

How to Keep Fit

★ Strength

APRIL
25¢



Strengthen Your Legs
(See p. 70)

Heredity or Environment ?
Albert Edward Wiggam

The Cure for "Nerves"

How Much Meat
Shall I Eat ?

Beautiful Shoulders
~for Every Woman

Jay Weaver

"Another of Your Successes"

The Milo Bar Bell Co.

Gentlemen:—

I am enclosing some pictures of myself so that you can add one more to your list of successes.

Some time ago I purchased one of your Duplex bar bells, and by faithfully using it, I have acquired such development that all the money in the world could not buy that bar bell from me.

If I were to tell you how low was my physical condition when I started your course, and the tremendous gains I have since made, you would be more than justified in claiming that your system is the finest in the world. In addition to obtaining perfect health and building up a remarkable development, I have become so strong that I can "put up" a 215 pound bar bell with either hand. I am many times stronger than when I started at your course.

My present measurements are: Chest $44\frac{1}{2}$ inches, biceps 16 inches, thigh $23\frac{1}{2}$ inches, fore-arm $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches, neck $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches, waist 31 inches. My weight is 159 pounds. Don't you think that they are pretty good measurements for an amateur who is only 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall?

I am so happy over what I have accomplished under your directions that I would like you to publish my pictures, because I wish people to see the results that one can obtain through your methods.

Again congratulating you and myself, I remain,

Yours gratefully,
HARRY GLICK,

1930 Grand Concourse, New York City.

When Mr. Glick began training with his bar bell he adjusted it to 45 pounds and used it at that weight in the two arm exercises. Since then he has gained so much in size and strength that he can "put up" 215 pounds with one arm.

We are proud of the fact that Mr. Glick can make big lifts. We are prouder still that he has built up a 16-inch arm and a $44\frac{1}{2}$ -inch chest; but we are proudest of all that he has acquired perfect health. Look at him. He is not only a model of development, but the picture of condition.

For Twenty Years We Have Been Developing Men Like Mr. Glick

Twenty years' work and experience which has helped to perfect that greatest of all body building devices—the adjustable bar bell—and to work out a system of training that will help anyone (no matter how weak and puny) to acquire health and condition, strength and development.

Glick's Case Is Not Extraordinary—For Us

We took no greater pains with Mr. Glick than with any other pupil. He got just our regular service; that is the adjustment of our general principles to suit his particular needs. And every pupil gets that; whether he is working for a big biceps, whether he wants to add shape and size to a pair of spindly legs, whether he wants to take ten inches off his waist line, or whether he wants to add ten inches to his chest measurement.

We Are the Originators of Progressive Exercise and the world's largest manufacturers of adjustable bar bells. It will pay you to investigate our goods and training methods. We suggest that you send for our free booklet, "Health, Strength and Development and How to Obtain Them."

SPECIAL

In our advertisements in the December and February copies of this magazine we announced that we would issue a pamphlet entitled "How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh," written by Alan Calvert. We believe that this is the most valuable article on that subject ever published. Here is what was said of the pamphlet by the Physical Director of one of our largest universities:

"Of the various systems of measurement used by physical culturists there is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Calvert's system is the best ever devised. It is a system based upon long years of practical experience in the development of real physical-culture men. Mr. Calvert's system is not one of mere guess work. It is not an impossible system. It is not a system that is too ideal. It is a standard that anyone can really attain. Each individual is practically his own standard. His height, the size of his wrists and ankles, in other words, his individual frame-work is the determining factor, in so far as saying what the extent of his muscular development should be and can be."

We believe that every man (and every boy over sixteen) who reads the Physical Culture Magazine should own one of these pamphlets. It will not only enable him to check up the results which he has so far obtained by his past training but it will also let him know his own possibilities in the way of muscular development.

This pamphlet is given only in connection with the book mentioned above. So when you write us be sure and say "Send me your book

'Health, Strength and Development and How to Obtain Them,'
and the Special Pamphlet

'How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh' "

The Milo Bar Bell Co.

301 Diamond Street

Department 9

Philadelphia, Pa.



HARRY GLICK

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.



ARE 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 questions it brings up. The answers will prove whether this is your opportunity or not. So mail the coupon NOW.

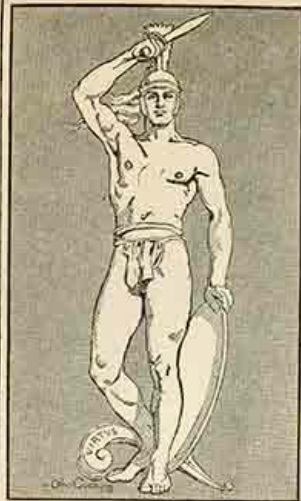
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASS'N
Dept. 21-D Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Dept. 21-D, 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

Vol. IX

APRIL, 1924

No. 2



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Published Monthly by THE MILO PUBLISHING CO.
 Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa.
 November 20th, 1920, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.
 D. G. REDMOND, Publisher. Publication and Subscription Offices, 301 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Editorial and Advertising Offices, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.
 R. L. HUNTER, Advertising Manager. GEORGE CAMERON-EMSLIE, Associate Editor.
 Chicago Office: 168 North Michigan Blvd., J. A. HISEY, Manager.
 London Agents: The Atlas Publishing & Distributing Company, Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, England.
 Subscriptions, \$2.50 per year. Canada, \$2.75. Foreign, \$3.00.

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Foods that cause premature old age and foods that keep us young



Are Americans doomed to become a race of short-lived weaklings; old and worn out at 30, subject to unnumbered diseases? Scientists stand aghast at the rapidly increasing spread of diabetes, constipation, cancer, hardening of the arteries, and other diseases of the digestive system. Read Alfred W. McCann's amazing revelations of American eating habits which are causing the decay of our manhood and womanhood.



WHAT is happening to America's people? Prominent scientists and reputable physicians point to facts which seem to prove that we are fast approaching physical decadence. It is no secret that nearly two-thirds of our young men, not yet 30, were found physically unfit for normal outdoor life. Statistics prove that half of all deaths are of persons between the ages of 40 and 60. No less grave is the report that cancer, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, arterio-sclerosis, diabetes, chronic constipation, anemia, edema and other ailments, directly traceable to a weakened digestive system, are increasing at an alarming rate. In plain words, *nearly all of America's population is suffering from premature old age.*

No less an authority than Alfred W. McCann, the famous pure-food crusader, asserts that one thing alone is responsible for all these things. He says that it is the food we eat which annually causes the death of 400,000 children less than one year old! He says that this same cause explains the almost universal prevalence of pernicious anemia and malnutrition among school children! He says that it is our unwise eating habits which have weakened the bodies of our young men and women, making them old before their time!

White Mice and Men

Just as *white mice* have been used to prove that certain combinations of food can weaken, degenerate and kill them, so does Alfred W. McCann prove—through the unwilling examples of thousands of *men*—that these same food combinations act as deadly poisons upon the human system.

You will hardly believe your eyes when you read the tragic stories of these "poison squads," as Mr. McCann calls them. It will seem incredible to you that men, merely by confining their diet to the foods you eat every day, gave their lives, or walked on the rim of Death to prove that these foods slowly but surely undermine our vitality, lower our resistance, weaken our bodies until we become, eventually, the ready victims of deadly disease bacteria.

The Madeira-Mamore Poison Squad

One of the worst of these "poison squads" was the force of men employed by the

Madeira-Mamore Railway Company. Although attempts were made to hide the facts, from the diaries of two engineers, Alfred W. McCann revealed that 4000 men of 6000 employed died in less than fifteen months.

What happened? What was the reason for this terrific death toll? Remember that these 6000 men were selected because they were "huskies"—sturdy, strong-bodied men physically able to work as laborers in railway construction. From the diaries of the two engineers mentioned, it was proved beyond all doubt that it was *food alone* that killed 4000 of these men in fifteen months.



Alfred W. McCann

been devitalized, "refined" by processes which rob them of their health-giving ingredients, you would revolt at the thought of putting such deadly substances into your stomachs.

The amazing extent of malnutrition among children, the steady increase of digestive diseases, the lowered vitality and premature ageing of millions of people furnish startling evidence of this great food crime against humanity.

Let Alfred W. McCann show you the way to glorious new health, strength and youthful vitality through his revolutionary book, "The Science of Eating"—a book which will go down in history as the greatest expose of food crimes ever made. Of it Dr. E. S. Coleman says: "It constitutes the most important contribution of a hundred years to the literature of health and good living."

It is just as easy to eat the right foods as the wrong foods, and to enjoy all the benefits of the life-giving elements that Nature has put into them. By following Alfred W. McCann's principles of proper eating results are obtained little short of amazing.

Let Food Give You Health, Strength, Life

His methods are literally making men and women over. People, who previously were constantly run down, tired out, listless, are astonished to find themselves bubbling over with new energy, vitality and strength. Those who had been thin, anemic, emaciated, put on new, firm, solid flesh while those who suffered from dangerously excessive fat quickly reduced themselves to normal weight.

Proper foods eliminate a host of disorders arising from impure blood. Skin eruptions, sallow complexions, pimples vanish like magic. Constipation—the most common ailment in America—is ended within twenty-four hours by Mr. McCann's methods. Other troubles of the digestive tract—indigestion, dyspepsia, acid stomach—are ended just as surely and easily when healthful foods replace harmful foods.

5 Days' Free Trial

You owe it to yourself to know the truths about the foods you eat. The facts are so startling, so convincing, that you should not continue for one more day habits of eating that are a deadly menace to your health and life.

Do not think that Alfred W. McCann's remarkable book, "The Science of Eating," is for faddists. It is for everyone. It does not advise irksome diets. It simply shows you how to eat natural foods as Nature intended them to be eaten and how to avoid eating so-called foods that are merely disguised poisons. Once you start following this simple method you will be literally astounded at the improvement. You will find yourself possessed of new vitality, new energy, new physical fitness, new youth.

Send No Money

Prove to yourself without risking a single penny that Alfred W. McCann's amazing book is the one best investment in health you can possibly make. Send for a copy of this wonderful book and if you are not thoroughly convinced that it will literally make a new person of you, return it at the end of 5 days and your money will be refunded. At the same time we will send you FREE Elizabeth A. Monaghan's pure-food cook-book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It," based upon Mr. McCann's startling book of food-revelations. But order your copy now as we cannot long continue this unusual offer of two great books at the price of one.

EUGENICS PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. S-324

1658 Broadway New York

Two Books for Price of One

The regular price of Alfred W. McCann's "The Science of Eating" has always been \$3.00. But even that low price fades away almost to nothing when you realize that through it you can gain the secret of glorious health, vitality and youth. But with this amazing, short-time opportunity, you not only get this great work, but also, without an extra penny's cost, you get that remarkable new cook-book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It," written by Miss Elizabeth A. Monaghan, so you can apply Mr. McCann's great food discoveries right in your own home. Think of it! Two books— which mean health beyond measure—at the cost of one. Take advantage of this offer. Read the coupon for details.

The Science of Eating, by Alfred W. McCann	\$3.00
What to Eat and How to Prepare It, by Elizabeth A. Monaghan	1.50
	\$4.50
Special offer to "Strength" readers	\$3.00

EUGENICS PUBLISHING CO., Dept. S-324

1658 Broadway, New York City

Please send me Alfred W. McCann's wonderful book, "The Science of Eating," also FREE, Elizabeth A. Monaghan's wonderful pure-food cook-book, "What to Eat and How to Prepare It."

It is understood that I will pay the postman \$3.00 plus postage.

And if I am not satisfied, I will return both books to you within 5 days, and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Orders from outside United States must be accompanied by money order for \$3.50.

A Beautiful Art Album of PERFECT MEN AND WOMEN

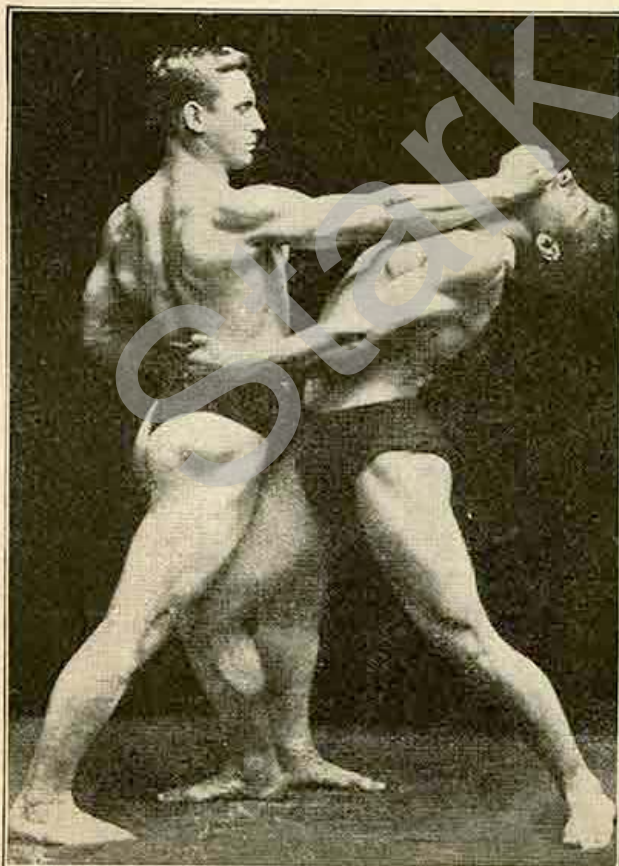
for Lovers of the Body Beautiful

All lovers of the body beautiful will be delighted with this beautiful ART ALBUM, containing 120 glorious pictures of perfect men and women physical culturists. All the beauties of muscular development in men and all the glory and grace of the perfect contours of the best known women physical culturists are illustrated in this Album. It is indeed an art masterpiece, and no lover of the glories of the human body will want to be without it.

The greatest men and women athletes and physical culturists have been chosen as subjects for this Album, so not only does it constitute a beautiful work of art, but also a **gallery of athletic physical culture heroes and heroines.**

This beautiful ART ALBUM is one you will never tire of looking through again and again. Each picture is an inspiration and a joy to behold.

If you have been making a collection of athletes and physical culturists, you will have all the favored ones here, all ready for you. You will be able to show it to your friends, and they will envy you the possession of it. **Only a few more copies are left,** and they will only last a short time, so if you wish to have a copy of this wonderful and beautiful Album for yourself, send your request at once.



The following is a list of the athletes, physical culturists and artists' models who posed for the pictures:

ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS

Ethelda Bleibtrey (several poses).
Charlotte Boyle.
Ida Schnall (several poses).
George F. Jowett.
Bernard Bernard (several poses).
Charlie Postl.
Ray Johnson.
Marie Curtis.
Edward Aston.
George Dimbinski.
Laura Bennett.
Mary Jane Lowe.
Carrie Keeley.
Marion Fletcher.
Nursie King.
John G. Paine.
Charles Shaffer.
Al. Treloar.
Maurice Deriaz.
Hilda Curtis.
Strangler Lewis.
David Willoughby.
Al. Bevan.
Sam Clapham.
Maxick.
Walter Klec.
Stanislaus Zbyszko.
Captain Johns (several poses).
Ottley R. Coulter.
Antone Matyssek.
Sybil Bauer.

Joie Ray.
George Calza (several poses).
Arthur Saxon.
S. V. Bacon.
E. H. Bacon.
Sergeant Swimmer.
Joe Stecher.
Jack Dempsey.
Mark Jones.
Arthur F. Gay.
Marin Plestina.

John M. Hernie.
A. P. Hedlund.
Mrs. Hedlund (several poses).
Rose Kinder.
Polly Walker.
Doris Wilson.
The Vanities.
Ann Hyatt.

ARTISTIC

Strength and Beauty.
Les Syrones.
Salumbo and Mattho.
A Study of the Nude.
The Slaves.
The Vine.
The Sundial.
Ecstasy.
Consolation.
Le Baiser.
The Tempest.
Rising Woman.
Braccio Nuovo.
L'Aurore et Cephalé.
Apollo.
Energy in Repose.
Psyche Receives the First Kiss of Love.
The March of Love.
Beauty and Development.
Climbing Up the Cliff.
Hail to Life.
Bacchante.
Pygmalion and Galatea.
Devant La Mer.

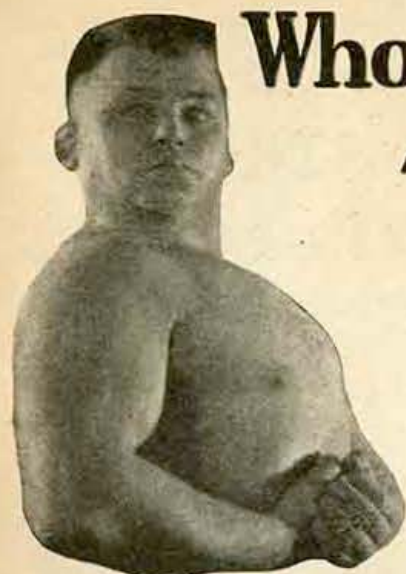
Send now for this Art Masterpiece. It will be your most treasured possession.

Send No Money

Make sure of getting one of the few copies left by sending now—no money. Pay only on arrival the special price of \$2.75—no more. You will be pleased beyond expression, we are sure.

Health & Life Publications
Room 425, 333 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

(As a special offer, a copy of the great "Health & Life" Magazine will be included.)



Who Wants Muscles Like Steel — for 3¢ a Week ?

If you want to be a real man of steel, if you want to build up a high-powered muscular body with plenty of "punch" and good hard staying power—read the April "Muscle Builder." Just look at the array of contributors—every one a superman in the world of strength. Read their experiences—follow their instructions, and you, too, can quickly have large brawny muscles—muscles that are as hard as steel—that put you in the strong, powerful, two-fisted MAN class. Get the April Issue of "MUSCLE BUILDER," at any news stand or periodical store. The price is only 15c per copy—or only 3c a week on our Special Introductory Offer. Don't fail to secure your copy!

How to Build a Powerful Chest

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

HOW is your chest development? Is it big and brawny—or flat and weak? Read this valuable article by Bernarr Macfadden and learn how to build up a deep full chest that is indicative of vital strength. As you follow his simple, easy instructions you will find that not only your chest becomes more powerfully developed but every part of your body will get bigger and stronger. Start today. Read this article in the April "Muscle Builder"! Don't miss it.

How I Got My Punch

By *Paul Berlenbach*

Paul Berlenbach the present sensation of the boxing world tells how he developed his deadly wallop that has sent twenty-three consecutive opponents to the mat for the count of ten. Learn what an important part the development of every muscle plays in the tremendous driving force that this young light heavy-weight boxer possesses. Berlenbach reveals all his strength secrets in the April issue of "Muscle Builder."

Just Try To Choke Me to Death

This is an article by Jack Sherry, who by careful training has developed his neck muscles to such an extent that he defies any man to choke him to death. A hempen rope is twined about his neck and two

husky men pull on it with all their strength. Sherry tenses his neck muscles. These muscles are so phenomenally developed that the terrific pressure of the rope makes no impression. How he accomplishes this and other amazing feats is told in the April issue of the "Muscle Builder." Don't fail to get a copy.

Where White Collar Men Get Laborer's Muscles

This is an article by George H. Johnston telling how several "white collar" men who originally possessed only an average physique have developed themselves into splendidly-muscled athletes—far stronger than the average husky laborer. The day of the white collared weakling is past. How every "white collar" man can easily and quickly develop strong, husky, muscles is told in the April issue of "Muscle Builder." Be sure and read this article.

I Lift Two Tons on My Legs

By *Carl Moerke*

At fourteen, Moerke was no stronger than other boys. His parents and four brothers marveled at one's ability to lift more than fifty pounds. Today Moerke can lie on his back and support 4,000 pounds on the soles of his feet. Read his amazing life story in the April issue of "Muscle Builder."

Other Features in the April Issue —Don't Miss Them!

The Secret of Making All Your Muscles Alive. Famous body building secrets by Edwin Gray, M.D.

Sixty Men Can't Pull Me Apart. James Carroll tells how he allows thirty men on each side to tug on his arms as long as they want.

Wrestle Your Way to Strength. By Nat Pendleton who guarantees to overpower Jack Dempsey in a barchand rough-and-tumble in less than 10 minutes.

I Can Lift Twice My Own Weight. By Herbert Guth who at the age of twenty-three can lift two men his size over his head.

Muscles in the Movies. Douglas Fairbanks, the muscular movie actor, tells how he keeps in trim and how he builds up his muscles for his famous movie stunts.

In addition to the above articles there are many full pages of "strongman" pictures. Don't miss them!

Special Offer—Only \$1.50

For Full Year's Subscription

On this special introductory offer "Muscle Builder" will be sent you every month for a full year for only \$1.50. The regular price is 15c a copy. But by filling in and mailing the attached coupon you will make a material saving. So act quickly. Mail the coupon today—NOW!



Macfadden Publications, Inc.,
Dept. S-4 Macfadden Building,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

I am enclosing \$1.50. Please enter my name for a full year's introductory subscription to "Muscle Builder," beginning with the April Number.

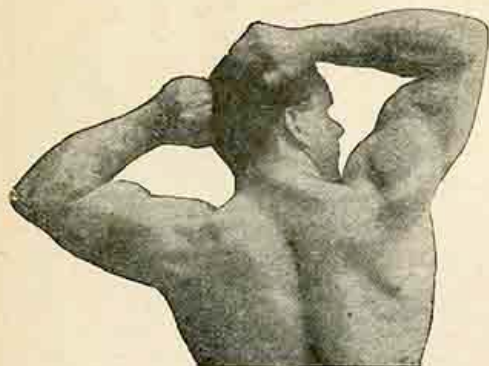
Name.....

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Name of my newsdealer is.....

Muscle Builder

ALL AMERICA ACCLAIMS



KRONOS THE STRONG— A STRONGFORT GRADUATE

His Tour of American Vaudeville is a Victorious March. Wherever He Performs the Audience Shivers with Suspense and Shouts with Delight at His Superb Manhood and Stupendous Feats of Extra-Human Strength. Kronos is Now Touring as a Headliner in Theatres of the Orpheum and other "Big-Time" Circuits. Don't You Dare to Miss Him!

Do You Wonder That I Am Proud of Him?

Paul Kronos, shown in various photographic poses on this page, is the Champion Strong Man of Europe and one of the greatest sensations of recent years in "big-time" vaudeville in this country.

KRONOS IS A STRONGFORT GRADUATE, having completed both the Regular and the Advanced Course to develop and strengthen himself for his strenuous career in the leading theatres of the world. I am very proud of Kronos' record and urge every aspirant for great strength to use his brilliant career as a source of inspiration, courage and determination to make the most of his own body in the most scientific way known to man—which is through STRONGFORTISM.

Here's What the Papers Say of Kronos:

The world still remembers Sandow, yet his feats of strength were child's play, compared with the amazing accomplishments of this modern Hercules. It does not seem possible that a human being could possess the strength of this European. He is not the bulging muscle variety of strong man, but such sinew as comes to view when he is achieving his stunts makes you feel as if he were about to burst into a thousand pieces—*Denver Rocky Mountain News*.

Kronos fairly hypnotized the opening audience—keeps you wondering and very much amazed. His physique is not that of the usual strong man, and instead of the usual bulging muscles the sinews appear like great cords over the body. —*Denver Times*.

He snaps heavy steel bars with his naked hands; he drives four-inch spikes into oak planks with his naked fist; he lies on a board through which nails have been driven, and allows to be placed on his body an anvil which is then hammered with a 16-pound sledge—*Denver Express*.

It is the best act of this sort that has been introduced through vaudeville in years. There is no hokum about Kronos' performances—When you have seen Kronos you will never forget him—*Sioux City (Ia.) Journal*.

He has eclipsed even the heroes of old, such as Hercules and Samson. He performs innumerable feats requiring superhuman power—*Sacramento (Cal.) Union*.

Kronos is a perfect specimen of manhood—*Oakland (Cal.) Tribune*.

As a rule, "strong men" acts do not differ materially, yet not so with Kronos, who puts it over effectively with his audience—*Los Angeles Herald*.

Kronos, who out-Sandows Sandow, lifts automobiles filled with men, breaks iron and steel bars like tooth picks and drives 20-penny nails with his fists through two-inch oak planks—*San Francisco News*.

WATCH OUT FOR THESE DATES

Kronos will perform in the following towns and theatres on the dates indicated: April 6, Houston, Texas, Majestic Theatre; April 13, San Antonio, Texas, Majestic Theatre; April 20, Fort Worth, Texas, Majestic Theatre; May 1, Wichita, Kansas, Princess Theatre; May 4, Oklahoma City, Okla., Majestic Theatre; May 8, Tulsa, Okla., Majestic Theatre; May 12, Little Rock, Arkansas, Majestic Theatre; May 18, Quincy, Illinois, Orpheum Theatre; May 22, Galesburg, Illinois, Orpheum Theatre; May 25, Joliet, Illinois, Orpheum Theatre; May 29, Elgin, Illinois, Rialto Theatre; June 5, Chicago, Illinois, State Roseland Theatre.

Kronos' present tour started in New York City last September and has taken in most of the large cities of the United States. If you missed this extraordinary act when it was last shown in your city look for its reappearance and be sure to take it in.



CREDIT TO STRONGFORTISM

To Whom It May Concern:

To my knowledge STRONGFORTISM, as taught by my physical mentor, Lionel Strongfort, is far superior in every way to any other course in the world for developing great strength and body-symmetry. As a graduate of both the Regular and the Advanced Course I am strong for STRONGFORTISM. After comparison WITH ALL the other systems as taught in Europe and America I have no hesitance in giving STRONGFORTISM my enthusiastic and unqualified preference and endorsement.

(Signed)

Paul Kronos

MY CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD

To Whom It May Concern:

I repeat my challenge to 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 by a \$5,000 cash forfeit. Also a forfeit of \$5,000, real money, to any physical director or athlete who will duplicate my own feats of strength.

(Signed)

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Health - Strength - Virility
STRONGFORTISM
with Scientific Muscularity

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You Owe Yourself an Awful Debt—Now Pay!



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Dr. Sargent, of Harvard, declared that "Strongfort is unquestionably the finest specimen of physical development ever seen."

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist for 25 Years
Department 1392 Newark, N. J.

For a long time now you have been taking desperate chances—gambling with your health and happiness—squandering your vitality and dissipating your virility—flouting Nature's laws and closing your eyes to the tragic consequences.

You must pay back the health that you have spent. You must retrieve the energy that you have lost. You must rebuild your body or lose your credentials of manhood. Stand before your mirror—look yourself squarely in the eye—decide once and for all: "Shall I accept physical bankruptcy and the degradation of permanent invalidism, debility and impotency; or shall I rebuild my strength of body and peace of mind and thus pay back the debt I owe myself, my family and posterity?"

THAT CONSTIPATION, that nervousness, that flutter of the heart, that pang of indigestion, that cold gust of fear—these are all symptoms of more serious conditions that underly them, threatening your future and even menacing your very life. Drive out these devils of disaster, these mischievous imps of danger which flourish and exist only through your own ignorance, indifference or false standards of daily conduct.

STRONGFORTISM is the undefeated ally of every man and woman who really wants to "come back." **STRONGFORTISM** draws perpetually on the Bank of Nature and the pupils of **STRONGFORT** are rich in the coin of health and personality. **STRONGFORTISM** has remade thousands of shattered lives and reshaped thousands of despairing destinies. **AND IT CAN MAKE A POWER AND A SUCCESS OF YOU.**

In reducing my fee to \$15 I have accomplished a thing that for years I have sought to do—for I have at last brought **STRONGFORTISM** within the financial means of everybody. In halving the price I have not curtailed my course. I continue, as always, to direct each pupil individually, through a special course of lessons prepared to meet the personal requirements of the pupil.

NOT STANDARDIZED. Those who wish to take standardized and non-personal courses of physical instruction will not be interested in **STRONGFORTISM** but can find courses of that kind at various prices. But they must not expect from these **STANDARDIZED COURSES** the personal interest and helpful personal direction with which I follow each pupil of mine through his course, from enrollment to graduation, giving to each pupil the full benefit of my long experience as the world's premier athlete and physical instructor.

STRONGFORTISM IS NATURAL. It is complete, satisfying and illimitable in the results it gives to true believers in the healing powers of Nature. Join the healthy company of Lionel Strongfort, Paul Kronos, Leo Hyatt, Achilles and the thousands of others who have followed **STRONGFORTISM** to the goal of family happiness, business success and mental peace beyond expression.

MY GUARANTEE

After faithfully following the individual course in **STRONGFORTISM** as planned for you under my personal supervision, if you have not received real benefits in Health, Strength and Physical Development at the completion of the Course, I positively **guarantee** to refund all money you have paid me.

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LIONEL STRONGFORT

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My famous book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," lays bare many beautiful truths of nature and the human body. It carries you along pleasant paths of thought to the final realization of how unimportant everything in the world is to a sick man and how vital Health, Strength and Virility are to complete success and true contentment. This book is yours without obligation if you will send 10c. (one dime) to cover postage costs.

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Absolutely Confidential

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 1392, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," for postage on which I enclose a 10c. piece (one dime). Send me special information on subjects marked (X) below, without obligation.

Colds	Anemia	Increased Height
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Obesity	Short Wind	Falling Hair
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Thinness	Constipation	Round Shoulders
Rupture	Biliousness	Lung Troubles
Lumbago	Torpid Liver	Weak Back
Neuritis	Indigestion	Drug Addiction
Neuralgia	Nervousness	Weaknesses (Specify)
Flat Chest	Poor Memory	Muscular Development
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Weak Eyes	Poor Circulation	

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

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I hereby enroll under your **GUARANTEE** for a Complete Personal Course in **STRONGFORTISM**, for which I enclose:

- \$15** Payment in Full for Complete Course, Including Resistance-Increasing Dumb-Bells.
- \$5** Partial Payment, Agreeing to Pay Balance in Two Monthly Payments of \$5 each, plus \$3.75 extra for Dumb-Bells.



Otto Cushing

Can a Man Like That Become a Man Like This Without Doing "Exercises"?

Certainly he can! If he knows and follows the laws of correct posture, movement, and breathing. Your shape, your health, and your strength are not dependent on what you do occasionally, but on what you do *all the time*. Checkley says, "Our habits do more to shape our bodies (as well as our minds) than do our conscious efforts at improvement." Very, very few men and women are nearly as strong and shapely as they should be, and as they *can* be. You cannot become either very strong or beautifully built by exercising violently for a quarter of an hour, and then—during the rest of your fifteen waking hours—spoiling the effects of that exercise by faulty carriage, faulty movements, and faulty breathing.

SOME MEN GAIN WITH AMAZING RAPIDITY NO MATTER WHAT "SYSTEM" THEY PRACTICE

These are the men who have the underlying *natural* strength which comes from correct muscular habits.

SOME MEN NEVER GAIN A PARTICLE NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF "EXERCISES" THEY TAKE

These are the men who, instead of carrying their body-weight by their muscles, always allow their weight to sag on their bones; and who breathe "abdominally" instead of breathing costally."



Otto Cushing

WHAT IS THE USE

of doing violent exercise for five minutes daily to straighten your back, if all the rest of the day you hold your hips and chest in a posture that throws a tiring and unnecessary strain on all the back muscles? What is the sense of practicing "forced deep breathing" five minutes a day, and all the rest of the time breathing in a way that uses only a small part of the lungs?

CHECKLEY NEVER HAD TO EXERCISE

but at the age of sixty-five he could take three men on his shoulders, and *troit* with them for a hundred yards. The unequalled development of his abdominal muscles came not from violent exercises, but from the way he carried himself. His marvelous strength and vitality was a result of his curious and seemingly unlimited lung-power.

YOU CAN MAKE YOURSELF GROW STRONG AND SHAPELY

by learning the muscular habits that Checkley teaches. His is not a system that makes your muscles a little bit bigger and harder while you are in training, and then allows those muscles to disappear as soon as you stop exercising.

His idea is to *mold* your body through the force of habit. To make you *grow* strong through correct methods of walking, standing, breathing, etc., which will give you an absolutely perfect figure and which will make you stronger *all the time* (and without any "exercises") than ninety-nine out of a hundred men are when in hard training.

Think over this saying of Checkley's:

"I am no believer in the theory of extensive destruction in tissues to secure health. This method seems to me to threaten the wearing out of the body before it should wear out. It is abnormal. As has been suggested, the lower animals keep their strength for the most part with light exercise, and some of the very strongest with extremely little animation of moment. The tendency of hard exercise is hard muscles, and hard muscles are bad. The body should remain firm, but pliant and in most parts soft. It is in the conservation of energy, and not in prodigal dissipation of energy, that the greatest strength and endurance of the body will always lie."

You can learn all of Checkley's "laws of constructive habit" by reading his book.

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You Wouldn't Wear Glasses

If You Knew What I Know



Condemned to wear glasses for the rest of my natural life.

When I joined the company three years ago I was a confirmed eye-invalid. I had what the oculists called Astigmatism and had worn glasses from the time I was fourteen years old. Glasses were as much a part of my wearing apparel as my shoes or my shirt. I put them on when I got up in the morning and never took them off until I went to bed at night.

Without them I was as helpless as a blind man.

The thought that I would ever be able to see perfectly again without glasses never entered my mind, not even in my dreams, for hadn't the leading oculists and optometrists advised me to the contrary, and didn't I have to go to them at stated intervals and have the lenses in my glasses changed to allow for the continual fluctuation in my range of vision?

Shortly after joining the Macfadden Company I learned that they published a course in eye training compiled by Bernarr Macfadden, the famous physical culturist, in collaboration with one of the world's leading eye specialists. But that didn't mean anything to me, for wasn't I a confirmed eye-invalid, condemned to wear glasses for the rest of my natural life? One day when I had been with the company about six months I happened to be in Mr. Macfadden's office on a matter of business. I was about to leave when he startled me by saying, "Jackson, why don't you take up the eye course and get rid of those glasses?" He might just as well have asked me, "Why don't you learn to live without food?" I wouldn't have considered the question any more ridiculous.

But he talked to me. He told me how he was in the same boat as myself when he was about forty, and how he had cured his eye troubles by just some simple eye exercises which he invented, and that how since he has published the exercises in course form with the aid of the eye specialist referred to, eye sufferers from all parts of the world had written him letters of gratitude for what the course had done for them—some of them much worse off than I was.

Well, to make a long story short, he finally persuaded me to try the exercises. I took the course home that night and read it through. And the next morning I began the exercises. That was more than two years and a half ago.

I haven't worn a pair of glasses for over a year—not even to read by. As I told you, I am in the correspondence depart-

EVERY time I see a man or a woman wearing glasses I always think: "If you only knew what I know, you would have those things off within three months' time, never to put them on again." I feel just like stopping them and telling them what I know about certain eye exercises that would, in an amazingly short time, put their eyes in such a condition they could forget that such a thing as eyeglasses ever existed.

But you know how skeptical people are as a rule and I know I wouldn't be believed, or thanked for my trouble. But, there is nothing to prevent my telling the readers of STRENGTH my story. They can believe it or not, just as they see fit.

But those who believe it enough to interest themselves to the extent of further investigation I know will thank me all the rest of their lives, and that is reward enough for the effort.

So here goes:—

My name is Jackson, Laurence B. Jackson. I am employed by the Macfadden Publications, Inc., publishers of magazines and books. I am in the correspondence department.

ment where I read poorly written letters for eight hours of the day and the strain on my eyes is tremendous. But my sight is perfect and my eyes trouble me not at all.

Wonderful? Yes! Are you surprised that I would like to tell my story to every person I meet? And it's not just *my* story. It's the story of nine people out of every ten who take up the Macfadden System of Eye Exercises and stick to it.

It can be *your* story if you're one who wears glasses or one who soon will have to.

In order to make it possible for any eye-invalid to examine his course without risking a penny, Mr. Macfadden sends it out on a five-day approval basis.

The price has purposely been made very low so as to be within the reach of any person—\$5.00 complete, postpaid.

There is a coupon on the right hand corner of this page for your convenience in sending for the course if you feel you would like to try it after reading about my experience.

Last October, at the special request of Mr. Macfadden, I attended the great Physical Culture Show at Madison Square Garden so that those present could see, not an extraordinary but a typical example of what his wonderful eye course will do for eye-invalids.

I talked with hundreds of persons and if you were there, it is possible that you have already met me and heard my story from my own lips.

I can't add anything to what I've said above. I've told you my story. It's in your hands, whether you will profit from it or not.



I have not worn glasses for over a year—my eyes have never been so strong nor my vision so good.

Send No Money Now

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
Dept. S-4, Macfadden Bldg., 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Entirely at your risk you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman \$5.00.

It is understood if after trying the course for five days, I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my \$5.00 upon return of the course.

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OUTWITTING OUR NERVES

By JOSEPHINE A. JACKSON, M. D.
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HERE is a truly scientific book about "nerves" written in a popular style. It is an absorbing account of the interplay of forces back of nervous symptoms and character traits; a book for the sick and for the well; for those who have broken nervously and those who would prevent a nervous breakdown. It is a book for the busy physician, for the parents, the teacher and social worker; for the man who would use his emotions as an asset and get the most out of his physical powers.

In place of vain platitudes about worry and will power one is shown the real reasons for worry and the blues. There are chapters on the Subconscious Mind, The Real Trouble, The Way Out, That Tired Feeling, Dietary Taboos, The Bugaboo of Constipation, Insomnia, Woman's Handicap, and others equally vital. Some of these chapters will revolutionize the habits of a life-time.

It shows the causes which lie back of worry, fear, delusions, and why these are a common source of diseases as various as the varying constitutions of human beings. In simple language it gives an account of the latest discovery of science in the realm of the human mind and its relations to the ills of the body, revealing *unconscious conflicts* as the cause of disasters, both mental and physical, and the raising of these conflicts to consciousness as the cure.

This volume is the more welcome since it clears up a mass of misconception about the much-discussed abstruse principles of

psychoanalysis. Here is a simple, comprehensive presentation of the Freudian principles, backed up by nearly threescore illustrations from Dr. Jackson's own cases, with a description of the methods used in her remarkably successful handling of nervous disorders.

There are three perfectly safe statements that can be made about "Outwitting Our Nerves": (1) That it is worth many times its price to any reader; (2) That it is well worth having regardless of what health books one may already have; (3) That it is a positive delight to read, as well as a profit. Send the coupon at the right with \$2.50, and a copy will be forwarded to you immediately postpaid.

Any of the books mentioned on this page may be had at half price if your order is sent with a one year subscription to Strength Magazine at \$2.50.

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The Book of Sports and Games, by Walter Camp. Covers Baseball, Basketball, Rowing, Canoeing, Sail Boats, Motor Boats, Bowling, Camping, Cricket, Croquet, Football, Golf, Ice Hockey, Field Hockey, Lawn Bowls, Polo, Quoits, Skating, Soccer, Swimming and Tennis with playing directions, coaching hints, and much valuable advice. (10)

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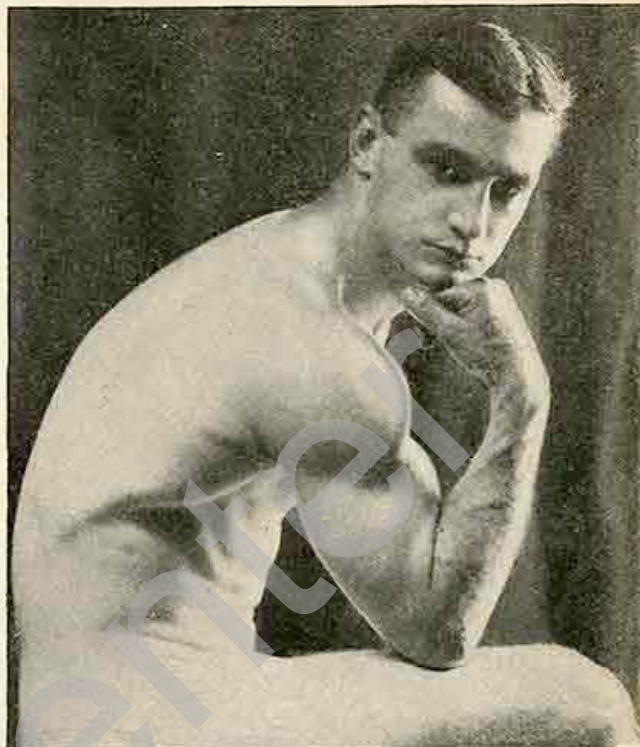
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You'll No Longer Be Ashamed of Your Physique

after I teach you my Methods and show you how a well developed and symmetrical physique is acquired, for in a few months' time you will possess the strength and a physique to be proud of. At the same time you will gain the confidence in yourself that will chase away that old embarrassment which invariably accompanies an undeveloped physique and one that you realize does not look well to the eyes of those you meet.

Neither Will You Have a Long Wait For Results

because my pupils report that from the very first lesson they notice improvements such as slight reduction in stout waist-lines; relief from the minor stomach ailments; better circulation; disappearance of that tired, lazy feeling; improved appetites; sounder sleep, and increased agility and energy. And this first lesson, just lays the foundation for the more advanced and real muscle-developing lessons which follow. But these immediate improvements give you the necessary encouragement to make you "carry on" to physical success. As your physique develops, your popularity will increase.



CHARLES MacMAHON

You Won't Have to Force Yourself to Do My Exercises

You won't find them a dreaded ordeal. The great variety of original movements prevents this. You won't be compelled to perform monotonous and ever-increasing repetitions of an exercise in order to get advancement. Exercises that you must force yourself to perform are of little good. An exercise must interest you by giving you something definite to accomplish; something to work for, and to encourage you with visible improvement instead of discouraging you by not producing any noticeable results. These important essentials are all to be found in my course and personal attention to you. Yes, you'll find it a great enjoyment to go through the lessons but

Your Greatest Enjoyment Will Be Found in Watching Your Muscles Develop

and your physique becoming ideal in form and size. Every muscle of your body will be given attention through my methods, and the parts which are smaller and weaker than the others will be given special attention in order to develop them to the point where they will compare favorably with your best parts, and thus give you the ideal figure of your type.

My Personal Help as Valuable as My Course

I do not promise you personal attention merely to get you to enroll. Any of my pupils will tell you that I do actually give my personal co-operation in unlimited quantity. I am far more concerned in bringing each and every pupil to the highest state of physical perfection than in just enrolling a huge number of pupils.



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My Booklet, "The Royal Road to Health and Strength," will explain my methods in detail as well as give you valuable pointers on interesting feats of strength, agility, etc. These feats are illustrated, and in addition there are many prints of my own development and poses by my pupils showing what I have accomplished for them. This Booklet will cost you *nothing* except the little effort necessary to request it. So get your request in the mail box NOW and I will see that you get prompt attention. IT IS FREE.

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Please mail me a copy of your valuable book, "THE ROYAL ROAD TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH," which you are to send me without charge in accordance with your special offer.

IMPORTANT

My New Leaflet, "Your Muscles, What They Are and What They Do," will be sent with my Book and it is also free. Every person contemplating physical culture should get this Leaflet first. Then you will know what you are doing. Get both of them by return mail.

Name.....

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800,000 People Will Die This Year of Preventable Disease

BARRING 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—

possess exhilarating health every day in the year
know your own body
eat for health
diet for the cure of disease
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 the 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. Hand-somely illustrated charts on anatomy and physiology are scattered throughout the book.

At 70 He Brought Himself Back to 50

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."

What would it be worth to you to be able to instantly identify in its earliest stages any sickness that might overtake you or any member of your family? What would it mean to you to have glorious health, almost complete freedom from sickness or disease, no doctor bills to meet, no hospital bills to pay, no days of suffering and worry, no lost salary? What would it mean to you to be able to give proper treatment while any illness is in its earliest and most easily controllable stage and so effect a prompt cure?

Neither Dull nor Technical

Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture is neither dull nor technical. You can easily understand every page and every word. It is comprehensive and complete in every sense. It is the crowning effort of Mr. Macfadden's lifetime of experience and its worth cannot be overestimated. You haven't any idea how valuable it can be to you or how many dollars it will help you save each year. It may even be the means of saving your life. Be sure and read the complete contents of this wonderful set of books on the following page.

READ THE DETAILS OF OUR AMAZING OFFER ON NEXT PAGE

An Amazing 5 Days' Free Offer!

There is now no excuse for any man or woman to be ignorant of Nature's laws regarding health. Bernarr Macfadden has authorized us to send to anyone requesting it, on a 5 days' free examination, any one of the five beautiful volumes of his Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. And the request does not in any way carry an obligation to buy.

Mr. Macfadden believes this work is the crowning achievement of his lifetime of experience in guiding thousands to renewed health. He believes there is a need for this tremendously helpful work in every home.

