

December 25¢

# Strength

Edited by  
Carl Easton Williams

How Does LLOYD GEORGE  
Keep So Fit?  
*Richard Barry*

How Long Is Your  
Best Day's Work?

*Beginning*  
"Life Feels Like a Fight"  
*Wilbur Hall*

— Otho Cushing —

# THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY

developed his amazing physique and his phenomenal power thru diligent practice with a *Milo Adjustable Bar-Bell*.

As an amateur he succeeded in lifting above his head *with his left hand* the terrific weight of 277 pounds, and that is several pounds more than such famous athletes as Sandow and Louis Cyr ever did with the right arm. His greatest triumph came when, later on, he actually eclipsed world's records made by the celebrated George Hackenschmidt and the illustrious Arthur Saxon.

Nordquest's case is one that is an inspiration to any health-seeker, because at the start of his training he encountered and then overcame the difficulties that beset and discourage all novices. He practiced hard for one year before he could "put up" a bar-bell weighing 125 pounds, or show respectable measurements. But that first year's work at developing exercises with bar-bells was invaluable, because it enabled him to *master the principles* which govern the *creation* of muscular strength and development. At the end of his second year he had increased his strength over 100 *per cent*, and had made himself the most magnificently developed man in America. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of his 48-inch chest, his 18½-inch biceps, and his 16-inch forearms. He is the only American to hold three world's records in lifting—and he looks the part.



JOSEPH NORDQUEST

## YOU CANNOT BECOME A CHAMPION IN A MONTH

You may think that two years is too long a time to spend in acquiring physical perfection, but really it is just the opposite. It takes the average ball-player *five* years to reach the big leagues, and it takes just as long to reach the championship class in most forms of sport.

## ASTOUNDING GAINS MADE BY "MILO" PUPILS

Some of our pupils have made almost miraculous gains. We recall one lad who gained *seven* (7) inches in chest measurement in 30 days' training; a fat man reduced his waist-line twelve (12) inches in 60 days; and hundreds who doubled their strength in a few weeks. But everyone cannot make such gains and it is not the policy of this company to claim that they can enroll a pupil one day and make him a finished athlete by next day noon; or to promise that we can restore an invalid to perfect health in a couple of weeks' time.

Every pupil's course is laid out to enable him to

## MAKE THE GREATEST POSSIBLE IMPROVEMENT IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME

but no absolute time limit can be set. A sound, healthy youth will make literally astounding improvement in 2 or 3 months, but if the pupil happens to be a middle-aged man who has allowed himself to "go to seed" physically, it may take us eight or ten months to perfect his development and to give him back the health and vitality he had as a youth.

## WE GIVE UNLIMITED SERVICE TO OUR PUPILS

We charge a fixed sum for our different grades of adjustable bar-bells and every purchaser automatically becomes our pupil and gets *detailed individual instructions*. Our instructions continue until the pupil gets the results he desired. It is a point of pride with us to make a success of every pupil. For over twenty years we have been celebrated for the *quantity and quality* of the service we render to our patrons.

Whatever your physical problem, whether you are after strength, shape, special development, weight reduction, restoring wasted tissue, or renewed health and vigor, *We can help you*. We know that a man's capability for immense gains is much greater than other teachers admit. Our standard of development is so high that other teachers claimed that no man could attain it, *until* we proved by our pupils (Nordquest and many others) that progressive bar-bell exercise will produce a degree of strength, magnificence of physique, and an abundance of health that cannot be acquired thru any other training method.

We suggest that you send for our large illustrated booklet, "Health, Strength and Development—And How to Obtain Them," and the pamphlet, "How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh?" (Both free on request.)

## THE MILO BAR-BELL CO.

301 Diamond St.

Dept. 3

Philadelphia, Pa.

# If You Want Bigger Pay *Make This* **FREE TEST**

There's a sure way to increase your earning power. And here is such an opportunity. Look into it—you may recognize it as your one chance to earn the biggest money of your life.



**A**RE you ready for a shock?

Then, let me tell you that if you have average intelligence and can read and write, there is a quick and easy way for you to earn enough money to satisfy any average ambition. And after reading this offer, if you do not quickly make more money, you have no one to blame but yourself.

Don't take my word for it. By a simple test—you can make in the privacy of your home—you will know that every word I say is true—or otherwise. The test does not obligate you or cost you one penny. But make it! Then judge for yourself. It has proved to be THE opportunity for thousands. They have found the way to bigger pay—are now earning from five to twenty times as much as formerly. And the beauty of it is they enjoy every minute in the day's work. They are their own bosses.

The thousands who have made the test before you, and who are now making the money you would like to make, are now salesmen. Ninety-five per cent once thought they were not "cut out for selling," that salesmen were "born" and not made. They found it was a fallacy that had kept them in the rut. They discovered that anyone with proper training can sell, and they are making from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, because they had the vision to recognize opportunity.

## Thousands Have Proved It!

For instance, Ellis Sumner Cook, 20 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, left a \$25 a week job and last year made \$9,000! H. D. Miller, another Chicago boy, was making \$100 a month as a stenographer in July, 1922. In September, 3 months later, he was making \$100 a week as a salesman. W. P. Clenny of Kansas City, Mo., stepped from a \$150 a month clerkship into a selling job at \$500 a month. He is making \$850 a month now. M. V. Stephens of Albany, Ky., was making \$25 a week. He took up this training and now makes 5 times that much. J. H. Cash of Atlanta, Ga., exchanged his \$75 a month job for one which pays him \$500 a month. O. H. Malfroot of Boston, Mass., stepped into a \$10,000 posi-

tion as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training. All these successes are due to this easy, fascinating and rapid way to master certain invincible secrets of selling.

## Simple as A B C

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. There are certain ways to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act. If you will learn these principles there is awaiting you a brilliant success and more money than you ever thought of earning.

As you will see by the affidavit to the left thousands of reputable selling organizations in America turn to this Association for their Salesmen. We can never take care of all the demands made on us for this better type of

trained salesmen.

## Make This Free Test at Once

Don't turn this page until you have clipped the coupon, filled it out, and sent it on its way. The test is contained in a free book, "Modern Salesmanship," which we will gladly send you without obligation. After reading the book through you will ask yourself the question it brings up. The answers will prove whether this is your opportunity or not. So mail the coupon NOW.

## NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASS'N

Dept. 21-W

Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.  
Dept. 21-W, Chicago, Ill.

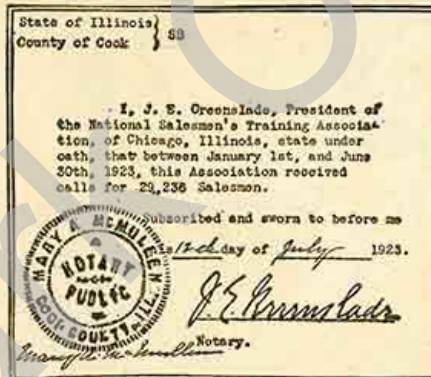
Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free book, "Modern Salesmanship," which will enable me to test my ability at home, and full information about the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service.

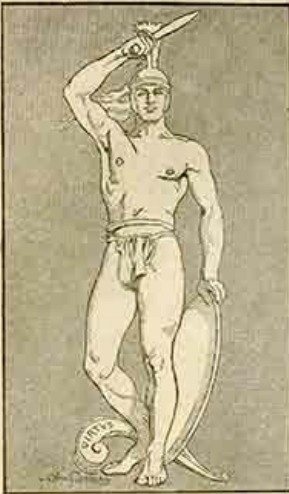
Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....





# Strength

Edited by  
**Carl Easton Williams**

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# The Story of Sollie

Here Are Facts Which Challenge Humanity. Would You Save Your Life if You Could?

By C. H. Woodward

**A** LITTLE more than a year ago, Sollie, a Chicago Public School boy, was rapidly slipping into imbecility, promising soon to be a burden to the State. Today he stands erect, vital, vigorous, with a physical development and a growing mentality that promises soon to put him on a level with the best of his age, capable, efficient and self-sustaining.

From Oct. 4, 1922, to May 18, 1923, Sollie gained 20 pounds and grown  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height! On February 1, 1922, "his reading efficiency is not superior to First Grade," reads the school report, and he was placed in the Special Division. Yet, on May 18, 1923, his teacher reports: "He is now doing Fourth Grade A Class work, is G in all his studies and will be promoted in June."

Sollie is one of the 92 school children in the Chicago Public Schools who were sub-normal (he was sub-normal), anemic, tubercular suspects, glandular cases, incorrigible and epileptic, selected by Dr. Frank E. Bruner, Director of Special Schools, City of Chicago, on October 4, 1922, on which to demonstrate the physical and mental effect of feeding natural food which has not been subjected to demineralization, oxidation, evaporation or distillation so as to remove or lose some of its elements.

These children were fed  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of *Whole Grain Wheat* and a quarter of a pint of pasteurized milk twice daily in the schoolroom.

**The retail cost of saving Sollie from imbecility—of making him a strong, healthy boy mentally and physically—was less than eight dollars!**

But the cost need be nothing to make every one of the 22,000,000 school children of the nation, sound, healthy, strong youngsters, because *Whole Grain Wheat* can merely be substituted for the foodless trash on which they are being made diseased, at a considerably less cost than the trash and the attendant diseases with their pitiful results. Think of the 16,000,000 of our school children suffering with physical defects! And they are all essentially due to demineralized and denatured foods, chief among which is demineralized wheat. As Dr. Robert McCarrison of Oxford, England, the internationally famous authority on deficiency food diseases, has declared: "The education of the people as to what to eat and why they eat it is urgently necessary."

Whole Grain Wheat Company made this demonstration on its own initiative and at its own expense because it wanted to provide unquestioned living proof that food is the basis of physical and mental well-being, and that the removal or reduction of the basic content of our foods is the controlling factor in arrested development, weakmindedness, general racial deterioration, as well as all the other ills to which man is heir.

What has been done with these school children of which Sollie is merely a striking illustration (for every one of the 92 children showed improvement during the feeding,



Before SOLLIE After

Pupil in Chicago Public School who gained 20 lbs. in weight and grew  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in height from October 4, 1922, to May 18, 1923, as a result of having  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of *Whole Grain Wheat* and  $\frac{1}{4}$  pint pasteurized milk twice daily in the schoolroom, and improved mentally to an even more amazing degree.

gaining a total of 322 lbs.), has been done in thousands of instances throught the world during the past three years by the regular daily use of *Whole Grain Wheat* as a substitute for demineralized and denatured foods, by both adults and children. Even nursing babies have demonstrated in an amazing way the effects of the daily use, by the mother, of this wonder-food.

The idea that diminution of the basic content of our foods by denaturing and demineralizing them through milling, refining and cooking, can possibly be a factor in arrested development, weak-mindedness, general racial deterioration, or any other human ills, has been pooh-poohed and even resented by the great majority, who, while careful and even anxious about the quality of their shoes, or the composition of the materials which form their cement walks, have ignored the composition of the materials which they must use to carry on their life processes to continue their existence, and which they loosely designate as food.

Food is the basis of life, and nothing is food that does not possess the primary and secondary factors and functions of supplying to the blood stream every one of the

sixteen mineral and chemical elements in balanced combination of which the blood stream is normally composed, and the bulk elements for elimination.

This potent food is the natural wheat berry (the only single food known to man which contains in balanced combination all the sixteen elements required each day for normal nutrition) in its whole form just as it comes from Nature's laboratory with nothing added and nothing taken away, and is wheat in its supreme nutritional effect, because it is the first wheat civilized man ever ate that has been cooked ready to serve without oxidation, distillation, or evaporation effects, the method of cooking being protected by the United States and Canadian governments. It is not whole wheat flour, but is a food after the form of peas and beans, and more potent in its nutritional effect than any cooked food ever before produced, because the cooking has not demineralized nor oxidized its mineral constituents.

It is never sold through grocery stores but only through authorized distributors or direct from the company, because it is guaranteed to reduce your meat and grocery bill 25 per cent to 50 per cent when used twice daily. It comes in hermetically sealed sanitary 11-ounce tins (ample for four servings) and is sold in packages of not less than one dozen (a 24-day supply because regular use is essential to results) delivered for \$2.00 east of Denver; west of Denver, \$2.65; foreign, \$3.50. Remittance to accompany order. Guaranteed to improve the user physically and mentally when used twice daily for 24 days or money refunded.

Or better still, order one case of four dozen tins at \$7.20, express charges prepaid by us if you live east of Denver, Colo., or \$9.60 if your address is west of Denver, and we will send you **FREE** one standard 10-inch, double faced phonograph record, containing two wonderfully interesting and instructive talks on the subject of food and its relation to the sustenance of life. They are entitled "The Main Spring of Life" and "A Human Record." Can be played on any phonograph.

More than thirty human ailments have responded to its use, tending to prove that disease—any disease—is merely altered function due to lack of replenishment of the blood stream, these diseases ranging from cancer to constipation. Used and endorsed by doctors and scientific men of the highest standing. Look in your telephone directory for "WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT Distributor," or address **WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT CO.**, 1941 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Chicago readers telephone orders Ravenswood 4101; Canadian address 26 Wellington Street, E., Toronto, Ont. Toronto readers telephone orders Main 4489. Ask for free copy of the "MOTIVE," the new monthly magazine devoted to better living, better health, and better business and being read by more than 350,000 people.

A real opportunity exists for anyone who wishes to establish a business of benevolence and profit by becoming a distributor. No one appointed until after he or she has used the food and proved its effects on their own body.

# Look Here!

**I Guarantee**  
to make you a  
**DRAFTING**  
**EXPERT!**



If you're earning less than \$100 a week go into drafting. I guarantee to train you at home to make you a high-price Drafting Expert quick! Send for my 2 free books, find out about the wonderful opportunities to earn big money in this easy, fascinating business. Get my astonishing offer to train you until you're actually placed in a position paying

**\$250 to \$400 a Month!**

Common schooling all you need. I train you by my copyrighted "Job-Way" instruction. I cover every branch of Drafting by giving you actual Jobs to do. Most complete training on earth, only instruction that makes Drafting EXPERTS. No books or lessons or useless theory to waste your time. My graduates are successful—they step into big-pay Experts' jobs immediately after completing my course. So I guarantee to make YOU an Expert or to refund your money

**Read This Letter!**  
Coyne School of Drafting

Immediately after completing the Coyne drafting course, I went to work for Armour and Company. I held my own easily with more than a hundred draftsmen and was surprised to find graduates of other schools with a year or more of experience get stuck on problems that seemed perfectly simple to me. Five months later I left Chicago to accept a position in New York at a large increase in salary. I owe my success entirely to the thorough Coyne training.

Very sincerely yours,  
L. T. DUBENDORF.

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Thousands of big-salaried jobs, all over the country, looking for Drafting Experts! Railroads, factories, builders, architects, ship-yards, auto plants, Cities, Counties, States, the U. S. Government—all hungry for Drafting Experts, all waiting for you to take the big-pay job. Man alive, wake up to your biggest opportunity!

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**MAIL COUPON TO-DAY!**

**Chief Draftsman,**  
**Coyne School of Drafting,**  
Dept. 930  
1-9 S. Ashland Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

Without obligating me in any way, please send me your two books, "Drafting, the Foundation of Industry" and "Learn Drafting by the 'Job-Method'"—all absolutely free. Also complete information of your rapid home-study Drafting course, free instruments and other features.

Name .....

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City.....State.....

# Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See If You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But He Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

By Frank E. Edwards

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principal that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechano-therapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told that its originator (whose photograph reproduced here was taken a month ago) is sixty-five years old.

And here is the secret: *He keeps his spine a half-inch longer than it ordinarily would measure.*

## Why a Person with a Full Spine is Rarely Sick

### Amazing Results Secured from SPINE-MOTION

"Feel like a new person since taking SPINE-MOTION. By the end of the first week was completely relieved of a long-standing case of constipation."

—L. A. K., Evanston, Ill.  
"For years I was troubled with headaches over the eyes. At times I thought the pain would drive me mad. I have no doubt that it was due to pressure on some nerve relating to the eyes, since I have had no headaches since I began working my spine." — J. A. B., New York.

"Your SPINE-MOTION is just wonderful for office workers. I have new pep since taking it up. Five members of our office force are now devotees of your art."

—P. A. K., Kansas City.  
"You tell 'em, Mr. Bradstreet, 'elongating' your spine does make a difference. Am 60 years old and since going through the motions for the last two months, feel like a youngster of thirty."

—H. P. P., Los Angeles.  
"Stomach trouble has been my affliction for years, but I'm licking it with SPINE-MOTION. No more doping for me."

—A. C., Des Moines.  
"Wish I could take you by the hand. Haven't a sound night's sleep for 10 years until I took up SPINE-MOTION."

—F. L., Dallas.

Any man or woman who thinks just one-half inch elongation of the spinal column doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a full-length spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.



HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DECLINES TO GROW OLD

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches? That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation" or cartilage wears down and flattens out the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that subluxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out"—and they will disappear. You'll feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down a bit firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. Incidentally, the late Elbert Hubbard and he were great pals; he was often the "Fra's" guest in times past. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased

around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available. It costs nothing to try it!

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up on at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I say nothing in the whole realm of medicine or socialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

## No Apparatus!

There is something in SPINE-MOTION for every one, and every one is invited to try it. We invite the young and the apparently "vigorous" to see what difference SPINE-MOTION will make in their energies and capacities. We invite the ailing to see the direct relation between SPINE-MOTION and health. We invite men who are ageing prematurely to put to test our statement that a man's powers (in every sense) by nature, should continue full flush up to the age of 60, being only a matter of a sound nerve-mechanism.

Remember—no "apparatus" is required with SPINE-MOTION. Just a few simple instructions, made crystal clear by photographic poses of the five positions.

## Free Trial Send No Money—Pay Nothing on Delivery

Without any payment whatever, would you like to try this way of "coming back"? Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made crystal clear by his photographic poses of the five positions. Results come amazingly quick. In less than a week you'll have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This miracle-man's method can be tested without any advance payment. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep by mailing only \$3.00. Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming \$3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The \$3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance, nor do you make any payment or deposit on delivery. The trial is absolutely free. Requests will be answered in turn. Try how it feels to have a full length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

## Free Trial Coupon! Mail It Now

Hobart Bradstreet, Suite 3459  
630 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Send SPINE MOTION and necessary instruction post paid for five days FREE TRIAL. If I find SPINE MOTION highly beneficial I can remit just \$3 in full payment. Otherwise I will return the material and owe you nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

# HERE'S LIVING PROOF!

Paul Kronos, Champion Strong Man of Europe, is a product of the Lionel Strongfort System of Health and Strength Building

Lionel Strongfort KNOWS HOW!



The superb physique of Paul Kronos is an unsurpassed tribute to the supremacy of Lionel Strongfort's methods of Muscular Development

Lionel Strongfort HAS NO EQUAL



"Prometheus Bound"—Miniature of the magnificent bas-relief by Reinhold Begas, one of Europe's best known sculptors, illustrating the Greek myth of Prometheus chained to a rock by Zeus. The figure was posed by Kronos, and is a faithful reproduction of his extraordinary development, grace of form and muscular symmetry.

Paul Kronos, Europe's Premier Strong Man and Strongfort graduate, is Living Proof that Lionel Strongfort builds Real Champions. He owes his superb muscular development, his almost superhuman strength, his glowing health, to STRONGFORTISM, wonder Man-Building Science of the century.

## A Tour of Triumph

FOLLOWING his sensational European success, Kronos is now appearing personally in foremost vaudeville theatres of the United States, performing marvelous feats of strength. Recent appearances:

Week of Sept. 30th, Palace Theatre, Chicago; week of Oct. 7th, Orpheum Theatre, Kansas City; week of Oct. 14th, Orpheum Theatre, Omaha; week of Oct. 21st, Orpheum Theatre, Des Moines; week of Oct. 28th, Columbia Theatre, Davenport, Iowa.

## Strongfort Methods Are Superior

To Whom It May Concern:

I have investigated most of the systems of Health and Strength Development, as taught by Physical Directors in both Europe and America. In my opinion, STRONGFORTISM, as taught by Lionel Strongfort, is far superior in every way to any other in the world for developing great strength and bodily symmetry. As a graduate of both the Regular and the Advanced Course, I am strong for STRONGFORTISM.

I have no hesitancy in giving STRONGFORTISM my unqualified endorsement.

(Signed)  
Sept. 1st, 1922

Paul Kronos



**CHALLENGE**—I challenge any Physical Director in the world to produce a regularly enrolled graduate pupil who is a professional Strong Man now exhibiting publicly and who is the equal of Paul Kronos professionally and in bodily perfection and symmetry. This challenge is backed up with a \$5,000 cash forfeit.

(Signed) Lionel Strongfort.



**NOTE**—My Challenges are backed with real money. \$5,000 already offered to any Physical Director or Athlete who will duplicate my own feats of strength. Now, another \$5,000 to any Physical Director who can show that his methods ever produced a professional strong man the equal of Paul Kronos.

Lionel Strongfort.



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Physical and Health Specialist

1338 Strongfort Institute

Newark, New Jersey

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| ..Lumbago             | ..Nervousness      | ..Pimples              |
| ..Neuritis            | ..Poor Memory      | ..Blackheads           |
| ..Neuralgia           | ..Rheumatism       | ..Round Shoulders      |
| ..Flat Chest          | ..Gastritis        | ..Lump Troubles        |
| ..Insomnia            | ..Heart Weakness   | ..Weak Back            |
| ..Bad Breath          | ..Poor Circulation | ..Drug Addiction       |
| ..Bad Blood           | ..Increased Height | ..Healthy Children     |
| ..Weak Eyes           | ..Easy Childbirth  | ..Weakness (Specify)   |
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Age ..... Occupation .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

# 800,000 People Will Die This Year of Preventable Disease

**B**ARRING accidents and suicides, only a small percentage of these 800,000 people should die. Every year more than ten thousand people die of bronchitis, sixty-four thousand die of pneumonia, seventy-five thousand die of kidney trouble, fifty thousand die of respiratory disease, one hundred and six thousand die of tuberculosis, approximately eighty-five thousand die of influenza, and more than ten thousand die of intestinal trouble.

It is a fact that only about one person out of three enjoys good health. And those who are physically a little "off" right now will more than likely be the ones to succumb to preventable diseases this year. And they are the ones who should not die.

That occasional headache, that tired, exhausted feeling, loss of appetite, the casual cold—all these are danger signals you should heed. Nature is warning you of impending sickness. Seemingly trivial symptoms tell of serious troubles taking root in your body. And yet, ninety-nine people out of every hundred will absolutely ignore these danger signals. As long as they are not flat on their backs, they will fool themselves into believing that they are all right.



**BERNARR MACFADDEN**

*World famous Physical Culturist—guiding health seekers successfully for more than 30 years has qualified him for preparing the wonderful Encyclopedia of Physical Culture—the most comprehensive, valuable general treatise on health ever given to the world.*

## The Average Person Pays Thousands of Dollars in Doctor's Bills

Nature is merciless. If you do not understand her laws and her methods of preventing and curing sickness, you suffer. She knows no excuses—she accepts no apologies. Animals instinctively know what to eat and how to exercise to avoid sickness. And even if through close confinement or when wrongly fed they become ill, they quickly recover their health when allowed to eat and exercise as their intuition guides them.

### How To—

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know your own body  
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know the art of food preparation  
build a powerful physique  
correct physical imperfections  
become a physical director  
avoid unhappy marriages  
avoid disease  
fast as a curative measure  
cure by hydropathy (heal by the use of water)  
apply all methods of drugless healing  
give first aid in emergencies  
apply home treatment for disease  
recognize diseases by manifestations  
build nervous energy  
treat the common forms of disease  
understand the process of reproduction  
benefit by laws of sex and marriage  
treat diseases of women  
diagnose diseases  
have healthy and vigorous children  
treat female disorders  
treat male disorders  
obtain virility and manhood  
care for the complexion  
manicure; care for the hair and feet  
cultivate the mind  
These are only a few of the matters explained in the Encyclopedia.

You can rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. The person who does not understand Nature's method of preventing and curing sickness is ill an average of 21½ days each year. In fact, it is estimated that the average person in a lifetime spends \$4,100 on doctor and hospital bills, loss of time from business, medicine and other expenses due to illness. Thousands of people are living half-powered lives because they are ignorant of the laws of Nature. Many of these people will fill an early grave, when they might easily have lived to enjoy a ripe old age.

## Nature's Methods and Secrets of Perfect Health Revealed

Bernarr Macfadden is the world's outstanding exponent of physical culture. He has had more than thirty years experience in guiding thousands of physical wrecks to glorious health and vigor. Out of that experience he built his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture.

This marvelous work tells you how to build rugged health, vitality and strength. It is for every member of the family. No matter how young the person may be or how old, the great "natural methods" which this Encyclopedia teaches will be of inestimable benefit. It gives invaluable information on fasting, diet, exercise and hydropathy for health and beauty building. A thorough and extensive treatment is given of the laws of sex, the attainment of virile manhood and womanhood, and happy, successful parenthood, together with details for the diagnosis and treatment of all sexual diseases. Handsomely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

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Sanford Bennett was seventy years old before he learned Nature's secrets, yet in spite of his advanced age, he was able by applying the principles laid down in Mr. Macfadden's great work to restore the energy, vitality and vigor of fifty. Recently he wrote, "For the first time in the history of the world, what I regard as a complete presentation of the true curative measures in relation to all kinds of disease is to be found in this set of five most remarkable books."

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**READ THE DETAILS OF OUR AMAZING OFFER ON NEXT PAGE**

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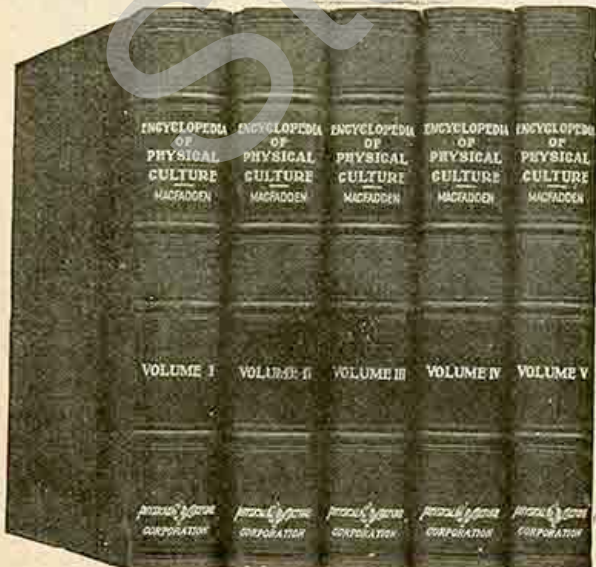
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## The Science of Wrestling and The Art of Jiu Jitsu

**T**HIS book is going to startle the athletic world. It is going to open your eyes. It will surprise you with its revelations. You will wonder at its contents. The most elaborate instructions in wrestling ever produced; highly illustrated from life together with a most detailed course in Jiu Jitsu—the most dangerous art of self-defense ever practiced by mankind. Each and every hold, if fully executed, means a broken bone or fatal results. This information is invaluable. With such knowledge in your possession you need never fear attack, whether your opponent be armed or unarmed. The Jiu Jitsu education is so complete and so simply described that this alone is worth far more than the price asked for the entire book.

The course in wrestling is complete to the minutest detail. It is also a startling revelation. I am exposing secrets heretofore known only by professionals. No doubt you have frequently wondered how a professional wrestler has thrown a man twice his size, or how some of our former lightweight champions have succeeded in throwing practically any man, no matter what his size or weight might be. There are numerous tricks and holds known only to the American professional wrestlers, and which they have held as their prize possessions. These trick holds are simple enough if you could only learn them, but few know them and the professionals do not care to disclose them to the public.

### The Secret Told

I have been severely criticized by numerous wrestlers for revealing these secrets, but I ignore unjust criticism. I am determined to present the facts as I know them.

Possibly you have already had considerable experience in the science of wrestling; even so, I doubt very much if you have been intimate enough with the men higher up to learn these secret tricks of the game. Suppose this very night some thug should attack you? Suppose a man many pounds heavier than you and well armed should attempt to hold you up, what would you not give to know how to immediately place him at your mercy? You will find just such information as this in "The Science of Wrestling."

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Do not confuse or compare this volume with any other wrestling book or wrestling course now on the market, for it makes all previous works on wrestling look amateurish. It is a classic and I am most proud to be its author. The regular price of this book is \$5, but as a special introductory offer I am putting it before my pupils and prospective pupils at the special price

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Sunshine and Shadow

*Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts*

# Strength

December, 1923

## EDITORIAL

### *Prohibition, Politics and Personal Liberty*

**T**HE recent stirring up of the scandal of prohibition enforcement laxity brings us back to a few fundamental questions.

Why do men drink?

A few drink because they like the stuff—or its effects.

Most of them drink because they think it's smart, or because they think others will think it smart of them. The man who drinks is just a mischievous little boy, trying to be devilish.

The bootlegger, who is essentially a salesman, continually raises the appealing argument of Personal Liberty. It sounds good to Little Boy, especially after he has distorted his vision with one or two drinks.

What is personal liberty? It is, for me, the freedom to do anything I please so long as I do not overstep the freedom of others and do not transgress upon their welfare.

Now, suppose that in pursuit of my sacred right to get drunk, I go out and drive my car while intoxicated and kill three of your children. What about that? It has been done. Perhaps you will say that that is different; it is a crime to drive a car while drunk. Which is a foolish way of putting it, because an intoxicated man has already lost his judgment and cannot be expected to use discretion. The crime lies in the act of taking the drink, if one owns or drives a car.

The personal liberty argument is the one point in the whole case which has utterly no basis whatever. The underlying idea is, of course, that drinking is a man's own business and that it affects no one else; whereas the principle back of prohibition rests upon the fact that the act of drinking usually affects various other people, even if only a man's own family and their domestic finance status. It is the legitimate business of society to protect itself against the insanity of drunkenness. If I did no harm either to myself or to others through drinking, this personal liberty talk would be quite sensible and Prohibition useless.

There is another point. Suppose again that, driving a car recklessly not while intoxicated but because intoxicated, I have killed your three children. At least you cannot hold that the State or the nation has been a party to the crime by tolerating or approving my self-indulgence.

Prohibition is the expression of a changing sentiment on the part of the majority of the people, demanding a sober nation. It is a crystallized ideal of life requiring clear heads as against muddled heads, clear eyes as

against bleary eyes; strength, steady nerves and human dignity as against the involuntary comedianship, insanity and drooling paralysis of the drunk. Most of us have come to look upon drinking not as something smart but as something cheap. We once heard an old man saying that he remembered the time when a man was not considered a gentleman if he went to bed sober. He is not now so regarded unless he does.

Narcotic addiction is one of the disintegrating forces in human society. Alcohol is our chief narcotic. Now, when folks speak alarmingly of the evils resulting from Prohibition, the question arises if they have not the cart before the horse. Which is the cause; which the effect? Manifestly, the supposed vices of Prohibition arise from the same age-old weaknesses of human nature which Prohibition aims to protect against.

We should like to learn: First; what harm has Prohibition accomplished? Second; what good has Prohibition accomplished? Third; what, if any, would be a better method of combating the drink habit? Fourth; would education, fostering ideals of self-restraint and temperance, be sufficient? Or may we conclude that the education of the last generation has made itself felt by accomplishing Prohibition?

But, you say, Prohibition cannot be enforced.

Neither can the laws against murder and forgery, on a hundred per cent. basis. Enforcement difficulties were to be expected. Perhaps there has been no vigorous enforcement effort. Perhaps, as many have said, Prohibition cannot be enforced because of politics. Who, then, are these politicians? What are politicians, anyway? Not a lot of men led by the devil, seeking to corrupt our civil life, but just a group of ordinary human beings looking for office. In playing politics they are all trying to guess which way the wind blows, trying to figure out the public leanings so that they may line themselves up just right and thus be swept into office. On the Prohibition issue your politician is still waiting, still trying to guess which way to jump. Pinchot, if he is only a politician, at least has guessed out loud, courageously and emphatically.

Now, if it is a matter of politics, then let it be a matter of politics. How did we get Prohibition in the first place? Politics. The same instrument by which we secured the law can be utilized to enforce it, just as soon as the people understand what's what, and the politicians know that the people understand. The recent stirring up and airing of the whole matter is going to have a wholesome and profound effect upon the situation in general.

# How Does Lloyd George Keep So Fit?

An Interview with and a Study of the Health Processes of the Most Dynamic Man Alive

By Richard Barry

**B**Y any yardstick Lloyd George is great. To many lords and ladies in England he is the greatest rascal of the age; yet they seek his society more assiduously than that of any royalty, and when all their own had failed them they turned, in desperation, to him to save them from the invader—and he did.

To many others—these among the smartest thinkers, too; persons of vision with the widest public appeal—he stands out as earth's dominating genius of statesmanship in our generation; to others he is the modern Charles the Hammer who saved civilization on the fields of France.

Who is so dull, who is so bright that he has nothing to learn from this prodigy, this miracle who, beginning as the child of a poor widow, and as the foster son of the village cobbler, came to hold the world securely by its tail during its worst six years?

For six years this little man from the Welsh mountains, with the stumpy legs, the short arms and the squirrel face, breakfasted, lunched and dined on crises; went to bed and got up with unforeseen catastrophes; overthrew Tradition; thwarted the Present, and suckled History; while he gambled in Empires.

Now the low light following the high light (as it must) gives us an even more illum-

inating view of this great man. He has just passed among us casually, to use his own words, "a plain European," without title, a tourist of these states, as if to say: "All that is in the past. I have put it in a sealed envelope and addressed it to History, care General Postoffice."

At the age of sixty, when a man ought to be just coming into the zenith of his intellectual powers, he appears to be appropriately there.

The physical and mental health of Lloyd George is self-evident in the fact that, having been kicked out of office by an ungrateful people, without even a party to back him, he is cheerfully starting all over again in English politics, beginning at the bottom as he did nearly forty years ago, willing to accept any place in the government, even the humblest—he who was premier of premiers!

Surely, of this superb individual, it is well worth asking: How do you keep fit?

What is there about this canny little Welshman, to bring him through his unbelievable confusions with that one asset which is prized above all others by most of the fifteen hundred millions of the human race—health? Whence comes this strength?

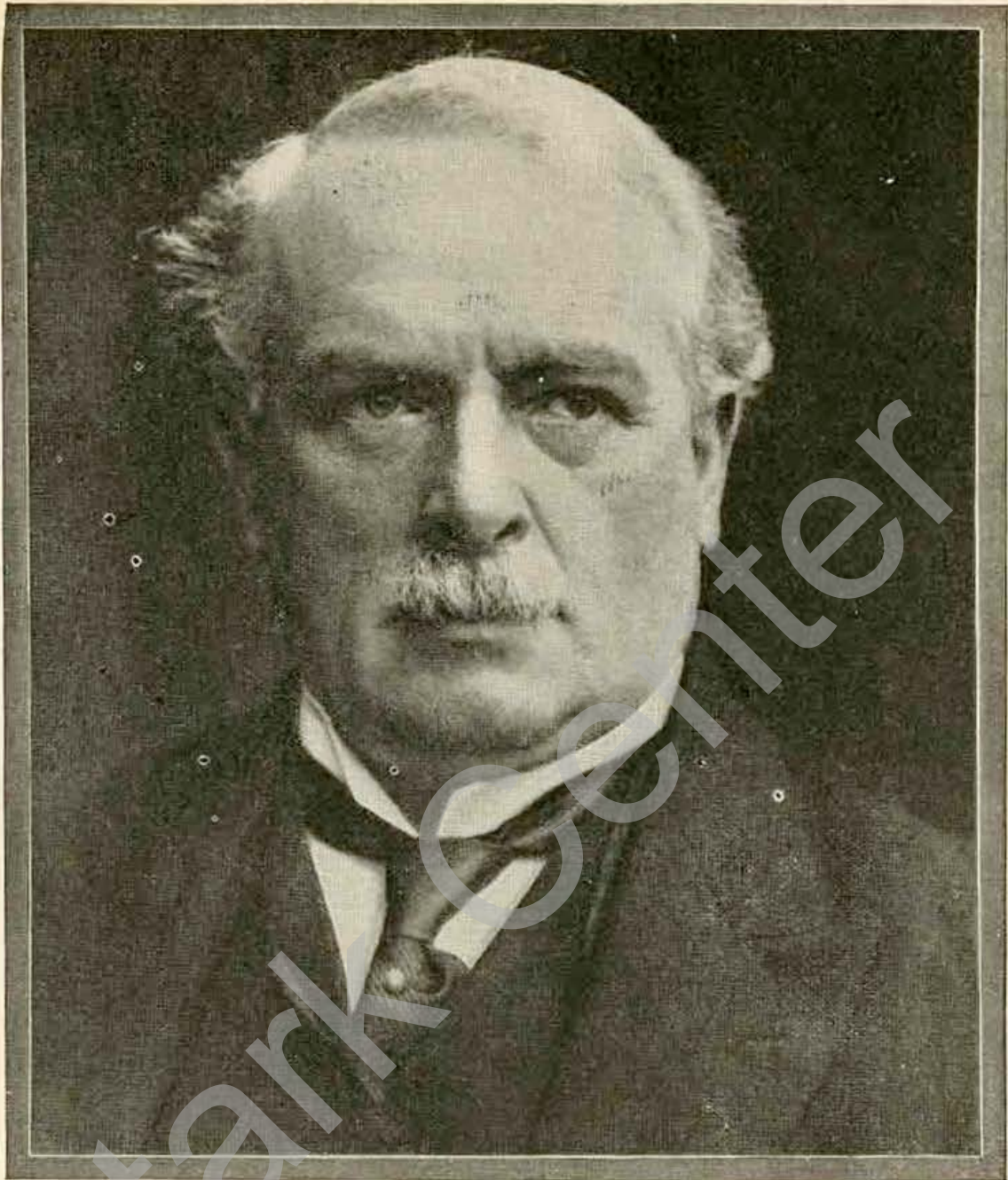
With my reportorial microscope I went hither and yon striving to separate the cellular structure of this great



© Keystone View Co.

"Hello, United States!" Even the foremost statesman of Europe was happy to set foot on American soil—as who wouldn't be? David Lloyd George photographed on his arrival in New York.





© P. & A. Photo

Mr. Lloyd George being one of the most photographed men in the world and being usually caught by the camera expressing his unlimited fund of good humor, one is likely at times to overlook the tremendous strength of the man, which, however, is apparent in this more serious portrait. It is an interesting study, revealing qualities of force and energy.

man; to penetrate, if possible, the entities of this unique microcosm; and thus to offer to the public the secret of his health processes.

I came to a person of title, Sir Somebody or other. It was evidently a Lloyd George humor to leave the management of his personal affairs to this grave Knight of the realm. The man who manufactured Earls, Dukes, Marquises, Viscounts, Barons and Baronets without number is himself only a "Mr." There is something sardonic in that—or contemptuous. But he has a titled personage about him—evidently to play safe.

"How does Mr. Lloyd George keep fit?" I asked this Sir.

"What's that? What's that?" He adjusted his monocle.

"You are identified with him personally. You know his habits. I want to find out how he keeps fit. Won't you tell me?"

Coldly, critically and in no kindly spirit I was well surveyed, from head to foot, through the monocle, and perhaps even through the unobstructed eye.

"He is quite fit, thank you," the Sir replied, and added, as if with judicial qualification, "now that the voyage is over." Then he bustled off on his momentous business of looking after the luggage.

That was that—as much as to say: "You atrocious American! Do you respect nothing? How dare you make enquiry concerning the inviolable privacy of one of his British Majesty's late servants? Waugh! Bah! And Poof!"



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He was a handsome young Welshman at about the age of thirty. The photograph at the right shows him a little later in life; though both express most vividly the spirit and personality which has since become a dominating factor in the world's affairs.

This knight in authority, however, evidently did not understand the scientific zeal which animates the American reporter. I went on, and lower down in the Lloyd Georgean entourage, before ascending higher. I discovered an individual much nearer the person of our subject, one in constant contact with him. (If I fail to use the names of my interviewed it is because I hope thus to attain a finer *vraisemblance*.)

"I sy, old top, I get your drift," this associate confided, after the purpose of my study had been carefully explained three times, in three different keys. Evidently his origin was more cockney than Oxfordian. "Between you and me," he went on, "it's a howlin' wonder how the old boy does keep fit. I've remarked it more than once; its a shame he don't know the least ways how to take care of himself. It it weren't for Miss Megan, sir, and Dame Lloyd George, and me, too, if you'll pardon a little conceit, I'm sure he'd of been in his grave long since."

"Then how do you and his wife and daughter manage to keep him fit?" I persisted.

"Ah! That's plain enough!" the familiar of greatness laughed. "It's by makin' him quit talkin' politics. That's what might be the death of him if it warn't for us—politics. He hasn't a mite a sense about politics. He's always likely to overdo it. Politics is all right in its place, you know, but a

man can't eat it and go to bed with it and keep it up all dy long or it'll break him.

"Politics," went on this mentor, "Il tike a man an' blind him—as it did to Lord Grey—or eat out his insides as it did Bonar Law; if he don't know when to quit. But I figger neither of them had the people about him Mr. Lloyd George has got." There was a pardonable swagger as he said this.

Again I urged him to proceed into details.

"It's like this," he said, reluctantly, as though disclosing a family skeleton, "when you come right down to it, in a manner of speakin', the Old Chief is nawthink but a blawsted byby! That's it! Just a two-year old byby! Now reach me true, old top, this is no disrespect. I tike my place behind no

man in true respect fer th' greatest Britisher of them all, an' still I sy to you—he's a byby!"

"How?"

"Th' wy he'll let you do for him; th' wy he'll let you handle him. If you're close to him; if he believes in you you can do just about as you like with him. Of course Miss Megan is th' one what really leads him around by his ear. Wy, I've seen 'er break into a cabinet meetin', with th' fate a Europe in th' balance, as you press men like to say, an' complain she had to go out and couldn't go alone, an' wouldn't he come with her. That was when his face would change all of a sudden and he'd look like a byby an' act like one; say 'Excuse me, gentlemen,' an' be gone off with her for an hour or maybe an entire afternoon—lookin' at roller skates, pickin' out a set a lawn croquet for Chequers, helpin' her match up a pair of earrings, or some such girl necessities, an' you'd think the Prime Minister of England might have better use for his time than doin' that.

Wy, once I remember Foch had come over, by appointment—it was right after the Second Battle of the Somme—an' two of the big-wigs in the Commons wanted him, an' the King's Equerry was waitin' to know when Mr. Lloyd George could come to Buckingham, an' we couldn't find him, high nor low; he was gone for three hours; and then he came in with that byby smile as if he'd played hookey; he'd been off with Miss Megan and the two of them had gone into the pit in a music hall and not a sowl in Lunnon had recognized him."

"Then Miss Megan acts as sort of counter-irritant, is that it?" I urged.

"Nothink like that, old top. She's never irritated him once for a minute in all her twenty-one years. But she's got a queer hold over him. He'll drop anythink an' come runnin' when she so much as lifts her



© Paul Thompson

finger. And clever! Sy, sometimes I think she's as clever as him. She knows she's got him, but she never takes inside her hold."

While I was trying to puzzle out what he meant by "taking inside her hold," and concluding he was employing an English writing term denoting unfair play, my informant went on: "Wy, once she had a kind of fever, walkin' typhoid, th' doctors called it, an' she never let him know, an' she towld all of us that if we so much as peeped about it to him she'd see to it personally we lost our sityuations. At the same time I saw her one day poutin' an' complainin' that she had a new music score he hadn't heard, an' she wouldn't let him alone before he went with her and heard it. But she watched and waited for the time when she saw his eyes were tired and knew he needed to drop politics. An' he did. That's when he looks an' acts like a byby—just puts himself in her hands to do with as she likes. Such times she mothers him an' amuses him, and when he comes back to politics he's fresh as a kid goin' to school."

"Has he a regular time for exercise and does he observe it?" I continued.

"He hasn't a regular time for anythink, except goin' to bed, which is about ten o'clock, except state banquet nights, an' gettin' up, which is six-thirty, except when we're travelin'. When we lived at Chequers he used to golf at four every after-



The upper photo shows Lloyd George at the time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, with his wife and daughter, Megan. The photograph is of especial interest because all three came together to visit the United States. In the oval, a photograph of Lloyd George with the uncle by whom he was adopted and educated after his father's death.



Photos © Paul Thompson



Just by way of contrast, a snapshot of the ex-Premier, Dame Margaret Lloyd George and Miss Megan in New York City.

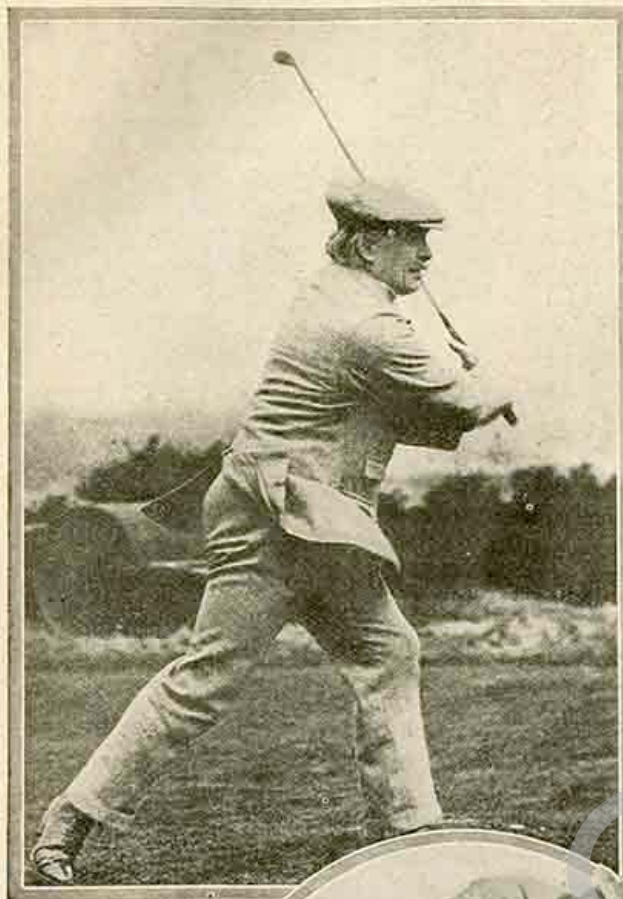
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noon, but I had to make him do that. I'd come in an' rattle the sticks in front of him, an' then he'd give me that byby smile, an' lay down his work, for all the world like a good child, an' go out for eighteen holes. That's the blessed best of him—he's so willing to do for you when he thinks you're doin' for him."

"What does he eat? Any favorite dishes?"

"Cawn't sy as he has. He ain't much of an eater. He always gets through first. Only thing he's particular about is his cigars. We gets 'em for him off th' sime man in Havana who made 'em for your Mr. James Gordon Bennett—long, thin cheroots. If he has any weakness that's it—smokin'."

"How many a day does he smoke?"



Representative of the vigor and open air activities—when he can find time—that have helped to maintain his extraordinary endurance and energy. He knows how to drop the burdens of a troublesome world in order to refresh himself with golf. He enjoys gardening when opportunity offers. The lower picture shows Mr. Lloyd George as Premier, riding a Highland pony on a visit to Scotland, accompanied by the Duke of Atholl.

"Six, seven, maybe eight. I've known him to go as high as ten, but, then, he don't burn 'em way down. Throws 'em away when he's half through."

"Does he smoke continuously? I mean does he always have a cigar in his hand or mouth?"

"Not at all; not like some of your American gentlemen I've seen. He smokes mostly after meals; never before."

With these clues, like a detective satisfied that he has his "case" well in hand, I should introduce the testimony of the man above all men, next to the ex-premier himself, who ought to know about Lloyd George's health processes—Rear Admiral Cary T. Grayson.

Grayson not only knew Lloyd George intimately during the peace conference, but he brought to that intimacy one of the first minds of the world fitted to properly estimate what it is that keeps such a man fit. Having been employed then for five years as the personal physician of the President of the United States, he was rounding out a natural predilection for mastering the problem of keeping in condition the sedentary middle-aged man of affairs. His profession, his gift and his position coincided to render him the best expert witness obtainable.

Moreover, the story of how Lloyd George had "won" Grayson in his "approach" to President Wilson, knowing a man's physician could give him invaluable information, was the talk of Washington and London. It seems that Grayson preceded his eminent chief to London and that the Premier of Great Britain, when the unassuming American naval officer arrived, received him with a flattering attention which he could not have exceeded if he had been entertaining an important royalty. After dinner he led Grayson to the music room and there Miss Megan entertained with a series of old Virginia folk songs; songs not often heard even in the United States. Following that he discoursed





A trout fishing excursion on the River Kerry, among the mountains above Gairloch, Scotland.

