. It has more than 50 full-page illustrations showing the exact positions which enable you to voluntarily contract and relax each muscle. It's easy, fascinating, and once learned never forgotten.

YOUR GYMNASIUM IS ALWAYS WITH YOU

because you soon get the art of flexing (and thus exercising) every muscle in the body. In fact, while in your seat in the middle of a long railroad trip you can, by Maxick's method, get as much muscular exercise in five minutes as you could from an equal time spent at tumbling or wrestling—and all without attracting the attention of your neighbor, without getting red in the face or once breathing rapidly.

The author, by means of muscle control, obtained what is acknowledged to be the finest developed body in the world, and incidentally acquired such strength that he is considered to be the strongest man of his weight in the universe to-day. He takes *his* exercise while sitting in a chair reading the daily paper.

This book has run thru edition after edition. Not a general discussion of the subject but a complete detailed course. Remember its name.

MUSCLE CONTROL

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Prize Contest Announcement

What is the Greatest Test of Strength that you have ever seen? Everyone has seen unusual ones. Let us hear about the best that you ever encountered.

ABOUT three years ago when I happened to be in a foundry at the shipping platform I noticed a truck pull up under an electric hoist. The driver was a powerful man, built along the general lines of a college oarsman, rather tall and lean, very broad in the shoulders, and immediately under the shoulders, and then coming down to a rather small waist.

It was a pretty hot afternoon and he had his shirt off and was working so that you could see the play of all his muscles. I noticed that as castings were swung onto the truck by the crane he seemed to handle them easily. I stood talking to the shipper and watching him at work. The men loaded a couple of very heavy castings on by using the crane and then I noticed two laborers walking out of a rear door, carrying a fair-sized sprocket wheel. It seemed to give them just about all they wanted to do to handle the wheel. In a few seconds came another pair with that cast iron sprocket wheel's twin brother.

The four men kept right on coming till they reached the end of the truck when our friend, the driver, reached down and took one wheel in each hand. So far as I could see he did not seem to strain himself overly much but just swung the wheels up, walked them up to the other end of the truck and dropped them right in back of the cab.

I don't know how heavy they were, but I do know they were some weight.

* * * * *

This is an absolutely true story, and for a better one we will give you a prize of twenty-five dollars. The principle trouble with this story is that the actual feat performed is left more or less to the imagination. So is the man.

We know that it is difficult to get authentic weights used in many unusually fine feats of natural strength and we know that it is even more unusual to be able to get photographs of the men who perform them. But we will be much more favorably inclined toward your story if you can give us both,

On the other hand, this contest is not limited to formal or informal weight-lifting. Any feat which has pure strength sticking out all over it, irrespective of how it is performed, has a chance in this contest.

If it required endurance as well as sheer strength so much the better. What we want to do is get a story that will match anything our friend Mr. Jowett has ever seen and we want to get it in authentic shape so that he too will admit it matches or betters his best.

Take your pen in hand and let us hear from you. We can guarantee you a fair field and no favors. The best story wins. If two are about equal the one that is told best wins.

This contest will close on July 20th. You must have your story in to us at that time. We will award the prize by August first and your article will appear in the September issue of *STRENGTH*. You can take as many or as few words to tell your tale as you need. Try not to run under one thousand or over two thousand. These limits, however, are not absolute.

* * * * *

Alan Calvert, Winner of May Contest

Alan Calvert's article, "Making the Most of Yourself in Pictures," was judged the best article in the May issue of *STRENGTH* by our readers. Second place went to Jonathan Earle's "Diet or Exercise," and third to Mary Morgan's "Track and Field Sports for Women." The prize for the best letter of commendation was won by Sam T. Scott, who selected "Diet or Exercise" as the best article in this issue. His letter follows:

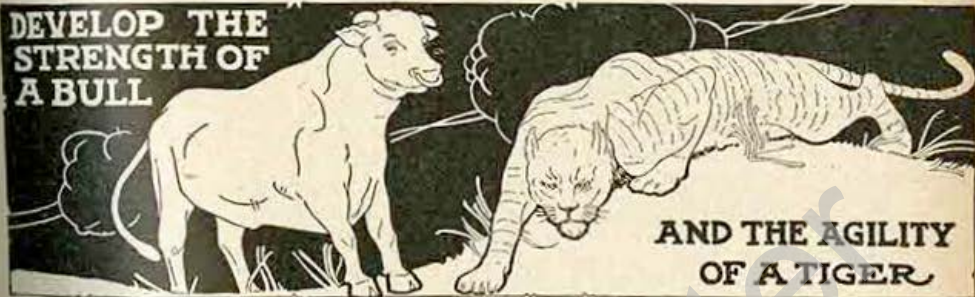
* * * * *

"Diet or Exercise?"

Jonathan Earle gives a very lucid and comprehensive exposition of these fundamentals. He has handled the various elements that enter into man's food that they

A Wonderful New Science Shows The Way to SUPREME LIFE!

**DEVELOP THE
STRENGTH OF
A BULL**



**AND THE AGILITY
OF A TIGER**

Start Right Now on the Road that Leads to Success—Health—Mastery of Men!