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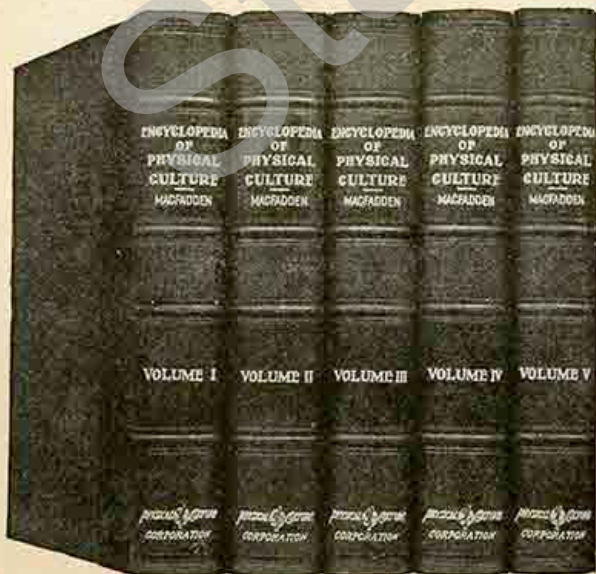
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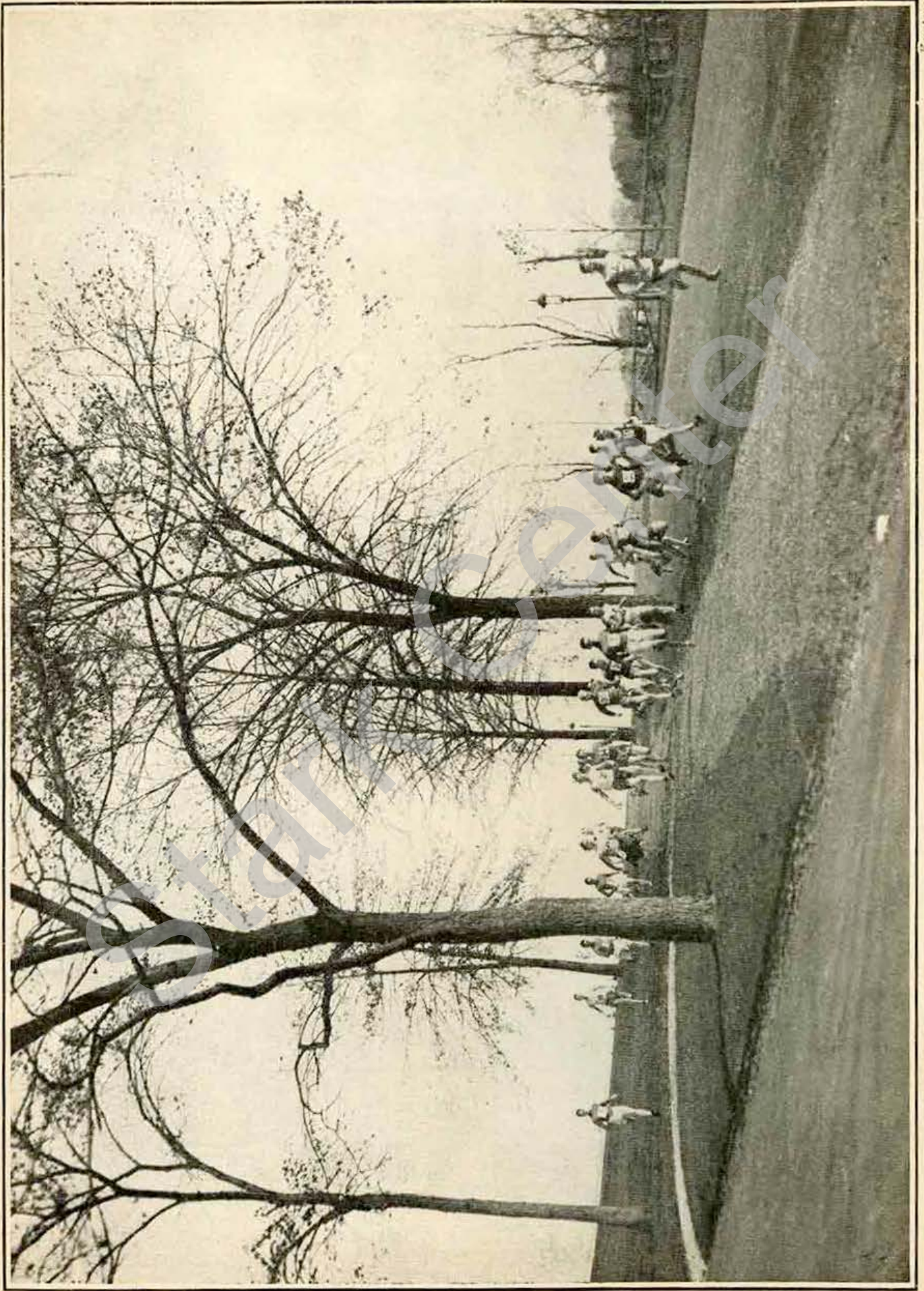
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Keystone

Editorial

Grow Up the Athletic Way

TO take up sports after one has reached maturity is of course the next best thing to growing up through an athletic boyhood or girlhood.

In any case, let your children grow up the athletic way. Make them good animals, with the strength and endurance of young tiger cubs. Let them build constitutions so hardy and tough that they will last a hundred years.

There is admittedly a certain danger in too much competition during the growing period. Athletics for high school boys and girls should be supervised by those who know. One contest in a track meet should be sufficient. However, to build up a stout heart, sound lungs and internal machinery of untiring strength, with stamina that will last a lifetime, there is nothing like cross-country running, not carried to the point of strain, but persisted in from one year to another. Or perhaps its equivalent in other sports.

* * * * *

There is much speculation as to whether Charley Paddock will be able to repeat his former successes if he goes to Paris as a member of the American Olympic team. The opinion has been expressed that Charley is no longer the Paddock of three or four years ago.

The answer to that lies largely in the fact that Paddock grew up the athletic way. If you have read his own story of his life, now being published in *STRENGTH*, you will recall that he has been running ever since early boyhood. Sprinting power is now an essential part of his constitution, planted there to stay goodness knows how long. The violinist who learns to play at the age of twenty very easily loses his facility, but one who learns to play in early childhood will still be able to play in old age.

So long as Paddock has health he will be able to run. He was a school boy sensation, doing "evens" at fifteen and nine-four while still in high school, but he did not "burn himself out." Those who think of him as having been at his best at Antwerp in 1920 do not realize that he did not reach his greatest speed until the following year, when he smashed all records. He

tells us that he is now a different runner than he was at Antwerp. Last May, at Paris, he was running in the same form as in 1921, covering 200 meters in 21 seconds even. (That's about 219 yards.)

Depend upon it, Paddock will be fit to do his best if he goes to Paris in June. Although he has not been running for months he has always followed his own course of daily physical training, and he knows how to eat. He eats heartily while in hard training, but he eats very lightly and chiefly of fruits, salads, vegetables and toast when lecturing or travelling. In other words, he agrees with Mr. Calvert about the value of plenty of beefsteak—when he needs it. But when doing no hard work he is very careful not to choke up his system with fuel that he has no use for. The result is that Paddock never has a cold, and for a man doing a lot of travelling, exposed to drafts and ever changing conditions of living, that in itself is a remarkable record, proving that he really knows how to live.

Instead of gaining weight when he is not running Paddock aims by eating lightly to take it off, sometimes a couple of pounds a week, then builds up weight and strength when he goes into training. On the first of March Paddock was down to 155 pounds. In good sprinting condition he will weigh 160 to 165 pounds.

He does not over-do it. He fears that Murchison and Joie Ray have both been doing too much running of late. Certainly no one knows more about the game than Paddock.

The name Paddock means speed. It's in the breed. Paddock says that his own father not only can give him a good lambasting with the boxing gloves but he can still crowd him for thirty or forty yards in a sprint. He, too, must have grown up that way.

Fred Stone grew up doing circus stunts. He is now nearly fifty and still one of the physical wonders of the world. Douglas Fairbanks, close to forty, is as fast and clever as ever. And don't overlook the story of Zottman when you turn over this page.

Grow up athletically, if you can—and you will stay that way.

Zottman— Giant of Strength at 57

Proves That It Is Easy to Retain Real Development When Once Acquired—Most Impressive of American Strong Men, Contemporary of John L. Sullivan, Sandow and Muldoon, Now Within Two Pounds of Weight of Thirty Years Ago

By Alan Calvert

I WILL never forget the first time I saw George Zottman in his war paint. It was about thirty years ago at one of these big special performances of Shakespearean plays. That night the play was "As You Like It," and a number of celebrated actors had been engaged to take the leading parts. The "Orlando" of the performance was Mr. Robert Mantell, who was very famous for his rendition of Shakespearean rôles. You probably recall that in the first act of the play the hero, Orlando, demonstrated his prowess by overcoming another character known as

"Charles the Wrestler," usually played by some heavy weight actor.

I frankly confess that I was at that time far more interested in Strong-Man acts than in Shakespeare's plays, and if I got a chance to go to a theater I usually went to some vaudeville house where I could see a performance by Sandow, or some other noted athlete. I was more or less under the spell of Sandow. Like many others, I thought he was the strongest and best-built man I had ever seen. This night, when the cue was given for "Charles the Wrestler" to make

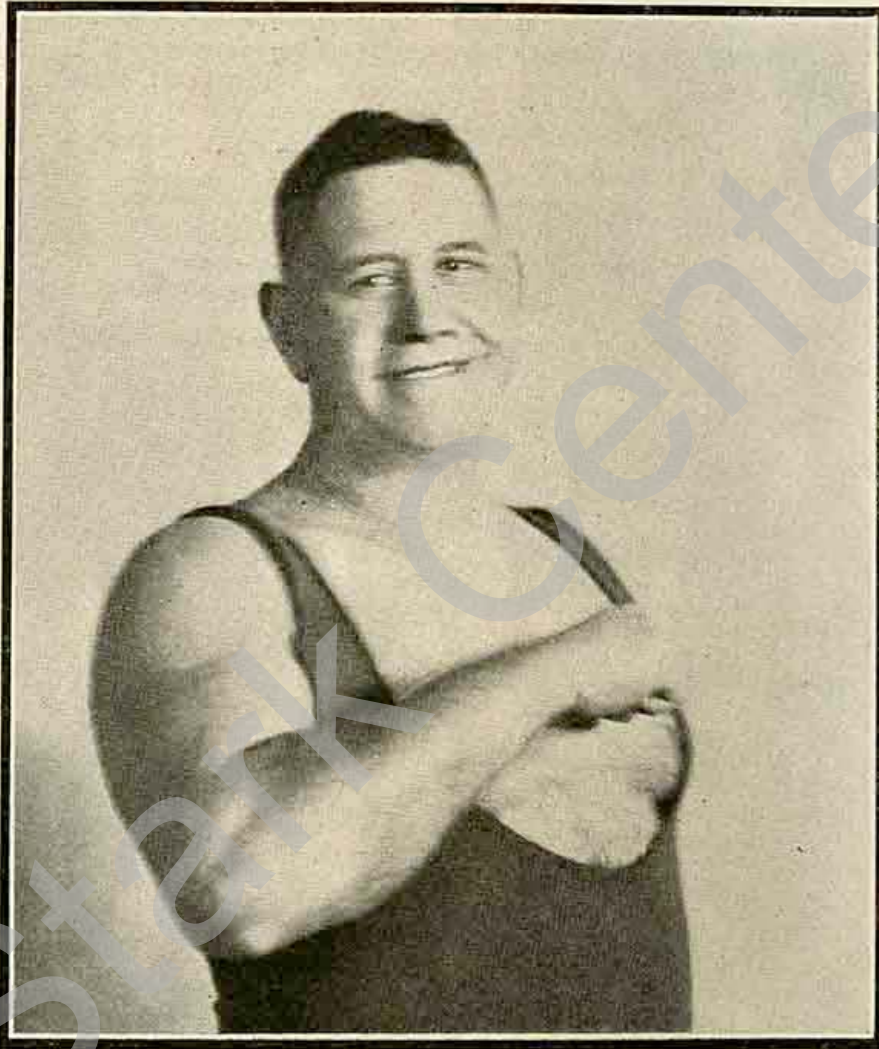


Figure 1. Photographs of George Zottman utterly fail to convey any adequate notion of his size and strength. In this position his forearm measures $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. His upper arm measures over 18 inches, perhaps half an inch smaller than thirty years ago.

his appearance, there strode on to the stage a perfect Hercules of a man. As soon as I got a look at him my opinion of Sandow was lowered, for the newcomer was at least two sizes larger than Sandow, and looked to be very much stronger. I looked at the program and saw that the part of "Charles the Wrestler" was taken by a Mr. George Zottman; but that meant nothing to me, although some other people in the audience seemed to know who he was.

What followed was rather amazing and extremely clever. Mr. Mantell was himself a beautifully built man of the slender

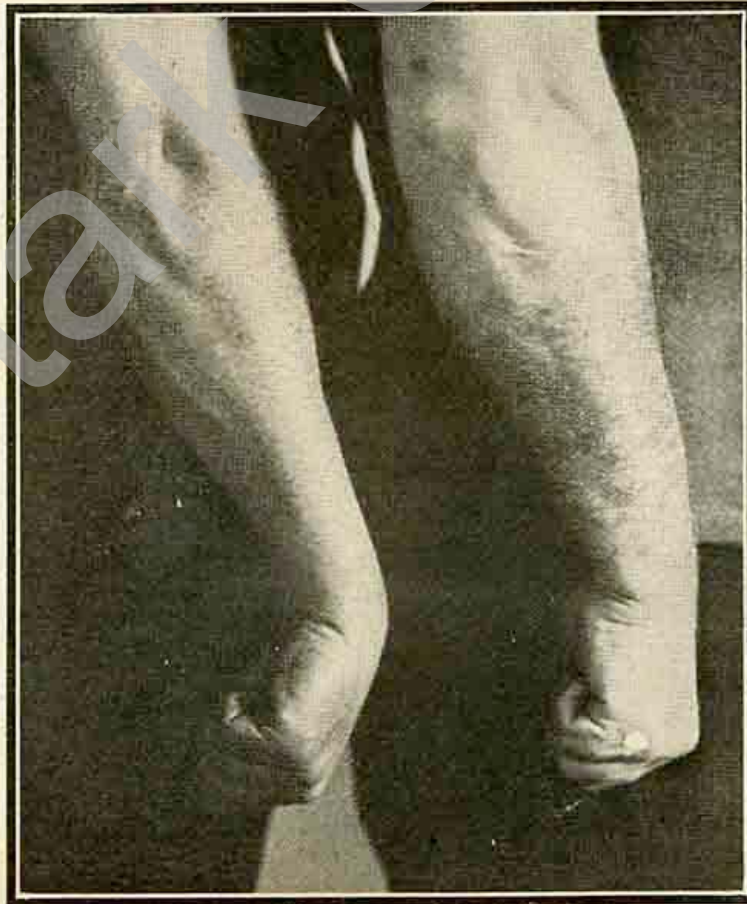
type, but when he stood opposite Zottman and ready to come to grips, the audience commenced to giggle at the idea of the star being able to pin to the mat the shoulders of this huge mass of bone and muscle. But the newcomer proved to be just as much an actor as he was a strong-man. He put up a tremendous battle and seemed to be working to the very limit of his powers, but finally with grunts and groans he allowed Mr. Mantell to win the fall. The audience, which entered into the sport of the thing, applauded the wrestler almost as

much as they applauded the star.

It was not until about 1902 that I met Mr. Zottman personally, and when I had a chance to talk to him I learned that I had seen him in action previous to the Mantell performance. In the spring of 1892 a well-known American Strong-Man and theatrical performer pulled a great hoax on the American public. At that time Eugene Sandow had never been in America, although his name and fame had reached this country. This American hired the famous Cyclops (Franz Bienkowski), who had been one of Sandow's partners in London, and proceeded to tour the country, claiming to be the original Sandow, and using the well-known team name of Sandowe and Cyclops. When I saw Sandow myself in Chicago in 1893 I immediately realized that this was not the same man that I had seen in Philadelphia the year before. But on that day in 1892 I merely wondered why it was that the "Sandowe" on the program was obviously not nearly as strong as Cyclops. The point of this story is that the two visiting performers had offered a prize to any local lifter who could put up with one hand a huge dumb-bell belonging to Cyclops. When the daily challenge was uttered, a young man vaulted to the stage from one of the boxes, stripped off his coat, and announced that he was a candidate for the prize. Although the newcomer was not as stout as Cyclops, he was very much bigger than the man who called himself Sandowe. The two lifters held a hurried consultation, and they proceeded to try out the stranger with a very



This snapshot of Mr. Zottman was taken in 1923, at the age of fifty-six. He keeps in condition by throwing the medicine ball with his friends, showing how little exercise is needed to keep development when once secured. Below is Figure 2, showing a normal husky forearm of 12 inches, compared with Zottman's prodigious 14 1/4-inch forearm. He is big, his strength gigantic.



peculiar test of strength at which he failed. The test was made with a pair of 56-pound weights, and many a time Zottman and I have since laughed about it. It was more of a trick than a genuine strength stunt, but Zottman had never seen it done, and so could not master it. Later on I saw him do the same trick with 90 pounds in each hand, and I myself am able to do it with 56 pounds. The whole object of this trick test was to have an excuse to refuse the powerful-looking stranger a chance to try Cyclops' big bell. At that the visiting professionals were wise. The bell weighed about 244 pounds, and while up to that time Cyclops was the only one who had lifted it to arm's-length above the head with one hand, Zottman could have lifted it easily, and the point is that as soon as the two men took one look at him they *knew* that he could do it.

I have seen practically all the great lifters who appear in this country, and I am personally acquainted with quite a number of them, and I can truthfully say that out of the whole number no one of them has made the same impression on me that Zottman has. I have never been personally acquainted with a man who *looks* so strong, and who *is* so strong as the subject of this story. Even today, at the age of 57, I believe that if he trained for one month he could outdo any lifter in the country at pure strength stunts.

Now for the life story of the man. At the age of fifteen or sixteen he became interested in gymnastics and bodily development. He is not one of these men who say that in their youth they were weak and puny. As a boy

Zottman was just as strong and healthy as the average boy, perhaps even stronger. He was a big boned young chap, tall and with a good frame. As soon as he started to practice heavy gymnastics, and to use big bar-bells and dumb-bells, his muscles rapidly became much larger and very much stronger. By the time he was seventeen he had a local reputation as the strongest boy in the city. Visiting athletes from other cities carried home with them stories about the immense strength of the new man in Philadelphia.

About that time the famous John L. Sullivan was touring the theaters of the country in company with William Muldoon, the champion wrestler, and Sebastian Miller, the old-time "Strong Man." Every place they exhibited they offered a prize of \$100 to anyone who could stay four rounds with John L.; \$100 to anyone whom Muldoon could not throw in ten minutes, and an equal sum to anyone who could equal Miller's feats of strength. For some reason or other Miller had to retire from the company, and the combination was short a "strong-man." Some friend of Muldoon's who had seen Zottman recommended George for the place; and he got the job and gave an even better show than Miller did.

After the Sullivan-Muldoon tour was over Zottman filled a lot of theatrical engagements in association with Tullus Wright (who is seen seated at the left in the picture on page 20). So far as I can find out, both Zottman and Wright retired from the professional stage when they were about twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. In Zottman's case I know that he has rarely touched a heavy dumb-bell or bar-bell since his retirement. During the last twenty years I doubt whether he has had a heavy bell in his hands more than twice a year. That is the point I wish to fix in your minds. A great many of you have been told that if a boy, or a young man, trains with heavy bar-bells and dumb-bells, that he is bound to die at an early age. Other people will tell you that while a young man can get a great development by using bar-bells, he must continue to use them the rest of his life or his body will collapse, that his health will be ruined and that his strength will disappear. Still others claim that if a man is using bar-

bells regularly, and for some reason wishes to stop, he must gradually "taper off"; that is, he must gradually decrease the amount of daily exercise instead of stopping abruptly. I have never been able to find out the idea underlying this last claim, but so far as I can figure these people seem to think that if a man has been taking heavy exercise and stops abruptly, something or other will happen to his vital organs. Mr. Zottman's case absolutely disproves all these ideas. He stopped using weights abruptly. He joined a staff of the Girard Theater of Philadelphia, and has been connected with that theater since 1895, being manager for the last dozen years. After he filled his last engagement as a lifter, he stored his bar-bells in an unused room in the theater building, and the only time he ever sees them is when, at my request, he shows them to some visiting strong man.

I founded the STRENGTH Magazine in 1914, and I have written for it continuously since that time. I have made frequent references to Mr. Zottman, and have mentioned his wonderful physique and extraordinary strength in different articles about lifting. The consequence is that his name is well known to all the present generation of lifters, and whenever a visiting "strong man" comes to see me, one of his first requests is that I take him to see Mr. Zottman. On such an occasion Mr. Zottman very obligingly exhibits his collection of dumb-bells, and maybe does one or two stunts for the edification of the visitor. All of these visitors are almost awe-stricken at the size and strength of the ex-champion.

Dr. Wright's experience has been very similar to Zottman's. I know that the Doctor has been practicing dentistry since 1900, and that while he has never taken any regular exercise either with bar-bells or without, he has kept his figure, and is still an extremely strong man.

If there was any truth in the claim that the use of bar-bells in youth means early death or a feeble middle age, then Mr. Zottman should have been dead, or at least a physical wreck, many years ago. The picture on page 17 was taken at Wildwood, New Jersey, in the summer of 1923. Zottman was then fifty-six. When you read this article he will have passed his

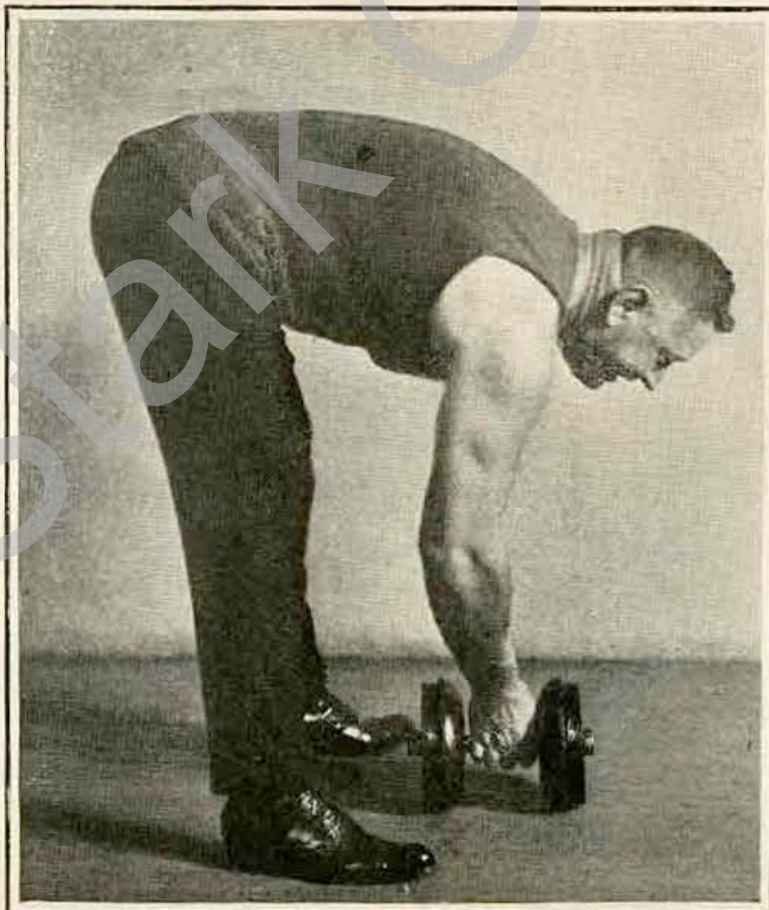


Figure 3. Zottman's position in lifting a weight from the floor, accomplished by sheer strength of back, instead of by the legs as most weight lifters do it. The 8-inch dumb-bell plates give a notion of the comparative size of his arm.

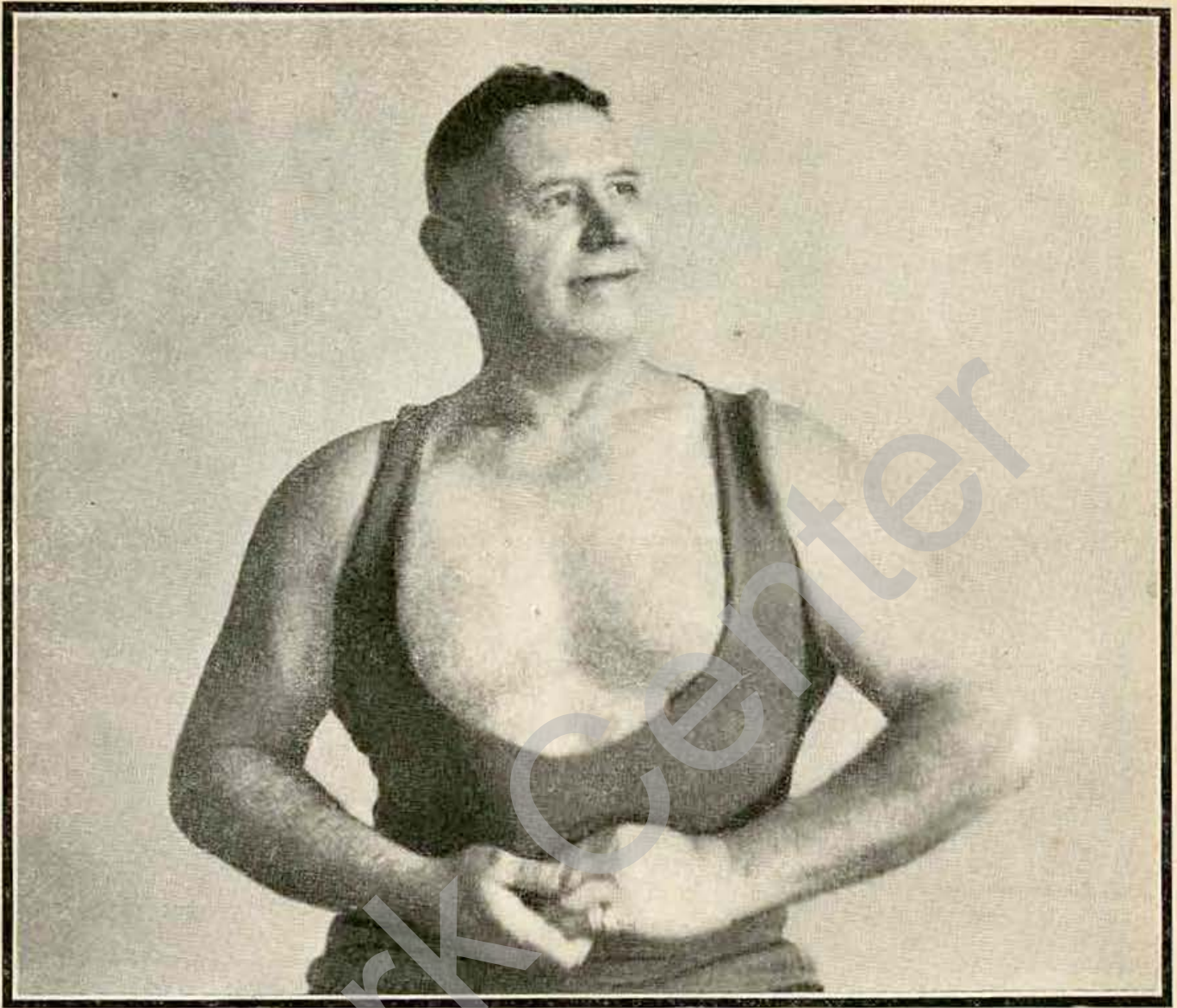


Figure 4. Showing how Zottman's chest tapers down to his waist. In the contemplation of such a physique one thinks of "power," "superman," "giant," and then words fail.

fifty-seventh birthday. Figures 1, 2, 3, and 4 were taken on January 25th, 1924, and I think you will admit that Zottman is still a pretty husky specimen. As a young man in hard training he weighed 218 pounds stripped. Today he weighs 229 pounds in street clothes. In his thirty years of retirement he has gained only two pounds. His muscles are a trifle smaller, but only a trifle. His arms, back, and legs are solid muscle. His normal chest measures 47 inches, and his waist 34 inches. He has not a bit of surplus flesh below the waist-line, but he does show a little fat on the front of the body between the waist and the breast-bone. In his younger days his forearm measured $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches when the arm was hanging straight by the side as in Figure 2. On the day the picture was taken it measured $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches. When he bends his arm as in Figure 1, and flexes the forearm just below the elbow, it shows a measurement of $16\frac{1}{2}$ inches. His upper arm measures over 18 inches, and is possibly a half-inch smaller than it was thirty years ago.

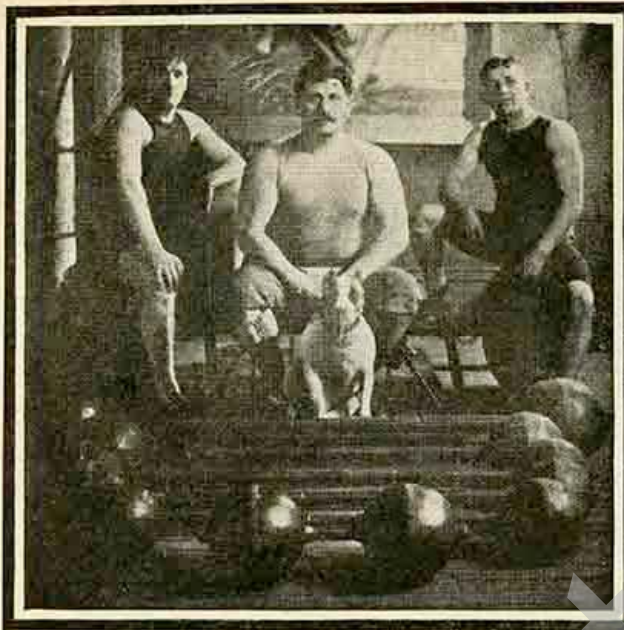
If some of you have the idea that only a short man can acquire a powerful build, then note that Zott-

man stands over 5 feet 11 inches in his stocking feet.

Some of you may remember that in the pamphlet, "How Much Should I Measure and How Much Should I Weigh?" I stated that by exercising with bar-bells any one could get a forearm one and nine-tenths the size of the wrist, and that the flexed upper-arm should be twenty per cent larger than the forearm. The proper place to measure the wrist is right close to the base of the hand—that is, the tape should go around the wrist between the base of the hand and the knob of bone which projects on the outside of the wrist. Zottman's wrist measures $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and his forearm $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches, thus showing exactly the proportions I claim were possible. His upper arm measurement of over 18 inches shows that one can do even better than what I said in regard to the respective sizes of the upper arm and forearm. Authorities who claim that the use of bar-bells produces short knotted muscles will be very much disappointed when they look at the pictures of Zottman's upper arms. These arms, while of tremendous size, have long flexible muscles. His biceps in particular show a great development all the way from the tendon

at the lower end to the tendon of the upper end. In the picture where he is shown seated on the handle of the big bar-bell you can readily see the unusual shape of the biceps.

I regret that I cannot show you any pictures showing his leg development, because his legs are even more extraordinary than are his arms. The strength of his legs and of his back is almost unbelievable, and his tremendous bodily power is due to the fact that he took particular care to develop and strengthen every part of his body. I doubt whether any other athlete ever put himself through such a strenuous course of training as Zottman voluntarily undertook. In his day adjustable bar-bells were practically unknown, so he had to accumulate a large collection of bar-bells and dumb-bells of different sizes and weights, and with this mass of apparatus he would practice all the exercises and lifts known to the "strong men" of that date. To this he added a number of stunts of his own. His gymnasium was in the third story of the theater building, and to reach the third story you had to climb two long flights of stairs. In order to train his lungs and legs he would take a 50-pound dumb-bell in each hand, run down the outside fire escape, through the first-floor lobby, and up the two flights to the gymnasium. He would make this round ten times in succession, and when he was mounting the stairs he always took them two steps at a time. In the 1890's, when bicycling was so popular, Zottman was an enthusiastic wheelman. Most bicycles of that day had an 84 to 90 gear—that is, every time you turned the sprocket wheel once you covered as much ground as you would in one revolution of one wheel 84 or 90 inches in diameter. In neighborhoods where there were but few hills some cyclists used 102 gear, but in hilly neighborhoods a 76 gear was popular, because the lower the gear, the easier it is to climb hills. Zottman constructed a bicycle which was geared to 202, and he rode that wheel up and down the steepest hills in the vicinity of Philadelphia. No other man who tried the wheel could



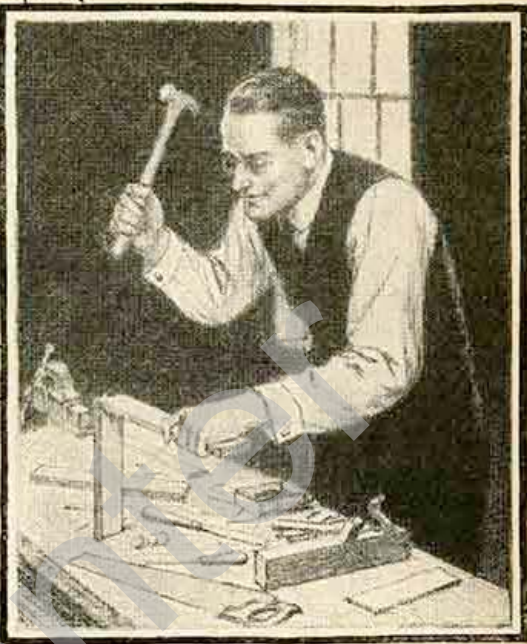
A photograph taken about 1893, showing Zottman in his youth (in the center), and Tullus Wright (at the left).

propel it up the mildest slope. It is very hard indeed to get Mr. Zottman to talk about himself or to tell about his lifting records. When the conversation turns to lifting, he soon starts to tell you about the incredible strength of the late Louis Cyr, whom he considers to be the strongest man of modern times. He will say, "What is the use of talking about what I do, when there was such a man as Louis Cyr?" and he never thinks of saying that outside of the gigantic Cyr there was no other man in America as strong as George Zottman. Yet such was the fact. It must be confessed that Zottman never practiced some of the lifts which are so popular at this time. He had so much strength that he was prone to rely entirely on his strength, and seemed to scorn the use of the scientific positions and foot-work on which modern lifters rely to such an extent. In this he very much resembled Cyr of Canada and Apollon of France. Those two men were the super-lifters of modern times, and in their lifting they depended entirely on their strength and ignored the factor of skill. Men like Sandow, Saxon, Inch, and Nordquest always employ the "bent press" method when they want (Continued on page 85)



Scene in the famous Lubin motion picture studio, ten years ago, referred to by the author, Zottman standing at the left.

Getting More Out of Life



AS this is being written, reports are in circulation as to how well the eight-hour day has worked out in the steel industry. It will be recalled that last May President Harding invited forty members of the American Iron and Steel Institute to a conference at Washington to discuss the feasibility of abolishing the twelve-hour day in the steel business. As a result of this conference, the first step toward instituting the eight-hour shift was taken on August 16th, a few days after the death of the President. By January first the United States Steel Corporation had almost completed the establishment of this working innovation and it was about seventy per cent completed in the independent companies.

When the suggestion was first made that the steel business be put on the eight-hour basis it was regarded with much misgiving. It was held that the shorter shift would greatly increase the cost of production and that the workers themselves would oppose the change, as the curtailed day would decrease their earnings considerably. However, these fears have proven groundless. It is true that the cost of production has increased somewhat, but this is more than offset by the improvement in the all-around efficiency and spirit of the workers. Then men quickly learned to appreciate the new leisure which the shorter day has given them. Both the employers and employees appear to be well satisfied with the change.

The eight-hour day now reigns supreme throughout industrial America. The steel business is the last big industry to succumb to this shorter-working-day move-

What Shall We Do with Our Increasing Leisure?—Do You Use or Waste Your Non-Working Hours?

By A. D. Albin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

ment. You might say the movement started a couple hundred years ago, but it is only during the present generation that it has made rapid headway. At one time man's working day lasted for sixteen hours, or even longer if he could stay awake. The laborer arose at dawn and worked until dark. Thus he toiled much longer in summer than in winter. Even to this

day in the Orient the craftsman who both makes and sells his wares in his little shop pegs away all day and far into the night at his work and does not give up until he falls over asleep on the mat which may be both his work bench and his bed. The minute he awakens five or six hours later he immediately resumes his work once more.

But in this country especially the dawn-to-dark idea has been losing ground for the last century. Every generation has witnessed an hour or two clipped from its working day. Each reduction proposal was at first violently opposed, much as we in our time have seen the introduction of the eight-hour day bitterly attacked. I was recently reading a chapter of our Colonial history. It seems at that time steps were being taken to authorize the twelve-hour day. The same arguments were used then as are used today against shorter working hours. "Nothing could be accomplished in twelve hours." "Business would be ruined." "Workmen would not know what to do with their spare time and would kill themselves in drunken revelry," etc.

Despite this opposition, however, each new working schedule was finally accepted and in time the reduction was regarded as beneficial to society. The history of

modern industrialism is the history of the gradual improvement of labor through the curtailment of working hours and the betterment of the workman's position in life which has always come with the shortening of the labor shift. And neither has the reduction in the hours of work curtailed production. In fact, the opposite of that is true. Industrial production has increased as the hours of labor have decreased. Of course, the ever-increasing use of machinery in factory processes has contributed to this result. On the other hand, machines cannot function efficiently unless their human attendants and co-operators are also functioning to the best advantage. It is no longer necessary to argue the point that it is not profitable for a man to work beyond the hour at which he becomes too exhausted to do good work. Workmen in the old days were constantly tired. They never had time to recuperate properly. That is why they were seldom efficient. Even if our modern machine methods were entirely abandoned and we resorted to the hand methods of our forefathers, it would be found that our workmen today would do better work and more of it in eight hours than their progenitors in these crafts accomplished in twelve or fourteen hours. The reason is that the worker of 1924 is able to tackle his job each day with greater vigor and enthusiasm because he has enough rest and sufficient nourishment to refresh him thoroughly in mind and body.

Those of you who read my article in the December number of *STRENGTH*, "How Long is Your Best Day's Work?" know that I have a theory of my own on this question. In brief my theory is that every person should determine the length of his own working day. Even in the same occupation, no two of us work exactly alike. Some of us work at white heat and through extraordinary concentration achieve wonders in four or five hours. After that, however, we are exhausted and can do no more that day. Again there are others who like to stroll leisurely through their labors. It takes them nine or ten hours to do what we do in four or five. An eight-hour day is too long for the first class and too short for the second class. Again there are types of mental workers who can achieve the most by working an hour or two now and another hour or two later on. Perhaps they get up occasionally in the middle of the night and work at furious pace until dawn. For persons of this temperament a standardized working day of fixed length is impractical.

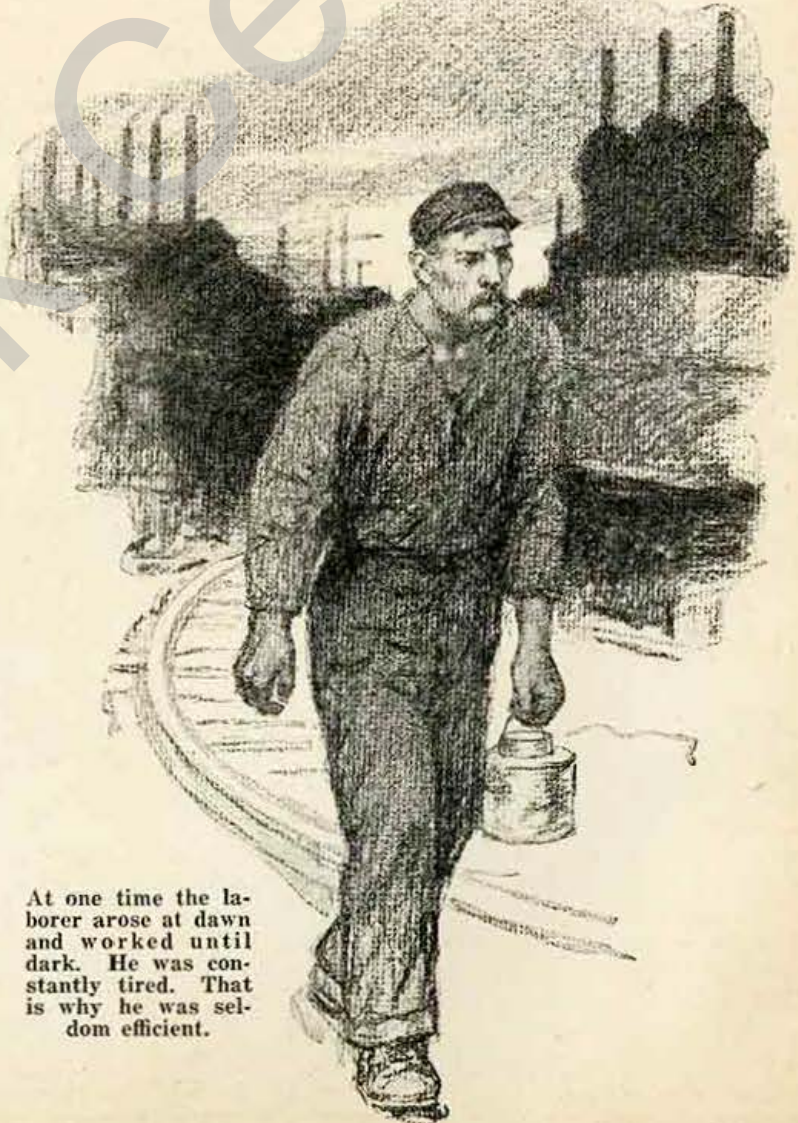
It is for this reason that in many lines of endeavor, the tendency is not to hold the workers down to definite hours, but to measure their value by their production. In selling, for instance, what a salesman does with his time is not so important as what he sells. If his sales are satisfactory, the matter of the hours he keeps is his own affair.

Nevertheless, I realize that no such plan of work could be applied to factories. Workmen cannot be permitted to come or go as they please. If they did, the plant's working schedule would be topsy-turvy all the

time. So for the present at least the vast majority of workmen will be obliged to observe some uniform time clock.

It is highly probable, though, that the hours that said time clock will have to be on the job will grow even shorter than they are now. Perhaps the working day in average industries will remain stabilized at eight hours for many years, but it will not stay there permanently. A short time before his death, Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, predicted that it will not be many years before mankind is able to do all its work in four hours a day. That is not an unreasonable prediction. Many now living will probably see Steinmetz's dream realized.

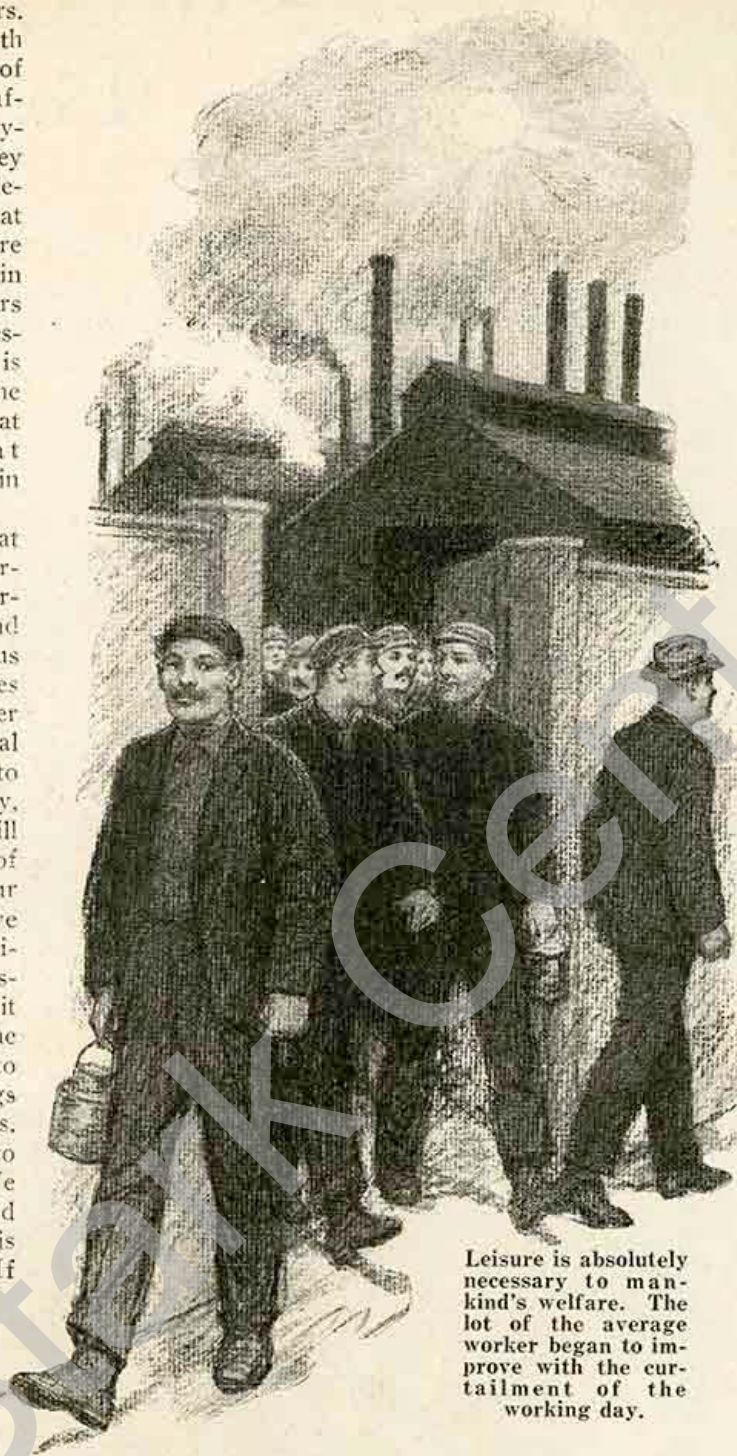
When that day comes, mankind will have to give serious attention to the problem of using its leisure properly. In fact, we already have that problem with us. It is most urgent in my own household. My small daughter is in school only four hours a day, five days in the week. That gives her many hours of leisure every day. Seeing that she wholesomely occupies that period is one of the troublesome questions of my life. Every person has some leisure of which to dispose. Few persons work more than eight hours a day. Those engaged in office and professional duties seldom work for



At one time the laborer arose at dawn and worked until dark. He was constantly tired. That is why he was seldom efficient.

more than seven hours. What shall they do with the three or four hours of leisure that they are afforded out of the twenty-four? The success they attain in life may be determined more by what they do with their leisure than by what they do in their seven or eight hours of work. Some great essayist once said that it is the use we make of the margin of our time that determines to what heights we shall attain in our work.