© Keystone View Co.

long and learnedly with Grayson on the latter's pet hobby—the physical conditioning of statesmen and other men of sedentary habits who have great exactions on their strength. After that, and during the Peace Conference, Grayson saw the Premier daily, for months, in Paris.

Knowing this I asked Admiral Grayson to tell me the Lloyd George recipe for health, to know, if possible, how it was that when so many other illustrious statesmen were ground to bits by the chaos of the war he emerged apparently sound.

"Lloyd George," replied the Admiral, "while not being dogmatic about it, or having reduced it accurately to a formula, has, I believe, four cardinal principles of health which he carefully observes, though without making any pretense about it, either to himself or to others.

"These principles come under the heads of: (a) system, (b) exercise, (c) diet, and (d) humor. I don't think he has ever consciously set out to obtain health. Fortunately, he began with a good consti-

tion and was forty years old, or in his full physical maturity, before he got into what I call 'soft' living, that is, the sort of living which every man in high office necessarily finds, frequent formal dinners with their elaborate and unnatural food combinations, the keeping of late hours, the necessity for prolonged attention to exacting duties with the constant temptation to neglect certain simple fundamental rules of health.

"When he did get into high office Lloyd George was equipped with a self-made formula, not rigid, not exact, but perfectly adapted to his own case. Primarily, he had formed the habit of early to bed and early to rise, though I have often wondered how he kept it up during sessions of the House of Commons which is accustomed to sit often until midnight. Still, that was only on occasion. He once told me that he believed that fully three-quarters of the nights of his life he had been in bed by ten o'clock.

"That, in itself, is a tremendous thing. Just stop and think of it. Two extra hours of rest a day for thirty or forty years would give a man a big 'edge' over his contemporaries, most of whom, I'll warrant,

(Continued on page 88)



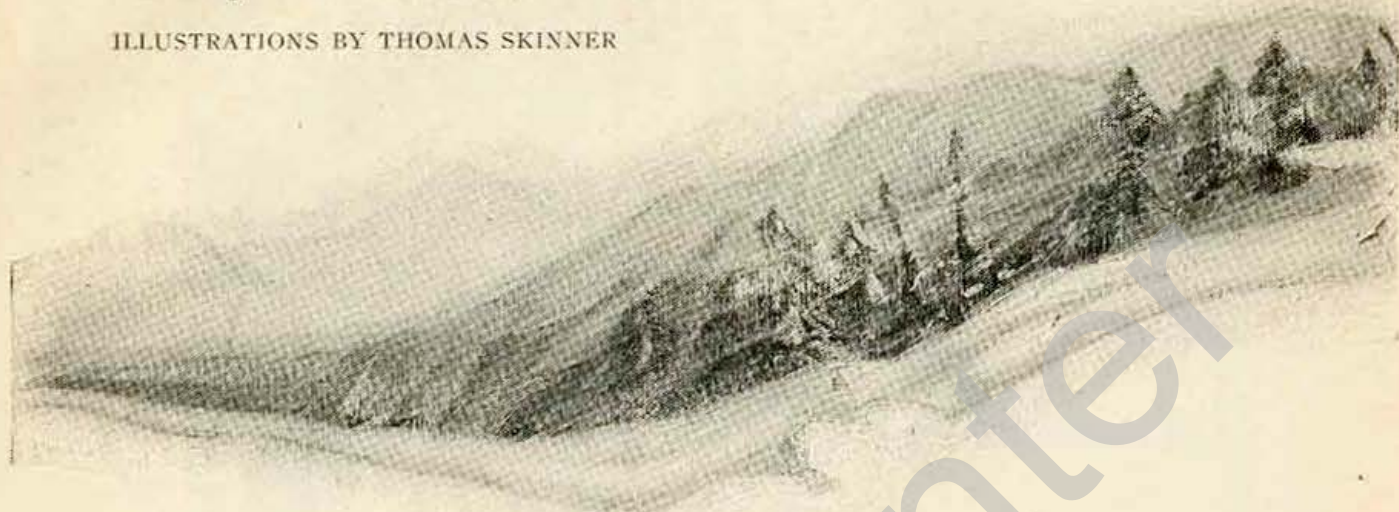
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That rare ability to relax, common to many of our very greatest men, by which they sidestep cumulative fatigue and retain their strength unimpaired.

# “Life Feels Like a Fight”

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS SKINNER



If the gray dust is over all,  
And stars and leaves and winds forgot,  
And your blood holds no festival  
Go out from us—we need you not.

But if you are immoderate men,  
Zealots of joy—the salt and sting  
And savor of life upon you, then  
We call you to our counseling!

JOHN DRINKWATER.

## CHAPTER I.

### I.

**C**RAIG GANTRY regretted having come. The head he had acquired at The Dog House the night before was splitting; he hadn't had a drink since ten o'clock and it was now past noon.

Why the devil couldn't he have told Senator Levering that he was engaged? As far as he himself was concerned Craig would have been perfectly satisfied to let the directors manage the affairs of the Gantry Mill Machinery Company without consulting him. He didn't know anything about the business and, unless he lost his mind completely, wasn't going to learn. Damn business, anyway!

Moreover, if they didn't come along with their summons pretty soon he was going to get up and march out of the Senator's ante-room and let them do the best they could about it. They were plaguey mysterious, for some reason or other. "Vitaly important to him . . .

Immediate attendance imperative . . . Grave consequences . . ."

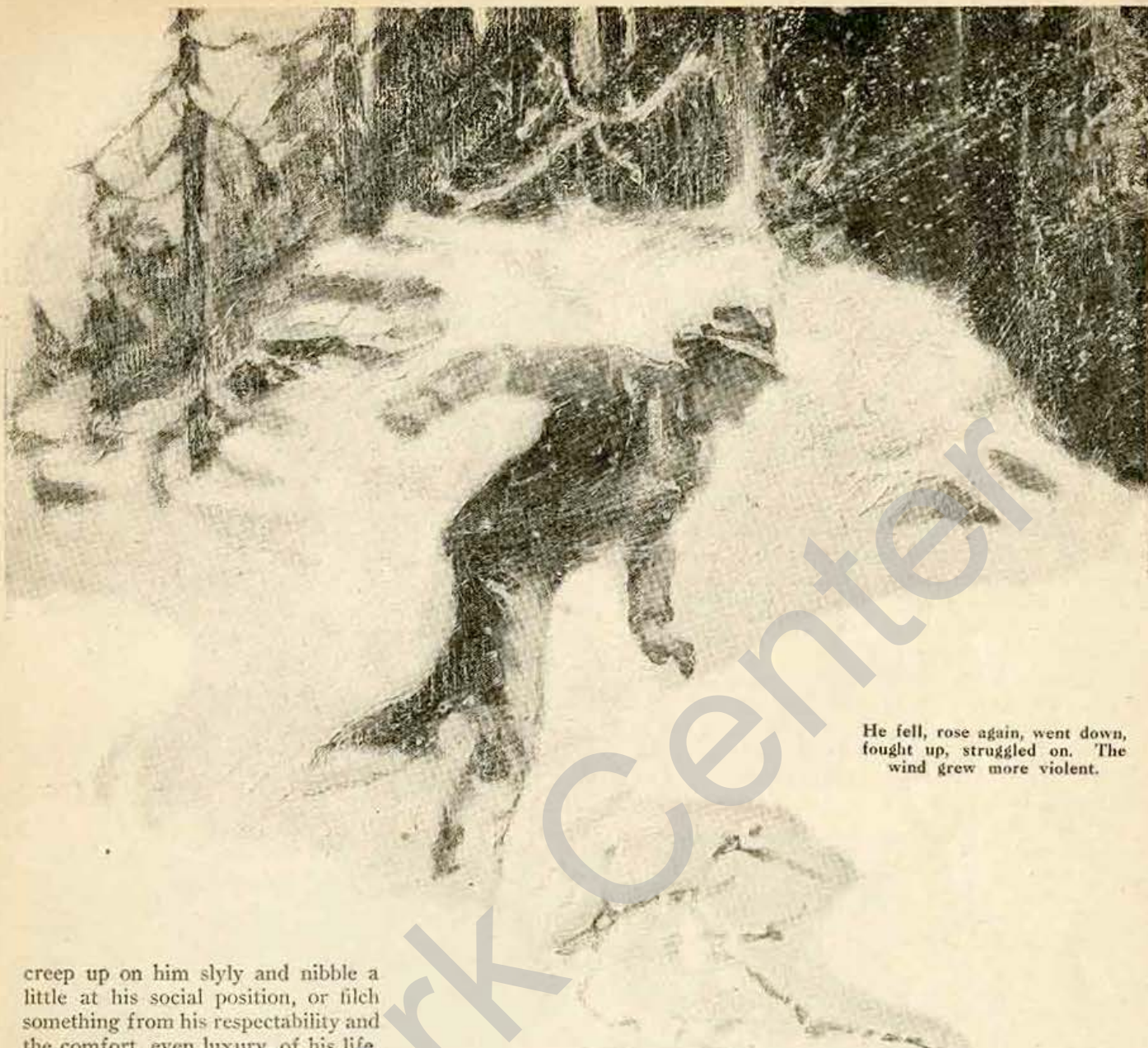
The deuce you say!

Craig glanced at his wrist watch. Kathleen Maynard had given him that white gold-and-platinum timepiece—and its principal use lately had been to enable him to keep appointments with Fritzie Fair, of the All-Night Revue Company. He made a wry face. He did not like to think of Kathleen and of Fritzie in the same moment. Kathleen cool, tall, splendid—a polished gentlewoman; Fritzie impudent, slangy, at times vulgar, but what a pal! . . . Of course he would have to give the dancer up sooner or later. She was a hanged expensive luxury! This engagement at one o'clock, for instance, was transparently the first move in her game to close that question of the pearls in Galton's. Pearls on Fritzie . . . Before swine!

The young man, faultless—almost too faultless!—in his perfectly tailored flannels and blue serge, moved a little impatiently. If these damned directors were going to spring any nonsense about cutting off the salary they had allowed him, after his father's death, as titular vice-president and managing director of the almost non-existent southern business, he intended to go into them without mincing matters. Broadhead, especially. Broadhead, with his smug, squat, avaricious son, climbing up towards the general manager-ship with his damned offensive industry and application to business. Application . . .

"The directors will see you, Mr. Gantry!"

A pale, soft-voiced clerk had come to the door of the Senator's anteroom. He was typical of the clerical force in the firm's offices. All of them with tongue in cheek when the son of the founder was about. All watching him, like rats, as though they would like to



He fell, rose again, went down, fought up, struggled on. The wind grew more violent.

creep up on him slyly and nibble a little at his social position, or filch something from his respectability and the comfort, even luxury, of his life. They made no bones of hating him—hid it only from policy. Usually he smiled good humoredly at the thought of their envy; today he winced. Why, he did not know . . . The clerk held the inner door open, and he went in to face the directors.

## II.

Senator Levering, who had been speaking gently for several moments, paused to clear his throat. He did not go on immediately. His pleasant, lined old face was drawn and he seemed unwilling to meet Craig Gantry's eyes.

Broadhead—big, rough-voiced, abrupt, domineering—burst out suddenly.

"Oh, give it to him, Levering!" he said. "You've been talking for half an hour and haven't said anything yet. Let's get it over with."

Craig himself intervened.

"Suppose *you* give it to me, Mr. Broadhead," he said, in a level voice. "I'll confess that I don't have the faintest idea what's up."

"The jig's up!" Broadhead blurted. "That's the

long and short of it. You're flat—busted—done for! You don't own the clothes you stand in. You're bankrupt and kicked out."

Gantry did not flinch nor wince now. He smiled easily.

"May I be permitted to congratulate you on the terseness of your style, Mr. Broadhead?" he asked. "You put things neatly and concisely. But will you tell me how you can turn me into a bankrupt just by wishing me one?"

Broadhead flushed.

"I don't like your tone, young man!" he cried, rising in his place. "No one wishes you any bad luck, as far as I know. My son asked me particularly to tell you that you could have a clerkship in his department, if you would undertake—"

"Will you present my compliments to your son and tell him to go to the devil?" Craig interrupted, almost pleasantly. He turned to the other directors—seven of them. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I've known for some time that there were unfriendly influences at work against me here. I am told that I am dis-

charged as one of your vice-presidents. Is that correct?"

Most of the seven had been friends of the boy's father. Most of them had known him since he was a boy. Several of them had realized long ago that his mother, before her untimely death, had spoiled him, and that his father had been too intent on business to amend her errors. They pitied Craig Gantry; as long as it had been humanly possible they had protected him. They shifted in their places now—could not answer him.

Morgan Vail, seeing that Broadhead was about to speak again angrily, raised a hand and faced Craig.

"We had to think of the house, my boy," he said. "Yes, we have voted for your dismissal."

"All right, sir. I am informed that I am broke. I don't understand how this board has anything to say about that."

"Your father's affairs, as you know, Craig, were seriously involved when he died," Vail replied, since no one else did. "The house has taken care of your interests—er—made you certain advances—in the hope that Senator Levering could salvage something for your benefit. I understand—er—Senator, you have closed—er—that is, ahem—!"

The old man paused. Senator Levering nodded, and it seemed as though there were tears in his eyes.

"Vail is correct, Craig," he said, in an unsteady voice. "The estate is heavily indebted to the company. If you have any resources—can help us liquidate—"

Craig Gantry took a step forward. His face was a little pale, but he smiled. Straight, thin, immaculate, but with the marks of dissipation and hard living printed on him, he was more appealing—perhaps more manly—than most of the men present had ever seen him. He made the circle of the long table with his eyes, even confronting Director Broadhead, the new-comer in the directorate—and the new power there—with that steady smile of his. He had the thoroughbred manner, though they could grant him little more.

"I'm sorry to say, gentlemen, that I can't help in any way," he said. "It will probably take me a little while to get used to being a pauper, but doubtless I can accomplish even that in time. Some of you are thinking that I have wasted my substance in riotous living. I suppose I have. Put it down to my credit

if you can, though, that I wasn't exactly trained to be useful. Judge Levering will know where to reach me at any time, if I am needed. In the meantime, good afternoon!"

He might have been leaving a parlor, he did it so urbanely.

### III.

He went from the directors' meeting to keep his engagement with Fritzie Fair. They lunched regally. The dancer reached across the table as the desserts were removed and ran a perfumed and pointed finger caressingly along the back of his hand, tracing the veins there.

"Now, Craigie, dear," she said, holding his eyes with hers, "about that string at Galton's. Do I get it, or do I don't?"

"My dear Fritz," he answered, smiling slowly, "I have just come from a director's meeting, where I was informed that I am a bankrupt. After paying this luncheon check I will have probably about twelve dollars in the world. It may interest you to know that at eight-five this evening I leave for the West—to seek my fortune, or whatever it is."

### IV.

Fritzie had not believed him.

The last he saw of her she was standing beside her own car, her face white with anger, and from her





lips was pouring a stream of billingsgate that would have done honor to her father who had been a coal-passer, or credit to her mother, who had been a quarrelsome—and usually drunken—washerwoman.

Craig Gantry left her smilingly, a gentleman to the end. A gentleman to the end he had turned over, late that afternoon, all his personal belongings, including two motor cars and two out of his five club memberships that happened to be transferable and, therefore, negotiable, to Senator Levering. The old man actually broke down this time. But he could not induce Craig to take more than a hundred dollars.

"Anything between that and half a million, Senator," the young man said, airily, "would be a mere palliative. I need the hundred and I'll accept it gratefully."

"What are you going to do, boy?" the Senator asked.

For the first time a little bitterness crept into Craig's voice.

"I'm sure that I'll have no trouble in getting highly profitable work at any one of the half-dozen trades and professions for which I am so highly trained," he said.

That night, true to his word, he went West, to seek his fortune—or whatever it was.

## CHAPTER II.

### I.

It was hot in the court-room; a fly crawled stickily

across the clerk's blotter; the fat bailiff perspired and drops glistened on his red face; the police justice sat back in his big leather chair and looked with disfavor on the whole sordid, noisome, panting crowd below him. There was small difference, he thought—between the three groups into which all his audiences were divided—between the sharp-faced, threadbare, petty-case lawyers and the stupid-faced, uniformed officers in the enclosed space in front of the bench; between them and the anxious, peering, furtive crowd of visitors and interested persons; between them and the odoriferous, sullen, wretched group crowded into the dock, under the barred windows.

"G. Craig!" the clerk droned.

"G. Craig! G. Craig!" the bailiff echoed importantly. "Stand up, Craig!"

In one corner of the dock a man pulled himself slowly to his feet. He was dirty, bedraggled, stooped, wretched. His ragged clothes hung loosely on his emaciated frame. His face, covered with several days' growth of beard, was thin and of a sickly gray color. His hair was matted and fell into his eyes; when he raised a hand to brush it back the hand shook. The judge looked at him sharply.

"That man's sick!" he said, in an angry voice. "He belongs in a hospital, not in this court. What is the charge, Mr. Clerk?"

"Vagrancy, your honor."

An officer in plain clothes stepped forward.

"If the court please——"

"Well, Hyde? One of your cases, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I've been watching this man Craig for a week. He's getting dope some place and I tried to find out where. But I can't. And he won't talk." The plain clothes man lowered his voice. "I think if you'd give him the limit, judge, I could get him to squeal."

The judge turned his eyes on the prisoner. The latter leaned weakly against a wall.

"Craig," he said, "you are charged with vagrancy. You are suspected of being a drug addict. Do you know what this means?"

The prisoner smiled faintly.

"Very exactly," he said.

"How long have you been using drugs, Craig?"

"I don't use them."



"—from a hobo camp on the railroad."

"You plead not guilty, then?"

"To that charge—yes. To the charge of vagrancy, I suppose I should plead guilty."

"The officer says you have been buying drugs."

"I have. But not for myself. There are deeps below depths, I have discovered, Your Honor."

The judge leaned forward, an elbow on his bench.

"How did you come down to your depths, Craig?" he asked, a new interest in his voice.

"Through lack of capacity, cowardice, laziness, fear, inability to adjust myself to my environment." He broke off abruptly. "I'm talking nonsense, Your Honor. I plead guilty to vagrancy. If it will be a favor to anyone, even to the gentlemanly officer who put me through what he evidently considered the third degree last night, using methods that have been old-fashioned since the Inquisition, I will plead guilty to whatever seems most appropriate."

"You are an intelligent man, Craig," the judge said, with a little indignation. "A college man?"

"Class of '17 of—well, of an institution that would hardly thank me for advertising the graduate before you."

"You are a young man, Craig. You could take a brace, if you would. What's wrong with you?"

"Lack of incentive, I imagine, sir."

The judge frowned, tapped his papers with a pencil, hesitated.

"The Court can't supply you with that, Craig. The most it can do is give you one more chance. Get out of the city. Go into the country and take the first work you can find. Try to make a man of yourself." The judge jotted a memorandum on the document before him. "It is the judgment of this court that you be fined in the sum of one hundred dollars, or confined in the city jail for a term of six months."

The prisoner shrank. The judge went on, eyeing him steadily:

"This sentence is suspended for twenty-four hours. Mr. Clerk!"

The clerk rose and the judge spoke to him aside. Then the engine of the law ground forward.

Two hours later G. Craig was released. As he left the jail, an officer handed him an envelope which contained a note of introduction to a man named Thaddeus Strong, in Oroville, California, and a twenty dollar bill.

"The judge sent it down to you, kid," the turnkey said, gruffly. "Grab yourself a rattler and beat it, now. If we pick you up again, you'll do your six months straight. Savvy?"

## II.

Madam Radinovich sat from six o'clock in the evening until one o'clock in the morning in a squeaking old arm-chair rocker on a raised platform near the door of the dance hall. From this vantage point she could see what went on there, she could check, by her own system of mental arithmetic, the waiters in the dining room outside, and she could receive her guests and watch for government agents at the same time. The Madam was reputed to be beyond their reach, but she did not fail to keep an eye out for enforcement officers.

Business was brisk on this pleasant autumn night. There were half a dozen automobile parties up from

the Valley—Oroville, and the fruit ranches thereabouts—a group of surveyors from the railroad offices, half a dozen trainmen and their women, and—vigilantly, though unobtrusively chaperoned by Big Bill Neff, the Madam's sergeant-at-arms—a score or more of lumberjacks and mill hands from the Patchin Shook Mill camp. Usually these men were well-behaved enough, according to their lights, but the traditional feud existing between mill hands and logging crews occasionally flared up even within the sacred precincts of Madam Radinovich's resort, and the good lady had learned from bitter experience that the only time to check a fire was when it first started.

Raised voices in one corner had attracted her notice for a moment; she had looked instantly to see where Big Bill Neff was and, finding him making his way softly and smoothly towards the seat of the altercation, she had half turned again when she found a man at her elbow.

He was the sorriest spectacle imaginable. Except that he was clean and cleanly shaven there was hardly an item in his whole make-up to recommend him. His clothes were worn, faded, threadbare. He wore neither collar nor tie, his shoes were almost completely gone, his hair was long, and his whole person was dejected, shabby, and wretched. His air, moreover, was that of a man beaten and hopeless. His face was gaunt and pinched and before he spoke he coughed with a hollow, rasping sound in his throat. Madam, accustomed to looking below the surface, saw that he had been someone—and had ceased to be.

"Well?" she interrogated, briskly.

"One of your cooks says that you need a dish-washer, Madam," the man said, in a dull and spiritless tone. "One of the waiters says that you need a piano player. The yardman says you need a chauffeur. I will be any one of the three—or all of them."

She had looked him up and down once during this remarkable speech.

"Are you consumptive, then?" she asked, directly.

"No, I believe I'm starving."

"Where do you come from?"

"Last from a hobo camp on the railroad. I borrowed an excellent razor there, but I could not borrow food, because there was none."

"But before that?"

"Before that I was a fruit picker, a harvest hand, on a hay baler, and a stable boy. Before that I was for two nights a prisoner in the city jail in San Francisco as a vagrant, and some considerable time before that, I believe it must have been, I was what we call a gentleman."

"What is your name, perhaps?"

"Craig Gantry."

"Come with me. Let us see if you are hungry—or if it is only thirsty!"

## III.

There are several different emotions aroused, it may be assumed, when, after long separation, two men meet who have been friends of the most intimate sort during four years of college. Those emotions may vary according to the men; also they may vary according to the circumstances in which the two men respectively find themselves. When both are prospering, happy, and fulfilling the destinies promised by their



Except that he was clean and cleanly shaven there was hardly an item in his whole make-up to recommend him.

undergraduate activities the emotions are doubtless pleasureable. When one has gone far and the other is making an excellent start the emotions may be altered, but not greatly. When one has succeeded and the other most lamentably failed—

Craig Gantry, handy man about Madam Radinovich's Resort at Orchard Crest, knew Parker Forbes the moment Forbes entered the dining room on that winter night, four months after Gantry had made his first application to Madam for work and food. The handy man at the moment was the piano player—an indifferent one, but satisfactory to the Madam's

guests. In the midst of the cacophonies of "Ma Lulu's Blues," the player caught sight of the entering party—Masterson, the railroad engineer, the two young women who were guests at the division superintendent's home, and the new-comer. As the latter threw back his heavy coat, Craig Gantry saw that it was Forbes.

He turned his back and played on—very badly. He was low-spirited at best, he was particularly moody this evening, the entrance of Parker Forbes, wearing all the outward signs of success and a prosperous estate, plunged him into black depths of humiliation and remorse. He remembered (Continued on page 90)

# Will Civilization Weaken the Race?

Will History Repeat Itself or Can We Sidestep the Fate of Other Civilizations?—There Is One Hopeful Factor by Which We May Outwit "History"

By *Albert Edward Wiggam*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BERT SALG

**C**IVILIZATION is self-destructive. It always destroys the man that builds it. Civilization always sets going those forces which in the end bring it to its own suicide. As President Stanley Hall has said, "Man has not yet demonstrated that he can remain permanently civilized." Twenty, thirty, a hundred times—in Babylon, Syria, Judea, Greece and Rome—man has emerged from barbarism and boldly started out on the pathway of civilization. But the lapse of a few centuries ends the experiment. His palaces lie in ruins. His temples are deserted. His monuments become objects of fear and superstition to the wandering tribes of barbarians that still traverse the soil. The very language that he spoke is forgotten. The inscriptions upon his buildings, the books that contain his poetic aspirations, his laws and his philosophies become sealed in an unknown tongue, and no longer bear any message. The fires upon his altars become extinguished. His inventions and scientific con-

quests fall into nerveless hands that know not how to use them. In fact the whole history of civilization is written in its own ruins.

Here is surely a strange and portentous spectacle. Man has apparently sufficient strength and intelligence to create a civilization, but has not enough strength and intelligence to keep it going. Indeed, like Samson shorn of his hair, he has apparently lost all his

Burbank selects his best specimens for parenthood. Farmers have done that ever since Adam. But in the human family, when it becomes civilized, we select our worst. We allow everybody to reproduce his or her kind and call it "natural right." It has always been so. Civilization has worked directly against the breed and brought about its own downfall. But we have science; we know the laws of heredity as never before. Man controls nature and all his environment.



Our problem is to "Burbank" the human race. We may either produce a race of human "small potatoes" and defectives, or we may develop a race of supermen, if we but learn the lesson that biology is teaching us.

strength except barely sufficient to pull the temple down upon his own head.

Historians, statesmen and economists have offered in the main but one explanation of this—the most outstanding feature of man's earthly life. They have said that it was all due to changes in the economic and political condition of the people. They have pointed to the fact that markets have shifted to other quarters of the world, or else that some sort of moral paralysis has settled down upon the people so that their daring and enterprise have decayed. There is no question that in the decline of every civilization factors of this type have always been present, but historians have not inquired why political and economic conditions became so bad or why

markets have been taken by other nations. Prophets have said that "where there is no vision the people perish." But they have not gone deeper into the national life to find why poets and prophets, orators, philosophers and statesmen have not sprung up continuously from the common people to keep the social and economic order upon a high level and the national energy surging forward as in the days of the nation's youth. Some historians have claimed that nations like people go through a period of youth and vigor; that this is followed by a long period of maturity; that then old age and senility set in and finally death follows from the mere decay of years. They have not asked where a nation gained the glorious vigor of its youth nor why in the course of time it totters for a century or two through misgovernment, decadent literature, public and private immorality and poverty until finally it tumbles into its grave marked only by the crumbling monuments of its former grandeur.

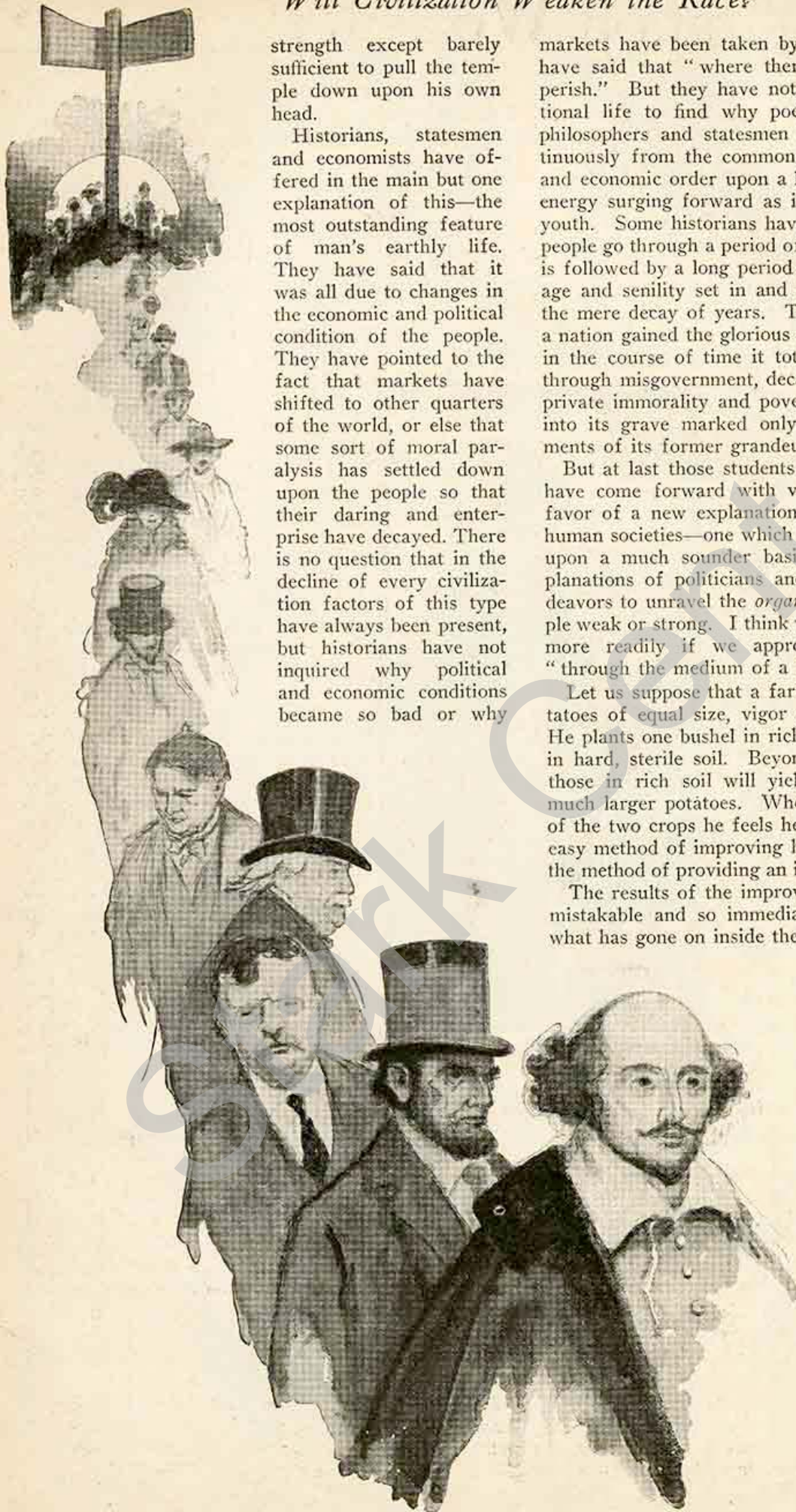
But at last those students of nature called biologists have come forward with vast masses of evidence in favor of a new explanation of the rise and decay of human societies—one which it seems to the writer rests upon a much sounder basis than the superficial explanations of politicians and historians because it endeavors to unravel the *organic causes* that make a people weak or strong. I think we can appreciate this cause more readily if we approach it, as Lincoln said, "through the medium of a broad illustration."

Let us suppose that a farmer has two bushels of potatoes of equal size, vigor and freedom from disease. He plants one bushel in rich, mellow soil and the other in hard, sterile soil. Beyond question *the first season* those in rich soil will yield both more potatoes and much larger potatoes. When he compares the harvest of the two crops he feels he has discovered a sure and easy method of improving his race of potatoes, that is, the method of providing an improved environment.

The results of the improved environment are so unmistakable and so immediate that he fails to inquire what has gone on inside the potatoes themselves.

Being, however, of an experimental turn of mind, he saves *all* the potatoes from both lots, and the next season plants all of those raised in rich soil in the same sort of ground and those from poor soil he plants again in poor soil.

At the end of a few seasons he begins to suspect that something is going wrong with his stocks. He finds among the seed from rich soil that there is an enormous number of little potatoes. There are still many good sized ones but what discourages him is the enormous number of little ones. The general average size is greatly reduced. He also finds dry rot has set in among them



although the ones from the poor soil seem unaffected by this disease. He concludes that his *soil must be deteriorating* and that he has not expended enough time and energy in cultivation.

The farmer, therefore, buys expensive fertilizers and redoubles his effort at cultivation. He observes that those grown in poor soil remain small, but they are unaffected by disease and still seem vigorous and all much of the same general size. However, again he meets with disappointment as his fertilizers seem only to promote both the disease in his rich soil potatoes, and to increase the numbers of small and puny ones.

Next he takes a new tack. He plants a large general random sample of his rich soil lot in the poor soil and transfers those bred in the meager ground to the rich and stimulating environment.

To his amazement the whole picture is instantly reversed. The potatoes from the poor soil leap up in all their original vigor and even exceed his original planting of years ago. They are all healthy and of great size. While on the other hand, those taken from the comfortable environment and put into the hard, forbidding soil scarcely survive at all.

At last there dawns upon his mind by this expensive experience a new experiment. From the new lot, grown in rich soil, he *selects* only the finest, healthiest and largest specimens for seed, and uses the balance for food or for the market. The next season he tries his selected seed in his most luxurious soil and gives them every possible care and nourishment. When the harvest comes he finds himself richly rewarded for his *use of intelligence*. His selected specimens are the largest and finest he has ever grown. His fame goes abroad and his neighbors come to him to purchase seed. In the early days of the world they thought he had somehow been blessed by heaven, or that some special god of potatoes had bestowed his favors on his particular breed. As a matter of fact, all the farmer had done was, in his first experiment, to defy nature's laws by preserving all his weaklings for seed, and in the second experiment, to follow nature's laws by eliminating his weaklings from reproduction.

Now, in their natural, inborn breeding qualities, men and potatoes are exactly alike. The mental, moral and physical qualities of men are handed from parent to offspring with the same unerring certainty that Early Rose potatoes breed Early Rose, and potatoes with dry rot breed offspring with dry rot. And, as Emerson said, "If potatoes have dry rot at the core, what is the use of having larger potatoes?" If families have weakness, insanity, tuberculosis, feeble-mindedness or the dry rot to laziness and pauperism what is the use of having

larger families? Indeed what is the use of having any families of this kind at all?

However, human beings in a state of savagery, before civilization begins, are exactly in the same situation as the farmer's potatoes that were planted in hard, sterile soil. Every potato in such soil has to fight for its life. The ones that are naturally more vigorous, that have some quality of strength or rapidity of growth or resistance to drought or cold, win out. The small potatoes get left. The weaklings never get above the ground, or if they do, they are killed off. But in the warm, stimulating, luxurious environment of the rich mellow soil all sorts of potatoes survive, the good, bad and indifferent alike, and they also rear offspring. The strong are in time crossed with the weak. Thus weakness is spread. Feebleness and disease perpetuate themselves.

Just so when men are in savagery and barbarism they progress constantly in their physical, mental and moral qualities. Strange and contradictory as it may seem, barbarism is the only process by which men have ever progressed in their natural inborn strength of body and mind; and civilization with its soft environment, its charity, philanthropy and education which enable the weaklings to survive and reproduce, is the only process by which mankind has ever grown organically weaker. Civilization is thus the most dangerous enterprise upon which man has ever set out. In the days of his savage state, it is doubtful if any fool ever lived to be ten years old. As F. C. S. Shiller, the English philosopher, has said, "No fool probably ever survived to leave an adult skull." Insane people were killed as witches, or as possessed of the devil. The tubercular were left to die without mercy. Women who could not succeed at childbirth always died and their offspring with them. The halt, maimed and blind instead of being invited to tribal

feasts had to rustle for themselves. Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost was the unmitigated law. The race progressed morally by this bloody process as well as physically. No fatted calf was killed for the prodigal. Thieves, violators of sex morals, and those who defied the tribal law were killed without appeal to any supreme court. There was no kind hearted governor, bidding for votes in the next election, to grant a reprieve. Nature was looking day and night for the weak spot in every man's armor, and without mercy took her toll.

But what happens when men become civilized? Why, to their own honor all this red gauntlet of blood which every man had to run is abolished. I can best answer this question in the words of Prof. Karl Pear-



The flapper has replaced the mother as our national ideal. Motherhood must become fashionable among upper class women again as it was in the days of the pioneers.

son, the British mathematical biologist. Speaking with great earnestness to the British Medical Association Prof. Pearson said: "You are enabling the deformed to live, the blind to see, the weakling to survive; and it is partly due to the social provision made for these weaklings, the feeble-minded woman goes to the workhouse as a matter of course for her fourth or fifth illegitimate child, while the insane man, overcome by the strain of modern life, is fed up and restored for a time to his family and to paternity. In our institutions we provide for the deaf-mute, the blind, the cripple, and render it relatively easy for the degenerate to mate and leave their like. In the old days, without these medical benefits and without these social provisions, the hand of Nature fell heavily on the unfit. Such were numbered, as they are largely numbered now, among the unemployables; but there were no doctors to enable them to limp through life; no charities to take their offspring or provide for their own necessities. A petty theft meant the gallows, unemployment meant starvation, feeble-mindedness meant persecution and social expulsion; insanity meant confinement with no attempt at treatment.

"To the honor of the medical profession, to the credit of our social instincts, be it said, we have largely stopped all this. We have held out a helping hand to the weak, but at the same time we have, to a large extent, suspended the automatic action whereby a race progressed mentally and physically.

"\* \* \*. What will happen if, by increased medical skill and by increased state support and private charity, we enable the weaklings to survive and propagate their kind? Why, undoubtedly we shall have a weaker race."

Prof. Pearson went on to illustrate this lecture, which has since become famous, with portraits and pedigrees of numerous defective families such as, *one* woman with split hand and foot who gave rise to *twenty-five* defective descendants; another one with natural born cataract of the eye with *thirty-nine* descendants who were afflicted with cataract; one blind man with *fourteen* blind descendants; several deaf-mute ancestors with large numbers of deaf mute descendants. What chance would these offspring, blind, feeble-minded and deaf mute, have had in the old days of Nature? Simply no chance at all.

But these are not rare or isolated instances which are found only in England. I have more than a five foot book shelf loaded with books and pamphlets and special investigations, all filled with pedigree charts and descriptions of just such degenerate families.

I think I shall just reach up on the shelf and pull down one volume at random and see what we find. It happens to contain an address by Dr. Amos Butler, Superintendent of Charities and Corrections of the State of Indiana, and one of the ablest students of eugenics in the world. Dr. Butler says: "The registration (of defectives) now contains over 158,000 names of persons who are, or within the past thirty-one years have been, inmates of eighteen state charitable and correctional institutions, ninety-two poor asylums and thirty-three orphans' homes. \* \* \* The broken stories of their misery, their perpetuation of their own wretched kind, their demoralizing influence upon their fellows, their dragging down of the average of morality, intelligence, and physical development are sorrowful beyond words. \* \* \*

"We have surveyed ten of our ninety-two counties, listing every feeble-minded, epileptic or insane person, and found 5,322 in all, an average of two and one-tenth per cent of the population of those ten counties. On this basis Indiana has 56,718 mental defectives—44,284 feeble-minded, 8,311 insane, and 4,123 epileptics.

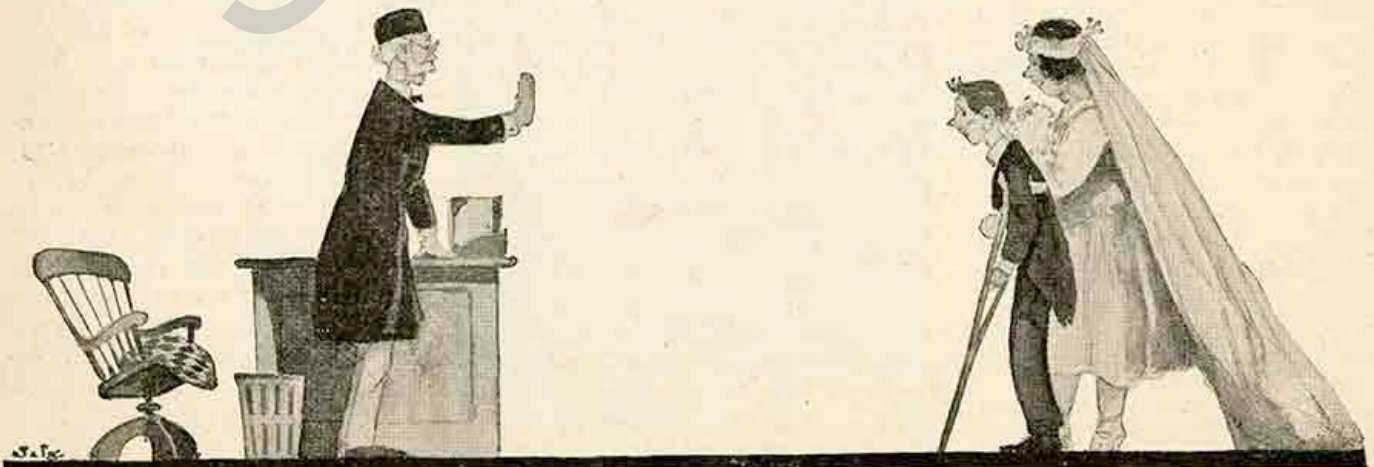
"Because the State School for Feeble-minded Youth is crowded our orphans' homes are gradually filling up with children who cannot be placed with foster parents. A study of 225 dependent children in one institution disclosed twenty-two and six-tenths per cent mental defectives.

"Many of our prisoners are feeble-minded. 'Mental defect is good soil in which to develop crime.' The ten counties surveyed by our committee were represented in the Indiana State Prison by 69 men, of whom sixty and eight-tenths per cent were mental defectives. Of nearly 1,000 school children tested by the Binet-Simon method, from two to three per cent were found feeble-minded and ten per cent in need of special instruction. They were receiving no benefit themselves in the public schools and were hindering the progress of normal pupils.

"What kind of homes do they have? Let me quote from an investigator's report on some of them:

"The dirt, disorder, filth and cluttering are indescribable. Animals wander in and out. Garbage on the table, piles of filthy clothing on the floor, food stored under the beds, an awful stench arising from the filth. \* \* \* The yard at one house a jumble of harness, ropes, old buggies, broken cots, cans, old iron, wheels. In the house the beds were piled high with dirty rags.

"Hundreds of degenerate (Continued on page 80)



# What Is Ideal Development?

Illustrated by Photo Studies of

## Walter Donald, Muscular Phenomenon

By *Alan Calvert*



**T**HERE are some men who are so wonderfully developed and at the same time so beautifully proportioned, that it is a positive pleasure to photograph them. It is an added pleasure to be able to introduce to the public a new star in the athletic world, especially when you can feel that you have had some small part in helping to make that star.

It is something like the satisfaction an astronomer feels when after observing various heavenly stars, and figuring that their movements must be affected by some other unknown star, he points his telescope to a certain spot in the firmament, and sure enough sights a hitherto undiscovered planet.

I had long figured that a certain sort of training would produce a certain type of form and development, and along comes Mr. Walter Donald and proves my case. My ideas were these.

First. That muscles reach perfection of shape only when they are developed to their natural limit, and that real "development" implies a certain size.

Second. That certain relative sizes of trunk and limbs are necessary for symmetry.

Third. That few men ever reach the limit of their physical possibilities through outdoor work or exercise.

Fig. 1. Showing Mr. Walter Donald in a relaxed pose. Note particularly the length of the biceps, in conjunction with the author's discussion of "long-muscles" and "short-muscles."



Fourth. That even a small-boned man can attain a heroic muscular development.

Fifth. That most men are capable of tremendous physical improvement long after they pass their twenty-first birthday.

Sixth. That there is very little in all this talk about "long-muscles" and "short-muscles."

That seems like quite a lot of propositions to prove by one example, but if you will read on I will discuss them one after the other; and if you stick with me to the finish I will show you how Mr. Donald's pictures will enable me to make good on my theories.

Before going further let me say that all these illustrations are from absolutely untouched negatives. Neither the photographer nor the engraver was allowed to touch an outline or a shadow of the muscles. That trick is often done by those who try to heighten nature's effects, but the *STRENGTH Magazine* has always reproduced pictures "as is." The only reason I now mention it is that Mr. Donald's development is so truly wonderful that some one is pretty sure to intimate that these pictures are faked. As a matter of fact, to try to improve either the size or shape of his muscles would be something like "painting the lily." In one picture, the rowing pose, the top line of the right arm has been faintly emphasized, because in the photograph it was hard to tell just where one arm stopped and the other adjoined. Now for it.



First. Many's the time I have had to hurt some young fellow's feelings by refusing to admit that he was well developed. No man's muscles are well developed until they have a certain girth in proportion to their length; or in the case of a muscle on the trunk, until it has a certain size and shape. Many men deceive themselves by thinking that if the outline of the muscle shows plainly through the skin it is a sign that the muscle is fully developed. Sometimes an aspiring athlete will insist on stripping to the waist, and showing me the muscles on his arms and back. In such a case, often the biceps when fixed shows a lump not much bigger than a hen's egg, and the muscles on the back, while clearly cut, show a stringiness and lack of bulk which clearly indicates that they are very far from being fully developed. When a man shows me muscles like this, I have to explain to him that he is confusing condition with development. A man can be so trained down that each and every muscle shows very plainly when it is contracted, and this is merely a sign that the man is in

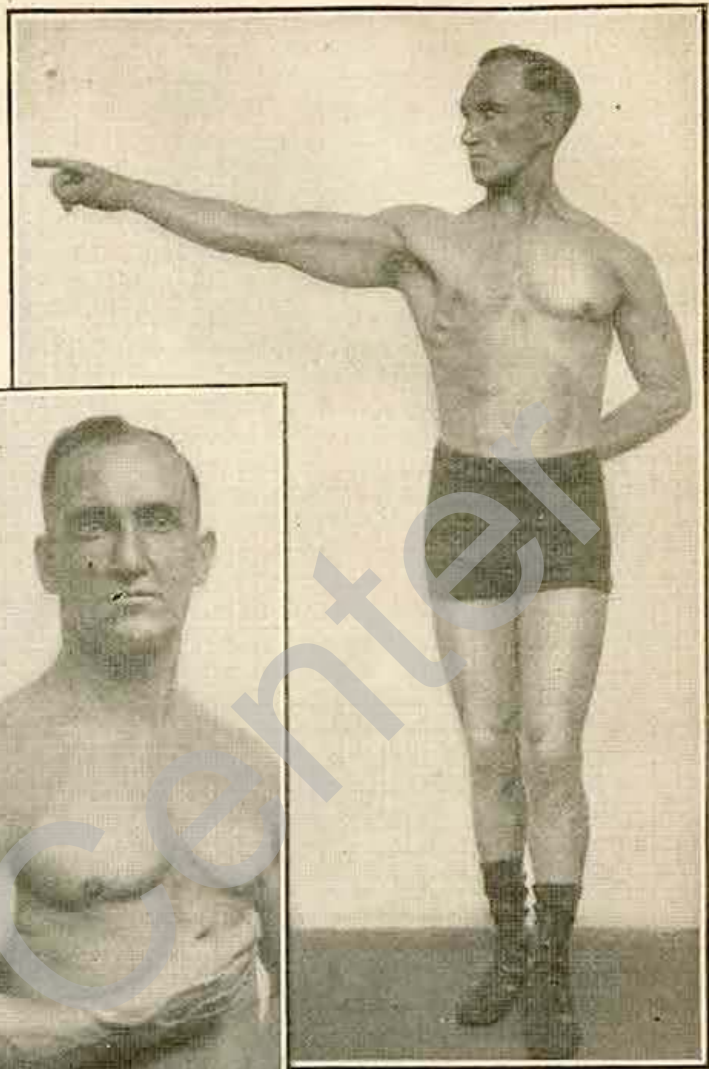


Fig. 2. Posed expressly in conjunction with the author's analysis of the arm muscles. Though intended to show the triceps, the length, attachment and insertion of the biceps are particularly interesting.

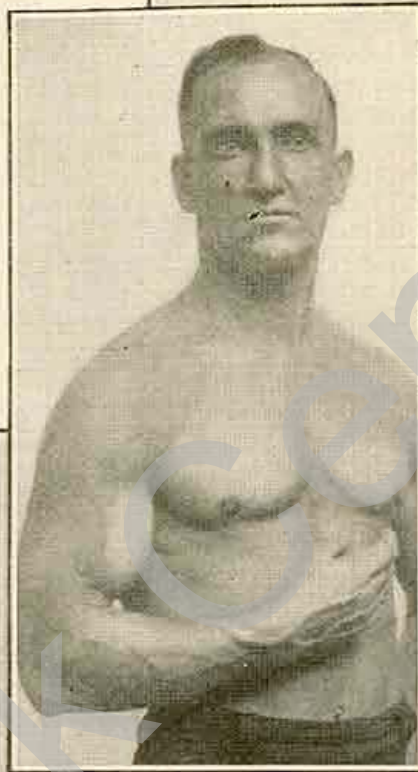


Fig. 3. The beautiful contour of Mr. Donald's arm in its relaxed condition is evident. Note the author's reference to the taking of this photograph.



Fig. 4. See the author's discussion.

hard condition, and has removed all the surplus fat by exercise, or perhaps by over-exercise. To be fully developed the muscles must have a certain size and shape as well as a clear cut outline. Any experienced trainer of men can tell by looking at another man's muscles whether or not that other man has reached, or even approached, the limit of his development.