They said it couldn't be done! That heavy bar-bells, weight-lifting, strict dieting and all manner of "physical torture" was necessary for great strength and perfect health, but they're wrong. *It can be done and YOU can do it!*

And what's more, you'll acquire that inexhaustible pep, vitality, energy and agility that means more to you than mere health and strength. A new outlook on life, the poise of the successful man, a beautiful physique are yours for the asking.

Our method is simple—natural—scientific. It has proven its tremendous worth to thousands. *We will return your money if it fails in your case.*

Wonderful Results

are being attained by everyone who follows the National Way. Increasing the chest two inches in one month is easy, developing the arms an inch or more in the same time can be done by anyone. Legs, thighs, shoulders—all quickly round into shape. It's commonplace for our pupils to put on 10 lbs. of muscle in only 30 days. You will feel other results even more important! A new vigor, a spring in your step, a confidence of energy and manly power, a dominant personality. These qualities must be possessed if you want to be a real man.

LEARN HOW TO

OVERCOME: Constipation, nervousness, indigestion, stomach disorders, flat chest, headaches, fatty tissue, insomnia, thinness, loss of vitality, tired feeling, round shoulders, weak back, vital depletion, fear, bad habits, colds, short-windedness and many other ills.

DEVELOP: Great strength, perfect health, inexhaustible pep, beautifully proportioned body, manly power, mental keenness, vitality, endurance, etc., etc. **BE A REAL MAN!**

yours contains more real "meat" than any of the others. If this letter will help you, you may use it in any way you see fit. Arthur Keener, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Endorsed by Leading Physical Culturist

Altho very easy and simple, the results of this new science have amazed everyone. Doctors and leading physical culturists are recommending it to all their friends. Here is what one writes:

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Strength
7-22

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Begin at once on this

These instructions will be sent you upon receipt of only \$3.00. This charge covers your course and you should have these instructions. Courses similar to the National to a certain extent are available at from \$25.00 to \$25.00. This is your chance to save from 80% to 110% and more than pleased, return it and get an immediate refund of your money. Fill in and send to us to obtain the hidden possibilities within you! Let us help.

I want to be strong and healthy and robust, with firm, well formed muscles. I want to be filled with energy and pep and vitality. Enclosed you will find \$3.00 for your 7 Lesson Course. If I honestly believe it will not do all this and more for me, I will return it within 5 days for an immediate refund of my money.

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The National Health Institute is an association of specialists engaged in the development of new, natural methods of scientific physical culture.

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Street
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appear so tame and tractable as to eat out of one's hand! The reasons for diminishing or increasing foods containing certain qualities becomes so clear that, "The way-faring man tho' a fool, may not err therein." Consider for instance the passage: "If the stomach is uneasy, or shows signs of acidity or of wind, the protein consumption is probably in excess of the demand. The thing to do in that case is to exercise—; If you just won't exercise, cut down on your protein." On this pointer statement hangs the law, at least, if not the prophets. There is not the usual literary flourish of broad sword about this, he is through you with the lightning rapidity of a rapier thrust, it is at once profoundly simple and dexterous. Mr. Earle has written to unburden his mind and is therefore a man to delight you.

"Why subject the digestive apparatus and the whole system to a needless strain merely because it is able to bear it." Observe how he pleads for self-denial; for temperance! How free from the dogma that enters into most writer's style. He permits that liberty so much in evidence during prohibition arguments known as 'Personal' and appeals to one's common sense, which he believes his readers to have. His article opens with a broadside from the personal experience of a professional strong-man, who almost fell by the wayside; how well he realizes that an ounce of experience outweighs a pound of theory. Mr. Earle has passed through the narrow gateway of an experience, for he tells us that he was a nervous wreck, which is a disorder that causes the bravest to quail before.

The only weak point in his whole article is where he admits that he "speaks in the first-flush of enthusiasm in praise of bar bells." Nevertheless, he displays in this frankness a splendid courage to tell the whole truth. He believes that he has found a pearl of great price, he has found pearls before that enraptured him, he tells us that too! But they were elusive, time eclipsed their lustre. "Nothing great has ever been written except it has first been suffered"—said Johnson. Mr. Earle has suffered. "Fat people, he says, are notoriously good-natured." I, too, take exception with this statement, for it has gradually dawned upon me that fat people are rather a heavy, stolid set.

His article has a directness not often

disclosed, he does not digress for a moment from the subject, and its value is enhanced by the very simplicity with which the whole article is adorned. It is the best I have read in your magazine for many a day.

SAM T. SCOTT.

* * * * *

With this issue we have decided to discontinue the most popular author contests. They have convinced us that editing a magazine is something that lots of people have ideas about and we have been able to profit by many of the suggestions that our readers have made us. Next month we will publish the first prize winning personal experience article "How I Reduced." By the time this is in your hands that article will be in the press.

We believe that it will be just about the best article in that issue.

That Summer Coat of Tan

Explanation of What the Sun Does to the Skin—

We all like to be sun-burned, but not all of us know how the tan comes.