It is self-evident that leisure gives us an opportunity to improve ourselves both mentally and physically. It gives us time to play our hobbies and to pursue whatever cultural and educational paths that may appeal to us. Strange to say, though, many of us will not follow these paths of self-improvement of our own volition. When we are first given more leisure than we are accustomed to we lounge in it luxuriously. Later, the new freedom begins to pall on us. Time hangs heavy over our heads. We do not know what to do with ourselves. We are as restless as a child on a rainy day. This is a dangerous situation. If it continues and we do not learn how to use this additional leisure we will find ourselves subject to a demoralizing influence which is hard to resist. An old saying was that the devil gives idle hands something to do. One of our newspapers, in commenting recently on the occasional scandals in California's movie colony, said that if you give persons of low intelligence more money and *more leisure* than they know what to do with, they are bound to get into mischief. Before the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment, saloons got most of their business from men who had too much time to kill. The asininity of high society in the old days was caused by an affluence of leisure. Today high society has given up much of its silliness, simply because it has found an abundance of intellectual pursuits and of wholesome sports to occupy its time. Polo and golf and tennis and yachting and horse racing must be given much of the credit for tam-



Leisure is absolutely necessary to mankind's welfare. The lot of the average worker began to improve with the curtailment of the working day.

ing the "four hundred."

Yes, it is true that mankind must be taught how to use its leisure. Reduce a workman's time from ten hours to eight and give him a motor car, so that he and his family can take occasional trips into the country, and what does he do? Why he proceeds to enjoy nature by tearing it up by the roots. As a result the following year there is not so much nature to enjoy.

Give another type a car so that he can profit by his leisure and he sets out at such a mad pace that to him the trip is nothing but a streak of dust. He had no time to see the beauties of the countryside through which he was passing. Perhaps he drove so fast that he killed or maimed several Jim Hocking Clubs that were out on a hike trying to use their leisure in a sensible, health-giving way.

Of course, the fact that many persons misuse leisure is no argument against leisure or against the instruments of leisure, such as the motor car. It only proves the point of this article, which is that sufficient leisure is a good thing for humanity, but that humanity must be taught to employ it profitably.

Leisure is absolutely necessary to mankind's welfare. Without it there can be no progress. When men had to work twelve

or fourteen hours a day they had no time for religion or music or reading or the theatre or sports or anything else. They were so utterly exhausted after the labor of the long day that they had to throw themselves on their beds after partaking of the evening meal.

The lot of the average worker began to improve with the curtailment of the length of the working day. The first hour or so that was lopped off of the day was probably used in getting more sleep. The next couple of hours of leisure that was given the workman he perhaps used in getting acquainted with his family and in the discharge of household and personal duties which previously had been neglected. Gradually the worker with more leisure on his hands began to give more attention to his personal (Continued on page 78)



Photo by Alfred Cohn

Flexibility Is Youth

Rigidity of Mind and Spirit, Concomitant
with Rigidity of Body, Can and Must Give
Place to Elasticity

By *Elise Dufour*

IT is never too late, so long as one breathes, to gain flexibility of body and mind, because after all rhythmic breathing is the beginning and end of the flow of life.

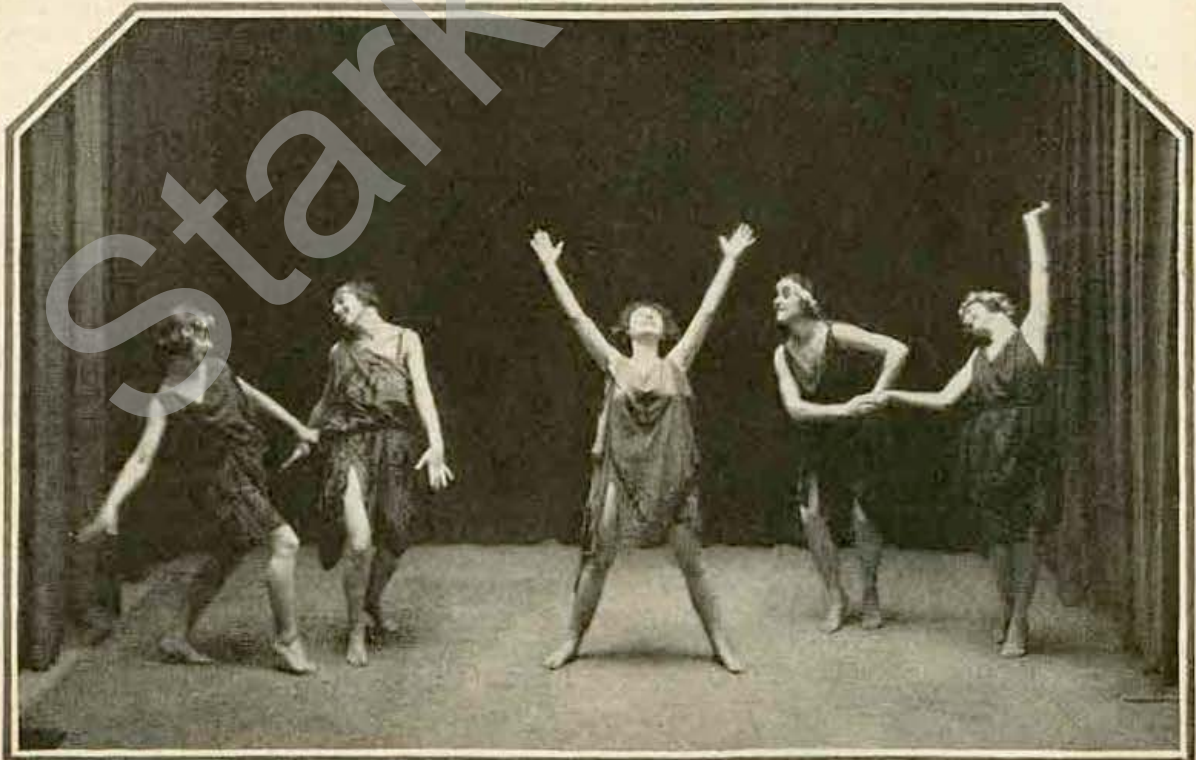
I recall an instance of a woman who changed her body from a state of rigidity into that of grace and power at the age of fifty.

She saw a group of young girls dancing on the Gloucester beach in the twilight and she was ravished by the sight of piling waves, of the dark green merging into the crimson sky, upon which were silhouetted rhythmic figures in flowing draperies. When the

dancers had run away through the twilight she lingered, and I turned back in surprise to find her moving with the rhythm of the waves, her hair flying loose, her arms stretched out to the sea. She was confused when she saw me, then cried out impulsively: "Am I silly to think I could do it?" I don't mean anything difficult, but just that lovely lilt in the torso that one sees in the Winged Victory?"

"Shall I give you a lesson here with the rhythm of the waves as our music?" I asked her.

The twilight breeze swept her eager words to me: "Oh, would you? And do you think I could



Alfred Cohn

Flexibility of body frees the mind to laughter and good feeling, as beautifully expressed by these graceful children. The photo at the top of this page is that of Miss Dufour herself, suggesting that flexibility of mind and body may carry one through the air in a leap for the sun.

dare slip off my shoes and stockings?"

We were in a protected cove, the sand hard and smooth. She drank in the lesson as though she had been dying of thirst and I gave her water. I made her feel the wave-rhythm first in her respiration; then it animated all of her body. It lifted her up and over and down, first standing, then running, and at last skipping. When the last ray of twilight was fading into the night and we were bathed in the soft night breezes she completed that Winged Victory lift that she had long coveted. It frightened her.

"It can't be right to feel like this," she gasped. "This is ecstasy!" And she burst into tears as refreshing as those evening breezes that were blowing us through the gathering darkness.

That cry, "It can't be right," was the last gasp of a rigid mind. The mental flow had started with the rhythm of the wave-breath that animated her cramped muscles into a delightful flexibility. She told me a year later that every possession she had could go before she would give up her study of the rhythmic technique of the body, which had given her flexibility of mind and body. I watched her tall body—so still and brittle when I first saw her—now swinging freely down the big veranda of the hotel, the back of her neck yielding softly to the tempo of her gait, the hollow in her back losing its tension; her hands, once so nervous, hanging loosely, and her face, so strained a year ago, seemed to have dropped many lines and to have softened those that remained. She had been dry—now, her machinery oiled by human rhythm, she was pliable for living.

The struggle for existence is so desperate that it makes humanity forget that earning a living is only a means and not an end. To defeat the end, no matter how efficient the means, is useless. To exist is not enough. Everyone craves for life, and then more life. Aliveness means flexibility of body, health. These are more important than a large bank account. One only realizes how true this is when one holds a check-book, looking indifferently at one's large balance, because it is powerless to alleviate bodily pain. Sea-sickness, toothache, earache, cancer, are convincing arguments that no possessions are in the same class with the well-being of our bodies and hence of our minds.

It is surprising how much strain one can endure, how static one's muscles may be, and yet how one can continue apparently well for



You cannot accomplish these things unless you first grasp the concept of rhythm and flexibility. Get the spirit of the thing. First do it mentally and then act from within outward. A body undulating from the center into rhythmic flexibility (above) is both relaxed and poised. (At the right)—Stretching flexible muscles as one might pull an elastic band lifts the body into glowing lightness. (Below)—Instructor and pupil showing flexibility in arms and legs lifted from a center in the torso.

Photographs by Alfred Cohn



a long time. But suddenly comes the snap. Tenseness is always in danger of breaking, while flexibility gives to shock and springs back stronger than ever.

The law of life is change. When life ceases to flow it ceases to be life. It is death. Unless one is flexible one carries death about within one's muscles. Health is one of the by-products of flexibility of mind and body. The Century Dictionary says the word health is



an abstract noun from "whole" not "heal," as is so commonly thought. If one would establish one's health, one must be whole. (Continued on page 84)

What Makes "AMERICA"?

—Heredity or Environment?

Analyzing the Sources of Our National Character and Life—Also Presenting Its Supreme Problem Affecting the Future of Our Nation, and Its Inevitable Solution, If Any

By *Albert Edward Wiggam*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

WHEN our Puritan forefathers landed at Plymouth Rock the first thing they did was to clear a space in the wilderness and build a school and a church. When the convicts sent out from England to Australia in the Eighteenth Century landed at Botany Bay the first thing they did was to lay the foundations of what has since become the city of Sydney, having the largest and worst slums in the world.

"But," a friend of mine said to me recently, "you must remember that the convicts did not have the benefit of good environment or they might have done as well as the Puritans."

"Quite the contrary," I answered. "Both the convicts and the Puritans had precisely the same opportunity; that is, they each had the opportunity which they made for themselves. A community or a family can throw about a few individuals a special environment of their own making, but a people as a whole make their own environment. There is no foster parent, such as the social organism, or the State, or the economic system, or the public school, or the Church, or some special Providence, to give a favorable or unfavorable environment to a whole nation. The people are the social organism. The people are the Church, the public school system, the economic and political policy. In short, the people themselves are the nation. There is nothing else out of which to build the social order. A people is its own environment and the environment is simply the expression and outcome of their character."

Going on with the argument, it is true that a few great leaders, such, for instance, as Confucius, Pericles, Socrates, Jesus, Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Wilson, give character and tone to the life of a people. The great poets and philosophers give to the common people most of their world-wisdom—their ideals and views of life. But where do these leaders come from and how do they influence the people? They spring from the common blood, from the common network of the national heredity. Leaders, it is true, are born largely from special classes and special families; that is, specialized lines of blood. But these families have their roots in the racial and national breeds.

Not only are the leaders different, but people respond differently to the same leaders and ideals. The Puritan



The Puritan ideals did not affect the Indians in anything like the same way they affected the Puritans.

ideals did not affect the Indians, at least in anything like the same way that these ideals affected the Puritans. They did not make them philosophers, nor poets, nor artists nor endow them with social and political capacity. I saw an old Indian chief down in Arizona, in paint and feathers, stalking with all the dignity of a king and with a native nobility and bearing that bespoke a man of power and character. Behind him was his son dressed in a Sears Roebuck suit, with mail-order shirt and necktie, riding a bicycle and chewing Beemen's pepsin gum. It would be difficult to say which was the nobler human being. The boy had to some extent dressed both his body and mind in borrowed clothes and ideals. The old chieftain had made his own clothes and his own ideals. We have to some extent changed the Indian. It is extremely doubtful if we have ever very much improved him. We have spent untold millions in "civilizing" the Filipinos. But we have not as yet, at least, endowed them with innate capacities of self-government. Twelve hundred Englishmen are today governing nearly 300,000,000 Hindus. It is true that behind these 1,200 men is the whole power of the British army and navy. But all British rule in India seems to have added little if any to the capacity of the natives to rule themselves or to invent methods to keep themselves from filth, disease, and periodic famine.

I know of nothing which better illustrates this entire point of a nation's heredity and a nation's environment than the strange and obvious spectacle that there are today twenty-four republics on this western hemisphere, all of them with national constitutions which are modeled upon the Constitution of the United States.

Yet, notwithstanding similar governmental forms, notwithstanding that all have the benefit of Anglo-Saxon mechanical inventions such as railroads, machine guns, printing presses, and to some extent Anglo-Saxon school systems, there nevertheless are twenty-four different kinds of governments, twenty-four different systems and ideas of crime and justice, simply because there are twenty-four different sorts of people. Mexico has a government ostensibly like our own. But for a hundred years the Mexicans under that government have done little except demonstrate their inborn incapacity to make their Constitution and government work like ours. It is extremely doubtful if they have within them the capacity for self-government of any kind. It is highly probable that the Mexicans, and probably also three-fourths of the other peoples of the world, will always have to be ruled by autocrats, even though it be camouflaged under Republican and representative forms, simply from their natural lack of social coherence and self-operating political capacity.

I do not wish to carry this argument too far, but there are profound differences both among races and among classes of the same race that go to build a complex and worthy civilization. Beyond all question many convicts, under the old ruthless, merciless English law, were sent to Australia who, had they had the chance of our modern school system, our refined methods of education and the vast moral sway of our national life, would have made good useful citizens. The point is, however, that when left alone they had no capacity or passion to *create* these things for themselves. Environment does influence individuals. It does change individuals. The object of education is to change people and it succeeds, often very marvelously, in doing it. If I had a wayward boy, with feeble self-control, I should unhesitatingly throw about him all the moral suasion, all the education, all the good advice, all the ideals of our noblest morals and all the most refined devices of scientific pedagogy. And I have not a particle of doubt that in nine such cases out of ten I would do such a boy an immense amount of good and probably prevent him from ever committing positive crime. Many boys and girls if thrown into a filthy, immoral environment will degenerate into criminals when the same boys and girls if thrown into good environment would become good citizens.

But, *who is it that provides all this highly specialized environment?* Is it the other wayward boys or girls that provide it? *No.* Does it fall like manna out of heaven? *No.* It all comes from the good sound heredity of the good sound people of the community. And it comes from nowhere else. These feebly-controlled boys and girls—such as the convicts sent to Australia—may succeed and get along apparently well so long as their parents and foster-parents are there to provide schools, churches, ideals, books, inventions and moral suasion. But throw them out on their own resources, do they go on creating new inventions, developing new social and political ideas and ideals, producing art, culture, philosophy and worthy national life? Do they put their talents to the usurers or bury them in a napkin? Most emphatically they do not expand their heritage simply because they cannot. We find after all that civilization has simply loaned its immense treasures to them, but that they cannot pay back either capital or interest. For a long time London sent its ne'er-do-wells,

its petty thieves and hoodlums to the west coast of Scotland in order to give them the benefit of the open country, the uplifting influences of contact with nature, and remove them from the temptations of city life. What has been the result? According to my friend, Mr. C. P. Mudge, an English biologist, they are the same hoodlums on the west coast of Scotland that they were in the slums of London. He claims that life and property are unsafe in their neighborhood. While given the same opportunity as the great race of Scotland, that gave England more statesmen than any other section of the British Empire, that gave the world Bobbie Burns and Scott and a great poetry and a great philosophy and theology, yet they have not been able either to create



There are twenty-four republics on this western hemisphere, yet they present twenty-four different kinds of government. The Mexicans have done little except demonstrate their inborn incapacity to make their government work like ours.

that same opportunity for themselves or take advantage even of the great heritage of the Scottish race.

My friend who claimed that the Puritans had a better "chance" than the Australian convicts should reflect that each group had the only chance that nature ever gives or can give to a large group of people, or to a nation, namely, the chance to carve out its own destiny. There were only twenty-three Puritans who left descendants, but among these descendants have been hundreds, even thousands, who have been able men and women, persons of power and influence in their respective communities. At least a hundred have attained fame, nearly two score are contained in our national dictionaries of biography, while more than ten have attained worldwide renown. For three centuries they have been nation builders, creators and improvers, inventors, poets, philosophers, statesmen. By their inborn capacity and spirit they cannot tolerate a mean and low environment. They naturally build railroads, schools and churches. They naturally tunnel the mountains and send their multiplied and multiplying commerce to every corner of the globe. They naturally write Constitutions and Declarations of Independence. They naturally build a great, brilliant, diversified and expanding civilization. On the other hand, the convicts, many or all of whom might have been saved from actual crime by their nobler and more richly endowed brothers, when left to themselves naturally contribute no great names to history; they naturally found no great national tradition and leave no legacy of culture, refinement or wisdom to the world's social heritage.

Now every word of all this bears directly upon the supreme problem that today confronts the United States. That problem is simply this: Did America, its soil, its climate, its resources, make the American people, their government, their traditions, their culture, their schools, their churches, their railroads, their commerce, their inventions, their social and political life and national ideals, or are these things the products of the people who migrated to this western land? Did America make the American people or did the American people make America? Every biologist and I think every modern psychologist in the world would unhesitatingly answer that America is the outcome of the inner natures and character of the people who came here and out of a primeval wilderness, as Lincoln said, "Brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the principle that all men are created equal." When Lincoln said, however, that men were created equal his whole life shows that he did not mean that men were created equal in political and social capacity, nor in inner spiritual character and tendency, but merely that no class or nation had any right to enslave or exploit another.

America fought a great Civil War to rid itself of the curse of slavery. But slavery still exists in America just the same solely because we have imported slaves into our land. No nation can rid itself of slavery in some form so long as it imports to its shores races and peoples who have such feeble social and political capacity that they permit themselves to be enslaved in their own lands. In Kansas, Iowa, the Dakotas, Nevada or Wisconsin there is no slavery, solely because these States are inhabited by a great virile people, the most inconsequential of which will not permit themselves to be enslaved. But the moment you throw inferior and

superior races together, as we have done by our reckless immigration policy in our eastern States, and especially in our great cities and throughout the South, and these races come into fierce industrial competition, you have social, political and economic slavery as merciless as when men were sold into bondage. And nothing short of the most strenuous and long-continued efforts of our nobler spirited and far-sighted citizens can prevent it. Slavery does exist in America, and it will take every effort for the next hundred years through the wisest and most humane legislation to attain Lincoln's ideal—a nation where one class does not exploit another. And this is in the main because we have imported slavish peoples from every quarter of the globe.

There is a cry today from many of our captains of industry—men who ought to be our genuine statesmen of industry—for more cheap labor to supply the labor market. This is precisely the same cry that went up from the Southern States, that they must have slaves to work their plantations, and they proceeded to import "the oppressed of other lands," and as a consequence laid upon the back of America what Lord Bryce justly termed "America's one unsolvable problem," namely, the problem of living side by side with the negro. They got their plantations worked, but they threw into American political life a source of corruption that will plague our descendants for the next five centuries and which in the sixties drenched the whole land in blood. And now our so-called industrial leaders are pleading that we repeat the same experiment, and we have been doing little short of it for the past two generations.

These men should read America's biological history. When they cry for labor they are unaware that, had they not scoured the villages of southern Europe and the deserts of Western Asia, and through flaming advertisements of America as an Eldorado imported nondescript and innocent peoples of totally different character and standards of living, we today would have plenty of native labor of our own. Had the birth-rate we had down until 1840 been continued there would be more people in America than there are now—more laborers and more leaders and our laborers would all have been of the grand old native stock. But we thought it cheaper to import immigrants from abroad instead of "immigrants from heaven." The latter would have improved our stock; the former have deteriorated it. When people are unable to build a great civilization in their own land it is fatuous to assume that they will do so here. Men who allow themselves to be exploited in their own lands will do the same thing here. The exploiter may be a labor foreman or some industrial baron or political boss in a sumptuous hotel at Palm Beach, instead of a king or sheik, but the result is much the same.

The humanitarian who wants to make America an asylum for the oppressed and the manufacturer who wants cheap labor overlook three things of far-reaching importance to the future of their own country and bearing upon the kind of land which their descendants will have to live in.

First, when you import a lower people into the midst of a superior people, and the superior natives of the land cannot live as a leisure class but are forced to come into competition with the newcomers, the natives cease producing children. As Professor Ross of the University of Wisconsin long ago noted, the old native American Anglo-Saxon families will not bring children

into the world to compete with some low class immigrants whose ancestors were beggars, who live in dirt and are content to sit on boxes, sleep on the floor and eat off a board. The higher people withdraw from the biological race. They fight it out through their own lives, but they refuse to bring children into such a world of filth and bedlam. This is not theory, but is bolstered up by every investigation that has been made. Higher standards of living, won by a rich and virile people, will not mix either socially or biologically with lower standards. General Amasa Walker, before his death, was able to trace the decline of the birth-rate among the old stocks into the counties, even into the townships, where the newer and lower immigration of the past two generations had settled. For a long time the old stocks went west, but finally our free lands became exhausted. When this wave of our best but retreating American blood reached the Pacific slope it could go no further. The old stocks then turned with their last weapon, a refusal to produce children who would be compelled to lower their standards of living. This is not the sole cause of the decline of the birth-rate among the better American families, but it has beyond question been a very potent factor in bringing about an extremely portentous outlook for America's racial future.



All races have points of superiority and points of inferiority. If I were endowed with the negro's good nature I should regard myself as being much superior to what I am.

Of course, some sort of race will always exist here. There will always be plenty, probably too many children. But the prime question for America to ask is, "What sort of children will they be?" When the Indians inhabited this same soil they produced nothing but an Indian civilization. Had the Mexicans settled America we would have simply had here today another Mexico with a wider range for her political chaos. And if we transport all the lower elements of Southern Europe and Western Asia and then ourselves evacuate as the native American stock is now doing, all history shows that we shall have nothing but a repetition of the old, old story, the supplanting of the race that built the nation by those who have never built a great civilization and in all probability never can. Had we invited the higher and more successful citizens of other lands to our shores, while it would doubtless transform America into something else, at least there would continue here some sort of great tradition and worthy national life. As I think I have already mentioned in these articles, Dr. Charles B. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution, has already shown that at the present birth-rate 1,000 graduates of Harvard or Yale will be represented within six generations—scarcely a day in a nation's life—but fifty descendants. But 1,000 Roumanian immigrants, mostly unsuccessful in their own homeland, and settled now

almost within sight of the walls of Harvard, at their present rate of reproduction will be represented in six generations by 100,000 descendants! These people have never built universities nor national cultures of high order. No doubt among them are individuals whom Harvard can help to an education. But the proportion is so small that in the end, if these helpless people should be left to themselves, the university itself would become but a ruined monument and its laboratories and libraries merely house a leaderless and poverty-stricken race of ignorant peasantry. The land of Roumania is a land of romance, of culture and pride, and among its successful families are many university builders. But university builders remain in their own land, and even when they migrate they build a Roumanian and not an American civilization.

The second thing which our unrestricted immigration advocates overlook is that unsuccessful peoples—the only kind which our industrial leaders seem to be crying for—do not produce leaders even of their own kind. Frederick Adams Woods, whom I have so often quoted in these pages merely because he has examined with illumination so many problems of national import, has put this theory to the test. By a valid statistical method he ascertained approximately how many men and women of conspicuous leadership had been produced in Boston during the past seventy-five years by the old English stocks and how many by the newer and, we believe,

intellectually lower immigrants. It happens that about one-half of the population of Boston is almost exclusively of the old native stock, very similar to the Puritans and their descendants, and the other half is made up almost entirely of the immigrants of the past three-quarters of a century. By examining the relative contribution of each section to the roster of our national leaders we can easily test this phase at least of the problem of heredity and environment. Both stocks have had the same environment during this period. There has been always enough of the old New Englanders to maintain the Boston city schools, to build and expand libraries and museums, and to keep alive the old atmosphere and culture of which this city is justly proud.

But what has been the result in producing men and women of fame, by placing two great groups of people amid the same environment? Dr. Woods finds that Boston has produced 786 persons of sufficient fame to have their brief biographies written up in the volume "Who's Who in America." Now it would seem that if the newer population has as much ability, passion for culture and social and political capacity as the older half, that one-half of these names should come from their section of the people. But Dr. Woods's investigation has disclosed the astounding result that out of these 786 famous persons (Continued on page 76)



Many Western states maintain community motor-camping grounds for the express convenience of tourists. This one, maintained by the city of Denver, Colorado, partakes of the nature of a tent city, sometimes of hundreds of motor-campers.

Go Camping with Your Car

With Some Practical Suggestions as to How to Do It

By Elon Jessup

OWNERSHIP of a motor car carries with it the desire to go somewhere, to go on a voyage of discovery where the fields are green, the sky is blue, the air is fresh, brooks babble and pine trees croon.

According to recent statistics there are more than eleven million motor vehicles scampering around these vast and extremely varied United States of ours. Although a certain proportion of these are trucks and taxicabs, the great majority are privately owned passenger cars. This gives you some idea of the enormous amount of motor touring that is being practised in this country.

Just go back a few years to the time before motoring became popular. How much first hand information was the average American in a position to gather and enjoy concerning his country, its history, people and scenic wonders? Comparatively little. The spaces ten miles or so beyond his home and the destination of a railroad journey remained practically a closed book.

How very different is motor touring. How much greater is the sense of personal freedom, the opportunity to loaf or fly as you see fit, the chance to delve into lovely woodland spots far removed from the crowd or become intimately acquainted with the charm of a quaint historic town.

Motor touring has become a very usual form of taking a week's, two weeks', or entire summer's vacation. But a tour lasting longer than a single day gives rise to the problem of shelter and food, a problem which because of expense or for other reasons makes some prospective tourists doubtful of its practicability.

The average motor car owner is not a bloated bond holder. He is a man of moderate means and when he and his family start off upon a vacation he goes with only a limited amount of money to spend and he needs to get full value for that which he does spend. He knows something about hotel rates and wonders if his pocket book can stand the strain.

If he considers that he and his family will be uncomfortable spending the night in any place other than a first class hotel, and he is in a position to pay the price, perhaps all well and good. But I can tell him about an alternative that will save him a whole lot of money and which, personally, I prefer to the best room in the best hotel in the land. This consists of carrying your own hotel with you in the form of camping equipment and making camp wherever night may happen to overtake you.

This particular form of touring goes by various names such as motor caravanning, automobumming and tin can touring, but more commonly it is known as motor camping. It has the two-fold advantage of being the least expensive and at the same time the most enjoyable and generally resultful manner of taking a motor tour. Here you have the utmost opportunity to fill your lungs with fresh air and become intimately acquainted with your country. Your freedom is complete. Furthermore, meeting your neighbors over friendly camp fires takes you out of your shell and takes them out of their shells, enlarges your vision, gives you a cross-section view of humanity such as you never get with the same clearness under any other circumstances.

The average motor camping party is an all-family team



In the West practically every family owning a car enjoys motor-camping trips. The East is somewhat backward but rapidly following suit. In many community camping quarters ready-made fireplaces, as in the photo at the right, add to the convenience of tourists.

and everybody on it is playing the game—Mommer, Pa, the youngsters, and in a great many cases even Towser the dog. I have met and chatted beside camp fires with Pa in almost every State in the Union. He has come from every imaginable walk of life and his worldly goods have ranged in value from little more than the shirt on his back to a million dollars. He has been farmer, mechanic, doctor, banker, cook, groceryman — heaven knows what he hasn't been. Sometimes he hasn't known where he was going and cared less. But his eyes have sparkled with health and the appreciation of new experience. He was living, learning and enjoying himself. What else mattered?

Once Pa's twelve-year-old, a romping blue-eyed freckle-faced lad, wandered over to my camp fire from an adjoining



camp. I have it upon his authority that this business of living out of doors twenty-four hours a day, seeing new country right along and all the wonderful things the geography books tell about, certainly is the life.

The lad was quite right. It is the life. In fact, from a recreational and educational standpoint motor camping is perhaps the biggest event of a decade. I freely acknowledge that walking, canoeing and similar activities are better forms of physical exercise. But they don't carry you as far and they don't arouse as wide an amount of interest as motoring does.

To view motor camping in all its care-free democratic glory you might drop down beside almost any main traveled highway west of the Mississippi Valley. Presently Mommer, Pa and all the youngsters whizz by in a car bulging with tents, beds, cooking kits and various other outdoor paraphernalia. More than half of the dozens or hundreds of cars that intermittently follow are the same story.

Motor camping has become such a firmly established recreation in the West

that practically every town no matter how small it may be has set aside a certain area of ground where the motorist is made welcome and is free to pitch his tent. In a city of the size of Denver it is not uncommon to find as many as three or four hundred cars a day in the motor camper's park. The same custom is fast spreading in the East. Every facility is offered for the encouragement of motor camping, East, West and South.

I mention these facts in order to disperse any impression to the effect that this manner of touring is a freak idea practised only by a few. In the West at any rate, the motor tourist who patronizes hotels is the exception

rather than the rule. The same is becoming increasingly true in the East.

Certainly this was true as regards my wife and myself. We toured seven thousand miles and throughout this distance did not spend a single night in a hotel. We cooked all our own meals and in doing so lived on the best in the land. The total cost of this "seeing America" trip, lasting nearly three months was exactly three hundred and seventy-five dollars. I expect we could have done it for even less. But in any case, we have never made a better investment.

Let me tell how we were fixed for shelter.

Strapped to the running board of our car was a pack four feet long containing tent and bed. In this form it didn't look very inviting. When we reached a spot where we wished to camp for the night, off came the pack from the running board and in less than ten minutes we were occupants of a mighty comfortable canvas dwelling.

I think you would regard with wonder the evolution of that small running board pack. It has become a huge tent having living quarters at one end and a four-foot wide bed at the other. It is almost as spacious as some summer cottages that I have been in and it compares not unfavorably in size with a small New York apartment. The bed is a sectional steel outfit having springs and a mattress. It is every bit as soft and comfortable as any bed in my own home.

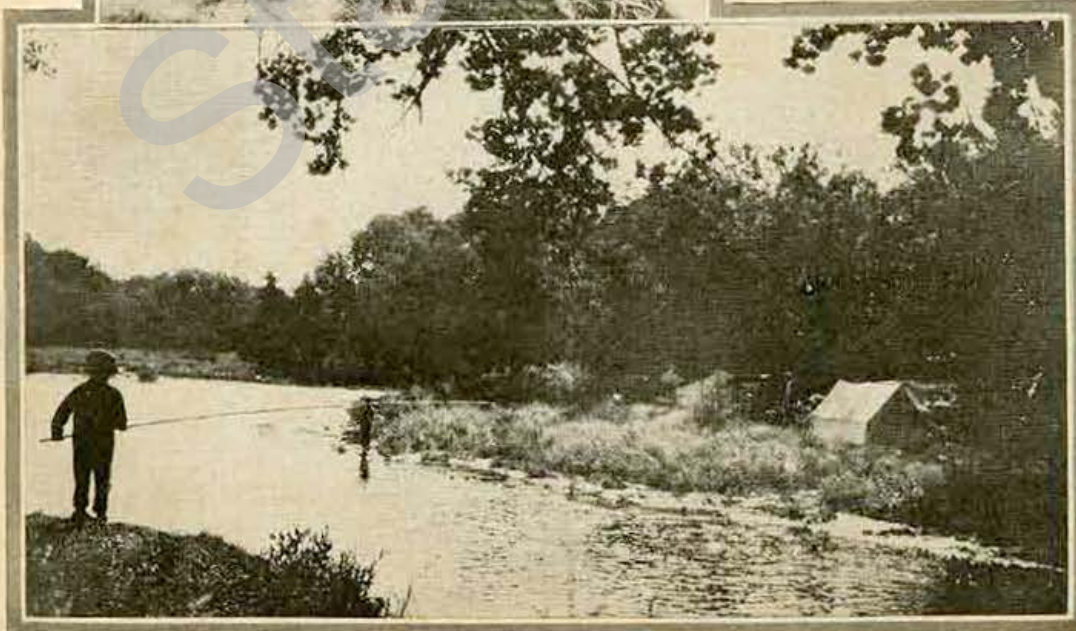
We haul from the car a food box, two folding chairs, a folding table and a gasoline stove. If the weather is clear and there is firewood about

we do not use the stove, for there is no kind of fire in the world that cooks such an appetizing meal and glows with such cheerfulness as does a camp fire. We set up the table and chairs close by it and with zest tackle supper.

On the other hand, if we are forced to make camp in the rain we are by no means downhearted. The tent goes up in a jiffy and within we have room and dry shelter. We set up the table and chairs at the living-room end of the tent, place the gasoline stove on the table and light it. Under these circumstances we are duly thankful for the presence of the stove. The heavens may open and roar,
(Cont. on page 101)



Here is a bit of characteristic family stuff, illustrative of the fact that motor-camping is more or less within the reach of everybody. The lower photo is expressive of the back-to-nature life easily available for millions who otherwise could not enjoy the benefits of camping.



My Adventures In Strength

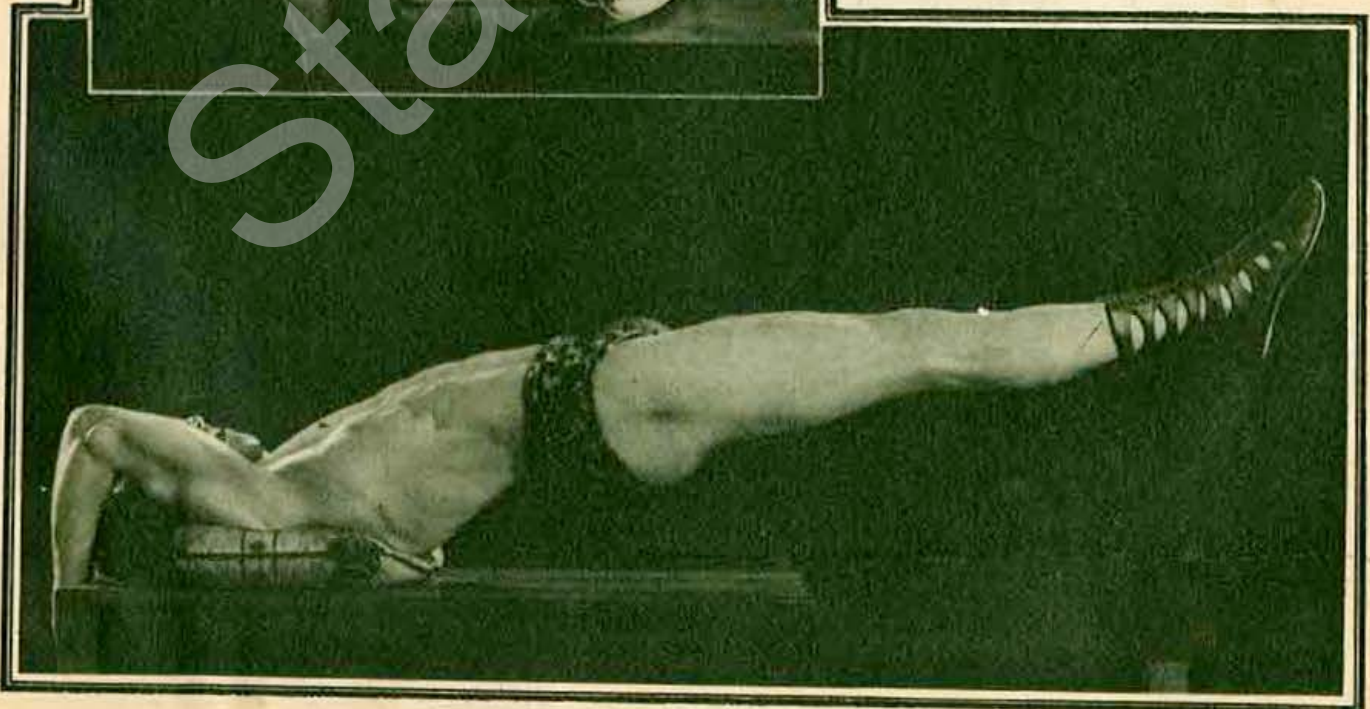
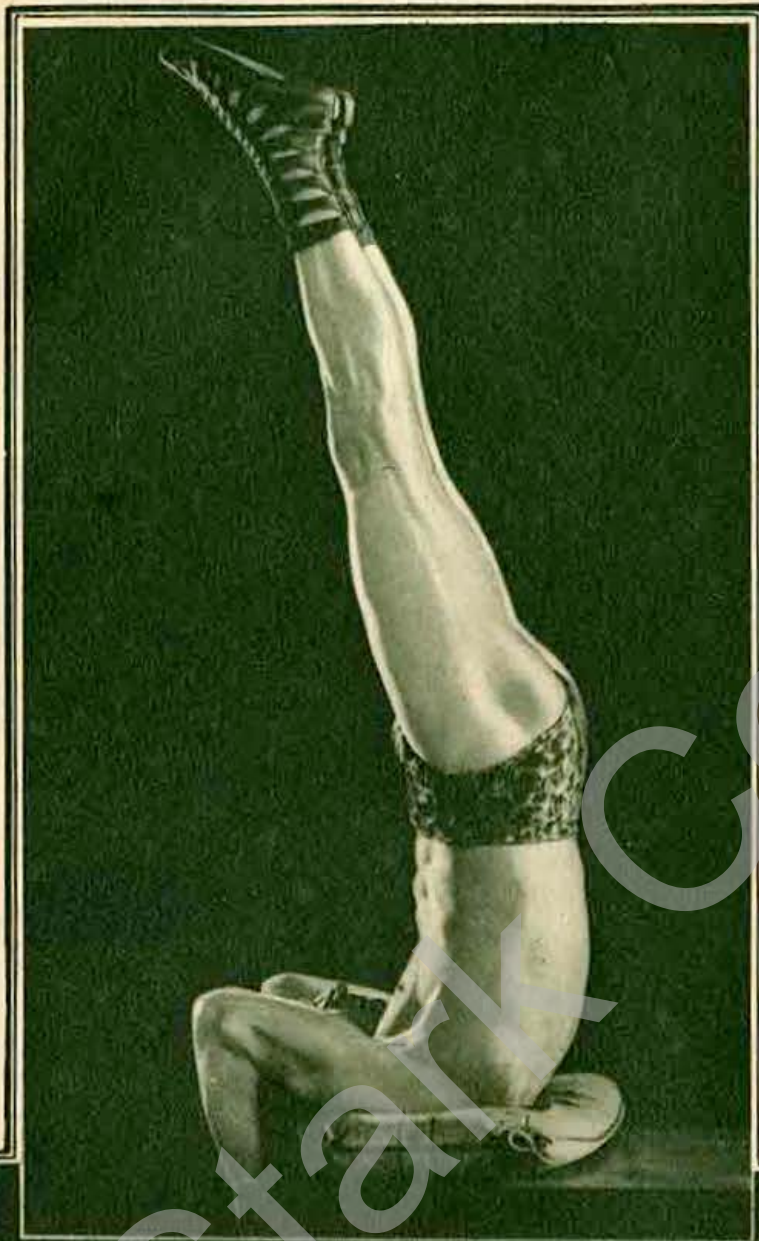
The Task of Keeping in Condition Without Apparatus—
Foods That Yield Energy—
The Amateur's Advantages
Over Professionalism

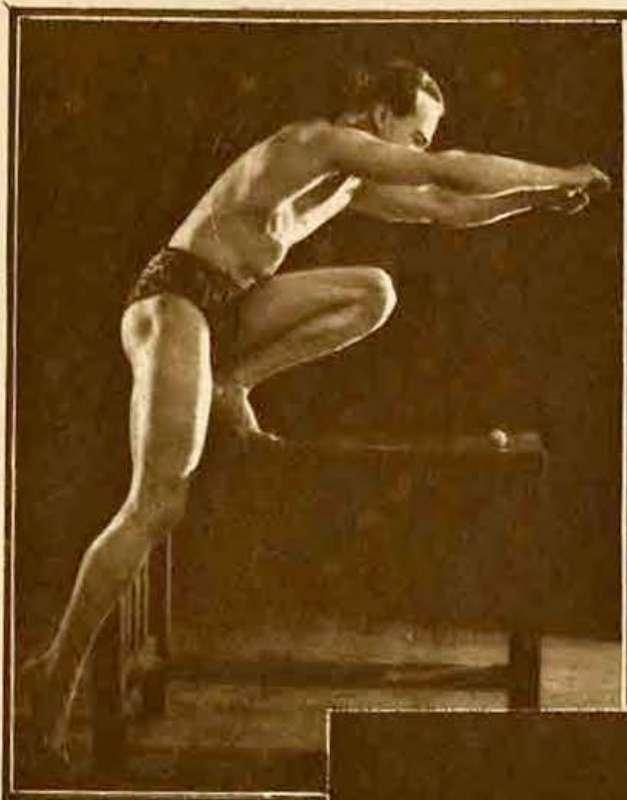
By *Samuel E. Olmstead*

POSES BY THE AUTHOR

MANY people have asked me about the kind of exercises I go through to keep all the muscles so prominently in evidence. In my stage exhibition I pose under a powerful light, which shows every external muscle resulting from my exercise. It is many years since I have been able to take the kind of movements I would like to, as that would necessitate carrying a bar-bell outfit with me, and that would not be practical while traveling and living in hotels. There is no more pleasant form of exercise than progressive and scientific weight-lifting. When I retire from the stage I shall eagerly return to that form of keeping fit. In lieu of the bar-bell I have had to concoct substitute exercise principles, and have succeeded very well so far as results are concerned.

Mr. Olmstead does this "leverage" exercise twenty times in succession, going down to within an inch of the table but not touching it. Better try the first time to do it only once. Chiefly for pectoral (chest) muscles, also abdominal.





An advanced exercise for the legs. Keeping on the toes or ball of one foot, and balanced on the table, lower and raise the body, as in these two photographs, again and again without touching the other foot to the floor. Use a ball or coin to look at to steady yourself.



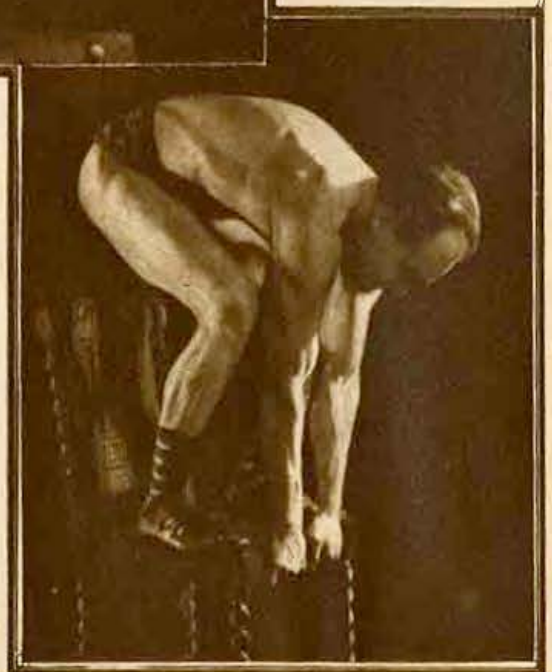
The exercise below, of which the completed movement is shown on the opposite page, may remind you of the standard back bending and toe touching exercise, except that this goes that a few better by way of stretching the body. Take hold below the front of the chair seat, first with the knees bent and then straighten the legs. Do not try this when stiff or cold. Be sure to "warm up" with other exercises first.

Two of my favorite exercises I will describe. One is that of doing hand-stands on a table as many times as possible without jumping from the floor with the feet, or bending the knees, as the legs are slowly raised to the position in the hand balance. I have done this ten consecutive times without pause. The second favorite exercise is that of high jumping over a rope between the backs of two high chairs. In executing this jump I do not scissor over, but jump with the feet directly in front of the body, which necessitates a good vigorous lift and the getting of the knees to a knee chest position. You have seen "Doug" Fairbanks do this sort of jumping. It keeps me agile and from getting stiffened as a result of my heavier work on the stage. My complete system that goes with the two above exercises are strenuous free movements on the leverage order.

During the first few years of my stage work, I was satisfied to do what is known as just a straight strong man offering of posing and feats of strength. But to justify my making stage work a life's occupation, I felt that I should be presenting something with a moral, so I rearranged the offering of Mrs. Olmstead and my-

self, under the team name of "Samsted and Marion," in the form of a story or sketch, called "The Bachelor's Vision." In this vehicle I have incorporated a three minute, "punchy" talk on "keeping fit" that, from the applause it has received, evidently strikes a responsive chord. In addition to the talk, I show three simple exercises, selected from the hundreds I know, as being the three most conducive to bodily benefit with the minimum expenditure of time. In the past five or six years our act has appeared in all of the highest class vaudeville theatres in the States and Canada, repeating several times over. We have talked and demonstrated health and strength to millions of people.