Now, this Mr. Walter Donald really is well developed. In fact, from the waist up he is almost perfectly developed. The muscles of his arms, shoulders, back, chest, and abdomen are not only clearly defined, but they have that shape and size which shows that he has about reached the limit of his development. One can tell that by simply noting the fact that when he is in repose, he shows almost as much development as when he contracts his muscles. No man is really shapely and properly developed until he reaches the point where his figure is almost as impressive when at rest as when the muscles are flexed for the purpose of displaying them. The reason the statues of the old Greek athletes are so much admired is because they reveal perfect proportions, beautiful contours, and adequate sized muscles, while the athlete is making no effort to display either his muscular strength or his physical beauty. If you, who read this article, are striving to build up your own

body, your aim should be to make your figure so perfect that it will look well at all times, whether you are in street dress or athletic costume, and whether you are merely sitting or standing at ease; whether you are posing, or whether you are doing something that requires a prodigious display of power.

Suppose you were in a gymnasium, talking to the instructor about development. He would look around the room and say, "There is a young fellow with a fine arm. Hey Bill! come over here a minute," and Bill would come over and at the instructor's suggestion, would flex his arm and reveal quite a good biceps. But the point is that you had been looking at Bill and the others for several minutes, and had not noticed that Bill had particularly good arms. It was not until he came close and deliberately contracted his arm-muscles that you noticed anything out of the ordinary. Now, suppose that at that moment another man would enter the gymnasium, attired in trunks and sleeveless jersey, and that the moment you saw him you gasped with astonishment and admiration at his powerful proportions and wonderful development. You would ask the instructor who he was, and he would reply, "Oh! that is Tom Jones, hasn't he got a peach of a build?" My point is that it is much better to be like Tom than like Bill.

Now, look at the small snap-shot picture of Mr. Donald, at the head of this article, in which he is just wading out of the shallow water. He did not know that the picture was being taken, and yet if he had deliberately posed and tried to create an effect, he could not have beaten the display he gives here. Surely in this picture he appears everything an athlete should be. He has the great spread of shoulder, the magnificent chest, the powerful arms, the trim hips, and the shapely legs that all contribute to the general effect. His figure is perfectly poised, and his condition so fine, and his development so wonderful, that the muscles of his body are outlined even through the jersey. Mr. Donald sent me this picture to show me the shape he had gained through practicing with bar-bells, and I immediately wrote him to come to Philadelphia, so that I could take pictures of him for the benefit of the readers of *STRENGTH*. I took nine poses of him, and I worked hard to get effects, and so did Mr. Scott, the photographer; and both of us cheerfully admit that none of our studio poses are as good as this one. For example, take Figure 1. It is very much the same pose as the one where Mr. Donald is standing in the water. It is bigger, and you get more detail, but it doesn't compare with the little snap-shot. In Figure 4 he has spread his shoulders and inflated his chest in the way that many athletes do when they wish to make their shoulders and chest appear big in comparison with their waist. Yet, in my opinion, Mr. Donald's figure is not as impressive in this pose as when he is standing at ease in Figure 1, and of course, the ef-

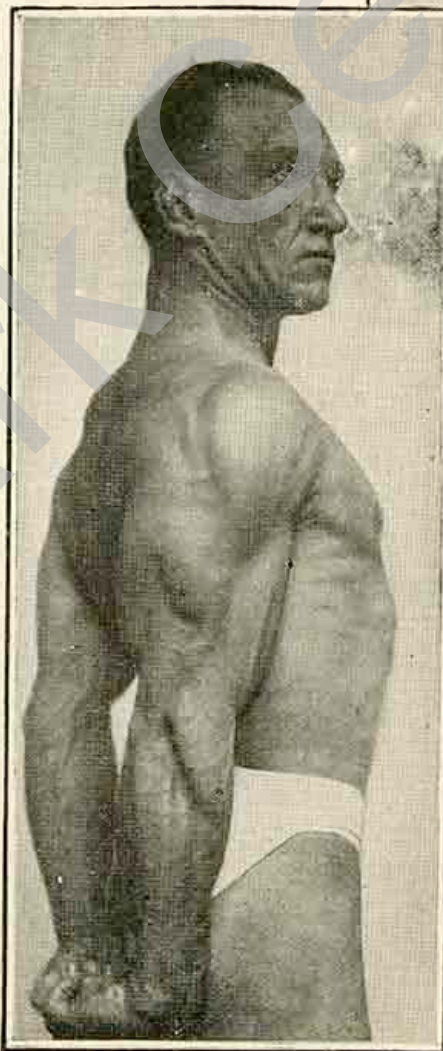


Fig. 6. Intended as a study of the triceps muscles. Note the author's special reference to the development of the inside head of the triceps.

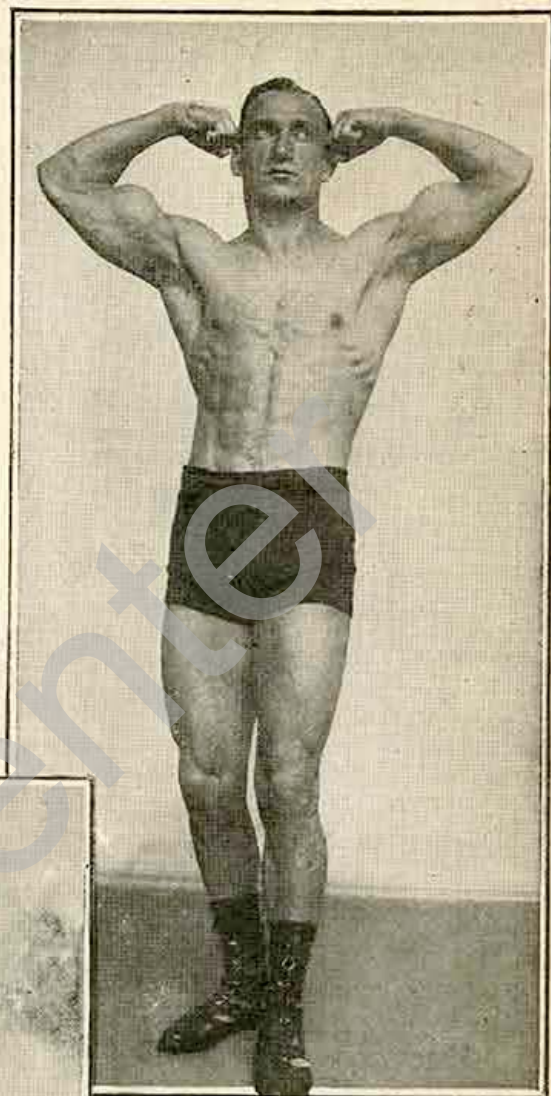


Fig. 5. Posed for general muscular display. Note the clean-cut formation and the contracted abdominal muscles, achieved without the bending forward practiced by most athletes in order to display these muscles.

fect is not *nearly* so pleasing as in the snap-shot.

This man's muscles are so wonderfully developed that it is not necessary for him to strain or pose in order to impress you with his development. One time he was facing the camera, while the focus was being adjusted and he was telling us some of his experiences in South Africa. He has a habit of emphasizing his statements with slight movements of the hand. While he was doing this, Mr. Scott suddenly called to him to stand still, and then snapped the shutter. The result is shown in Figure 3. I give you my word that Mr. Donald was not hardening his arm-muscles. I know that, because I went up and felt his arm, and while the

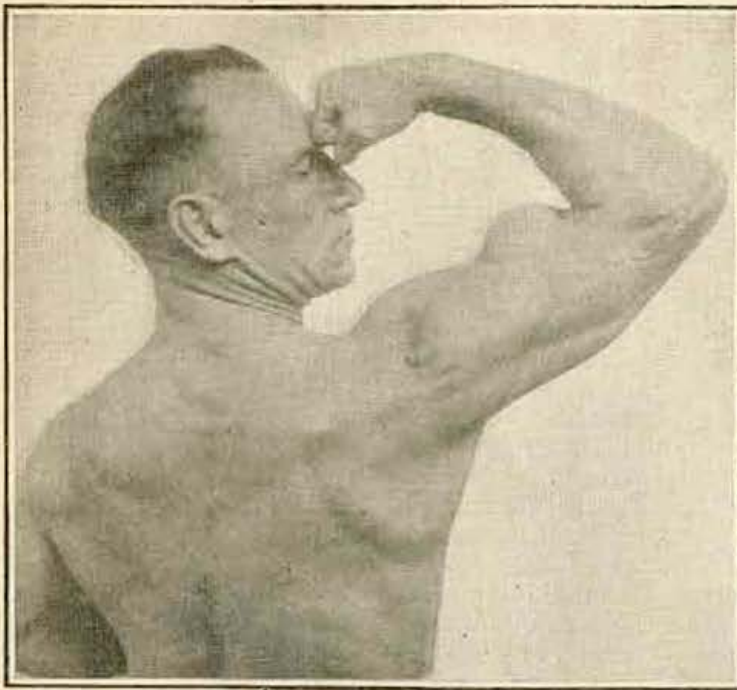


Fig. 7. To be considered in conjunction with the author's analysis of current fallacious notions on the subject of "long-muscles" and "short-muscles." An extraordinary anatomical study.

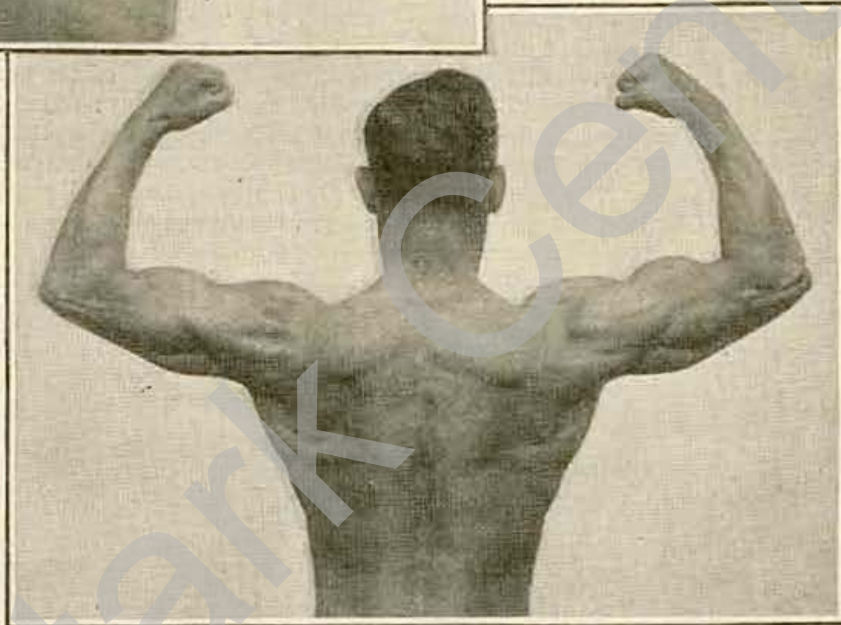


Fig. 8. (At right.) A rather conventional muscular display pose, outlining sharply the superb development of Mr. Donald's arms, shoulders and upper back.

muscles were firm they were *not* hardened. His biceps looks like that every time he bends his arm at right angles. I have seen practically all the great lifters and the "perfect men" who have appeared in this country, but I have never seen a biceps like his. Later on I will compare this pose with Figure 7.

After we took this picture, we shot No. 2, where I had him spread his right arm out to the side in order to show the size and the shape of the triceps on the under-side of the arm. Again, in this picture he made not the slightest effort to harden the arm-muscles.

*Second.* No matter how much muscle a man carries, he cannot hope to become famous for his build, unless he has certain proportions. Arthur Saxon had bigger muscles, and more strength, than Sandow had, but he never got Sandow's fame, because he did not have *proportions* like Sandow. There is no use talking, the general public likes to see muscle, but it idolizes shape. It will yield a certain amount of admiration for heroic muscles like Hackenschmidt's, but it goes wildly enthusiastic only over a man who, like Sandow, shows proportion, lightness, and grace in addition to muscle.

It is just what I said in "The Mat" on another page, most people prefer the Apollo type to the Hercules type, and notwithstanding the fact that Sandow and Walter Donald are tremendously muscled, they are in the Apollo class. I have always figured that in order to be thoroughly strong, a man's hips should be about three inches smaller than his normal chest (the chest measurement taken at the line of the nipples and the arm pits). Sandow's chest was six inches larger than his hips according to Dr. Sargent's chart, and Mr. Donald's chest is nearly five inches larger than his hips. Instead of making these athletes look top heavy, the trimness of their hips gives them the appearance of great agility. Both Sandow and Donald are small boned men, which is proven by the size of their hips, their ankles, and their wrists. Sandow's right wrist measured  $7 \frac{3}{10}$  inches, and his right arm flexed measured  $16 \frac{9}{10}$  inches. Donald's wrist just measures 7 inches, and his biceps 16 inches, but then Sandow was an inch or so taller than Donald, and 20 pounds heavier. In proportion to his size, Donald is more powerfully developed above the waist than Sandow, but his thighs are not as good as Sandow's are, although he can make them so if he chooses. (More of that later on.) The important thing right here is that

the reason Mr. Donald looks so impressive is because his shoulders are wide in proportion to his height, because his chest tapers to his waist, because his arms, shoulders and trunk muscles have enough girth to make him look well in any attitude, and finally because his legs, while not of great size, are still much larger than the average athlete's, and are beautifully shaped.

*Third.* I know that there are many outdoor men—lumbermen, cowboys, sailors, football-players, and the like—who are splendidly built, and who have a very large measure of physical strength and endurance, but I have never seen an outdoor man who could equal either in shape or development some other men who trained scientifically in order to bring out every latent possibility of their physiques. The same thing applies to animals that have been domesticated. No wild horse ever equaled a high-class thoroughbred in conformation, speed, or stamina. When man sets out to improve the breed and powers of an animal, he seems to do better than nature can. Likewise, when a man sets out to improve *himself*, he can do more by following a scientific method of exercise, than by simply living out-

doors, and taking part in open-air labor or sports. Mr. Donald is a case in point. He is a native of South Africa, and he tells me that he spent several years on the Veldt, and during one period of two years he never slept under a roof. All that time he was doing really hard work, and yet the outdoor life plus the hard work never brought him above the average physically. It was not until he came to this country, and took up *progressive* exercise that he developed his present wonderful body.

*Fourth.* As many of you know, I once published a table showing the bodily measurements possible to men of different bone structure, providing they would follow a certain method of training. My figures were considerably higher than the figures arrived at by some artists and physical training authorities. For example, I said that a man could develop his forearm until it was nearly one and nine-tenths times the size of his wrist, and that he could make his flexed upper arm 20% larger than his forearm. Mr. Donald, whose 7-inch wrist shows that his bones are only average size, has developed a  $13\frac{1}{4}$  inch forearm, and a 16 inch upper arm, which differ from my standard by the merest fractions of an inch. The fact that Mr. Donald's hips are small has not prevented him from acquiring a big chest, and a great spread of shoulder.

*Fifth.* Once more I wish to come back to the popular idea that a man cannot improve physically after he has passed his twenty-first birthday. The fact that a man has become legally entitled to administer his own

business affairs, has nothing whatever to do with a question of bodily growth. Some individuals mature at eighteen, others at twenty-five years old. If a boy starts to exercise methodically at the age of sixteen, he can acquire perfect development before he is twenty-one, but a man of 35, who has never taken systematic exercise, can, *if he will*, make almost as big gains in size and strength as if he had started to train at a much earlier age. I have seen men of 45 "make themselves over" physically, although I do not claim such a thing is possible in every case. Mr. Donald took up systematic exercise when he was about 27. In the four years since that time he has devoted from two to three hours a week to his bodily exercises, and that small amount of work has been sufficient to make him one of the most magnificently formed men in the world. Neither he nor I is satisfied with his leg development. He has very small ankles, but he could easily add one inch to the girth of his calves, and an inch and a half to the girth of his thighs by a little time devoted to special exercise. I asked him why he had not spent as much time on his legs as on his arms, and he told me that it was just a matter of lack of time. He has no regular hour for exercise, and rarely can devote more than thirty minutes at a time to the use of his bar-bells. He said that he got so fascinated with some of the exercises for the arms and upper body, and so interested in seeing his muscles grow, that he devoted most of his energies to seeing how far he could get. In a few months from now, I hope to be able

(Continued on page 78)

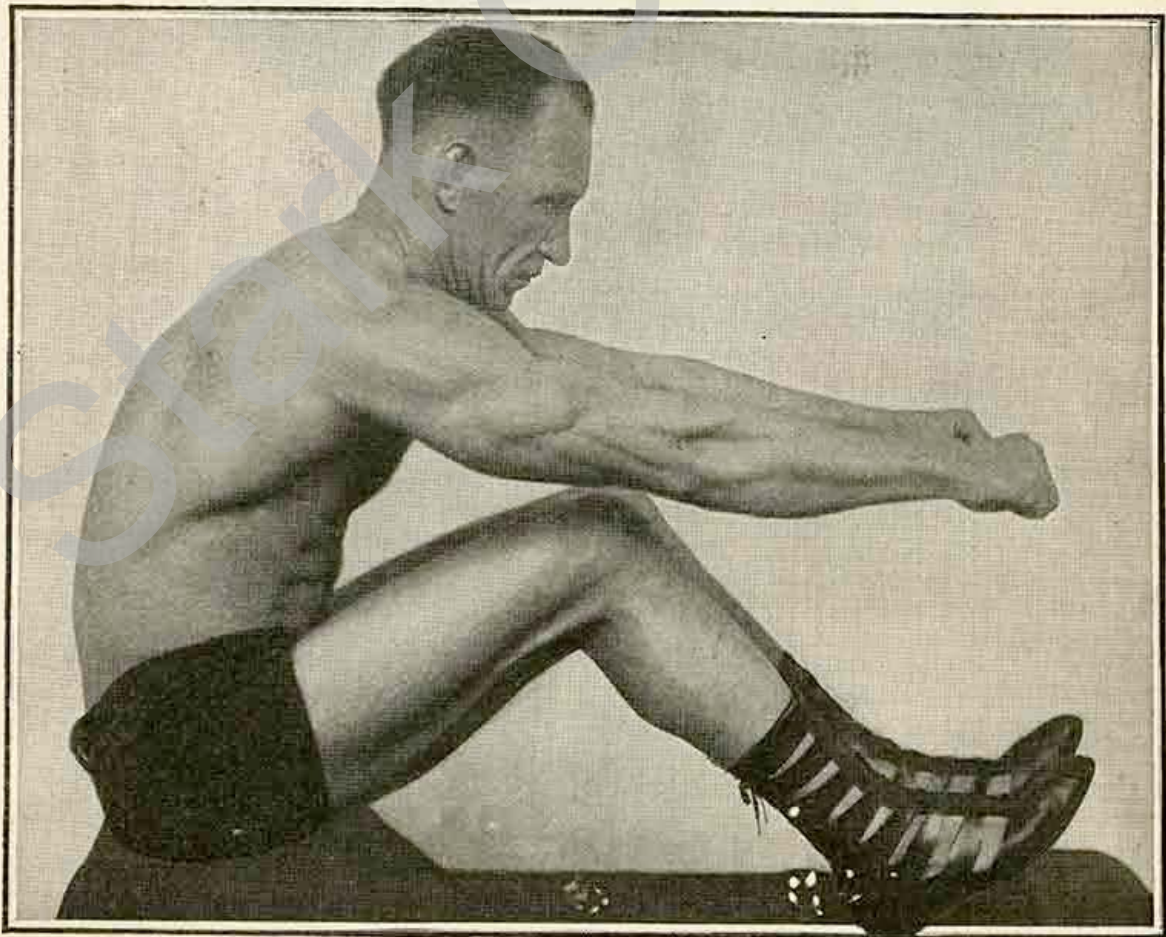
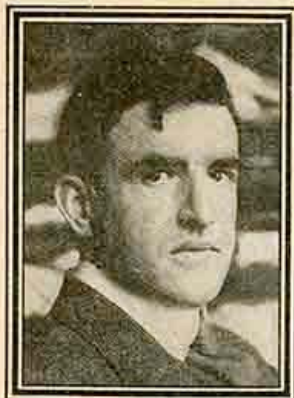


Fig. 9. A rowing position, presenting an exceptional study of the arm muscles and the practically perfect development of the entire body. It is to be noted that the photographer was not permitted to retouch any of these photographs—face or body. The pictures show Mr. Donald "as is."



# What Should an Athlete Eat?

To Avoid "Growing Stale," to Enjoy the Strength That Endures, He Must Not Burden or Poison Himself With Acid-forming Foods

By Alfred W. McCann

**W**HEN the athlete is tired he is an old athlete. Old age is chronic fatigue. All stages between what we might call acute fatigue and chronic fatigue are stepping stones toward or from old age. The well-conditioned athlete possesses the power to retrace his steps from fatigue at a lively gate. Jack Dempsey demonstrated the youthfulness of his tissues after having been hit thirteen times by Firpo without a return, and after having been catapulted through the ropes into the working-press benches outside the ring, by leaping over all the intermediate steps between chronic fatigue and acute fatigue in less than ten seconds of marvelous recuperation.

Firpo's cells did not recharge with such phenomenal rapidity. For the moment Firpo was a much older man than Dempsey, though it is quite possible to picture the world's champion, after ten rounds of such sensational exertions as marked that famous round and a half of fighting, in the form of a weary old man.

The effects of age and fatigue would have been quite similar as far as results are concerned. Most people make the mistake of assuming that because they are young in years they are necessarily young in tissue tone, in freshness, vitality, endurance, strength. They forget that even the very young suffer from fatigue, and that it is usually during fatigue, when the vitality is at low ebb and resistance weak, that the germs of disease begin their multiplication and development in the body.

The athlete, and for that matter the youngest child, suffers two kinds of fatigue — nervous fatigue and muscular fatigue. In either case the conditions may be brought about by over-exer-

tion, faulty nutrition (described as "gone stale"), or disease.

The scientist calls the results of over-exertion physiological fatigue; the results of "going stale" nutritional fatigue; the results of disease pathological fatigue. All these forms of fatigue, in which athletes are specially interested, differ from one another only in degree.

Certainly the sensations of fatigue, (we might as well describe it as "incipient" old age, "temporary" old age, "premature" old age), should be of tremendous interest to the athlete, for the reason that it has been established that certain kinds of food will produce the same chemical changes in the human tissues as are brought about by fatigue of any kind.

Fatigue interferes with the activities of every gland. Its principal effect is to destroy the capacity of muscle and nerve to discharge the highly developed functions natural to them. Its chief symptom is depression, and its chief effect the destruction of all those natural forces which tend to protect the body from disease and destruction.

Because fatigue is so intimately related to the mistakes of the training table as well as to over-exertion and disease, its dangers should be clearly understood.

Investigations into the significance of fatigue, carried on through studies of the tired muscle, are exceedingly illuminating. The muscles are more accessible for investigation and experiment than the nerves, for which reason we know more concerning the phenomena of muscle fatigue than of nerve fatigue.

Nevertheless, as the general law of biology applies to  
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## Your Own Problem of Fighting Fatigue

*This is an article intended not only for the athlete, whose need of strength is obvious, but for every man or woman who has work to do, who realizes that strength plays a big part in his or her work, and who knows that good work cannot be done right when one is tired.*

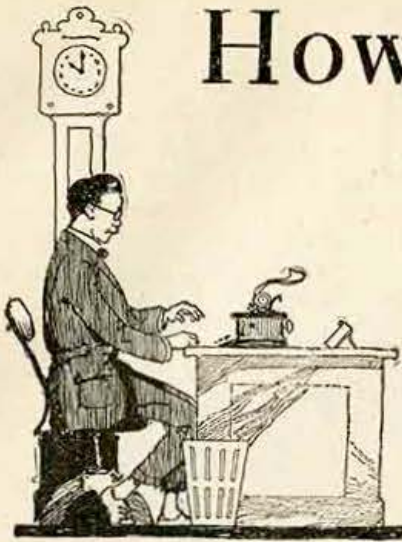
*The question of fatigue is one of the big personal problems that most people have to contend with, not in athletics so much as in every day life. It will be given much attention from various angles in successive issues of this magazine. You will see that Mr. McCann in this article hits upon its most vital phase. You can create the fatigue that makes you old, as he says, by eating acid-forming foods. You can counteract these acid-forming tendencies and fight fatigue by eating foods that produce an alkaline reaction. Study these two lists, and read this article carefully.*

### Acid-forming Foods (Eat sparingly)

Beef, pork, lamb, mutton, veal, chicken, fish, cheese, egg whites, sugar, table syrups, pastry, biscuits, buns, rolls, cakes made of white flour, vegetables from which the juices have been drained.

### Base-forming Foods (Eat generously)

Orange juice, all fresh fruits, baked potatoes, fresh vegetables with cooking juices retained, properly cooked beans, tomatoes, all green salads, fresh milk, egg yolk, whole wheat bread.



# How Long Is Your Best Day's Work?

Do You Wish to Do Better Work Than You Are Doing Now?—You Can Increase Your Personal Efficiency Through This Author's Big Idea

By *A. D. Albin*

CARTOONS BY BERT SALG

**I**T is now considerably more than a year since I started to assemble information for this article. I have read articles and books and tracts and reports by the score on the ten hour day, the eight hour day, the six hour day and every other kind of a day. I have talked to labor leaders, employers, economists and sociologists. I have studied the theory of fatigue. I have looked into the physiological aspect of the question.

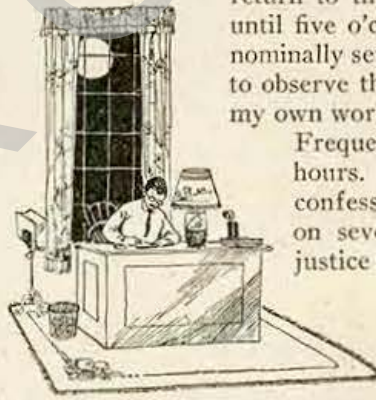
After this year of search, you might properly assume that I am a walking storehouse of information on this subject. But you are wrong. It is true that I have several folders bulging with data on the question of how long it takes to do a good day's work. I have been looking through these folders for several days, but I am startled to find that I am not able to get much out of them. Exhaustive notes that I made months ago now seem quite meaningless. Reams of statistics that I have been patiently collecting look important, but that is about all that can be said for them.

So I am tempted to set aside most of this statistical lore and to plunge into the subject, solely from my own personal viewpoint. I know that Edison, the electrical wizard, and Stinnes, the industrial Colossus of Germany, are able to work eighteen hours a day without any let-up in their efficiency. I am familiar with the working habits of many other great men, both living and dead. But after all I know my own methods best. At least I am better able to interpret my own habits so that the reader may be able to get some light from the interpretation that will help him to improve his own working methods. I have been studying my own work schedule for more than twenty years. Since this plan has helped me and has made it possible for me to make some progress in my profession, I am sure the plan will be equally helpful to others. The best part of it is that the scheme can be adapted to almost any kind of work, whether it be domestic service or office work or tree surgery. It applies to mental work as well as physical work.

Let us assume that I am an editorial writer on a daily newspaper. That is not my real work, but for illustration purposes it will do. An article of this kind, because of the necessity of constantly repeating the perpendicular pronoun, is bound to sound vainglorious.

However, I am naturally modest, with no desire to bask in the limelight. For that reason I prefer not to reveal the character of my profession.

Our office opens at nine and closes at five, with an hour for lunch. Our working day is, therefore, seven hours. Actually, however, I have no office hours, as my value to our company is not judged by the time I spend at my desk but by my net accomplishments during the year. The thing that counts is not the time that I put in, but what I do with my time. As a matter of fact, I am in the office at nine o'clock five mornings of every week. I do not observe the one hour lunch rule. Sometimes I do not take off any time for lunch, but more often I am likely to take three hours. Unless I have appointments during the afternoon, I always return to the office after lunch and stay there until five o'clock. I said that our work day is nominally seven hours, but that I am not obliged to observe these regulations. Actually, though, my own work day is seldom less than ten hours.



Many persons work best at night, avoiding the noise and the distractions of the day.

Frequently it runs to twelve or fourteen hours. After twenty years of striving, I confess that I am not able to "get by" on seven hours or eight hours. To do justice to the work that my duties demand, I am usually obliged to put in about fifty hours a week.

But do not let that discourage you. I am going to contradict myself immediately by declaring that the important part of my work, the part that has showed me greatly beyond the \$5,000 a year class, is almost invariably done in two hours a day or less. Let me explain. Every morning we have an editorial conference at 9:30, in which it is determined what subjects shall be treated editorially that day. I am assigned a topic. The meeting is over before ten o'clock. My editorial must be on the editor's desk not later than 11:30. The writing of that editorial is my chief duty every day. It must be written, regardless of how I feel or how hard the thoughts come. I have to write seven of these editorials a week. We have the conference only five mornings a week—Saturday being omitted. That means I am assigned five editorials weekly. The other two may be of my own selection and as a rule are written more leisurely. I repeat: It is the writing of those seven editorials that brings me the

principal part of my salary. So, since I do the principal part of my work between 9:30 and 11:30 every morning, I may say that my "best day's work" is two hours long.

Of course that by no means finishes my day's work. But if I have my editorial written by 11:30, I can breathe easier. The rest of the day's duties are not obligatory. I can postpone them if I wish. It is true that I am not restricted to seven editorials a week. I may write more if I feel like it, and of course I nearly always do. I have frequent opportunity to write special articles. I have to interview many persons. I have to read extensively. I have to keep thoroughly posted on the subjects in which I am supposed to specialize. I have to attend to dozens of odd jobs of like nature. On the average, it takes about eight hours a day to discharge these miscellaneous duties. But I work much harder during the two hours than I do during the eight. That editorial can be written properly only under white heat interest, enthusiasm and concentration. While I am engaged in this important work, no interruptions can be allowed. Callers have to be turned away. The telephone must remain unanswered. During the rest of the day, though, the bar against interruptions is lifted. From 11:30 on I take things easy, working leisurely and intermittently until about four o'clock. About that time my energy returns. If I am in the office, I usually return to my typewriter at four and from then until five steadily pound the keys. It is in this period that my extra editorials are written.

Now let us see how this working plan of mine can be applied to others. Many persons have a rule to do the hard jobs first. That is an excellent rule in some respects, but the trouble is that it does not recognize the fact that not all persons do their best work at the same time of the day. It happens that I am able to do my best work between 9:00 and 12:00 in the morning and it is fortunate that this period corresponds with the time of the day when I have to do my hardest work. Other persons can work best in the early morning or early afternoon or late afternoon or evening. Many writers arise at five or earlier and write until breakfast. I believe William Cullen Bryant used to do this. Anthony Trollope, the English novelist, used to dash off words at the rate of two hundred and fifty every fifteen minutes for several hours before breakfast. Men who

can work this way have their important work done before most of us get started on the day's labor.

I believe that the morning is the most fruitful period for most persons. On the other hand, there are many people who are not able to get under steam until the day has well advanced. I know a business man who reserves all his important decisions for immediately after luncheon. He says he is always "on edge" all morning. By two o'clock he is calm and collected and is able to think clearly and logically. Making decisions is the important part of this man's work, so he saves them for the best portion of his day.

Many persons like to work at night. They find the darkness soothing. The absence of the noise and distractions of the day makes it easy for these folks to concentrate. Many lawyers are in the habit of preparing their briefs at night. A famous editor reads all his manuscripts after his family has retired for the night. He seldom calls it a day before two o'clock in the morning. Clergymen have told me that their best sermons are invariably prepared at night. One reason why so many persons find it easier to work at night, is because they are then able to avoid the attractions of the out-of-doors. There is no place more uninviting on a fine day than a study or a library or studio, especially when the birds are calling, the fish are jumping or the golf clubs are extending their alluring handles. A study takes on a cozy attractiveness with the coming of twilight that it totally lacks during the day.

So it seems that the old rule about doing "the hard things first" should be restated something like this: Do the hard tasks at the time of day that you are best able to do them. That time may be the morning, after-



The grocer is so busy doing a clerk's work that he has no time to plan for the growth of his business.

noon or evening. It all depends on the individual. Each person must find out not only how long his best day's work is, but also when he can do his best day's work. Of course there may be exceptions. A business man's most important task every day, for instance, may be handling his mail. He has found that he can dictate best in the early afternoon. That is the one thing he must do, regardless of what else he does. On this particular day the most important job on his calendar is to discharge an old employee, who has been discovered to be remiss in his work. The time to perform this unpleasant duty is the first thing in the morning. If the employer puts it off, he will grow more and more nervous about it as time drags on, with the result that he is not able to do anything at all that day.

The best way for most of us to find out how long our best day's work is, is to reduce our job to stints. That is, determine what it is you must do every day in order to do a good day's work and then perform that stint at the time of the day you are best able to do it. Of course the stint may vary from day to day, depending on the character of your work. A housewife, for example, may have to make a cake on a certain day. She has many other things to do, but that is her most important task for the day. If she does not make the cake, she regards the day as a failure. Therefore, the making of the cake is her stint. Let her, therefore, discharge that stint at the time of the day when she finds it easiest to bake. Neglect everything else if necessary. On other days her stint may be to prepare the guest room for the arrival of a guest. Again it may be to clean up the attic, to pickle pears, to embroider some linen or something else.

My stint is to write that editorial. Nothing else matters if I fail at that. But since the performance of my stint takes only two hours, the day is free for all sorts of other jobs. My success in my position, though, is determined by how well I perform the stint and not by what I do during the rest of the day. A salesman may be obliged to make a minimum of five calls a day. He should see that they are important calls. Making those calls is his stint. If he can make other calls, very well and good. But the five calls *must* be made. The sooner in the day he makes them, the better. Then there is no chance of something happening to prevent the stint being performed. If he is covering a small town that day and must leave there that evening, it is the best plan for him to call on his five most important customers and prospects first. Then if he hasn't time to see the others, there is small loss, as he has the satisfaction of knowing that he has made his stint anyway.

Forty letters a day may be a stenographer's stint. The performance of a critical operation may be a surgeon's stint. A mail carrier must cover his route twice daily. That is his stint. There is scarcely any kind of a worker whose job could not be reduced to a stint basis. How about a grocer? you ask. He has to be at his store all day, waiting on customers, answering telephones, wrapping up packages, considering the propositions of salesmen and doing the hundred and one things that daily fall to his lot. There is no chance for him to hurry up and write his editorial and then take a leisurely three hour luncheon or hie to the golf course for an afternoon's outing. Do what he will he is obliged to stick to his store from eight in the morning until six in the evening. It is just there where lies the grocer's danger.

He is likely to be so absorbed in attending to detail that he has no time to think. He is so busy doing a clerk's work that he has no time to plan for the growth of his business. He would be better off if he hired another clerk to help him. Perhaps he thinks that he cannot afford it. There is where he is mistaken. If the business cannot afford to support a manager, it is a mighty poor business for any man to waste his time on.

Planning should be that grocer's daily stint. He should find an hour or two a day for quiet and uninterrupted contemplation of the future of his business and for thinking of ways whereby it can be improved. The grocer should regard the doing of that stint as his one indispensable duty each and every day. If we would all put the most vital and necessary part of our work on a stint basis and then make a rule never to fail to make the stint, our success in our chosen careers would automatically take care of itself.

Let us for a moment consider the case of a book-keeper. He, like the grocer, is likely to be a victim of routine. To do his work he must put in a long day. His danger, again like the grocer's, is that he will spend weeks and months and years, doing the same thing over and over again, and though he discharges the customary duties of his position satisfactorily, he never initiates anything new, or attempts anything that will bring distinction to him. This man, too, could use the stint idea. It is the one thing that would pull him out of the rut. Let him, for example, come down to work in the morning, resolved that day to find time to write a new set of collection letters. That would be the stint for the day, which must be performed even though some of his regular work has to be neglected. The next day he could plan to get after some accounts that were long past due. Again, he could devise a more satisfactory invoice form, get up a better bill of lading, give the sales manager a list of customers who have not bought in a year and do numerous other things of this nature, which would soon mark him as a book-keeper of uncommon initiative.

Yes, we can all use this stint plan. You have often come home at night, haven't you, kicking because you did not accomplish anything during the day, and yet you have had a busy day. The wife started you off in the morning by telling you to leave an order at the grocer's, to mail a letter, to buy a present for the kiddie's birthday, to match a piece of ribbon at the store and to bring home a spool of "white thread, size 40." You faithfully did all these things. You spent half an hour in the dentist's chair. You had your hair cut. You "chinned" idly with a few purposeless callers. In between times you tried to edge in a little work, but when five o'clock came around, you didn't have much to show for the day's efforts. If you were operating under a stint system, the loss of the day would have been avoided. The man who has a stint to perform before nightfall, will let the dentist and the barber and the gossip go hang before he will fail to get the stint done. Even Friend Wife, herself, must wait for the stint to be performed before she can expect her errands to be executed.

I have been using the stint system for many years. Without it, I could not hold down my job. It enables me to get my work done unflinchingly every day in the year and at the same time to enjoy the reputation of being the biggest loafer in our office. After writing my editorial, the pace I

(Continued on page 91)



# Don't Drop Your Sports —It's Dangerous

By *Henry Smith Williams, M.D., LL.D.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH ST. AMAND

**H**ERE is a rather curious problem in arithmetic that came to my attention the other day: If you subtract 15,000 from 200, what remains?

Treated algebraically, as an abstract problem, of course this seeming paradox presents no difficulties. But this was not that kind of a problem. It was a thoroughly concrete case in which, to be specific, 15,000 pounds of weight had been removed from a body that originally weighed 200 pounds. And the concrete and tangible answer to the problem was—225 pounds!

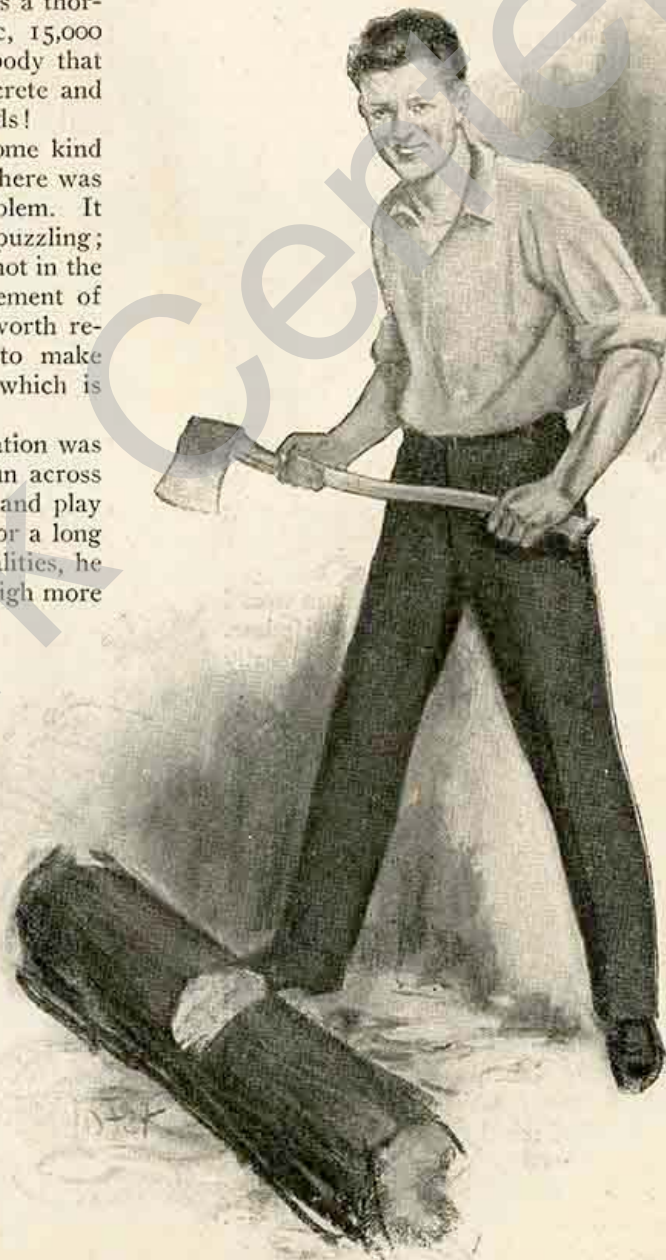
Stated baldly, that suggests dealing with some kind of fourth-dimensional matter. But in reality there was nothing in the least Einsteinian about the problem. It was not even paradoxical; was in no sense puzzling; and the experience on which it was based was not in the least unusual. Nevertheless I found the statement of the problem arresting; and I have thought it worth restating here because it will perhaps serve to make graphic a familiar truth the significance of which is frequently overlooked.

The homely incident that gave me the illustration was this: Over in the gymnasium I chanced to run across an acquaintance with whom I used to wrestle and play handball years ago, but whom I had not seen for a long time. After we had exchanged the usual banalities, he remarked rather ruefully: "The truth is, I weigh more to-day than I ever weighed in my life. In the old days I used to tip the beam at about two hundred. Now it's two twenty-five. But of course I always did tend to put on weight. Month after month I used to come to the gym. and take off about six or seven pounds a day—and put it on again before the next day. Nothing but steady work kept me down."

And then, after a moment's pause, he made the curious observation that I am using here as a text. "Do you know," he observed, with a deprecatory grin, "I once made a calculation that showed I had taken off in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand pounds in gymnasium work,—and to-day I am twenty-five pounds heavier than when I started."

At this another stout man who was standing within earshot—we were in the hot room, getting ready for the cold shower—looked up, startled, and exclaimed: "Fifteen thousand pounds! Seven tons of fat worked off, and twenty-five pounds gained in the process. Gee! What's the use?"

"No use at all," replied the original speaker. "That was why I quit. I just dropped in here to-day for a shower bath. I haven't been on the mat or played a game of handball or any other kind of game for several



He is anywhere between thirty and sixty years old. You could scarcely tell his age, because he has kept wiry, hard and vigorous.

years. Enough was enough." At this point I felt called upon to offer a little free advice.

"Do you realize," I said, "that in stopping exercise at your age, after years of training, you are making a very dangerous experiment?"

The remark met the usual—and deserved—fate of volunteered advice. It was frankly ridiculed. The stout man assured me that he is just as well to-day as he was when he used to exercise strenuously. "Danger!" he scoffed. "Where is the danger?"

By way of emphasis, I poked a finger into the roll of fat about his mid-section. "Right there is the danger," I said.

But this only evoked a laughing: "Nonsense. What's the harm in a few pounds of fat, if you don't mind not looking pretty?"

By this time we were ready for the shower, and the talk got no further. But as I came from the gymnasium, I found myself cogitating my friend's graphic formula about losing the fifteen thousand pounds. That I was so doing is tribute to the power of a picturesque presentation of the simplest truth. For, as I have already suggested, there is nothing in the least anomalous about the fact connoted. Every man who has gone long to a gymnasium or has elsewhere indulged in vigorous athletics has "taken off" a few tons, more or less, of weight, in the sense in which my friend used the phrase.

And so, for that matter, has every other living human being, whether or not he indulges in active recreations. The most sedentary individual in the world—even the bedridden invalid—"takes off weight" every day of his life. Under normal conditions, of course, he puts the weight on again even in the very hour of its taking off, and so restores the balance; but he has lost the weight none the less, just as surely as a furnace has consumed fuel; and his bodily fires have burned slowly indeed if their consumption of material has not averaged three pounds a day. And even that minimum would aggregate thirty-eight tons in a "normal" lifetime.

Persons of moderately active habits ordinarily consume five or six pounds of material daily, rather than three (of water alone one should take at least three pounds), so it is the usual experience to lose about a ton of weight between January and December of each year, even though the scales record no change.

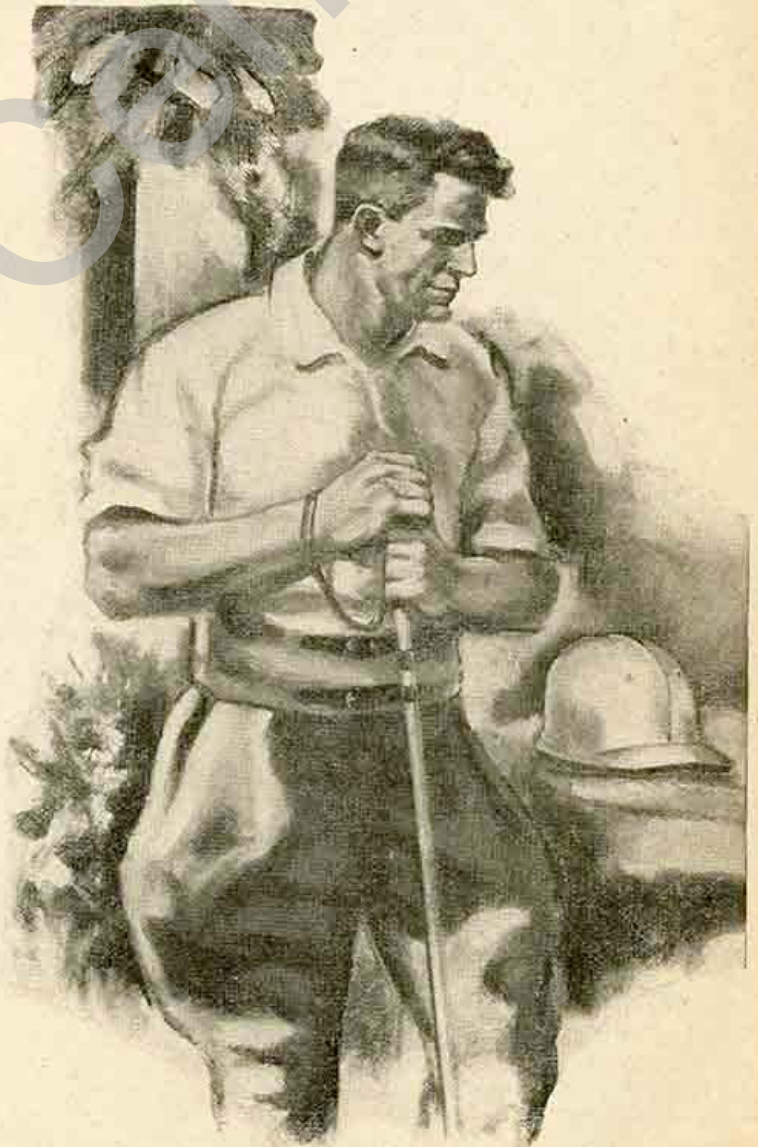
The man of seventy, in reminiscent mood, may find it a rather curious reflection that at least fifty tons of matter—perhaps a hundred tons—that was once a part of his own body is now disseminated into the air and percolated into the oceans and absorbed into the earth in endless transmutations, world-wide in distribution, part and parcel of the intimate structure of our planet, and far less destructible than the solar system. Whatever the destiny of the part of us called mind or spirit, there is no possible question as to man's physical immortality. His body has the permanency of matter itself.

Such a presentation, however, despite its philosophical cogency, does not carry us far. Except in moments of idle musing, we are not greatly interested in the matter that was part of us yesteryear. We are vividly concerned only with the matter that is part of us to-day; and with that only, in the last

resort, as it underlies or contributes to or dominates the immaterial part of us that we call mind or spirit. It is our conscious personality that really concerns us, and our bodies interest us solely because they are in the literal sense tabernacles of our minds.

Otherwise it would not matter whether we were fat or emaciated, weak or strong, healthy or diseased. Nor, by the same token, would it matter whether our bodily fires were kept going for the longest possible period or, on the other hand, were early extinguished. And—to get back specifically to our text—it certainly would be futile, not to say meaningless, to suggest that any particular line of action, or of inaction, is "dangerous." For the word "danger," in this sense, meaning merely the probable shortening of life, would be without significance.

But as matters stand, the case is very different. There is a conscious mind that is the essential part of each of us, and each of us is normally interested in securing for that mind the greatest possible amount of comfort and sense of well-being. Each of us also is vitally interested in continuing the tenure of office of his mind as the administrator of the particular body in which it finds



itself. And so when we say that a certain line of action involves "danger," meaning the probability of disability and shortened life, the word has interest and significance for every normal person.

Provided, of course, the comment is taken seriously. When I told my somewhat obese friend that it was dangerous for him to stop exercising, he did not take the comment seriously, and so was not impressed. Yet I meant precisely what I said, and experience justifies my estimate. To stop exercising (to a reasonable amount) in middle life, particularly when one has earlier been athletic, is dangerous. And, holding specifically to our text, it is peculiarly dangerous to stop the athletic sports to which you have been accustomed, because you are pretty certain thereafter to take an inadequate amount of exercise. Mere calisthenics, however camouflaged, do not usually appeal to the man who has been accustomed to get his exercise through competitive games.

But let us now fortify the assertion that inaction later in life is hazardous by explaining just why it is hazardous. To make the explanation clear, almost to the point of the self-evident, it is only necessary to re-

call just what exercise (and in particular the pleasurable exercise gained through sports) does to benefit the bodily mechanism.

What it does is to stimulate nutrition in the most general sense of the word;—technically stated, to promote healthful metabolism. In effect, exercise puts the bellows on the bodily fires. It stimulates the chemical activities of every cell in the organism. It promotes digestion, assimilation, and the elimination of waste products. In very general terms, that brief statement covers the case. But the difference implied between faulty and normal metabolism connotes also the difference between susceptibility to disease and immunity; the difference between early senescence and decay and normal longevity.