The truth is that thousands of the tiny blood vessels beneath the skin have to be ruptured before we can tan. The heat rays of the sun first inflame and then rupture them. The skin cannot resist the heat. The cooling shield beneath the skin has gone, and browning takes place.

Those unfortunate folk whose complexions change to a vivid red instead of an attractive brown have, contrary to the popular notion, tough, thick skins. The latter resist the rays, and there is surface inflammation instead of browning.

Those whose noses peel have skins in which the perspiration ducts are clogged. Thus there is nothing to "oil" the skin, and it peels because it is dry.

Finally—this will be news to many—only the white races tan, scorch, peel, or blanch from the action of the sun. A black man will get much hotter than a white man, because black skins absorb the heat and pass it beneath the skin. It has no external effect.

Freckles are but tan in patches, due to a varying thickness of the skin.

Strong Men of the Movies

(Continued from page 30)

but there should be weeks of training behind that. Farnum, Kerrigan and Santschi send men to the hospital, but it is this very realism that makes them what they are. It is necessarily a rough game and he who enters must be prepared. Harold Lockwood (the screen suffered a great loss when he died) and Lester Cuneo had the right ideas; they took boxing lessons from a professional in order to stage their fights correctly.

Our best screen fighters practice such sports as wrestling, football, tennis and swimming. Knowledge of boxing alone is not enough; most of our picture fights are rough-and-tumble affairs, wherein all-round strength and good wind count fully as much as boxing ability. Lockwood owed much of his ruggedness to college football. So does George Walsh, who is also a good wrestler. Vincent Coleman claims the wrestling championship of the screen, but from what I know of two or three other actors, he would have hard work to defend it.

The ideal movie fighter combines wrestling with boxing, for a mixture of tactics appeal to picture fans. Though a high-class athlete, William Farnum is not a boxer, at least, not a fancy boxer. He is a great slugger, and can "mix it" with terrific effects. He is a rough-and-ready fighter with a spectacular right swing and a body too round and powerful for opponents to handle in a clinch. Farnum uses many wrestling grips, and does it like a "Zapako." The hammerlock, as he puts it, is Santschi in their famous fight, is one of the most effective holds known to the ring game. William S. Hart, too, uses the hammerlock when he wrings an apology from the bully in "Truthful Tulliver," though he is not as handy with it as Farnum. The hammerlocks, the nelsons and three or four other good holds should be mastered by all screen battlers.

Picture fighting is an art with boundless possibilities of development has been proved by Douglas Fairbanks. "John Bull" is a first class boxer and quite an expert at jiu-jitsu, the Japanese style of wrestling. He understands catch-as-catch-can, as he proves in several of his plays. Fairbanks works in more original stunts than any other fighter on or off the screen;

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The value of owning a Bar Bell depends upon knowing how to use it. Bar Bell exercise can be either helpful or hurtful. Prof. Anthony Barker's Complete Course in Heavy Dumbbell Exercises shows the way to get the best results without danger of strain or injury. Gives instructions for complete development of entire body. Contains 40 different exercises, illustrated.

Warren Lincoln Travis, the World's Champion Weight Lifter, says: "I do all my training with Prof. Barker's system because it is the best and quickest method of gaining health and strength."

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Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal.

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.



Grand Prix.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural. So afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely Free

Write name on Coupon and send TO-DAY PLAPAO CO., 610 Stuart Bldg. St. Louis, Mo.

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the way he can catapult himself from a table onto an opponent, scale a wall and drop on him, draw him backward over a banister, etc., stamps him as one of the marvels of filmdom.

Marty Farrell, a professional boxer of Seattle, has worked with many movie stars, and he says that Fairbanks and Tom Mix are the best screen boxers. "Most of the motion picture athletes," says Farrell, "have a hard time keeping down their weight; and this is especially true of Fairbanks, who has to keep going all the time." "Doug" is around thirty-six years old and is inclined to put on weight rapidly. If he did he couldn't board the hurricane deck of a cayuse or scale a 500-foot tower.

The fighter's maneuvers should be easily seen. The Fairbanks style particularly meets this requirement; when he holds one man with his hands and another with his feet in "The Americano" every spectator in the house can appreciate it. This is a point screen fighters should observe: when their action is hidden, or becomes too subtle, its effect is lost. Francis X. Bushman is, or was, champion amateur wrestler of California, an expert boxer and a very powerful man, but often he gets less credit for his fighting than he deserves because it is sometimes too technical for popular understanding. In "A Million a Minute" Bushman lands one of the very prettiest left hooks imaginable, but it travels such a short distance that it is missed by many of the spectators. Bushman is exceedingly "fast," and probably could defeat most of the professionals to-day if he cared to enter the ring. In "The Great Secret" his work is better adapted to the screen; he employs more "haymakers" and fewer of the deadly short "jolts."