I have had occasion to note the interest in strength in different sections of this country, as I have toured the entire United States at least a dozen times. Briefly, I may say that the northwestern section of our own country shows the liveliest interest, and the southeastern part the least! The middle west, as in Illinois, Michigan and Ohio, displays more enthusiasm than do the New England and Middle Atlantic states. The Canadians are even more interested, apparently, in the development of

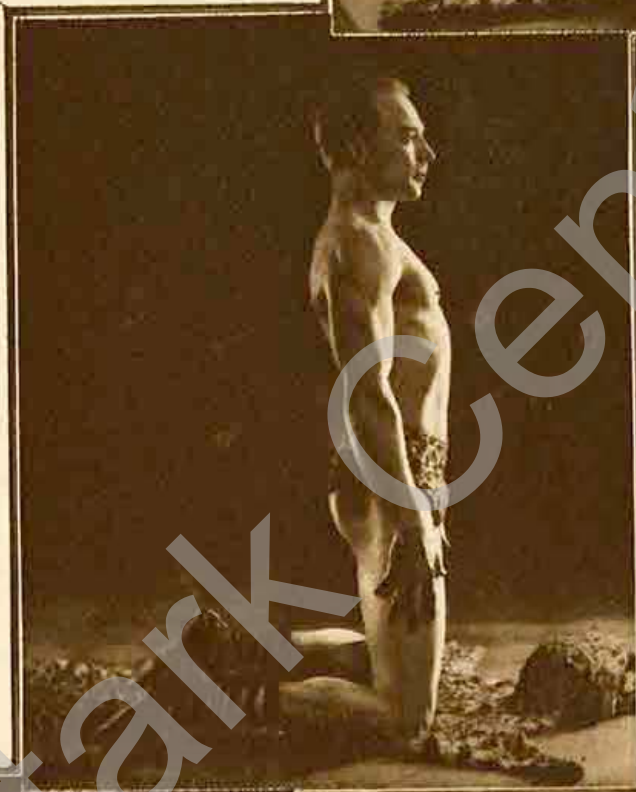


strength than are we in the States. Where we go after "keeping fit" for efficiency purposes, they seem to care more for strength for its sake alone. The southerners are very apathetic indeed. They *enjoy* poor health! Their general subject of conversation is an exchange of symptoms of bodily ailments, and the various patent medicines they have tried or heard about. They abhor physical exertion. Climatic conditions, of course, are conducive to a devitalized condition, though I have found from experience that, if one eats in accordance with the climate, the best of health and condition can be maintained. The natives of the south cook everything in grease and suffer as a consequence. They do not have many of the hardy, vigorous types of physique found in the North, particularly the Northwest.

My daily regime while traveling is somewhat as follows: Arise nine hours after retiring; take cold plunge, with vigorous rubdown with towel and then with hands; then thirty minutes of advanced systematic exercises; then dress and take a walk of five to six miles. When I re-



Here is the real thing by way of a back bending movement, somewhat suggesting the well-known "Roman column." The idea is to bend back, touch the floor with the head, and up again. Mr. Olmstead has done this exercise holding Mrs. Olmstead (weight 145 pounds) standing on his hands. You would better try it first empty handed.



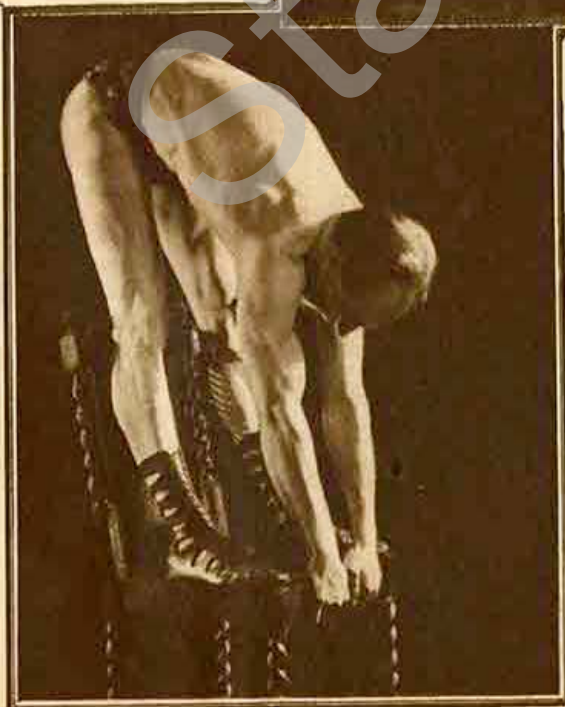
turn I am ready for a good, nourishing breakfast of coddled eggs, whole wheat bread toast and butter, and milk cocoa sweetened with honey. I vary this with a breakfast of milk, cream, whole wheat crackers, some sweet fruit like raisins, dates or figs and some kind of nut meats, preferably almonds, from which I seem to derive the most strength. After breakfast I generally walk around with my family, or take an auto ride, attend to mail and such matters, then go to the theatre and do my matinee. Then I take a short

walk around to get my lungs aired out, spend some time reading, accept any invitations to places of interest in the towns where we are playing, then eat a light meal—necessarily light or else I would not have the proper amount of physical and mental "pep" to put my act over successfully at the night's performance.

This second meal always has included in it a very abundant salad of mixed raw vegetables. We select one good protein food, a starchy one, some cooked vegetable and good whole wheat bread and sweet butter. Our beverage for this meal is either pure grape-juice or apple-juice.

After the show at night I always take a little walk before retiring, and eat nothing but a good apple before going to bed. If it is a night when I have to leave town for the next engagement, requiring that I be up much later than usual, I may take an egg malted milk, or a bowl of milk and cream with whole wheat crackers after the show, but at any rate I have my apple later on before retiring. I am inclined to believe as did the old Vikings, who said of the apple, "By their virtue we retain our youth."

I have merely given you an inkling of the things I eat, from which you will probably derive the fact that I am not a meat eater, which is true in the main, as I never touch it unless I



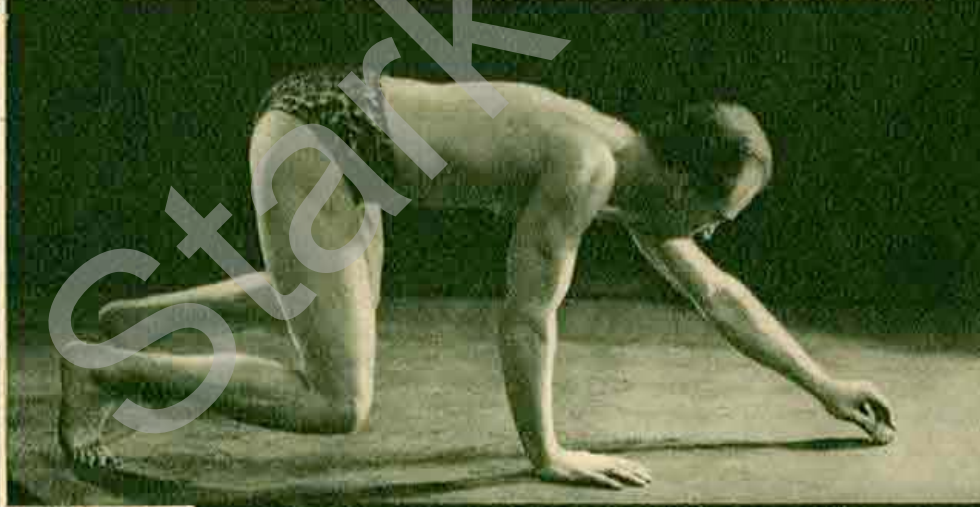
am invited where it is served to me as a guest, where of course I eat it without a murmur and find no ill effect therefrom. I do not doubt but what one can live on a diet with a meat basis, with the proper base-forming vegetables and other things accompanying it, and be just as healthy as I am, providing he practices the other measures of producing health that I do. As regards drinking water, I take a glass or two just before my morning exercise, and enough more during the day, between meals, to average about ten glasses per day; although I do not believe in forcing too much water in a system that does not crave it.

In all the cities from Detroit on west it is now very easy for me to procure the kinds of foods on which I wish to live. It is getting easier all the while to procure

good whole wheat bread, both in Canada and here, with the exception of the Southern States, where they regard it as "hog food." From conditions as I find them it would indicate that people are awakening to the virtues of a real "staff of life" for their bread. My strength is influenced so much by procuring good whole wheat bread that I naturally lay great stress upon the subject.

Before I leave the subject of food in relation to health I would like to say that a million dollars could not purchase from me my utmost faith in the efficacy of abstaining from food for a few meals whenever I feel the least bit unfit. During this period of abstinence from food I drink all the fruit-juices I crave, such as grape-juice, apple-juice, orange-juice, grapefruit-juice, etc. One day of this usually suffices, though I continue longer if necessary. A cold never develops under these conditions.

On one of my early trips west we jumped from sea level to Colorado Springs, which is over a mile high. The sight of Pike's Peak from the train window was a challenge to my climbing ability, and without waiting to get acclimated I simply had to make the ascent on foot. My condition was such that I was able to run up and down the Ozark Mountains at Hot Springs, Ark., where I had recently been training for some wrestling, so I went at Pike's Peak without the proper respect it deserved. While going up at a vigorous clip I passed many others who were creeping along as though their feet were weighted down with lead shoes. Many people told me that I had better take it easy or I would injure myself. Young husky that I was I scoffed at this.



How far away can you place a ball or coin with one hand on the floor, always on the condition that you are able to push or snap back to a balanced position on your feet, as in the upper picture? A competitive game suggested to Mr. Olmstead by Louis Hart, British strong man.



and was apparently getting along famously when I noticed, about half-way up, that my nose had started to bleed. The application of ice cold spring water to the back of my neck stopped this, and I continued on up to encounter at the top a view that thrills every fibre of one's being. On the way down I ran alongside of the cog road, and my strides were long indeed. When I got to the bottom I found the heels of my sturdy shoes had worn almost down to the counters. I made the ascent and trip down in less than half the usual time most people require to ascend. Arriving home, I did not feel especially tired, and sort of gloated over my achievement. The next day, however, the left side of my face swelled with a congestion and I became ill with a fever, which the natives all said was "Mountain Fever," brought on by undue exertion in high altitude before becoming acclimated. They likewise prophesied that three months would pass before I would be able to commence my stage work again. I immediately started my fruit-juice fast, and though I was partly delirious for about three days, and had a high fever, my body was rid of the fever in one week and I was well once more, twenty-two pounds lighter, but ready to start training for my act.

On my first day around a light-weight pugilist, who was stopping in the hotel, coaxed me into putting the gloves on, agreeing to take it easy because of my condition. Instead, as there were ladies present, he endeavored to "put me to sleep." It was hard going for me, but I weathered it, and to show how quickly my

strength returned, the next day when he invited me to another bout I was able to return with compound interest all that he had done to me the previous day! He saved himself from a knockout only by quitting cold. He would never box with me again.

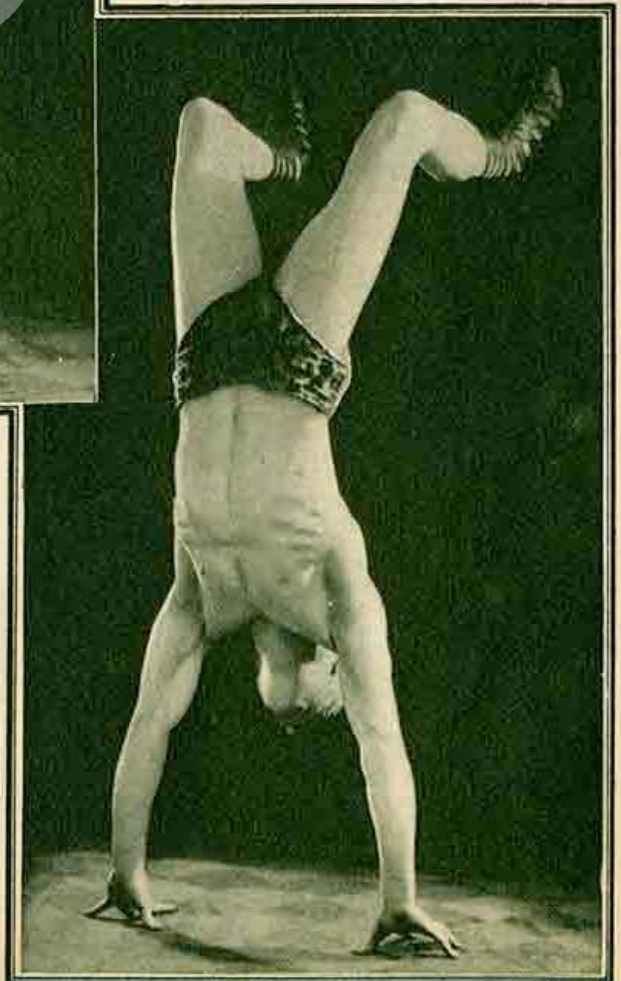
Much to the amazement of all the natives I was on the stage, doing my severely hard routine of athletics, just six days after I got up from the Mountain Fever. Natural health methods had again proven their merit.

I have never used my athletic ability to bully anyone or to take advantage in any way of another person. Nevertheless, the confidence that one possesses from having unusual strength is a very valuable asset in any line of business. One is more masterful, more magnetic, more convincing in his manner. You can look any man in the eye, no matter how high his station in life, and feel on a footing of equality. Right down deep in his heart the boy that is still in every grown man has that boyish worship of strength and athletic skill. When I was teaching business men of large affairs they would often say to me, "Of what use is great strength in this age?" It did not take me long to explain the virtue of strength as a foundation for all other worth-while things, to make them realize that it is a reservoir on which they may draw for every effort entailed in their line of business. It was very (Continued on page 100)



This is a somewhat unusual variation of our old friend, "the dip," performed in a different way and using a different set of muscles than those in the dip on the parallel bars; indeed, just the reverse. It is exactly equivalent to pushing overhead the weight of your own body. Steady yourself with your feet against a wall.

Another favorite exercise of Mr. Olmstead's, of which we did not get photographs, consists in lying stretched out on the floor, arms straight, hands stretched beyond head. Next raise the chest, body supported on two hands and feet—and then lift one hand! There are still other exercises mentioned in his story.



Beautiful Shoulders

—for Every Woman

Suggesting Many Ways of Improving Them

By Edith Baker

POSES BY MARGIE WHITTINGTON



The building up of the shoulders is really a matter of the development of the underlying muscular structures, for it is these muscle formations that give character and beauty to any part of the body, and particularly that quality of "tone" which characterizes firm and healthy flesh. Mere fatty tissue is not only shapeless but flaccid and lacking in tone. This is a shoulder exercise performed by clasping the hands behind the head, bringing the elbows together in front and then far back, as in the second photograph. Do it with a stretching action in each instance.



DO beautiful shoulders just happen? Are they the gift of kind Mother Nature, bestowed according to caprice upon some fortunate women and denied to others? Or are they the product of definite causes which inevitably produce such a result? And if so, are they within the reach of any woman who seriously and sufficiently desires self-improvement to make a real effort to get what she wants?

On the face of things some women seem to have been fortunate in the matter of the good health, good digestion and active childhood which make normal development easy to secure. They appear to have been blessed with beauty, but even in such cases the smoothness of skin, the grace of line and the pleasing contour are the result of definite physical causes. The woman who is under weight or inclined to be stout does not so easily achieve perfection. One may need to work harder than another. However, the effort includes not merely physical exercise, but sometimes self-denial in the matter of food and

sometimes the cultivation of a taste for wholesome articles of diet to replace the trash that many women chiefly eat. Improved nutrition is usually a part of those causes which produce the result of personal beauty.

The big reason why many women are lacking in grace, symmetry and development is because they have not made the effort to perfect themselves physically. This applies to the matter of the shoulders as in other respects.

In the interview with Mr. Coles Phillips, published in this magazine last month, the famous artist declared that women want good figures, not merely for the sake of being athletic, but particularly for the sake of being able to wear their clothes well. This applies not merely in the matter of evening clothes, in which the development of the shoulders represents the supreme desire, but in reference to clothing of any kind. And then Mr. Phillips pointed out that the average woman can not accomplish the very simple exercise known as "the dip" (illustrated).

Any woman who is so lacking in strength and development as to be unable to perform this comparatively easy exercise has no reason to expect to have shapely shoulders. It is imperative in her case that she should undertake such exercise as will build up all of the structures of this part of the body to normal.

Miss Margie Whittington, who posed for these exercises, did not just happen to have a good figure. She has worked for it for many years. At sixteen or seventeen she was under weight, a mere string of a girl, utterly lacking in development, and—as she herself puts it—"a perfect fright." Faithful persistence in physical training and athletics over a period of years has transformed her. She came to New York from Cincinnati two and a half years ago in conjunction with a photographic beauty contest, in which she rated practically one hundred per cent. Being in the metropolis, she applied to Florenz Ziegfeld for a place in the "Ziegfeld Follies," and was at once accepted above a waiting list of hundreds of other girls. Mr. Ziegfeld expressed the conviction that Miss Whitting-

ton had the most perfect legs in the world and had them insured for some fraction of a million dollars—perhaps something less than the amount given out by the press agent's story, but still for the amount of a substantial fortune. Miss Whittington was noted as a pogo-stick expert and won practically all of the pogo-stick hurdle races contested by



There is a standard exercise consisting of clapping the hands together at the front reach of the arms, then swinging them far backward. The movement illustrated here is an improvement, since it gives more shoulder action. Cross the arms first in front as in "hugging one's self," and then stride or lunge forward as you swing the arms outward and far back. Repeat and alternate with either foot.



The floor dip is one standard exercise that is not likely to be improved upon for shoulder development, although it also employs the muscles of many other parts of the body. Particularly the upper chest, the abdominal and front of the thigh muscles—not the back, as is often supposed. Be sure to keep the body rigidly straight, as in this photograph. Bend the elbows, lower the chest to the floor and push up again, repeating until tired.





All full arm movements are essentially shoulder exercises. Practice this system, starting with the upper position, palms upward, fists clenched, elbows drawn far back. Striking forward, twist the forearms to position with palms down. Note carefully. Likewise, strike upwards and then outwards at the sides, in each case returning to the first position, palms upward, and in each case twisting palms downward or forward while striking out. Thus you will improve your arms as well as shoulders.



the girls of the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic of two years ago. She says that she gave the girls in her dressing room so much advice on what to eat and how to improve and take care of themselves that they all called her "Doctor Whittington." After two years as a Follies girl Miss Whittington has gone into motion pictures, recently having had a part in "The Humming Bird," which includes a "close-up" of the most perfect legs in the world.

Incidentally, there is one phase of the life of the Follies girls which does not get into the sensational newspapers and that is the perseverance and hard work with which these young women keep themselves physically at their very best. Most of them continue their studies of dancing and music, and all of them spend hours each day in arduous exercises to maintain their flexibility, strength and shapeliness, and in particular their dancing ability. The average woman who is envious of the "glorified" girls of the Follies might not be willing to undertake the strenuous and incessant effort by which these girls strive not

merely to maintain but to increase their bodily perfection and talents.

There are many exercises for the shoulders. Miss Whittington particularly recommends swimming, which in her own case, she says, has accomplished wonders. All swimmers have good shoulders. But since you may not be able to swim the year 'round there are other activities which will help.

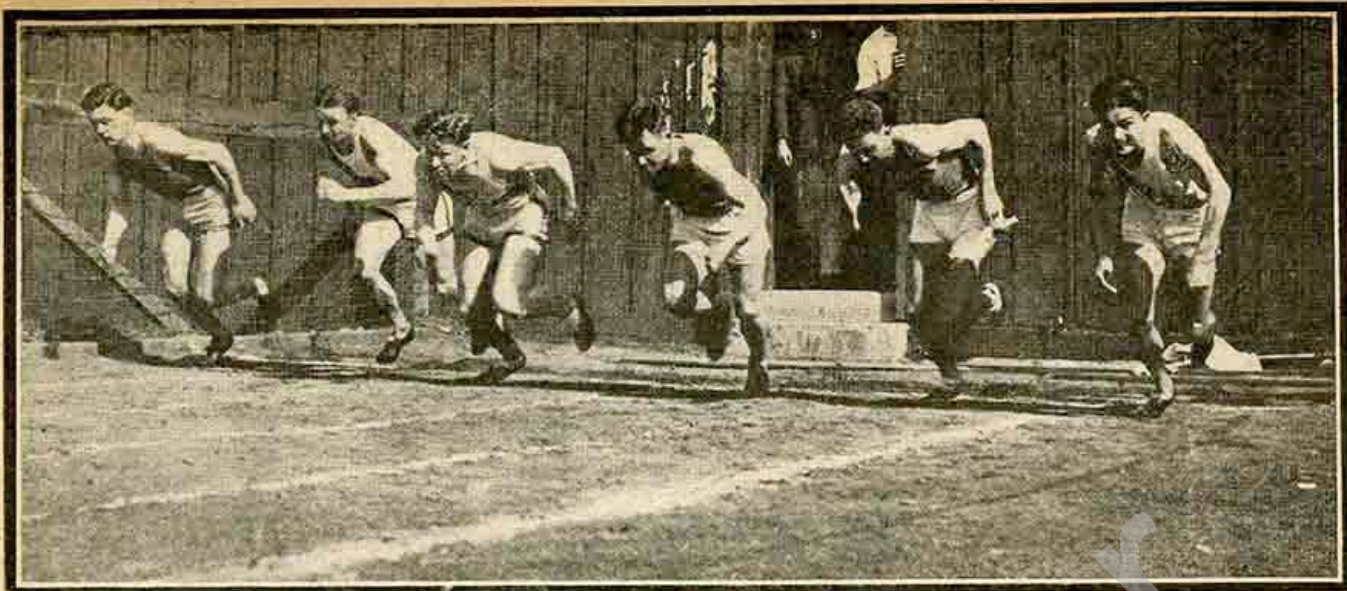
There is no reason why any woman should not possess a pair of Indian clubs and each day do, perhaps, five minutes of Indian club swinging to music. The phonograph will supply appropriate music, according to the desired speed or energy with which you may choose to work. Experiment among your records to find the most suitable music. Indian club swinging may not provide much exercise for other parts of the body, but it is distinctly a shoulder exercise as well as an arm exercise, and in this connection

is to be particularly commended. Adopt a plan of swinging Indian clubs five minutes a day for one year and see what happens. The point is that you must do it persistently. You save money, not by neglecting your savings account but by putting some away each week without fail. Similarly you will improve your shoulders by exercise *each day the year 'round*.

The important thing to understand is that all full arm movements are essentially shoulder exercises, involving the upper chest and upper back, but particularly the shoulders. Wherefore, the wand exercises used in class drills, and light dumbbell calisthenics can always be recommended. It is for this reason that the arm exercises given in the photographs accompanying this article are essentially move-

ments for improving the shoulders.

Likewise, an elastic wall exerciser (whether of rubber cord or wire springs), in which (*Continued on page 90*)



Keystone

The start of a 100-yard dash at the University of Southern California, in a dual meet with the University of California, a few years ago. Paddock, third from left, is getting away with a good start. He won this race in $9 \frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

“On Your Marks—Get Set—”

Paddock's Life Story

Lessons in Form, Condition, Speed and Mental State—Memory Pictures of Morris Kirksey, Henry Williams, Carl Hass and Countless Other Stars of the Cinderpath

By *Charles W. Paddock*

THE summer of '16 found the Far Western Championships at San Diego. Partly for experience and partly to aid the Los Angeles Athletic Club team, I competed in those games, and though my help to the team was not of a very substantial order, I certainly gained experience. For there were many great stars in the sprints competing there. George Parker, one of the greatest 220 men who ever lived, was scheduled to run, and though he did not enter at the last moment, Howard Drew, the world champion was present, and two others who afterward attained great prestige, Henry Williams of Spokane and Morris M. Kirksey of Stanford University, the most daring of all the knights of the table round. He and Henry Williams add two more names to the group, the champions of condition and form.

Those who saw Williams run heat after heat and finish breathing easily knew that here was a star who had trained, and had given his speed a chance to show itself in the best possible light. While those who saw Drew run that day and fall before Williams felt that the champion of form running had met his master in more ways than one. For there was a muscular chap running that day in the first heat of the 100 yards who ran as Drew, only more perfectly. Kirksey started almost as swiftly as Drew, he picked up perfectly and then as he came

into his stride and flew forward easily, without effort, his arms moving forward and back again to his sides, with no lost action, his legs flying out before him and kicking with a last push the cinders with every stride, sport followers exclaimed that the perfect runner had at last arrived. But even in his perfection he fell with a pulled tendon that day, a tendon that caused him pain and suffering throughout his running years and caused this most daring of all the knights to give way before others who might otherwise have been beaten more regularly by him.

The running of Kirksey and Henry Williams symbolizes what can be accomplished by purposeful training with a definite object in mind. Williams worked for condition; Kirksey for form. Now the man who could combine these two, and yet possess at the same time as great an amount of perfection in each as these two individually possessed, is certain to be the champion. It was demonstrated then and later and all through my running days that if a choice is to be made between condition and form there is only one step the wise sprinter will take. For of these two, the greater is condition.

Those Far Western Championships of 1916 were held in conjunction with the San Diego Exposition, and the cinderpath was new. The stadium, as a matter of

fact, had been erected first and then the track constructed within, upsetting the usual procedure. Consequently the turns were too sharp and the straightaways too narrow. There was only room for five lanes in the hundred yards, so that only five men were to be chosen from the six semi-finalists. It so happened that both semi-final heats went in ten seconds. Having been drawn in Drew's heat, I was advised to take it easy and run for third position, as mine would be the fastest preliminary. Kirksey and Williams were both unknown that day, but their struggle proved so vigorous that the clocks registered the same as that made by Drew. The third place man of each heat drew to see which would go into the finals. And Paschal, who had taken third to Kirksey and Williams, won the right from me, who had taken third to Drew and Newhoff. Though I did not have the pleasure of participating I at least was fortunate in seeing this great contest.

A few moments before the finalists were called to their marks, Kirksey found that his leg was too bad to permit running any more that day, and withdrew. From the crack of the pistol the race was between Drew and Williams. At the sixty yard mark the world champion was leading comfortably, running with polish and precision. From there to the tape the contest became a titanic struggle. Williams was a fighter, and though of slim build and light muscled, he proved to have an enormous amount of vitality. He pulled himself by sheer strength to even terms with Drew and hurled himself into the tape scant inches ahead. It was the first time that Drew had ever been beaten when he was in condition and not suffering from leg ailments. But the champion did sprain his back trying to catch the fleet Spokane star.

It was unquestionably Henry Williams' day. He came back in the 220 yards with the same power he had shown in the hundred. He gained three yards or more on his field around the sharp turn and lost most of his margin down the straightaway, winning by a foot in 21 4-5 seconds. He had captured the hundred in 9 4-5. His double victory made him the Western choice for the sprints in the National Championships, and if successful there, he had a prospective trip to the Swedish Olympics in store. However, Henry Williams, like many another Westerner, was badly affected by the change in climate and by the hard trip across country. He failed to qualify for the finals in either race, Andy Ward of Chicago proving himself the hero of the sprints.

The furlong that day at San Diego was in reality my

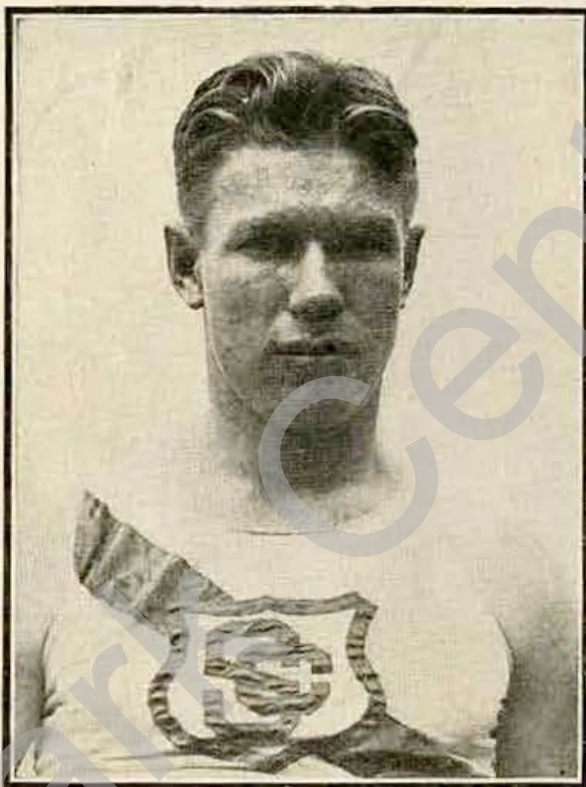
first real defeat. Twenty-two seconds was the very best that I could run for the 220 yards in my fifteenth year and I accomplished that time finishing in second position on Williams' heels. My next meeting with this star was in the Olympic tryouts in Pasadena during the summer of 1920.

The sensational event of those Championships of '16 was not in the sprints. The high hurdles held the limelight. Fred Kelly defeated Earl Thompson in the high sticks. A few weeks before Kelly had been defeated for the first time by Thompson, and in their next encounter they had run a dead heat. The Far Western title went to Kelly, as he gained a slight lead at the start which he held all the way down. The time was 14 4-5 seconds. The world record on the books at that time was 15 seconds. But earlier in '16 Robert I. Simpson of Missouri not only accomplished 14 4-5 but ran through the distance in 14 3-5 seconds for a new mark. He justified that record in the National Championships when he defeated Feg Murray, the champion of the year before, Fred Kelly, the former world champion, and Earl Thompson, the future title holder, in the most spectacular hurdle race in history. Kelly took second, Thompson, third and Murray fourth.

My following high school years of competition were colored by the sensational performances I had seen that day in the '16 Far Western. The lessons of competition, of fight, of form and of condition had already been taught me, and all this had been tinged with a certain amount of experience. Indeed, I felt in those prep days that I understood the game pretty well.

But future events soon enough dissipated that notion. I had three years of high school competition before entering the service in the World War, and receiving my diploma, and in that time I was fortunate in capturing the Southern California high school and open championships each season and annexing the State title.

Two big races will suffice to cover this period of high school running, one in '17 and another in '18. Georgie Woods of Manual was still my most dangerous adversary, harder to defeat than any of the college runners of the South, possessing wonderful starting ability, a beautiful pick-up and great speed for eighty yards. He was still inclined to falter the least bit in the final twenty, but he was overcoming this defect more and more. After several meetings, his school team invaded Pasadena on her home track and the meet had been predicted so close that the result of the hundred yards was expected to determine the outcome of the affair, and the final



Paul Thompson

This is how Charley Paddock looked back in 1919 when he first ran for the University of Southern California.

figures proved that this prediction was entirely correct.

Previous races during the season had found George Woods steadily improving. He raced over the cinder-path in ten seconds with surprising consistency for a high school sprinter, and it was claimed that no ten second man could defeat him. When we took our marks, both were decidedly nervous. For each had figured out that the race would be won and lost by the kind of start obtained. Formerly he had beaten me from my holes, but had weakened slightly toward the finish. With that defect removed from his running, he had little to fear if he could break out ahead again. As fortune would have it, I obtained the best start I had ever gotten to that time and was a good yard ahead at the fifty. Here George took a brace and though never before behind in a decisive race, he fought furiously. But the last twenty yards found his old fault in evidence and the distance between us widened appreciably. The mark was 9.45 seconds. This was the only time I ever registered under ten seconds during my high school days.

The following year in the Southern California championships conditions were almost reversed. On this occasion it was a dangerous sprinter, Lloyd Cook of San Bernardino who was the home champion. The races were staged at his home field. He was noted for his speed at the start, which did not lessen any as he went down the course. By this time my start had improved a great deal, and I could generally depend upon a lead at the fifty yard mark. This time was no exception. When the race was half over I was slightly ahead. The sensation was a peculiar one, and produced confidence. For the thought flashed through my mind that if I had more than held this runner whose greatest asset was his first fifty yards that the rest would not be so difficult. And it was here that I figured the wrong way. Cook commenced to fight at the fifty yard mark and he came through with a burst of speed that left

the decision in doubt for several seconds. This last high school race in Southern California came very close to proving my undoing. The finish between Cook and myself was again close in the State championships two weeks later. But I had learned my lesson.

Once or twice since in my running career that spirit of confidence has suddenly surged over me during a big race, and usually with disastrous effect. It is the one thing that ruins more runners than any other one cause. The voice of over-confidence is such a soothing one and so easy to obey that many a young athlete hearkens and is lost. One should enter every contest with the determination to win, it is true, but with also a good opinion of an opponents ability. For there is always a chance of defeat, else there would be no contest.

After marching and soldiering, the art of running was all the more difficult. The season of 1919 though my best to that time, was the hardest I had yet experienced as far as preparation was concerned. It was weeks before I was able to regain my form. Happily, the track schedule had been moved forward and I had no races during this period. This was my first year in college competition. Though a freshman, the bars of freshman competition had been lifted along the Pacific Coast colleges and because of the unsettled conditions, when college work was resumed in February of 1919, first year men were eligible to compete with the 'varsity. Morris Kirksey had not yet returned to Stanford University. He was still with the Marines overseas and had just been proclaimed the sprint king of

England, having captured the Service Championships that year. Henry Williams of Spokane had retired from the track, for the time being.

Robert Hutchison of California was still running. In prep days he had competed against the South under the colors of Oakland High School, and now he was fighting in the same cause for the University of California. He was the same fighting athlete of old, and came through in the



Sec. Lt. Charles W. Paddock, Field Artillery, U. S. A., 1918.



This is a striking snapshot illustrating Paddock's tremendous jump for the tape, with which he always finishes his races. Paddock discovered that the great runners were those who had a whirlwind finish. Undoubtedly his finishing strength has had much to do with winning races in many cases against competitors of approximately equal speed.

International

finish in the same startling fashion. This was probably his best year. The following season he competed in the Intercollegiate, winning the points which decided the meet in favor of his Alma Mater.

The stars of Stamford and California during the season of 1919 were not nearly so formidable as Homer Chaney of Pomona College. Here was an athlete (and there are few enough of them in the annals of sport-dom) who didn't have any particular ability when first he entered college, but who by dint of patient effort and noble striving found himself in his senior year a dangerous competitor for any man in any college. That star who was conquering the East during the self-same period, Creed Haymond of Pennsylvania, would have had his greatest speed and strength tested by a race with Chaney. The latter was a powerful appearing man, with strong shoulders and sturdy legs, and a chest fully capable of sustaining his greatest efforts. It was in fact possible for him to run through a hundred without once taking a breath, whereas the most of us not only fill our lungs when on the mark but are likewise obliged to refresh ourselves with another when we reach sixty yards, or thereabouts. With me, I often take a third as I come into the final jump for the finish tape.

So it was that I faced Homer Chaney with considerable trepidation late in the spring of this year '19. And there was a great deal more than the Southern A. A. U. Championship at stake. For there also was a probability that the winner would be invited to compete in the Inter-Allied Games which were then being arranged for the months of June and July in Paris, France. For years Chaney had competed in this same meet, which was an open affair where any amateur athlete in good standing might compete, whether he was in attendance in school or not. And his performances had never earned him a victory. But everyone realized that this year Chaney had suddenly come into his own. Both the 100 and 220 yards proved close and exciting, and the time that day was 9+5 seconds for the hundred and 21 2-5 seconds for the 220. This latter time was the best that I had ever made in the furlong, while the time in the hundred tied my best previous performance.

True to advance notices the invitation did come from Frederick W. Rubien, Secretary-Treasurer of the A. A. U., and during the first days of June forty athletes gathered together from all parts of the country to sail aboard the "Great Northern," with Col. Joe Thompson in charge, that the team of this country might be strengthened for the great Service Championships. Every man who competed there must have served his

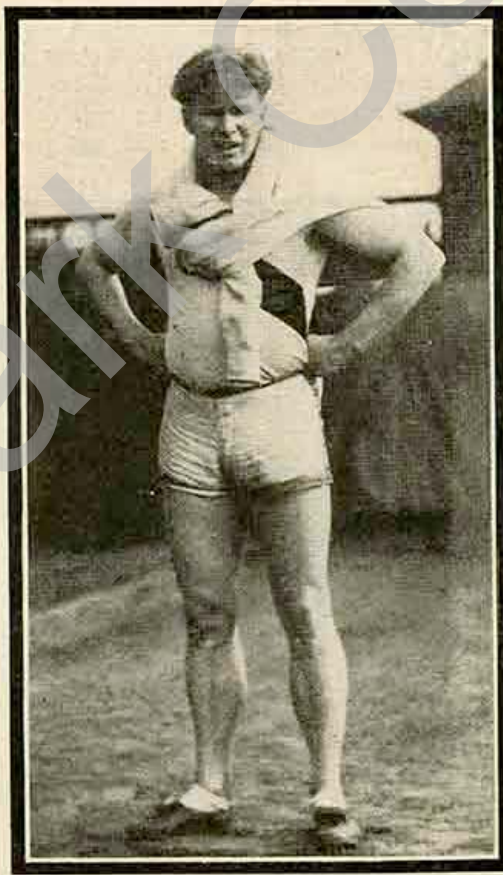
country in the army during the war, and practically all of the forty were commissioned officers. The greatest number in any one event were registered for the sprints.

Billy Moore, captain of the Harvard team, was a member of this sprint squad. Billy had place in both the 100 and 220 at the Intercollegiate that year. He was a strong runner, powerfully built, and was considered best at the 220 distance. Though he had short time in which to get back into condition he was expected to do well. Another star was Andy Kelly, record holder for the 300 yards. Andy had been out of competition for some time, but had run through a 220 in 21 2-5 seconds in a tryout for the Inter-Allied competition. Charles Carroll of Illinois, considered one of the swiftest starters who ever donned a spike, was along. He was suffering from poor tendons, but it was felt that if he could pass through the eliminations he would star for America. Sol Butler, taken principally because of his great jumping ability, also was entered in the 100 meters and as he had won the 100 yards at Pennsylvania, he was to be carefully considered.

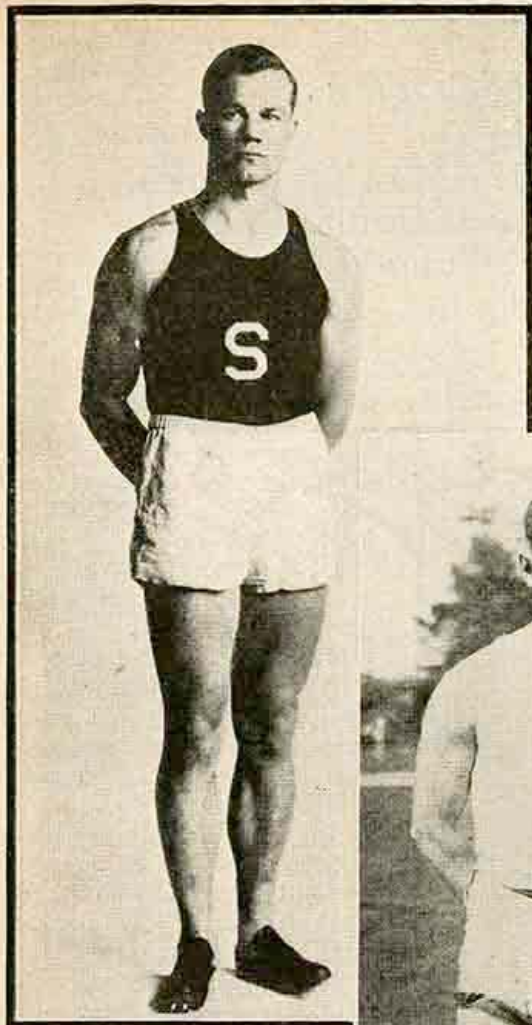
There were two Middle Westerners along, who are justly entitled to positions around the table of our Cinderpath Knights. For each was the demonstration of an essential element in sprinting. Carl Hass of Grinnell exemplified speed, sheer swiftness and quickness, as has no other man the writer ever saw in action. And while perhaps Marshall Haddock of Kansas was never a great sprinter, he did possess the perfect mental state before a contest which many another great hundred yard man would have sacrificed almost anything to possess.

Hass and Haddock both held victories over Drew and Sholtz, but both were generous enough to claim that the little Missouri speedster was a swifter man than they. Hass was slight of build, with well formed legs and every appearance of lighthness and speed. Haddock was a big man, with ideal legs for the sprinter, and yet with an air about him that impressed one with care-free restfulness. Haddock seemed to be without energy, and though he possessed untold strength, when he cared to exert it, one would never guess that such was the case, from observing him.

However, the most dangerous foe in the sprints already was in Paris. He was a sturdy chap, stronger than Hass and quicker than Haddock, with a world of experience at his command. This was Edward Teschner, formerly of Harvard University, and every sprinter aboard the Great Northern was considerably worried concerning this A. E. F. champion, whether they cared outwardly to admit it or not. The performances of Teschner



Apart from the interest of this photograph, as displaying Paddock's muscular power and his phenomenal legs, the psychology of the moment is interesting. One visualizes him as having run one or two strenuous heats and looking forward to his best efforts in the final.



Keystone International

Morris Kirksey, above, is one of Paddock's most admired "knights of the cinderpath," an athlete who runs through pure strength, and cited by Paddock as an ideal example of form in running. At the right, Paddock and Murchison, taken some time ago. Murchison is likewise one of Paddock's selected "knights of the cinderpath" and his most dangerous rival this year.



it was Col. Joe Thompson and after he had seen me work out I believe his hopes died down to a very low ebb. As for the athletes, particularly the sprinters, they did not approve of my form in running, and though they became very good friends of mine during those few days, forming bonds that have lasted through the years, they never entertained a thought as to the possibility of my defeating any of them. I returned the sentiment, with the single exception of Carl Hass. The men who appeared most dangerous to me were those stars already on the field of action, namely Eddie Teschner, Eddie Madden and Carmen Smith. Teschner had particularly come to my notice and I was worried because I was not able to be with him and to train with him. For in those days as well as now, I always felt best when I had the opportunity of

training day by day with a rival, for I have always been willing to run the man who trained in the same way that I did, and who would have accumulated practically the same amount of energy. It is the runner who is away from me and who does his training where I cannot possibly know what he is doing who worries me.

It was a grand group of men who were gathered together for that voyage, and for the sake of old remembrances allow me briefly to sketch a half dozen or so whose portraits still live vividly in my recollection. Perhaps the most striking of all in point of stature and in picturesqueness was that great swimmer, Norman Ross. In that day he was champion of the world without a rival. He stood far above the six foot mark, and weighed much over the two

hundred pound margin. But there was no fat and no bulkiness about him. He was the picture of strength and power, and the deeds he performed across the water that year proved it. After numerous successes in Germany he came back to Paris during the Inter-Allied Games and entered virtually every competition staged for swimmers, from the 100 to the 1500 meter events, and he won everyone he competed in. One day he would swim a heat and win a final, perhaps swimming the heat in the 100 meters and then competing for the championship in the 1500 meters. His power was simply superhuman and his courage magnificent. To top his deeds at the Games he engaged in a ten mile race down the Seine and won by more than half a mile. A dark, curly haired giant, with this magnificent strength, a brilliant sense (Continued on page 74)

in Paris made this general concern perfectly justified. Aboard the Great Northern sailing to France and the Inter-Allied Games I realized that I was going to my first big meet. True, I had competed in every large track affair held in the West for four seasons, but none of these could compare favorably with the immensity of the championships about to be commenced. It was a jolly crew of athletes who had been gathered together and the days passed delightfully. The routine consisted of training and reading during the day to fill in the time between meals, while the evenings were spent in talking of past meets and great athletes who had gone before.

The most important part of each day to me was the practice on the ship. For I was taking this meet very seriously indeed. No one conceded me a chance unless

hundred pound margin. But there was no fat and no bulkiness about him. He was the picture of strength and power, and the deeds he performed across the water that year proved it. After numerous successes in Germany he came back to Paris during the Inter-Allied Games and entered virtually every competition staged for swimmers, from the 100 to the 1500 meter events, and he won everyone he competed in. One day he would swim a heat and win a final, perhaps swimming the heat in the 100 meters and then competing for the championship in the 1500 meters. His power was simply superhuman and his courage magnificent. To top his deeds at the Games he engaged in a ten mile race down the Seine and won by more than half a mile. A dark, curly haired giant, with this magnificent strength, a brilliant sense (Continued on page 74)

The Food Cure of Tuberculosis

—Can It Be Suppressed?

Can the Truth Be Smothered and Buried?—Must Thousands of Victims Continue to Perish Because the Scientific "Lime Starvation" Treatment of Demonstrated Efficacy Is Withheld from Them and from the Knowledge of Physicians?

By Alfred W. McCann

THE *Journal of the American Medical Association*, No. 6, Vol. 82, February 9, 1924, assails the writer for making public "the alleged fact that there is a treatment for tuberculosis infinitely more efficacious than that now employed."

Apart from its abusive features and misrepresentations, the grossness and crudity of which cannot be reconciled with any decent standard of integrity, the outstanding disclosure of the *Journal's* panicky effort to ridicule the truth is its obvious insincerity.

The writer's exposure of the official suppression of the "lime starvation" treatment of the wage-earning consumptive described in last month's issue of *STRENGTH* consisted of a series of seventeen articles published in the *New York Evening Mail*, beginning January 2d and ending abruptly January 25, 1924.

The forms for the March number of *STRENGTH*, in which the writer appealed for funds to help carry on a model clinic at 47-49 West 63d Street, New York City, were already closed when Mr. Frank A. Munsey purchased the *New York Evening Mail* and merged it with the *Telegram*, January 28th.

The *Mail* had sponsored the movement. Its publisher, Mr. Daniel Nicoll, had signed a lease for the clinic, and Mr. Henry L. Stoddard, editor and owner of the *Mail*, had subscribed \$5,000 to get the fund started. Mr. Munsey accepted responsibility, taking it over in accordance with a specific provision in the bill of sale, and it was thought he would continue the project.

A group of doctors committed to the sanatoria treatment of tuberculosis called upon him and succeeded in their effort to convince him that he ought not to support any such sensational and unethical patent medicine propaganda.

As a result, subscribers to the fund will be reimbursed by Mr. Munsey to the amount of their subscriptions, the doors of the clinic will not be opened, and the "lime starvation" treatment will remain in the dark except in



Photograph by Nickolas Muray
Alfred W. McCann

so far as Dr. William Grant Hague, in his private practice at 45 Park Avenue, New York City, continues to keep it before the attention of the medical profession.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* dismisses McCann's "sensational vaporings" as a "circulation-builder stunt with which doubtless his employers are satisfied."

It insinuates that the writer's articles consisted of so much masked advertising to further the fortunes of two products sold to physicians in their treatment of private patients, precisely as scores of other products, advertised in the columns of the *Journal*, are recommended to the medical profession.