Ergo, when you give up sports, you abandon a health-giving practise for which there is no adequate substitute. Therefore it is dangerous to give up the sports.—  
Q. E. D.

That sounds like the end of the discussion; and so it might be were it not that the general proposition which bridged us to the conclusion may advantageously be itself examined in brief detail, for the sake of clearer understanding. Exercise, we have said, promotes nutrition. But *how* does it accomplish this very notable feat?

To answer that question fully would be to write a treatise on physiology. But fortunately an inkling of the answer sufficiently detailed for our present purpose, may be gained from a briefer presentation of essentials.

First and foremost is the fact that exercise implies muscular activity, and that the contraction of muscles necessarily quickens the flow of blood in the veins in the direction of the heart—for the familiar reason that the veins have valves that prevent a reversal of the current. The contracting muscle simply squeezes the vein, and forces the blood out of it, on the simplest possible of mechanical principles.

What then? Why, the blood thus hurried forward is forced into the right auricle and ventricle of the heart, and that organ must instantly respond by more rapid and forcible beating, else it would be disastrously engorged. So the blood is force-pumped through the lungs, and back to the

left auricle and ventricle of the heart, and out through the arterial system, and through the capillaries back to the veins again; there to be further hurried on by the continuously contracting muscles. (Continued on page 74)



The difference between susceptibility to disease and immunity; the difference between early senescence and decay and normal longevity. When you give up your sports you abandon a health-giving practise for which there is no adequate substitute.



—a time when people liked to dine together in parties.

# Eat It With Smiles

A Dissertation on the Psychology  
of Our Most Popular Necessity

By *Alvin F. Harlow*

ILLUSTRATED BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

**T**HE more we peruse the chronicles of our revered ancestors of a century or two or three ago, the more poignant our wonder becomes over one inevitable question, until it fairly aches for an answer: How in the world did they eat as much as they did, and, in modern vernacular, get away with it?

Browse through English literature all the way back to Chaucer, and you will find everywhere casual references to gastronomic feats that fairly take your breath away. Consider the menu of Sam Pepys, the seventeenth century diarist, for instance. Once when he had four guests to dinner, making, with himself and wife, a table of six, they had "a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens and a jowle of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy" (a dish made of eggs, cream, etc.) "and two neat's tongues and cheese for the second." Note that there was a whole chicken for each diner, not to mention the other meats.

At another dinner where about a dozen, all told, sat down, they had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a boiled leg of mutton, three carps, "a great dish of a side of lamb," a dish of roasted pigeons, four lob-

sters, three tarts (sweet pies), an immense fish pie, a dish of anchovies, "good wine of several sorts," and so on. And bear in mind that a "dish" of meat in those days meant a platter of about the size of an umpire's chest protector. Even when they had only one guest with them, the meats for the simple little dinner of the Pepys couple included a wild goose roasted, a chine of beef and a keg of oysters.

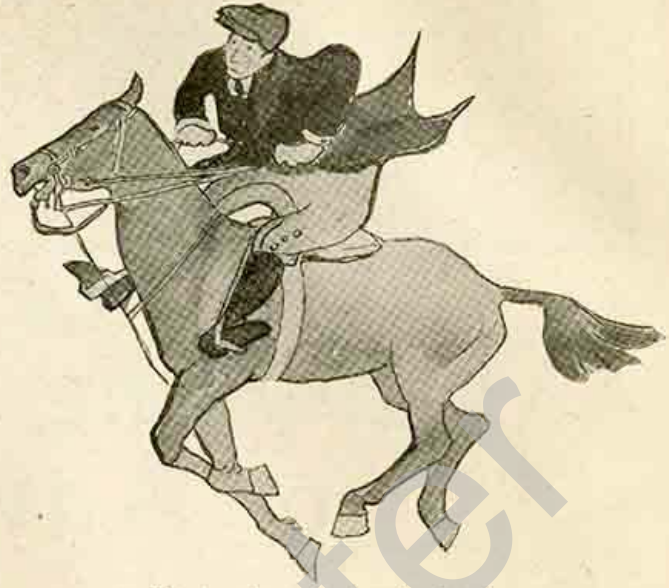
And so it goes all through the days of Ben Jonson and Fielding and Smollett and Sterne and Sheridan and Dickens and Thackeray. Just listen to Lever's description, in "Charles O'Malley," of a family dinner in Ireland a hundred years ago; "a turbot as big as the Waterloo shield—a sirloin that seemed cut from the side of a rhinoceros—a sauce-boat that contained an oyster-bed. There was a turkey which singly would have formed the main army of a French dinner, doing mere outpost duty, flanked by a picket of ham and a detached squadron of chickens, carefully ambushed in a forest of greens; potatoes piled like shot in an ordnance yard, were posted at different quarters." You can almost feel your arteries hardening as you read it.

How did they do it? Well, it must be admitted that they did not come out scatheless. There was a considerable prevalence of high blood pressure—they spoke of it as being "choleric"; but that they vaguely realized the nature of it is indicated by the fact that no matter what ailment attacked a person in olden times, one of the first things they did (as well as the last) was to bleed him. Rheumatism, Bright's disease, diabetes, hardening of the arteries and such afflictions were fairly common, too, although the physicians of those days were not sufficiently well informed always to diagnose them precisely. But there were many persons prominent enough to be mentioned in history and biography who partook of this heavy diet, yet who lived to be well along in the seventies, eighties and nineties; and there is no telling how many more obscure persons attained equal age. Of course, the average life was not as long then as it is now; but that any of them managed to pull through to seventy years on so much food and so much protein is the marvel to us.

One of the reasons is, of course, that they led a more active life than we do. There were no automobiles, and consequently, there were much more horse-back riding and walking then; no one thought anything of a ten or twenty mile hike. Even riding in carriages was stimulating exercise, because of the bouncing you got from the rough roads. There were no elevators, and therefore, much more stair climbing. People rode to the hounds after fox and deer, went fishing and shooting, bowled, fenced, played cricket, tennis and other games more than the average person does now. But along with this activity there was another prime factor in overcoming the heavy diet—people knew how to eat! That is, they knew how to eat the most food with the least friction.

The man who could have bolted a full meal in ten minutes then, as many of our business men do now, would have been regarded, anywhere between 1600 and 1850, as a freak, something like a glass-eater, and probably headed for an early grave; and they would have been nearer correct than we might fancy them to be. The pace was slow then, of course. It was an age of leisureliness in business.

But it was also an age of kindly, homey wayside inns, with fat landlords and ruddy log fires—a time when people liked to dine together in parties. Pepsy



People rode to the hounds after fox.

loved a table full of friends; he said "he knew not how to eat alone." Every meal was a real function and an occasion for thanksgiving. Folks sat long at table, and there was much talk and joking and laughter and perhaps a song or two by musical members of the party; but they were not so restless that they had to get up and dance between courses. They had the art of repose; they had time to live. If only they had had our sanitation and a few of our appurtenances to luxury, life would have been a very delightful thing, indeed. But alas! these thousands of big and little aids to easy living come only with (and become necessary to) an age of machinery, big business, high specialization and a tremendously accelerated pace of life. Suddenly take them away from us now, and most of us would be dead on the day after to-morrow.

Even until recently, you might have seen something of the old-time deliberation in English inns and hotels. If a number of travelling salesmen happened to be in town at the same time, they would generally arrange to lunch or dine together, on which occasion they would gravely elect one of their number to "the chair" and would make a real social event of the meal, perhaps sitting an hour or two at the table.

I don't mean to assert that life in general was any happier or more desirable in those older times than in this. Far from it! Nor do I intimate that it may be advisable or even possible for us to eat as much as our ancestors. I would not suggest such a diet even to our lumberjacks, blacksmiths or truck drivers, who, Heaven knows, are far better fitted to cope with heavy food than that great majority of our population which is devoted to indoor or much less active work. But I do mean that we have much to learn from our ancestors; that we might avoid many of the digestive troubles that we have if we would only take a leaf or two from the book of long ago, and become a little more familiar with the technique—or perhaps I might say the psychology—of eating.

Eating, like some of our other physiological processes, is not a mechanical (Continued on page 86)



Your dining room, the people in it and the meals should express perfect harmony.



A typical camp on the ice.

# Indulging the Sense of Adventure

## *The Story of Some Arctic Knights*

With Incidental Practical Lessons on How to Be Comfortable in Winter as Learned by Traveling and Camping in the Far and Frigid North

By *Burt M. McConnell*

**T**HERE are no "Polar Bear" swimming clubs in the Arctic. It is all very well for the hardy sons and daughters of New York and Boston, accompanied by newspaper photographers, to break through an inch or two of ice on a cool November morning and take an outdoor plunge, but in the Arctic there are neither photographers nor newspapers. Furthermore, the ice is usually a foot thick, and rather than break through it one prefers to melt enough snow every two or three weeks to make a bucket full of water, and take one's "bath" Boy Scout fashion.

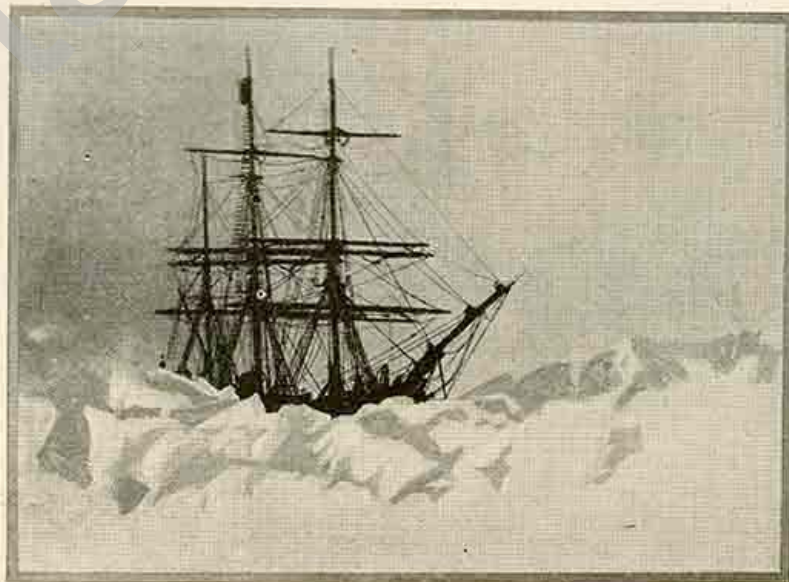
Sometimes one goes six weeks without a bath in the Arctic, but not from choice. When, however, a member of an expedition is on the trail for weeks at a time, sleeping wherever night finds him, living with the Eskimos, and eating their food, he has little time for the frills of civilization. At least that was my experience on Stefansson's last expedition; in seven

months, according to my diary, I traveled some eighteen hundred miles by dog team, walking or running ahead of teams for the entire distance.

In all these seven months there were not more than ten days of idleness at headquarters, excluding the Christmas and New Year's holidays, and much of this idleness was enforced; frosted spots on my face, from which the skin peeled as it does after a severe sunburn, were given an opportunity to heal, or my dog team given an opportunity to rest after a six weeks trip along the

north coast of Alaska. Everything considered, the life was a healthy and active one. But it did not approximate the hygienic ideal.

To begin at the beginning, in the first person singular, I was a reformed sick man, the doctors who had given me six months to live having been disappointed in their diagnoses. After a year at Battle Creek I was able to hike my four miles an hour for any number of hours up to twelve,



Peary's "Windward" in the ice north of Greenland.

©Brown Bros.

and do my hundred yards in ten and a half. With these qualifications and the experience acquired in three seasons of mining in Alaska, Stefansson considered me eligible for membership in his expedition.

The change from a vegetarian mode of living to that of the Eskimo style was as abrupt and complete as it could possibly be. In June I was comfortably housed in the Union League Club of Los Angeles; in July I was on my way to Nome, Alaska, in a whaling vessel; in August we wallowed through a gale with decks awash in Bering Strait, sighted numerous polar bears and walrus, and later were beset by the drifting ice fields of the Arctic Ocean; in September our ship was frozen in and carried, helpless in the ice, along the north coast of Alaska; in October I was stranded—shipwrecked—living with friendly Eskimos in their igloos, wearing their clothing and eating their food, which is *not* of the vegetarian variety. Things happen quickly in the North.

When the moving ice field which held our ship became cemented to the "shore" ice and remained stationary for two weeks, Stefansson concluded that we were "frozen in" for the winter, and made up a hunting party, in which I was included, to go ashore for caribou. While we were on this mission an unprecedented gale, lasting four days, broke up the ice fields, carried the floe in which our ship was imbedded to within 200 miles of the coast of Siberia, crushed her as an egg-shell is crushed, receded for a moment at the whim of an unknown current, and let her slip to the bottom. Thus, while my twenty-five comrades were set adrift on the ice, Stefansson, three of us white men, and two Eskimos were marooned on the mainland of Alaska.

Here began the "picnic" which I had anticipated on joining the expedition. I had given up my dream of being a vegetarian weeks before, and now we ate ducks, loons, and seals. The caribou hunt was abandoned in favor of a search along the coast for our ship. Within a week, traveling westward on the sea ice, camping in two tents equipped with sheet-iron stoves, and burning wood that had drifted from the mighty Mackenzie, we came to an Eskimo house and were plentifully supplied



Coming through some heavy pressure ridges forty miles from the mainland of Alaska.

with food and fish for ourselves and dogs. Within ten days we had arrived at a settlement where there were white people, only to find that our ship had drifted off into the unknown. We did not learn of her fate until almost a year later.

One of the first things the Arctic impressed upon me was that in the North one cannot be a vegetarian or even a hygienist in the strictest sense of the word. Bathing facilities are practically nil, there is little or no ventilation in Eskimo houses; sometimes one must subsist for weeks on a straight meat diet of polar bear, seal, walrus or caribou meat; and one must wear fur clothing, with the fur next the bare skin. Finally, it must be admitted that while the Eskimo is friendly and hospitable to a fault, he is an unlovely and unsanitary person, with some of the vices and diseases of the white man. Their igloos are always stuffy and overcrowded.

Of all the winter sports which we in civilization know—ice skating, snowshoeing, tobogganing and skii running—the explorer, if he be young and athletic, as he should be, takes every advantage. When our ship was frozen in, I recall, we immediately looked about for a spot on the floe which we could flood with the ship's pumps and let it freeze over. We had skates aboard, and were preparing to make others in the blacksmith shop when we became separated from the ship. Already we had tried out our snowshoes and skii. A young Norwegian member of the expedition had shown us how to execute the "Telemark swing," and although many of us executed flip-flops, somersaults and various other "spills," we enjoyed immensely the



"A malamute chorus." This is a typical Alaskan dog team—good for a hundred miles a day.

physical exercise and diversion offered by the skii. Later, we hoped, in our dash over the ice in search of new land, our knowledge of ski running would be found useful.

There was little opportunity to use snowshoes, as the snow along the coast was found to be densely packed and the ice rough and precipitous, but athletic and gymnastic games which we indulged in, together with boxing and wrestling, helped immeasurably to keep the younger men of the party physically fit and in an even temper. The Arctic explorer, in fact, is in an excellent position to enjoy all of the winter



The author and Storkersen lashing a waterproof canvas over a dog sled to make a "raft" or "canoe."



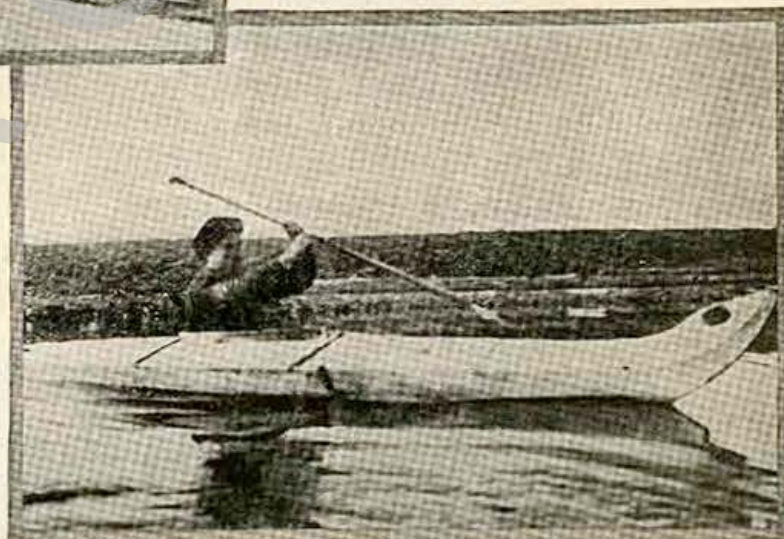
Ferrying dogs and equipment over a stretch of open water to the ice beyond. The only way to cross open water in the Arctic Ocean.

sports of civilization and many that are denied his brother of the temperate zone. Perhaps the most exhilarating of all is dog and team racing.

The malamute sled dog—part wolf and part Irish setter, Great Dane, St. Bernard or what not—is to the Arctic what the pack horse or auto truck is to the mountains of the West. He takes you there and brings you back, provided you feed him some seal or walrus meat, fish, and blubber once a day. On a smooth trail, with a light load, he can travel a hundred miles a day. He requires no barn or garage; he merely digs a hole in the snow, and he will cuddle up in it. In the morning he will shake off the foot of snow that has drifted in upon him, poke his head through the collar as if it were a privilege, and eagerly throw himself forward into the harness at the first word of command. He will also start a fight with his neighbor apparently without the slightest provocation, and gnaw away your sled lashings of walrus hide if he is not chained. But he is just as much of an enthusiast about pulling a sled as you would become about driving one if you had the opportunity.

Driving a dog team in the Arctic, however, is not as

simple as the movies make it out to be. In the first place, the sled is usually so heavily laden that one cannot ride upon it. In the second place, there are no trails, so it is necessary for someone in the party to plod ahead of the dogs and make one. And if the dogs are feeling "fit" and haven't too heavy a load, the man out in front must have the endurance of a marathon runner. He must also have a sense of direction and



Photos courtesy of the Canadian Government

The author in his King Island kayak of sealskin stretched over a driftwood frame.

be able to find his way merely by noting the direction of the latest snowdrifts, and cutting across them at a certain angle. My initiation into the strenuous art of leading a dog team came soon after we were marooned on the coast.

From the beginning of our race along the coast, in an effort to overtake the drifting vessel, Stefansson seemed to be testing out my endurance. While there were six of us, including the two Eskimos, Stefansson, for some reason or other, almost invariably selected me to run ahead of the dogs, at a slow trot, for miles at a





A "Blond Eskimo" beauty hits the trail in summer.

stretch. On one occasion, according to my diary, Stefansson had me lead the cavalcade, at an average of five miles an hour, for a distance of twenty-five miles. Fortunately, however, we rested for an hour at lunch time. And I had never run more than a mile in my life! But it showed that I was in good physical condition despite the new and strange diet of Polar bear meat, raw frozen fish, whale blubber, and rancid seal



Some of our Eskimo friends in their walrus-hide "umiaks."

oil. The proper way to eat frozen fish, we found, was to cut or gnaw off a mouthful of fish, dip the fingers in a large bowl of seal oil, which had been placed in the center of the floor for the use of everyone, throw the head back so the oil would drip into one's mouth, lick the fingers—and repeat the manoeuvre. It was a great life. The seal oil furnished the fat which the fish lacked.

None of us, except Stefansson, had had experience in camping in the Arctic. Even our two semi-civilized Eskimos, reared on the seacoast in a comparatively southerly latitude, knew little of the art of how to be

comfortable under all weather conditions. For us it was a novel experience to drive up to a level and sheltered spot on the sea ice as darkness drew on, halt the dogs, set up the two tents on the snow-covered ice, "rustle" snow or fresh-water ice for tea, stake out the dogs, spread the skins upon which we slept, and cook the evening meal of perhaps rice and seal meat. Nor are we likely to forget the first camp on the ice. After directing us how to lay the bearskin, with the hair next the snow, and over that the caribou skins with the hair up, Stefansson explained when it came time to retire, that we were to completely undress,



An Eskimo woman, with her parka hood trimmed with Wolverine fur.

crawl feet first into our caribou skin sleeping bags, pull the flaps about our ears, roll over, and go to sleep. And he stressed the "completely undress" part; if we slept in any of our clothes, he pointed out, the perspiration that remained in them would cause the sleeping bag to become damp, and a damp bag, besides being very uncomfortable, would later stiffen and freeze; it would never dry out while we were on the trail. So we stripped in the shortest possible time, sitting at the opening of the sleeping bag, and inserting our feet and legs as we disrobed. Finally, with a do-or-die setting of the jaw, we whipped off our hooded "parkas," snuggled into the cozy caribou

skins, and much to our surprise were soon as comfortable as the proverbial "bug in a rug."

If it required courage to strip in a canvas tent with the thermometer below zero, but with the inside of the tent somewhat warmed by the stove and our bodies, try to imagine us undergoing the ordeal of crawling out of our warm nest the next morning, into the frigid atmosphere of the tent! But the chill lasted only for a moment; that is the advantage of caribou skin clothing. Breakfast, digging out the dogs, striking the tents, loading the sleds, and we were off! First, however, we usually drank a quart of tea, unless we were sure we

would have time to stop to cook lunch in the middle of the day.

After a trip of some hundred and fifty miles, we reached Point Barrow, the northernmost part of the American continent, only to learn that our ship had drifted on into the North. She was never sighted again. On board were the scientific staff and the elaborate equipment gathered together for the exploration of a part of the million square miles of unknown area between Alaska and the North Pole.

To many men this would have been a crushing blow, but Stefansson then and there decided that he would carry on with the three of us who were left and whatever dogs and other equipment he could buy at Point Barrow; if he could not explore the Beaufort Sea with a ship, he would do it with dog teams during the winter, cutting himself off from his shore base and living on whatever game—seals, polar bears, and foxes—the jagged, white ice prairies afforded. There was devotion to an idea! But wise old whaling captains shook their heads at such a foolhardy plan, and Eskimos broadly hinted that Stefansson was crazy. Not one of them would be hired at any price to accompany him.

We learned at Point Barrow that the other section of the expedition had gone on to a spot on the coast some 350 miles to the eastward, and thither we went. Then while Stefansson continued on to the Mackenzie Delta, I went off on a 650 mile errand with a dog team and an Eskimo companion. This young native, while very handy about camp, had had no more experience at finding his way about in the Arctic than I; he had been born and brought up in a gold camp. So the leadership fell to me. With Stefansson's instructions ringing in my ears, however, it was not at all difficult to pilot the team over a region where there were no trails, where camping spots, i. e., driftwood, were to be found only at certain intervals, and at a time when the well-known "Arctic night" was at its blackest.

The journey on which we had been sent turned out to be longer than was intended, so it was not until Stefansson had started on his epochal plunge into the unknown that we returned—with a completely worn-out team of dogs. Nothing would induce my Eskimo companion to venture out upon the sea ice, so I started on alone, and by a forced march, overtook the party by simply following their trail. Stefansson, probably as a reward, permitted me to accompany him as a member of the "support party."

After Stefansson had read the mail and telegrams which I had brought some 350 miles, the cavalcade

started northward over the ice in search of new land. But we had not proceeded more than two miles when the driver of the leading sled fell headlong from a pressure ridge and cut a deep gash in his head from temple to temple. No one in the party had had experience in surgery, and no one would volunteer to sew up the ten-inch wound, so Stefansson asked me to try. In lieu of anaesthetic we filled the patient with hot coffee. Having no surgeon's needles, I heated several of our skin (glovers') needles over a candle, bent them in the proper shape with a fork and a pair of pliers, took fourteen stitches. Within three days the patient (we learned later) was walking about camp as chipper as ever.

Securing a substitute for the injured man, Stefansson again set out. The dash over the ice now became a serious matter, for Spring was approaching, and with it weather warm enough to break up the ice. There were four dog teams and eight men, including the leader. Two days later, however, we were stopped by open water and Stefansson sent one sled and two men back to shore. While waiting at this spot we killed some seals, converted a sled into a canoe by the simple expedient of stretching a tarpaulin over it and lashing it fast—and experienced our worst blizzard of the year. For a day and a night no one dared undress and retire, for we did not know at what moment the tents would be blown from over our heads. (Later we learned that the wind blew at the rate of 83 miles an hour.)

The effect of this blizzard was to break the ice field on which we were camped free from the shore ice, and when the blizzard subsided the next day we found that our ice field not only was adrift, but that we were some fifty miles out to sea! Moreover, two good men and a dog team had been left behind. We were now given our first glimpse of what ice can do when in motion under the force of a stiff wind. The clash of two ice fields was a magnificent and awe-inspiring sight. When this occurred, the rending and tearing and crushing of the floes was almost deafening, and pieces of ice larger than an ordinary house would be tossed about like so many children's blocks. Ridges of ice thirty feet high would be formed at the moment of contact, only to tumble back into the sea as the pressure was relaxed.

The pressure ridges that remained, after this battle of the elements, blocked our way almost from the beginning. Picking and hacking a trail over the smoothest parts, we nevertheless were unable to travel more than 500 yards in ten hours. (Continued on page 84)



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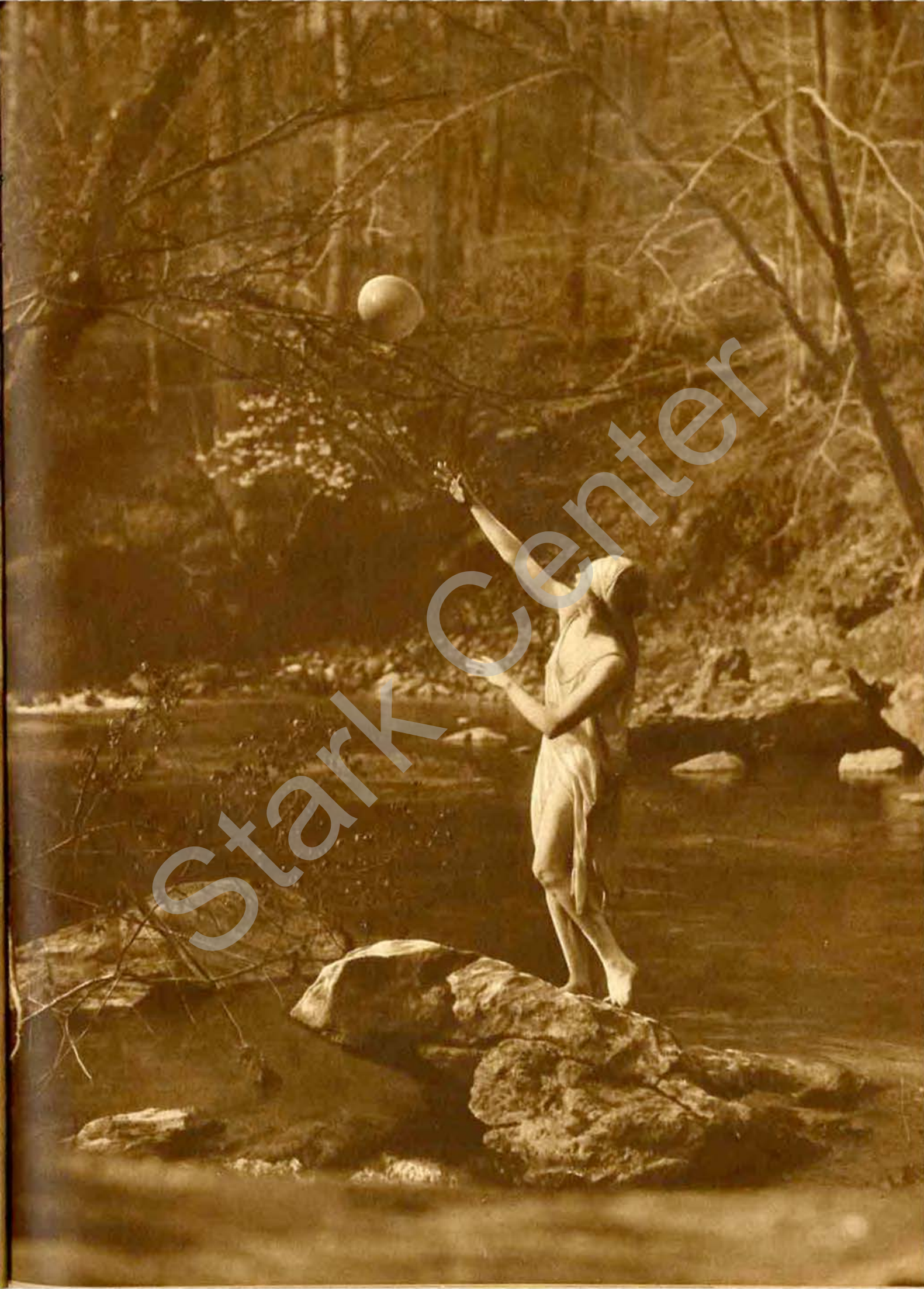
A bright sunlight day on the polar ice.

*The  
Glorious  
Outdoors*

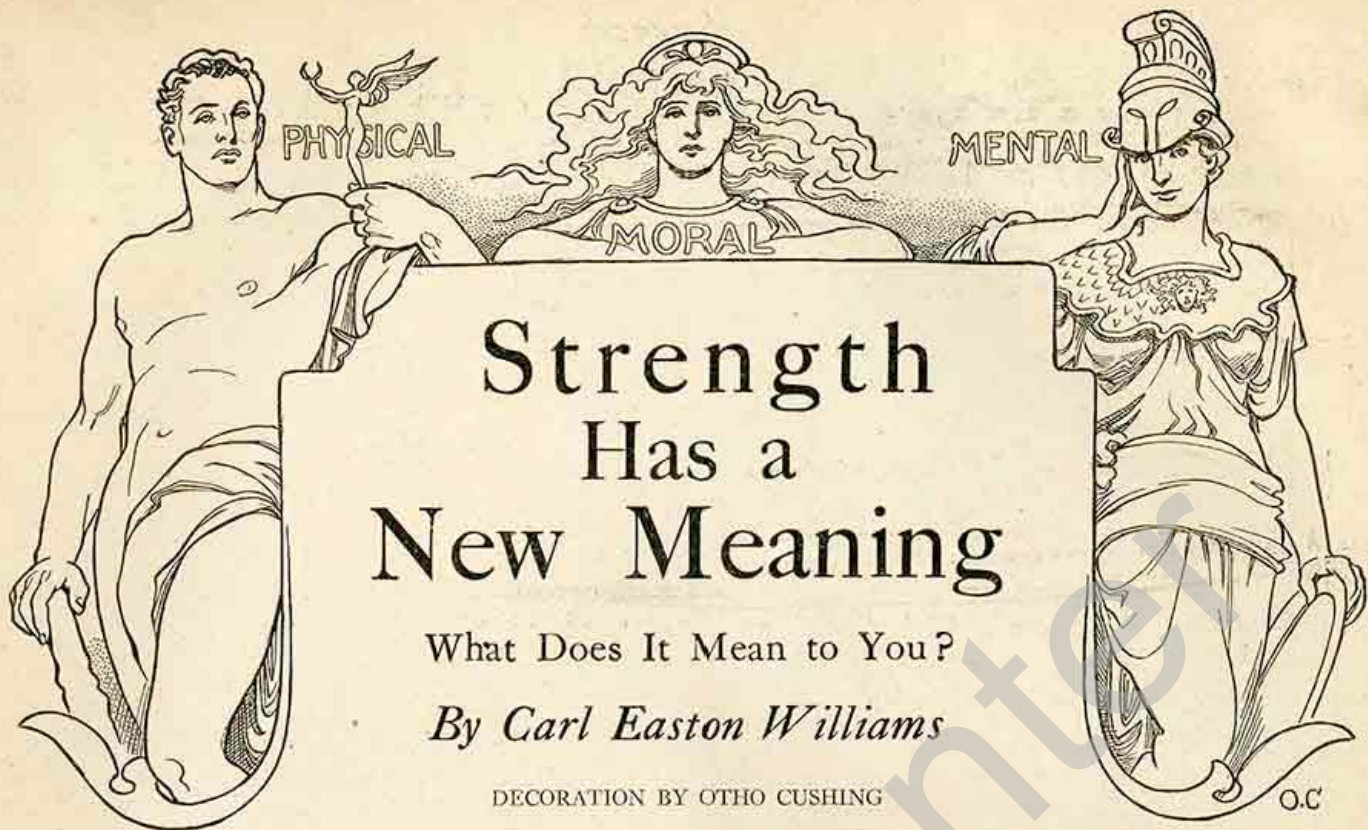
*Photographs by  
H. Armstrong Roberts*











# Strength Has a New Meaning

What Does It Mean to You?

By Carl Easton Williams

DECORATION BY OTHO CUSHING

**W**HAT is your ideal of physical condition? Are you satisfied? Or do you aspire? Are you content, complacent, indifferent to the question of your physical energy just because you get along from day to day without actual pain? Or have you a standard of fitness that you desire to gain or to hold?

There is nothing in the world more true than that one's ideals are the chief factor in shaping his life. Through that very fact you are the sculptor not only of that temple which is your body, but of your health and your state of mental vigor. Likewise your ideals and standards mold even those outlines of character by which you are seen to be a personality of force and iron stability.

Again, therefore, what is your own personal standard of physical condition? Have you an ideal of strength?

The inquiry is pointed, because our first requirement, if we are to raise the level of our national vigor, is to idealize and glorify strength. Because it is basic, the most fundamental thing we have. We want to see the lives of all our boys and girls, all of our young men and young women, colored with this point of view. We want them to be saturated with this notion of strength as being the basis of a scheme of living.

It is our problem to sell the public this big idea, because the world is obviously not sufficiently sold on it. There is still too much unconcern on the subject of bodily vigor, plus a remnant of a certain scorn about the muscular part of our make-up that we occasionally met in our schoolboy days. In emphasizing their distorted ideas of education, our betters not infrequently expressed or implied their contempt for physical strength. Ignoring the Greek ideal, *mens sana in corpore sano* (which, curiously, we always quote in Latin), they stressed the superiority of brain over brawn and of mind over matter. If they referred to strength, it was usually "brute strength"; if a man was strong, he was a "bull." Strength was stupid, blind, and unworthy.

One distinct recollection of eighteen years ago remains with me. A young man, G. S., said: "I don't want to develop my body; I want to cultivate my mind. Physical development would lessen my mental development!" Which proved that his mind still had a long, hard road to travel. Something of that view of things seems to persist, as all traditions tend to persist.

Even a self-appointed teacher of health, a "nature cure doctor," once said to me: "What people want is not strong muscles. They just want health. Health and strong nerves." As if to imply some conflict between strength and health. And obviously reflecting some deeply rooted prejudice against muscular vigor.

Of course, the truth is that what our friend called health is merely the expression of organic strength, pure blood and internal cleanliness. We possess life and health and energy to the extent that we are strong. A man may express this strength in terms of muscular effort, and we say he is strong. If he expresses it in terms of vigorous thinking we call it nervous energy. But it is strength in both cases. The important point is that if a man is muscularly vigorous his brain through that very fact receives a richer, cleaner blood supply.

What we all want is strength—of body, of mind and of spirit. But we must learn to think of all three forms of strength as one, for they are all part and parcel of each other. The athlete knows it; he depends not only upon his muscles, but upon his quickness of mind and his grit, which is the athletic name for spirit. Unless he is well self-disciplined he is a poor athlete, never a champion. He must have nerve, fortitude, intelligence, even in athletics.

Learn to think of strength as the big, fundamental factor of human life, the very power that is in us. For it is this big quality of combined physical, mental and moral strength that gives us—the power of achievement.

For when you get right down to the question: "What is strength?" the answer is obvious.

**STRENGTH is LIFE.**

# Is Strength Masculine and Weakness Feminine?

With Important Evidence in the  
Person of Miss Roberta Ranck

By Gertrude Artelt

## INTRODUCTORY

Every once in a while one still meets the old tradition that strength in the fair sex is somehow or other unwomanly, probably dating back to that clinging vine ideal which once seemed so flattering to masculine vanity.

Everyone expects vital strength in a woman in order that she may carry the burdens of wifehood and motherhood, and it is common knowledge that women resist disease better and live longer than men. But in a masculine sense she has been thought not only actually deficient, but very properly and ideally so.

Which raises the question—are muscles essentially masculine? Or can they be said, like the eyes, to be of the neuter gender? Or are they modified on a basis of secondary sex characteristics?

A motion picture producing company some time ago presented an interesting study of eyes, showing first only the eyes of a particular subject, permitting the spectators to guess whether the eyes were masculine or feminine, and then revealing the entire face to the bewildered audience, which half of the time guessed the eyes to belong to the other sex. The picture proved that from photographs of the eyes alone one can not determine to which gender they belong. Eyes are sexless. The same is obviously largely true of strength. A muscle is an organ of movement, having to do fundamentally with the life of the individual and not with the perpetuation of life.

In a muscular sense a woman can do most of the things that a man can do; some of them just as well, some of them not quite so well and some of them even better. To what extent the difference in the natural sizes of the two sexes has to do with their relative strength is something of a question. Men are bigger and heavier, and consequently more powerful from that very fact. Presumably, then, a large woman is stronger than a small man, and often she is. This again is a matter affected very largely by training. When men were athletic and women were strictly non-athletic it was natural that the latter came to be looked upon as weak sisters, for they were. Today, however, women are playing golf and tennis, swimming, driving cars, even aeroplanes, and doing so many other things that men are doing that many of our old-fashioned notions about them are going by the board.

And yet there would seem to be some essential differences between the masculine and feminine versions of strength, just as there are obvious secondary sex



There is practically nothing that Miss Roberta Ranck, of Philadelphia, does not do in an athletic sense, besides having championship ability as a gymnast. The saucy, silly, painted, smoking flapper is not the girl of today. Miss Ranck is the modern girl, and a superb specimen.



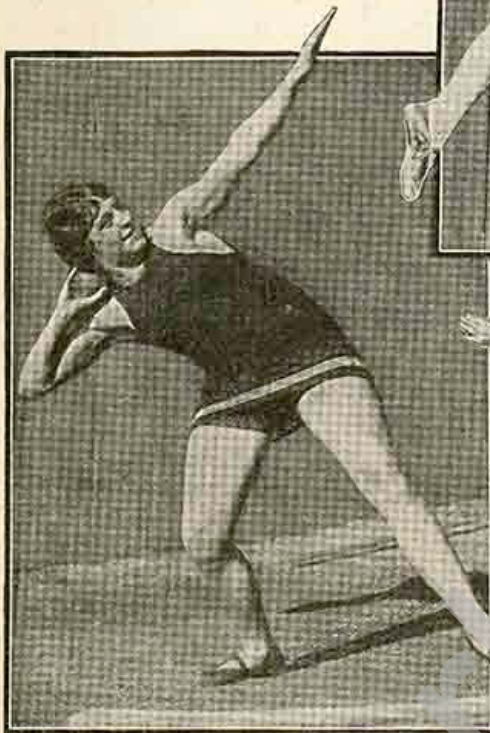
characteristics of mental and emotional types. It may be a ticklish undertaking in some cases to define these mental differences, but our common sense recognizes them. To say, however, that in any of these respects the one sex is inferior to the other is doubtless going too far. It is only safe to say that they are different.

If women have more resistance to disease than men, and the capacity to live longer on the

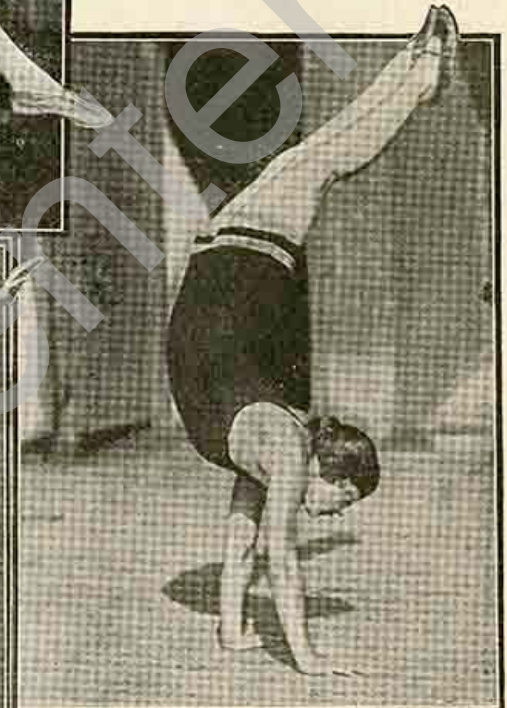


that, who kept on going long after their male partners were used up. Some of the girls danced upwards of a hundred consecutive hours.

Let us suppose that one Jimmie Riley is a big, husky weight throwing champion. Now Jimmie may go out any fine day and create a hammer throwing record on the athletic field. But it is quite possible that Mrs. Riley—if there is a Mrs. Riley—would be able to show him up in

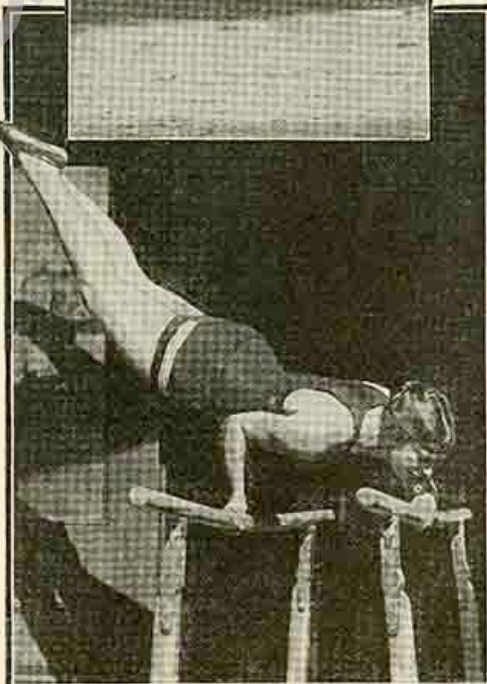


Miss Ranek is apparently as much at home on track and field as she has proven herself to be on gymnastic apparatus.



The handstand is supposed to be a man's stunt but athletic girls are doing it, and very beautifully at that.

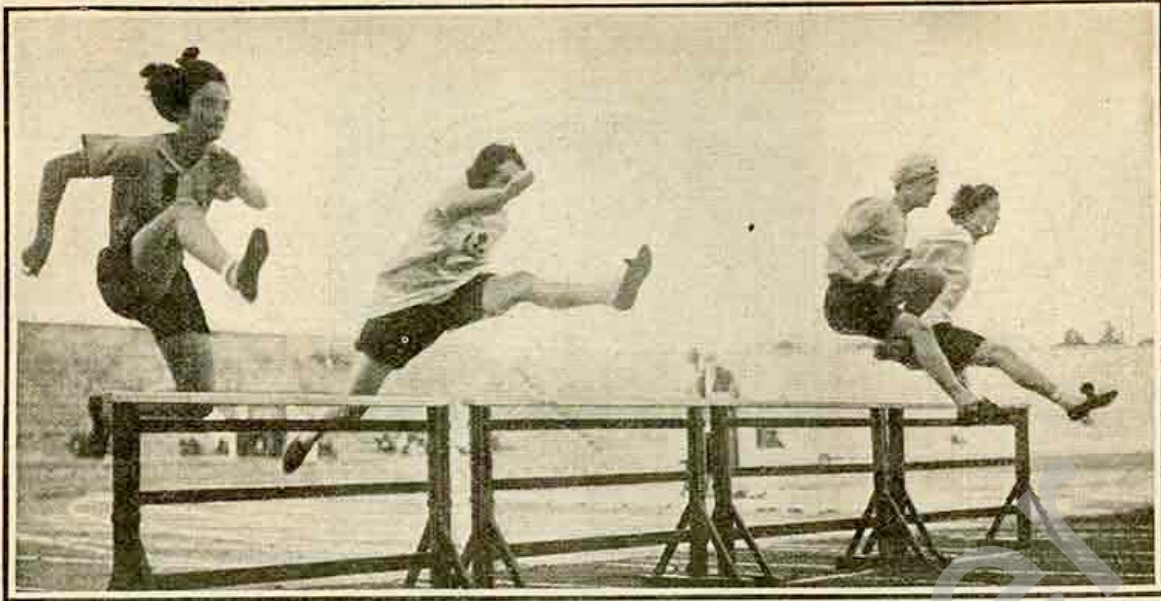
average, apparently because of the character of their nervous and organic constitution, perhaps they might be expected to show superior endurance in those matters which do not call for a maximum of muscular effort. Curiously, there is much evidence that this is exactly the case. While women cannot ordinarily cope with men in violent or tremendous efforts of an athletic character, yet in long sustained effort of a less intense nature they show remarkable endurance. As, for instance, in piano playing. In the long distance dancing records set last Spring during the "Marathon dancing" craze, it was the young women, untrained women at



a day's work at the washtub—again, if Mrs. Riley were disposed to spend a day each week that way and were in as good form and training for the job as Mr. Riley is for the hammer throwing effort. It is quite possible that Babe Ruth himself would find himself used up by the long day of house-work performed by some little woman.

Again, there is a presumed difference between the sexes in respect to grace—meaning the beauty and poetry of motion. Whether even that is an essentially feminine thing, however, remains a question, for it may be due to the more delicate structure, the smaller feet, the

(Continued on page 92)



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The athletic girl movement is world wide. This photograph might have been taken in the U. S. A., but actually pictures Miss Hatt of England winning the hurdle race at the Pershing Stadium in Paris, France.

# Playing the Game

A Monthly Review of Sports and Outdoor Life

By *T. von Ziekursch*

## The Shifting Sands of Football

**A** ROUGH season on the gridiron, this, not so much in the physical sense as in the high hopes battered into the sod. But out of it one thing stands assured for all time, it now seems. The old idea of weight and sheer physical prowess on the gridiron being fifty per cent of the winning of games never received a harder body blow than it did this season. It is gradually being acknowledged that smart football played by an intensively drilled and perfectly coordinated team is superior to mere weight and power. The best demonstration of this in some seasons has been the puncturing that Army hopes received in that defeat at the hands of Notre Dame.

On paper West Point boasted a magnificent array of veterans, and then along came the Westerners to win with their terrific speed of attack in a brilliant open game. It is strange but true that many of the leading coaches of the gridiron have never taken kindly to the forward pass for a variety of reasons. It is the one big play on which a coach can never be sure of his men. He can drill them to perfection on running plays, run them over diagrams on the field until they can execute each move blindfolded, he can be sure of the interference carrying out its part on line smashes and tackle thrusts and almost everything else. But the aerial game is elementally uncertain. In the main the college coach has fought more or less shy of the forward. To drill men into perfection in that department of the game takes a lot of time and that may have been one of the reasons also.

I do not mean that they have neglected the forward altogether, but they certainly have not stressed its development. The percentage of passes that are grounded or intercepted or incompleting for one reason and another is so large as to prove it.

But there are pioneers in everything, and with the gradual development of the running attack to the stage where, all things being equal, one team is about on a par with another, a few coaches have realized that it might be possible to steal a march on the field by resorting to a rattling aerial game. Rockne at Notre Dame, Spears at West Virginia, Warner at Pitt and some few others have tried it.

The time has come when a football team must have a passing game and an adequate defense for a passing game in its repertoire or be consistently bumped.

\* \* \*

It has long been the contention of coaching staffs and men who knew the intricacies of the game that the crowds which thronged stadiums and stands had no more idea of what the actual play was all about than they had of Sanskrit poetry. Of course, anyone looking on the field would be certain that one side was trying to take the ball over the other side's goal line, and in a vague way would understand the difference between line battering and end running. But the real deceptiveness was little understood. The game itself was a spectacle, a spectacle of brawn against brawn, attracting crowds through the same reactions to some

extent as those which attracted the Roman mob to the Coliseum.

But a very gradual change has been taking place. At first comparatively few men played and understood football, its strong and weak points, its strategies. Few colleges had teams, there were very few school teams and fewer independent and professional squads.

Now consider the growth of the game. Almost all of the thousands of colleges and schools play it. That means that each year approximately twenty men are initiated into its mysteries at each of those thousands of institutions, the result, of course, being that hundreds of thousands are learning the game thoroughly each season.

The hit and run play, the squeeze, the delayed steal in baseball are not mysteries. Every fan knows just about everything there is to know about the inside stuff of the diamond. Why? Because they've all played it and seen it and read about it so much that it is obvious.

And they are fast coming to know and understand when they see a reverse play with a delayed forward pass attached to its end on the gridiron. Another big factor in this teaching of the fans has been the newspapers, in their publishing explanatory diagrams of the various plays as drawn by some of the outstanding



Showing the reach and power of Johnny Weismuller, of Illinois Athletic Club. He is expected to continue his record-breaking career next year.

coaches and experts. It all helps to make interest in the game keener.