Ambidexterity is highly valuable to the fighter. Even the unversed spectator sees novice written all over the fellow who drops his left hand to his side and swings repeatedly with his right. Without mentioning any names, some well known artists are guilty of this charge. Hart is a bit clumsy with his left in "The Aryan," but redeems himself in two or three other plays. Bushman, Fairbanks and Desmond use the left hand like the accomplished boxers they are.

Fighting is essentially more or less elemental and the man who attempts to refine it much will fail as a picture fighter. The struggle as it exists in the photoplay, rep-

resents emotions; none but professional fighters hammer each other without reason. The cause should depict characteristic emotion on the face and in every act. William Farnum has a highly expressive countenance; his face shows every degree in the rising heat that is to culminate in an attack. In showing justified anger, injured pride, the mental struggle and the triumph of primitive instincts, Farnum has no superior. His acting in "Fighting Blood" might well be taken as a standard.

The fighting face is not an empty term, neither does it mean a broken nose and cauliflower ears; it must represent the emotion behind the struggle. When the fight and its cause are separated in the actor's mind, his work becomes mechanical. Hubert Bosworth as the "Sea-Wolf" may use the same blow that Farnum employs in "Fighting Blood," but the former's face shows the wilful cruelty of a tyrannical captain dealing with seamen whom he regards as dogs, while the latter's expression is one of effort at self-control. Exchange the faces and both parts would be ruined.

The power to show self-restraint is a part of the screen fighter's equipment. It serves an important purpose; it gives the spectators time for a momentary review of the situation so that they will better appreciate the coming action, and keys up interest by creating a dynamic atmosphere. When Hart deliberately walks into the saloon where loaded guns are waiting for him, and holds his temper while he addresses his enemies, we recognize the character as more than a fighter, or rather, as a fighter of the highest type, and our anticipation is keyed to tenseness. Hart in "The Disciple" is supreme as the silent fighter.

Fighting *en masse*, the mob scene, is often poorly executed. The trouble is caused by the necessity for "extras" who have had little or no training. In nearly all these scenes the observing spectator may pick out several faces that are as blank as chalk. These fellows should be carefully instructed to begin with; and if they cannot or will not put on the fighting face, they should be withdrawn. It certainly is a glaring inconsistency to show one face diabolical with rage and determination by the side of a wholly disinterested one, when the two persons are supposed to be moved by the same motive.

The Work of an Artist Model

(Continued from page 44)

feel the exertion. But you are both athletic and optimistic, which makes you smile and say, "A very good exercise."

Having gone over the same routine, with no more success, in several more places, you commence to view the "exercise" as work. Then it becomes exceedingly tiresome.

The next day (if despair has not already changed your mind) you may happen upon an artist who will use you in a day or two (no fooling this time), and then like you so well that you will be used by him often, which means three hours a week, more or less.

The reason for this is that illustrators, for instance, must spend considerable time reading the manuscript (or stories) they must picture. Then more time without a model in making rough sketches. Then, too, the same model cannot be used all the time, because each story is (unless a serial) about different people. Hence models must vary in types.

The majority of illustrators either can't or won't afford a model and do what they call "faking," or drawing from memory.

A portrait painter, of course, seldom wants any one but the rich. This means no work at all for a model.

Mural painters (or decorators) use models for weeks at a time, but may not want the same one again for a year. So much for engagements.

I can not remember now when or where I read it, but I recall a little narrative concerning beggars of India. Among other things, it is said that begging was so profitable to the Hindu, because of the pity and generosity of travelers, that men who were maimed in body actually crippled themselves in order to become one. It gave this as one of the methods used: The aspiring Hindu would hold an arm above his head and it became absolutely paralyzed in that position and would then go out on the streets to ask alms.

I can't say I disbelieved this when I read it, but at the same time I didn't know it to be a fact. Since I started posing I learned it was positively true. I haven't gone quite so far as the Hindu, but far enough to pose. This is how it happened: While posing, before I was at it long

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enough to know the hard positions from the easy, and what ones to take and the ones to leave alone, I took a pose with one hand behind the head. I held it the first twenty-five minutes, but it bothered me not a little.

The second period I finished with extreme difficulty from which I knew I could not complete another. While resting, I told the monitor of the class about it. He was very kind, saying I could drop the arm for a short rest whenever I cared to, as this would not change the position of the balance of the body.

I need not say that I took advantage of his suggestion. I dropped that arm some three or four times in the next pose, and so on throughout the three hours.

Notwithstanding these extra rests, when I quit the last pose my arm was dead—not asleep, for it did not tingle—there was no feeling whatsoever. I was compelled to dress with one hand only, for I could no more direct the hand to an object than I could direct an object to the hand, let alone grasping it.

After a long time the arm slowly came back to life. So slow, indeed, that it had not entirely revived the following day. At no time did I feel the customary "pins and needles"; it was further gone than that. That is why I now believe the Hindu story. And believe me, too, when I say I never took that pose again.

Most outsiders imagine all studios to be richly furnished rooms, where, in fact, some have the bare appearance of an office and others are literally junk-shops in aspect.

Occasionally one enters a studio that at first gives the impression of the afore-mentioned "richly furnished room," but as time is taken to look each piece over separately, it will be found that the beautiful and magnificently carved sofa is badly worn. A spring has found its way through the bottom, letting excelsior onto the floor.