The indecency of this inuendo, with which doubtless thousands of physicians whom the writer has no opportunity of reaching will be deeply and conclusively impressed, is little short of vicious and may actually constitute criminal libel, in which case the writer will proceed against the *Journal* accordingly.

Why should any medical body descend to garbling if it were really interested in revealing a great medical truth? The only purpose served by garbling is to still further suppress a truth which has already suffered suppression, as the writer has fully and conclusively demonstrated.

The report of Dr. D. Clifford Martin, chief of the Tuberculosis Bureau of the Department of Health, New York City, unqualifiedly approving the treatment after an investigation lasting five months, and officially filed with his immediate superior, the Health Commissioner, who was then Dr. Royal S. Copeland, now United States Senator Copeland, cannot be ridiculed or suppressed. The writer fortunately possesses the original carbon copy.

The public statements published January 2, 1924, by Dr. Frank J. Monaghan, Dr. Copeland's successor, and by Senator Copeland himself, cannot be suppressed. They are now happily a matter of record.

Obviously there is a sanatoria ring in the United

States. Millions of dollars are invested in these institutions, which provide many lucrative medical jobs, and in the case of the state and municipally supported establishments many lucrative medical-political jobs.

The sanatoria ring is confronted by the uncontroverted fact that but 22 per cent. of the sanatoria cases are eventually discharged as "cured," whereas an unquestioned mass of clinical data clearly proves that the "lime starvation" treatment has 68 per cent. of "cures" to its credit.

Moreover, the sanatoria do not accept the well-advanced cases with which the "lime starvation" treatment begins. There is much evidence to prove that if the "lime starvation" treatment were to sift out its cases as they are sifted out by the sanatoria it would have close to 100 per cent. of "cures" to its credit.

Regardless of medical ethics or the personal interests of the sanatoria ring, the only thing that counts is the difference between the "cures" of the sanatoria and the "cures" of the "lime starvation" treatment. This difference represents hundreds of thousands of lives—hundreds of thousands of deaths.

Avoiding all reference to this difference, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* seeks to bury the writer's exposure under the odium of a patent medicine campaign, although from the very beginning the writer publicly turned over to the medical authorities not only all details of the treatment, but the actual formulas under which it is carried on.

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has no ridicule for the famous Dr. John F. Murphy, known to the entire world as the inventor of the "Murphy Button," and to whose memory one of the greatest hospitals of America is being erected in Chicago.

Dr. Murphy himself is the author of these bitter words: "If we were to ask the profession today what disease is most outrageously treated of all diseases that cause mortality to the human race—a disease that every honest man must admit is indifferently and outrageously neglected in its treatment—the answer would be tuberculosis of the lungs. In fact, it borders on a crime."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* has no ridicule for Professor Richard C. Cabot, Harvard Medical College, whose words are equally bitter. "I know," says Professor Cabot, "from my own certain knowledge that the vast majority of physicians in Massachusetts cannot make a diagnosis of early tuberculosis. I do not believe that one-tenth of the physicians in any State can tell incipient tuberculosis when they see it from physical signs.

"You should not believe, therefore, that the conditions are worse in Wisconsin [he was addressing the State Medical Society of Wisconsin]

than in other States. The indictment is a true bill against the whole medical profession. We should get busy and do something—not merely investigate, inquire or consider, but do some of the things that we already know we ought to do."

The *Journal of the American Medical Association* does not address itself to the indictments of such men as Drs. Murphy and Cabot; does not refer to the report of Dr. D. Clifford Martin; does not even notice the embarrassing, even humiliating, public statement of Health Commissioner Monaghan, or the equally embarrassing, although straightforward statement, of Dr. Monaghan's predecessor in office, United States Senator Royal S. Copeland.

It contents itself with smearing a patent-medicine complexion over the face of the writer's exposures, notwithstanding the fact that the writer not only described the nature and purpose of the organic lime food employed in the treatment, but actually recommended that "every city health department laboratory in the United States should make this extraordinary lime food as they now make serums, antitoxins, and other preparations used in the treatment of pneumonia, diphtheria and other diseases."

Speaking of the imperative need of fats in the treatment of tuberculosis, the writer declared: "This does not mean that the 'lime starvation' treatment must carry upon its back the fortunes of any privately owned or patented emulsion, all of which may be good in their way, but no one of which is essential to the success of the 'lime starvation' treatment."

If publication of all the "secrets" of the treatment, together with the opening of a model clinic for the education of the physicians themselves, and if urging upon the medical authorities the duty of taking over the preparation of the simple raw materials employed in the treatment constitutes patent medicine propaganda, what patent medicine manufacturer could be induced,

in the name of common sense, to support a program of official action that would take out of his hands the only means he would have of profiting by such a campaign?

Divorcing the treatment from any tie-up with any patent emulsion, the writer early in his series of articles, in fact in the second article, said: "The diet should consist of simple, plainly cooked, nutritious food, excepting all thin soups, fried foods of any kind, and pastries. Whole meal bread containing all of the grain is rigorously prescribed.

"Plenty of butter, which fortunately is a form of fat that can be tolerated in great abundance by most people, and particularly by the tuberculous, should be used with the bread.

(Continued on page 96)

Politics in Medical Circles

THE medical profession undoubtedly represents many of the best people in the world. But when these people are banded together in a tremendous organization it is inevitable that politics should enter that organization. Apparently, it is medical politics that is to blame for the amazing state of things revealed in this article by Mr. McCann—namely, the evident attempt of a small clique to bottle up the truth about the "lime starvation" treatment of tuberculosis. We are satisfied that the actions of a few medical officials—if they are officials—are not representative of the profession as a whole. If some ill-advised writer on the staff of the *Journal of the A. M. A.* is indiscreet enough to speak slurringly of Mr. McCann or of a system of treatment, chiefly dietetic, which really cures tuberculosis, we do not believe that he voices the attitude of the majority of progressive physicians.

The average physician is looking for progress. Your family doctor wants to cure his patients if he can learn how, including T. B. sufferers. Not only should the victims of the disease resent the attempt to suppress the truth about any new treatment, and particularly the treatment described by Mr. McCann in *STRENGTH* last month and referred to again in this article, but physicians everywhere will resent any attempt to limit or prevent their own education upon the subject of this new treatment and its best technique.—The Editor.



Nervous, emotional people need particularly to live a normal social life, with friendships and human contacts. Artistic hobbies satisfy the need for an easy emotional self-expression. Every woman should play just for play, and then play all over—outdoors when possible.

The Nervous, Emotional Woman

You Can Build Nerve-Strength and Avoid Nerve-Storms
By Living in Every Way a More Normal Life—Here Are
Practical Suggestions

By *Mabel Dill*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDITH M. B. WILLIAMS

ONE of the things that men have always said about women is that "women are so emotional!"

We women all know what they mean by this—that we are oversensitive, too personal, that we take things too hard, that we become excited and get upset too easily, that our feelings are always getting hurt,—perhaps in particular, that we are always bursting into tears over something or other!

Not a woman of us will admit that all of this can be true of many women. But we do know that some of it is true of every woman. It may be that it seems to us that men always act pretty much as they feel; it may be we can tell the moment our husband or father or brother or "boss" enters the room whether he is in a good humor or not; perhaps it doesn't seem to us that men try to hide their feelings at all, but show them just like children. Nevertheless, we all know perfectly well that on the whole women are much more "intense" and

"high-strung" than men; that they are possessed of a tremendous emotional sensitiveness, and have a great capacity for emotional response. We know that there are only too many women whose emotions take it out of them—and their families!—to a truly tragic extent. Most of us, I think, would agree with Mr. Hutchinson when he says in "This Freedom":

"Men don't have attachments. They have detachments. Women don't have hobbies. They have obsessions. Women cannot sip. They drain."

Men are emotional, too, of course. But their feelings are not so easily aroused as a woman's, nor do they seem to "get" them as much. A woman may be sent into hysterics by an occurrence which will make her husband merely peevish. A man and his wife may have a violent argument and he may have forgotten his grudge while she is still brooding.

Women have a way of envying men this superior emotional balance, but, after all, men deserve little

credit for it. Probably all of us started out with pretty much the same endowment, the difference between the sexes in this respect having been produced by the different kinds of lives they have been forced to lead. Men have thousands upon thousands of years behind them of battling and achievement—out and away from the home. They have had every possible opportunity to develop impersonality. Women, on the other hand, have had their "emotionalism" encouraged by a life which until very recently indeed has been shut in to interests which were purely personal. Their homes, their husbands, their children have been all they have had to occupy their attention for all these thousands upon thousands of years. It has been only in about the last fifty or sixty years that they have been acquiring other interests and have begun to get a better perspective on themselves.

I suppose as far back as cave-man days new little brides have been advised by their mothers or married sisters:

"Now remember, my dear, if there's anything a man hates, it's a scene! Whatever you do, *don't* be emotional!"

But who has ever said to these young brides:

"Don't be emotional, not merely because your husband won't like it, but because *nobody* likes it! It will not only injure your efficiency as a wife and mother, but will hurt you in a business way, a social way and every other way. And it will make you sick!"

Woman, after all, is the chief sufferer from her emotionalism.

What woman that reads these lines has not suffered, at some time or another, from headache or indigestion or fatigue or insomnia, an attack of nerves—indeed, an actual nervous breakdown—because she worried, or took things too hard, or got excited or had her feelings hurt, or something of the kind?

What woman has not had her emotionalism affect her mentally?

Here is Mrs. S., who had to make a speech at a luncheon the other day and who had an attack of stage-fright. Mrs. S.'s knees shook, her hands, her voice. She became mentally confused, and could not remember what she wanted to say. Her talk was a failure.

Mrs. K— gave a dinner the other night. Just as it was time for her guests to arrive someone telephoned her some unpleasant gossip. She went down to greet her friends, depressed and distraught. Her efforts to sparkle were in vain; she was as dull as ditch-water, and her dinner fell quite flat.

Miss B— is a teacher, with forty wriggling girls and boys in her charge.

Yesterday her whole day was a trial and she came home completely worn out, because her day started with a distressing scene at the breakfast-table.

Miss E., a business woman, has some creative work to do this morning. But she cannot concentrate, because of an annoying occurrence soon after she came down to the office.

And so it goes.

No one is more energetic than the emotional woman. Frequently she is a brilliant worker. But she is likely to work in spells. Sustained effort is difficult for her. She has to be "in the mood." She wastes enough time with which to do almost anything, and gets three times as tired as is necessary.

How much of this emotional intemperance we see! And what a very bad thing it is all around. How many wretched wives or mothers or business women could become completely well and happy if they would only set themselves to learn how to stop hurrying and worrying, being so easily discouraged, so sensitive, so excitable, or envious, or resentful or over-conscientious.

"But how? *How?*" We don't want to be like this. What shall we do?" ask some of these women.

Perhaps the very first thing one should do should be to consult a good physician, to find out whether there is any physical cause for "those moods," that habit of looking on the dark side, that tendency to get excited over every little thing. A friend of mine consulted a specialist recently for melancholy. After following his instructions with regard to diet, she was forced to conclude that the trouble with her mentally was all physical! Many women suffer from depression and worry and even from jealousy or sensitiveness or lack of self-confidence, because they are too fond of candy, cake, pickles, sweet stuff and fried stuff, and are addicted to the rocking-chair or automobile habit. They need to

take some good brisk walks and to eat more green vegetables and fruit. Everyone is studying psychology nowadays, and we are all talking about how the mind affects the body. We need to remember that the thing works the other way around, too. We cannot expect anything else but to be nervous and emotional when we eat unwisely, take so little exercise, breathe foul air much of the time and go flying about from affair to affair all afternoon and evening, permitting ourselves to get all tired out. We are not giving our bodies a square deal.

Dr. William Allen White, of St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane, made the statement in a recent address in Washington, D. C., that spiritual faith was of the very highest value as a mental stabilizer. Dr. White at the moment was not re-



We are not giving our bodies a square deal. Women suffer from depression and worry because they are too fond of candy, cake, pickles and fried stuff and are addicted to the rocking-chair habit. They need to take good brisk walks and to eat more green vegetables and fruit.

ferring to insane persons, of course, but to ordinary, every-day mental disturbances such as discouragement, worry, fear, etc. In "Outwitting Our Nerves" Dr. Josephine Jackson speaks of "that great energizer, religion. Dr. William S. Sadler, in "Worry and Nervousness," refers to "the great and helpful influence of religious faith, the profoundly quieting effect of spiritual confidence." What a person believes about the Universe has more to do with his mental and physical health than many believe. I have known men and women who got sick solely because they had lost their faith. I have seen them get well upon regaining it. So it may be that the very first thing the overemotional woman should be is to establish an optimistic philosophy of life, and as strong a belief as possible in the friendliness of the Universe.

The next step should be to get out into some form of club or other outside work, if but for one hour a week. Those women who are too busy with domestic responsibilities to take on any outside work can often bring these interests into their lives through their husbands and friends, and through lectures, books and magazines.

I recently heard several clubwomen deploring the lack of sportsmanship of a member who had lost her temper over the way something had gone.

"I used to be like that," one of the women said, musingly: "I always wanted my own way. But things can go against me now and I can be good friends with my opponents just as if nothing had happened. Club life has made me much less personal."

"Well, it has made me less self-conscious, I notice," said another. "I used to be scared to death to second a motion even. Now I've got so that I don't care. It really is awfully silly to mind so much what other people think."

"I've noticed that I may take my worries to the club with me, but I seldom take them home with me again," smiled a third. And a fourth said that she had learned to be "less impossibly idealistic."

It will do great things for almost any woman to get out into the sunshine and fresh air of wholesome, out-of-self living.

Many nerve specialists say that the most difficult of all cases to cure are those who belong in the class of the idle rich. Work is important for emotional women, because when a woman has enough to do it takes her out of herself, and gives her less time for self-pity and dwelling upon her troubles. It uses energy wholesomely which would otherwise be used in a harmful way.

Some people complain that their work is uncongenial. Of course, this isn't the best thing in the world for a person, and a woman so situated should try to change her work if it is possible. If not, *she must try to change herself*. For it may well be that her nervousness and unhappiness are caused less by the fact of her work's being uncongenial than by her resentment over the situation, getting her back up against it and feeling sorry for herself. We can like pretty much anything we have to do, if we will just throw ourselves into it cheerfully and wholeheartedly, *and act as if we liked it*. It is a good plan when we can't get what we want to try to like what we've got!

Many women are emotional because they do not work enough. Many others because they do not play enough. There are women who practically never play. There are others who do not know how. Only too many of

us indulge in artificial or unwholesome forms of recreation. How many of your women friends walk, ride, swim, play tennis or golf, go fishing or hunting or rowing—even when on their vacations?

Play relieves the effort and strain of work, and diverts and rests the mind and breaks monotony. Every woman should play for play, and then play all over—outdoors when possible, but always at something which is both congenial and refreshing.

Many women find pleasure in artistic hobbies. The results may be atrocious from the viewpoint of the professional, nevertheless this splashing around in a riot of color or sound satisfies the need for an easy, emotional self-expression. Concerts, plays, pictures, books, talking to congenial friends, getting out under the trees or under the stars—these are all forms of wholesome emotional relief. Some of us have a way of thinking that the word "emotional" should be applied only to those who go into frenzies or break up the furniture. Now, these women are simply taking the more primitive and instinctive way of relieving their feelings. They probably do not suffer half as much as the quiet, "self-controlled" woman who "keeps it all in!" Our problem is to choose a form of emotional relief which is good for the particular person concerned and bad for no one else. If I relieve myself by screaming out virtuperations and throwing the dishes at my family I am doing the same thing as my neighbor who sits down at her piano when in this same mood and dashes off the most thundering thing she knows. But we are doing it in different ways—one in an ugly, unsocial way, the other in a way which is dignified and legitimate.

Nervous, emotional people very often are sensitive and lacking in self-confidence. They have a tendency to stay off by themselves. Whereas they need particularly to live a normal social life, with friendships and human contacts. A physician of my acquaintance recently said to me that many nervous women could get well if they would only stop being critical and suspicious, cultivate a sense of humor, learn to enjoy little things more, and be friendly and generous. Ugly, overserious feelings have a tendency to "take it out of us," while nice, pleasant feelings refresh us and make us "feel good."

Work, play, friendship, outside interests help us emotionally *because they cool our thinking and make it less violently personal. Our feelings are created by our thoughts*. We hear a great deal nowadays about cultivating the right mental attitudes, about letting go of our discouraged, fearful way of looking at things and of considering our problems optimistically instead. This practice is valuable in that it tends not only to establish the habit of optimistic *thinking*, but of optimistic *feeling*, in time.

"Day-by-day-ing" is helpful. But shall we get very far with affirmations of peace and joy if we are at the same time living idle, lonely lives—which make it only too fatally easy for us to indulge in thoughts of worry and self-pity? Will it do any good to say, "I am well" if one does not understand the causes of her illness? At the same time she is affirming health she may be doing the same things that made her sick in the first place—eating incorrectly, getting overfatigued, being lazy, thinking fear-thoughts. Will anyone achieve love and plenty by affirming while she continues to act quarrelsome and indolent? It is (Continued on page 98)



Our medieval ancestors who could toss off at a draught an enemy's skull full of raw liquor without batting an eyelash also felt frightfully empty if they didn't get five or ten pounds of meat (sometimes ten) at every meal.

How Much Meat Shall I Eat?

Eat Meat, Drink and Be Merry, and To-morrow You Die—Be Temperate and You Will Live Long as Well as Merrily—Evidence That the Stimulation of Meat Eating Induces the Craving for Alcohol

By *Alvin F. Harlow*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LIVINGSTON GEER

PERSONS who have not studied the proposition carefully may be astounded to learn that the question whether we shall or shall not eat meat is now declared to have a moral angle to it. In fact, it begins to appear that the Prohibitionists should have looked into the matter when they set about putting liquor out of business.

The question whether or not we should eat meat has been a major one in hygiene, ethics and even religion for these many years. Certain individuals and cults have banned flesh-eating for sentimental or, as they regarded them, religious reasons; while on the other hand are numbers of well-informed persons, including even many doctors, who say that the dangers of meat-eating are greatly exaggerated, and that one cannot do better than be guided by one's taste as to the quantity of meat included in the diet.

As is usual in such discussions, the sanest point of view is found somewhere between these two extremes. There is no harm in being a strict vegetarian—one may be healthy, strong and happy without ever a morsel of meat passing one's lips; but such a rigid restriction of the diet is not absolutely necessary. On purely sentimental grounds I lean somewhat towards the vege-

tarians, especially as regards wild meat. I don't like the thought of wild things being killed. I think I have killed the last bird or animal, either wild or tame, that I shall ever kill. And yet, with the charming inconsistency of humankind, I do not seriously balk at eating a piece of domestic meat that has been killed by somebody else.

The question of meat-eating resolves itself largely—but not entirely—into a question of protein. Protein is one of the most important things in our lives. Aside from the bone and water content, our body tissues consist mostly of this complex ingredient, which is in itself a combination of nitrogenous substances called amino-acids. Our everyday activities are continually breaking down and destroying portions of our body protein, and we must replace it. Protein is therefore an absolutely essential part of our diet; and the irreducible daily minimum of the pure product needed by the average person is given as from two to four ounces.

Protein is found in high concentration in meats, eggs, milk and many vegetables, particularly beans, peas, grains and nuts. Some folks used to (and some do still) insist that you can't get your quota of protein unless you eat meat; but you'll find that the people who

cling to such a long-ago-exploded theory are great lovers of meat themselves. Really, you could get all the protein you needed if never another animal or fowl were killed in the world. A bread, butter and peanut butter sandwich will give you as much protein as a fair-sized portion of steak.

"Meat," says the United States Department of Agriculture, "is strikingly poor in calcium, and does relatively little to balance a diet consisting largely of bread or of other products of seed. It does, of course, supplement the protein, but the American dietaries would nearly always be adequate as regards protein, even without the meat that they contain."

It must be remembered that when one lives on a diet rich in protein, as do so many American meat-eaters, there is left in the body a large residue of lime "ash" or waste, which the liver and kidneys must dispose of. When the rich protein diet is long continued, these waste products accumulate in such quantities that the excretory organs are overworked and disease results—rheumatism, gout, hardening of the arteries, kidney trouble and the like. The first thing a physician does when treating such cases is to restrict the quantity of meat in the diet or cut it out altogether—and always with beneficial results.

Furthermore, the "purins" contained in meat tend to produce uric acid, and intestinal poisoning often occurs from bacterial action, which starts putrefaction. This is peculiarly true of those insides of animals which many folks consume with such gusto and some of which are regarded as real delicacies—brains, liver, heart, kidneys, sweetbreads, tripe, and so on. The mere thought of guzzling down such vitals seems much more cannibalistic than any other meat-eating.

Remember that these things putrefy and consequently create poison more quickly in the alimentary canal than any other kind of food, unless it be shellfish. And, by the way, I very seriously doubt whether Providence ever intended shellfish to be eaten by man—especially crabs and lobsters. More indigestion, ptomaine poisoning and death have been brought about by these foods than by all the watermelons, cucumbers and mince pie ever produced in history. They are among the most dangerous foods that we put in our mouths.

Man, ever since he could be called man, has been a mixed feeder, but the evidence all goes to show that our primitive ancestors ate far less meat than we (as a race) eat in the present day—in short, that as we became more civilized, we paradoxically became more carnivorous. It should have been just the other way about; for as we grew farther and farther away from the vigorous life of the cave-man, we became less and less able to assimilate a high protein diet. But civilization, as Mr. Wiggam and his brother scientists are warning us, is a weakening and destructive force. There was a time when our primitive, semi-animal instincts were safe guides in choosing the food that we ate, but today we are filled with perverted instincts and cravings. We are choosing things more stimulating, things more highly flavored, things more highly concentrated as to taste and nutrition and which will therefore satisfy our cravings more quickly.

We have been meat drunkards for several centuries, and along with our meat drunkenness has gone other inebriations as well. Our mediæval ancestors—Goths, Franks, Saxons, Celts and the like—who could toss off

at a draught an enemy's-skullful of raw liquor without batting an eyelash also felt frightfully empty if they didn't get at least five or six pounds of meat (sometimes ten) at every meal, with possibly a little snack in between to stay the stomach. We have improved slightly on the manners of those old hellions, but some of us haven't improved much; and now science has proved a direct connection between the meat-gorging and the booze.

The truth is that meat is a stimulant of peculiar force, and, as is the case with all stimulants, the continued use of it makes the eater crave other stimulants, such as alcoholic drinks. Think of any drunkard you know or have known and see if you don't recall that he is or was a considerable meat eater. I could name not a few of them who have come within my ken. Heavy meat-eating may therefore be regarded as dangerous from a moral as well as a physical point of view.

Those readers who are old enough to remember the so-called "good old days," twenty years and more ago, and who may have seen the inside of a saloon of that period, where a free lunch could be had with every drink between certain hours of the day, will recall the tremendous preponderance of meat in the menu of those lunches. Without being at all scientific in the matter, those fat old saloonkeepers knew perfectly well what they were about. Almost every article of food furnished with a drink either increased the craving for more stimulant or by reason of its saltiness titillated the thirst. Some did both.

Those were the days when food and drink were at their cheapest in our history. The fellow who bought only a five-cent glass of beer could step over to a bountifully-spread table and help himself to as much as he wanted to eat. There would be rye bread, of course, and pretzels (very salty) and potato salad and raw onions and dill pickles; but about eight-ninths of the eatables consisted of such things as ham, roast beef, pigs' feet, "head cheese" or "souse," pickled herring, hassenpfeffer, frankfurters, bologna, wienerwurst, liverwurst, blutwurst and others still worse, if possible. Why, some old down-and-outers used actually to sustain life on the one free meal they got every day with a glass of beer. And, of course, every meal increased the craving for drink.

"Alcohol and vegetarianism," says a high authority, "are incompatible." At a certain New York sanitarium one thousand cases of inebriation have already been treated with marked success by means of a vegetable diet. Dr. Jackson of New York says that of all agencies that have been brought to bear on such cases, none has proved so effective as that of diet, save the psychological.

A remarkable practical example of the good that has been done in the cause of sobriety by means of dietetic reform is shown by experiments made in some of the Salvation Army homes for inebriates. The matron of one such home, speaking generally, remarked that the benefits were simply incalculable. She discussed the cases of 110 women of all strata of society who in four years had passed through the home; "two-thirds of these have been the worst possible cases, most of them being habitual drunkards of ten, fifteen and twenty-five years' standing; some so bad that other homes would not receive them." The workers in the home themselves found that on a low meat diet the strain and anxiety usually

attendant upon such a job grew perceptibly less, and they were in a much easier, more restful frame of mind. But the benefits received by the workers were mild as compared to those which fell to the lot of the drunken inmates, the former deplorable state of the latter rendering the change much more marked. "Lazy, vicious, bloated, gluttonous, bad-tempered women, heavy with years of soaking, made under this treatment a rapid recovery, became much more contented, even happier, and all craving for drink gradually disappeared."

I once knew a man whose practice it was to arise earlier on Sunday morning than on any other day in the week, because that was "his" morning—the occasion when his wife lolled in bed while he got up and cooked his own breakfast. I firmly believe he did this chore for the sensuous pleasure of handling the meat and revelling in the rich odorous smoke of the frying grease, which made the atmosphere of the kitchen so thick that you could well-nigh cut it with a knife. It almost brought tears to his eyes even to describe the bacchanale afterwards to a friend. The *pièce de résistance* at these Sunday morning feasts was always a platter of liver and bacon. He admitted that he sometimes ate fifteen or twenty slices of liver and the same number of bacon, together with a few biscuits and two or three cups of coffee to wash it all down.

That man would have regarded it as an outrage if he had been compelled to eat a meal without meat. He was a clerk in a railway auditing office, and never rose above a very modest salary. He felt it necessary to keep whiskey in the house all the time for medicinal purposes—to cure colds and aid digestion and so on. And he usually had a cold for the better part of every winter. At intervals he took an overdose of his medicine and couldn't go to the office for three or four days—sometimes even had to be aided home from downtown by a friend; but the company was very lenient with him. He died at fifty, honey-combed with disease and as old as he should have been at ninety. I have known many others like unto him, and so have you.

How much meat may one eat and remain healthy? Well, I have already named some meats which I don't think should be eaten at all. For the rest, the quantity depends entirely upon the habits and idiosyncrasies of the individual.

The man who engages in violent physical labor or sport can eat more meat without detriment to himself than the fellow who sits at a desk all day. You may compare us all to big and little steamships, if you will. A vessel of the type of the Leviathan, pulling her many thousands of tons across the ocean at high speed will consume her hundreds of tons of coal or barrels of oil in a day, whereas a little coastwise tub's daily consumption may be measured by pounds or gallons.

Mr. Calvert, in an interesting article in this magazine a few months ago about Arthur Saxon, the greatest weight-lifter of modern times, told of how Arthur and his two brothers, while on their exhibition tours through this country, used to tip the cooks and waiters at the hotels where they were stopping to serve them huge steaks two inches thick. Well, as among men, Arthur Saxon and his brothers might be likened to the Leviathan, the Aquitania and the Olympic. Some of the rest of us,

by comparison, are like motor yawls. Shoving 370 pounds into the air with one hand—and similar stunts—of course broke down Arthur Saxon's body protein with startling rapidity (a perfectly healthy process, mind you!) and he had to eat heavily to replace it.

But even then, one wonders whether he did not eat too much meat, as those physical giants so frequently do. It would seem logical and natural that such men should live to a great age; but even strong men do not digest their food with their back muscles, and they can easily over-tax their internal organs. The trouble is that they are so powerful, always so hungry, so zestful, that they forget that every physique, no matter how strong, has its limitations; and they, like many of their weaker brethren, are prone to take on more protein than their bodies can dispose of.

There may be loggers or longshoremen who can eat a moderate quantity of meat three times a day and lay up no trouble for their later years thereby, but I have an idea that such men are few. And yet I know men who work in store and office who do that very thing. As a rule, you will find that such men are peculiarly subject to some or all of the following troubles: coughs, colds, grippe, pneumonia, catarrh, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, bad teeth, appendicitis, and numerous kidney and bladder afflictions. The Life

(Continued on page 102)



On Sunday morning he cooked his own breakfast. He ate fifteen slices of liver, the same of bacon. He died at fifty.

Will the "Conquering North" Win the Olympics?

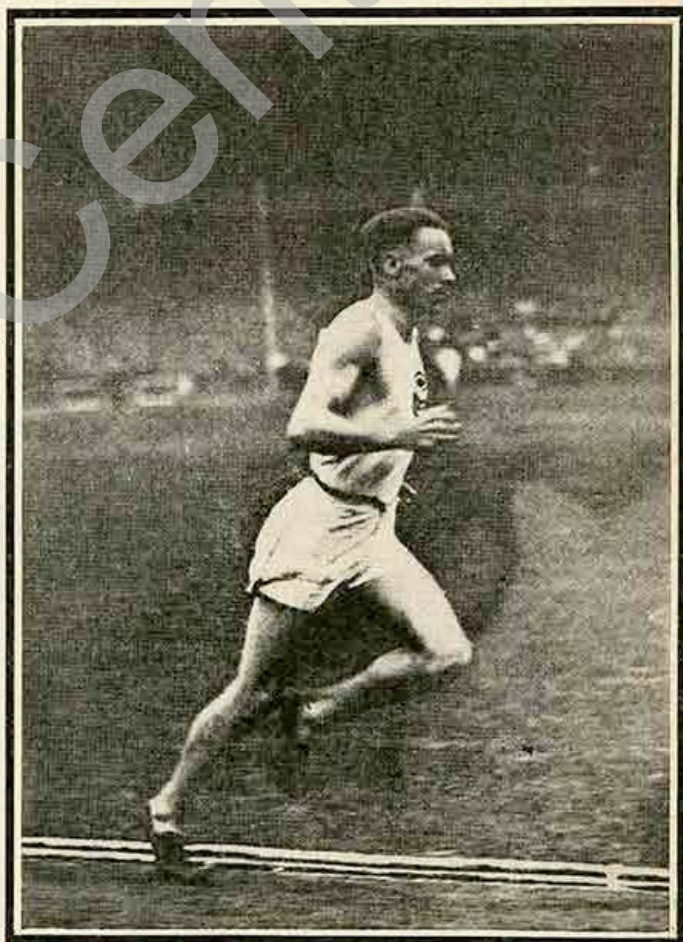


Wide World

Finland Threatens American Athletic Supremacy—The Sensational Development of an Athletic Nation—The American Olympic Team Has a Real Fight on Its Hands

By T. Von Ziekursch

The world is looking forward to the prospective contest between Paavo Nurmi, of Finland (at left), and our own Joie Ray (below) in the Paris Olympics. Joie Ray will enter with plenty of fight in his heart, but fighting spirit may not avail against speed. Nurmi has run the mile in 4 minutes, 10 $\frac{2}{5}$ seconds, several seconds faster than Ray's best mark.



Kadel & Herbert

THE race that would exist in a northern clime must of necessity be a hardy breed. This has been so since the earliest beginning of understanding that climatic and living conditions affect our human energy, virility, stamina and even strength.

Beyond doubt the marauding viking crew led by some brawny jarl of the northern sea was the envy of many a commander of Rome's proudest triremes.

Since time immemorial organization, strategy and their kin have been the heritage of southern climes, heroic strength the symbol of the northlands. And at intervals that wild strength of the north has launched forth irresistibly, mightily, to sweep all before the avalanche of its power.

Is the world facing another such conquest—of a different type this time? Every indication points to it. Out of the north they are coming down again, but this time it is not a matter of spears and arrows, sword on sword, no rush of terror inspiring, bearded giants to batter down the veteran legionnaires. It is a different kind of threat, the threat of athletic supremacy.

And it may be that this summer new standards will be erected in the halls of victory where the world's greatest athletes are honored.

Since the revival of the Olympics as the world's greatest games at Athens nearly three decades ago, American brawn, stamina and skill have been supreme when the last tape was broken and the final point totaled. Here

and there some mighty one has arisen to bear the banner of another nation through the lists to individual conquest, but the outstanding feats of the games have been by those who wore the Stars and Stripes. The United States was a pioneer land where men had lived close to the soil and nature under conditions that made for strength and vitality. The American athletes were the sons of men who were not hot-house plants, the products of super-heated offices and no exercise. But the time when such fathers were the parents of the race was fast passing. However, Americans remained supreme, and then the rest of the world began to take notice.

One of the things that the old world did notice, and notice quickly, was that American methods were best beyond question. And the rest of the world began to adopt them. In other words, Americans were laying the way and paving it to make their own path harder. They were developing opposition for themselves.

And that opposition has crystallized in the north, where there is no such thing as luxury. There was the stronghold of people who are of virile stock, who live closer to the elemental by far than Americans. From Finland, from Sweden, from Norway came a new breed of athletes who surprised the world, the United States included.

When one stops to think it over one realizes that never was the value of proper dieting and living for athletes or for the development of hardihood in a race better emphasized than it is in the case of Finland, which now stands acknowledged as the greatest nation of athletes in the world and a nation of mighty formidable soldiers.

The writer has had the opportunity of seeing at close range the training and living habits of such wonders

as Hahnés Kohlehmainen, the man who broke the world's record in the last Olympic twenty-six mile Marathon and who, despite the fact that he is long past

the prime of so-called athletic years, will be the favorite for the long grind that ends in the Colombes Stadium at Paris this year: Willie Ritola, who was good enough to come over here and hold two of our national championships; Villar Kyronen, another of their greatest, and some of their lesser lights.

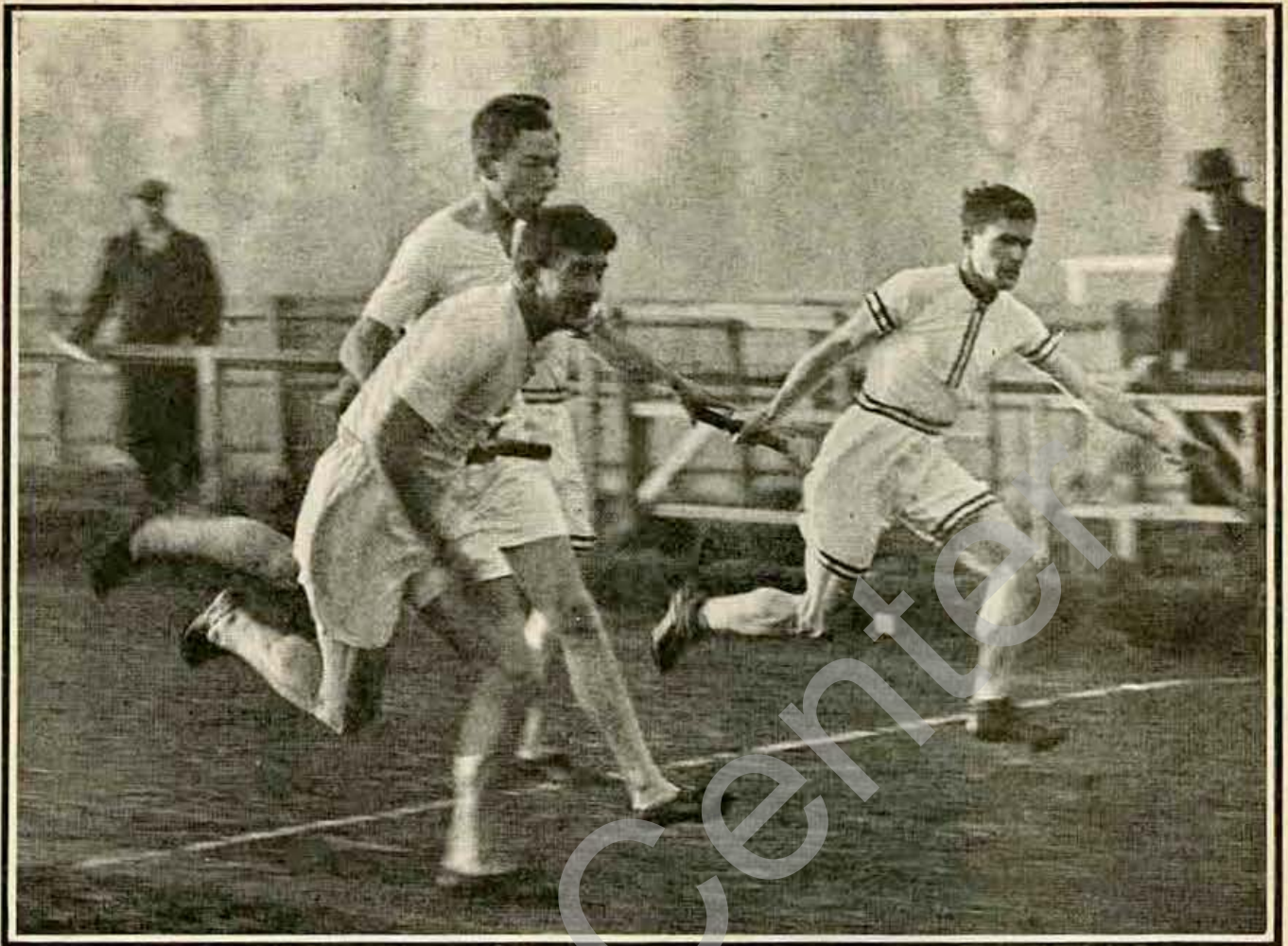
Imagine the simplicity of a diet that consists of black bread, dried fish and fresh meat and fruit on occasions. Add to that long nights of rest and plenty of hard work, necessary in order to wrest a living from the northland. Then can you wonder why the Finns are the world's mightiest race of



Keystone Central News

Here are two more of Finland's fleet-footed representatives. Above, Willie Ritola, now well known in America, but who will represent his native country in the coming Olympics. At the right, H. Kohlehmainen, winner of the Marathon race at Antwerp in record time, and undoubtedly one of the greatest distance runners that ever lived. Note how his running style resembles that of Nurmi on the opposite page.





England and South Africa promise to offer stiff competition at Paris. This photograph, snapped during a half-mile relay race at the Oxford-Cambridge relay race at Oxford, is a picture that speaks louder than words relative to the athletic material available in the British Isles. *Wide World*

athletes and why the Swedes and Norsemen, given the advantages of American coaching, are great athletes?

And they train, these northland folk. No necessity for watching them to keep them from violating training rules. Their fathers have been in bed at 9 o'clock every night for centuries, and so are they. Their fathers have been content with simple food and hard work, and so are they. Perhaps that explains why they do not burn out after a few years of terrific competition.

Take the case of Paavo Nurmi, the twenty-two-year-old youth who recently, at Stockholm, broke that much assailed one-mile record made by the late Norman Taber. It was not a case of split seconds. He ran the mile in 4 minutes 10.2-5 seconds, which was 2.1-5 better than the mark of the former American Rhodes scholar.

In 1920, when he was nineteen years old, this Nurmi won two Olympic championships—the 10,000 metre race and the 10,000 metre cross country—and also finished second to the great Frenchman, Guillemot, in the 5,000 metres. And he is a better runner today than he was then. Whom does the United States have with a chance to beat him in the mile and possibly in two or three other events?

In those 1920 Olympics Finland was just beginning to find itself. Some of their athletes had won at previous Olympiads, but their victories were athletic mir-

acles, for none of them knew anything about the finesse of the sports they were competing in. For instance, one of them went to the games at Athens in 1906, picked up the discus and without any semblance of form threw it far enough to beat the finely coached stars of the entire world.

They are not natural sprinters nor weight men. As a race they are wiry, possessed of great endurance, not large, but endowed with long, flat muscles. But the fact they are not natural sprinters and middle distance men is no indication that they may not upset the dope bucket in that respect also. Nurmi was at his best at six miles, yet he came down to a mile and broke the world's record.

In individual honors they certainly outshone the rest of the world at the last Olympics. Lehtonen won the pentathlon with a fellow-countryman third. Niklander and Taipale were first and second in the discus. The first four places in the javelin throw went to them with Myrra, the winner, smashing the world's record. Porhola and Niklander took first and second in the shot put, an event in which Americans had always excelled. Kohlemainen won the marathon and Nurmi galloped off with two triumphs and one second place. And this year their team will be strengthened by Ritola and Kyronen, who have consistently beaten the best distance men in America.

All in all, there is hardly room for doubt that



ca now are the sons of a hardy race of pioneers who conquered the veldt, much as our own ancestors conquered the forests and plains. And South Africa in the past few years has come forward with some mighty fine athletes. Included among them are Dunstin and Kinsman, who have both done 9 4-5 seconds in the century, while Kinsman has run 220 in 21 4-5 seconds. Also, they have a sensation to equal Finland's Nurmi. He is L. B. B. Betts, a seventeen-year-old boy who has run the 440 yards in 48 4-5 seconds. And among others is L. Richardson, a forty-five-year-old man whose record for two miles is 9 minutes, 54 4-5 seconds. One of their hurdlers named Atkinson took the measure of Tevis Huhn, the former Princeton star and now representing Oxford.

The rest of the world has *material* that seems fully equal to our own, and since those 1912 Olympics they have seen the wisdom of *our coaching methods* and have adopted them. That marked the turning point at which the others started to come forward to threaten our supremacy. Directly and indirectly we built them up to the stage where they are threatening to overthrow our domination. We'll need all the Paddocks available this summer if we are going to escape defeat, with the doubtful honor of being accorded one of the runner-up positions in world athletics.



International *Keystone*
 In some events which depend upon the maximum of form or technique, the American team will probably be supreme. For instance, pole-vaulting and high-jumping. The photographs show the Rev. Ralph A. Spearrow, of the Presbyterian Church, Cottage Grove, Oregon, sky-piloting over a bar at 13 feet 1/2 inch. He is also an excellent high-jumper and broad-jumper. At the right, Le Roy Brown, former Dartmouth College track captain, one of our best high-jumpers.

they stand as the greatest race of athletes in the world today, and the answer is to be found in the year round training conditions under which they live.

In lesser degree this is true of several other peoples. It may be a long jump from the hardy north to South Africa but a moment's thought brings the fact that the men who are representing South Afri-

"Life Feels Like a Fight"

By *Wilbur Hall*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS SKINNER

Resistance Begets Strength

IF you want to make a man out of your son don't give him plenty of money and an easy time, as did Craig Gantry's father before our story opened, making the young man a first-class loafer and waster. Give your son a good stiff job with plenty of resistance, calling for all of his fighting instincts, and then watch the development of qualities of strength and manhood. That is what is happening to the hero of this story after having lost his fortune.

Nearly dying in a blizzard in the Sierra mountains, Craig Gantry is nursed back to life by Mary Clyde and her blind and deafened father. Finding them under obligations to one Sill Thurston, timber baron, young Gantry undertakes to help his hosts dispose of the timber on their land, securing a contract to supply the Pacific-Western with bridge and tunnel timbers, manipulating a loan from the bank in a neighboring town and arranging to have the timber delivered at Andrew Fack's sawmill. Not without clashing with Thurston and his gang, the work on the cutting of the timber finally proceeds in a manner to give young Gantry the thrill of his young life.

CHAPTER IX

I

Craig Gantry stood beside the empty log-pond at Fack's mill awaiting the arrival of the first logs from the Clyde timber-piece.

It was the last day of July and blazing hot, but Gantry was used to the heat of the high mountains by now; moreover, he was too much interested in operations to notice the weather. Behind him machinists' hammers clattered on steel, there was the clamor and clangor of pipes and equipment as a big crew rushed the work of completing the mill itself, and the safety valve on the big boilers, heated that morning for the first time to test them and their fittings, blew off with a sudden violent roar.

Andy Fack, the little millman, was ordinarily timorous and slow both to think and to act, but when his pride was touched or his ability questioned he could be a dynamo of energy. Instinctively Craig Gantry had hit on the only method of handling him that morning at the Clyde place after the fire that had burned down his old mill; then Craig had threatened to take over the mill

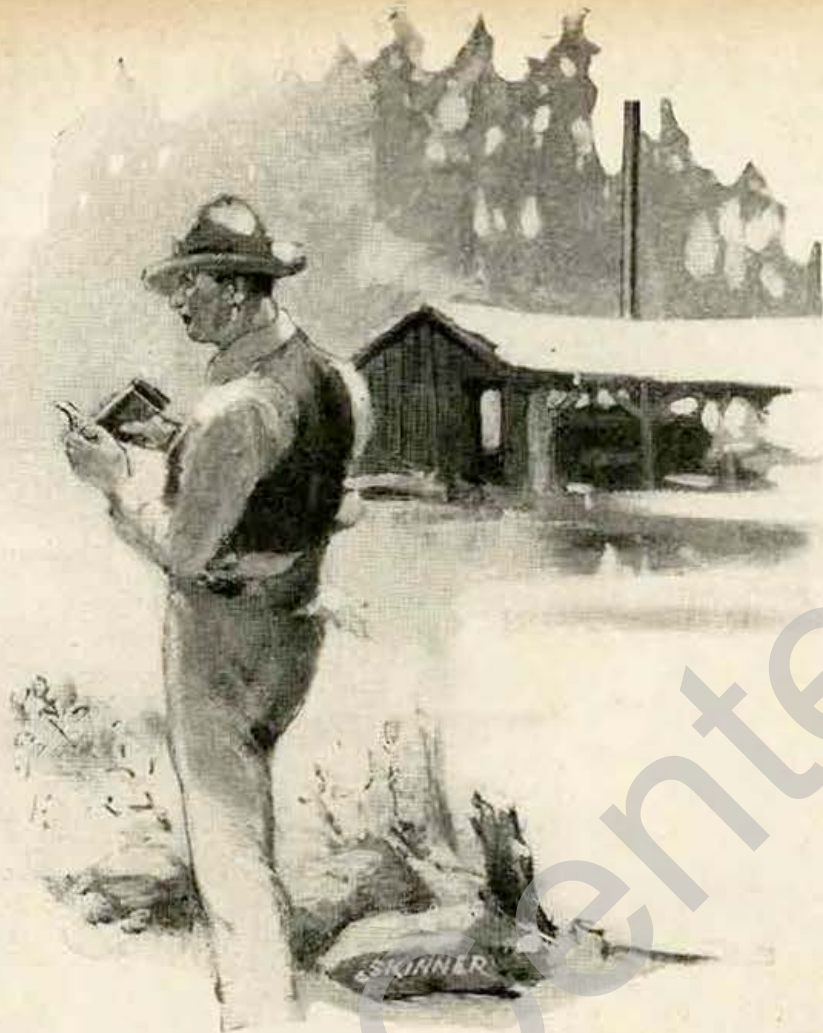


Mary was looking up at him, her eyes filled with tears, her mouth smiling.

and its rebuilding and mill his own logs if Fack lacked the courage. Instantly Fack had bristled; from that moment on Craig had been amused and at the same time delighted at the ease with which he could spur on to a tremendous zeal by a word of doubt of the old man's ability to achieve.