\* \* \*

### Hail to the Athletic Girl

If there happen to be any moss-backs remaining who decried the dawning of the era of women's athletics just a few short seasons back we are inclined to wonder what reactions they experience now. We recall a talk over the dinner table with a lawyer who had been with us to see a girls' team play basketball when the game was just beginning to take hold among the fair sex.

Of course, they wore bobbed hair and there was nothing of false coyness or shyness about them out there on the floor. They were a healthy lot of

young pagans whooping it up in great shape and fairly bubbling over with life.

This season we've seen a couple of girls' teams practicing and they went about it as intently and determinedly as any team of boys. Furthermore they had team play down to a science and could have beaten a whole lot of boys' teams we've seen in action. The manager of one of those girls' teams has been a rather close acquaintance of ours for some years and we'll vouch for him anywhere. He's engaged to one of the stars of his team and induced her to take up basketball for her health, he claimed. (Continued on page 94)



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Illustrating the modern spectacular open game of football, this photograph shows Layden, Notre Dame's full-back, running with the ball in the game in which the Army eleven was defeated, thirteen to nothing.

# Why Your Indoor Air Is Bad

And How to Right It—Some Practical Suggestions

By Milton MacGregor

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY W. WEAVER

**T**HIS is the time of year when four Americans out of five have colds in some form or other, and regard it as rather a remarkable achievement if they get through the winter without one. It is the time of year when the eminent English writer or statesman who is a guest within our gates is interviewed by reporters, and tells them that he admires and loves America, but that he cannot endure our superheated rooms. It is the time when Americans who happen to be in England complain bitterly of the chilliness of English houses and speak yearningly of the anticipated day when they can get home again and bask in the genial warmth of the good old radiator.

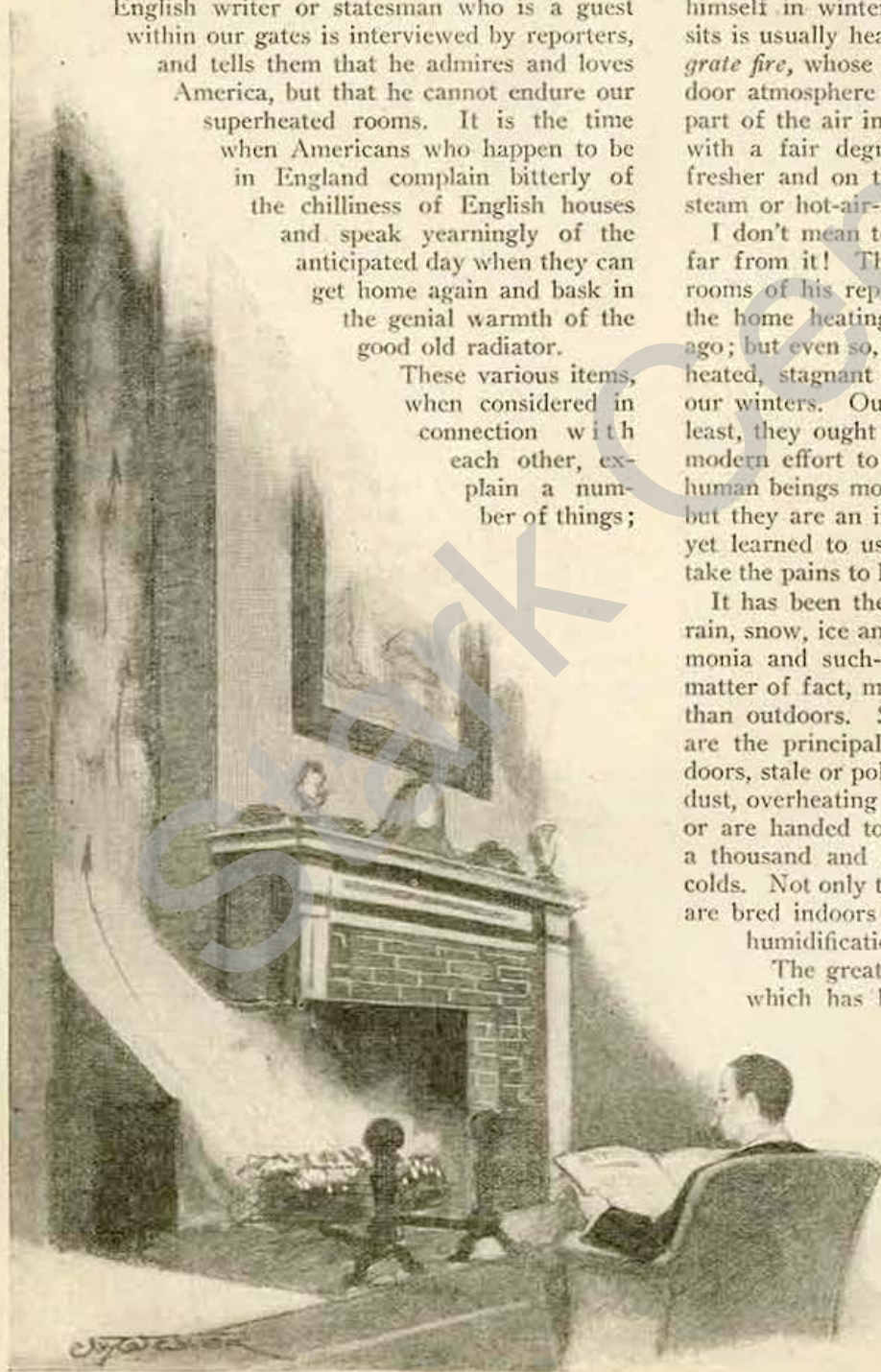
These various items, when considered in connection with each other, explain a number of things;

as for example, why catarrh, so called, is so much more prevalent in America than in England. To tell the truth, in the matter of ventilation and heating, the average Englishman is living more simply and naturally than we are. He does not make a hothouse plant of himself in winter as we do. The room in which he sits is usually heated (if you can call it heating!) by a grate fire, whose flue is a constant ventilator. His outdoor atmosphere is moister than ours, and the greater part of the air inside his house being cool and moving with a fair degree of rapidity, is therefore moister, fresher and on the whole, healthier than our average steam or hot-air-heated chamber.

I don't mean to assert that his conditions are ideal; far from it! That grate fire and those drafty, chilly rooms of his represent but a very slight advance over the home heating arrangements of a thousand years ago; but even so, it is preferable to the dust-dry, superheated, stagnant infernos in which some of us spend our winters. Our central heating plants represent (at least, they ought to!) the acme of achievement in the modern effort to make life comfortable and easy and human beings more efficient during the winter months; but they are an instrument which most of us have not yet learned to use—in many cases because we do not take the pains to learn.

It has been the practice of humankind to blame the rain, snow, ice and low temperature for all colds, pneumonia and such-like that occur in the winter. As a matter of fact, more colds are caught indoors in winter than outdoors. Sudden chilling and cold or wet feet are the principal outdoor causes of colds; while indoors, stale or polluted air, too-dry air, lack of sunlight, dust, overheating and the germs which lurk everywhere or are handed to you by other persons furnish about a thousand and one direct or contributory causes of colds. Not only that, but other diseases and weaknesses are bred indoors by imperfect ventilation and lack of humidification.

The greatest difficulty to overcome and the one which has been least understood and most neglected until very recently is the dryness of furnace—or boiler-heated air. Folks used to sigh helplessly over their shrinking, warping interior woodwork, their cracking plastering, furniture falling apart, books warping and breaking their backs. It seemed inevitable when you had steam or hot-air heat. I know an antiquarian book dealer who has a handsome and well-arranged store, but who has never in his long career had a store heated by steam, hot water or hot air. He has a stove in the



The old-fashioned fireplace assured ventilation through cracks and crevices and thereby a continual change of air by reason of the forced draft of the chimney.

rear which does not heat the whole room, to be sure, but keeps a zone immediately around it comfortably warm. The greater part of the room being cool, the humidity is higher and the books do not dry out. If you feel chilly at the shelves, you may take a book and draw nearer the stove.

The trouble has been that outside air, no matter how humid, brought in and warmed through a central heating plant, loses the majority of its moisture. The average outdoor winter temperature in most of our Eastern and Central States is about 34 degrees and the humidity 58 percent. When this selfsame air is brought inside and heated to 80 degrees, its moisture content is decreased to 22 percent, which is 10 percent less than that of the Sahara Desert.

With this temperature and humidity, the room may still not feel warm enough. It is the practice of furnace men, I believe, to guarantee that their plants will heat the atmosphere of the house to a temperature of 70 degrees. I have known many people to complain that the apparatus was not satisfactory, because even though the temperature reached 70 degrees, perhaps higher, they still felt chilly. The reason for this was that the air was not moist enough.

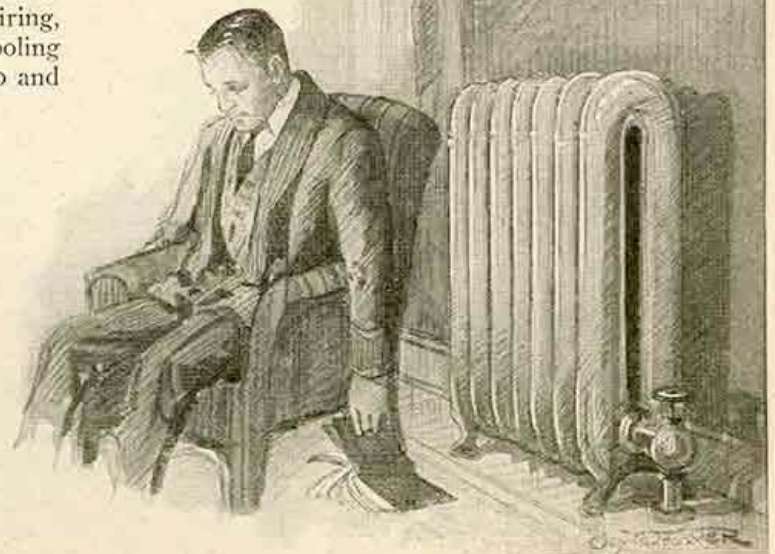
It has long been a thoughtless human tendency to fancy that dry air could be made warmer, more comfortable and more satisfying in the house than moist air. This probably arose from the dread of those heavy, sultry days which come often in summer, and are so depressing and enervating. But one need have little fear that the 80 or 90% humidity of those sultry summer days will ever be reproduced inside a building. In the vernacular, you would have to "go some" to get that much moisture into indoor atmosphere. In fact, if you raised it much above 40% on a cold winter day, there would be such a condensation of moisture on the windows that you would hardly be able to see through them.

Remember that hot, dry air will draw moisture out of everything it touches that has moisture in it—whether it be wood, leather, human flesh, mucous membranes or what not. That is why woodwork, furniture and books dry up and fall apart and why paint scales off of pictures. The sense of chilliness which you feel in such a room is due to the fact that your body is perspiring, perhaps imperceptibly, which of course has a cooling effect upon you. If the temperature gets up to 80 and the air is very dry, you will be apt to have a nervous, uncomfortable feeling and to find a very perceptible, sour perspiration under your arms and on your feet, while your face may seem unusually greasy. To use an old-time phrase, you are literally "stewing in your own juice." It is not a good, honest elimination, such as comes from exercise or summer heat, but an abnormal and undesirable evaporation caused rather by drought than warmth.

The "optimum," or ideal indoor condition is given by ventilation specialists as embracing a temperature of 68 degrees, humidity of 50%, and 45 cubic feet of outside air per minute brought in for each person in the room or dwelling. Under such a condition most people will feel warmer and far more comfortable than with the temperature at 80 degrees and only 25 or 30% moisture. If the outer air is so

cold that the above humidity causes too much condensation on the windows, it would be advisable to raise the temperature to, say, 70 degrees and decrease the humidity to 40%. In factories and large offices where high temperature and dry air has caused sluggishness, inaccuracy and indifference among the working force, the temperature has in several cases been reduced to 68 degrees, and with a humidity of 44 to 47%, the alertness and speed of the employes are much more noticeable. In some cases their production is said actually to have increased 25 to 30%.

One of the worst features of dry air is its deleterious effect upon the mucus membrane, particularly that of the organs of respiration. Catarrhal conditions are produced or aggravated, the vitality is lowered and the individual is rendered much more susceptible to colds. If you have seen leather upholstery or old parchment drawn and cracked by superheated air, just fancy the effect of such air upon that delicate inner lining of yours when its moisture is constantly being sucked away from it by the dry, hot medium you are breathing. We take very careful measures to insure that our paintings, fine books and old furniture shall suffer no damage from improper inside atmos-



Excessive dryness incidental to most modern heating systems calls for over-heating in order to maintain warmth. The result is stuffy, enervating and oppressive atmosphere.

here; there are some rooms full of paintings and antiques into which no heat is ever introduced through any agency. Is it not much more important that our vulnerable body-linings should be protected and exposed only to the safest possible atmosphere?

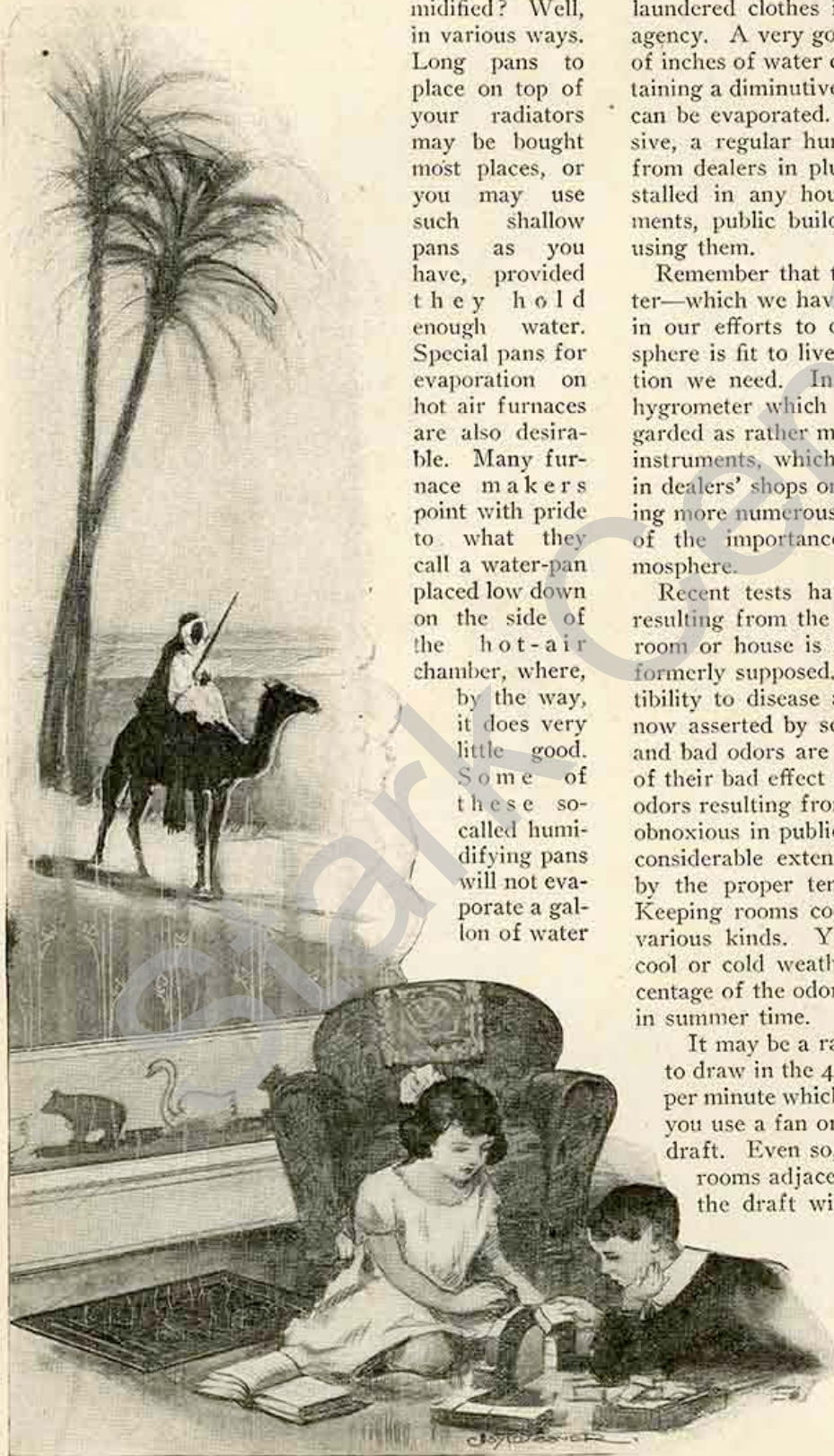
How may the home atmosphere be humidified? Well, in various ways. Long pans to place on top of your radiators may be bought most places, or you may use such shallow pans as you have, provided they hold enough water. Special pans for evaporation on hot air furnaces are also desirable. Many furnace makers point with pride to what they call a water-pan placed low down on the side of the hot-air chamber, where, by the way, it does very little good. Some of these so-called humidifying pans will not evaporate a gallon of water

in two days; whereas, for the average home of six or seven rooms, which has about 15,000 cubic feet of air space, a little more than a gallon of water per hour should be evaporated during the daytime. If the day is not too cold, so that a goodly quantity of outside air may be admitted, this will help the humidifying process. Dwellers in small apartments in the city will find the problem a little easier. Some of them say that drying laundered clothes in the kitchen is a fine humidifying agency. A very good practical plan is to keep a couple of inches of water constantly in the bath tub, thus maintaining a diminutive lake from which considerable water can be evaporated. And finally, but a bit more expensive, a regular humidifying apparatus may be bought from dealers in plumbing and heating supplies and installed in any house. The better constructed apartments, public buildings, stores and factories are now using them.

Remember that the old familiar dry-bulb thermometer—which we have been using through all these years in our efforts to determine whether our home atmosphere is fit to live in—gives us only half the information we need. In fact the wet-bulb thermometer or hygrometer which measures our humidity may be regarded as rather more important than the other. These instruments, which were very scarce and hard to find in dealers' shops only a short time ago are now becoming more numerous, thanks to the increasing realization of the importance of moisture in our indoor atmosphere.

Recent tests have proven that the carbon dioxide resulting from the breathing of persons in the average room or house is not as detrimental to health as was formerly supposed. While it does increase the susceptibility to disease and decreases the appetite, yet it is now asserted by scientists that excessive heat, dry air and bad odors are more deleterious principally because of their bad effect upon the nerves and digestion. Body odors resulting from perspiration and so often seriously obnoxious in public gatherings, may be kept down to a considerable extent, as has already been pointed out, by the proper temperature and moisture in the air. Keeping rooms cool always helps to prevent odors of various kinds. You will remember that outdoors in cool or cold weather, you encounter only a small percentage of the odors, either good or bad, that assail you in summer time.

It may be a rather difficult thing in winter for you to draw in the 45 cubic feet of outside air per person per minute which is specified as the ideal supply, unless you use a fan or have windows open so as to cause a draft. Even so, you may leave the windows open in rooms adjacent to the one in which you sit, so that the draft will not strike you directly. You can buy cloth screens for your windows or you can make them by covering ordinary wire fly-screens with cheap muslin, to serve as ventilators, thus admitting a volume of fresh air slowly, which is better than having a small current of air blowing at high velocity through a small opening in your window. It would be better to have your room cooler and and wear (Continued on page 76)



Do you realize that the air of your living rooms and school rooms is dryer than that of the Sahara desert? A little pan of water will not suffice. A gallon of water should be evaporated each hour in the average home of six or seven rooms.

# THE MAT

Analytical Comment on Physical Development and Feats of Strength

Conducted by Alan Calvert

## What Dipping Will Do for You

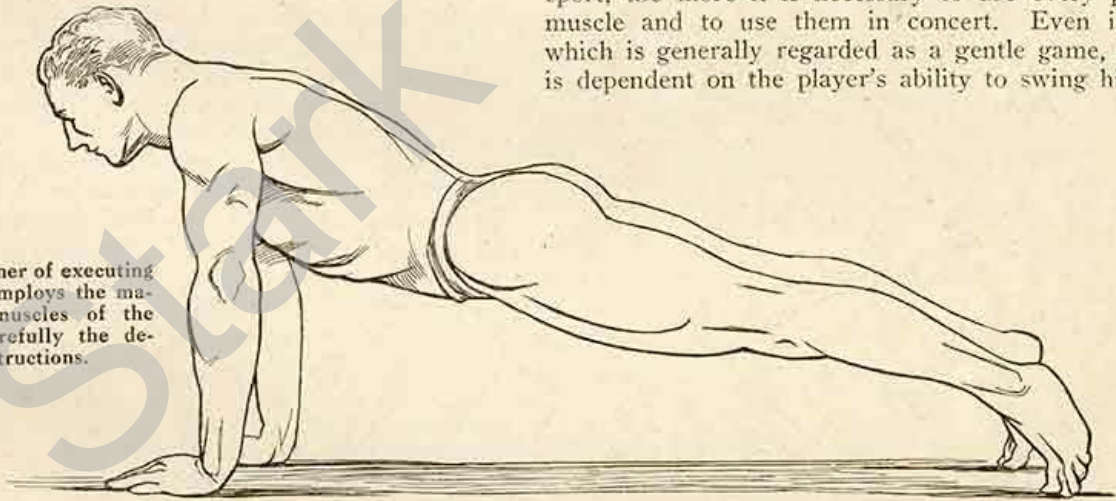
**T**HE whole object of exercise is either to put you into condition or to keep you in condition. After you have thoroughly developed yourself it takes surprisingly little exercise to keep you at the very peak of condition, but it takes considerable hard work to acquire a well proportioned and perfectly functioning body.

After you have reached your limit in development, you should no longer have to worry about your health; you should then be unconscious of your various bodily functions, just as a man never thinks about his stomach if he happens to be blessed with perfect digestion. By daily exercise you can keep your muscles in such condition that they will immediately respond to the commands of your will, and enable you to do hard physical work or to take part in vigorous athletics, without the after-stiffness or lassitude which always afflicts the untrained individual. By taking the proper kind of daily exercise, you can create lungs of such capacity, and a heart of such solid structure that any unforeseen and unusual physical exertion (be it work or play), will leave you only exhilarated, instead of exhausted as would be the case in an ordinary individual.

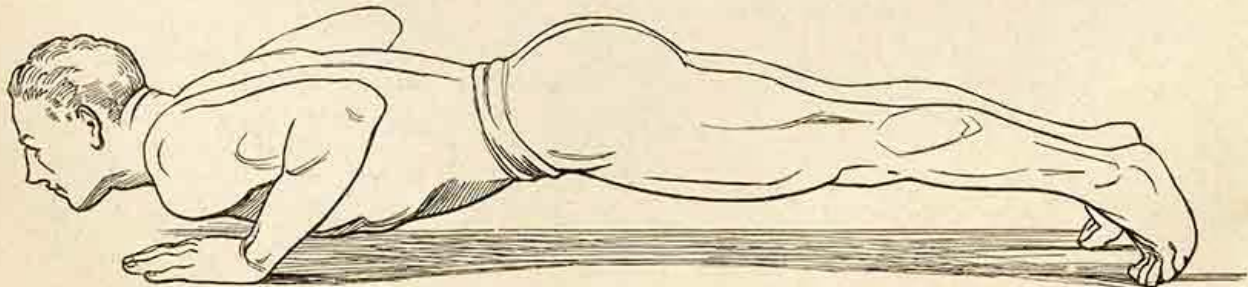
Personally, I am a great believer in training the body as a unit. For that reason I have always preferred

"general" exercises to "special" exercises. I suppose it is all right to develop the different parts of the body one at a time,—that is to do one set movements to develop the arms, another set to develop the back, another for the legs and so on,—but it seems to me that that sort of exercise is rather futile. When we work or when we play we never use only one set of muscles. Supremacy in athletics, or the ability to perform hard physical work, is largely dependent on the ability to use as many muscles as possible, and to make those muscles work in smooth harmony with each other. The laborer who moves the heaviest goods or who gets through with the most work in eight hours, is the one who has learned the secret of "getting his back and getting his legs into the work." In athletics the champions are always noted for their great power of co-ordination. Never does an athlete try to perform in detail any sport by the strength of his arms alone. Can you imagine a Big League pitcher standing on the mound with his body immovably upright and hurling a ball by moving his right arm alone? On the contrary, you all know that a pitcher first goes through a wind-up, and then,—if he is a right-hander,—rests his weight for an instant on his right foot, then takes a step forward with his left foot and uses the whole weight, strength, and swing of his body to supplement the swing of his arm. The more vigorous the sport, the more it is necessary to use every possible muscle and to use them in concert. Even in golf, which is generally regarded as a gentle game, success is dependent on the player's ability to swing his body

The correct manner of executing the dip, which employs the majority of the muscles of the body. Read carefully the detailed instructions.



Otto Cushing



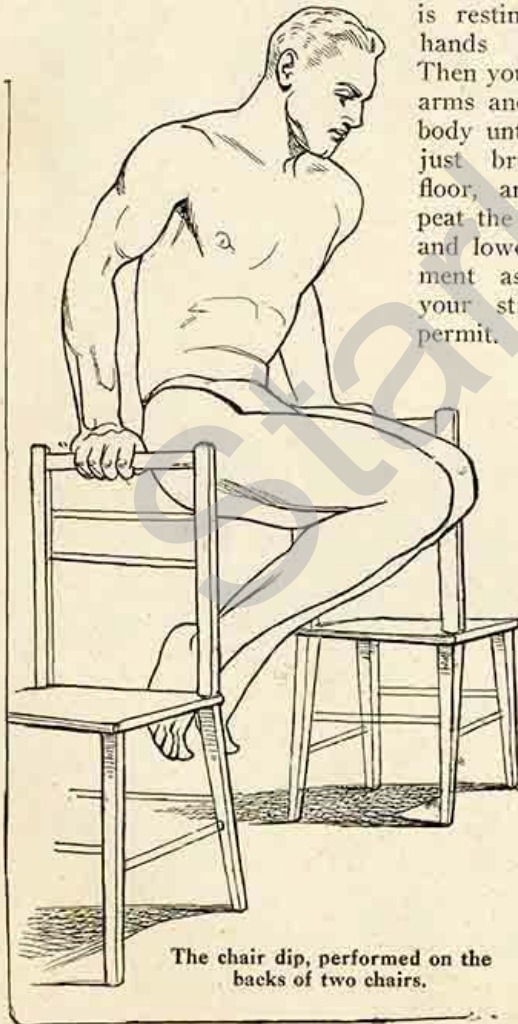
in rhythm with his arms in the long distance strokes.

So all things considered, it seems to me that general exercises, that is exercises which employ most of the muscles, are preferable to exercises which employ the muscles individually. In the first place, you can exercise the whole body by performing two or three general exercises and occupy only a few minutes of your time; whereas if you work muscles in individual and separate groups, you would have to perform from ten to fifteen different exercises, spend far more time, and use up a great deal more energy. On top of that, general exercises train you to use your body as a unit, that is *to use it just the way you do in work or in athletics*. Another vitally important consideration is that all general exercises call the heart and lungs into vigorous action just as athletics do; on the other hand, there are many special exercises which afford no work at all to the heart and lungs.

Probably the best known of all general exercises is the one known as "the floor dip" or "the push-up." You will find this exercise included in practically every free-hand system. It is taught in the Y. M. C. A., college, and all public and private gymnasiums. It is used in almost all army training-camps to improve the condition and the figure of recruits.

The exercise is simplicity itself. First you lie flat on the floor face downwards, then you place the palms of the hands on the floor on the level with your shoulders, (as in Figure 1) and push the body upward by straightening the arms. When the arms are straight,

your whole weight is resting on your hands and toes. Then you bend your arms and lower the body until the chest just brushes the floor, and you repeat the pushing up and lowering movement as often as your strength will permit.



The chair dip, performed on the backs of two chairs.

This exercise would not be so widely known or so popular unless it had definitely proved its value as an all-round body developer. It is a fact that if you perform the exercise in the correct manner it will call into vigorous action, *and therefore develop*, almost every muscle in the body, from the nape of your neck to your toes. At first glance it seems as if this exercise would develop only the triceps muscles which straighten the arms, and as a matter of fact, it is a great triceps developer, but it is impossible to use the triceps without bringing into play its opposing muscle, the biceps, and in turn it is impossible to use these two muscles of the upper arm without involving the shoulder muscles to some extent.

When you lower the body by bending the arms there is a great amount of work thrown on the big pectoral muscles, which cover the upper part of the chest. Any one who does the floor dip frequently and regularly cannot help but get chest muscles of unusual size and power. The muscles on the upper back from shoulder to shoulder get less work than do the chest muscles, but at that, they get enough work to steadily develop them. So much for the arms and upper body.

If you are particularly careful to hold the body in a rigidly straight line and do all the raising and lowering by straightening and bending the arms, then the muscles on your abdomen and on the small of your back will have to work vigorously to keep your body from sagging at the hips. The action of the waist muscles is supplemented and assisted by the muscles of the front and back of the thighs. The muscles of the calf of the leg, and the muscles of the fore-arm get less work in this exercise than any other part of the body, but they are by no means neglected.

If you have any doubt as to the value of this exercise as a general body developer, just ask some of your friends to try it, and see how it is almost impossible for them to keep the body straight as they bend and straighten the arms. Pick out some slender undeveloped chap. Show him the correct method and then ask him to duplicate it. After he lies face downward on the floor, he may push upward once or twice, but as a rule, he can hardly raise the hips from the ground, although he can straighten his arms. And the funny thing is that you have a hard time convincing him that he is not keeping the body straight, because he does not realize that his hips are sagging. If you ask a girl or woman to try it, you will find that she cannot do the exercise at all. Even if she first holds her body in the elevated position with arms straight, she cannot lower herself until her chest touches the ground. Invariably, she bends her arms only an inch or two at the elbow, allows her hips to sag, rests her stomach on the floor, and then claims that she has done exactly what you told her to. (Of course, if she happens to be a trained woman gymnast, the above remarks do not count, because she never could have learned to be a gymnast without a certain amount of practice at this exercise.)

This exercise has always been a special favorite of mine, and I have practiced it to a considerable extent and taught it to many others. It is really a modification of "the dip" on the parallel bars. When you practice dipping on the parallels, all the work is done by the muscles of the arms, shoulders, and upper body, because all your weight is supported by your hands. If, when on the parallel bars, you keep your body always per-



pendicular with the floor while bending and straightening the arms, you are doing what is known as "the straight dip" or "dry dip." There is another stunt on the parallel bars known as "the swinging dip," in which you swing the legs and body backwards as you bend the arms,

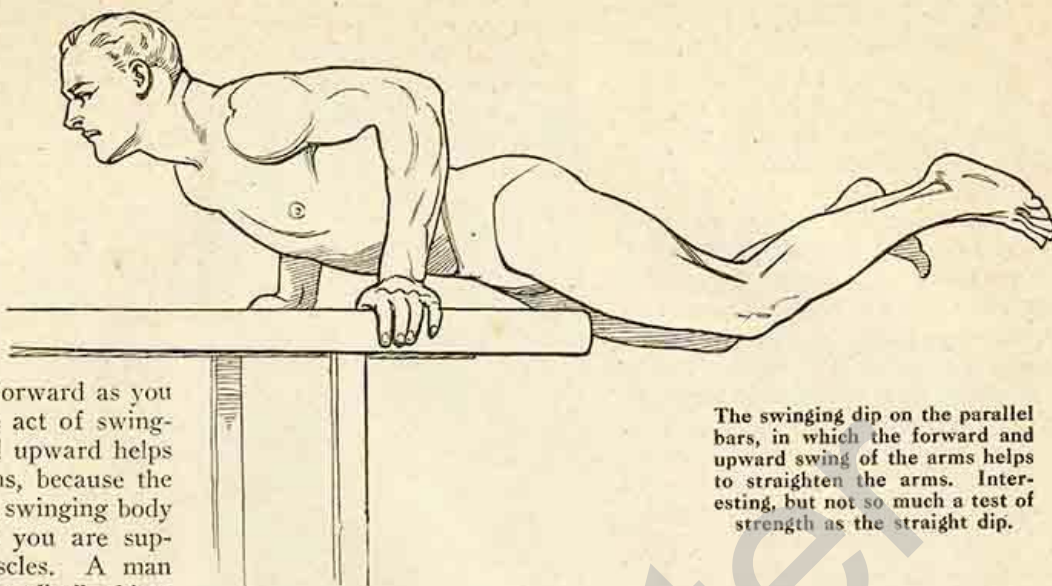
and then you raise the legs and swing the body forward as you straighten the arms. The act of swinging the body forward and upward helps you to straighten the arms, because the momentum of the upward swinging body lessens the weight which you are supporting by your arm-muscles. A man who can do a "straight dip" thirty times on the parallel bars, can do the "swinging dip" fifty or sixty times, and use less exertion.

It cannot be denied that the "straight" dip on the parallels will give you bigger triceps and bigger pectoral muscles than will dipping on the floor, but it will not give any exercise at all for the muscles of the waist and the legs. The "swinging dip" on the parallels is a better general exercise than the "straight dip," but falls far below the floor-dip as a producer of all-around development.

The virtue of the floor-dip is that it can be performed almost anywhere, and at almost any time. Very few private individuals own a pair of parallel bars, and chairs are a very poor substitute for the parallels, but you can perform the floor dip in your bedroom, on the beach, or in your office at noon, if you happen to feel particularly loggy at that hour. The floor-dip is capable of several dozen variations. It is possible to make trifling or major changes in the position or the points of support, whereby you can throw extra work on any particular set of muscles that need more development. I know several dozens of such variations, but they are not necessary, except in the case of those who are seeking extraordinary development or extraordinary strength, or who are desirous of correcting some defect or deformity. For the *average* person who cares more about health and condition than he, or she, does about great strength or athletic ability, the floor-dip in its simplest form is sufficient to maintain the body muscles in condition, and to gradually increase them in size and power, or beauty of outline.

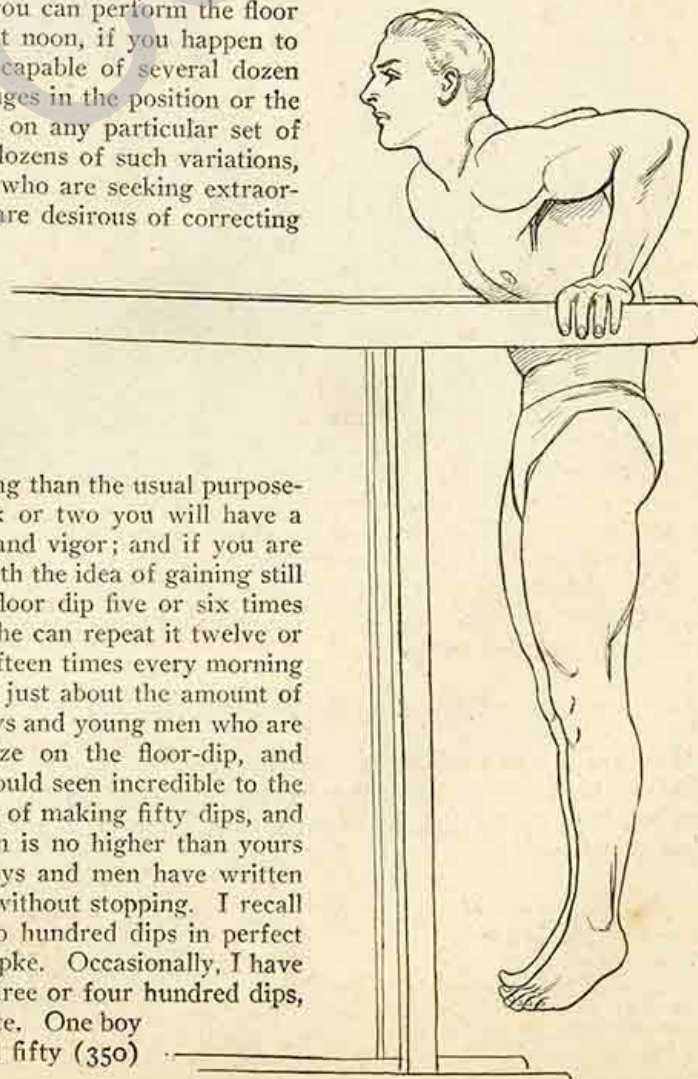
#### About Dipping Records

You will find that the floor-dip is much more interesting than the usual purposeless exercise. After you have practiced it for a week or two you will have a strange and most delightful sensation of new strength and vigor; and if you are like most of us, you will increase the amount of work with the idea of gaining still more strength. The average beginner can repeat the floor dip five or six times after a week's practice. At the end of the first month he can repeat it twelve or fifteen times. Many people stop at that point and dip fifteen times every morning and the same number at night, and find that they have just about the amount of work that keeps them at the top notch of condition. Boys and young men who are fond of athletics and gymnastics, frequently specialize on the floor-dip, and become able to perform a number of repetitions that would seem incredible to the beginner. I know many young men who think nothing of making fifty dips, and when the stunt is completed, their pulse and respiration is no higher than yours would be after doing five dips. Quite a number of boys and men have written me, and said that they could do over one hundred dips without stopping. I recall that Melvin Tampke, who lives in Texas, could do two hundred dips in perfect style, and I have been told of men who could outdo Tampke. Occasionally, I have had letters from boys who claimed that they could do three or four hundred dips, and in two cases I was sufficiently interested to investigate. One boy of sixteen who said that he could do three hundred and fifty (350)



The swinging dip on the parallel bars, in which the forward and upward swing of the arms helps to straighten the arms. Interesting, but not so much a test of strength as the straight dip.

(Below.) The "straight" dip, keeping the body perpendicular and executed by pure strength alone. Of less value than the floor dip.



dips actually lay with his stomach on the floor and just pushed his shoulders off the ground when he straightened his arms. Of course, by this method he raised only a fraction of the weight that is raised when the body is held stiff. The other boy, who is eighteen, claimed a record of four hundred dips. I sent a friend to see him perform, and the friend reported that when the boy bent his arms and lowered his body, he never brought his chest more than half-way to the floor. Of course, that made the stunt very easy, because the hard part of the dip is when the chest is close to the floor and you just start to straighten the arms. If we are going to have records of the floor-dip, we certainly should have rules so that every record-seeker should dip in exactly the same way.

No one can dip as often on chairs as he can on the parallels, because he wastes strength in keeping the chairs from tipping toward each other, and again, the chair backs get into his hands and cause considerable pain. Most records in dipping on the parallel bars are held by small men of light weight. An average gymnast can do thirty dips on the parallels and the exceptionally strong gymnasts will do fifty to sixty dips. William Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," speaks of a friend who weighed 180 pounds, and who could make eighty-four dips. That is phenomenal. There used to be a man named Walker in Paterson, who could do one hundred and ten straight dips on the parallels, but Walker weighed only about 120 pounds. I know a young man who weighs about 160 pounds, who can do ninety dips, and who probably could do one hundred if he trained for it. But no big and heavy man has a chance against a light-weight of equal skill and strength when it comes to either dipping on the parallels, or chinning the bar.

In the floor-dip the heavy man does not work under the same disadvantage, because in the floor-dip the athlete's weight is supported on his hands and his feet. Good sized and powerful legs are no handicap in the floor-dip, but they are a positive handicap when dipping on the parallel bars.

### Back Muscles and Standing Broad Jump Records

Here are letters from three of your fellow readers, who evidently were interested by my talk in the October issue about the function of the lower back muscles in jumping.

\* \* \*

Editor of "The Mat"  
Dear Sir:

Concerning back strength and the standing broad jump, I agree with you on the small of the back as being the point where the main power is concentrated. My best record is 9 feet 9 inches, established over a year ago, and I have made no



Karl R. Hughes, of Eaton, Colorado, illustrating the development of the back of the legs and of the muscles of the back, discussed by Mr. Calvert as having to do with the standing broad jump.

serious effort since then to beat it. It might be interesting to know that I have never been beaten in an open competition, but I do not consider that record remarkable for I have met very few men who take the interest in athletics that I do. I got my start toward a good back and legs several years ago while riding a bicycle to and from school, a distance of seven or eight miles daily. Lately I put in two months handling baled hay, and that is the best back builder I have ever found. With two or three weeks training and practice, I believe I can go well over ten feet. Anyway, your article has aroused a new interest, and if you find some one in the common walks of life who can beat my record, I will make a new one. It's competition that makes the game worth while, and too many just sit and look on. Am enclosing a picture, although it is not a back pose, some idea of the lower back can be obtained. The picture somewhat belies my height of five feet eight inches, and weight of 138 pounds. Sorry I haven't any record of a back lift, or what I can lift from the ground with my hands. I intend to find out soon.

Sincerely yours,

KARL R. HUGHES.

\* \* \*

Aurora, Illinois.

Editor of "The Mat."

Dear Sir:

I have just read your article in the October issue of STRENGTH, in regard to back lifting and standing broad jumping.

I am a bar-bell user, and practice such exercise, but never attempted to find out how much I could lift. So after reading your article, I went right out and tried it. In the "hands alone" the best I could do was 325 pounds, in the two-arm "jerk" 190 pounds, and in the one-arm "bent press" 140 pounds.

Also tried standing broad jump. After four attempts I made 8 feet 7 inches. Will practice and see if I can increase this in the next month or so.

Yours, for Strength,

ADOLPH MEISCH.

\* \* \*

Newtonia, Mo.

Editor of "The Mat."

Dear Sir:

After reading "The Mat" in the September issue of STRENGTH, I see that you want more records in jumping.

My record in the standing broad jump, measuring from heel to heel on level ground, is 9 feet 10 inches. On a very little slope I can make the ten. (The jump should be measured from toe to heel. So Mr. Bell's record is about 9 feet. A. C.)

I am only sixteen years old, but I have been using bar-bells for over a year, and I have become much stronger than before I used them. My height is 5 feet 6½ inches.

Yours truly,

RUSSELL BELL.

According to the books, the record in the standing broad jump is 11 feet 6 inches, but 10 feet, to 10 feet 6 inches is good enough to win in most meets. Out of the number of letters I have received, the three above give the best records, and none of these men claim to be particularly strong. I believe that as these young men increase in back strength, they will be able to improve their jumping records to a considerable extent. Mr. Hughes was the only one who sent in his picture, and it is interesting because it shows a pronounced development on the back of the thigh, and any man who has a big swelling curve on the back of the thigh is always sure to be very strong in the small of the back. I hope that more of you will send in your records, and I am particularly anxious to hear from some of the bar-bell users who have great ability in lifting heavy weights off the (Continued on page 70)

# Gee! But It's Great To Be Healthy!

Up in the morning brimming with pep. Eat like a kid and off for the day's work feeling like a race horse. You don't care how much work awaits you, for that's what you crave—hard work and plenty of it. And when the day is over, are you tired? I should say not. Those days are gone forever. That's the way a strong, healthy man acts. His broad chest breathes deep with oxygen purifying his blood so that his very body tingles with life. His brain is clear and his eyes sparkle. He has a spring to his step and a confidence to tackle anything at any time.

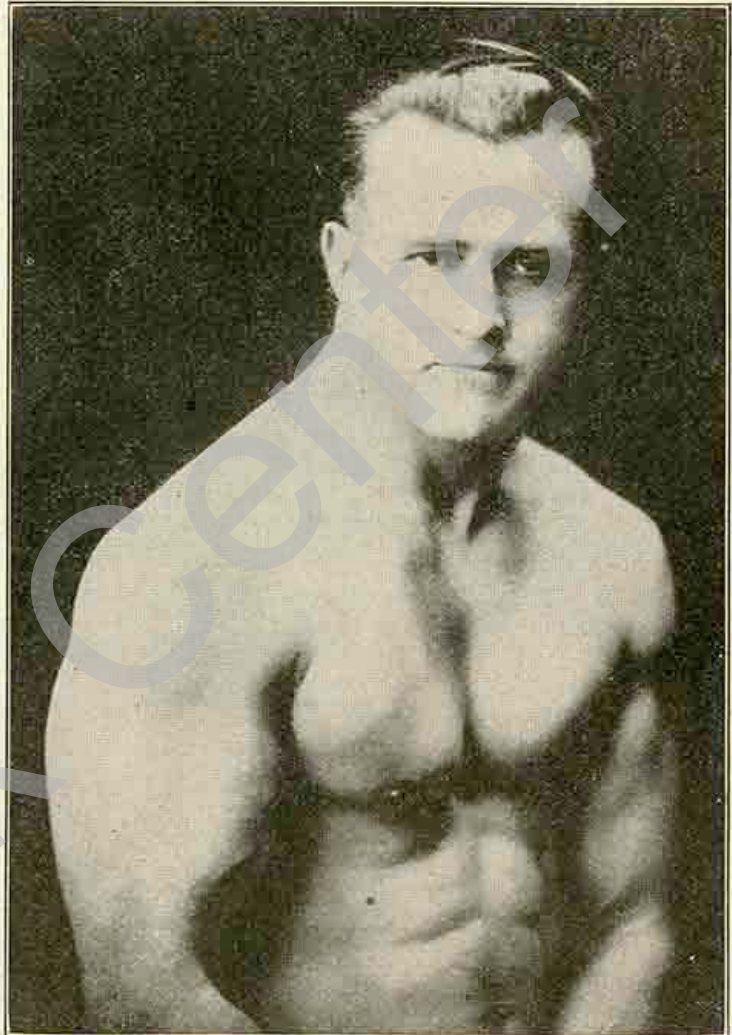
## Pity the Weakling

Don't you feel sorry for those poor fellows dragging along through life with a neglected body? They are up and around a full half hour in the morning before they are half awake. They taste a bite of food and call it a breakfast. Shuffle off to work and drag through the day. It's no wonder so few of them ever succeed. Nobody wants a dead one hanging around. It's the live ones that count.

## Strength is Yours

Wake up, fellows, and look the facts in the face. It's up to you right now. What do you plan to be—a live one or a dead one? Health and strength are yours if you'll work for them, so why choose a life of suffering and failure?

Exercise will do it. By that I mean the right kind of exercise. Yes, your body needs it just as much as it does food. If you don't get it you soon develop into a flat-chested, narrow-shouldered weakling with a brain that needs all kinds of stimulants and foolish treatments to make it act. I know what I am talking about. I haven't devoted all these years for nothing. Come to me and give me the facts and I'll transform that body of yours so you won't know it. I will broaden your shoulders, fill out your chest, and give you the arms and legs of a real man. Meanwhile, I work on the muscles in and around your vital organs, making your heart pump rich, pure blood and putting real pep in your old backbone. This is no idle talk. I don't promise these things—I guarantee them. If you doubt me, come on and make me prove it. That's what I like.



**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
America's Leading Director of Physical Education

## Send for My New 64-Page Book "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physiques. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. All I ask is ten cents to cover the cost of wrapping and mailing and it is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now, before you turn this page.

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
Dept. 712, 305 Broadway, New York City

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
Dept. 712, 305 Broadway, New York City

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

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

# The Transformation of a Weakling into a Strong Man

By Earle E. Liederman

WHEN I look over the names of my numerous pupils which appear in print today as leaders in the physical culture world. I feel that all the glory of my profession is not to be shown in dollars and cents alone. For after all, money is only one sign of success. What really means the most to me is the fact that I have been of help to so many fellows in building themselves up into useful and successful citizens, for had they remained in the physical condition in which I found them, they would have meant only so many more failures for the rest of the world to support.

It seems but yesterday that I first met Arthur L. Hyson. He came into my office and asked if I were sure I could make him into a strong man. It was like asking Henry Ford if he could make an automobile. Still, Mr. Hyson had reason for his doubt. He had paid his good money and faithfully followed the instructions of another for nearly one year's time, and had but little to show for it. He had two qualifications, however, which assured me of success. He had an ambition to be strong—and was willing to work for it. That is all I ask of any man.

Understand, Mr. Hyson had exercised faithfully in the past—but he had followed the wrong style of exercise for his particular needs. Exercise is the same as food in this respect. What is food for one may be poison for another. It takes a physician well versed in dietetics to analyze a man's system and decide just what food will supply the nourishment which his particular condition demands. Arthur Hyson needed this same manner of analysis applied to his muscular anatomy.

Mr. Hyson was convinced that my analysis was correct. He decided to place himself under my guidance. He noted the beginning of the metamorphosis shortly after one week's time. This was indeed encouraging. A month passed and he began to feel that his life's ambition would be realized. The feeling of languor disappeared. In its place he experienced the real thrills of a healthy body. Inch by inch his shoulders spread and his arms were developing. As he moved about before his mirror he began to notice the ripple of the inner muscles. He noticed on arising in the morning that his

head was clear and he had that craving of a strong, healthy body for work and exercise.