The heavy armchair looks well, but, because of a broken leg, would slide one upon the rug if sat in. The queer-shaped and expensive-looking vases have the side toward the wall broken out. And so on down the list.

But in a drawing that includes this sofa, the hole is mended, so to speak, and the spring is not seen. The shabby cloth covering it looks bright and new.

In the case of the chair, a few books help to strengthen the weak leg sufficiently

to support a model. The artist copies from one of the good legs and all is well. As for the broken vases, the backs can't be drawn anyway, so what is the difference?

The main thing against posing is, after all, its lack of future. The older the model gets the less he is wanted. I have not arrived at this station myself yet and don't intend to in this profession.

I have been the recipient of several letters from aspiring models. They read like this: "I am desirous of becoming a model. I am well developed and good looking. Please tell me how to go about it."

Among other things to discourage them, I said that it was far from a Bohemian affair of sitting around Oriental studios, smoking Turkish cigarettes with pretty female artists and models while a graphophone softly emits weird music from far across the room.

I never heard from these writers the second time and I hope for their sakes they are still using the pick and shovel.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is what Mr. MacMahon thinks of posing as a profession. We can only say that if the work is as hard and as unattractive as he pictures it, then he surely deserves great credit, for he has been very successful in this work.]

The Camping Lure

(Continued from page 34)

nearest suitable camping spot and make a canvass of the gang that you will find there. You may receive a surprise. There will be a large percentage of professional men, especially physicians; quite a few business men and the usual motley array of families with Ma taking her home cooking into the wilderness. You will see the old boys who used to talk about how bad they felt and they will be fishing and doing everything else the kids do with just as much zest as the youngsters. You will find that your American business man is learning how to play.

We have made a rather comprehensive study of much of the conservation legislation that has assured future generations of retaining large sections of wilderness, and it is surprising that the sportsmen and conservationists who have been responsible for guarding these remains of the wild have largely been business men. They have

pitched in nobly to prevent water power steals and to back beneficial legislation.

Now for one final fling at this question of taking along the things you will find necessary to your comfort on one of these out-door trips in summer. If you are going by auto and taking along one of those complete camping outfits little need be said, but if you are making up your own outfit, whether for an auto trip or a hike, there is a lot to tell.

If you intend remaining in one spot there is nothing to excel a wall tent. If the tent is not waterproofed you will want a fly. Those two bars of steel are the best cooking outfit. Get them two inches wide instead of an inch and they will not turn over. For baking your bread you can buy a folding reflector oven that is very cheap.

To complete your cooking outfit those heating pots which fit inside each other are excellent and you will want three of them. For the rest: two frying pans, one coffee pot and a water pail with, of course, knives, forks, spoons, can opener, tin cups, etc. Then you will need an axe, a spade, nails, and rope, a mosquito bar, lantern or candles, a spool of fine, strong wire and ponchos or tarpaulin to spread your blankets or sleeping bags on, unless you prefer branches. Use your common sense on the grub. Be careful of the water you drink and the food you eat and the trip will take care of itself. And you will find scalding hot water an excellent antiseptic for those cuts and scratches.

In a previous article we told where to go. The above is a fairly comprehensive re-statement of the necessities to take along. If you are one of the many who want to go camping or hiking and happen to be timid because you are not sure of how to go about it forget that feeling. Sink a few dollars into an outfit such as we have described and you will be equipped for years to come. Take the old camera and fishing line along, don't forget to dig a shallow trench around your tent to insure its dryness, and set yourself for a few deep lungfulls of fresh air in addition to whatever you are doing in the home during the rest of the year to keep in condition and fit for the battle of life.

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Who Are the Strongest Athletes

(Continued from page 17)

ord books as holding the professional World's Record in putting the 16-lb. shot. This delicately built gentleman weighs in the neighborhood of 300 lbs. and has a chest about a quarter mile around and an arm bigger than the average man's thigh.

I hope some day to induce him to make a few trial lifts. I feel sure, absolutely sure, that he would grasp the principle at sight, and at the third or fourth trial could elevate 300 lbs. in the "two-arm jerk." I believe Pat MacDonald could do the same, and mind you, there are lifters of many years' training, who would give their souls to be able to say they had ever gotten 300 lbs. aloft.

In the same way, I know some big lifters who could undoubtedly reach the top rank of weight-throwers in one season's experience, provided they would only try.

I have often noticed that a man who bears a reputation for great strength in one line of work makes a very poor record in his first attempt at any other line. He sees a strange feat, or a strange game, and when he attempts it, tries to "bull his way through" by main strength. He forgets the months he has spent in mastering the technique of his own game, and apparently thinks that by pure strength he can outdo the strength, *plus the skill*, of the expert in the strange game.

If Pat Ryan can chuck a hammer 180 feet you would expect him to drive a golf ball about a mile. How many of you will bet that on his first day he could approach golfer Guilford's driving record. Not on his first day, his first week or his first month would he cause Mr. Guilford any worry.