As the result of this reaction to criticism Fack had driven his contractors in the new mill job remorselessly, and it was now certain that the first logs would start through the plant on August first, the original date set.

Above, under the hand and eye of Noel Thomas, the woods boss, logging operations had gone forward rapidly. Half a million feet of fine clean timber was down and there was enough at the two landings already established to keep three trucks moving up and down



the road through Samson's Gulch for several weeks. Parker Forbes, the Pacific-Western man, had asked for about a million and a half feet of material, mostly tunnel timbers, before the snow fell, because he was now planning to keep construction crews at work all winter underground in the hard-rock. At first Gantry had been doubtful if he could mill and season his lumber in time to fill that order. But now he was confident. With any reasonable run of luck at all he would be able to put dimension stuff into the dry-yard the first week in August, and it would be seasoned sufficiently, weather permitting, in ample time.

In short, as he stood looking at that empty pond, through which all his logs must pass, and which, therefore, held the future of his own operations and the fortunes of Francis Clyde and his daughter in its muddy basin, he reviewed these facts with elation. Everything so far had gone surprisingly well. Life felt like a fight when you took it by the throat and forced the issue, he thought, and something Francis Clyde had said to him one day came back to his mind.

The blind scholar had been silent for a long time, after a dissertation on bees, which had mildly interested Craig Gantry. Then abruptly he had raised his head and spoken.

"A philosophy of effort," he had said, half to himself. "After all, Craig, I wonder if that isn't one that might be developed as sound doctrine in this modern age of ours. Stoicism, hedonism, mysticism, Christianity even, as it is preached and practiced, are remote words. Especially in America we want a religion—a creed—of

action. Yes, I believe that a philosophy of effort is what Henry James was driving at in that favorite passage of mine about life feeling like a fight!"

Gantry, only partly attending him, nodded and smiled.

"But, if I understand you," he said, with a touch of that old cynicism of his, "the drone is necessary to the social economy of the bees. Perhaps——"

Francis Clyde took up his own thought without hearing the interruption.

"The moment," he continued, "that we abate our struggle we lose zest. We have to struggle or die—die, that is, in effect, whether actually or not. Because the slacker, the waster, the idler is worse than dead. A philosophy of effort—the effort that makes life worth

while—makes it feel like a fight! That—is living."

II

Gantry, musing beside the log-pond, looked up quickly. Like a gun-shot came the back-fire of one of the big logging trucks he had rented from the Walker outfit for the season, and into view on the hillside behind the mill came that truck, its water-cooled brakes smoking, its elephantine load swaying slightly over the new rough road. Gantry looked more closely.

On the driver's seat with young Peg Mumble rode two passengers. One he made out at once to be young Noel Thomas, the woods boos, the other he saw presently was Mary Clyde. She wore riding breeches, high boots and a man's blue shirt, and she waved one straight arm to him as the truck turned on to the flat above the pond.

Gantry waved back, then suddenly there flashed into his mind another effort that he could make that would prevent life running into a groove of placidity. He chuckled. This would be a fight of a different sort, but one well worth entering.

"What an ass I am!" he said, half aloud. "Thomas is crazy about Mary! She probably doesn't know it, but now I do. He would be just the man for her, and I'm the benevolent old party to make her realize it. But won't the sparks fly when I suggest it?"

At the same time, though he was amused and pleased with his idea, he felt a queer, abrupt little twinge or tug at his own heart.

There was no time to analyze that phenomenon.

The truck swung into the pond road.

III

The log-pond had been made by throwing a low dam across the bottom of a little *cienega* and allowing the water from Samson Gulch to fill the area thus confined. The banks were the natural slopes of the hills, but for a space along one side a bulkhead of driven logs gave the pond a deep and at the same time abrupt bank.

It was opposite this that the trucks would unload. Across the narrow rock road that followed this artificial bank a pile had been sunk and from this, some six feet from the ground, a swinging boom or arm extended a few feet, with an iron cap and a spike set in the outside end.

"Our first load," Mary Clyde called, laughing down at Gantry as the truck came to a standstill on the landing between the pile and the bulkhead. "I had to come down to see the logs go into the pond."

Gantry grinned back at her.

"If Thomas will give me the hang of this boom I'll dump the load, too!" he said.

"I'm nothing but the woods boss," young Thomas objected, smiling. "This is off my territory. Get Peg to show you."

The young driver, obviously keen to exhibit his skill and knowledge, jumped from his seat.

"It's a cinch!" he said, swinging the short boom for-



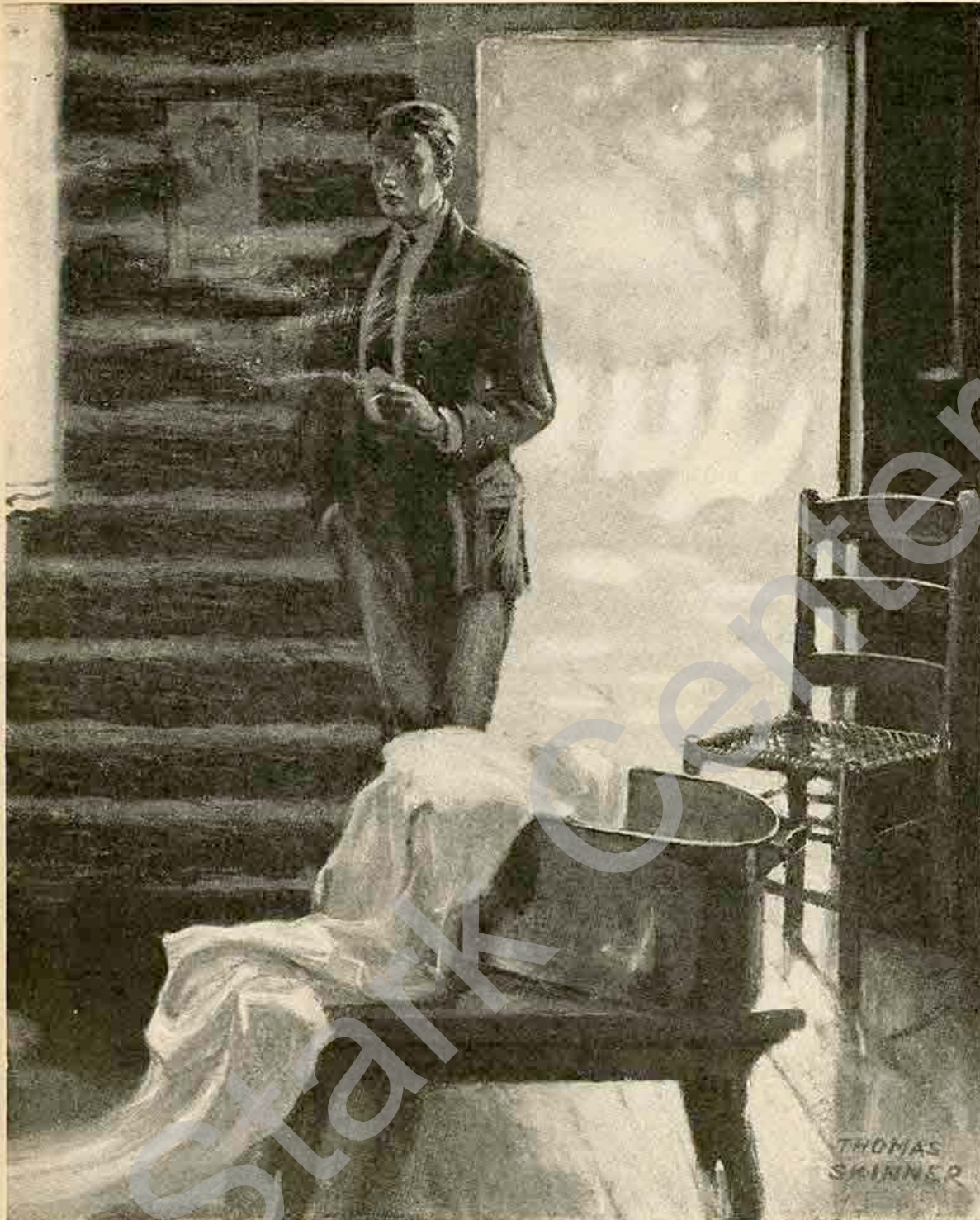
Mary looked up quickly from the bread she was setting.

ward on its arc. "See, my load is so near the pile there ain't room for the boom to swing free. So you set the spike into the bottom log on the truck—say about here—and then when I pull up the boom tries to straighten and that shoves the load over."

"That's simple," Gantry said. "All right; climb back and I'll give you the word."

The driver complied. Gantry pushed the boom forward as far as it would go for the load, and the spike in the end scratched the bark of the big log on the bottom of the ten-ton load.

"Let's go!" he called, and the truck growled and roared and moved forward, inch by inch.



Gantry leaned in the door watching her.

The spiked boom-head bit into the log. The pile groaned and strained. The boom went deeper. Then, grudgingly, the big logs moved toward the pond, gained speed, rolled, bumped, splashed—boomed into the water, sending up showers of spray that drenched the trio who stood watching. The boom, carried on through, swung free on the other side of the pile; the truck passed around the turn in the road and headed up the grade: the first truck-load of logs was ponded.

Craig Gantry was conscious of a tight grip on his arm. He glanced down. Mary was looking up at him, her eyes filled with tears, her fingers closing on his arm, her mouth smiling.

"Oh, Craig!" she said, almost in a whisper; "I'm so glad for you!"

"Thanks, Mary," he said. "I'm glad for all of us. And don't let me forget, by the way, that I have something very important to talk to you about—soon!"

His eye was on Noel Thomas as he spoke, and he felt grim, like a grandfather!

IV

A lumber mill in the timber country is like another brute for which the great beast, which is the logging machinery, forges in order that the hungry mill may be fed. But the hunger of that beast of a mill is never appeased—the more it has to eat the more it wants to eat. And through its giant organism the trees move day in and day out, hacked, chewed, split, tossed and

jerked about, unceremoniously bumped and dragged and whirled hither and yon, while their screams, almost like those of living things, can be heard in all the woods.

On August first Mary Clyde and her father and Craig Gantry went down, at Fack's invitation, to see the mill opened. Mary was as excited as a child about it; not that she had never seen milling, but that this was their own timber going through, and everything depended on it.

"Do you suppose I could pull the whistle or the throttle or a signal or something to start the mill, Craig?" she asked, as they bumped down over the logging road in the rattletrap Gantry had bought for a conveyance.

"I don't see why you couldn't," he said. "We'll ask Fack to let you preside."

The grumpy little old man pretended to be bored by the request, but he was really as interested as Mary herself.

"Don't know I ever heard of makin' any hullabaloo over starting operations in a sawmill," he grumbled. "But I ain't no objection, when you come to that."

Still crabbed, the old man proceeded to arrange things to his own taste—bustling, swearing under his breath, stumping about importantly, but whipping the program into shape with gusto.

Blind Francis Clyde said that the only thing he could hear was the mill whistle, therefore he was assigned to stand beside the sawyer on the second floor to give the starting signal when everything was set. Mary Clyde was to pull the throttle open in the engine-room below. Every mill hand found his station, even to the Portuguese boy who was to operate the lath machine, and the big white-toothed negro who was to feed waste and slash to the pig—the powerful-jawed grinding and cutting machine that minces scrap for the boilers.

Craig Gantry, throwing aside his cigarette out of deference to stringent mill rules, entered and stood on the second floor behind the log carriage that would shuttle the logs back and forth against the teeth of the speeding saw. He noticed that Noel Thomas had come down and that he followed Mary toward the engine-room, and he smiled sagely, in his grandfatherly capacity, even while he wondered why the deuce Thomas couldn't stay in the woods, where he belonged.

Then Andrew Fack came bustling up with a big, hard-faced individual.

"Gantry," he said, "this is Defoe Brant, my mill boss." The old man chuckled. "Brant was the best millman Sill Thurston ever had, but Sill can't keep good men, and some of the rest of us make a dicker."

Gantry gave the big man a quick glance and extended his hand.

"How are you, Brant?" he said.

Brant took the proffered hand limply and dropped it quickly.

"I've heard of you, Mr. Gantry," he said, looking everywhere but at the young boss. "Guess we'll get along all right."

Gantry laughed.

"Can you think of any reason why we shouldn't?"

The mill foreman shifted his position and for the first time looked Gantry in the eye.

"Well," he said, "I've heard you're sort of scrappy, and I'm kind of that way myself. That's all."

"We'll hope for the best," Gantry said, drily. He did not like the man, and he was at small pains to conceal the fact. He turned to Fack. "Are you all set, Mr. Fack?"

"All set. You'd better go below, Brant, to see how the new engine takes the load when we trim the first log. Then we'll give her the word."

Brant shuffled off, his big hands swinging at his sides awkwardly. Fack called across to Francis Clyde.

"Any minute now, Mr. Clyde," he said. Clyde nodded.

V

Gantry suddenly discovered that he wanted to watch Mary Clyde's eyes and her expressive mouth as she opened the throttle for the first time in the new mill on her own logs. He ducked under the board conveyor and crossed to where he could look down into the engine-room. He heard Fack call out to one of the men on the trimmer, saw the pond tender in the pond below pole a big log nearer the chute—saw Fack's arm go up.

Francis Clyde pulled the whistle cord. The blast split the air.

Below, Mary Clyde, with Noel Thomas and old Ben Grogan, the engineer, standing beside her, closed her hands about the big throttle lever and began to move it slowly forward.

Grogan, sensitive to every sign from the giant engine, shouted and jumped forward.

"Dead center! Hold her!"

Mary, startled, gave the throttle a tug. Noel Thomas laid a big hand on hers and gently began moving the lever back. The engineer ran to the fly-wheel.

Then Gantry, watching from above, saw the big bulk of Defoe Brant, the new mill boss, interposed between the two—saw Brant shove Thomas back violently.

"What in hell you doing in my mill?" he demanded, angrily. "Get out in the brush, where you belong."

Thomas, his face white, recovered his balance and his hands knotted at his sides. Gantry called down to him sharply:

"Steady, Thomas! Stand clear!"

At the same time old Grogan,

who had not seen the momentary passage at arms, gave the fly-wheel a slight turn, and the steam was released. Slowly the big piston rod moved out.

Defoe Brant, a changed and quieted creature, put an arm almost around Mary Clyde and notched the lever forward. Mary darted an angry look at him.

But none of them were conscious of all this a breath later.

For the king belt leading to the shafting the length and breadth of the mill was beginning to whirl—gears were enmeshed up and down the line—the saw commenced a low humming, and the first big, dripping log started up the incline toward the carriage.

With a crescendo clatter and roar the rebuilt mill screamed for its destined prey.

CHAPTER X

I

Noel Thomas, the woods boss, was not the sort of man to talk about himself or his thoughts or his troubles; if it had not been for Fack, Craig Gantry would have forgotten all about the altercation at the throttle on the day the mill started. As it was he had not given

What Is the Most Common of All Aches?

DID it ever occur to you that most of the pain experienced by the human race is located in one part of the body, and that part the head? If you are an average person the most of your aches are probably headaches. And if so, you will be interested in the story by George Allan England, to appear in **STRENGTH** next month, under the title, "How I Cured My Headaches."

the matter another thought until, two weeks or so later, with everything running smoothly, the mill owner came to him with a hang-dog look that indicated that he wanted something.

"Well, Mr. Fack," Gantry said, laughing pleasantly, "have you killed somebody and hidden the body, or what's on your conscience?"

Fack giggled.

"It's not that bad, Mr. Gantry," he said. "Fact is it ain't anything very special. Only Brant, my mill superintendent, wants me to see if you'll put a new clause into our contract."

"Who's contract—yours and mine?"

"Yep. Y' see, it's this a-way. Maybe you don't know it, but there's been a dog-eat-dog fight between millmen and lumberjacks ever since ol' Paul Bunyan first hooked up his ox. Th' other day you might have noticed Brant, my mill boss, and young Thomas, your woods boss, was lookin' each other over with a view to pickin' out the weak spots, and now Brant wants to give you a bet that he can make you hire yourself another foreman."

"Wants to give me a bet? What has that to do with our contract?"

Fack brightened

"Well, truth is, it's a customary clause in many milling contracts, and I don't know how I come to leave it out of ours. Let's suppose my mill busts down some day and your crews pile up logs to pave hell a mile, it'd delay you some and cost you money, wouldn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, just the same, if your crews wasn't able to deliver logs to my pond fast enough to keep the mill going I'd have to shut down, say, and yet I couldn't afford to lay off the crews, and they wouldn't let me lay 'em off, either. So if you was slow with logs I'd lose money."

"That's all clear. Now what's the bet?"

"Oh, I just called it that. It's a clause like this."

Fack handed Gantry a slip of paper, typewritten. It was prepared for pasting into the contract; began by stating that it had been mutually agreed to add it to the

original agreement, and then went on to relate that, if the owner of the logs, Gantry, were prevented from delivering logs directly into the log-pond by reason of the failure of the millman, Fack, to keep them moving through the mill, would be compelled to pay at the rate of \$200 a day for each day's delay thus caused; on the other hand, if the lumberjacks failed, for any reason, to deliver logs to the pond for the mill, and the mill crews emptied the pond and were forced to shut down while waiting for more logs, Gantry would have to forfeit the same amount per day to Fack.

Gantry read the paragraph through hastily.

"I don't see any objection to that proposition," he said, then. "You bet me two hundred dollars a day that you can empty your pond and I bet you at the same rate that I can fill it so full that we can't squeeze another load into it. Is that it?"

"That's it," Fack said, doubtfully.

Gantry took out a pencil and initialed the bit of paper with a laugh.

"Paste it in, Fack," he said, cheerfully; "but when you do you want to remember that the best logging crew in California is in the Clyde timber. And your slack-faced mill boss had better watch his step, because I happen to know that Noel Thomas would just about give his last pair of socks to stand on the back of your pond and yell at Brant for room."

II

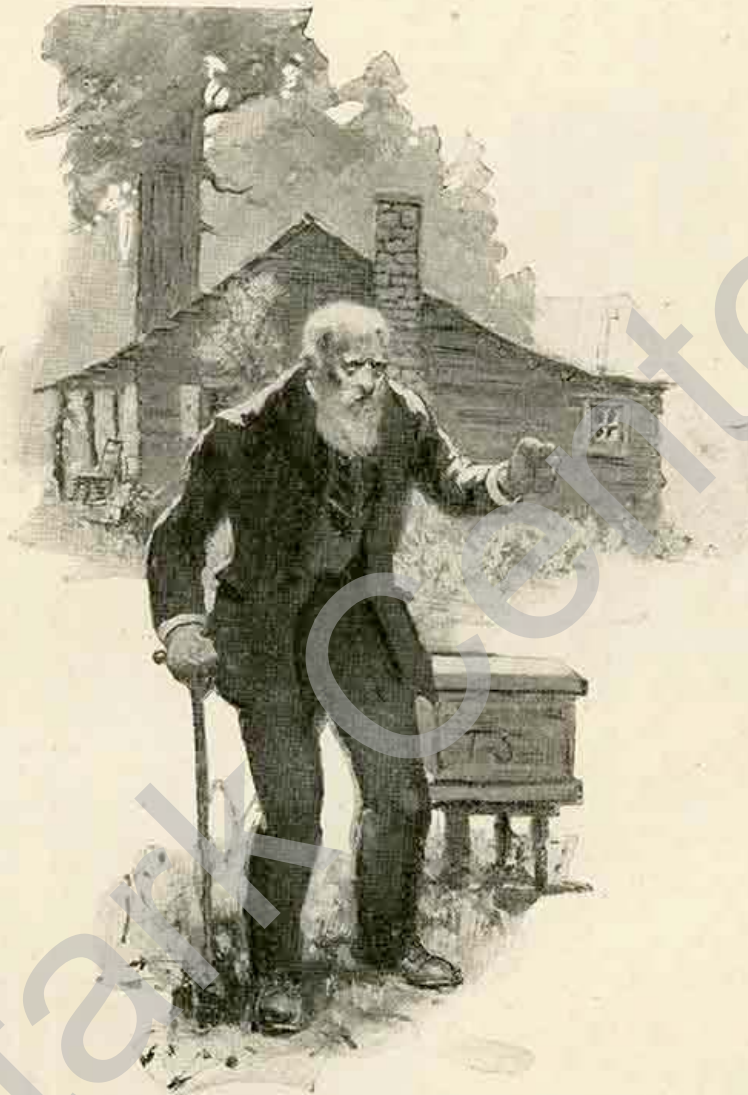
Late that afternoon he looked Noel Thomas up and told him what had happened.

He had reason, afterwards, to remember the way in which Thomas took the news.

The young woods boss stepped back from the choker he was adjusting around an eight-ton white pine butt-log and looked off down the hill to where the smoke weaved lazily from Mary Clyde's kitchen chimney. He was silent so long that Gantry almost thought he had not understood.

Then Noel Thomas spoke, his jaw set and the words coming through his teeth.

"That hand Sill Thurston (Continued on page 91)



"A philosophy of effort," the blind scholar had said, half to himself. "Especially in America we want a religion—a creed—of action."

How to Take Your Measurements

By Charles MacMahon

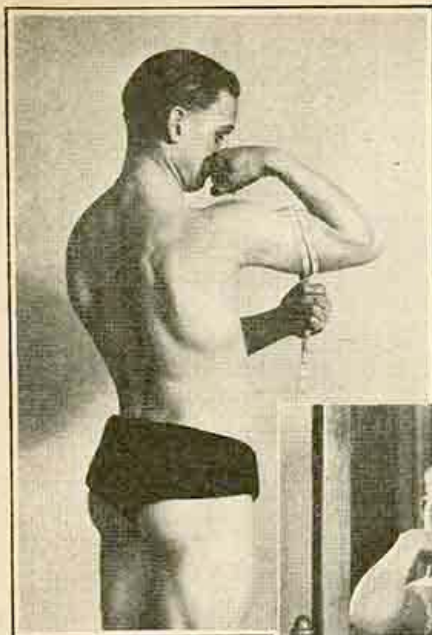


Figure No. 1.

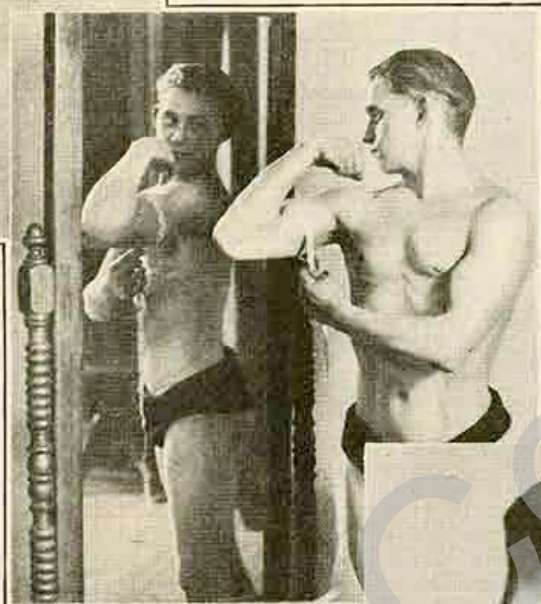


Figure No. 2

IF you have ever been to a big sanitarium you will remember that the most popular spot in the establishment was right around the scales which stood near the office desk. All day long there was a procession of people stepping on and off the platform and moving the weight back and forth to find out exactly how many pounds they weighed at that particular hour of that particular day, and to learn whether they were gaining or losing weight, according to desire.

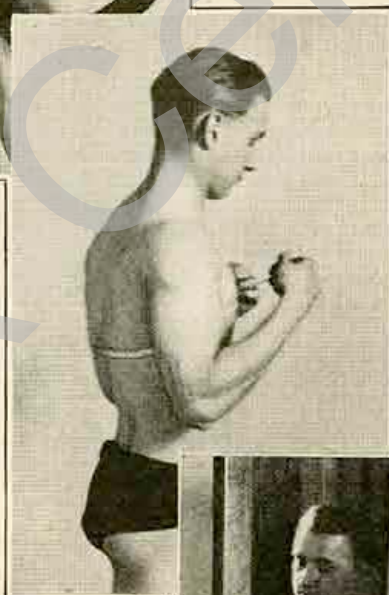


Figure No. 3

The average person usually makes various slight mistakes in taking his own measurements, without being aware of it. And unless you take your measurements precisely the same each time you cannot know whether you are gaining or losing. Note carefully the specific points outlined by the author.

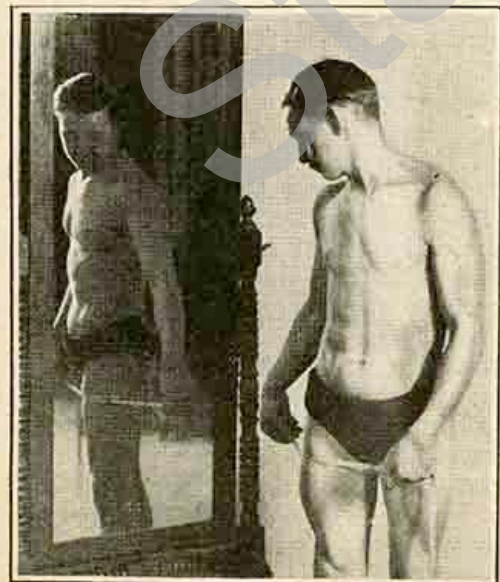


Fig. No. 4

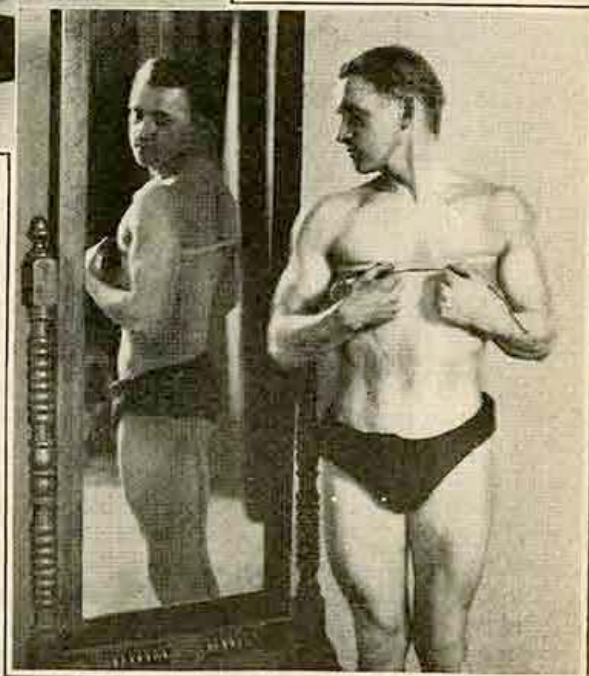


Fig. No. 5

For every person who goes to a sanitarium there are a dozen other people who are taking exercises in order to reduce their weight, to improve their figure, or to get a bigger muscular development; and you can depend upon it that out of every one hundred people who take exercises at least ninety-nine of them use a tape-measure almost as often as the sanitarium patient uses the scales.

Very few people know how to measure themselves correctly; they do not know the exact spot at which the tape should be passed around the body or the limb, and they do not know how to manage the tape. If you measure your arm when you start a course of exercise, and find that it measures 12 inches around, it is extremely discouraging if you measure it a month later and your tape shows that it measures only 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. You look in your mirror and your arm appears to be bigger and better shaped, but

nevertheless the tape shows that you have lost a quarter of an inch instead of making the big gain you hoped for. There are several things which may have happened. *First*, you may have used a different tape measure the second time. *Second*, you may have measured your arm at a different spot. *Third*, you may have passed the tape around the arm in a way that exaggerated the size of the arm.

When you buy a tape measure test it with a ruler and see whether it is accurate. If the twelve-inch mark on the tape coincides with the length of a twelve-inch ruler you should keep that tape and use it regularly. Many cheap tape measures vary as much as an inch in thirty-six inches. Also tape measures are apt to stretch when they are in constant use. Since tape measures are so inaccurate the remedy would seem to be to buy a standard steel tape, but that would be unwise because a steel tape will not cling to the contours of the muscles. There are accurate tape measures made of good inelastic material, and you should try to get one of that kind.

You should always measure yourself at the same places if you wish to get a real standard of comparison. If one week you pass the tape measure around your thigh one inch below the crotch, and the next week measure your thigh two inches below the crotch, and vary the position of the tape every time you measure yourself you will never know whether you are really gaining, nor will you know how your measurements

compare with those of the well developed athlete.

It takes considerable knowledge and practice to handle a tape correctly. It is very easy to cheat yourself in taking your

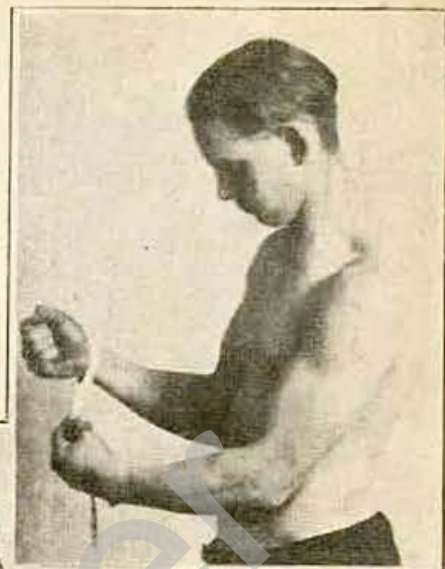


Figure No. 6

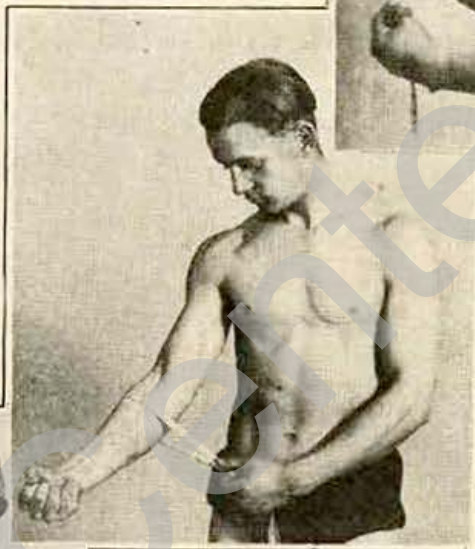


Figure No. 7

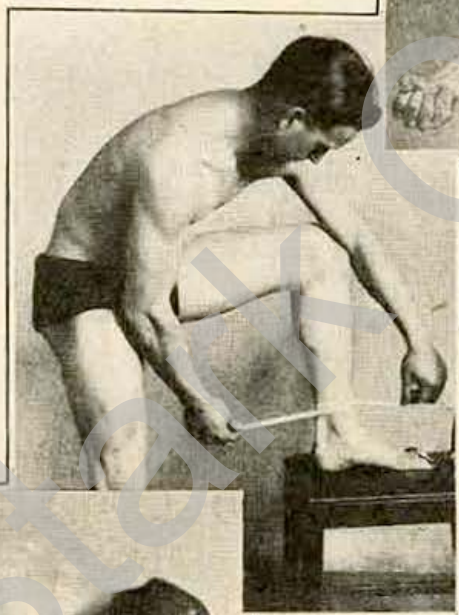


Figure No. 8

There is just one right place at which to measure each part of the body. You must know what it is and measure the same spot each time. In the case of the neck, for instance, the proper place is its smallest dimension. You might add two or three inches by dropping the tape.

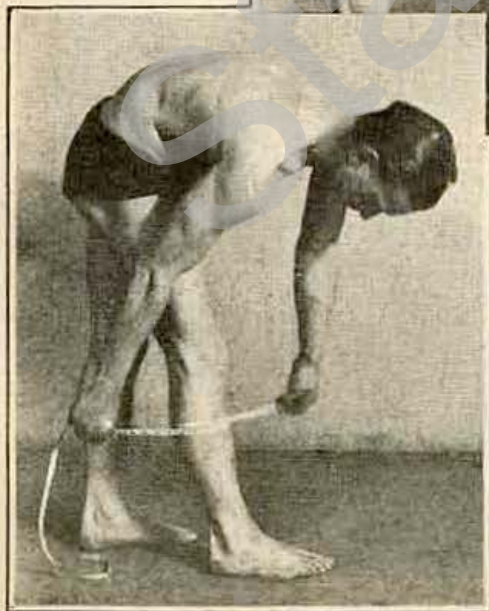


Figure No. 9

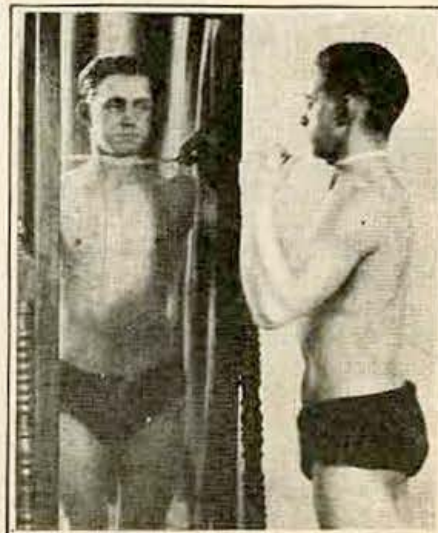


Figure No. 10

measurements. When you take the measurement of any part of your arm or leg you should always pass the tape around the limb at right angles to the line of the bone. If you make the mistake of holding the tape so that it passes

around the limb at the wrong angle, the tape will make you believe that your arms and legs are much bigger than they really are, and some day when you are bragging about your measurements you will be placed in an embarrassing position. Recently a correspondent of mine paid me a visit. In his letters to me he continually referred with great pride to what he considered to be his extraordinary measurements. He said that his arm measured 15 inches, and his chest 43 inches, and those would have been very fine measurements for a man of his height. As soon as I got a look at him I felt

convinced that he was not nearly as big as he thought, and I asked him if he would let me measure him. The tape showed that his arm measured $13\frac{3}{4}$ inches and his chest 39 inches, and mind you! I measured him with his own tape which he had brought (Continued on page 80)



The DINNER TABLE

— Conducted by Jane Randolph

The Kindly Fruits of the Earth

IT has always seemed to me that the thing about food which most needs emphasis, and which least gets it, is that *food* is a spiritual as well as a physical conception. It has its sacramental side. The bread and salt shared by the Arab of the desert with the guest is as sacred as the hospitality and good faith it signifies. The great central rite, of the Christian Church, the Lord's Supper, has appealed to the imaginations of millions of mankind for two thousand years because it is built around a conception of Food which is as holy as Life itself. Even the Blessing, the Grace, which is regularly—and often unthinkingly—said before meals in thousands of homes, is but another unconscious recognition of what true food signifies in the physical and moral life of the human race—yes, even when the prayer, uttered over foods that have been desecrated by the refining processes of commerce, becomes a mockery: "Bless, oh Lord, this White Bread! This Patent Breakfast Food! These sulphur-bleached fruits—to our use!"—What? Never! Never in the world! *Food* is something men, women and children live by. Rightly considered, it feeds *all* of one, because it confers that physical well being without which a sane, spiritual life of right thinking and strong doing is impossible.

The sacred thing about food that needs emphasis is that to confer a maximum of benefit, it must be natural. It must come as directly as possible from nature. It must be *manhandled* as little as possible. By no other kind of food than natural food can life thrive, grow and function in health, strength and conscious well being.

Now there are rational ways of processing food which make the nutritional properties of the food more easily and completely available. The grinding of the grain is one of these. The methods of correct cooking are others. But there is another kind of processing by which certain properties of the food are removed, so as to become, not available, but unavailable—as in the bolting of wheat flour for removing bran and germ, leaving only the white flour, an almost pure carbohydrate—practically a slow poison. Such methods are the base of some of our largest industries. They are not a scientific "improvement on nature"; they are an unscientific violation of nature because they violate the chemistry of nutrition.

This distinction is vital. It is the distinction between

that which truly and legitimately "improves on nature" and that which degrades nature and attacks life. The issue involves two opposite mental attitudes. It is more than just a manner of speaking.

Toward food, as toward every other vital thing, the heart must be right. There must be an imaginative, an emotional, a poetic connotation in any adequate theory of diet. That, and that only, can lead to action. Without it the merely intellectual and coldly "scientific" attitude is a passive, sterile, useless thing. Food is more than a compound of proteins, carbo-hydrates and mineral salts; it is manna—as mystic, as mysterious, as wonderful, as miraculous as that which sustained the Children of Israel in the wilderness.

One need not go far afield for an illustration. Look, for instance, in the ancient and beautiful prayer, that great, poetical outpouring of all the wishes of the heart of our common humanity, called the Litany. It contains a petition which reads: "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so that in due time we may enjoy them."

"The kindly fruits of the earth"! Mark that. What a conception of food from heaven that is! How exquisite, how tender, how true! How essentially in accord with the deepest harmonies of Life! How instantly and instinctively the heart thrills to it, and reaches out for the thought and the substance of a thing so gracious.

The kindly fruits of the earth! What are they? Why, the yellow corn, the golden wheat, the bearded barley, the waving fields of rye—all the lovely fields ripe unto harvest wherever you may find them. And there is more than that in this great horn of plenty. There are the beneficent oils, of which the oil of the olive is the king; and these are the Fat of the Land. Next come the delicate and heavily odored fruits of tree and shrub—and these include the fruit of the vine, now desecrated by our race and made a thing of evil. Last comes the humble, yet glorious fruit of the garden, crops of root and leaf, matured close to the heart of our mother the earth, the fruit of her womb, conceived in flowers and nourished to maturity in the dark and secret places of the soil.

Nor is that all. Stretch the fancy a bit. What are the other kindly things of which man may eat without finding himself in league with death? Why, the milk of the sweet-breathed kine, who crop the fruits of the earth to make it—the milk which yields, in cheese, a meat

which is not flesh—the milk which life yields for the continuing of life, its symbol the breast. And beyond that you have the egg—itsself an ancient symbol of Life—a sustainer of life as truly as the cereals themselves, since both cradle the germ from which prospective life begins. And there is honey, sweetness of the earth, gathered and stored by the little people of the hives. Have you heard of the land flowing with milk and honey? Have you considered the vast and simple wisdom of that dream?

So there you have it—a most lovely thing! Such is the background of that old and dear petition for the use of “the kindly fruits of the earth.”

And so it is that wherever one seeks for the truth one finds beauty. And it is beauty that incites and inspires us to action.

With some such base of underlying truth, then, let's move over on to the plane of every-day, practical discussion of some of the food problems which are vital, and usually unsolved, in the average American household.

The True Staff of Life

April was once the month in which our grandmothers dosed a helpless younger generation with “sulphur and molasses” and hung bags of evil smelling asafoetida (we used to call it “asifidity”) around their necks. The combination was a sure charm against the yearly onslaught of measles, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever or any of the hundred and one epidemics that assailed the long suffering children who had survived through a long hard winter on starvation rations of plenty of meat and potatoes, white bread, doughnuts and pie. Grandmother naturally decided that a good cleaning out was due. Grandmother was right. Ninety-five per cent of us do need a “cleaning out” in the spring of the year. But—let's see if we can't improve on the “sulphur and molasses”!

Fruit and green vegetables, of course, are a great corrective. But for the present I'm going to take it for granted that you know that elementary fact, and pass on to the food which, along with milk, should form the foundation of every American dinner table. I mean *whole wheat* cooked and served constantly in various forms that range all the way from bread to pudding. It comes in here, not only because it is one of the most valuable and indispensable of our racial foods, but also because it cleans people out and keeps them cleaned out. There are, of course, exceptions. Most rules have exceptions. But it may be said with confidence that this statement holds goods for nearly all persons who will give the thoroughgoing use of whole wheat, cooked and served in many ways, *every day of the year*, a thorough trial.

Don't get the idea from this that the other elements of diet don't matter or can be neglected. I merely make the point that whole wheat is the

staff of life, and is the first problem to be considered in most families.

The first point is to get real whole wheat and not the so-called “graham” which most grocers call whole wheat. Whole wheat can be had in three different forms, first, the whole berry, unground, just as it comes from the thresher; second, cracked; third, ground into a fine meal called whole wheat flour. Don't confuse this last with “graham” flour, as ordinarily used by the trade to mean a flour from which part of the bran has been removed. Originally “graham” flour was whole wheat, but it is ordinarily so no longer.

If your grocer does not carry, or will not obtain, real whole wheat in the form you desire, there is a cheap and simple way out of the difficulty, a way that will result in many dollars saved, considering that whole wheat flour costs about ten cents a pound. Get a small grain mill, preferably one that will run by electric motor—since hand grinding takes time. Your hardware man can get it for you. Such a mill will give you cracked wheat for your breakfast cereal and puddings, and will yield you your flour for bread. All you have to do is buy a bushel of wheat and grind it as you need it. A good hand mill may be bought for less than ten dollars and will pay for itself in a few months of use.

For the information of the reader, I may add that among the firms putting out real whole wheat flour are the F. H. Bennett Biscuit Company of New York, who make the well known “Wheatworth crackers,” and Francis H. Leggett & Company of New York, whose brand is the “Premier.” The latter firm, and the Quaker Oats Company, put out an excellent cracked wheat. Another firm which specializes not only in whole wheat, but in whole grain cereals of every kind, is the Paoli Mills at Paoli, Pa. Names of other firms in various parts of the country making these and other reliable food products will appear in this Department for the information of our readers from time to time.

“But,” you say, “suppose I can get this whole wheat. It doesn't look attractive. I don't believe my family would like it.”

The answer is, talk it over with the family, get them to consent to a month's trial; and the whole wheat will make its own case with them.

Cook it properly, make it look attractive, and you may depend upon it their chief quarrel with the cook will be that she didn't make enough.

Whole wheat can be served as a cereal in a variety of ways. You can get the whole grains and grind it like coarse flour. If you haven't a mill, try the coffee grinder. Cook it like porridge, thick or thin, according to taste. Use a double boiler if you don't want to watch it, but it can be cooked in a saucepan in twenty or thirty minutes. Long cooking is only necessary for very small children or invalids. Whole wheat unground and uncracked, just as it comes from the farmer, makes a delicious breakfast

(Continued on page 82)

What's Your Food Problem?

THIS new department, “The Dinner Table,” conducted by Jane Randolph, is intended to offer the practical help needed by the average family in the matter of securing a well-balanced diet that will build strength. Even those who know the theory of correct eating sometimes find difficulty in putting into practice what they have learned or in securing the right kind of food.

The reader is invited to write to Mrs. Jane Randolph in reference to his or her food problems, also giving any information along these lines derived from experience.

Incidentally, the preparation of foods and meals outlined in this department will follow religiously the teachings of Alfred W. McCann, whose authoritative articles have for some time been a feature of **STRENGTH**.
—The Editor.

THE MAT

Analytical Comment on Physical Development and Feats of Strength

Conducted by Alan Calvert

"How Can I Develop My Thighs?"

Editor of The Mat.

Montgomery, Alabama.

Dear Sir:

Can you give me some advice about developing my thighs? The only exercise I know is the one called the "squat" or the "deep-knee-bend," and I have been practicing it faithfully. I have developed a big muscle on each leg right above the inside of the knee, but the *outside* of the thigh does not seem to gain much. At present my leg right above the knee measures almost as much as it does right below the crotch, which seems to me to be wrong. In most men who have well developed legs, the thighs seem to taper down. I am getting a little muscle in the upper part of the thigh, but my legs are very unshapely. Can you tell me other exercises which will give a well-rounded thigh development? A. H.

The above letter is not the only one of its kind which I have received, and I am glad I have room in this issue to discuss the subject. Most of you who have bought courses of light exercise have undoubtedly noticed that most of the exercises are for the arms and shoulders, few for the muscles of the waist, and only one or two for the legs. In many of these courses the only thigh exercise is the "deep-knee-bend" referred to in the above letter.

Now, the deep-knee-bend is a grand exercise—if you know all about it. Even if you do it in a haphazard way you are bound to get some thigh development, because every time you rise from a "squat" or a "deep-knee-bend" you lift the weight of the body and the arms; but if you learn all the variations of the "squat," and take the trouble to practice them, you can get a fine (though not a perfect) development by this one exercise.

The big muscle on the front of the thigh is called the quadriceps extensor. As its name implies, this muscle has four sections or heads. The crureus, which is in the front of the thigh, and close to the bone; the rectus or straight extensor, which overlies the crureus; the internus vastus on the lower front inside of the thigh; and the externus vastus, which is the big bulk of muscle which gives the shape and size to the outside curve of the thigh. In addition to this quadriceps muscle there are several others, notably the sartorius, which crosses the thigh at an angle, starting from the inside of the knee and running all the way to the hip; the gracilis and the adductor longus on the inside upper surface of the thigh; and a whole group of flexor muscles on the back of the thigh. All of these muscles are more or less involved when you perform the act of "squatting," but most of the work of raising the body from the "squat" position is performed by the extensor muscles.