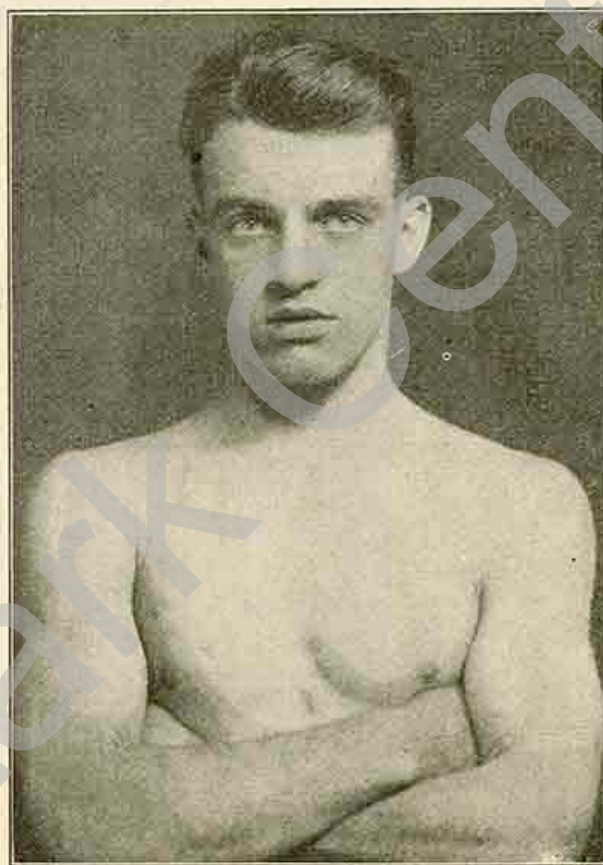
Six months later Mr. Hyson had mastered the secret of progressive exercise and decided he would make physical culture his lifework. I helped him in his studies. In other words, I advised him in his development of the mind and its co-ordination with the body.

That was four years ago. Today Mr. Hyson is successfully running a physical culture course of his own, helping others to enjoy life even as he himself has done. He is rated among the leading strong men of this country. A few days ago he came to me and handed me what he termed an open letter. He said he owed his present success in life to my efforts in his behalf and wanted me to know he appreciated all I had done for him. He has granted me permission to print his story, so I present it herewith, word for word, as Mr. Hyson wrote it.

Read it and you will realize that no matter what your present condition may be, or what your past experiences might have been, there is hope if you will make up your mind and say: "I will succeed."

## A True Confession

YES, it is the same old story. I was at one time a weakling, so weak I would not think of entering any games or sports which the average American boy thoroughly enjoys. But today I am thankful that I am classed among America's strong men. There are many so-called strong men who claim a weakened condition at one time in their lives, but cannot prove it. I never had the desire to have any photos taken



Arthur Hyson—the day I met him

when I was a puny, delicate boy. I endeavored to have a few pictures taken after completing several of the many courses I enrolled for. A few of the photos accompany this letter. An idea can be had by comparing the photo showing my development after completing other courses and the photos after taking the Liederman System.

It wasn't because I was satisfied to be weak or to continue on "Life's Weary Way." It was just that I was so weak and disgusted that I couldn't help myself. I went on this way for a number of years, losing position after position, all on account of my weakened condition and ill health. Discouragement followed and I thought of giving up hope. One day, as I turned the pages of a magazine, I noticed quite a few advertisements of physical culture courses and like the average reader, took a chance and answered them. I enrolled for one of these courses and found that after all there was some truth in natural methods. But after a few months

I found myself becoming impatient and not improving as quickly as I anticipated. I wanted to be strong—real strong, and not half way. I felt as though someone were holding me back and keeping from me the secrets of developing the strength that a real strong man possesses. I tried and tried and kept on trying. Frequently I became discouraged and thought that maybe strong men were really born and not made, and that it was useless for me to continue exercising without being rewarded by results. Again I was induced to enroll with another instructor. Again I thought that the result would be a "trick" development. I solemnly swore that this one would be the last course that I would take. It was the last, and I was glad. I discovered it wasn't a course of training such as I had previously enrolled for, but a real result-producing system. When I found that I was rewarded by my efforts my ambitions arose, my down-heartedness disappeared and once again the sun shone where to me it seemed all darkness. I was told secrets of developing and improving my health that astounded me. I employed the new methods and found them to work wonders and in an amazingly short time. I was no longer puzzled over what I thought was impossible, and what once seemed as "thick as mud" was now as clear as crystal.

My muscles stood out to better advantage and I carried my body differently as a result of training under the right instructions. I developed something inside of me that kept pushing me and urging me onward to a seemingly impossible goal. That unmistakable power that kept urging me onward was "energy," everlasting energy. I felt stronger, healthier and more energetic. Day by day I felt just as tho I could exercise all the time and finish with that "grand and glorious feeling." Believe me, I know what it is to keep plugging along and getting nowhere. Standing still is almost as bad as going backward, and that is what I imagined I was doing, going backward in spite of my efforts to advance. It seemed almost like tossing a rubber ball against a stone wall; it always comes back to where it starts from. Before taking the Liederman System I didn't know how to remove the obstacles that lay in my path. There is a way to prevent this rebounding. Take away the stone wall, and the ball will keep rolling and rolling—to the end? No! There is no end to rolling or developing and improving the body if systematic training and professional experience can be applied.

I once heard an old saying—"Live to love and you will love to live." I learned to love my daily exercise and it seemed to grow in me that it was one of life's necessities. If I neglect my exercise I feel a hunger for it just as I feel the

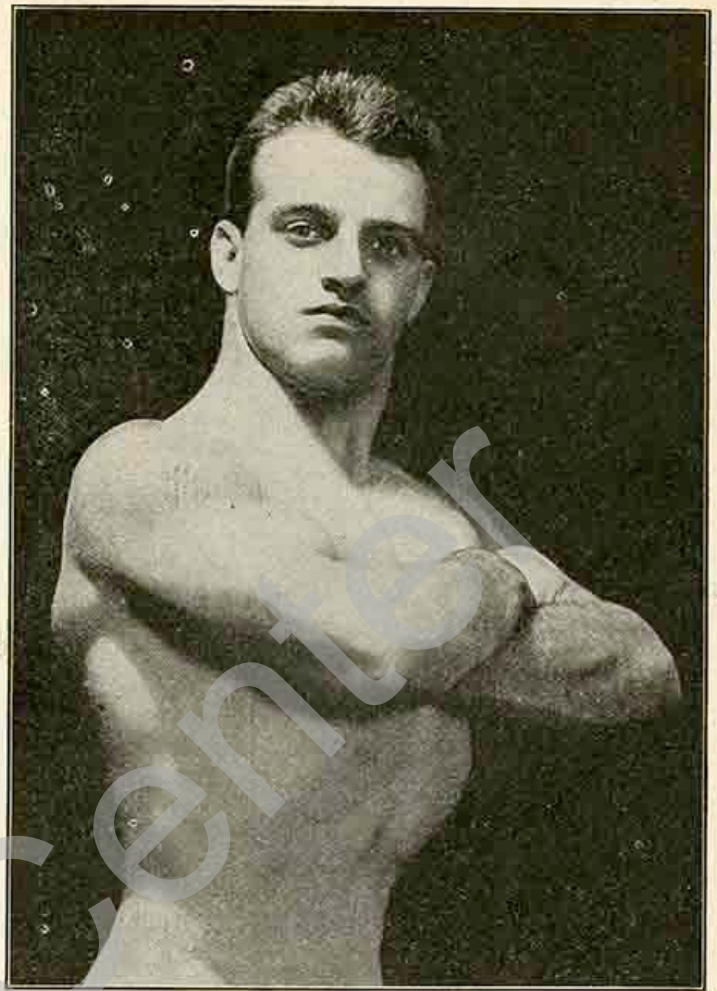


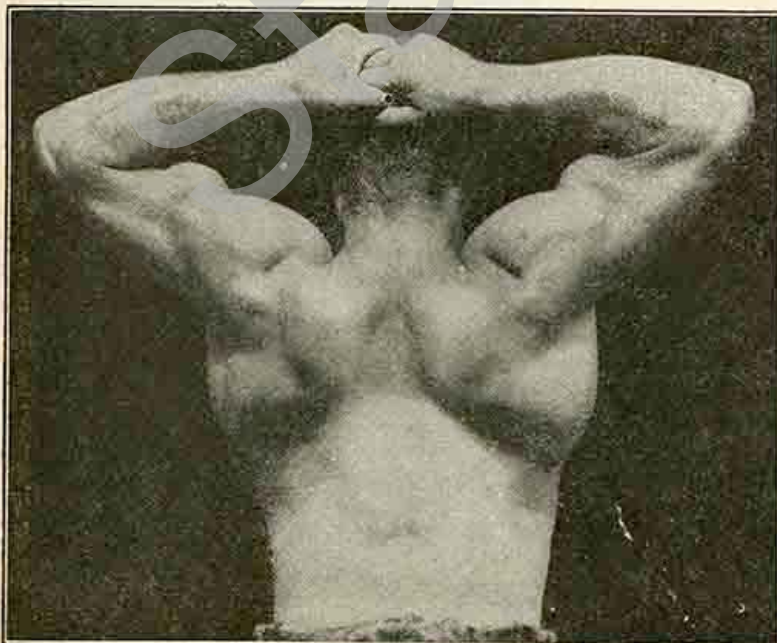
Photo used by Arthur Hyson in his recent advertisements

need of food after a fast.

My goal isn't reached yet, even tho I have a development that seems impossible to improve. I am proud of my body and you can rest assured that I take good care of it. I didn't have to work for my development; I had to fight for it until I found the system, the one and only system, that is superior to all others in giving results without straining the heart out of you for it. It wasn't an easy fight by any means, and it is not over yet. I still feel that I have worlds to conquer, a young "Napoleon," if you will. I'll still keep plugging along, because I know and feel and believe I can go onward, to something bigger, higher, I know not what, but I'll keep going just the same.

I have heard many tales of strong men. What they can do and what they intend doing. The record weights they have lifted in private and find impossible to duplicate in public. Some of their tales might be digested by the average person. By applying common sense to their claims, I have found out and know better. There are many strong men and so-called champions, but the ones who are really known need not praise themselves. Others who have seen what they can do and have been helped by their efforts like I have, are the ones who will shout their praises. I am indeed glad to have been a pupil of Earle E. Liederman. He has not only proven a worthy instructor, but a big brother and friend to me.

All power to you, Earle Liederman. If anyone ever doubts your ability to transform them into a strong man, send them to me and I'll show them physical proof of what you can do. You've done your part by me and I am more than willing to do my part by you.

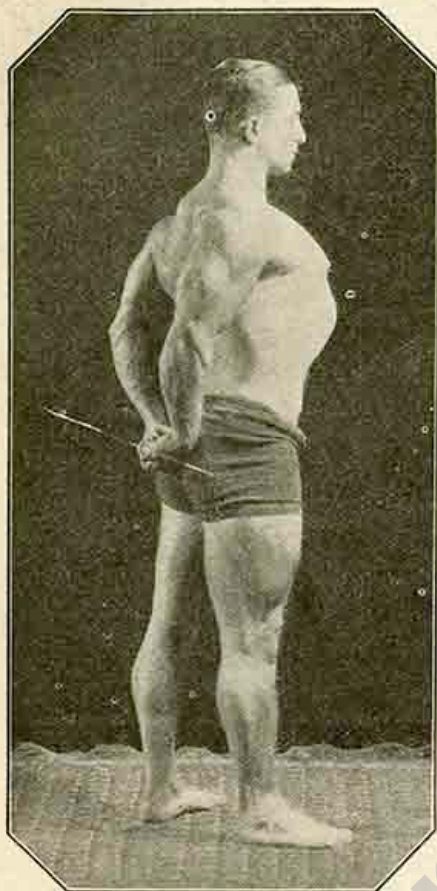


Arthur L. Hyson—as he is to-day!

Arthur L. Hyson

# EVERY YEAR I GIVE \$1000.00 IN CASH

Andrew Passannant  
the 1923 Winner



Andrew Passannant. Showing his remarkable depth of chest.



By  
Earle E. Liederman

**D**URING the past few years it has not been uncommon to hear of Physical Culture contests in which cash prizes are awarded to the best built man or woman. These have been a source of great satisfaction to those winning the money, but in each case the winners had already obtained their remarkable development before the contest was announced. It has never acted as an incentive to the weaker ones to strive for this physical attainment for they realized the tremendous handicap under which they were placed.

While reading the results of a certain contest last spring, I decided that I, too, would offer such a prize to my own pupils—but I would make it entirely different from the others. My prize would go to the man showing the greatest improvement in his physical make-up over a given period of time. I made a record of the measurements of all of my pupils who had started

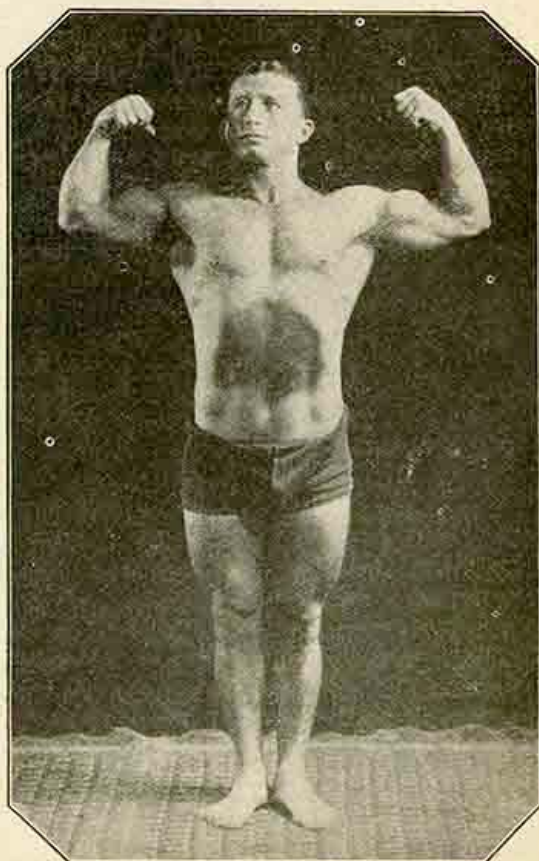
the Earle Liederman system since January 1st and decided I would not say a word until October 1st, at which time I would give \$1000 to the pupil who showed the greatest improvement. I always request my pupils to keep me posted regularly on their physical condition, so it was not a difficult task to decide the winner.

I did not announce publicly that I was planning to award this prize. I did not care to use such methods as a possible lure to secure new pupils. I want my pupils to have a higher motive in their work than merely striving for a reward of money. I want them to realize that \$1000 could never compare with the priceless possession of a strong and vigorous body.

## ANDREW PASSANNANT the Winner

On October first I gathered together the records of all my pupils and carefully sorted them out. After one week of deduction by myself and the men whom I had selected as judges, we unanimously agreed that Andrew Passannant was entitled to the prize.

As I have previously stated, my pupils knew nothing of my



His 17" biceps make his arms look short. His reach, however, is the same as his height, 5' 7½".

### CONTEST RULES

Contest opens December 1, 1923, and closes October 1, 1924. It is open to Earle Liederman pupils only. In order to become a contestant it is not necessary to send for the booklet, "Muscular Development." In case of tie, each tying contestant will receive \$1,000. Mr. Bernard Macfadden has been invited to act as one of the judges for the 1924 contest and the names of other judges will be announced later. The winner will be selected from the pupils showing the greatest improvement in their physiques from the date of their enrollment until October 1, 1924. They will be judged from measurements and photographs.

plans and you can better judge of Mr. Passannant's surprise by reading his letter, which I print herewith:  
 My dear Mr. Liederman:

October 8, 1923.

Upon arriving home from business this evening, I received your letter, requesting me to call on Friday and collect the \$1000 prize money. I hasten to answer and assure you I will be there. If a rich relative had died and left me his entire fortune, I could not have been more surprised. It is so wonderful I can hardly realize that it is true. I admit that the benefits I have received from following your instructions are worth far more to me than \$1000, for you have made me a new and better man in every way, as you evidently know when you so generously award me your prize.

I would like to tell the world all that you and your system have meant to me. Your name should be changed from Liederman to Leader-man. My advice to every man will be to let you lead them as you did me. You promised to make me strong and you sure did keep your promise.

I would like to tell the world all that you and your system have meant to me.

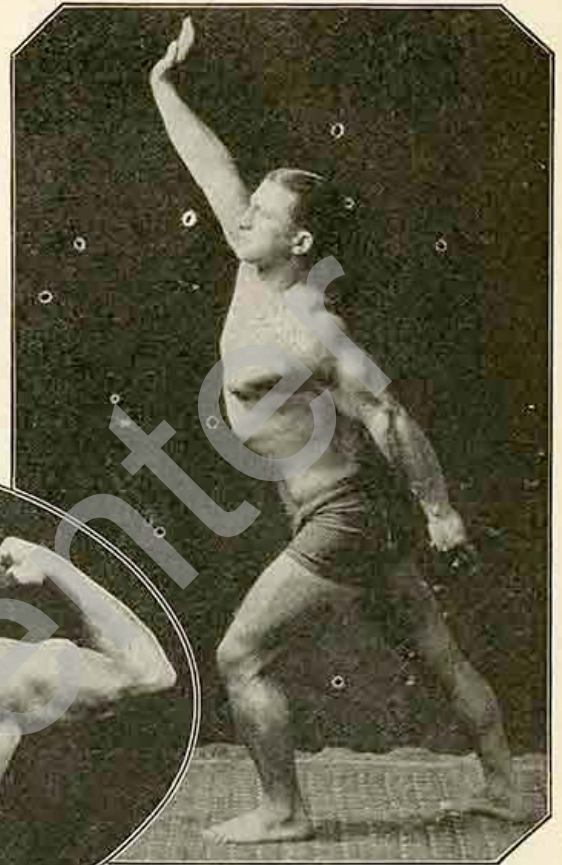
Ever your devoted pupil,  
**ANDREW PASSANNANT.**

160 Wadsworth Ave.,  
 New York City.

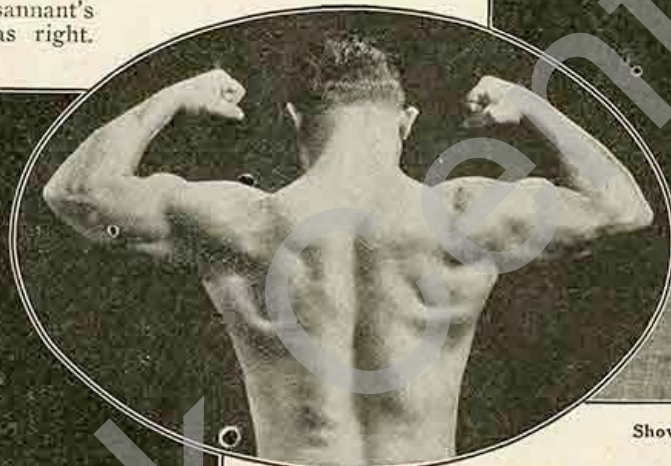
P. S.—Why don't you announce your contest so that every one will strive harder for the prize? Those who fail to win the money will thank you, for they will have acquired a condition of health and development that money could not buy.

### The 1924 Contest Is On

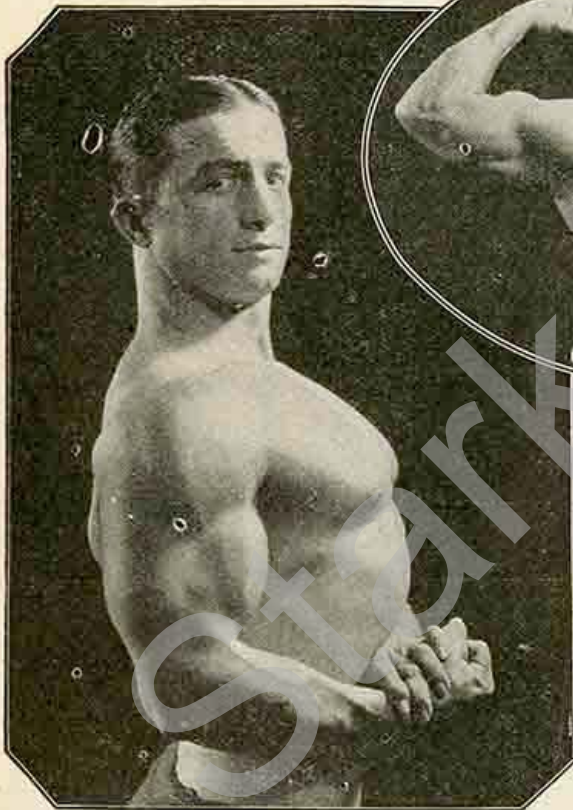
After receiving Mr. Passannant's letter, I decided that he was right.



Showing his symmetrical physique.



The back that can carry the load.



Compare this pose with any other athlete's similar pose whether amateur or professional, and see how vastly superior Mr. Passannant's muscles are.

Competition enlivens both work and play. So send your name in at once and get started. The sooner you begin, the farther advanced you will be when October, 1924, rolls around, for that will be the next day for awarding the \$1000 prize.

Please don't let this be your only reason, however. Think of the joys which belong to the strong, robust man. You can't describe it. The only way to understand it is to possess this health and strength and really live.

Look over the other pages of my announcement in this issue. Why do I use so much space? There is only one answer. My system has brought me success as well as to my thousands of pupils. The Liederman system never fails. That is why I guarantee it.

I don't care what your present condition is. If you are weak, I guarantee to make you strong. If you are strong, I'll make you stronger. What I did for Andrew Passannant and thousands of others, I will also do for you. I don't just promise these things; I guarantee them. So come on and

## Send for My 64-page Book **MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT**

This will not obligate you in any way and may mean the turning point in your life. It will not only show you what my many pupils think of my system but will inspire you to lead a bigger and a better life. It will prove an impetus and real inspiration to you. Even if you never adopt my system, at least acquaint yourself with the vital facts contained in this book. Remember it costs you but 10 cents and you are assuming no obligation whatever. Sign the coupon and get it in the mail today while it is on your mind.

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**

305 Broadway

Dept. 712

New York City

**EARLE E. LIEDERMAN**  
 Dept. 712  
 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." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

## The Mat

(Continued from page 64)

ground. I am sure that if these men try themselves out at broad jumping, we will hear of some surprising records, and we may have the good fortune to develop a world's record maker from our midst. I personally would be just as pleased to see a STRENGTH reader make a world's record in jumping, as to see another reader make a world's record in lifting.

#### Jumping a Test of Prospective Long Life

Jumping is an exercise that should not be neglected. The ability to jump

for great height or distance is one of the best possible signs of continued vigor. In one of his books Mr. Theodore Dreiser speaks of a belief current among farmers, to the effect that if a middle-aged man can jump over an oat-shock, he will live to be eighty. Did you ever stop to think that when a man loses his ability to jump, he is on the downward path physically? A business man or even a laborer of thirty-five may have a great deal of strength in his arms and shoulders, his back may be fairly strong, and he may be able to walk several miles

without fatigue. Occasionally you find a man of that age who can run several miles without becoming completely exhausted, but most men in their late thirties present a sorry spectacle if they have to run for even a short distance. Because they never run except when absolutely necessary, they have gradually lost the use of their hips. Any one of you who keeps his eyes open has had many a chuckle at the spectacle of a middle-aged man running to catch a street-car, or to escape an automobile. He runs flat footed, and entirely from the knees. His strides

are not more than a yard long, and his whole body is jarred with every step. A man who runs in this ludicrous fashion is not able to jump at all. The muscles on his thighs, hips, and lower back are so stiffened and weakened by disuse, that he cannot propel the weight of his body through the air. If you don't believe me, ask any stout man of forty to jump over a bar placed 2 feet 6 inches from the ground. Any twelve-year-old schoolboy will clear that height, but most middle-aged men cannot even manage the take-off. They cannot even get their knees 30 inches from the ground.

It is all right to talk about the necessity of keeping the lungs in working order, and keeping the chest and shoulders in good condition, but the really important thing for a middle-aged man is to keep his hips and thighs limber. If such a man will practice jumping two or three times a week, he will retain his figure, keep his muscular and vital powers, and ward off many organic diseases which arise through inactivity of the muscles of the lower trunk, hips, and thighs.

\* \* \*

#### Compare Yourself With Apollo Belvedere

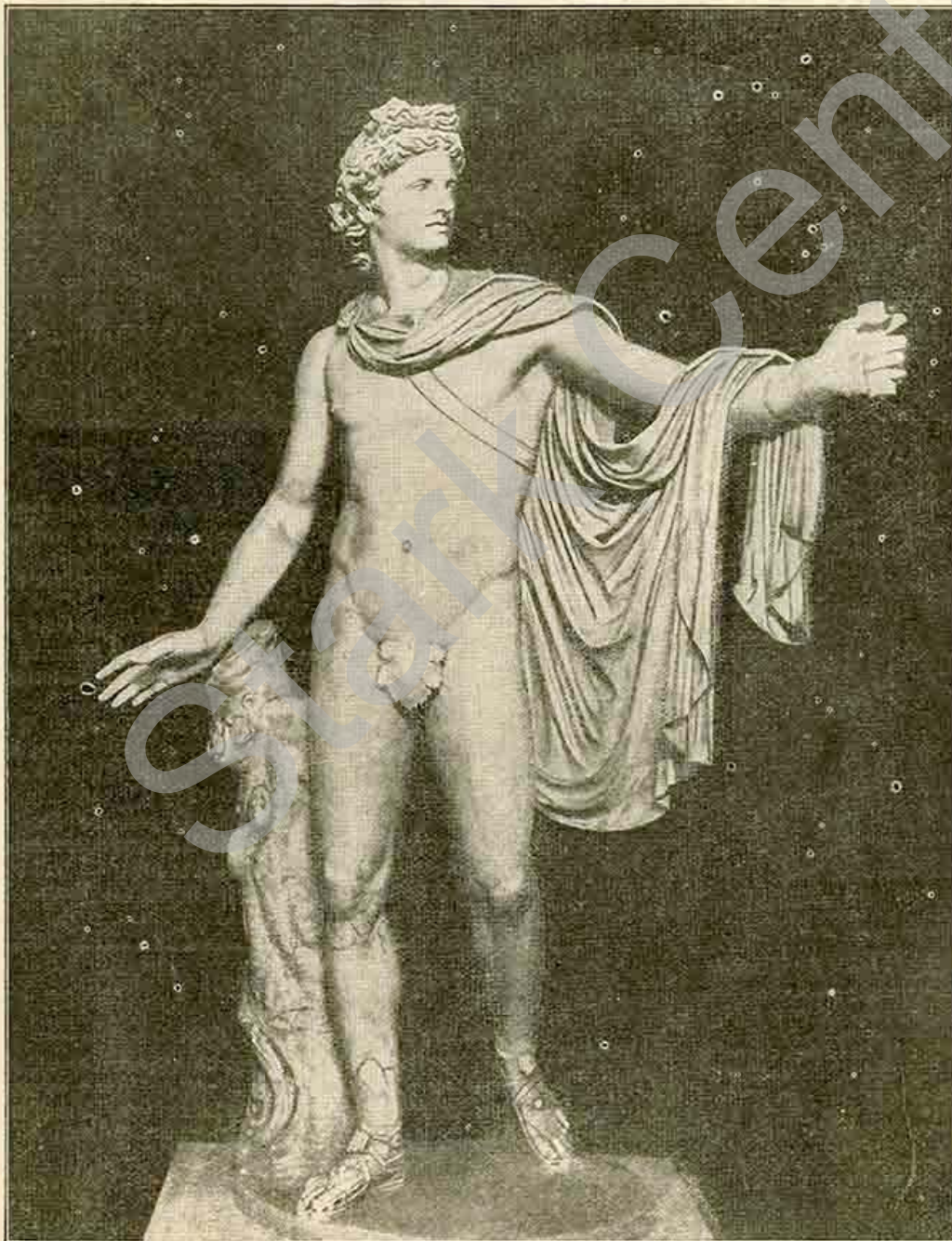
Rockford, Illinois.

Editor of "The Mat."

Dear Sir—I am an interested reader of STRENGTH. I read every issue from cover to cover the same day I get it, so I have to reread it the rest of the month.

One thing, however, that I

(Continued on page 72)



The Apollo Belvedere, long regarded as an ideal of symmetrical development. According to the author's analysis he was more powerful than usually supposed.



# Do Your Friends "Feel Sorry" for You?

**Y**OU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are "invited" some one stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, some one believes, or at least hopes, that you will do and say the right thing.



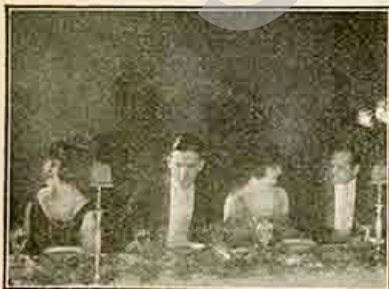
## What's Wrong With This Picture?

Good breeding—or the lack of it—is as quickly detected on the street as anywhere else. There are good manners and bad even in the simple matter of walking in public. Is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them? Your ability to answer these questions is a fair test of your knowledge of what is the correct thing to do.



## Shall She Invite Him in?

She doesn't know. They have spent a delightful evening together. Might they not prolong it a little? She would like to, and plainly so would he. But what should one do under such conditions? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? What does good usage say is the proper thing to do?



## Are You Ever Tongue-Tied at a Party?

Have you ever been seated next to a man or woman at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world to talk about? Does the presence of strangers "frighten" you—leave you groping desperately for words that will not come? When in the company of strangers are you suddenly stricken dumb?

Do you live up to these expectations? Are you perfectly poised, self-confident, well-mannered, a delightful companion or guest—or must your friends secretly apologize for your awkwardness and lack of breeding? Must they always be making excuses for your mistakes in social deportment? Must they go on forever "feeling sorry" for you?

The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity, either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, "tongue-tied," ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.

## Are You a Welcome Guest?

To know what to do, say, wear, at all times and on all occasions, is to display those signs of gentle good breeding which people of culture and refinement approve.

Are you a welcome guest in the most highly respected circles? Do you know how to impress others with your dignity, grace and charm, whether in the theatre, on the street, at the dinner table, in the ballroom, wherever you may be? Do you converse smoothly and entertainingly? Do people seek you out, enjoy your company? Is your every word and act faultless, pleasing, beyond reproach?

## The One Standard Social Guide

More than a half million people have found the Book of Etiquette the one authoritative, complete and acceptable guide to correct behavior and pleasing manners. Every phase of social intercourse is treated in detail in this remarkable two-volume set of books. Everything you want to know and should know is clearly and simply explained.

Do you know how to introduce men and women correctly? On what occasion, if any, a man may hold a woman's arm when they are walking together? How to take leave of the hostess after an entertainment? What to say to your partner in the ballroom after the music ceases? Whether olives should be eaten with the fingers or a fork? Whether a man precedes or follows a woman down the aisle at the theatre? Whether she may be left alone during an intermission? These are but a few of the hundreds of embarrassing problems which are solved for you in the Book of Etiquette.

Neither wealth, position, nor fine clothes can give you refinement of manner. But no matter what your station in life, you will be amazed at what a difference the priceless information contained in the Book of Etiquette will make in you.

If you want to make friends, be popular, mingle with the best people, and be invited everywhere, you cannot afford to wait another day to procure this remarkable set of books.



Nearly Half a Million Sold at \$3.50

**NOW \$1.98**  
**ONLY \$1.98** For a Very Limited Time

As a special inducement we are offering the famous Book of Etiquette in the regular \$3.50 edition, at the special low price of only \$1.98.

You have always wanted to own this remarkable set of books. Now is your chance. We cannot extend this offer beyond the sale of a certain number of copies. Don't put it off and afterwards be sorry. Take advantage of this wonderful bargain right away.

## Send No Money

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Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$2.98 with same return privilege. (Orders from outside the U. S. are payable \$2.44 cash with order. Leather binding, \$3.44, cash with order.)

## The Mat

(Continued from page 70)

think the "strong-man" and would-be-physique-developer forgets, is to develop a graceful outline of form, which if achieved, is very beautiful to behold. Most men seem to want big bulging muscles, not symmetrical completeness. The Ancient Greeks may not have been so strong, but they had the all around development of their bodies down perfectly.

Couldn't you publish the ideal proportions for the statue of Apollo Belvedere, for instance? If you published such proportions, men might be able to figure out for their own selves, the measurements which would give them, if attained, the body of an Apollo, and not of a "near



Mr. Edward W. Goodman doing an abdominal raise with 107½ pounds.

half Hercules."

Hoping that you will print such measurements, and with best wishes for the success of your magazine, I remain

Yours sincerely,

ELMER F. LEE.

\* \* \*

This letter is a very interesting one, because it sets forth the views of a very large class of physical culturists. What Mr. Lee says is perfectly true. The average man would rather be finely proportioned than to have a heavy muscular development. Mr. Lee, however, does not understand one thing, and that is that you must not judge a "strong man's" proportions entirely by the way he looks in a picture, which is taken solely for muscular display. This magazine has published many pictures of men who are interested in muscular development, and those men make a practice of showing their full development when posing for pictures. I know from my correspondence that many of you think a "strong man" is *always* like that; while the fact is that most of the men who show this great muscular development are smoothly built when their muscles are in repose, and are as well proportioned as any one could wish to be.

For many years the statue of Apollo Belvedere has been accepted as the most perfect slender type, and it has attracted more favorable comments than any of the statues of Hercules, Theseus, or any others of the heavy type of athlete. Many readers of bodily development have stated that they preferred the Apollo type to the heavier type, and a great many men have written to this magazine, just as Mr. Lee did, and expressed a similar preference.

I always had the idea that the Apollo Belvedere represented a much heavier man than most people realize, and when I got Mr. Lee's letter, I sent one of our staff to an Art Museum, and told him to measure the Apollo statue. Owing to the draperies, it was impossible to get an accurate measurement of the chest, waist, or hips, but here are the



13½ inches, but you must remember that in the Apollo statue the arm is held *straight, and relaxed*, and most men who have an arm which measures 13½ inches when the arm is straight, will measure over 15 inches when the arm is bent, and the muscles tensed. Now, those measurements are *not* those of a very slender man. Very few of the 6 footers who read this article are able to show a 23½ inch thigh, a 15½ inch calf, and an upper arm which measures 13½ when the arm is held straight. The Apollo Belvedere really has remarkably powerful arms and legs, and beautiful shoulders, but the trunk is rather small by comparison. If you are drawing a picture, or molding a statue, it is easy to make the figure *look* slender, if you make the arms and limbs powerful, and the trunk just average.

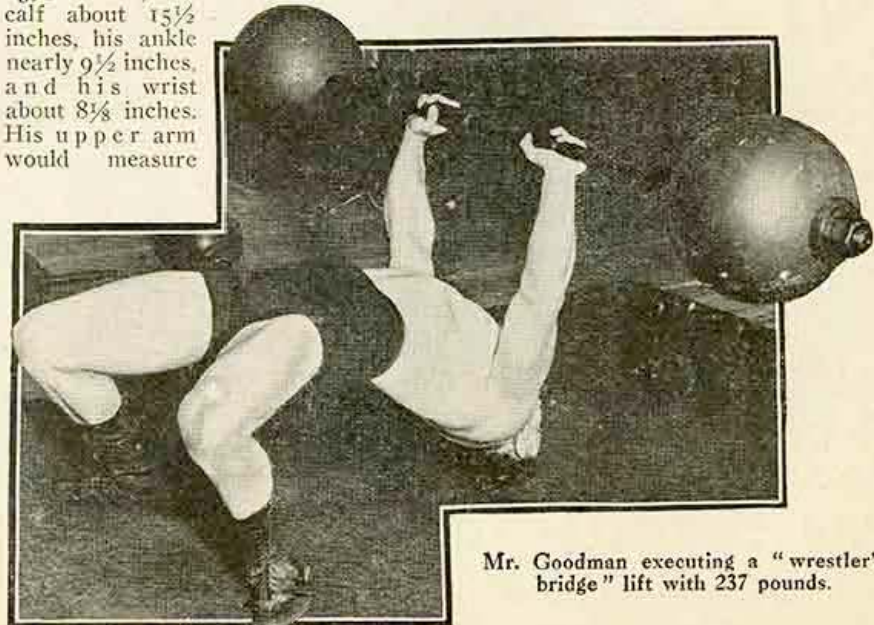
\* \* \*

### Mr. Goodman's Phenomenal Feats

Here is some information about the latest lifts of Mr. Edward W. Goodman, of Los Angeles. One of the pictures on this page shows Mr. Goodman doing an "abdominal raise" with 107½ pounds. This is the lift where you lie flat on the back, rest your neck against the center of the handle of the bar-bell, and then you grasp the bar with both hands, and slowly raise the body to a sitting position. In order to prevent the feet from leaving the ground, and to give the lifter the necessary purchase, it is necessary either to strap the ankles to the floor, or else to lay a heavy bar-bell across the ankles, as Mr. Goodman is doing. The English record in the heavy-weight class is 86½ pounds, just 21 pounds less than Mr. Goodman is raising in this picture.

In the other picture Mr. Goodman is doing a "wrestler's bridge" lift with 237 pounds. He says that this lift is about 30 pounds below his best record. Mr. Goodman now weighs in the neighborhood of 170 pounds, and his biceps have grown to 17½ inches, and his chest to 45 inches. A. C.

figures he secured. Height 7 feet, neck 18½ inches, chest 45 inches, thigh 27½ inches, calf 18 inches, ankle 11 inches, upper arm 15¾ inches, waist 36 inches, hips 42 inches, and wrist 9½ inches. You cannot get any fair basis of comparison with a 7 foot statue, and so I deducted 1/7 from each of the measurements, so as to see what the statue would have measured if it had been 6 feet high. I did not stop at that. I figured out the percentage of chest girth, arm girth, and so on to the height of the 7 foot statue, and then I figured out the same proportions for a 6 foot statue. The two sets of figures were practically identical, and here is what a 6 foot man would measure if he was built on the same lines as the Apollo Belvedere. His neck would measure nearly 16 inches, his chest a trifle over 38½ inches, his waist a little under 31 inches, and his hips exactly 36 inches. His thigh would measure 23½ inches, his calf about 15½ inches, his ankle nearly 9½ inches, and his wrist about 8¾ inches. His upper arm would measure



Mr. Goodman executing a "wrestler's bridge" lift with 237 pounds.

# How I Saved My Hair!

## The Tragedy of Baldness

By ALBERT WOODRUFF

WHEN the barber told me my hair was getting thin I merely smiled and let it go at that. When my wife said, "Bert, I do believe you are becoming bald," I gave a little laugh and passed it off with a jesting remark. I took the gibes of my friends in the same spirit—and I laughed when the comedian at the theatre made his "cracks" about candidates for the "bald-headed row."

But it wasn't until my business associates commenced to notice that I was rapidly becoming bald and gray that I worried. For while I was just as full of pep and vim as I had ever been—while my business judgment was just as keen as ever, yet I worried for fear my associates might think of me as heading toward the "has been" class. I decided to try to save my hair—if it could be saved.

Then I became a slave to hair tonics. If a tonic was new I bought it on sight. I tried every kind of shampoo that I heard of. I was a victim of the barber's wiles. The money I spent—and all to no purpose. My hair continued to come out just as fast as it ever did before I had tried to stop it. Every time I combed my hair it told the story.

### How I Prevented Baldness

One day I read a very interesting advertisement by the celebrated Physical Culturist, Bernarr Macfadden. Now, it so happened that I had seen Mr. Macfadden several times and I knew that he himself had wonderful thick hair. Naturally I was interested—although it was news to me that Mr. Macfadden had made a study of the hair and had written a book on the subject, entitled, "Hair Culture."

In the advertisement Mr. Macfadden said he was amazed to learn how little

really authoritative information had been written about the proper care of the hair and scalp. He said that one need not let the hair grow thin and gray. He said that if the hair is falling out or getting gray a reasonable amount of proper care will restore it, unless one is completely bald. And this same care will keep the hair strong and healthy throughout life. He spoke of simple, natural and effective methods for treating the hair and scalp by following a few laws of nature. Then he casually mentioned that he was startled at the tremendous demand that existed for his comprehensive work. In fact, the first edition of his treatise was very quickly sold and a new edition had to be printed to take care of the orders that were flooding in on each mail.

I made up my mind right then that since Mr. Macfadden had written the book it was sure to be very practical—and the fact that so many had been sold clearly proved to me that the treatise must be filling a popular demand.

So I just jotted my name and address down on the coupon and returned it.



"Only a short while ago my hair was falling out by combfuls, yet today I have fine, thick hair, with not the slightest trace of baldness or dandruff."

which we discovered in Mr. Macfadden's treatise entitled "Hair Culture" and their hair is the admiration of all their friends. If you will examine the book I am quite sure that you will agree with me that it is one of the most valuable—if not the most valuable—and instructive books ever written on Hair Culture.

Albert Woodruff.



### Women! Keep Your Hair Youthful

If your hair is graying prematurely you have every reason to hope that it can be stopped and that much can be done toward restoring it to its original youthful and becoming color.

If it is losing its luxuriant quality and glossy sheen the few simple rules taught by Bernarr Macfadden in his new book HAIR CULTURE will enable you to bring about an almost unbelievable improvement. Why spend time and money at the hair dresser's when you can give your hair a better home treatment in only a few minutes a day by this new method? You can easily have hair that is wonderfully silky in texture and your scalp can be cleansed of every trace of dandruff or scurf.

When I received the book on five days' free examination I immediately read it very carefully and that very same night I started to follow the few simple rules. I must confess that within a very short time I noticed a decided improvement in the growth of my hair—it became thicker and more glossy. Then dandruff disappeared. Today, after following the rules laid down in this new method, I have just as fine a head of thick hair as you would see on any man—even a young man of eighteen or twenty has no thicker or glossier hair than mine. In fact, many haven't anywhere near such fine hair. The grayness has all disappeared and my hair has the glowing color of youth. My wife and children also adopted the rules

### Bernarr Macfadden's Secrets of Hair Culture

These chapter titles will give you an idea of the scope and value of this remarkable book:



Bernarr Macfadden. Note his thick luxuriant, healthy hair

Superfluous Hair. Hair Tonics.

Hair as an attribute to beauty.  
Facts everyone should know about hair.  
Care of healthy hair.  
How to care for baby's scalp.  
Facts about soaps and shampoos.  
The cause of hair troubles.  
Dandruff.  
Dry Hair, Oily Hair, Split Hair  
Falling hair.  
Baldness.  
Gray Hair.  
Hair Dressing.  
Eyebrows and Eyelashes.

### Send No Money

If you would like to take Mr. Woodruff's advice we will gladly let you examine "Hair Culture" for yourself, without obligation, and see how easily you can follow the methods that should bring new life, new lustre and luxuriance to your hair. Don't send one cent in advance—just fill in and return the coupon and the book will come to you by return mail. When the postman hands it to you, deposit only \$2.00 with him. Then after you have kept "Hair Culture" for 5 days—after you have tested the methods—if you are not absolutely satisfied return the book to us and your money will be promptly refunded. If, however, you decide to keep this remarkable book, as you surely will, there are no further payments of any kind to be made—the book becomes your property for the one sum of \$2.00 which you deposited with the postman.

### MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Dept. S-12, Macfadden Building  
1926 Broadway, New York City

### MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

Dept. S-12, Macfadden Building  
1926 Broadway, New York City

Without obligation on my part, please send me a copy of Bernarr Macfadden's Book giving me all of Nature's simple methods for preserving and beautifying the hair. I will pay the postman \$2.00 on arrival, but I also have the privilege of returning the book if I desire and you will refund my deposit.

Name .....

Address .....

## Don't Drop Your Sports—It's Dangerous

(Continued from page 41)

Very soon the entire volume of the blood is making the double circuit of the arterial and venous systems at greatly increased speed. And there is need of this unwonted activity, because muscular action, which inaugurated the change, is accompanied by, or conditioned on, increased cellular activity, which implies increased consumption of oxygen and other nutrients and increased output of carbonic acid gas and other waste products. It is absolutely essential that the carbonic acid gas should be almost instantly liberated from the body through the lungs, and that an enhanced supply of oxygen should take its place. The exchange, as everyone knows, determines the tangible difference between venous and arterial blood.

The other waste products of cellular activity, notable among them urea, are not eliminated with quite such breathless celerity, but they must be none the less surely removed; and the organs that accomplish such removal, notably skin and kidneys, are correspondingly stimulated to full healthful action—where perhaps they had been sluggish to the point of marked inefficiency.

The flushed skin tends to take on the permanent glow of health, where perhaps it had been dry and scaly or, on the other hand, unduly moist and pimply. The flushed kidney tends to assume normal powers of elimination of salts that, otherwise accumulated in the system, would give evidence of defective metabolism, and in many instances cause or conduce to the development of tangible maladies ranging from "acidosis" and rheumatoid conditions to that painfully familiar phenomenon, the kidney stone (calculus).

Only the physician who specializes as an internist—unless, indeed, we except also the wise general practitioner—can appreciate the far-reaching import of the disturbances of metabolism associated with faulty elimination of waste products. Directly or indirectly, this trail leads to most of the maladies of middle-life and old age that are responsible for the death of four-fifths of the adult population.

It must not be inferred that I mean to imply that exercise, by itself, is adequate, through stimulating metabolism, to prevent or banish the major part of these maladies; but I do assert that there is no other single agent, in my opinion, that can go so far toward the accomplishment of these ends. Whether prevention or cure is in question, the wise physician, having a disturbance of metabolism to contend with, always seeks the aid of exercise as a remedial agency. Often he finds that no other remedy is required.

Some of my own most notable triumphs in therapeutics have been achieved simply by saying to a patient whose nutritional conditions were obviously defective: "Go over to

George Bothner's gymnasium regularly, as I do, and stimulate your circulation on the wrestling mat and the handball court." I have developed in the laboratory a therapeutic method of technical character in which I have great confidence; but I do not believe that this or any other system of medicament can produce optimum results unless supplemented and supported by physical activity on the part of the patient.

And by "physical activity" I do not mean five minutes of calisthenics or a half-hour's walk. I mean exercise sufficiently vigorous and prolonged to induce adequate perspiration—as a gauge of enhanced general cellular activity.

Of course there are patients who have conditions of heart or other organs that forbid such activity; but the number of these is far smaller than is generally supposed. Not unfitness for exercise but unwillingness to "take the trouble" is the usual handicap.

I have dwelt somewhat in detail on the matter of bettered circulation and elimination, but of course that is only part of the story. The cells that eliminate waste must have perpetual new supplies of nourishment. Digestion and assimilation are thus involved. But here affairs physiological, in response to exercise, work in a wholesome circle. The blood surcharged with oxygen and coursing at unwonted speed through channels of the bone marrow and various lymphatic tissues, stimulates the formation of enhanced coterics of blood corpuscles. These are not merely oxygen-carriers and therefore direct stimulators of metabolism, but they are also agents of immunization—bacteria-fighters—and, there is reason to believe, scavengers of all types of protein poisons that may find their way into the vascular system.

Bettered blood conditions result also, naturally enough, in improved manufacture of digestive ferments (compounded, necessarily of materials supplied by the blood), so that maladies of the digestive apparatus are prevented or corrected. Not only is the individual's sense of comfort and well-being thereby directly enhanced, but the better-digested pabulum that enters the bloodstream through the intestinal walls facilitates the remaining processes of metabolism, further promoting general health and well-being,—in completion of that wholesome circle of which I spoke.

But there are no blessings quite without alloy; and in the present instance it may happen that improved digestion, due to exercise, may become in a measure a menace to health after exercise is discontinued. The habit of hearty eating is hard to break; but the system of a sedentary person does not require the amount of food that an active person needs; and so the person who drops his sports is likely to overfuel his system.

Now, in place of the wholesome

physiological circle which we have just examined, we see substituted a vicious circle that may encompass conditions pathological. The heart, no longer stimulated by exercise (and there is no other permissible way to stimulate it), tends to become flabby and to perform its function inefficiently. Increased corpuscle-formation is no longer stimulated, although the excess of pabulum from the engorged digestive system puts an inordinate tax on the scavenger function of the corpuscles. The blood begins to be impoverished, and the quality of digestive and other secretions deteriorates,—supplying another arc of the vicious circle.

Meantime the cells in general tend to apathy of action, through lack of vascular stimulus; and the organs of elimination no longer carry off the waste products with aforesaid celerity. One tangible evidence of this is seen in the accumulation of excess quantities of fat in parts of the body where they are neither ornamental nor useful. Just what that means, in practical terms, you may readily discover by applying for life insurance in any reputable company.

The life-insurance actuary does not object to your excess supply of adipose on aesthetic grounds, whether or not he may agree with the rhymester that "nobody loves a fat man." His objection is based on adequate statistics which show that corpulence does not conduce to longevity—but does emphatically herald, on the contrary, a relatively early demise.