While big weight-men like MacDonald could undoubtedly lift more at their first attempts than the average middle-size lifter, it would be some time before they could equal the lifts of the big champions like Henry Steinborn Milo, Steinbach, the Nordquests and others, and it would take just as long before the above lifters could make Messrs. Ryan, MacDonald & Co. really exert themselves.

Mr. Robert Edgren, the famous New York sporting writer, in discussing the strongest men he had ever seen, gave the palm to

Louis Cyr, Geo. Hackenschmidt and a Californian by the name of Carroll. Mr. Edgren, himself, was a hammer-thrower of considerable ability, but of his choice Cyr was a lifter pure and simple, Hackenschmidt a wrestler and lifter, while Carroll was a hammer-thrower.

When it comes to pure power, Cyr was fully one-third stronger than Hackenschmidt. Big Louis would lift, by sheer strength, weights that Hackenschmidt could not handle with combined strength and skill. Hackenschmidt is strong; very, very strong, but I can name you half a dozen men as strong as he.

Carroll's records are still mentioned in the list of notable hammer-throwing records, but we have no other record of his strength except Mr. Edgren's statement that Carroll used to exercise with a 250-lb. dumb-bell in each hand. If that is true, then take off your hats to Mr. Carroll. You need not look further. No man of whom we have record has ever taken a pair of 200-lb. dumb-bells and lifted them above the head *enonce*. Cyr could not have done it. The 320-lb. Karl Swoboda (of Vienna), who holds the world's record of 410 lbs. lifted above the head with both hands, cannot manage a 200-lb. dumb-bell in each hand.

The world's record is about 175 lbs. in each hand. I don't want to depreciate Mr. Carroll's strength. He was unquestionably one of the very strongest, but either he or Mr. Edgren was misinformed as to the weight of those bells.

After all is there a middle ground in which to meet? Lifting weights from the ground might answer, providing you use the simplest possible method and made all contestants lift in the same way. There are half a dozen ways of lifting dead-weights and most bar-bell lifters are familiar with all of them, and that would impose a handicap on the weight-throwers.

After all, there is no better or simpler tryout than the French wheel-barrow test. The best man is the one who can trundle the heaviest wheel-barrow for a certain distance up-grade. And at that, if you assembled all the best lifters and all the best weight-throwers, it would not amaze me if some husky day-laborer, who tests used to select

loads, would step up and make the regular contestants look cheap. That very thing happened fifteen years ago when a dockworker stopped the most famous wrestlers and lifters in France.

This trying to pick out the strongest man is just as safe a job as picking out the prettiest girl. No matter how good a specimen you select, someone comes along with something better.

Are You 50% Efficient

(Continued from page 27)

Basketball Throw

- 24% threw 1 out of 5 times.
- 10% threw 2 out of 5 times.
- 12% threw 3 out of 5 times.
- 4% threw 4 out of 5 times.
- 54% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Rope Climb

- 10% climbed 20 ft. in 15 sec.
- 24% climbed 20 ft. in 12 sec.
- 24% climbed 20 ft. in 10 sec.
- 24% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Pool Swim

- 8% swam 20 yds. in 20 sec.
- 17% swam 20 yds. in 15 sec.
- 4% swam 20 yds. in 10 sec.
- 71% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

Plunge for Distance

- 5% plunged 20 ft.
- 14% plunged 30 ft.
- 14% plunged 40 ft.
- 41% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

25-Yard Back Stroke

- 12% swam 20 yds. in 30 sec.
- 18% swam 20 yds. in 20 sec.
- 3% swam 20 yds. in 10 sec.
- 73% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

- 4% were marked poor.
- 14% were marked good.
- 3% were marked perfect.
- 79% unable to qualify for the minimum standard.

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The American Venus

(Continued from page 20)

the colors of the Meadowbrook Club, of Philadelphia.

She spent last winter in Florida, "vacationing," but even during the supposed rest period she could not refrain from appearing in races. She won several sprints in the Palm Beach vs. Miami contest, and also captured a pair in the international match with Cuba.

Since the retirement of Olga Dorier, who gave up competitive swimming when she married, Miss Artelt has been linked with Miss Bleibtrey as the best sprint swimmer in this country, which is equivalent to saying the world. She has also won numerous prizes in diving, though this is a form of aquatic achievement at which she has not sought so persistently to shine.

Big things for a girl who has not yet reached her majority, don't you think?

Now, as to how she prepares for these competitions. She does not go through a rigorous course of training, so far as regards eating and conditioning, since she takes excellent care of herself all the time. She gives up candy—which she likes to nibble as much as any other girl—and spends more than her usual amount of time in the water. If she is to compete in the evening she usually goes to a moving-picture show in the afternoon to keep her thoughts off the coming race. Miss Artelt isn't nervous, for jumpy nerves, you know, are never found in as physically perfect a body as her's, but she knows that thinking too much about a coming event "dulls the edge" of even the keenest athlete.