The average man, who performs indoor or bedroom exercises, does not realize either the possibilities or the importance of thigh development. Consequently, few of them have really well-shaped legs. If their program of exercises calls just for the "deep-knee-bend" they do that exercise only and don't bother about hunting up other leg exercises. The reason is very simple. A man can stand by and wave his arms about—perform calisthenics—swing Indian clubs, or light dumb-bells—or use a wall machine without the least distress. After fifteen minutes of such exercise he is probably in a mild perspiration, but is breathing very little faster than when he started. The minute he starts leg exercises he gets into the realm of *work*, and unless he is in good condition his breathing becomes rapid and labored. Instead of doing the proper and obvious thing, which would be to do *more* leg exercises so as to increase his lung power, he does as little leg work as possible, and spends almost all his time on the easy arm exercises.

I have personally examined the photographs of hundreds of men who have practiced in this way, and as soon as I take a look at the shape of their legs I can tell just which variation of the deep-knee-bend they have practiced. Unless a man has been told to do otherwise he almost always squats with the knees close together and pointed directly forward. If a man does the deep-knee-bend in this manner every day for several months and makes about fifty repetitions a day he will get a marked development of the internus vastus and the

lower part of the sartorius, just as is shown in the photograph marked "A." If, however, instead of keeping the knees together when squatting, the athlete spreads the knees as far apart as possible, as in Fig. "B," he will get a better development of the externus vastus along the outside of the thigh, and consequently he will get a bigger and better shaped pair of thighs than if he always squatted with the knees pointed forward. In both of these variations you should allow the heels to raise from the ground as the knees are bent and as the body sinks downward.

There is a third variation of the "squat" which helps to develop the adductor group on the upper inside of the thighs. In this style you stand with the feet about 18 inches apart and the toes turned slightly outward, and you keep flat-footed as you squat, as in Fig. "C." Instead of sitting on the heels you sit down between the heels.

All of these different styles can be practiced without weights, but they are much more effective in producing muscle if you use a light bar-bell and add its weight to the weight of your

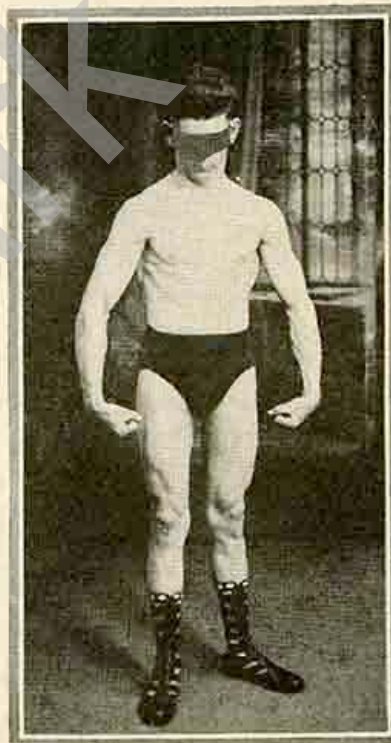


Figure A.—Showing imperfect development of the legs and need of special work, especially for the right thigh which shows the lack of development on the outside.

body. When you use a bar-bell you don't have to make so many repetitions and the muscles grow quicker and acquire a higher quality. When practicing the first two variations you stand with your feet close together and hold the bar-bell across the shoulders, but in the third variation it is more convenient to hold the bar-bell behind you as in Figure "C."

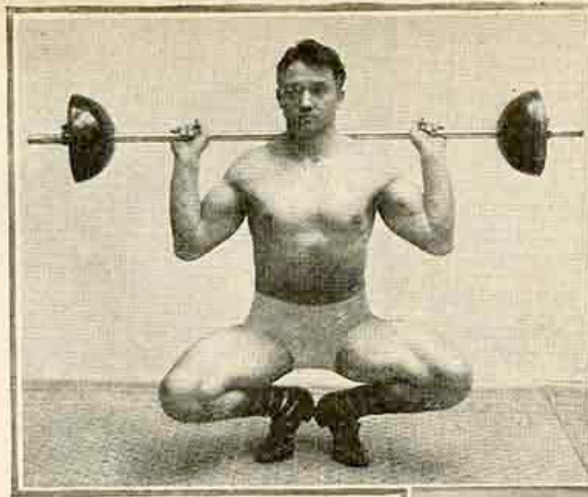
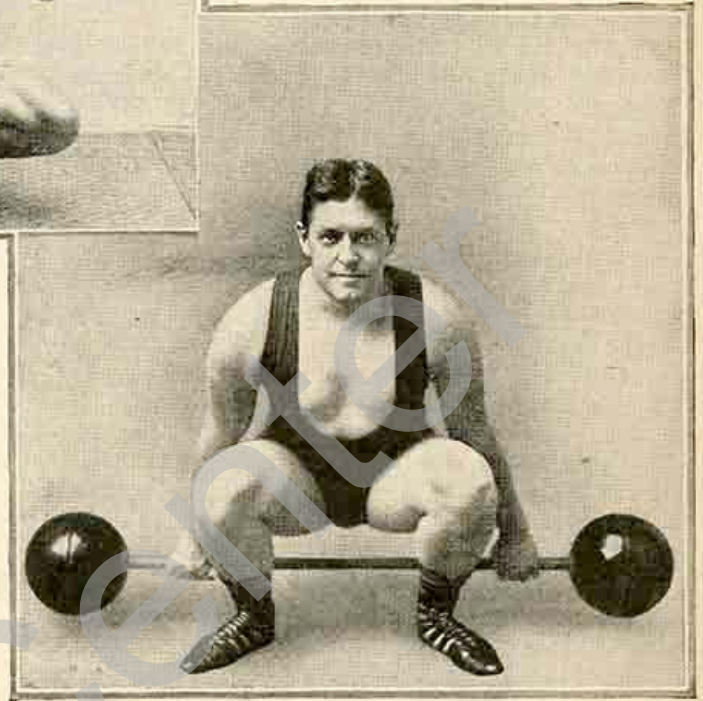


Figure B.—An exercise for developing the outside of the thighs, deep knee bending with the feet together but with the knees apart. Below (Figure C.) is an exercise for developing the inside of the thighs, done with the feet apart. The feet should be even farther apart than in the photograph if possible, and keeping the heels on the floor.

Some men have such a poor sense of balance that they topple over sideways the first few times they attempt to do the "squat" with a weight, and such men should learn to do each variation at least 50 times without weights before they start it with weights. Twenty-five pounds is enough to start with. Most experienced lifters practice this exercise with weights varying from 50 to 150 pounds, and naturally the more weights you use the fewer repetitions you make. Twenty-five repetitions with 150 pounds across the shoulders will give the leg muscles as much work as 100 repetitions with 25 pounds, or 300 repetitions without any weight. By practicing all three variations you can get a fine development of the extensor and adductor muscles of the thigh, *providing you do the exercises correctly*. I say this because there are a great many ardent physical culturists who spend a lot of time at the deep-knee-bend, and yet never get any thigh development to speak of. When a man of this type does the exercise he bends his legs half-way at the knees, leans his body forward from the hips, and never gets more than half-way to the full squatting position. Because the forward bend of the body brings his head closer to the floor he *thinks* he is squatting all the way, but he is actually squatting only half way instead of actually sitting on the heels. He thus ruins a good leg exercise by converting it into a combination of a poor leg exercise and a poor back exercise. Individuals who have this trouble should practice a fourth variation in which the squat is performed while a light bar-bell is held at arm's-length above the head. The virtue of this style is that in order to balance the weight on the upraised arm, it is necessary to keep the body absolutely perpendicular to the floor at all times. Beginners should practice this fourth exercise with the weight held aloft in one hand because it is easier to balance it that way, than when the bell is held aloft in both



hands. Another advantage of this style is that you *cannot* do it successfully if you make the motion quick and jerky. In order to do it properly you have to make the squatting motion smoothly and steadily, and it is the smooth and steady contractions which develop real muscle.

The Under Leg

To give the thigh its greatest size and proper shape, you must develop the flexor muscles on the back of the thigh. In a really well developed leg the back of the thigh shows a distinct outward curve as in Figure D, and this part of the leg is very little affected in any variation of the deep-knee-bend. The easiest way to develop it is to take a moderately heavy bar-bell in the hands, stand stiff legged, bend over until the bar-bell touches the floor, as in Figure E, and then stand up straight again. This is similar to the well known exercise where you stand stiff legged, and touch the floor with the finger tips. The development you will secure does not come from the act of leaning over, but from the act of

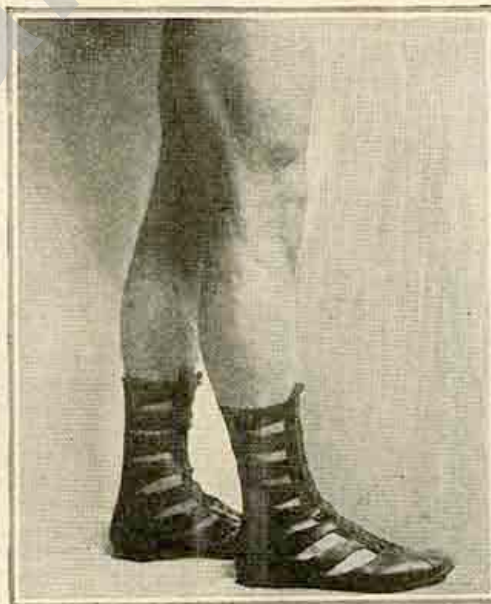


Figure D.—Showing proper development of the flexor muscles on the back of the thigh.

straightening up and bringing the weight with you. The muscles on the back of the thigh are part of the great chain of muscles which run from the base of the skull to the heels; which hold the body upright, which drive the body forward against resistance, and which enable you to lift heavy weights from the ground. A man with a fine development of the flexor muscles on the back of the thigh is invariably extremely strong in the small of the back, and usually has a fine development of the calves of the legs.

Many of you who have studied pictures of celebrated lifters and strong men have surely noticed the remarkable development on the outside of the thigh. A sample of such development is shown in Figure F. These photographs were sent me some years ago by a gentleman named Kasfeldt, and they show a marvelous development of the thigh muscles. I know that Mr. H., who wrote the letter which started this discussion, would give a good deal to have a pair of legs like Mr. Kasfeldt's, and I can assure him that he *can* get such a pair of legs if he is willing to do all the exercises I have listed above.

I have told you all many times that the thigh muscles work in concert with the muscles of the waist. I just stated that a man with big muscles on the back of the thigh is always strong in the small of the back. Similarly, a man like Mr. Kasfeldt, who has a great development on the outside of the thigh is sure to be very strong in the sides of the waist. A man who has a great development on the

front of the thigh usually has an equally fine development of the muscles on the front of the abdomen. Take any picture of Sandow, Klein, Matyssek, Carr, or other lifters who have wonderful thighs, and you

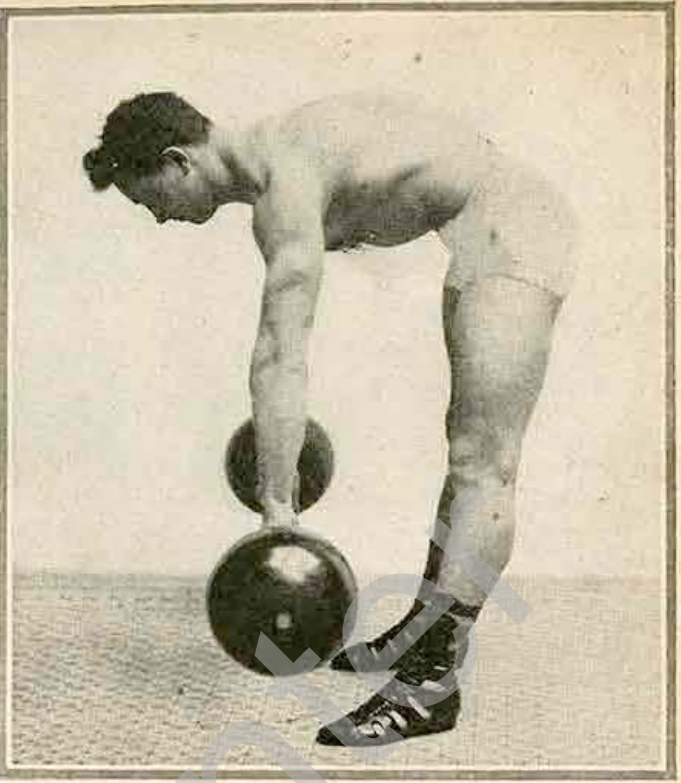


Figure E.—How to develop the back of the thighs. This exercise, using a weight for added resistance, not merely employs the muscles of the back but also those of the back of the thighs and of the buttocks.

will see that they have equally wonderful waist muscles.

Technique of Rope Climbing for Speed

Some months ago I published in this department a picture of Mr. Weissman, the champion rope climber. At the same time I suggested it would be a good idea for some one of you to give us some instructions about the best method in rope climbing. I waited in vain for any reply, and evidently Mr. Weissman did likewise. Now he is supplying the information *himself*, and I think it will pay you to read his letter.

Editor of The Mat.

New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I see from your comment in this month's issue of "Strength" that you would be interested in an explanation of the "technique" of rope climbing. I have read several magazine articles on the subject, and went over the Spaulding pamphlet, but found very little of value to one who would like a few hints on climbing for *speed*.

Climbing up a rope for exercise is quite one thing, but climbing for speed requires not only excellent co-ordination in the arm and leg movements, but strength of the back muscles—and long practice.

The rope used in A. A. U. competition is about 1½ inches in diameter. There must not be any knots or other devices to assist in climbing. The hands alone are used, the feet may be in any position, but must not be around the rope.

The start is made from a sitting position; and touching a tambourine on top indicates completion of the attempt. The rope is grasped with both hands, about chest high, and the competitor sits down. On report of the starter's gun he begins to climb hand over hand until he touches the tambourine on top. Three trials are taken, the time for each being considerably slower than the preceding one, because the muscles tire quickly from the severe exertion, unless the man is well trained. In that case all three times may be alike, or he may even show improvement.

In going hand over hand, one (Continued on page 93)

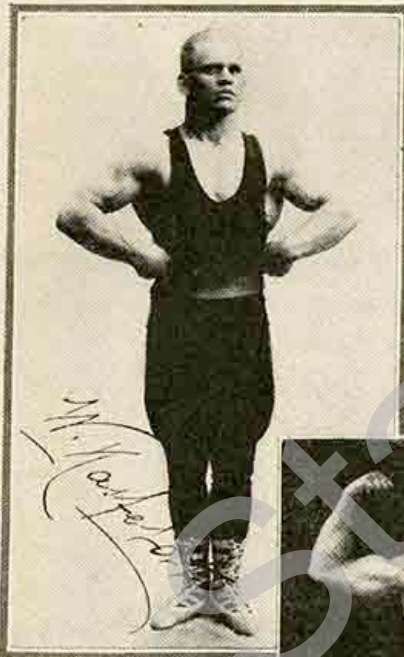
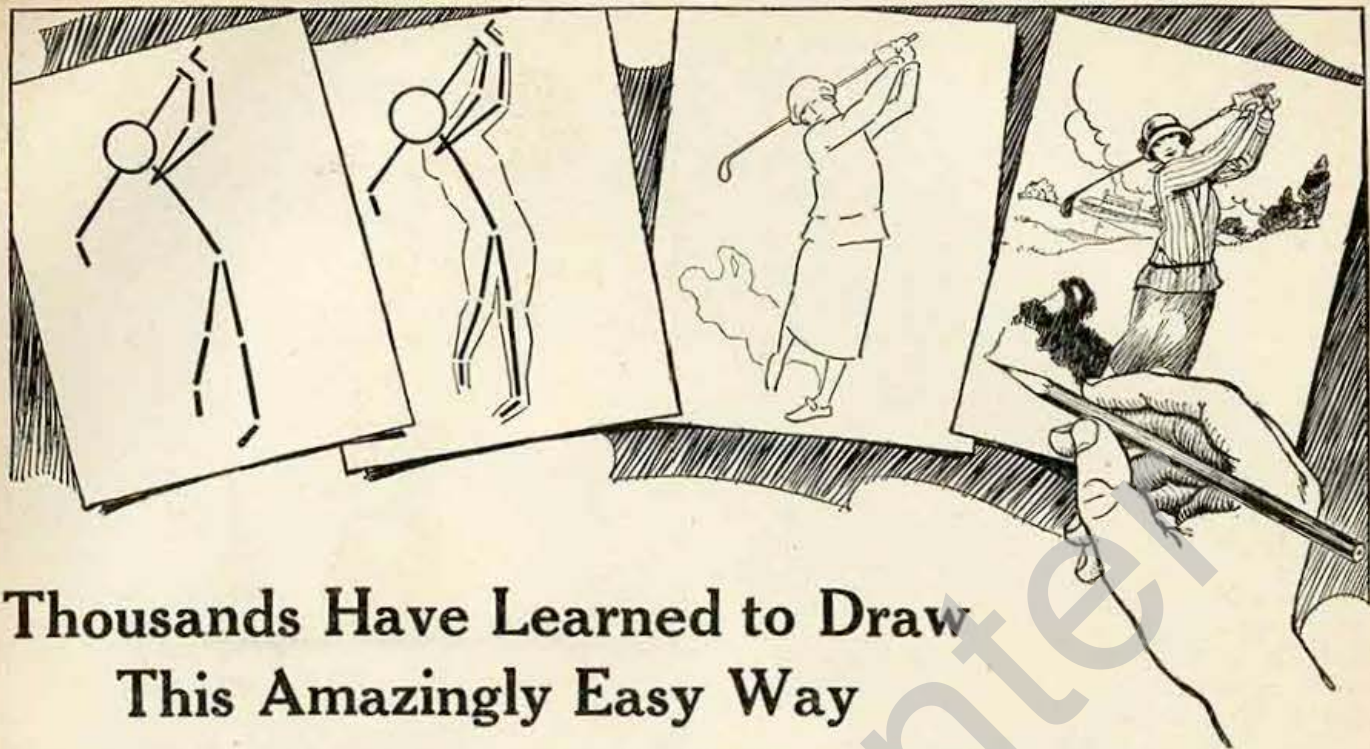


Figure F.—Two photographs of Mr. William Kasfeldt, showing very unusual development of externus vastus muscles on the outside of the thighs. Compare this unique development with the leg muscles in the first photo, on page 68, showing the special deficiency in this respect.



Thousands Have Learned to Draw This Amazingly Easy Way

No reason now why you shouldn't be an artist. Thousands who never dreamed they could ever draw, now easily learn—right at home in spare time

THE simplicity of this method is astonishing! Many of our students who never touched a drawing pencil before starting, now are successful artists. Many started to sell their work before they were half through their courses.

You too can learn to draw—right at home in your spare time. This startling new method has destroyed the old belief that "artists are born." You learn to draw just as you learned to write—with proper instruction and practice.

You will be amazed at the ease with which you learn—amazed too at your rapid progress. From simple lines and curves you rapidly advance until soon you are making real illustrations—the kind that are in big demand in the commercial world—drawings that sell.

Big Money for Trained Artists

\$25 to over \$300 for single drawings! Trained artists earn wonderful salaries. And they are in tremendous demand. Magazines, Advertisers, Department Stores, Printing Houses,

Newspapers, Art Services, Fashion Shops, Mail Order Houses—these are just a few markets for the services of trained artists. Today millions of dollars are being spent on illustrations, designs and cartoons! *And the supply of good artists is far short of the demand!*

Big money is waiting for you just as soon as you become a capable artist. And you can become an artist this easy way—regardless of how poorly you draw now.

Learn more about this remarkable home-study method—how in your spare time you can learn to draw and make big pay as an artist. Learn more too about the wonderful opportunities in commercial art—the huge demand for all

kinds of art work, the big money paid, the fascinating life of successful artists—and how you can easily enter this "world's most attractive profession."

Coupon Brings Fascinating Booklet

A new, handsomely illustrated booklet has just been published which describes in detail the fascinating field of Commercial Art and how you

can easily enter it. It tells all about this startling new method—how it has made artists out of hundreds who never dreamed they could draw—and how it can teach you to make *salable* drawings. It tells you about our students—what they say—what they are doing—giving actual reproductions of students' work. Learn more about the opportunities in this field and how you can make big money as an artist. This handsome new booklet will be sent to you free, without any obligation. Send for it and learn about this new Easy Method. Mail coupon for booklet and details of our special Free Offer. Mail the coupon now.



How Easy!

It's so easy—when one knows how. A few short lines. A few simple curves. A little shading. And, like magic, a finished drawing. It is so easy when you know the little secrets of drawing.

With this new easy method, you can easily learn the secret of this Magic Power of a Few Lines. Mail coupon today for fascinating booklet and learn how you can become an artist in your spare time. Mail the coupon today.



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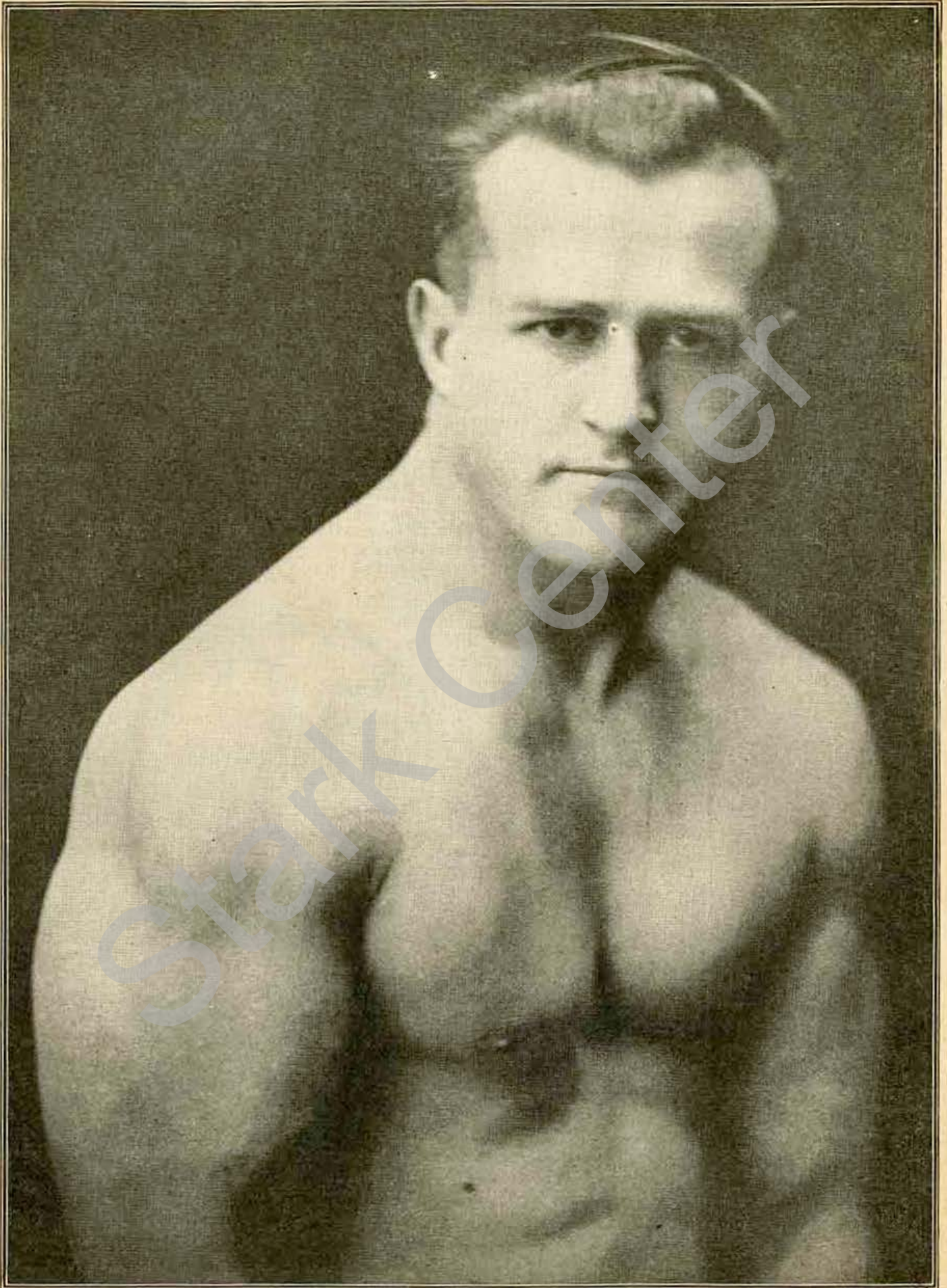
Please send me without cost or obligation your handsome illustrated booklet "New Easy Way to Become an Artist," and details of your special Free Offer. Please write plainly.

Name

State Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

If under 16, please give age



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

THE MUSCLE BUILDER

SHOW me the man who doesn't want muscle, with abounding health, and I'll show you a man who is ready to be measured for a wooden box—he's dead and he doesn't know it. A body without muscle is like a house without foundation—a little storm and over it goes.

Get wise, fellows, shouldn't have to tell you these things. You can't enjoy life with a weak, sickly body. There is no pleasure like the feeling of health and strength. And when I say strength, I don't mean any half-way business. Do it right, or forget it.

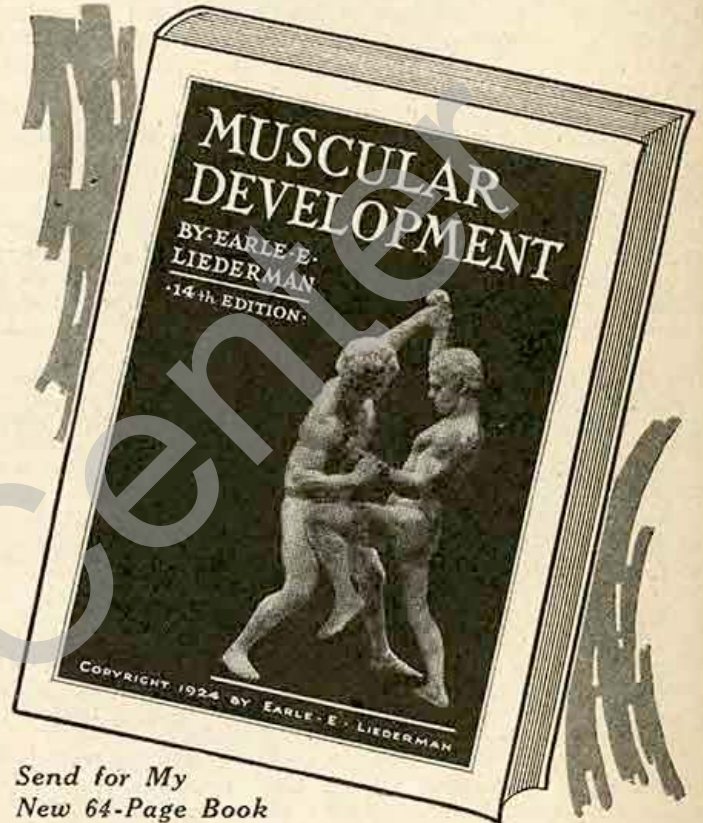
THE WHOLE WORKS

I build muscle—good, big, solid muscle. Let other fellows knock this idea if they want. I know what I'm doing and I guarantee *you'll like it*. I'll put an arm on you that can be made pliable one second and bulge out hard as steel the next. An arm that will be equally useful in weight lifting and any kind of skillful athletics. Just for a starter, I'll increase the size of that arm at least one full inch in the first 30 days. I'll put a chest on you to be proud of. A full, deep chest with a pair of lungs that will take a man-sized load of rich oxygen with every breath, and you know what that means. Your lungs feed your blood, shooting a kick through your veins that will make you just bubble over with vitality. I will build up those inner muscles around your heart and every vital organ. I will send a thrill up your old spinal column that will make you feel like tackling a wild cat.

A NEW BODY IN 90 DAYS

Some wise crackers say it takes years to put a man in shape. That's because they don't know any better. I want just 90 days and I'll change your body so you won't recognize yourself. By that time every muscle in your anatomy will literally bulge out. And what's more your whole being will just tingle with excitement. You will have a spring to your step and a flash to your eye that will radiate personality wherever you go. You will feel like shouting: I'm a man—and I can prove it."

Come on now, fellows. Why waste more time? I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Are you ready? Let's go.



Send for My
New 64-Page Book

"Muscular Development"

It is Free

It contains forty-three full page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Many of these are leaders in their business professions today. I have not only given them a body to be proud of, but made them better doctors, lawyers, merchants, etc. 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. This will not cost you one penny. **I want you to have it with my compliments.** It is yours to keep. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future happiness and health, do not put it off. Send today—right now—before you turn this page.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Dept. 704

305 Broadway, New York City

Rules of the Earle E. Liederman 1924 Contest

CONTEST now going on and closes October 1, 1924. It is open to Earle Liederman pupils only and confined to pupils starting the Earle Liederman course before the date specified above. In order to become a contestant it is not necessary to send for book "Muscular Development," but as this will be sent **absolutely free**, we suggest that you make request for same, if you have not already done so. The winners of the various prizes will be selected from the pupils showing the greatest improvement in their physique from the date of their enrollment until October 1, 1924. They will be judged from measurements taken by themselves. Keep a duplicate of your measurements as of date of enrollment and send it to Earle E. Liederman again not later than October 1, 1924, together with a photograph and new measurements as of that date. The winners will be decided by the actual improvements made, but not in proportion to the time devoted to their exercise. Thus a pupil enrolling at this time has a decided advantage over pupils entering this contest at some later date.

The Following Prizes Will Be Awarded

1st prize	\$1,000.00
2nd "	500.00
3rd "	300.00
4th "	100.00
To the next ten pupils, \$10.00 each	100.00

Total amount of cash prizes

\$2,000.00

In case of tie for any of these positions, each tying contestant will receive the full amount of prize money offered for position where tie has occurred.

Over 1000 Gold and Silver Medals

In addition to the above cash prizes a 14-karat solid gold medal will be awarded to each cash prize winner, on which will be suitably engraved his name. Each man will also receive a diploma for having passed this physical test. These diplomas will be signed by each of the judges as well as by myself.

There will also be one thousand silver medals awarded for marked distinction to those pupils whose physical improvement comes next in order.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,

Dept. 704, 305 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely free and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development."

Name.....

Street.....

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

(Please write or print plainly.)

"On Your Marks—Get Set—"

Charley Paddock's Life Story

(Continued from page 45)

of humor, and a ready wit, such was Norman Ross of 1919.

Then there was Tom Campbell, a son of the South, a freshman then at Chicago University, with a leaning toward Yale for his future years of competition, and though only nineteen on this trip he already held the world's indoor record of 600 yards and was hailed as the coming middle distance star of America. Campbell did not impress one as an athlete, being rather frail of build, with a medium chest and comparatively small legs. But one glance at his strong face impressed even the casual observer that here was a heart that would fight to the end and a spirit that would never say die. And the face spoke truly, for Campbell, despite his hard luck and his poor health, despite his physical handicaps and his short training periods, has made a name for himself in the history of athletics that will live on long after he has passed from active competition.

Perhaps the most distinctive of all those who journeyed across for the games was Charles Carroll of the University of Illinois. "Judge" as he was affectionately hailed, was a small, nervous man, with a delightful sense of humor. He enjoyed nothing better than to tease some new athlete who might be a bit over boastful as to his own prowess, but the Judge also stood ready to help a man whenever he needed it. Carroll had been a wonderful sprinter for short distances during his college days and this trip came more as a reward for his services than anything else. For Carroll had suffered with bad tendons for several seasons and could not be expected to perform up to his old standard in these games. But he trained hard and well aboard the Great Northern.

The man who conditioned best was Bob Simpson. This Missourian retired every night before the other athletes; he arose in the morning before them; he worked out before they did and when the day of his race came he finished before them. In other words, Simpson had formed a habit of doing everything first, and his habit has been wonderfully successful, as the record

books will show. It was impossible to erect the hurdles on the deck because of the unevenness of the sea, but Simpson after thoroughly warming up would run long stretches about the deck and do a lot of starting and short, fast running.

His handsome cousin, Billy Sylvester, who hailed from the same university, lacked something of Bob's training methods but nothing of Bob's spirit. He was a fighter and possessed plenty of speed. But athletics had never gripped him as they had Simpson and he was truly a delightful companion, who never worried over his competition.

Another personage must be mentioned or else the picture of this voyage would never be complete, and that is Dink Templeton of Stanford University who even excelled George Bronder, Joe Higgins and Andy Kelly of New York in teasing new athletes. All of us who were on our "maiden voyage" of International Competition came in for our share of the "kidding." I remember quite well the joke upon me they discovered and used on every possible occasion throughout those weeks we were together. Once in a moment of excitement when asked how fast I had ever run the hundred yards I had admitted that I had recently covered the distance in 9 4-5 seconds.

Now to an Easterner, any time under ten seconds is simply unbelievable and no sooner had I let fall the remark than I saw I was in for it.

"So you ran nine-four?" some one exclaimed.

"Yes," I replied, "but it was a slow nine-four."

And then the fun began. Andy Kelly was desirous of knowing how it was possible to run a slow nine-four. Anyone who runs under ten seconds is traveling too fast to be slow. Of course they all understood what I meant by the statement. For it is perfectly possible to finish two or three feet apart in the same time. It has been done on many, many occasions and most of my jokers had done so themselves. But they would never admit the same, and as for listening to my explanations—that was impossible.

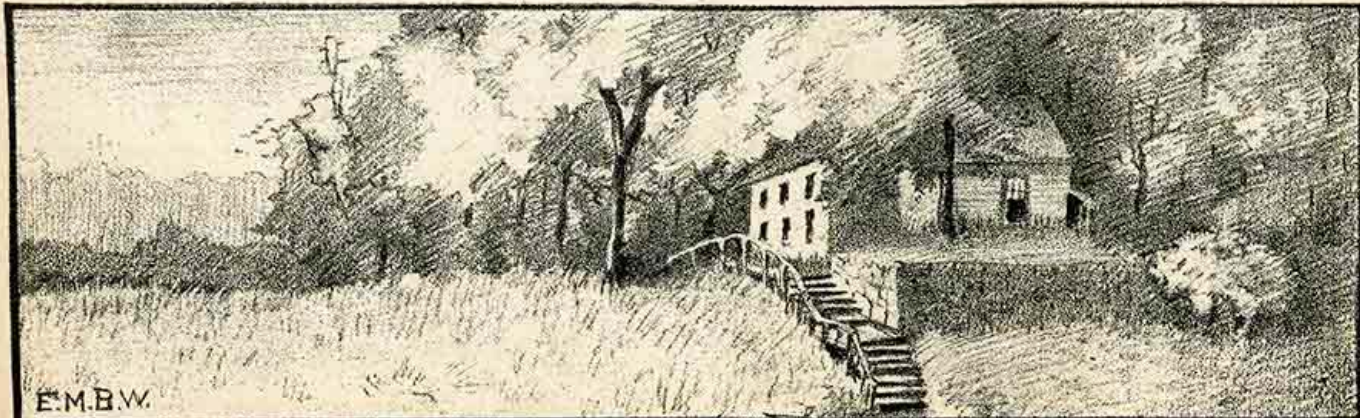
I imagine that even now if I should see some of those stars who were wont to question me about running a slow "nine-four," the first subject they would mention would be that one. But it was things like this that brought us all closer together, and made us forget the competition ahead and the days of strain and toil before the championships would be ended.

Then we came to Brest. Slowly into the harbor we sailed in the misty morning light, with the tiny Breton boats bobbing about us as they made for the deep sea beyond the harbor in their quest for schools of fish. And it might have seemed to us, standing there leaning over the rail watching them that day, we knights of the cinderpath who were about to win our spurs upon greater fields of competition, that theirs was a tiny quest, with only fish as their goal, while ours was a battle for the athletic supremacy of the world. For in those days, we youthful aspirants with our best competition ahead of us, we, who had dreamed of our victory on the track as the fulfillment of our fondest hopes, no doubt held in our minds that the shallow fame attendant on athletic supremacy was worth far more than this—to earn a livelihood by following the sea in a fishing boat.

Into the city of soldiers we marched, into dusty Brest of a summer day, and found there friends who had preceded us overseas, and who spoke optimistically of the coming tryouts at Colombes, where the stars of the American Expeditionary Forces would meet the forty stars who had just come over to see which three would represent America in each event. For the other Allied Powers competing had requested that only three should compete for a country in any single contest.

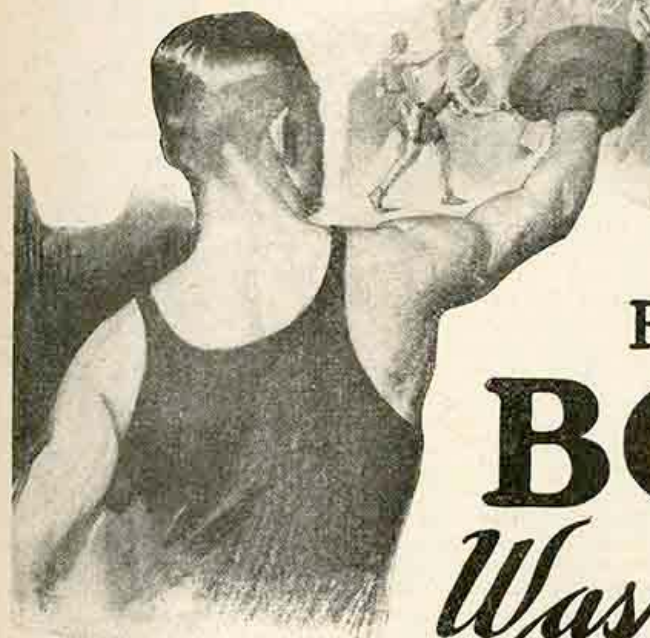
All night we traveled on a slow rattling train until with the morning we came to Paris itself. That city of wistful gaiety which we were soon to love so well seemed entrancing to us even then, and gladly we cried, as many a soldier had cried before us, "So this is Paris!"

(To be continued)



Drawn by Edith M. B. Williams

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Famous Course in **BOXING**

Was \$5 now \$1.67

Nothing
more
to pay

THIS great course—six big books, 381 pages and 250 photographic illustrations—now \$1.67! Teaches you the fine points of hitting, guarding, ducking, clinching, foot-work, judging distance and timing, with the pet blows and guards of the world's greatest boxers—Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Kid McCoy, Jim Corbett, etc.

How can we do it! How can we possibly give all this instruction for the sensational price of \$1.67? The course originally sold for \$5. It proved such a success that we quickly sold thousands and thousands of sets and were able to cut the price to \$3.65 and then to \$1.97. Now, with over 50,000 pupils enrolled, it is possible to give this great money's worth for only \$1.67!

Marshall Stillman Right In Your Own Home

Marshall Stillman has put his own personality into this course—it's just as though he were teaching you right in your own home. Following the methods used by his friend, the famous Professor Mike Donovan, former middleweight champion and former instructor at the New York Athletic Club, Marshall Stillman begins from the ground up. He assumes that you know nothing at all about boxing, and starts you off with movements everyone is familiar with. For instance, beginning with the simple movement of reaching your hand out for a coin, you are quickly trained to strike straight blows with both hands, putting the weight of your whole body behind the blows. Then from the breast-stroke in swimming you're led into the famous Mike Donovan Leverage guard, with which you are able to parry the blows

of any man, no matter what his size. You are taught how to strike swinging blows, corkscrew blows, straight jabs, the pet blows of champions, and are thoroughly trained in all the fundamentals of boxing—ducking, clinching, feinting and foot-work.

And to give you speed and prepare you for your first bout, Marshall Stillman puts you through three lively rounds of shadow boxing.

Jiu-Jitsu and Wrestling

But boxing isn't all. Marshall Stillman teaches you how to stop a thug who comes at you with a gun, club or knife, how to break his strangle hold on your throat, how to throw him if he grabs you from behind, and how to cripple him with a bone-breaking hold. He teaches you the best mat holds—the Gotch Toe Hold, the Stecher Scissors Hold, the Head-lock, etc.

Norman Tompsett of Tidahute, Pa., says, "I wouldn't sell my course for ten times what I paid for it, if I couldn't get another."

H. Dolan of the U. S. S. "Shawmut" says, "Now I am what my shipmates call a good one and they can't see how I get all the new blows and guards so suddenly."

Michael Mullen of Quebec says, "I have developed a terrific punch with both hands and am able to outbox and outwit most of my friends."

History of Boxers: The course includes a history of boxers right up to the minute with such famous fights as the Dempsey-Firpo, Firpo-Willard, Dempsey-Gibbons bouts described and illustrated with ringside views.

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. When you have the course in your hands, deposit \$1.67, plus actual postage, with the postman. Then study the course for 10 days—put your heart and soul into your training. We're sure you'll go on with it, and there'll be nothing more to pay. But if, for any reason you are

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What This Great Course Contains

BOOK I CONTAINS 32 illustrations. How to hit straight blows, swinging blows and corkscrew blows, guard, duck, feint, clinch and foot work. Mass Boxing, illustrated for use in teaching large masses of men.

BOOK II CONTAINS 35 illustrations. Contains every good blow used in the ring. The description of each blow is followed by the guard for that blow. Also fine points on feinting, ducking, clinching, breaking ground, judging distance and timing.

BOOK III CONTAINS 35 illustrations. Shadow Boxing, combining such blows as the Benny Leonard Triple, the Fitzsimmons Shift, the Misko Twist, the Jack Dempsey Triple, etc. How to train, with questions and answers.

BOOK IV CONTAINS A history of 69 of the greatest fighters and boxers, 66 illustrations, including ring-side views of the Dempsey-Carpenter fight, the Willard-Dempsey fight and the Johnson-Willard fight.

BOOK V CONTAINS Daily exercises. 30 illustrations, 6 sets of muscle-building exercises, the colon exercise for curing constipation and Synthetic Breathing, a remedy for weak lungs and nervousness.

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Send me on approval the Marshall Stillman Course. When I have the course in my hands, I will deposit \$1.67 (plus the 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 deposit will be instantly refunded. If I keep the course, there is to be nothing further to pay.

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Canadian and foreign orders must be accompanied by cash (\$1.67 U. S. funds) subject to money back guarantee if not entirely satisfactory.

What Makes "America"?

—Heredity or Environment?

(Continued from page 29)

the recent immigrants can claim but 68 while the old native families have produced 718! The immigration into Boston began strongly nearly seventy-five years ago. Much of this stock has had one to three generations of contact with the best culture of America. Yet it has not resulted in any outburst of high ability nor any new flowering of American genius. Dr. Woods carried this same investigation into New York, Chicago and Philadelphia and found precisely the same discouraging disproportion of men of light and leading being produced by the blood which we are told must be brought to America to "supply cheap labor" and "develop our natural resources." Our one and only ultimate natural resource is the blood of our people. And if we dilute it and pollute it as we have been doing we throw away the very Ark of the Covenant in which the charter of our national liberties and national development is being carried.

In addition to this investigation by Dr. Woods, Prof. Carl Brigham of Princeton University, one of the ablest of America's younger psychologists, in a volume which I urge every lover of America to read, entitled "A Study of American Intelligence," has shown from the data of the Army Mental Tests that within the past twenty years alone we have introduced at least 2,000,000 immigrants, mostly from Southern Europe and Western Asia and Russia, who, as indicated at least by the Army mental measurements, are lower in intelligence than our native American negroes. I do not like the terms "superior" and "inferior" races. All races have points of superiority and points of inferiority. I should regard myself as being much superior to what I am if I were endowed with the negro's marvellous good nature, his unflinching sense of humor under all circumstances, and his capacity to endure hardship cheerfully and without complaint. Nor do I believe that all the virtues of humanity are the exclusive possession of the Nordic race. We are a drunken, brawling, egotistical, bragging, dominating, adventurous, exploring, exploiting, ambitious race and, except when we are talking about ourselves, probably the most truth-telling race on earth. The Nordic is also probably endowed with more social and political capacity to build great and complex civilizations than any other. At least he has exhibited more of these traits than any other race of the modern world. It is also probable that he has more scientific achievements to his credit than any other race. But there are many other virtues of immense importance with which the Nordic race seems pretty feebly endowed. The study and measurement of racial differences has only begun and on none of these mental and emotional traits

can we speak with certainty. But all we need here to point out is that in the United States the old native stock, of whatever race, produces more leaders and measures higher in average intelligence than the more recent immigrants.

Now most of the old native stock came from Northern Europe and it is they who have created out of a wilderness the thing which we call America. If other races supplant the old stock, while there will still be hordes of people here and people who will call themselves Americans, yet the thing we call America will be gone. "Rome lasted as long as there were Romans." America will last as long as there are Americans and no longer. And this brings me to the third point which the immigration unrestrictedists overlook. That point is this. Whatever may be the amount and kind of differences among races, beyond question profound differences do exist. They are probably ineradicable by any kind of education or environment. They seem to cause races to react differently to the same education. A hundred years of residence in America have not made the different races here any more like each other than when they came so far as one can judge by educational and political history. Granted that all these races are equally able, equally endowed, the fact remains that their endowments are radically different. And moreover no one ever thinks of expelling anybody of whatever race who is already here. If the older Americans were sentimentalists enough or fools enough to invite them here certainly the newcomers are not to blame. America must get along now the best she can, and with a constant spread and increase instead of a decrease of race intolerance.

But for the conduct of a nation and the building of a great culture, there should be as much *like-mindedness* as can be obtained. Every nation feels the same way. The Roumanians do not wish their life and institutions taken over by the English or the Negroes. No more should we introduce any more than we can help of racial differences. Not only do different races look at political problems differently and vote differently, but race crossings constantly produce descendants of mixed mental constitutions. We know little as yet about the real effects of race crossings, but enough work has been done to show that the old law of heredity that "what goes into the germ plasm will come out in the offspring" holds true here as everywhere else. The notion of the melting of various races into one great race is pure nonsense. The melting pot is a pure myth. The same old characteristics are handed down through the generations with as much certainty as if they obeyed the law of gravitation.