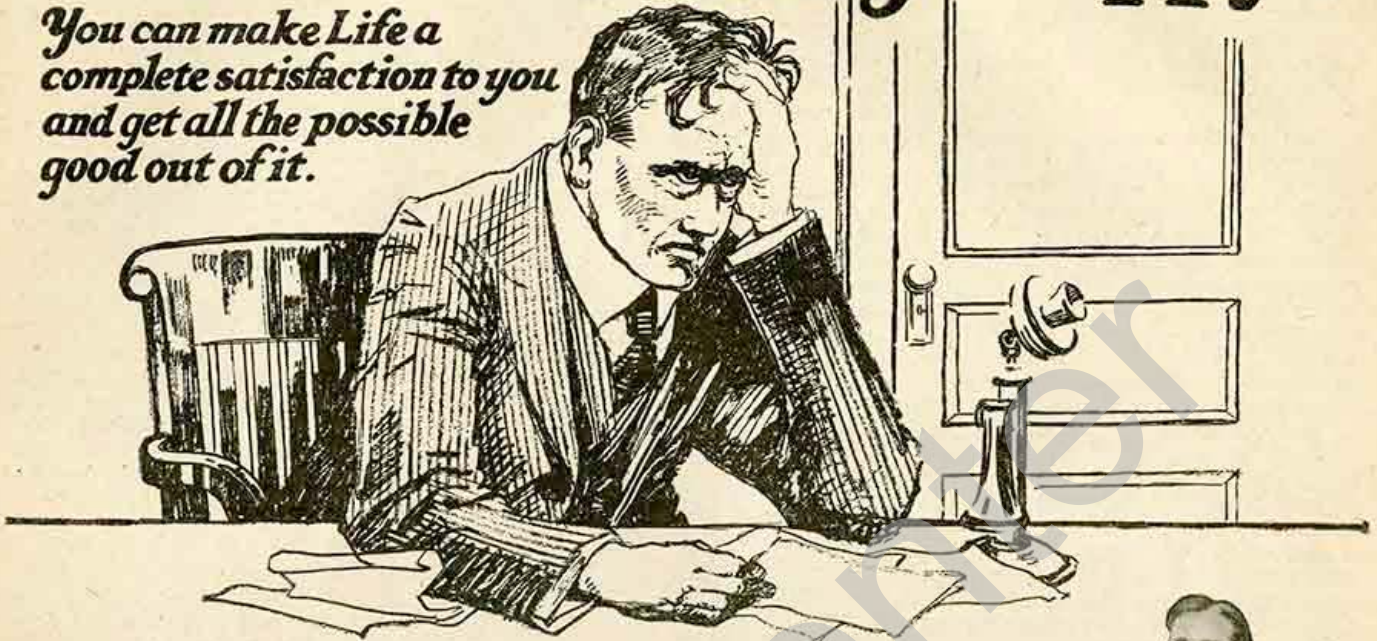
When you stop your sports, and your sluggish system begins to pad your anatomy with fat that should be burned and eliminated, you are most certainly not making a bid for longevity. You are incurring the danger of which I am all along speaking—danger from preventable maladies of metabolism that spell premature death for perhaps four-fifths of the adult population.

The emaciated person may require a quite different—and usually much less vigorous—regime of exercise than that which the fat man may advantageously follow; yet it may be true for him as for the other that to drop his sports is dangerous. It may be desirable for him to change the character of his sports, however; to shift, for example, from tennis to golf, or from wrestling to handball.

But for that matter, such changes are the natural sequence of normal and health-giving activities of the average individual as he passes middle life and enters the period of "doubtful years." But it is one thing to modify your sports and quite another to drop them altogether. My present theme concerns only the latter aspect of the subject. I have not said or implied that the man of seventy should indulge in the same sports that he practised forty years earlier.

# Why not be Perfectly Happy?

*You can make Life a complete satisfaction to you and get all the possible good out of it.*



**F**RANKLY, now, have you ever felt so full of zest, so eager for whatever might happen that you fairly eat up work and trouble and enjoy it—that you are always seeking for harder problems to solve, for greater difficulties to conquer, always yearning to put your physical and mental strength against the barriers that lie between you and success? If you have the strong and healthy body that you ought to have, you will also have this fighting, winning spirit. *Nothing can stop you!* Nothing should bar you from the attainment of your life's ambition, provided you want it hard enough and have the *Physique* to back up your desires.

## HEALTH AND STRENGTH MEAN SUCCESS

They also mean Happiness, Power, Fame and the greatest possible Service to your family and your Country. Why be half a man or a tenth of a man, when you can be a Superman? It's comparatively easy to be a Superman nowadays, because by far the great majority of human beings are below standard. The man with a strong, well-balanced body towers above them like a mountain. People look up to him. He has Opportunities that do not come to others.

If you are a "below-standard" man physically, you will probably have to take a lower place in business and in all the other departments of life. Your life may even be shortened—perhaps much more than you think possible. Why not get out of the ruck now, and be a *MAN!* No matter whether your weak body is the result of your own errors or because you have never developed it, I can remodel it. I make a business of trading

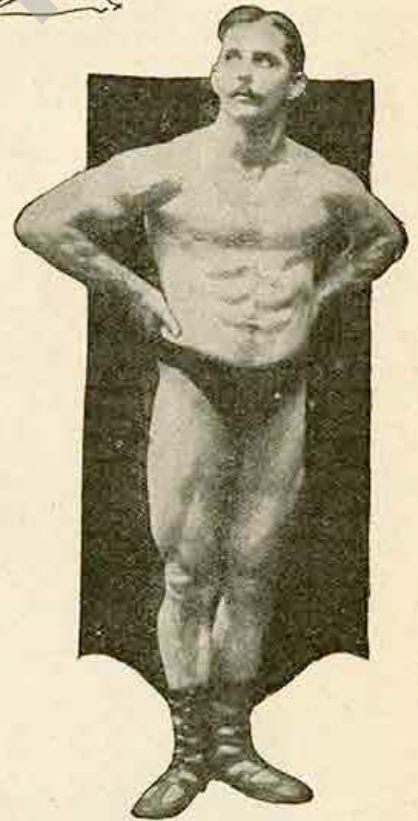
## NEW BODIES FOR OLD

There is nothing more certain than this—that you can't buy a strong, sound body in a bottle or a pill-box. Such a body must be made according to Nature's laws. Always working in accordance with those laws, I have restored happiness and insured prosperity and success to many thousands of men and women. I have built some of the World's greatest athletes, and I have put athletic bodies on business men, clerks, ministers, lawyers, doctors, women and even men engaged in manual or active outdoor work which, in many cases, they found wasn't sufficient to keep them strong and fit.

When such men as Rolandow, Arthur Saxon and the Great Barnes—three of the strongest men in history—to say nothing of thousands of others, use

my System and declare that it is the greatest for Health and Body-Building that they have ever seen, there must be something in my claims. I want a chance to prove these claims to you. And if I fail to prove them to your satisfaction, your experience with me will not cost you a cent. Let me prove to you that I CAN ADD AN INCH TO YOUR ARM MEASUREMENT IN 30 DAYS!

I have had the longest and widest experience of any Physical Culturist in the business. I built my own body with the methods which I will pass on to you. I have never had a dissatisfied client. I have no fear that I cannot do the same for you that I have done for thousands of others. Will you give me a chance to try?



PROFESSOR HENRY W. TITUS  
as he is today

Pronounced by the Medical Faculty as the strongest and most symmetrically developed athlete of his weight in America.

Get My 57-Page Free Book

## "Building Better Bodies"

It is the clearest, soundest and most interesting treatise on the improvement of health and the development of strength ever written. There are numerous fine pictures of famous athletes and strong men who have been MADE by my System. Some of my own weight-lifting records are mentioned, as well as those of others who trained by my methods. These ought to inspire you. Instead of charging a considerable price for this book, as I would be justified in doing, I will give it to you absolutely FREE. All I ask is that you send me 10 cents to help pay postage, wrapping, etc., and it will come to you by return mail. There will be no obligation on your part. Don't delay a moment, you may forget it or lose this advertisement and thereby miss your life's opportunity. Fill out the coupon and send it to me today.

**Prof. Henry W. Titus**  
105 E. 13th St.  
New York

PROF. HENRY W. TITUS

Dept. 528, 105 East 13th St., New York City

Dear Sir:—I enclose 10 cents, for which please send me at once your book, "Building Better Bodies." It is understood that there is no obligation on my part whatsoever.

Name .....

Street No. ....

City..... State.....

## Why Your Indoor Air Is Bad

(Continued from page 60)

slightly heavier clothing than to wear almost nothing and have your vitality lowered and your body moisture drawn out of you as if you were a piece of lumber in a dry kiln. Wherever it can be afforded, a scientific ventilating system should be installed in a home or apartment.

Dust, of course, should be kept down in your living quarters as much as possible. There are few housekeepers who do not wage war upon it, though never with entire success. Dust is irritating to the respiratory passages, and when it settles upon hot radiators it usually gives off harmful odors. Every particle of dust is also a homesecker's excursion for a few thousand germs, which ride around on it very comfortably and in pleasant anticipation until they find a likely-looking quarter-section of mucous membrane, when they at once proceed to squat with intent to raise a crop of disease, unless driven off as undesirable citizens by the vigilance committees of the body. Fortunately, these regulators are always on the alert in a strong, cheerfully-disposed, sanitary body, and the objectionable squatters are in most cases put to flight or slain in their tracks; but if enervated by improper heating and ventilation, the body will be more vulnerable. And of course, if there is a person in the room who has a contagious or communicable disease, such as a cold, influenza or something worse, he will be pretty apt to pass some of his germs on to you.

Coal smoke is a serious nuisance, especially in those cities which must depend entirely on bituminous fuel. In certain of the great manufacturing cities of the Central States, tests have shown that actually several tons of soot fall upon an acre of ground in a year. The problem of keeping homes clean in these communities is an insuperable

one, and the long battle with soot and dirt breaks many a woman's spirit and physique. Every particle of soot carries elements that are deleterious to human beings. Like the smoke which accompanies it, it is charged with sulphuric acid, which is pretty vicious stuff.

Smoke and soot increase lung and nasal troubles, including that dread disease, pneumonia; they kill the sunlight which is so direly needed by city dwellers, they make fogs denser and more lasting, they deface architecture and art and kill vegetation, making the city dull and ugly and life therein more depressing. There are ordinances against smoke in most cities, but through the supineness of politicians, they are rarely enforced.

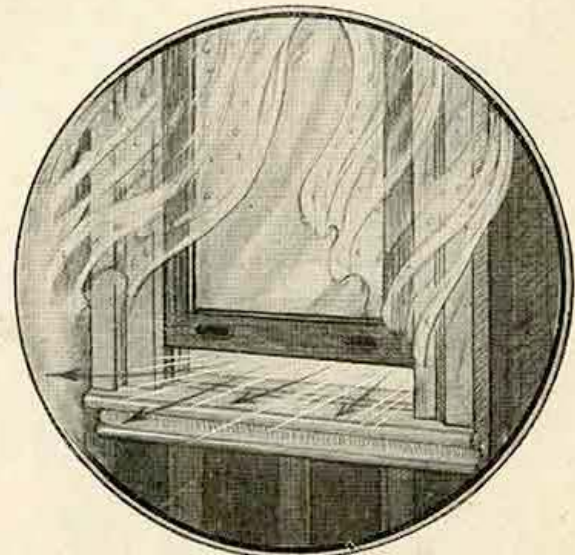
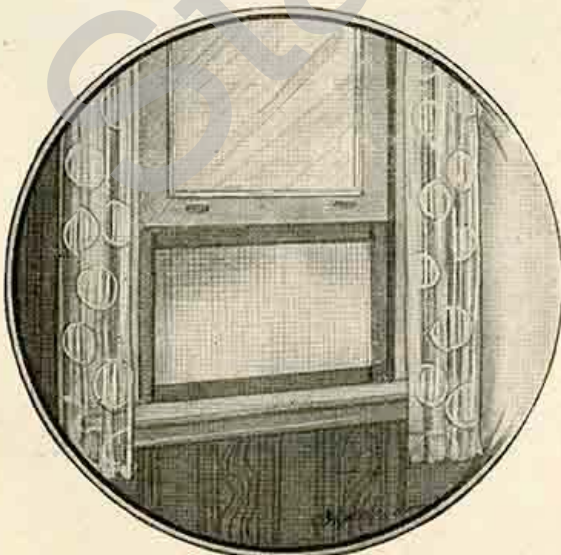
The feeling against the burning of raw bituminous coal in cities is undoubtedly growing stronger, and home-builders are now considering the use of furnaces which burn anthracite, coke, gas or oil. Heating plants using any of these fuels may be easily obtained, and the smoke and soot nuisance be eliminated or enormously decreased. Many large office buildings in New York City are now burning oil.

Every householder who can afford it should have an air-washing system in his home. It is needless to say that all public buildings should be, and large numbers of them are so equipped. Used in connection with the heating plant, it is possible to bring about a great saving of coal by returning 50 to 70 per cent of the warmed-up air from the rooms to the heaters, and then sending it forward again, cleansed, pure and hot. In this process the air passes through a fine spray of clean water, which frees it of dust, odors and gases and renders it as pure as the average outside air. The lesson of air-

washing has been drawn from Nature, who purifies our outdoor air most marvelously by every shower of rain. If you want a practical demonstration of the washing of air, just turn on the shower when there is a bad odor in your bathroom, and note how quickly the taint will disappear.

Ozone, which has furnished alluring names for so many suburbs, is now coming into use in many publicly-used buildings as an air purifier. Ozone is an allotropic form of oxygen, its chemical symbol being  $O_3$ . Meat packers have long since discovered that it will prevent the formation of mold in cold storage and other warehouses where the air is cool and moist and sunlight is excluded. When poured into the air of a building in high concentration, it is an effective germicide and deodorant. It is therefore specially valuable for schools, public buildings (particularly court rooms) and office buildings. In this highly concentrated form, it is rather too strong for human mucus membranes, and it is therefore recommended that in this form it be used through the ventilating system of the building at hours of the day or night when the rooms are unoccupied. During the day, when the rooms are in use, the ozone can be fed into the air more gently, in low concentration, when it will kill off gases and odors.

It is not expected that the average householder can afford the use of ozone or washed air or perhaps even a specially-constructed ventilating system in his home; but with just a little more attention to the simple principles set forth in this article, neither the ordinary detached dwelling house nor the city apartment will need these special aids. It should be a comparatively easy matter so to regulate one's home atmosphere as to rob the winter season of many of its discomforts and fears.



It is far better to admit a large volume of air through a cloth window screen, as shown at the left, than to admit the same amount of air at high velocity through a narrow crack in the slightly-opened window. Avoid drafts, but secure renewal of air.

# "Lose a Pound a Day" "Gain a Pound a Day"

## THE CHOICE IS YOURS!



**Bernarr Macfadden**

"Father of Physical Culture"

Who probably has had more experience in administering the Milk Diet than any living man.

Every day we receive letters from men and women telling of the almost unbelievable relief that the exclusive milk diet has given them in the treatment of a multitude of ills. Their experience goes far to prove the truth of our contention that nine-tenths of the diseases to which the human body is heir begin in the stomach.

Some of these letters go into such complete detail regarding the success obtained in treating widely prevalent ailments that they cry out loud to be published for the benefit of the thousands similarly afflicted. The following is a typical case:—

MR. BERNARR MACFADDEN,  
c/o Macfadden Publications, Inc.,  
New York City.

Dear Sir: \*

"The Miracle of Milk" is not simply an expression, but a fact of importance. My experience is, perhaps, worth telling you and may possibly have some value in your records.

For about thirty years I have taken cathartics, and of late every day, the dose gradually becoming greater. From bilious attacks I have gone on to what was described as acute indigestion, also frequent sick and dizzy spells, when Castor Oil and other remedies were prescribed and different doctors whom I consulted at such times would speak of my system being poisoned in some manner.

In a copy of Physical Culture which I picked up, and for which I later subscribed, I noticed an article on milk, and later in response to an advertisement sent for the milk lessons, but being from home so much did not make use of the treatment for some time, which however much interested me. Returning from New York in November last I had a nasty sick spell, and concluded it was time to look after my health.

I took the milk diet exactly as instructed, taking no cathartics and finally becoming regular. At the end of a month I had gained in weight seventeen pounds. I then started on ordinary food but did not relish it, going back to milk, three quarts a day with prunes, raisins, dates, which seemed to satisfy every demand of the appetite, my weight going back five pounds, and then remaining constant.

About a month ago the desire for other food returned. The most curious thing is that, while I have always been fond of coffee, and have smoked for forty-five years, I have lost all desire for both, and have taken neither since November, but just a glass of milk at meals. I am wondering if wings will come; at any rate I have had no sick spells since and am hoping.

After ceasing the full milk diet constipation returned to some extent, when I sent for a copy of "Vitality Supreme," and am now quite regular.

Meeting my old doctor this morning, he remarked how well I was looking, and I told him I had discovered a fine new medicine. He asked what it was and I replied, milk. He said, "Stick to that and you will add years to your life." Is there not somewhere the lament, "If I had only been told before."

Very sincerely yours,

The gentleman who wrote this letter requested that we do not mention his name in print. We have it on file, however, and will gladly furnish information to anyone desiring it.

## MILK

is rich in  
the mysterious elements called

## VITAMINES

that have been found so indispensable to life and health.

NOT so many years ago medicine and magic were apt to be mentioned in the same breath. Not so to-day; the enlightenment due to universal education has done away to a great extent, with the "mystery of medicine" idea, although the old fashioned "Latin prescription" still remains as a reminder of days gone by.

To-day any honest doctor of whatever school will tell you that nine-tenths of all effective medical or curative practice consists purely and simply in helping nature, and that very, very few drugs have any real value as curative agents. The most that can be hoped for from drugs is to temporarily stay the progress of the disease. If nature does not seize upon the respite to begin active operations in casting out the ailment, the treatment is a failure, with valuable time and good money wasted.

In the final analysis it is *you* who must supply nature with the necessary assistance, and that assistance must come in the form of *increased physical vitality*.

And here it is that MILK—THE MASTER HEALER with vitality and energy building powers greater, probably, than any other substance in the world brings quick re-enforcements of red, tissue building, disease fighting blood that will give your system the very vital energy needed to overcome practically any ailment that has fastened itself upon you.

A few months ago PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine printed an article on the Milk Diet that aroused universal interest and brought down upon us an avalanche of letters, urgently requesting further and more detailed information.

We knew of just one man who was qualified to supply this information in proper form for home treatment. That was Mr. Bernarr Macfadden himself, who has had the opportunity through his connection with The International Health Resort to personally study thousands of cases where the milk diet has been administered. He consented to write upon the subject, and the result is a treatise that we are proud indeed to be able to supply as coming from the printing presses of The Macfadden Publications, Inc.

This treatise—The Miracle of Milk—is now available in the form of a six lesson course. Simply written, easily carried out, with a marvelous depth of wisdom born of the widest kind of experience, the instructions tell you just what to do, *what not to do*, what to watch out for; everything, in fact, that you could possibly need to know in order to get the last vestige of physical benefit from the exclusive milk regimen.

Now we ask you fairly, if you are weak and run down, or in the grip of some chronic disease, or desire to lose or gain weight, or if in any way you are engaged in a struggle for health, can you afford to ignore such a treatment as this, where the benefits derived will far exceed the time and trifling expense devoted to it?

Of course, if you prefer, you can go to an expensive sanitarium to have the milk diet administered, but if you can take it at home, amid familiar surroundings, without interfering with your business or home life in the slightest degree, is not that the sensible thing to do? And you can take it at home just as beneficially, and in many cases more beneficially, than by going to a sanitarium amid strange surroundings. This matter is most certainly deserving of your serious consideration.

We want you to personally examine The Miracle of Milk and see for yourself the remarkable benefits you can derive from it. All that is necessary is to sign the coupon at the foot of this page and mail it to us. You need not send us a single penny in order to have the course mailed to your address, and you incur no obligation to keep it after it reaches you, postage charges prepaid, unless you agree with us that the information it gives is worth many times the amount charged—\$2.00. If you do not wish to keep it, return it in good condition within five days after receipt and your money will be promptly refunded.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,  
Dept. S-12, 1926 Broadway, New York

I am interested in The Miracle of Milk. Please mail me a copy of the six lessons. I will pay the postman \$2.00 upon receipt of the course. It is fully understood, however, that if I do not feel that the book is worth much more than the price charged, I may return it in perfect condition within 5 days after I receive it and my money will be refunded immediately and without question.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

## What Is Ideal Development?

(Continued from page 34)

to show you other pictures of him to prove what can be done to enlarge a pair of legs which are already unusually well developed.

*Sixth.* Here is where I get a chance to give my views about "long-muscles" and "short-muscles." It sounds rather harsh when you read it, but the term "long-muscles" is merely the excuse and the consolation of the man who lacks development. The average light exercise devotee, after slaving for years at his routine of free hand movements, rarely has anything to show in the way of development. Show such a man a picture of Sandow, Saxon, Nordquest, Matysek, Klein or others of that type, and he will at once say, "Oh! that man's muscles are short and bunched. The correct thing is to have long muscles like mine." The length of a muscle is controlled by the length and the position of the bones to which it is attached, and it is doubtful whether a man can deliberately make his muscles longer, although he can unquestionably make them more elastic. A six-foot man with very narrow shoulders looks *long* and as thin as a string bean. A six-foot man with very broad shoulders never appears to be as tall as he really is.

When a man's upper arm measures only 12 inches when it is flexed, his muscles look long because they are so thin; that is, the arm has no breadth or thickness to counterbalance its length. When the muscles of the upper-arm are fully developed, the arm looks shorter, but the muscles are no shorter. What fools people is this, they consider the arm only when it is bent, and the muscles tensed. Now, of course, a muscle shortens as it contracts, and the more vigorously you contract it, the shorter it apparently becomes. There are actually some physical culturists who think that you bend the arm in order to contract the biceps, whereas it is the contraction of the biceps which bends the arms.

I will grant one thing, and that is when a man develops his biceps, and gives no exercise whatever to the triceps on the back of his arm, then in course of time the biceps, having no opposition from the triceps, will cause the arms always to be slightly bent at the elbow when the arms are hanging at the sides. I have seen some instances of this in the case of ice-men, who habitually carry large blocks of ice the tongs, and in men who spend several hours a day propelling heavily loaded wheelbarrows. But even in those cases, the biceps muscle is not actually shortened, and the arms would hang straight if the triceps had been developed in proportion to the biceps.

Now, I wish to call attention to Mr. Donald's arm-muscles in the small picture, and in Figures 1, 2, 4, and in the small snap-shot. In all these pictures the arms are straight, but if you will

look carefully you will see that the biceps muscle is really unusually long, and that it is developed all the way from the bend of the elbow up to the point where it disappears under the shoulder muscles. If his biceps muscle were developed only in the center (which is the popular idea of a short muscle) he would not be able to make much of a display when he bent his arm. Figure 7 shows him flexing his biceps muscle to the very limit, and then it *does* appear short and bulges out tremendously, but don't forget that the muscle which appears so short and bumpy in No. 7 is exactly the same muscle that appears so smooth in No. 1. Look again at No. 3, and you see a shape halfway between. Here there is no flexion of the biceps except what naturally occurs when the hand is raised, but it is just the same muscle, neither as long as in No. 1 or as short as in No. 7.

In No. 2 you see the triceps of the right arm hanging of its own weight, and it makes more of a curve on the under side of the arm, than the biceps does on the upper side of the arm. If you want to see what the triceps muscles look like when flexed to the limit look at No. 6. This is the favorite pose for showing back arm development. You have seen pictures of many athletes in this position, and doubtless you have tried it yourself before your mirror, and if any of you have ever seen a better display than Mr. Donald gives, I wish you would write and tell me about it. Many athletes can show quite a good development of the outside head of the triceps, but I have seen no other man who can show as good a development of the inside head. In the same way, many athletes show a development of the front part of the deltoid muscle (on the point of the shoulder) but comparatively few can show a pronounced development of the posterior, or back, fibers of the deltoid. The inner head of the triceps and the back of the deltoid work in concert, and as Mr. Donald has a superb development of the inner triceps he is bound to have a highly unusual development of the rear deltoid. However, this picture shows that the triceps appears short only when it is firmly flexed, and that when relaxed and in repose, it can be just as long and as smooth as in the right arm of Figure 2.

As the lawyers say, "I rest my case on the foregoing argument," but there is lots more I can say about Mr. Donald and his pictures. I took two or three general poses. No. 8 is a conventional pose to display the arms, shoulders, and upper back. The really remarkable part of it is that Mr. Donald is able to flex his triceps and his deltoids at the same time that he flexes his biceps. The display on the under-side of the arm and shoulder is really much more remarkable than the display of the upper edge of the arm and shoulder. Figure 5 was taken to show as many muscles

as possible at one time, although Mr. Donald is particularly anxious to bring out the outlines of the serratus magnus, which appear like saw edges at the sides of his body. Although he is leaning backwards he managed to contract his abdominal muscles so that their outlines are plainly evident.

Figure 9 shows Mr. Donald as though he was rowing, and I like this picture very much, because it does look as though he was actually doing something, and by the way, he values his muscles more because they enable him to *do things*, than because they add to his personal appearance.

Some men take physical exercise to increase their muscular development; some men exercise to cure a specific defect, such as round shoulders, flat chest, or knock-knees; some men exercise to get more ability as athletes, but most men exercise for the sake of their health. I imagine that out of every five men who take exercise, three do so because their physicians recommend it. Mr. Donald is the exception to all these rules, because his principal aim was to acquire a more forceful personality.

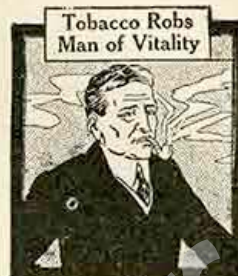
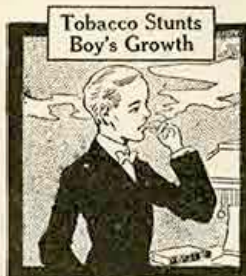
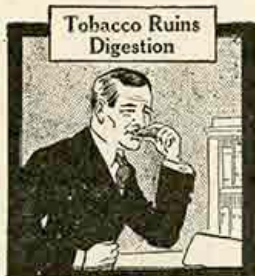
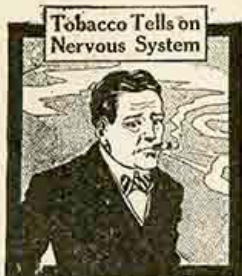
I have already said that a man should be so developed that he should be just as impressive in repose as in action, and Mr. Donald agrees with that, but goes further and says that when a man is properly developed and proportioned, his figure should look just as well in street clothes as it does in a bathing-suit. It is certainly so in his case.

Mr. Donald wants it distinctly understood that he is not a professional athlete. He does not want to be looked on as an exception, or as a phenomenon, but as an *example of what the average man can become* if he is willing to spend one-half hour a day at the right kind of bodily exercise. He is allowing me to publish these pictures for he considers he owes a debt to the magazine which called his attention to the method by which he got the results.

The most truly remarkable thing about Mr. Donald is that he has never once tried to make a record lift. He says that he has never exerted his strength in the least, and consequently doesn't know how much he could lift. On top of that, he has never practiced the scientific lifts, and does not even know what the lifting records are. But after all, since his one ambition was to develop a beautifully proportioned body, and a super personality, why should he have bothered with record making? Strange as it may seem to some of you he has not the least ambition to be known as a record breaking lifter. He got what he was after, and as he says himself, he got about five times more than he expected.

His real name is Louis Von Schalkwijk, but he says that when he came to this country from South Africa he found that no one could pronounce his name and so changed it to Walter Donald.





# Tobacco - a Man's Delusion

Thousands of men are under the delusion that they actually need tobacco! They think they couldn't possibly get along without it. But can any man honestly say that tobacco has ever done him the slightest good? How can it, then, be in any sense regarded as a necessity?

No, the use of tobacco is an utterly useless habit. And think of the expense. Count the nickles, dimes, quarters and dollars you spend for

cigars, cigarettes, pipe or chewing tobacco or snuff—by the day, week, month and in years. Even a dime a day is \$36.50 a year; a quarter a day makes \$91.25 a year; a dollar a day \$365.00 a year—the interest at 6% on \$6083.33 CASH CAPITAL you'd have to save to have your wasteful tobacco bill earned and paid for. And you haven't a single thing to show for it—except poorer health!

After all is said and done that is the real reason you should quit tobacco—because of the effect it is having on your health. Even if you can easily afford the extravagant money waste, the physical, mental and nervous effects of tobacco are bound to tell. Leading authorities agree that tobacco is damaging to the heart, that it impairs normal brain activity, and deadens a man's vitality. Any doctor will tell you these are facts. No tobacco user can dodge them. Some day he must pay the penalty. Every smoker, every chewer, every snuff taker is taking into his system a deadly poison that slowly but surely undermines his health. Think this over, you tobacco users. You're paying too big a price both in money and the lowering of your vital forces and general efficiency for a mere habit that you have come to regard as a necessity—but which isn't. Quit tobacco and you'll eat better, sleep better, feel a hundred per cent better in every way. You'll think clearer, have more energy, be more efficient in every thing you do. Here's an easy way for you to quit. Read our remarkable offer.

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## Will Civilization Weaken the Race?

(Continued from page 29)

families have been listed, some going back as far as seven generations. \* \* \* The writer once had ranged before him in a county poor asylum four feeble-minded persons: a man, his daughter, granddaughter, and great-grandson—four generations all living at public expense."

When one reflects, as Dr. Butler points out, that volumes could be filled with stories like the above and that these facts could be duplicated in every one of our forty-eight states, it shows that we are anti-Burbanking the human race at every point. Burbank selects his best specimens for parents. There is no mystery about it. Farmers have done this ever since Eden. But in the human family, when it becomes civilized, we select our worst.

As evidence that the human race is weakening by these processes designed to relieve human suffering, nothing is more serious than the enormous number of women who cannot bear offspring without the aid of surgery. Power to give birth easily to their offspring is a characteristic of barbarian women. But by artificial methods we enable the thin built, the narrowly developed woman to produce children as well as the woman who is born to be the mother of healthy children. Lying before me is the record of a woman recently in the hospital for her fifth child-birth by Caesarian section. Surgeons are now reported to be experimenting on building out the pelvis by grafting on bones taken from other parts of the body to make child bearing possible. We seem well on the way towards developing a race incapable, through its under-development, of bearing children by natural processes.

If space permitted I should like to go on and show other agencies at work tending to weaken the race through civilization. It is commonly believed that luxury in itself weakens the race. This is not true. It was not the luxurious soil which weakened the farmer's potatoes in any direct way. It was solely because the luxury of the fine soil enabled the little potatoes to survive and he foolishly saved all alike for seed. We do the same thing. We allow everybody to reproduce his or her kind and call it a "natural right." Parenthood is not a natural right but should be given or withheld with stern hand by the community whose very life is at stake in the process. But luxury works a further disaster in the human family which it does not work upon plants and animals. It sets up among the successful families—the ones who create the wealth and luxury, the inventions and institutions—social and political ambitions which they cannot satisfy and, at the same time, rear their share of the nation's children.

In this way the race dies constantly at the top and breeds constantly from the bottom. Contrast this with the

early days of Greece when King Priam had fifty sons all of his own heroic mold. The sons of Herakles were numerous and strong enough so that they overran half the Grecian world. Charlemagne, the most heroic figure of the middle ages, is said to have been "extremely fond of children but never knew how many he had." It is probable that he had at least twenty. It is interesting to note in this connection that both Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt's pedigrees have been traced directly back to Charlemagne. However, long before our time Charlemagne's direct influence in the blood has no doubt run out. It is merely an interesting bit of history. But for seven generations following Charlemagne, the ancestors of Lincoln and Roosevelt were precisely the same individuals. Some of the ancient barbarian kings had as many as 1,000 children and, since they captured the ablest and most beautiful women for their many wives, the racial stock kept at a high level of strength, both mentally and physically.

At every point then, civilization defies nature. Polygamy becomes abhorrent to our moral senses. But we have to pay the price for our very morals. On the other hand we set up high rewards for ambition and thus sterilize those who are our strongest and ablest men and women. Few people can have their selfish desires for luxury gratified and have enough money left to raise children. Still further, by our medicine, charity and surgery we not only provide for but encourage the multiplication of the unfit. These three processes are at war at most points, at least, with the stamina and virility of the race.

The question comes, finally, can man remain civilized? Must he merely take a brief joy-ride and then revert to barbarism? The biologist answers emphatically, No. All he needs to do is to learn the lesson of the farmer who first selected his seed and then found that rich soil and good environment gave him incalculable rewards. By putting the two processes together he did better than ever. He got all the value of both good heredity and good environment. When he depended entirely on environment his stock soon ran to weaklings and dry rot through the preservation of the weak. When he used poor soil and depended entirely upon heredity he kept his stock strong but each individual potato was small owing to lack of good soil and cultivation. But by selecting the parents of each generation he got all the advantage of his cultivation, his fertilizers, and his abundant and stimulating environment.

Man must learn this simple but immense lesson from Mother Nature. We cannot select parents as the farmer selects his plants and animals. But we can absolutely prevent the criminalistic, pauperistic, feeble-minded, insane and

epileptic stocks from re-producing their kind. This is the first point of attack in building a strong race and preserving all the triumphs of civilization and our sentiments of mercy and sympathy at the same time. We can also bring about those customs, those ideals of home building, marriage, family life and social morality which will encourage our good sound middle classes to marry early and produce good families of healthy, well-born children. These middle classes are the bone and sinew of every nation. But they are now pushed to the wall by high prices and the terrifying cost of living. Rearing a child is nothing short of an heroic undertaking. It means the parents must deprive themselves of many, many advantages and luxuries which they see their neighbors, who have no expenses for children, are enjoying. Parenthood is discouraged. People with children want luxuries as badly as people without children. Not only that, they ardently desire every advantage for their children. But they find the whole economic situation rigged against them. It is no wonder that many deny themselves the greatest luxury in life, a good family of children.

It has always been so. Civilization has worked directly against the breed, and in the end brought its own downfall. But we are more enlightened. We have science. We know biology and the laws of heredity. As never before in his history, man controls nature and all his environment. Parents of healthy children above a certain standard of sound intelligence should be given both social honor and greater economic rewards than people without children. I hope in some future article to outline a complete plan by which this can be done. Man must build economic and social order so that social, economic and political progress will all minister to biological, racial progress, that is, to strengthening the race by breeding it up instead of, as is now the case, breeding it down. Social conditions, customs and ideals should constantly make good sized families among our more successful and able stock the most natural, indeed the outstanding feature of our national life. This was exactly the case only two generations ago. But the flapper has replaced the mother as our national ideal. Motherhood must become fashionable among our upper class women again as it was in the days of the pioneers. There are signs already that such a fashion is beginning to set in. All it needs is education and encouragement—indeed, good advertising. This, coupled with sound economic legislation which shall enable our people of good health and abilities, of unselfish fatherly and motherly tendencies, to carry out their natural instincts to build the old American homestead once more, will largely solve the problem.

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## Indulging the Sense of Adventure

(Continued from page 48)

on one occasion. This was the most strenuous work I have ever done. Each day the weather became warmer, and each day the dogs lost energy. After cutting a trail over the huge ice blocks it often was necessary for us to unhitch the dogs and heave the heavy sleds over the rough places ourselves, or haul them up with ropes, one at a time. We got enough exercise those days!

Early in the morning, if it was my turn to cook, I would quickly don my "parka," or hooded shirt, light the primus stove which burned kerosene on the blow-forc'h principle, put some water on to boil, and return to my sleeping bag. Ten minutes later I would put some rice on to cook, and when that was ready, rouse the camp. By the time they arrived, I would have made chocolate, and on special occasions perhaps would have fried seal liver and bacon, our most delicious bit of Arctic fare. My Battle Creek friends surely would not have recognized in me a former vegetarian if they had happened along! Days before we had agreed that dish-washing was a superfluous custom which consumed fuel and time, both precious, so we had filed a certain number of nicks in our cups, plates, and other eating paraphernalia to identify them. Nobody, we agreed, likes to wash dishes, anyway.

After breakfast it was my duty, as cook pro tem, to pack up the food, dishes, and camp apparatus and hand it out through the tent opening to the men who were loading the sleds. The tents would then be struck and loaded, the dogs harnessed, and we would be off. Sometimes the trail would be comparatively smooth, with no open water to halt our progress, and on these occasions we covered as much as twenty miles a day, as against the 500 yards just mentioned. Sometimes we would make a detour of miles to escape a pressure ridge. At all times the men helped the dog teams over the rough places; the picnic aspect had vanished.

Observations showed that we were at the mercy of the tides and currents, which carried us in all directions, even toward shore. But we

were now perhaps seventy miles from the nearest land.

Stefansson, at the end of each day, carefully selected for a camp site the oldest and most substantial looking ice floe he could find, but they weren't always as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. On one occasion, I recall, the ice broke away from our camp until on three sides of the tent, between us and the water, there was a strip of ice not more than twelve feet wide at any point. It might have cracked directly under the tent or between us and our precious dogs—but it didn't.

Usually, in the middle of the day, we would halt in the lee of a pressure ridge, mainly to give the dogs a rest, but also to brew some tea. The sun-dried salmon which we carried for dog food was quite tempting at this time, but ordinarily we would compromise on sweet chocolate, raisins, biscuits and tea. Besides these, our sleds contained a plentiful supply of pemmican, oatmeal, cocoa, sugar, malted milk, coffee, and so forth. The malted milk was appreciated most, I think. The dogs were fed on dried fish, a mixture of oatmeal and lard, and seal meat—when we had it.

At night, we would halt, pitch our two tents, the cook would disappear inside one of them, and by the time the flaps had been banked with snow, the dogs unharnessed, staked out and fed, the familiar call, "come and get it!" borrowed from the cattle camps of the West, would be heard. Then we would sleep for at least ten hours; a deep, refreshing sleep. Usually we were tired enough to drop in our tracks when night came. But none of us would have missed the experience. There was nothing monotonous about this trip northward over the ice of the Arctic Ocean.

On several occasions, I recall, we came to moving ice fields, and when two floes met in a head-on collision, pressure ridges ten or twenty feet high would be formed while we looked on, and cakes of ice weighing tons would come plunging upward out of the depths as the pressure slackened. If, in Stefansson's judgment, a crossing seemed imperative while the ridge was

forming, a merry scramble would ensue. Even the dogs appreciated the danger that lurked in the rapidly shifting floes, but they would dash across a temporary and very rickety bridge of ice cakes to the solid ice beyond. If they had balked, or if the sled had upset, both teams and sled would have been lost. Sometimes a man or a couple of dogs would break through, but fortunately there were willing hands to aid them. No; there was nothing monotonous about this trip.

Late one afternoon, when we had killed a few seals and were cooking some of the meat over a hastily constructed seal-blubber stove, we had a visitor—a fourlegged, unwelcome visitor. In short, a Polar bear. He had caught a whiff of burning blubber or of the seals lying about on the ice, and had come up wind to investigate. Huddled about the two sleds, perhaps fifty feet from the campfire, were the sleeping dogs. Knowing that our very lives, at this distance from shore, depended upon the dogs, and that a Polar bear could kill one with a single blow from his powerful paw, we jumped to our feet at the first sound of commotion among the dogs.

This bear, never having encountered dogs, probably reasoned, as he crept upon them, that here were so many seals—a delicious meal. Perhaps these barking animals and these two-legged creatures scurrying about the sleds, with long black sticks in their hands, were other species of the toothsome seal. Fortunately for the dogs and for us the shaggy brute was separated from them by a strip of open water twenty feet wide. He did not appear to be in the least afraid of the dogs; why should he be? He was the "King of the North." With his ponderous head hanging downward, and swinging from side to side, he seemed to us as we rushed towards the rifles, to be trying to make up his mind to plunge in and swim across.

By the time Stefansson and Storkersen, his right hand man, had secured their "black sticks" it seemed that the bear had made up his mind. Swaying from side to side, like a Polar bear in a Zoo on

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Photo by Lomen Bros., Nome

"Scotty" Allan of Nome and his dog team. These dogs are well bred "malamutes" with which Allan has won many races, notably the all-Alaskan Sweepstakes, from Nome to Candle and return, 412 miles, in less than 78 hours.



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(Continued from page 84)

a summer day, the shaggy brute paid absolutely no attention to the commotion of the dogs or to our shouts to each other. I had hauled out my camera, and now, protected by the two rifles, I photographed him just as both men fired. We could not afford to let him kill any of our dogs, for that would have compelled us to abandon the northward journey over the ice and haul our sleds and equipment back to shore, some seventy-five miles away.

Our next encounter with the "King of the North"—three of them—might have had tragic consequences, for at this time we carried no rifles. Stefansson, we knew, would need both rifles and every cartridge on his journey northward. When the time came for three of us to return to shore, therefore, we volunteered to leave with him the rifle which ordinarily would have been part of our equipment. What these three Polar bears thought as they saw coming toward them two teams of six dogs each, strung out in single file, and lurching sleds followed by strange, two-legged creatures, will never be known. At any rate, much to our mingled surprise, disgust, and relief, they abruptly turned tail and ran!

The next day we came to a stretch of open water so wide that the ice on the opposite side could not be seen. The prospect of drifting about for weeks, without rifles or food, was not pleasant.

But Providence seemed to be with us, for that night another Southwest blizzard came along and carried before it enough ice floes to fill the open water. That blizzard seemed to have piled all the ice in the world on end between us and shore; after the blizzard we seldom found more than a hundred yards of smooth going. Eventually, where the moving sea pack met the landfast ice, we came to the most chaotic mass imaginable. Stretching directly across our path, as far to the eastward and westward as the eye could see, was a pressure ridge half a mile wide and from thirty to forty feet high. We were two days in crossing this inferno. In certain places we were compelled to lower the sleds with ropes.

Apparently, however, our troubles were now over, for we could see the mountains in the distance. And it was just as well, for our kerosene and gasoline supply had given out, and my boots had worn through so that I had to patch them with bacon rind. And to show how tough bacon rind is, it should be noted that these soles lasted several weeks. Having no fuel, we constructed another seal-blubber stove, and it worked admirably, the blubber burning like pine knots. Three days later, feeling like shipwrecked mariners who have been adrift in open boats for weeks, we finally sighted the shore line not more than ten miles away. None the worse, except for a slight touch of

snowblindness, we reached it the following day, and found that we were on Canadian soil, fifty miles east of our starting point. At the first camp we struck we learned that whaling captains and Eskimos alike were convinced that we had perished in one of the two severe blizzards of the past month. The Eskimos, who are very superstitious by nature, looked upon us as men returned from the dead. But we were very much alive and in the best of health after this, our first real attempt at exploration.

I spent the next few months in hunting caribou, fishing, and paddling about in a cranky Eskimo "kayak" in search of seals. In August word came that our ship, which had drifted away a year before, had been crushed and sunk by the ice, and that most of the survivors still were marooned on an island a hundred miles off the coast of Siberia, two of them having reached shore over the ice in search of help. Five ships had tried to penetrate the fifty-mile strip of broken ice which surrounded the island, but in vain. The entire Arctic Ocean was likely to freeze over at any time, effectually sealing their fate. In the circumstances, there was nothing for me to do but join in the general attempt at rescue, which I did with the aid of an old friend who owned a staunch and speedy little trading schooner. But that is a different story.

## Eat It With Smiles

(Continued from page 43)

action alone, but a function in which the intellect, the senses and the subconscious self play a considerable part. We were given our sense of taste, for example, in order that the enjoyment of good food might add to the pleasure of existence and assist in the digestive process. And not taste alone, but every one of the five senses, to say nothing of the intellect, with all its emotions and passions, are of great importance to the question whether your food is going to digest properly or not.

The stimulus to digestion exerted by a well-cooked dinner, daintily served amid pleasant surroundings, is incalculable. There is no place on earth where you can eat a heavier dinner and suffer less remorse therefrom than in one of the great hotel restaurants or grill rooms. Delicious food, faultlessly cooked and artistically served, soft, spotless napery, beautiful china and silver, deft, obsequious attendants, the exotic color and atmosphere of the room, the fascination of the laughing, chattering, well-dressed crowd around you, the thrill of doing something unusual, the witchery of the music—ah, those restaurateurs know what they are about when they set an orchestra to playing in a dining-room! Nothing can beat good music as a psychological aid to digestion. Furthermore, you eat slowly because you talk a good deal, and the leisureliness of the service gives

your digestion time to do its work thoroughly.

My system is so delicately balanced that a very slight push is needed to upset its equilibrium. One-third to one-fifth of the ordinary dose of a drug will affect me as strongly as the whole dose does the average person. In like manner, my digestion is easily affected by unfavorable circumstances. I have always been a light and restrained eater, taking a bit of meat or pastry only semi-occasionally, and some of the sea foods almost never. Yet I can go to a dinner at a friend's home or with a party of three or four congenial folk to a well-appointed restaurant, and there eat meats, salads, pastries and what not to the extent of about twice as much as I could digest at any other time, and never suffer the least inconvenience—so great is the power of laughter and pleasurable excitement over digestion.

Someone has said that there should never be an unkind thought at the table. It is an excellent rule of hygiene. Your dining room, the people in it and the meals should express harmony as fully as possible.

Do you know that anger is a real poison? A fit of temper produces a toxic condition of the system which often causes headaches and sends acrid, deleterious juices into the digestive

processes. The average dyspeptic continually renders his condition worse by his bad temper. You cannot digest and assimilate a meal properly if you eat it with a frown.

Don't talk about or study any irritating business problem while you eat. If it is business that you really enjoy discussing, well and good; but you should not be out of sorts while eating, nor should your brain be required to wrestle with anything that demands much concentration. For the same reason, don't set a book up before you and try to study lessons of any sort while you eat. The stomach needs all the blood that your system can spare during the process of ingestion.

The gist of the argument, on the negative side, is—try to break away from the popular conception that eating is a speed test or an endurance test, or that the only trick there is about it is the knack of not missing your mouth when you throw food at it; or that you can do your eating on the side while you attend to more important business with your hands and eyes and brain. Eating is one of the most important functions of life—which doesn't mean that one should make it a part of one's religion, as did the ancient Epicureans. Eating to live, rather than living to eat, should be one's philosophy; eating less than most of us do, but eating it more intelligently and happily.



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## How Does Lloyd George Keep So Fit?

(Continued from page 19)

would be obliged to confess their average bed hour as nearer twelve than ten. You must remember that every hour before midnight is worth two afterward for recuperating purposes. Lloyd George carries the habits of a mountain-bred boy into life farther than do most men their youthful good habits, I believe."

"You said that system is his first principle of health," I prompted; "tell me how."

"Well," continued Admiral Grayson, "I believe it is a system that conceals system. For one thing, he early learned, or as soon as he became a cabinet minister, how to leave all detail to subordinates. It is an excellent English method. Over there, for instance, the Premier has no such burdens as has our President. Everybody in England does not expect to have access to the Premier; in fact, no one expects to have personal access to him except the

King and the members of the cabinet and such foreigners as possess ambassadorial rank. In the same way, all the multiplex work of the empire does not fall on his shoulders. Only that vitally affecting imperial policy is brought to his attention. His time, his mind, his hands are much more free, every way, than are those of the American Chief Executive.

"Lloyd George, as Premier, inherited this system. He did not make it. But I doubt if even he, with his quite exceptional recuperative powers, could have come through unscathed if it had been different."

"Has he a personal system of living?"

"System," went on Admiral Grayson, "means mostly doing

This is a basic health essential and he has it. He had it especially throughout the war, and that was the test of a man, if ever there was one.

"One of the worst things a man can do is to make a fetish of a 'system.' If it has any value it promptly loses it when he lets it worry him. As I saw him, Lloyd George never fell into that mistake. You would never know from observing him that his 'system' existed. He seemed to be functioning without any. But try to interfere with the orderly process of any of his dominant habits and you would find they were as solid as British phlegm.

"Exercise and diet, two cardinal elements

in any health program, I found he had reduced to a simple formula. He made it a point to be in the open air at least two hours every day, either golfing or walking. So much for exercise. As for diet he said he ate anything he wanted, but never all he wanted. The important thing is that he enjoyed his food, as he enjoyed his golf. In fact, any diet, except in case of disease, which is not enjoyable is apt not to be beneficial.

"It is in the fourth principle of health that Lloyd George scores most heavily. I have often thought he owes his life and certainly his strength to his sense of humor; in this I would include all those Celtic traits that come under the head of imagination; love of music, love of a good story; innocent enjoyment of every form of wholesome entertainment.

"Lloyd George never let a day pass without a good laugh and a good session with some form of light music. He was especially fond of Americans because of the stories they told him and he always encouraged them to tell him 'the latest.' More than once I have known him to leave an important state meeting to greet an American, often of no great importance; to get him aside and ask if he had 'a new one from the States.'

"In connection with his love for music I will tell you something not generally known. Lloyd George himself plays on the piano, when he thinks he is alone or with one or two trusted intimates. In Paris we lived in the Crillon, which was just across the street from the house in which Lloyd

Here is another phase of the British ex-Premier. He is a regular fellow, a born orator and a perfect mixer. A human being first and a great statesman afterward.