The current flapper attractions of smoking and carrying a flask has never appealed to this swimming star. She isn't a puff and she does not object when other girls puff cigarettes, but she realizes that keeping in the pink of condition is not possible if these things are indulged in. Sanity in living is her creed—sensible eating, plenty of sleep and the elimination of those bad vices (such as smoking) that take their toll of bodily vigor.

She is a militant crusader for less poolish rules in regard to bathing costumes for women. "Down in Miami," she said, "my body wears shoes or stockings in the water and it is time the Northern resorts realize

the advantages of such common sense. A woman can't swim in those things, or in water-logged skirts, either. Freedom is essential."

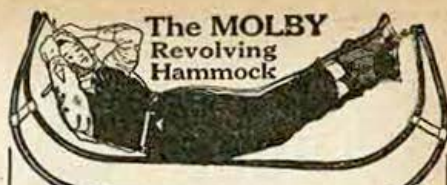
There is a belief among some that a woman who is an athletic star loses that touch of femininity that is her chief charm. The fallacy of this belief is quite apparent when one meets Miss Artelt. A big, full-bodied girl of beautiful proportions, with clear, cool skin and the grace that comes of the out-of-doors, she has all the tact and sweetness with which the hot-house type of woman is supposed to be endowed by tradition; and with none of the pampered beauty's indolence and proneness to ill health.

Miss Artelt is a living proof of the statement that athletics are worth any girl's while. She is proof, too, of her assertion that specialization is the only course to follow for a woman who wants to make more than a mediocre success in her favorite branch of athletics. And, better than all, she is a perfect example of what sane living will do for anyone.

Her method—plenty of sleep, no over-exercising, regular calisthenics and cold baths will keep any woman in splendid trim. True, constant swimming has developed her magnificent body to its present state of perfection, for swimming is one of the finest exercises in the world to develop every muscle in the body. Without her work in the water Gertrude Artelt would not have been picked by competent judges as the new American Venus, but she would have had no warm, vital health that so many women long for, and never achieve.

And there is the biggest lesson of all for parents in this little story of a great swimmer. It is possible for every father and every mother, under normal conditions, to do for their children what Dr. Artelt did for Gertrude, and her brother, Ted. They can see that they have in abundance the gifts of God's—clean air and cold water—they can see to it that the children have an interest in the temple of their health. It does not require a physician to give the health a child has been endowed with. It requires only common sense, and a freedom of trouble.

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Everyone Should Play Tennis

(Continued from page 13)

sulting, as it would with a youth, in a strained muscle, may result in a broken bone. A friend of the writer's, who was nearing the 50 mark, had been cautioned about this but refused to believe it, and one day in the squash court made a sudden turn and broke his leg.

But to return to the high-class tournament player. One of the most important things he should bear in mind is the attention to the fact that in hot weather, and under extreme exercise, it is of vital importance to keep the digestion in good order. On account of the excessive perspiration the demand of nature to replace the water that has been drained out of the system brings about intense thirst and the giving away to this desire to drink indiscriminately is very apt to upset the digestive system. It will be found quite possible to replace the necessary liquid by drinking water freely early in the morning upon arising, and steering the will power against the momentary gratification during and immediately after play.

Tennis is one of the greatest games and there should be far more tennis courts and a greater distribution of the sport among all ranks of people, and this will surely come in time.

Heroes of the Hundred

(Continued from page 24)

never fully admitted that the West can produce as great stars as are developed East of the Alleghanies, the performers since the day of Parsons have brought more and more sentiment toward the West.

But Hahn, Robertson and Parsons were the last three spurts of the American sprinting flame for quite a long time. Suddenly in 1908 America woke up to find that her sprinters were all gone. People had come to believe that in this event, at least, America was unbeatable. Followers of track had failed to realize that Wefers, Duffey, Hahn, Moulton and Burke were now only memories, and that time of usefulness was long since passed. They further failed to remember that the Senior Nationals had been captured for several years in show trials. Meanwhile England, Australia, South Africa and Canada were all busily engaged in producing wonderful sprinters. Of the runners who attended the Games

of '08 in England, there were none who deserved the Olympic victory more than Reggie Walker of South Africa and Kerr of Canada and the finals found both of these victors. Walker ran away with the 100 meters, and these victories marked the Fall of American Sprinting Fame. The disaster in this event had come so suddenly that its appearance put the United States in much the same position as the runner who had been far ahead in the race and who slowed down so much that the slower runner overtook him, and passed him so swiftly that he could not gain his lost momentum in time to recover his laurels.

America was not disheartened, however, and believed that it was possible to discover other stars of the same calibre as Wefers, Duffey and the old stars, if only she could have time. The Olympics of '12 were to be the goal for all efforts in the dashes, and true enough when these games did roll around the Yankees were prepared and placed in the field, Craig, Lippincott, Myer and Drew, four stars who could well rank with the stars who brightened the athletic years 'round about 1900.