Photos © Brown Brothers



the same thing every time in the same way and at a similar pace. We often confuse the true idea of 'system' with some elaborate mechanism of doing things which is frequently a burden rather than an assistance. In the sense that I mean it Lloyd George has an admirable system. He takes tea at the same hour each day, whatever may be up. He goes to bed at approximately the same hour, come what may. He does about the same things, eats about the same amount, regardless of the press of events.

George had an apartment located just under the apartment occupied by Mr. Balfour.

"Now, Mr. Balfour also plays the piano, but his taste in music is for the classics, while Lloyd George specializes in folk songs, not forgetting a little jazz or a military march, now and then. Frequently, in the evening, I could hear music across the street, and the next morning, on greeting Mr. Lloyd George, would say, 'I knew you were home last night. I heard the music in your apartment.'

"What did you hear me playing?" he would ask.

"It sounded like Chopin, or Bach, or Handel," I would say, as the case might be.

"Then he would wave a negative hand at me. 'That was not me,' he would reply; 'don't confuse my music with Mr. Balfour's—please.'

"And when I greeted Mr. Balfour with a similar remark, saying I had distinguished his touch at the piano rendering 'It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary,' or 'The Yanks Are Coming,' or 'Bonnie Dear,' he would regard me with grave disapproval, and reply, urgently, 'Do not confuse my music with Mr. Lloyd George's—please!'

"This ability to relax is Lloyd George's secret of health if he has one," the Admiral concluded, "though his daughter Megan is his best health giver. He used to say to me, 'Megan never goes back on me; Megan never turns me down; Megan doesn't form her opinions of me in the press; Megan is always there when I need her; I couldn't get on without Megan.' One other thing he once said to me may give you another good slant on the man. 'I never take the state to bed with me,' he remarked, laughing, when I asked if he had been able to sleep at the end of a particularly trying day."

After I left Admiral Grayson there seemed only one more authority to seek—the subject himself. Accordingly I was delighted to receive an invitation to lunch with Lloyd George when he was in New York. I was one of 128, and sat about fifty feet away.

He looked like his pictures. I don't understand how persons in that London music hall which he frequented during the war failed to recognize him. There was the mop of grey hair, like Henry Ward Beecher's; the straggly walrus-like mustache; the over-short arms and the under-shot body; the "baby" blue eyes, wide apart; the mobile mouth upcurled as if some comic artist had given it a fantastic finish; the white dome of forehead, rising like that of Walter Scott and Bobby Burns, very high above the ears; an elfish gnome of a man, not, as he sat silent, suggesting power.

Yet when he spoke you felt power—the power of restraint—the power of suggestion—the power of the fulcrum of a lever which could move the world. You felt the wizardry of the artist in words who said little and thereby placed you in the presence of much; of the diplomat who placed himself on your

mercy with frank flattery; of the advocate who unblushingly ignored all points but those which would advance his cause; of the orator whose magic slipped within your processes of logic and wove therein a pleasant spell.

I watched to see how he would eat. He tasted the soup, nibbled at the entrée, ate half of his portion of meat, and then, when the salad arrived, turned aside and calmly lit a thin, long cheroot pulled from a waiting pocket. That gave him fifteen minutes to smoke and think and observe us.

While he was observing, Newton Baker, ex-Secretary of War, was telling a story about him. Baker had conferred with him at a time when it appeared that the channel forts might be taken by the Germans, and the American secretary asked the British premier what would happen if they were taken—a catastrophe generally accepted as marking the beginning of the end in favor of the German. Lloyd George looked at Baker as if he had been presented with the idea for the first time and quickly replied, almost buoyantly, "Why, that would change the entire character of the war."

The speech-making over, I shook his hand for the first time, and looked into those baby-blue eyes, and felt the "winning" Lloyd George smile. Afterward I got him alone.

"Tell me," I asked him, after he had turned aside from politics, "how you keep so fit?" and I emphasized the "so."

He seemed instantly pleased, and those saucy corners of his quickly moving mouth ran toward his twinkling eyes. "Ah! That's easy," he laughed, "it's the simple life."

"Of course," I agreed, and then insisted, urgently, "but please think a moment and tell me, seriously, what secret you have for retaining the health, say, of a war premier. You have so many other secrets I won't ask for, but this one it seems to me proper you should communicate. Please!"

He took my arm, and the smile went away, as he leaned closer. I felt he was striving to answer my question fairly and frankly. "I have only one secret, if you wish to call it such. I always make it a point to sleep at least an hour a day."

"You mean an hour in twenty-four?"

"No. An hour in the middle of the day—to break the connection, as it were. Sometimes, during the war, I found it hard to get a full hour, but then I compromised on half an hour. It gives you two days in one."

He released my arm and was gone. The testimony of the subject himself was short and simple, but I felt he had revealed what he felt to be the secret. The last pound of steam often puts a vessel over the sand bar.

Lloyd George always had the last pound of steam. He is the only man in Europe who began the war as a cabinet minister and who finished it in high office. Did that hour's sleep in the middle of the day have anything to do with it?



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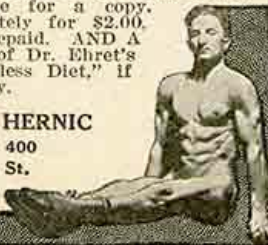
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JOHN M. HERNIC

Dept. 400

73 W. 49th St.

New York City



## Life Feels Like a Fight

(Continued from page 25)

that Forbes had had an uncle who was a railroad official of some sort; it was easy to infer that that connection had been used to Forbes' advantage. Masterson was chief of the engineering department of the Pacific Western, yet he was putting himself out to do honor to his guest. Parker Forbes had realized his own possibilities!

The evening dragged interminably for Craig Gantry, but it was over at last and Forbes had gone without giving the piano player so much as a glance. A week later he came again. A day or so afterwards Gantry learned that he was the new division superintendent, with offices somewhere above the resort.

Except that he was well fed Gantry's condition had not been a whit improved in his four months at the Resort. He despised himself, therefore everyone else despised him. Madam Radinovich had a tender heart and a generous nature, but she had soon abandoned any attempt to do anything for her handy man.

"It is that you have no ambitions of yourself, my son," she said, one day. "What shall I do when you will have not the desire to make of yourself anything but a pot-boy? You are not even a good pot-boy."

"Can you think of any reason, Madam," he asked, spiritlessly, "why I should be a good pot-boy?"

"One is not a pot-boy always, so he is for a time a good one."

"In my wildest flights of fancy, Madam," he answered, in an unchanged voice, "I am unable to aspire to anything higher than the level of a very poor dish-washer and a worse pianist."

"Faugh!" Madam cried, indignantly, "you make one sick!"

"Even that eloquent appeal to my sense of decency does not move me," Gantry returned.

Madam Radinovich had given him up after that. And now Parker Forbes had come into his life—his life as a poor pot-boy; there was nothing to stay for except the certainty that some day Forbes would recognize him. Indeed that very contingency seemed about to come to pass a week or so later. Forbes happened to catch the piano player's eye. The railroad man started—stared. Deliberately Craig Gantry crossed his eyes and assumed a vacant and terrible expression of idiocy. He saw his old friend sink back into his place, satisfied that he was mistaken.

That night Madam Radinovich's staff was lessened by one. A waiter washed dishes and the piano was left unopened.

#### IV.

Craig Gantry had been walking more and more slowly as the afternoon waned; about four o'clock the clouds that had hung above the mountains to the north closed in, black and ominous, and the air became suddenly colder.

This warning caused him to glance ahead, speculating dully as to his distance from shelter; but soon he forgot that matter in the definite realization that he was growing too weak to go on. He sat down heavily. His body became inert, but not more so than his mind. If he seemed scarcely to breathe it was equally true that he scarcely thought. He was utterly exhausted, not only physically and mentally, but spiritually.

The first flakes of snow, driven before a gusty little wind, startled him and he made a move to rise. But he had long since gone past the point of caring what happened to him; in a leaden, heavy fashion he welcomed the excuse to give up entirely. He leaned back against a tree, pulling his coat about him for what warmth its threadbare texture could give—huddled there like an animal.

The cold increased—the wind. Darkness and the storm fell together. The sharp bite of the icy air ate into his ears and nose and fingers. His feet ceased to pain, and became numb. A sudden chill seemed to enclose his heart and he shivered.

It seemed to him that it was a force outside himself that drove him at last to struggle. He found himself on hands and knees trying to rise. The agony of any movement was contrasted with the perfect peace and contentment of surrender, yet, in spite of his own wish, he persisted in the effort to get on his feet. He succeeded at last—stumbled a few steps forward.

The pain in his feet and legs almost made him cry out. The will to live fought against his own hopelessness and his indifference to his fate. The snow and the darkness increased—there was only a dull, vague feeling of the white blanket that covered the earth magically, rather than an actual sense of light. Although it was black night in a few moments he could still make out somehow the thread of the road he traveled. Because he had been going upward he continued to do so. The trees became larger and closer together. He fell, rose again, went down, fought up, struggled on. He wanted to die, but he was driven to fight for life.

The wind grew more violent, the night blacker, the storm more fierce. As the elements increased their fury his strength rose. He no longer felt weak and tired—he no longer felt anything. In the morning he would lie down and give up. But tonight he had to keep on. . . . His breath came in sobs; his eyes were blinded; he felt his way from tree to tree, always falling, always raising himself again, by dint of the most violent effort. But it was never his own mind that directed him. It was something beyond his mind.

It was the life principle persisting in his wasted body; defeating his purposeless and indifferent mind; impelling him

to struggle that, of himself, he would have given up gladly.

A gray and piercingly cold dawn found him dragging forward—sightless, half-frozen, half-mad, entirely exhausted—a dead man for whom Life still fought a desperate and almost lost battle.

V.

He was a little amused to hear someone calling to him from a great distance. He had a vague, almost fantastic, vision of a girl's ruddy face, in which he saw great violet eyes and white teeth gleaming between parted red lips. For a reason he could not fathom she seemed to be urging him to make some sort of wholly silly effort;—she seemed to shake him—threaten him—adjure him. He tried to laugh but his throat was closed. He laughed with his glassy eyes.

Then he saw a blazing, glowing color, and felt a million knives dart through his flesh. Red hot liquid scorched his mouth and throat, relaxing the indurated muscles. He wanted to scream with pain, but the girl's face was very close to his and very real, and somehow he knew that he was in a room where fire made the air warm and healing.

So he laughed.

"That's better!" said Mary Clyde. "More broth, Dad! And can you find that harness knife—there by the door. His boots have to come off first."

(The editor regrets keeping the reader in suspense for a whole month in order to learn the fate of the hero. But you will find the continuation even more absorbing.—THE EDITOR.)

## How Long Is Your Best Day's Work?

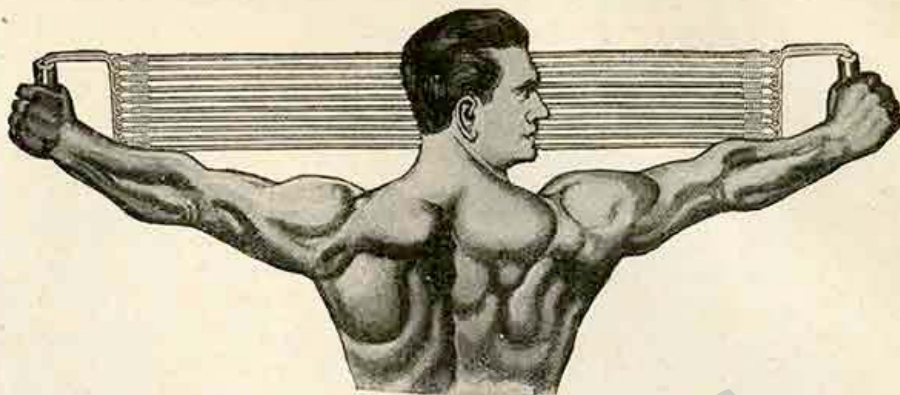
(Continued from page 38)

take for the other eight hours of my average day is so slow that it may properly be called loafing. I may neglect to pay my gas bill or to get a hair cut, but I never fail to write my editorial.

I got this stint idea from Jack London. London attained fame and riches as a writer by writing a thousand words a day. Often, of course, he wrote more than a thousand words, but he never failed in health or sickness, whether home or traveling, to make his stint. He was sitting up in bed finishing his day's word quota, the night he died. He would not yield to the pain he must have been suffering until he had completed his stint.

Parkman, the great historian, had wretched eye sight. He could use his eyes only one hour a day, and yet he used them so well during this brief period that he became one of the world's greatest historians. That goes to show that our best day's work need not be long, if we will but devote ourselves to our most important task during the hour or two of the day that experience has shown us we attain our greatest working efficiency.

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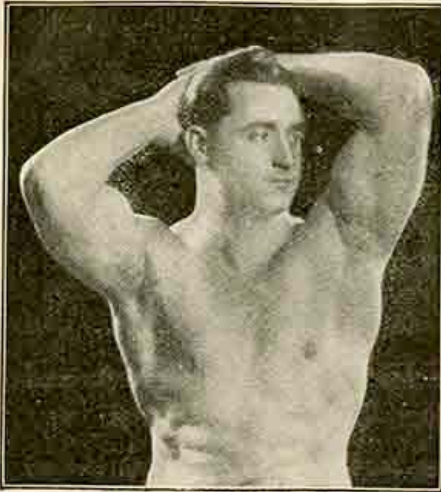
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## Is Strength Masculine and Weakness Feminine?

(Continued from page 55)

lighter bones, which naturally move more easily and smoothly than the more cumbersome limbs of a big-boned man. We often think of grace as a feminine quality, and so it is, but it is not primarily so. Our athletic pastimes, not to speak of our best male dancers, illustrate the very perfection of masculine grace of movement.

The truth would seem to be that strength is inherent in both sexes in the very nature of things. It only needs to be developed. One tends to lose any faculty that he does not use. Non-athletic men become disgraceful weaklings in exactly the same way as non-athletic women. When women take up gymnastics and athletics, however, they develop strength in accordance with the nature of their training. Miss Lillian Leitzel, of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus, can chin herself more times with one hand than any man in the world. But she grew up that way, doing that kind of thing.

However, although strength is neither feminine nor masculine, yet there is an essential difference between masculine and feminine conformation. No matter how strong they may become, women always retain the smooth and flowing character of their muscles, as differing from the more rugged and prominent conformations of their brothers. Together with certain differences in the bone structure, it is this character of a woman's muscles that give her the "feminine" appearance. This quality is apparent even in the most remarkable girl athletes, as for instance, in the photographs of Miss Roberta Ranck, which we are presenting herewith, together with the following personal appreciation by Miss Gertrude Artelt, herself a national gymnastic champion and acclaimed last year as the most perfectly built woman in America. It is a girl athlete's splendid tribute to another girl athlete.

### When a Girl Grows Up Gymnastically

By Gertrude Artelt

To meet a real sportswoman is a pleasure, and the best all-round athletic girl I know is Roberta Ranck.

Since Roberta was ten years old she has taken sports seriously. As a child she went through exercises at home and in school daily. Later she gained a regular class, watched its stars perform, and in due course, with her natural ability and perseverance, became the leader of the class.

In 1921 the American Gymnastic Union held its thirty-second National Convention in Chicago, and Roberta competed in all the events, surprising all enthusiasts and her instructors by winning second place. She had defeated nineteen hundred and ninety-nine girls out of the two thousand.

In June, 1923, Miss Ranck went to Brooklyn to compete in a gymnastic meet. Her ambition was to defeat New York's all-round athlete, the girl who had defeated her by a fraction of a point two years before. This ambition was realized in two days.

Miss Ranck won first honors, she defeated the 1921 champion by actual points, and was given 68 1/8 points out of a possible 70.

I recently asked her how she keeps in condition. "Condition," said Roberta, "is just the word; I am never out of it. If I begin to feel sluggish and minus ambition, I ease up a bit in the gym and exercise another sport. I have never gone, as athletes term it, 'stale.' Concerning diet, I really don't deny myself anything; I just use common sense. Anyone knows it is unwise to exer-



—The Editor.

cise right after eating, or to eat too much sweet food, so I just live my normal daily life and find that way of training is best. It is no effort for me to be in condition, for I am never out of it."

Roberta is fond of all sports. She competes successfully in swimming races and dives well. Her knowledge of fencing has won her many medals. In golf—well she is just one of us. She had ridden since childhood and is an expert horsewoman. When summer comes Roberta plays tennis and plays it well. In winter she ice skates, and in that sport she is grace personified. Throughout the year though, she participates in track field events and gymnastics, because they are her favorite sports.

In Brooklyn in the field events, which were basketball far throw, and the hop, step and jump, Roberta was given twenty points—perfect.

After parallel bar events, in which Roberta shone, came the side horse and she received 9 3/4 points, which is remarkable. She claims the essentials in gaining points on the horse are grace and rhythm, not necessarily difficult; whereas on the bars it is stunts that count. She always enters an event composed, and because she is able to control any nervousness which might arise, I have seen her defeat girls who had as much natural ability but less control.

Anyone would think that to be the athlete Roberta is would make a girl masculine. This is not the case, for Roberta is very feminine. She is of medium height, about five feet four inches tall, and beautifully symmetrical. Her whole being denotes strength, but one would never pick her to be the athlete she is when she is not in athletic garb.

Once Roberta said to me, "Gertrude, I've been boxing several times just to see what it is like, but that is one sport which was never meant for a woman. It is essentially masculine, and I dislike seeing a woman trying to box." I admire Roberta for that statement. She says her hurdling and running are as masculine sports as she'll ever compete in and that the reason for her competing in those was to gain points for her club, not for any individual honors. To Mr. Heineman and Mr. Pestuch, the Philadelphia instructors, she gives the credit of her successes.

It is indeed remarkable to find a girl who can smile as well in defeat as in victory, who has perseverance, grit and an iron strong determination. To know Roberta, the one hundred per cent. sportswoman, is good fortune, and if the sincere hope of her many admirers comes true, she will annex to her Middle Atlantic and Eastern Championships the National Championship in 1926.

ANNIE RILEY HALE will contribute to the next number of STRENGTH an article on the Centenarian Club of California, which will be both interesting and illuminating.

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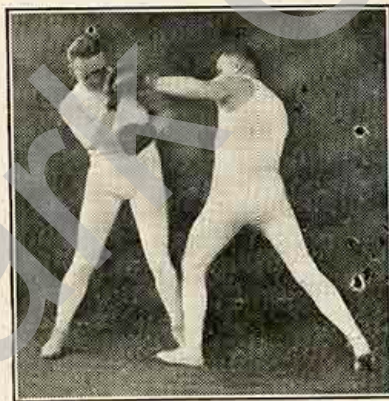
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will bless the day that you read this. Write  
today.

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## Playing the Game

(Continued from page 57)

We suspect it was so they would have  
another mutual interest, he being a  
stellar player himself.

But that is not merely a passing  
phase of the girl in sports. She has  
come to stay. This is her first big  
year. She has been strong in the  
swimming pool of yore. The writer  
kicks himself into believing that he  
swims a rather strong crawl stroke  
but he's not ashamed to admit that he  
knows of at least a dozen girls who  
would be certain to kick foam into his  
eyes in a race. Hand it to them, they're  
coming along to a place where they  
must be recognized.

\* \* \*

### When Mr. Firpo Comes Back

For the present at least "battles of  
the century" and "battles of eternity"  
have dropped out of the spotlight.  
Señor Firpo is busily engaged in try-  
ing to re-establish himself in the good  
graces of his fellow Argentinians for  
that *faux pas* in seeking American citi-  
zenship papers. Señor Firpo is dumb  
as a fox. We wonder whether that  
move didn't have something to do with  
income taxes and such. You know, it  
would be pretty hard on a man like  
Firpo to pay an income tax to the  
United States on his earnings and then  
also have to pay one to his native land.  
Also, we wonder whether it will ever  
be possible for said Argentine officials  
to get a real line on what the Señor  
did earn while here. But that is none  
of our business and we do not care.  
Only it was interesting to hear from  
sources mighty close to the big South  
American that this explains a lot of  
things. If he became a citizen of the  
United States he wouldn't have to pay  
the Argentine tax. Nothing crooked  
about it, merely a matter of sentiment.  
And Firpo's sentiment for his home  
land seemed to eventually outweigh all  
other considerations.

And in the meantime Mr. Dempsey  
is king of all he surveys, fistically  
speaking. But Señor Firpo will come  
back. Don't forget that. Also, don't  
forget that Mr. Dempsey in spite of  
winning as he did and showing the  
gameness and punching power he did,  
will have to finish any really dangerous  
contender such as Firpo in short order.

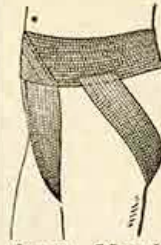
Dempsey in that Firpo bout was a  
magnificent fighting man—apparently.  
Dempsey against Firpo, when the latter  
has learned how to fight and it comes  
down to a long-drawn, gruelling battle,  
will be a different fighting man in all  
probability.

Those who know say that he could  
not last in a long, punishing fight—he  
has got to finish his man quickly or  
be finished himself if the other man is  
as dangerous as Firpo.

And the way Dempsey fought Firpo  
makes it look very much that way.  
Realizing it himself, he took terrible  
chances to win and had a narrow  
escape.

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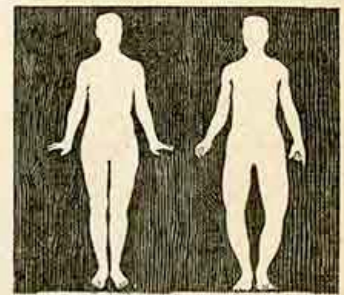


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**The Fading of the Giants**

After seven months of intense activity, during which undoubtedly it held the center of the calcium glare in the American realm of sports, King Diamond should be allowed to rest. That rest has been earned, the stage is dimmed, the actors have departed to other fields, but old King Diamond cannot rest entirely. There is a great deal to keep baseball very much alive during the coming season of the stove league.

When Yankee bats finally overthrew National League domination in the recent world's series that was the handwriting on the wall for the rule of the New York Giants in their present form.

Three seasons now they have been supreme in the National League, two of those seasons they conquered the American League's best. A fast thinking, hard hitting, speedy running team imbued with an intense fighting spirit equal to that of the old Cubs under Chance, they weathered every storm. But as long ago as 1922 the weak link that would break was evident. The pitching staff was composed of a lot of glass arms, veterans, none of whom was of the Matty, Brown, Bender type. They were good pitchers but it was hard to tell when they would be good.

During the past season McGraw pulled them along to the National flag, beating out the Reds and Pirates by his remarkable ability to manipulate them each day just enough to get by.

But the waves were slowly rising about the gunwales of his pitching craft and in the world's series it went down with flags waving defiantly to the last.

All of which means that John Joseph McGraw, three times crowned chieftain of the National League, faces that which is the bane of so many managers each season—the building up of a hurling corps that will hold the pace set by the rest of the team.

Cincinnati looms in the offing manned with mighty artillery in its hill corps, Pittsburgh is formidable on the mound, Chicago will have a strong array of shellers and unless we are very much at error good pitching will be the one deciding factor in the National League pennant race of 1924.

The Giants' staff is so utterly cracked that it needs a thorough rebuilding. That means that McGraw must make trades and there are only three clubs that he can hope toicker with—Philadelphia, Boston and perhaps St. Louis. None of them has anything that goes toward the making of championship teams. Certainly the Pirates, Reds and Cubs will not give him any of their jewels, for in each is the undoubted conviction that next year they will come through and one of them probably will.

It should be a great winter for deals involving the Giants and McGraw's efforts to land a couple of reliable moundsmen.

And in the American League just what is there in sight to bar the progress and pathway of the Yankees?

**Have You Had Your Exercise Today?**

If your aim is to obtain unusual vitality and endurance coupled with remarkable agility, you *must* give your body a certain amount of daily exercise. *Fifteen minutes every day*, exercising with a pair of *dumbbells*, will keep you in good condition and will give you the development you so earnestly wish for and cannot have.

If you begin to strengthen the voluntary muscles in your body you will also be strengthening the involuntary muscles, such as your heart, lungs, etc., by increasing the circulation of the blood and respiratory organs. Men and women who are constantly using their minds and bodies are destroying certain cells in their bodies which *must* be replaced. Vigorous exercise with *dumbbells* will tear down the weak and worn-out cells and tissues, and the blood (its circulation quickened by the exercise) will quickly replace the worn-out cells.

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If every man and woman would practice a few simple exercises with a pair of dumbbells suited to their own physical condition, for fifteen minutes each day, they would greatly improve their physical and mental condition. Every doctor will tell you that the condition of the nervous system and the brain depends entirely upon healthful muscular activity. If the body does not get this muscular activity it cannot perform its functions properly and, in consequence, the entire system becomes inefficient. Daily exercises with a pair of dumbbells will produce *firm healthy muscles, a solid body, broad shoulders and a deep chest*. You will keep your body toned up and strong enough to be free from danger either of incurring serious disease or any lighter ailments.

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The effect of dumbbell exercises on a tired-out system is remarkable. Do you hope to be successful when you are constantly tired and over-worked and when your body does not have proper attention? You cannot! Make it a habit to exercise every day and see how you will add life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ and every body cell—to your entire body. After all, your health is the most precious possession you have, and through it you either obtain or lose success and happiness.

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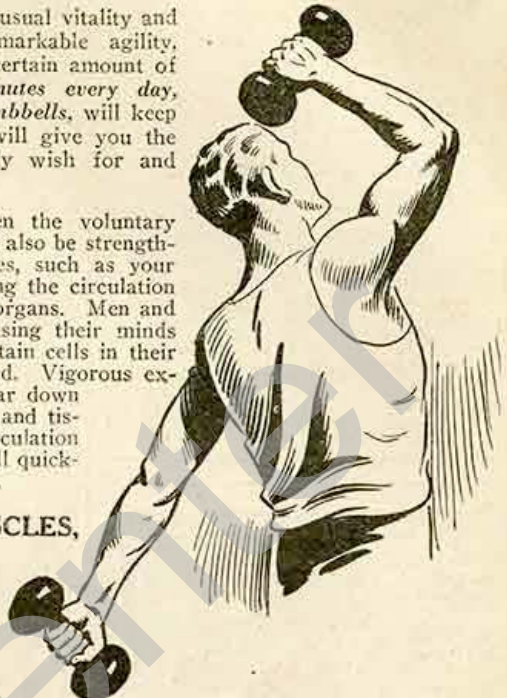
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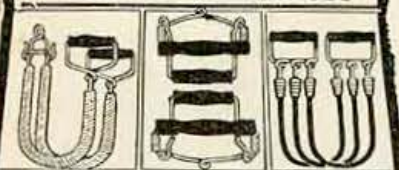
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## Why Are Women Emotional?

And what can be done about it?

A subject important not only to women but to their husbands, sons and brothers, presented helpfully by Mabel Dill in STRENGTH next month.

## What Should an Athlete Eat?

(Continued from page 35)

both muscle and nerve alike, the conditions which affect and the changes which take place in the one are doubtless similar with respect to the other. Until recent years the fatigue of muscles, which results from physical exertion, was thought to be a condition confined to the muscle itself, but this is now known not to be the case.

If a healthy, fresh muscle from the leg of a frog is placed upon a marble slab and stimulated with electricity, it will contract in the same manner as it would have done in life and health. If these contractions are repeated in sufficiently rapid succession certain chemical changes take place within the muscle tissue. During these changes there are formed in the tissue some of the very same toxic substances which are formed in a one-sided diet of refined food. These substances are lactic acid, creatine and carbon dioxide.

An exclusive diet of steaks, chops, roasts, toast and tea with sugar, will produce precisely the same tissue changes in the body of the trained athlete as are produced by fatigue. When these substances are developed in the muscle of the frog's leg in sufficient quantity the muscle will resist further contraction and can then be said to be in a state of fatigue.

If the toxic substances which have been thus developed in the muscles are removed by flushing the tissues with a weak salt solution, application of the electrical stimulus will again cause the muscle to contract as when fresh.

All these toxic substances of fatigue are of an acid nature. During sleep and rest, following fatigue, these poisonous "old age" acids are neutralized by the alkalines of the blood, which thus gathers them up and throws them off through the kidneys, after which the muscles are restored to a state of freshness, strength and tone.

If the highly corrective alkaline substances are removed from the athlete's food before it is brought to the training table he will not only build up no arsenal of reserve with which to meet and counteract the poisonous effects of fatigue, but he will actually be dragged closer and closer to the line of safety beyond which the next step makes him "go stale."

Yet how many athletes appreciate the fact that precisely to the extent to which food refinement robs his training table of the tissue-sweetening and correcting alkaline salts, his muscles are correspondingly handicapped in their effort to overcome the evil effects of fatigue from which quick recuperation becomes quite impossible?

To clearly understand the direct relationship between food and fatigue it will be well to examine the remarkable experiments of Weichardt, Ranke, Mosso and Lee.

Weichardt took living animals which had been fatigued by their own exertions, cut from them pieces of muscle tissue, and recovered from this tissue

poisons which could not be recovered from healthy tissue in a state of rest.

These poisons, taken from the fatigued muscle, were then injected into the body of the animal at rest, which soon after began to manifest all the symptoms of natural fatigue.

This experiment proved that fatigue is produced by chemical changes of an acid character which takes place in the tissues and that until these depressing acids are neutralized by the natural functions of a healthy body the poisons remain in the tissues and the tissues remain in a state of fatigue.

Ranke, convinced that the products, lactic acid, creatine, and carbon dioxide, developed by muscle activity, were responsible for the phenomenon of fatigue, conducted the experiments on frogs' muscles, into which he introduced these substances taken from the laboratory.

He found, after injecting creatine and carbon dioxide into the muscle, that it not only lost its strength but also its power to move.

After proving this he gave the name of "fatigue substances" to creatine and carbon dioxide.

Mosso, as a result of his study of fatigue, found it was due entirely to chemical changes within the muscle.

Lee describes changes which, he says, result in the production of three acid substances which he calls sarcolactic acid, novopotassium phosphate, and carbon dioxide.

All these substances are acid in their reaction, which accounts for the acid reaction of a muscle in a condition of fatigue as distinguished from the reaction of a muscle in repose, which is alkaline.

Until these acid products of fatigue are neutralized by the alkalinity of the healthy blood which passes through the tissues of the fatigued muscle the athlete cannot recover his strength; cannot recuperate.

The fact that the alkaline salts are removed from most of the foods served on the American dinner table has never been heeded by the medical profession as a body, although individual physicians in many parts of the country have in recent years recognized the truth and are applying it in their practice by prescribing unrefined foods in many diseases.

Fisk declares: "Fatigue is the result of chemical changes which occur within the tissues and organs of the body and which give rise to certain toxic products that act to depress these tissues or organs."

"Nerve tissue is no exception to the general biological law. Such changes occur in the nerves during activity as well as in the muscle tissue."

"Intense mental activity is capable of giving rise within the body to these profound chemical changes as shown by the frequent occurrence of a nursing mother suffering an intense fright and, subsequent to it, nursing her baby, who

within three or four hours thereafter has severe convulsions.

"This also demonstrates," he says, "that the action of the fatigue poisons is not confined to the tissues in which they arise, but passes over to all the other glands and organs of the body affecting their secretions and functions.

"The constitution of the blood is altered by the absorption of these acid products of fatigue, in consequence of which its alkalinity is greatly diminished, a condition which results in serious disorders.

"Any activity on the part of a nerve or muscle that is already in a condition of fatigue results in decidedly more harm than would a heavier task done under normal conditions, so that when the body is fatigued even a small amount of extra work often produces disastrous results."

The athlete generally recognizes the importance of food of the proper kind in order to enable him to recover from the fatigue of his exertions. He instinctively recognizes that if he can get his blood in a healthy condition through proper dieting he will more quickly overcome the depressing effects of fatigue and thus recuperate under strain in a more rapid manner.

Without knowing why, he understands fully that if he can bring about in his blood a perfectly normal alkaline condition it will have capacity for neutralizing larger quantities of the acids of fatigue, thus contributing to his endurance and enabling him to outlast his opponent in a contest.

The conditioning of all athletes is based upon the training table.

Growing children, prospective mothers, nursing mothers, and bread-winners engaged in the ordinary exhausting pursuits of the day are just as dependent upon the application of these biological facts to their own physical welfare as is the boxer, but the importance of food is not recognized in the ordinary everyday walks of life.

There is no doubt at all that many athletes fail to get into their best condition through ignorant indulgence in such an abundance of acid-producing foods that the alkalinity of their blood is correspondingly diminished, and their tissues are never free from the acids of fatigue.

The result of all this can be summarized in two sentences. Foods which produce an acid reaction in the body must always be consumed with foods which produce an alkaline reaction. Foods robbed of their alkaline salts cannot contribute this essential alkalinity to the blood.

Granted that the facts as stated are true, and they can be easily demonstrated, it follows that blood robbed of its full store of alkalinity cannot neutralize or correct all the acid products of fatigue. The athlete should remem-

ber that the principal tissue-sweeteners or alkaline correctives are found in orange juice, fresh fruits, fresh vegetables of every kind provided their juices are not drained off and thrown into the sink, greens of every kind, properly cooked beans, fresh milk, egg yolk, whole wheat bread.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true that Jack Dempsey could have been at his best on a diet of whole oatmeal, milk and fresh string beans. He would have complained, of course, of the monotony of such a diet, but it would nevertheless have covered all the training requirements.

Papyrus, Zev or any other race horse the world has ever seen, could be brought to perfect condition by a diet of whole oats and grass. Grass to the horse is precisely what string beans would be to man. The slight acid reactions of whole cereal foods are easily corrected by greens, whereas the extreme acid reaction of refined, highly-milled grains can be corrected only by enormous quantities of greens, if corrected at all.

Hence it follows that the athlete during the entire training period, and for that matter throughout his life, should never indulge in refined white flour or other denatured cereal foods if he wishes to be at his very best.

He doesn't have to bother about any complicated schedule of proportions, so many grams of this food and so many grams of that. A simple understanding of the principle involved in the general nature of the two chief groups of food-stuffs is quite sufficient to guide him in the face of a healthy appetite.

The athlete should know that the acid foods as distinguished from the alkaline foods mentioned above are beef, pork, lamb, mutton, veal, chicken, fish, cheese, egg whites, sugar, table syrups, pastry, biscuits, buns, rolls, cakes made of white flour, and vegetables robbed of their extractives by careless or ignorant methods of cooking.

He should know that he doesn't need nearly so large a steak or nearly as many chops as he usually consumes. He should know that when he does eat meat the best balancer that can go with it should consist of baked potato and succulent vegetables. He should know that no form of white bread or white flour can give to his body the vitalizing substances found in the whole grain.

With these general facts it is not necessary for him to make an academic study of the mysteries of nutrition. Assuming that he is not a glutton and does not eat enormous quantities of food, however good, merely for the sake of eating, he will never run the danger of "going stale" and he will be sure of bringing with him to a contest his maximum strength and endurance if he keeps in mind the significant facts outlined above.

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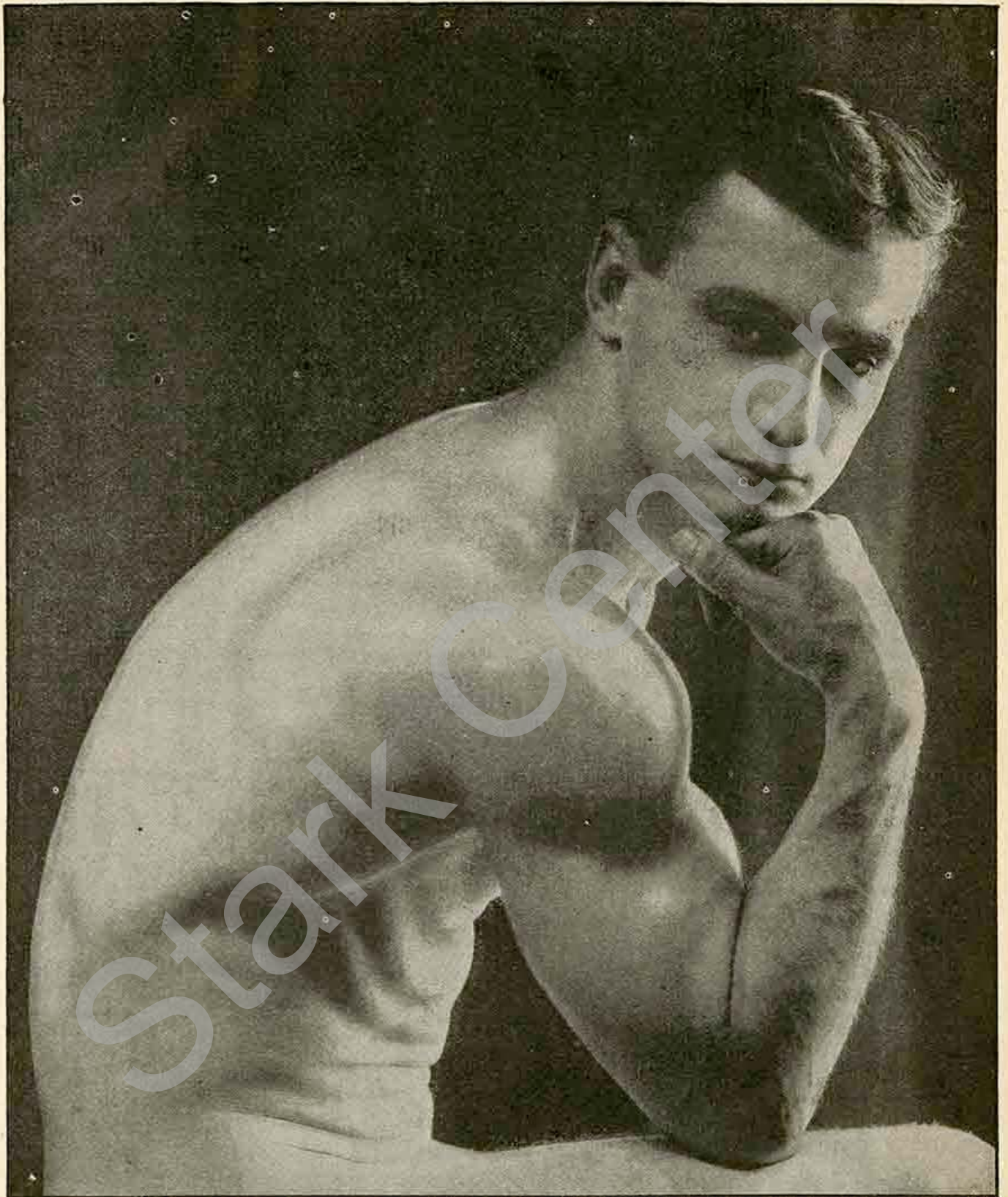
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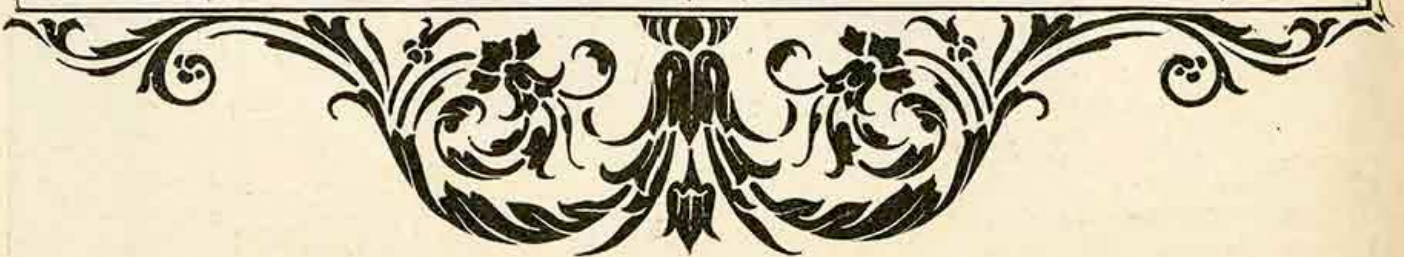
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## MAKING YOUR FIRST COURSE THE BEST

Which means that when you finish my system you will not need another.

My course of training was not designed to merely improve your health, nor to give you large muscles. It was designed to do these things for you, but at the same time teach you how to make good use of *good health, large muscles, and great strength*. The course shows you how to acquire a general all-round physique and does not develop one muscle at the expense of the others.

The training derived from my teachings will make you more efficient in your pet sport. If you are a bowler, it will give you the steadiness of hand to direct the ball where your eyes tell you it should go. It will make a large bowling ball feel light because of the new strength you will develop.

If you hope to play the strenuous winter games of ice hockey and basket ball my course and personal help will put you into the best physical condition possible which will enable you to set the pace.

If you would excel in tumbling, wrestling, boxing, fencing, or apparatus work you surely know that you must have *speed* as well as *strength* and *endurance*.

If you were going to do nothing else but pose

## LIKE A MUMMY IN A MUSEUM

muscle alone may be all you would need. But you are not going to do this—you want to be active, full of life and with endless energy. So why don't you follow my methods and once for all get an equal degree of all the essentials of athletic ability; namely, the best of health, great strength, large muscles, abundant endurance, speed, and best of all, the ability to make good use of them.

## ABSOLUTELY FREE

You will positively get more valuable information on physical culture FREE from my *sixty-four* page ART BOOK than you would get from many of the incomplete and so-called physical culture courses.

Besides many beautiful half-tone pictures of myself and a great number of my numerous and progressing pupils, there is included in its pages, a thorough description of my methods; several pages on actually how to learn muscle control, with illustrations; action pictures on tumbling and hand balancing (not only the common kind but also many stunts performed with *weights*); and also pages on what my pupils have to say about my course, reproduced exactly as sent to me and signed in their own handwriting.

## YOU NEED THIS BOOK

for its value to your mind and its beauty to your eyes can only be measured in dollars, while all I ask is 10c to cover postage and wrapping charges. Get it by filling in the coupon and enclosing 10c stamps or coin.

**CHARLES MacMAHON**

STUDIO A-11

2109 N. Orianna Street Philadelphia, Pa.

**CHARLES MacMAHON**

2109 N. Orianna St., Phila., Pa.  
STUDIO A-11

Please find enclosed 10c for which send me your Book "THE ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH" without obligation on my part.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY AND STATE .....



**J. R. HEAD,**  
of Kansas, who lives in a small town of 631 people. He has made as high as \$69.50 in one day selling Comer All Weather Coats.



**E. A. SWEET,**  
an electrical engineer, is making from \$600 to \$1,200 a month and works only about four hours a day.



**W. S. COOPER,**  
of Ohio, who finds it easy to earn over \$500 a month selling Comer All-Weather Coats

# Will You Give Me a Chance to Pay You \$100 a Week?

I want to make an offer whereby you can earn from \$100 to \$1,000 a month, cash. You can be your own boss. You can work just as many hours a day as you please. You can start when you want to and quit when you want to. You don't need experience and you get your money in cash every day when you earn it.

### These Are Facts

Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as \$69.50 for one day's work. If that isn't enough then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned \$243. Inside of six months he was making between \$600 and \$1,200 a month.

**IMPORTANT NOTICE**  
The Winter Season presents an unusually good opportunity for the sale of Comer All-Weather Coats. Get your share of this big Winter profit. Quick action is suggested. Send the coupon NOW.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him \$2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make \$9,000 a year.

Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn \$40.00 a day?

### A Clean, High-grade Dignified Business

Have you ever heard of Comer All-Weather Coats? They are advertised in all the leading magazines. Think of a single coat that can be worn all year round. A good-looking, stylish coat that's good for summer or winter—that keeps out wind, rain or snow, a coat that everybody should have, made of fine materials for men, women and children, and sells for less than the price of an ordinary coat.

Now, Comer Coats are not sold in stores. All our orders come through our own representatives. Within the next few months we will pay representatives more than three hundred thousand dollars for sending us orders. And now I am offering you the chance to become our representative in your territory and get your share of that three hundred thousand dollars. All you do is to take orders. We do the rest. We deliver. We collect and you get your money the same day you take the order.

You can see how simple it is. We furnish you with a complete outfit and tell you how to get the business in your territory. We help you to get started. If you send us only three average orders a day, which you can get in an hour or so in the evening, you will make \$100 a week.

### Maybe You Are Worth \$1,000 a Month

Well, here is your chance to find out, for this is the same proposition that enabled George Garon to make a clear profit of \$40.00 in his first day's work

—the same proposition that gave R. W. Krieger \$20.00 net profit in a half hour. It is the same opportunity that gave A. B. Spencer \$625 cash for one month's spare time.

I need 500 men and women, and I need them right away. If you mail the coupon at the bottom of this ad I will show you the easiest, quickest, simplest plan for making money that you ever heard of. If you are interested in increasing your income from \$100 to \$1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to my proposition, write your name down below, cut out the coupon and mail it to me at once. You take no risk, and this may be the one outstanding opportunity of your life to earn more money than you ever thought possible.

### Find Out NOW!

Remember, it doesn't cost you a penny. You don't agree to anything, and you will have a chance to go right out and make big money. Do it. Don't wait. Get full details. Mail the coupon now.

**C. E. COMER\***  
THE COMER MFG. CO.  
Dept. 13-PB Dayton, Ohio

## BUICK Touring Car Given to You

In addition to your big earnings we offer you a Buick Touring Car without a cent of cost, that you can use to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon

**NOW**

*Mail This Special Coupon Now*

THE COMER MFG. CO.  
Dept. 13-PB, Dayton, Ohio

Please fill me without obligation or cost on my part, how I can increase my income from \$100 to \$1000 a month as your representative, and get a Buick Touring Car.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Print or write plainly

# Dempsey - Firpo Carpentier - Beckett Leonard - Tendler

*Their favorite blows, guards, etc.*

If you have sporting blood in your veins, you'll thrill with excitement as we take you to the ringside of the greatest battles of the century, and show you your favorite fighters in action.

We'll teach you their blows and guards—the Jack Dempsey Triple, the Benny Leonard Triple, the Fitzsimmons Shift, etc.—so that you too may use these blows in friendly encounters or to protect yourself against assault.

## BOXING \$1.97 Jiu-Jitsu Wrestling

plus actual postage

It won't cost you a cent to get this instruction on approval for ten days.

In the first five lessons of this remarkable course you learn all the fundamentals of boxing—hitting, guarding, ducking, feinting, footwork, etc. It is all very simple. You start with such movements as the breast-stroke in swimming, reaching your hand out for a coin, etc. Step by step you're led subconsciously into similar movements in boxing—striking hard blows, with the weight of your body behind them, cleverly ducking and side-stepping the blows of your phantom opponent. Every movement is illustrated by pictures posed by masters of ring science.

After you have mastered the fundamentals, you're taught the fine points of the game—the secrets of such wizards of the ring as Jim Corbett, Kid McCoy, Bob Fitzsimmons, Benny Leonard, Jack Dempsey, etc.

When you've mastered the course, you are ready to put the gloves on fearlessly with those who formerly were your masters in the manly art. You'll be astounded at the cool, skillful way you will be able to lit, guard, feint and side-step.

Better than private lessons. There are not half a dozen men in the United States today who can box

as well as Professor Mike Donovan, on whose teaching the Marshall Stillman Course is based. There is not one who possesses his wonderful ability to teach. The Marshall Stillman Course is used as a reference by boxing teachers. Why not get it at first hand?

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**Jiu-Jitsu and Wrestling**—We teach you too the clever Japanese art of self-defense, Jiu-Jitsu, and also the best holds in wrestling—the Gotch Toe Hold, the Stecher Scissor Hold, the Head-lock, etc.

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**DO IT NOW.** Make up your mind right now, that you're going to be a good boxer—able to hold your own in friendly bouts and protect yourself and loved ones from assault. Mail the coupon for 10 days' free trial on the special terms offered in the coupon below.



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Dept. 1723-M, 42nd St. and Madison Ave., New York.  
You may send me on approval the Marshall Stillman Course. I will deposit 97 cents (plus actual postage) with the postman, with the understanding that if, after 10 days, I wish to return the course, I may do so and my money will be instantly refunded. If I keep the course I am simply to send you \$1 in final payment.

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**\$100**  
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It's all just like a pleasant game when you learn to draw with this new method. You study right at home, yet every bit of your work receives the individual attention and criticism of a *real artist*. It's almost as though you had a famous artist standing at your elbow while you work. With this training you progress with amazing rapidity. Starting with straight lines and

curves, you quickly learn action, perspective, and all the more advanced secrets of drawing. Almost before you realize it you are making drawings that *sell*.

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You may be considering the study of art merely for the joy you can get from it; or you may want to turn your ability into the big money which is to be found in Commercial Art. In any case—if you feel that you want to learn to draw, send for our new Free Book on art which tells all about the wonderful opportunities for happiness and profit in art and describes this startling new method which makes it so easy for you to learn to draw. Mail coupon for this Free Book and for our Special Free Offer.



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