Of course the most pleasant recollection that this period holds in store for the track follower is that race in which Arthur Duffey established the world record of 9, 3-5 seconds, which still lives as the mark for the 100 yards, though his name does not happen to be linked with it in the annals of American records. That race was run in the Intercollegiate Championships held at Berkeley Oval, New York, May 31, 1902. The winners that day were Cadogan, Moulton, Westney, Schick and Duffey. In drawing positions of lanes, Cadogan drew first; Duffey, second; Moulton, third; Westney, fourth, and Schick, fifth, from the right side of the track. At the crack of the starting gun Schick was away with a slight advantage and led perhaps to the thirty-yard mark. At this point, however, Duffey overtook him and flew on for the tape, increasing the distance between himself and the runner to several feet at the finish. He gained the world mark, and toward the tape commenced to "fade" slightly. He was simply overcome at the time was announced as 9, 3-5 seconds, a new world record. He had hoped that time in the years previous, but had never expected it on this particular occasion for he had engaged in heats and hardly had time to get into the height of his running form.

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The day, however, was warm, the track fast, and the competition excellent, so that the result was not altogether surprising to those few who had expected a 9, 3-5 seconds some day. But that is the trouble with the hundred yards. The best race is often run when the athlete least expects it. He may train faithfully for years and never get quite his best, and then after weeks of idleness don spikes and be just right.

This particular race and the time recorded against some of the greatest runners of the period, was the one bright mark in this period of competition. For the other heroes of the 100 yards should rightfully be placed in the period before 1900, and the men we know the most about to-day have come since 1908.

The Romance of Strength

(Continued from page 38)

whole outfit there were only two British wrestlers who were game enough to try.

Derelli simply grabbed them, banged them down to the mat and held them there like two unruly children. They were powerless to move and Pierré begged of the Turk to give them a chance but he would not. All he knew was to down 'em and out 'em and that he did. Hackenschmidt, Zybyzky, Gotch, Le Marin, Padoubney, Leim and many other famous grapplers were at their best then, but all turned a deaf ear to the terrible Turk's challenges and Pierré reluctantly had to send Derelli back to his native country. No more was ever heard of this wonderful grappler, who was indeed a prodigy of strength.

The European continent has always been the accepted birthplace of weight lifting and the home of strong men. Among her heroes have been and still are, men of huge weight and dimensions, who naturally have been responsible for the splendid records created. Perhaps the greatest of them all to-day is Karl Swoboda, the famous Austrian lumberjack who excels at all two hand lifting to weight, stripped, being 298 lbs. He has to his credit a two-hand jerk of 409 lbs. Next to him comes the famous J. Stienback who is a splendid all-round two hand lifter. He also is an Austrian and was the greatest champion of the world. He weighed 315 lbs. stripped and has to his credit a two hands jerk of 387 lbs. In the two hand press, push and two dumb-bells he surprised

the huge Swoboda, by pressing 329½ lbs. and pushing 335 lbs. In Vienna, December 2, 1905, he pulled a bar bell clean to his chest and with heels together he military pressed 285 lbs. twice. In the two-dumb-bell clean and jerk he accomplished 335 lbs. K. Witzelsberger, another huge Austrian of 238 lbs. has accomplished 378 lbs. in the jerk and military two hands press 300 lbs. In the two hands push and two-dumb-bell jerk he has done 330 lbs. for both.

At the time Pierré Bonnes was at his best he was one of the greatest of French lifters and instructors. He had a school where he taught lifting and physical culture. Here he had a medal put up and given to any lifter that could lift a certain amount. Of course it took a lifter to do it and many came to try but failed. While they would depart no richer in trophies they were infinitely so in knowledge, for Bonnes was ever ready to give advice and encouragement. One day a powerful young lifter came in from the Provinces to try for the coveted Bonnes medal and, accordingly, he presented himself at the Bonnes gymnasium. Bonnes being out, one of the staff showed the lifter the weight and he commenced to try to lift it, but could not get it aloft. While he was lifting Bonnes came in, dressed in his street attire, and stood watching the young lifter's efforts. Noting the look of disappointment on the young man's face, Bonnes offered him advice, which nettled the young lifter who thought Bonnes was some insignificant watcher, not being acquainted with Bonnes personally. Bonnes walked away, and as he did so one of the staff accosted the Provincial and asked him if he knew whom he had spoken. The lifter said that he did not and when he was enlightened on the subject he was full of remorse and immediately went to Bonnes and apologized. Bonnes gracefully accepted the apology and allowed the young man how it should be done and explained his fault. To the young man's intense joy he succeeded at his next attempt and rapturously carried away the coveted prize.

Bonnes, when scaling 198 lbs. stripped, accomplished in the following lifts: 330 lbs. in the two hands jerk; 254 lbs. in the two hands push; 275 lbs. in the two dumb-bell jerk; 221 lbs. in the two dumb-bell push and 242¼ lbs. in the two dumb-bell press.

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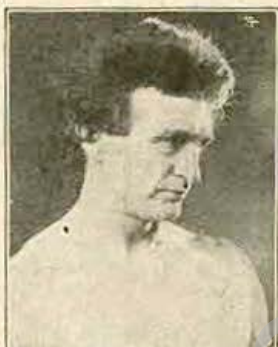
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