When we find that nearly as much money was expended last year by the legislature of New Mexico to interpret the proceedings to the members who could not speak English as was expended for purposes of improving the State it gives us some inkling of what might happen in time to our national Congress. And when we see, as the writer did in the great Dayton flood, that many of the lower immigrants had to be forced to clean the mud out of their houses and even out of their beds at the point of the bayonet, it must give us pause as a nation as to where we are drifting. All wild animals are clean because the dirty ones die or get killed. But we keep dirty human beings alive because of our humane impulses and should do so, provided we do not gain the idea that such human beings are the salt of the earth and can run a nation and vote on educational policies and international finance as well as those of different and, we are forced to believe, superior inborn character.

The American people are rapidly becoming aroused to the supreme peril of national and racial degeneration from the migration of such stocks. The bill now before Congress proposing to base the number of immigrants to be admitted upon the 1890 census, which insures that they will be of higher racial quality and more nearly like the people who created America and first made it their home, is the most hopeful thing for keeping this country a decent home for our children that has happened in our whole immigration history. We hope, ere this article is printed, that the bill will be a law. If so it will insure more than anything else can that the descendants of the great peoples who, during the past three centuries have created America, shall continue to possess the land of their fathers, and that it will remain the same kind of land. Nothing could be of greater benefit to every immigrant, whether high or low, who is now here. America has been immensely damaged and has multiplied many fold its social, moral, economic and political problems and dangers by its immigration policy. But America is not ruined and is still filled with good people. However, the whole question is not where America is now but in which direction *it is going*. Is it going up or down in the quality of its blood? For two generations it has been going down in the average intelligence and the virility of its people. The hour has struck when we can and must reverse this process. The immigration bill marks a turning point in our biological history. It means that at last we make a belated start back and up toward the great blood of our founders instead of going ahead and down toward the blood of the Australian convicts and the world's ne'er-do wells.

Are You One of the 95% Who Suffer from Sick Nerves ?

Millions of people are today only half alive and don't know it! They suffer from obscure ills, worry about imaginary troubles, find it hard to concentrate and easily fall a prey to disease that robs them of their vital powers—all as a result of continuous neglect of their nerves. Bernarr Macfadden, in a wonderful new book which you can obtain free, shows how to recharge your undernourished nerves and how to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality by following a few easy, natural rules. No medicines, drugs or self-denials, no exhausting exercises or disagreeable diets!

DO you worry and fuss over non-essentials? Do you get excited easily? Do you blush readily? Is your memory weak or your eyesight failing? Are your hands and feet cold? Are you troubled with constipation or other stomach troubles? Are you pale? Is your complexion blotched? Is your hair falling? Have you occasional headaches and dizzy spells? Are you troubled with insomnia and too many dreams? Are you impatient—emotional, quick to show your joy or sorrow?

These are only a few of the signs that show unhealthy nerves and if you neglect them you will slowly but surely head for the same disastrous condition that is now bringing misery to thousands of people.

Many a promising career and many a happy home has been ruined by some impulsive word or act. Many a social position has been irretrievably lost by some trifling indiscretion or error of judgment—due entirely to unstable nerves. To think that one marriage in every eleven ends in divorce! And to think that 95% of all the misery of the unhappily married is due to nothing more than irritated nerves. When a man loses his temper and flares up in excitement; when a woman begins to nag, fret and worry; when a child becomes unruly or shy—it's simply a case of nerve exhaustion.

It is a pity that so very few people really know how to keep their nerves sound and healthful. How much misery could be avoided, how much unhappiness could be changed to joy if the countless numbers of people who now overlook the little signs of nervous exhaustion could be made to see the folly of their neglect.

It is now just as easy to have sound, healthy nerves as it is to have clean, strong teeth and vigorous muscles! Without drugs or medicines—without tedious exhausting exercises or en-

forced hateful diets—without doing anything that isn't pleasant and delightful, you can now recharge your undernourished nerves and live a full, vibrant life that will help you to achieve a glorious business and social success.

Based on his many years of experience as a physical culture expert, Bernarr Macfadden has picked out and set down in writing certain simple, easy-to-follow rules that have helped thousands of men and women to regain their lost nervous energy and to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality. He calls his wonderful book "Strengthening Weak Nerves." You can obtain a copy without extra charge.

If you follow Bernarr Macfadden's advice faithfully, you will be overjoyed at the results. You'll look better and feel better than you have in years, you will have greater endurance, a keener appetite and a happier outlook on life than you ever had before. You will banish headaches, worries, constipation. Your complexion will become clearer, your eyesight stronger and you will gradually build up a vigorous body that will be able to resist nearly every ailment that is at present sapping the energy of thousands.

The book is written in an easy, fascinating style. There is nothing difficult to understand. You'll enjoy every page because it shows you the way to glowing health and vigor. The knowledge you'll gain from reading Bernarr Macfadden's book will help you throughout your entire life for it will build for you a solid foundation for your future success and happiness.

This Splendid Book Sent FREE With This Offer

The advice which Bernarr Macfadden has set down in his wonderful book, "Strengthening Weak Nerves," is invaluable to every man and woman. But if you act quickly you can now obtain a copy absolutely without extra charge. "Strengthening Weak Nerves" is sent free with a year's subscription to Physical Culture, the magazine that is showing thousands of people the way

to glorious health. Every month Physical Culture comes to you chock full of copious illustrations—powerful editorials—exercise articles—food articles—health articles—weight control—personal health problems—thrilling fiction throbbing with life—superb rotogravure section showing physically perfect men and women and beautifully developed babies—all glorifying a healthy mind in a healthy body.

If you're overweight you'll find articles on how to reduce; if you're too thin you learn how to put on many pounds of good solid muscle. If you're suffering from constipation, or a poor, sallow complexion, you'll find even in one single issue, wonderful authoritative advice that will bring you renewed vigor and a radiant complexion.

SPECIAL OFFER

Physical Culture is sold at the newsstands at 25c a copy. But for a limited time you can obtain a full six months' subscription—6 big issues—in addition to Bernarr Macfadden's book, "Strengthening Weak Nerves"—all for \$1.50.

If you want healthy nerves and vigorous body—if you want to add at least ten years to your life and enjoy every minute of it—then mail the coupon below. The book, "Strengthening Weak Nerves," will be sent you at once with the first issue of Physical Culture. Mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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I am enclosing \$1.50. Please enter my name for a special six months' subscription to Physical Culture. This entitles me to a free copy of Bernarr Macfadden's book, "Strengthening Weak Nerves."

Name.....

Address.....

A Few of the Symptoms of Sick Nerves

- 1 Excitement and mental depression
- 2 Headaches, dizziness, deafness
- 3 Weakness of memory
- 4 Disturbed sleep, troubled dreams
- 5 Blurring of sight
- 6 Ringing in the ears
- 7 Feeling of numbness
- 8 Cold hands or feet, Flushings and sweats
- 9 Muscular weakness, lack of endurance
- 10 Dyspepsia, other stomach troubles
- 11 Pains around heart
- 12 Spells of irritability
- 13 Knee jerks
- 14 Strange fears
- 15 Continuous flow of thought preventing sleep at night
- 16 Very emotional—quick to show joy or sorrow
- 17 Gloomy—pessimistic, always looking on the dark side of things.

FREE WITH THIS OFFER AMAZING NEW BOOK "Strengthening Weak Nerves"

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

EVERY reader of Physical Culture can now obtain the wonderful book without extra charge. Here are some of its contents:

- What to eat and drink for nerve energy.
- Causes of fatigue.
- How to prevent loss of nerve force.
- How to restore nervous health.
- How internal and external bathing builds healthy nerves.
- How to breathe deeply.
- Exercises that stimulate weak nerves.
- The danger of drugs and nerve tonics.
- How to relax and grow strong.

Special spine treatment that soothes the nervous system. Mental and emotional influences that build healthy nerves. Ten simple rules for strengthening the nervous system.



in his wonderful book, "Strengthening Weak Nerves," is invaluable to every man and woman. But if you act quickly you can now obtain a copy absolutely without extra charge. "Strengthening Weak Nerves" is sent free with a year's subscription to Physical Culture, the magazine that is showing thousands of people the way

Getting More Out of Life

(Continued from page 23)

appearance. He bathed more frequently and shaved at least once a week. He began to take more pride in his home. He kept the place in a better state of repair. He found time to paint an occasional chair or a room. In another generation he began tidying up his yard, planting grass and flowers and vegetables.

But this gradual improvement in the condition of the workman had to be directed. It did not come about naturally. As I said before, if he were left to his own volition, he might have used his new leisure in the most convenient grog shop. At first the majority probably did dissipate their leisure in this manner. In time, though, the educational and refining influences of governments, churches, schools, lectures, sermons, books and periodicals began to be felt. Society was given a sort of cultural impulse, which eventually embraced the working classes in its influence. Formerly illiterate and ambitionless workers acquired a taste for reading and for music and for the theatre and for outdoor games.

Personally, I would carry this tendency much further. It is my humble opinion that we now have so much leisure that we have time not only for healthful recreation, for games and sports and for reading and other cultural pursuits, but that we also have time to master more than one trade or profession or art. We should have an avocation as well as a vocation. I believe further that our avocation should be made to yield us an income in addition to the income we get from our regular occupation. The Standard dictionary defines "avocation" as "that which takes one from his regular calling; a minor or irregular occupation; side interest; diversion."

While an avocation can be a most healthful "diversion," it need not necessarily be "a minor or irregular occupation." It can be just as important an occupation as our regular vocation and under the working day of Steinmetz's prediction as much time can be given to it as to the regular job. The delightful thing about an avocation is that it can be the thing in our heart of hearts we desire to do most, whereas our vocation is likely to be the job that we have to do, whether we like it or not.

When I was at college one of our professors talked one day on this matter of avocations. He said that a man's avocation should be the opposite of his vocation. The mental worker should have a physical avocation and the physical worker a mental avocation. About this time I decided on farming as my vocation and some form of journalism as my avocation. That seemed to be an ideal combination of physical and mental work. For three or four years I tried to carry out this plan, but succeeded at neither my vocation nor avocation. Later I engaged in business and after a time did succeed

in developing writing as a fairly profitable avocation. About 1910, I failed in business. In other words my vocation was no longer able to earn my living. Fortunate was I to have an avocation. I presently devoted all my time to it, making a better living at it than I ever did at my erstwhile vocation. Thus my avocation became my vocation. It has continued as my vocation ever since. As an avocation I have recently taken up farming, thus realizing my youthful ambition. The only difference is that in my youthful plan farming was to have been my vocation. Today both my vocation and avocation are income producers, although the latter is as yet not so profitable as I hope it will be in a few years.

It is a good thing to have an avocation to fall back on, in case your regular occupation should suddenly fail. My work brings me into almost daily contact with the tragedy of the man out of work. Thousands of deserving men are unemployed, even during the most prosperous times. For one reason or another, these men are thrown out of a job. Usually it is not through any fault of theirs. Generally these men are specialists. They have spent their lives doing some highly specialized thing. It is not always easy to find another job for the man who can perform only in his specialty.

This is the tragedy of modern industrialism. In creating specialists, it deprives men of the ability to make a living at anything else. Men are no longer shoemakers. Their forte is putting on heels or running a stitching machine or something else. Men are no longer salesmen. They are bond salesmen or fur salesmen and imagine that they are not qualified to sell anything else.

That demonstrates the value of an avocation. It keeps workers from becoming too highly specialized. It keeps their minds and bodies flexible and gives them the disposition at least, to tackle any kind of a task that comes along. There is no reason why the shoe-stitching machine operator cannot become a radio expert. Some day it may be the means of making him his living. The bond salesman might take up the culture of dahlias or become such a good golf player that if the need ever arose he might make his living as a professional.

A couple of years ago I had a conversation with a man who had just returned from Europe, where he had "investigated" all of the European countries. He said that at that time Czecho-Slovakia was making the most rapid recovery. I asked him why. He replied that the workers in that country were not entirely dependent on their factory jobs. If the factory job gave out, they had a little business at home to fall back on, as home manufacturing is very prevalent in that country. The same condition prevails in other European countries. The

Frenchman need not worry if he loses his job. Many of them have tiny farms to fall back on. The Danish salaried man who loses his job can assist his wife in their little retail shop until another position opens up. These people have a sort of an avocation in reserve in case their vocations peter out.

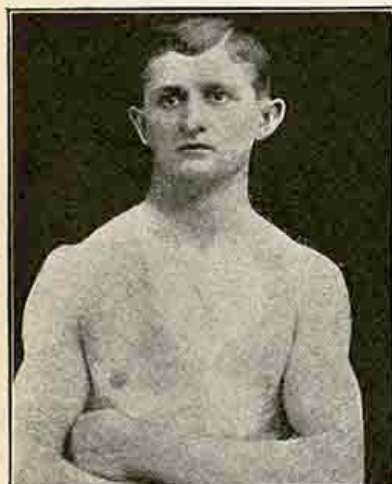
So that is my idea of the way to use leisure profitably. It is a practical idea, too, for many persons are generously supplementing their regular income in this way every day. I know a lawyer who makes ship models during his spare time. He sells them as fast as he can turn them out. I know a doctor who is a sculptor and a mail carrier who doubles his income by teaching persons how to drive an automobile. I know an advertising man who raises police dogs as an avocation and a dentist who is physical director in a club. I know an insurance man who took up landscaping as a hobby and finally became so good at it that his friends began giving him commissions. He now makes more money at it than he does at his regular work.

All of these men have solved the problem of leisure. A few years ago at Lake George one summer, I met a boy of about ten years of age, who was a remarkable canoeist, swimmer, diver, tennis and golf player. I complimented him on his skill. He said that was the first summer he had ever been in the water. He lived in a state where there is little water. He had never been in a canoe before and neither had he ever played golf or tennis before that summer. He said that he had become proficient in these arts in a few weeks by keeping at them all day long. He told me that his father taught him almost from infancy the value of leisure and what could be done with it. When he sent him to the lake, he insisted that he master every water sport and every other game that was in vogue at this summer resort. The year before the boy was placed on a farm, where during his vacation he had learned to milk a cow, to make butter, to harness a horse, to feed a calf and a dozen other things peculiar to farming.

That boy's father is splendidly teaching him to solve the problem of leisure. I have never forgotten that boy. Since meeting him I have been ashamed of my inability to put in an electrical fuse, to sharpen a saw, to read a gas meter, put a washer in the water faucet, to fix a leaking radiator, to repair a window shade, to build a grape arbor or to do any one of the dozens of other things that any person should be able to do around the house. I am now learning to do these things as rapidly as I can. And say, folks, when you do learn to be a general handyman, you need never worry about the curtailed working day. You will always have plenty to do, even though your office hours are cut down to two hours a day.

A New Body in a Few Short Months!

Here is a Typical Example of What My System Accomplishes in a Very Short Time. You Can Do the Same as this Man did—or Even Better!



Before Starting Titus System

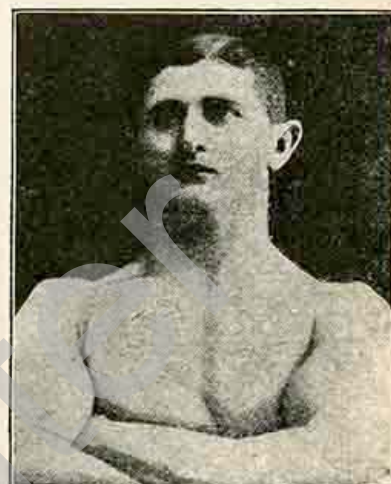
Compare this Man's Measurements BEFORE and 5 MONTHS AFTER he Began Using the TITUS SYSTEM

PHYSICAL MEASUREMENTS BEFORE

Chest, Contracted	32	Neck	13
Chest Normal (arms at side)	34	Forearm	9½
Chest Expanded	36	Thigh	18½
Waist	29	Calf	12
Biceps	10	Weight	129
		Height	5-5½
		Age, 20 years and 5 months.	

PHYSICAL MEASUREMENTS 5 MONTHS AFTER

Chest, Contracted	35	Neck	14
Chest Normal (arms at side)	37	Forearm	10½
Chest Expanded	49	Thigh	20½
Waist	29	Calf	14
Biceps	14	Weight	147
		Height	5-6½
		Age, 20 years and 10 mos.	



After Using Titus System 5 Months

What is the Secret of Such Phenomenal Development?

It has taken me 30 years to perfect my system of body-building and the proper exercisers to obtain the most rapid and thorough results. And I want you to understand right now that I do not send you merely a few typewritten sheets of instructions and let it go at that. When you fellows spend your hard earned money for a physical culture course, you want something that produces results—something that builds real strength instead of a few puffy muscles to show your friends. I attribute the wonderful success of my system to my PROGRESSIVE AND AUTOMATIC EXERCISER, the

only apparatus of its kind in existence. I am the only physical culturist from whom you can secure this device because it is my own patent and no one else is allowed to manufacture it. When you enroll with me you become my personal pupil. I assume the responsibility for your development. I am convinced that the only sure, sound way to develop the body is by means of the proper apparatus, properly used. If I were not sure of my system, I would not stake my whole reputation as the foremost instructor on it, as I do. There is nothing mysterious about my system or the apparatus I send you with it. I have nothing to hide from anyone.

I Tell You Boldly and Clearly the Kind of Apparatus You Get With My System

Don't go into a Physical Culture Course blindly. Don't spend your money until you know exactly what you are going to get in return for it. I am at present the only instructor who boldly and frankly shows you by means of pictures and written description the sort of exercising apparatus you get with his course. I leave

nothing to your imagination, and there can be no disappointments on your part because you know in advance exactly what you receive with my course. My apparatus is so complete that it has often been called a "Home Gymnasium." And yet I give you all this for what you would pay for an ordinary course of instructions.

The World's Greatest Strong Men Praise My System

Such World renowned strong men as Rolandow, the strongest man ever produced in America, the Great Barnes, August W. Johnson, William D. Waring and many others—all holders of championships, endorse my system. Even Arthur Saxon, the greatest weight lifter of all time, not only used my apparatus in his training, but gave it his unqualified approval over all others.

Now then, I ask you, when such men as these endorse my system, can there be any doubt left in your mind? Certainly NOT. I believe I can show a greater array of bona-fide pupils among the professional ranks than any other instructor. I show you their pictures and endorsement in my big book which tells all about my system.



Professor Henry W. Titus as he is today

I Know How to Make You STRONG Because I AM A STRONG MAN MYSELF

A man who claims to make you strong must be A STRONG MAN HIMSELF. Before you enroll with me, ask me to show you my record as an athlete and make any comparisons you like. I refer you to the files of the New York newspapers of several years past. I hold championships in feats of strength, not only at my own weight, but among men even 15 pounds heavier than I am. I have built up my own body with the same system I offer you. I KNOW I can make a real man out of you, no matter how much of a weakling you may be at the present time. And remember, my System not only builds muscles, but it heals and strengthens weak and ailing Vital Organs, improves the Circulation, steadies the Nerves, builds up and gives Tone to the Whole System, imparts Vigor, Snap, Enthusiasm, Joy and Ambition, not only to the young, but to middle-aged and old people as well. I have one pupil 92 years of age!

Send for My 56-Page Book

It is crammed full of valuable information on Health and Strength. It contains photographs and records of my pupils as well as myself. Ten cents to cover postage and wrapping brings it to you. Mail the coupon below TODAY. I cannot help you unless you give me an opportunity.

PROF. HENRY W. TITUS

Dept. 27, 105 East 13th Street, 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.....

Prof. Henry W. Titus
105 E. 13th St., Dept. 27, New York City

How to Take Your Measurements

(Continued from page 65)

along in his pocket. You never saw a man so utterly flabbergasted, and he went to great trouble to assure me that he had not been lying to me. I had him use the tape himself, and showed him how the errors occurred. (By the way, if you ever speak about your measurements, it is better to say that you are a little bit smaller than you actually are; then if some other fellow insists on measuring you he will be the one to be disappointed, when he finds that you are bigger than you claimed to be.)

It is fairly easy to hold the tape when you are measuring the body or the legs, but when you are taking the arm measurement you have to manipulate both ends of the tape with one hand. When passing the tape around the right arm, the clumsiness of the left fingers makes it very hard to take accurate measurements, because there is a tendency to grasp the end of the tape between the thumb and the first finger, and this prevents you from laying the end of the tape against the muscle. You will find it very much easier to measure the arms (and, in fact, any part of the body) if you wrap the tape around the part and take your reading starting from the figure 10. That method of holding the tape is shown in all these pictures. In Figure 1 you can plainly see the numeral 10 opposite the numeral 23½, showing that the arm measurement is 13½ inches. In Figure No. 1 you also see the incorrect, but quite common, way of taking the arm measurement. This is exactly what was done by the young man referred to in the paragraph above. He passed the tape over the biggest bulge of biceps, but instead of putting it around the arm at right angles to the bone, he allowed it to come nearer his elbow on the under side of the arm, so that the measurement represented not a true cross section, but a diagonal section. When I made him put the tape around the arm as shown in Figure No. 2 he measured 1¼ inches less. (By the way, the gentleman referred to is *not* the young man who is posing for the pictures.) Figure No. 2 shows the way I always measure my arm. I stand close to a mirror, and before I read the tape I glance at the mirror to make sure that the tape is straight up and down across the arm. Naturally I always try to get the tape over the biggest part of the arm, and that is what you should do. I take care to pull the ends of the tape until it is tight against the arm.

I advise you always to stand near a mirror when you take the chest measurement. When measuring your chest, the tape should go around the body in a horizontal line across the broad of the back, right underneath the arm-pits and across the base of the chest muscle. If you fail to use a mirror, you are almost sure to get the wrong measurement because the tape

is very apt to slip down the back as in Figure 3, and if the tape does slip down the tape will show less than your chest actually measures. By looking into the mirror as in Figure No. 4 it is easier to determine whether the tape is correctly placed.

In order to have a basis for comparison, it is very important that we should all measure ourselves at exactly the same spot. Some physical culturists, and some gymnasium instructors, when taking the chest measurement, pass the tape around the body on a line two inches lower than shown in Figure No. 4, so that it comes below the chest muscles; but I advise you to place the tape close under your arm-pits, because that is the way the vast majority of people measure the chest.

When measuring the thigh, you should pass the tape around the upper part of the leg just below the crotch, and you must be careful that the tape does not pass over the lower projection of the buttock. Sometimes a correspondent will write me and say, "How is it that some of these fellows have 24-inch thighs, and mine is only 19 inches?" On investigation I usually find that that man has measured his thigh about half-way between the knee and the crotch, and that his thigh would measure at least 21 inches if the tape was placed in the proper position. Here is another case where your mirror will help you to see whether the tape is exactly horizontal, as in Figure No. 5.

Recently I saw a newspaper article about a very big wrestler, and this article made the astounding statement that the wrestler's wrist measured 13 inches. I know that that man's wrist does not measure more than 9 inches, and probably not more than 8½ inches, and that the measurement was probably taken half-way up the forearm. The proper place to measure the wrist is right at the base of the hand, as in Figure No. 6. The tape should go between the bottom of the hand and the lump of bone on the outside of the wrist. When you take the wrist measurement never make the mistake of passing the tape around the arm two or three inches away from the hand, even if you are anxious to impress people with the size of your wrist.

In a very thin man the forearm is largest close to the elbow, but in a well-developed individual the largest part of the forearm is about 2½ inches

below the elbow joint. It is not fair to bend the arm at the elbow when taking the forearm measurement. In that position your forearm may be one-half to one and one-half inches larger than when the arm is held straight. In taking the forearm measurement you should clench the fist tightly, and hold your arm straight, or bend it just a trifle at the elbow as in Figure No. 7. Since forty-nine men out of fifty hold their arm this way when taking the forearm measurement, you must hold *your* forearm that way if you wish to know how your arm compares with their arms.

In measuring the ankle you should take the smallest part of the ankle, which is usually about 2 inches above the joint. It is very much easier to take the ankle measurement if you put the foot on a chair as in Figure No. 8. When measuring the calf of the leg you would not get a true measurement if you put the foot on a chair, because the calf muscles are relaxed in that position. The only rule in taking this measurement is to put the tape around the *largest* part of the calf, and it is perfectly fair to tense the muscles. Your measurement will be a trifle larger if you bend the knee slightly as in Figure No. 9, and harden the muscles on the shin as well as the muscles on the back of the leg. There is no part of the body which varies so much in shape and size in the different individuals as does the calf of the leg, and that is why it is impossible to say, "Pass the tape around the leg 4 inches below the knee, or 3 inches below the knee." Keep the tape horizontal, but move it up and down until you get the largest measurement, but remember that when you measure yourself again you must put the tape in exactly the same spot. Otherwise you will not be able to tell whether you are losing or gaining.

You would be surprised at the amount of unconscious cheating that is done in taking the measurement of the neck. For some reason or other many athletes are vastly proud of the size of their necks, and seemingly very anxious to have a neck measurement of 16 inches or over. If they pass the tape around the upper part of the neck and the measurement is less than 16 inches, they let the tape slightly down until it does reach 16 inches. Of course, if you let the tape come down close to the shoulders it will pass around the upper part of the trapezius muscles, and if those muscles are well developed in your case, you might be able to claim a neck measurement of nearly 20 inches. The correct thing is to measure the smallest part of your neck, which in most individuals is on the line shown in Figure No. 10—the one where the model is apparently trying to strangle himself. In taking *this* measurement, the mirror is absolutely necessary.

Do you know how to get rid of fatigue? How to start fresh after you have tired out a muscle? You will learn some interesting things about this, and how to do it, in L. E. Eubank's illuminating and helpful discussion of "Massage" in STRENGTH next month.

A Weakling at 47—A Hercules at 50 Years

THERE is a common belief that a man's body is not capable of much improvement after he is twenty-five years old. We get dozens of letters saying: "I am an undeveloped man of 26 (or 27) years of age. Can your system possibly do anything for a man of my age?" Our answer is that the male body is capable of marked improvement up to the age of fifty—and in some cases to the age of fifty-five.

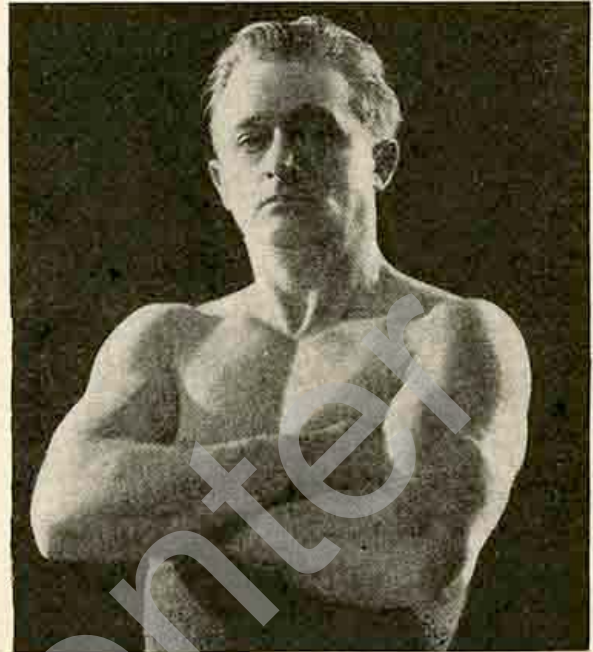
Mr. Arthur Leslie, whose pictures appear on this page, confesses that at the age of forty-seven he was in very poor physical condition. In a letter to us he says: "Up to the age of 47 I was weak and flabby, and had no development—probably because I had never taken any exercise. I then weighed 205 pounds—mostly fat. The work with the Milo Bar-Bell has done wonders for me. Today, at the age of fifty, I weigh 158 pounds, and have 16-inch biceps. I can make a 2-arm-press with 170 pounds, and can support really tremendous weights on my shoulders.

Mr. Leslie's *first* state is not an uncommon one. By devotion to business, and the consequent lack of exercise, he had acquired a big waist-line, but was flat-chested, short-winded and flabby-muscled. He was allowing himself to get old prematurely. (Many other middle-aged men have drifted into the same state of physical weakness.) Mr. Leslie's *second* state—his present state—is a remarkable testimonial to the regenerating value of our training methods. It was a fortunate day for him when he decided to use a Milo Bar-Bell.

Milo Methods Made Him Over

He improved in health and in shape from the very start, and with this encouragement he became a bar-bell enthusiast. All he had *hoped* for was to put himself in *fair* physical condition. What he *accomplished* was to become an athlete of splendid proportions, fine development, and immense muscular and vital strength. At the age of fifty he is far better built and about three times as strong and vigorous as he was at the age of twenty-five.

At the Physical Culture Exposition of 1922 Mr. Leslie gave a demonstration of his lifting powers, and since then he has been hailed as one of the strongest men in the world of his age. Lifting is his diversion as well as his favorite form of exercise, and he gets the same sense of satisfaction out of elevating a big weight as a golfer does when he makes a 275-yard drive. The most valuable thing he got from his bar-bell training was the immense increase in mental and all-around physical vigor which gave him a commanding personality and great driving-force. He became a "go-getter," a "human dynamo," a man with such a stock of surplus energy that he fears no physical task or mental or business problem.



MR. LESLIE AT FIFTY

His Case Should Be a Lesson to You

Suppose Mr. Leslie had started to use bar-bells when he was twenty—what would have happened? Why! then he would have become one of the wonders of the world. If you start using bar-bells at the age of 14 to 20 years you can accomplish miracles in the way of physical improvement; and even if you are middle-aged (40 to 55 years) you are still capable of as much improvement as Mr. Leslie made. Do not say, "It is never too late to mend," but "It is never too late to build anew."

We Have Pupils of All Ages

Our pupils range in age all the way from 14 to 64 years old, and each and every pupil is given exactly the degree of exercise and exactly the progressive schedule which is particularly suited to his needs.

We Give Unlimited Service and an Absolute Guarantee



MR. LESLIE Supporting 600 Pounds

We do not give courses for "2 months" or "3 months" only. We are never through with a pupil until he makes the improvements he should make. If you buy an adjustable bar-bell from us you get—free of all charge—a course in body-building, figure-molding, health-creating and muscle-making exercise, and after you have made a certain degree of improvement you are given (free of charge) instructions in the advanced work, which some of our pupils (like Mr. Leslie) find so fascinating.

We Can Make You a Superman

You may be interested in learning what are the chances for improvement at your age. If so you had better get the special pamphlet mentioned below. It will tell you the details of other cases just as fascinating and inspiring as Mr. Leslie's.

Send at once for our booklet

"Health, Strength and Development and How to Obtain Them"

and the special pamphlet

"How Much Can I Improve — at 20 — at 30 — at 40 Years"

Both free on request.

S-4-24
Milo Bar-Bell Co.,
301 Diamond St., Phila.

Gentlemen:

Please send me without obligation on my part your free booklet "HEALTH, STRENGTH AND DEVELOPMENT AND HOW TO OBTAIN THEM" and your pamphlet entitled, "HOW MUCH CAN I IMPROVE AT 20—AT 30—AT 40 YEARS."

Name

Address

City

State

THE MILO BAR-BELL CO.

301 Diamond Street

Dept. 10

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Dinner Table

(Continued from page 67)

food and perhaps it seems more filling because it requires more chewing. To prepare it, soak it and cook it in a double boiler about two hours. Use one part wheat to 2½ salted water. Cracked wheat can be cooked in the same way and to my mind is the best of all. Several different recipes for preparing it are given on the wrapper. They are all good. Unless you are in a hurry, it will not need to be soaked. But the uncracked whole wheat used for porridge would better be soaked first.

Cream Sauce and Meat Gravy

You know how much more attractive plain boiled potatoes can be made to look, by simply shaking a little paprika over the top of them. If you have creamed them they need this added bit of color to offset that dead white, pasty expression. I can tell you a better way to make those potatoes look healthy than putting rouge on their noses. Make your cream sauce with whole wheat flour. It is made just exactly like any other cream sauce and it looks like freckles and tastes like nuts. Try it. Whole wheat flour when made into gravy doesn't need to be browned either. It tastes better and saves lots of time.

You see there is no escape for the cook who really has a conscience and who wants to feed her family properly. If she hasn't time to be making cookies, cakes and puddings, she can still give them that needed extra amount of whole wheat made into the sauce she pours over the vegetables or into the gravies she serves with the meat.

Whole Wheat as Dessert

Of course, the family will be suspicious of such a suggestion. But don't say too much. Also, if you are wise, make the rest of the meal rather stingy, so you can serve your new dish with hunger for a sauce.

Suppose now the meal has been eaten. The family is waiting for dessert, a mildly unsatisfied, hopeful and expectant look on its collective face. The stage is set. Then—you enter with the whole wheat.

What is it anyway? And how does it look?

Well, for this special first night appearance it has on its very best dress. It's CAKE. And it has nuts on top and figs in between. And then just as a modest excuse for such an entrance, it is accompanied by a small dish of home canned fruit. The family may look a trifle disappointed when they see that small dish of fruit. Let us hope that they are still hungry and consumed with but one desire, the desire to get filled up. They will be filled up when they have eaten the cake.

Here is the recipe. If you really don't need it for dinner tonight, make it and bake it and trim it with candles, and your little girl and all her little guests will pronounce it the best birthday cake they ever ate.

WHOLE WHEAT CAKE

- 3 eggs
- 1½ cups sugar (dark brown)
- ½ cup butter
- 1½ cups sweet milk
- 3 cups whole wheat flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 level teaspoon cinnamon
- 3 level teaspoons baking powder

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten whites of eggs, then the yolks with a little of the flour to keep it from separating. Then add the milk and the rest of the ingredients in the order named. This will make two large, fat layers with two extra "jems." Or you can make three smaller layers. To bake it, the oven should be very hot for the first five minutes, and after that a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Use your own favorite recipe for the icing. Nuts, figs, either or both are very good stirred into a boiled white icing and make a splendid combination with the whole wheat and cinnamon. Chocolate and caramel are good, too, but perhaps you have a recipe that is better than any of these.

But, you protest, I haven't time to bake cake every day in April. Of course you haven't, but, after all, it wasn't so very much trouble, was it? And it didn't cost so very much either, did it? You didn't have to buy a special pastry flour to make it, and you didn't have to sift it three or four times to make it light. You didn't have to sift it even once. You just stirred it in. Besides, everything that went into that cake was good, natural food. A slice of it was as satisfying as a whole wheat bread and butter sandwich. Furthermore, instead of serving your family with a dessert that must appear in small quantities because "it might make the children sick," you have given them not only a nourishing but a corrective food, and it is safe to let them eat as much of it as their appetites call for.

But suppose you are in a hurry and haven't time for the cake. Here is a pudding that it takes three hours to bake, that is true, but you can mix it up after breakfast and leave it in the oven till lunchtime, and except for a stir now and then it will take care of itself. Or you can put it in the fireless cooker and forget about it. It can be dressed in six different ways for the six different days of the week, with an extra special "gown" for Sunday. Here is the plain pudding.

WHOLE WHEAT PUDDING

- 1 quart whole milk
- 1 cup dried fruit
- ¾ cup cracked wheat
- 4 rounded tablespoons dark brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon vanilla or cinnamon or nutmeg.

Bake three hours in a very slow oven. Use an earthenware, oven glass, or heavy aluminum baking dish. Keep

the pudding tightly closed and stir it occasionally. The pudding, when done, ought to be of a creamy consistency like rice pudding. Perhaps you will need to bake it a little less than three hours or a little more, according to the temperature of your oven. In fact, this is nothing more nor less than a rice pudding with cracked wheat used instead of the rice.

As for the frills, a great deal depends on the individual likes and needs of your particular family, as well as the contents of the pantry and the inventive genius of the cook. Take that item of dried fruit, for instance. Raisins make the easiest, and generally the most satisfactory, addition to the pudding. You can't miss it by using raisins. But if you want a more unusual flavor, try using half the amount of raisins and add half a cup of the now more or less forgotten currants which our grandmothers cherished so dearly and used so abundantly. Figs chopped fine and mixed with a few nuts are very good indeed, and a teaspoon of lemon extract will improve the taste. The pudding is especially good when a mixture of all of these ingredients is used, and if you can afford to be extravagant, make it more than a cupful. Another good way to vary the pudding is to use prunes, stewed, stoned and mashed; or unsulphured apricots. If the latter are used the fruit must be cooked and stirred in after the pudding has begun to cook to prevent the milk from curdling.

But no matter how you make the pudding, it can be served in a number of ways. It is even good without anything on it if it has not been overdone and consequently too stiff. The most satisfactory way for ordinary occasions is with cream or whole milk. For another change cook the pudding with two instead of four tablespoons of brown sugar, and when you serve it pour over each portion a little maple syrup or honey.

On Sunday, of course—and perhaps there's company—we must give it a more elaborate appearance. Put it in tall stemmed glass dishes, top it with a dash of whipped cream and a red cherry, or a spoonful of bright red home-made jelly, like currant or quince, or red apple jelly. If you can't afford the cream, whip up the white of an egg and put a spoonful on top of each portion, sprinkle a little cinnamon over the whole and top it with jelly.

Incidentally, if you will examine the ingredients of this pudding you will see that they make practically a balanced meal. If served abundantly, the addition of a vegetable soup or a simple salad would provide all that anybody ought to eat at any one time.

Here is a recipe for whole wheat cookies. They have many commendable qualities! They are filling, they taste good, and they are more than harmless, they are nourishing.

WHOLE WHEAT COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 2 cups dark brown sugar
- 2 cups open kettle molasses
- 1 cup chopped nuts and raisins
- 2 teaspoons salt, cloves, nutmeg, allspice and ginger
- 4 teaspoons soda in half a cup of hot water
- 10 cups of whole wheat flour.

First mix butter, sugar and molasses; second, add spices and salt; third, the dissolved soda; and last, the flour. Roll to a half inch thickness and bake in a moderate oven.

The family will easily consume that extra amount of whole wheat so desirable in the springtime, if you give them these pancakes for breakfast. They will make the family glad that you forgot to cook the cereal the night before. Or they are good at lunchtime or served as a dessert at dinner. Be sure you have plenty of real butter to put on them and if the family like them sweet, provide maple syrup, honey or open kettle molasses. Or lacking these, make a syrup of dark brown sugar.

WHOLE WHEAT PANCAKES

- 1 cup sweet milk
- 2 teaspoons olive oil
- 1 cup whole wheat flour
- 1 teaspoon brown sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons baking powder.

All measurements are level. This amount makes 12 pancakes.

Muffins made of whole wheat are delicious for breakfast or any other time. With a glass of milk and a bit of fruit they make a full meal.

BREAKFAST OR LUNCHEON WHOLE WHEAT MUFFINS

- 1 egg well beaten
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon brown sugar
- 1½ cups whole wheat flour
- 2 level teaspoons baking powder
- ½ cup currants or raisins, or both mixed.

Mix in order given. Bake in a hot oven 20 minutes.

This recipe will make nine muffins.

And this is just as good.

WHOLE WHEAT BAKING POWDER BREAD

- 2 cups whole wheat flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 3 teaspoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons melted butter
- 1 egg
- 1¼ cups milk.

Mixed in the order given. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven in a well-greased bread pan. It will make one loaf. It is delicious when a cup of chopped nuts is added. Raisins always make it nice.

The making of real whole wheat bread is an art and is a story all in itself which will follow later.

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How Nerve Abuse Wrecks Health

by PAUL von BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion is brought about through nerve strain. There is no other cause. Men strain their nerves through mental concentration and business worries; often, too, through excesses and vices. Women strain their nerves mainly through their emotions, especially those involved in their domestic affairs. Indeed, we are in the midst of nerve strain everywhere due to the mile-a-minute life we are leading. And no man or woman is so strong as to be immune to this strain.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly, yet its symptoms are unmistakable. It does not manifest itself, as many think, in twitching muscles and trembling hands. The majority of sufferers from nerves seem strong and healthy, and may have not a tremor in their body, yet inwardly their nerves are in a turmoil and are undermining the entire bodily organism.

The symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows: First Stage: lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling." Second Stage: Nervousness; restlessness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headache; backache; neuritis, rheumatism, and other pains. Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear, undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies; and in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental turmoil, you may be sure that your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here

and there. You are told you are "run down," and need a rest. Your doctor may prescribe a drug—a nerve stimulant or sedative. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.

And don't be deceived into believing that some magic system of physical exercise can restore the nerves. It may develop your muscle but it does so at the expense of the nerves, as thousands of athletes have learned through bitter experience.

The cure of weak and deranged nerves must have for its basis an understanding of how the nerves are affected by various abuses and strains. It demands an understanding of certain simple laws in mental and physical hygiene, mental control, relaxation, and how to develop immunity to the many strains of everyday life. Through the application of this knowledge, the most advanced case of Nerve Exhaustion can be corrected.

I have made a life study of the mental and physical characteristics of nervous people, having treated more cases of "Nerves" during the past 25 years than any other man in the world (over 100,000 cases).

The result of this vast experience is embodied in a 64-page book, entitled "Nerve Force," a book that is essentially intended to teach how to care for the nerves and how to apply simple methods for their restoration. It includes important information on the application of deep breathing as a remedial agent. The cost of the book is only 25 cents, coin or stamps. Address me—Paul von Boeckmann, Studio 470, 110 West 40 St., New York City.

This book will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you and the advice will be of incalculable value whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull-nerved means to be dull-brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition, and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for nerves.

"Nerve Force" is not an advertisement of any treatment I may have to offer. This is proved by the fact that large corporations have bought and are buying this book from me by the hundreds and thousands for circulation among their employees—Efficiency. Physicians recommend the book to their patients—Health. Ministers recommend it from the pulpit—Nerve Control, Happiness. Never before has so great a mass of valuable information been presented in so few words. It will enable you to understand your Nerves, your Mind, your Emotions, and your Body. Over a million copies have been sold during the past fifteen years.

What Kind of a Man are You?

Look Yourself in the Mirror



CHARLES ATLAS
"The World's Most Perfect Man"
Winner of two \$1000. FIRST PRIZES and a DIPLOMA for Physical Perfection. No other living man can claim this title.

Quit wishing and wanting and waiting for Health, Strength and a Perfect Physique. Hook up with me and I'll carve out of your body a mighty, powerful Hercules development with far more energy and strength than you ever dreamed possible. All I require is about 30 minutes' snappy, play-time exercise a day till summer. Thousands of others just like you are benefiting by my Course. In fact, many of my pupils are more perfectly developed than some of the physical instructors are. If you have any vigor and vim and vision lose no more time, but get started immediately and develop the Giant within you, so that YOU, too, can be a POWER among men and an inspiration to others.

"SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY"

It's the greatest muscle building book ever printed. Yes, and it's just chock full of large page photos of my pupils and myself. You'll be thrilled at the marvelous collection of strong muscular giants you'll see in this book. There's nothing else like it in the physical culture world. And it's printed in beautiful Colors, too—and bigger and better than anything of its kind. In addition to the scores of pictures you are plainly told the secrets for developing Huge, Powerful, Rippling muscles on the outside and have Inner Health and Energy on the inside. The edition is limited. I have only a few thousand copies left, so clip the coupon and send for Your copy Right Now. It will mark the beginning of a new and better life for you.



FREE Everyone who writes me will have an opportunity of securing six large photographs of myself absolutely FREE. Also write at once for full particulars about the big cash prizes, expensive trophies and beautiful Diplomas I am giving away to pupils free this year.

Charles Atlas

"The World's Most Perfect Man"
Dept. 406
96 Fifth Ave., New York City

—MAIL THIS NOW!—

CHARLES ATLAS
96 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 406, New York City
Dear Sir: Please send me your big free book: "SECRETS OF MUSCULAR POWER AND BEAUTY." I enclose 10c to cover wrapping and mailing charges. This places me under no obligation.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
(Please write or print PLAINLY)

Flexibility Is Youth

(Continued from page 25)

unimpeded in one's flow by static spots. A body settled into rigid muscles has not the power to spring back from shock. Under twists and turns it breaks. Flexible muscles may be twisted in all directions. They yield to the strain, gliding back into power again. The shock of the hard pavement necessitates no rubber heels to protect a flexible spine. The jar of the subway or railway train, if it swings through flexible muscles, leaves the person serene. There is no lasting strength or endurance without flexibility of mind and body.

Watch the animals. Observe how supple they are at all times, both in action and repose. Watch the flexibility of the cat as she stretches her blue-grayness in the sunshine. She becomes a line of rhythmic flow against the soft carpet. Her big sister the tiger crouches in the rank jungle with the same suppleness. Her spring at the foe who would touch her young seems more an elongation of herself than the progress of a solid body through space. It is this elongation, this growing bigger, to meet shock, combined with the reaction of rest,

that keeps the human machine from wearing out. Age should not be estimated by years, but by the amount of flexibility possessed by body and mind. Flexibility of body frees the mind. If one swings with springing gait up the Avenue, the mind opens, as do the ribs, wide to revivification of new thoughts sparkling with fresh air. A rigid body is the complement of an inexorable mind.

The oil that keeps muscles flexible, that makes the mind flow freely from past to present, is rhythm. Rhythm is a fundamental principle of life which is reserved for efforts of skill, but broken in daily living. One can adjust oneself to living without legs or arms or with only one lung; such a condition being imposed upon one by accident or heredity. But living with the handicap of

broken rhythm is the result of our own ignorance or our contempt for life. To break one's rhythm with inflexibility is to shock oneself into irritability. Such irritability is generally blamed on one's husband's shortcomings, one's child's ingratitude, or one's parent's exactions. For one's bodily inflexibility tenses the mind to the point of blindness, and untruth.

The tense mind does not flow into action any more than do tense muscles, and hence procrastination becomes the quality of both. Procrastination is a weary weight to add to static existence. Unfulfilled duties pile up in the mind as solid and tense as are those accompanying muscles of an inflexible body, stealing the energy which belongs to the accomplishment of the opportunities of the moment.

Inflexibility of mind, inflexibility of muscles, can only produce concentration of their own hard quality. Such concentration is puissant while it endures, just as the flow of great rigid muscles is powerful in a blow. But flesh and blood succumb to the weight of such strain, and one withers or dies. With the life-giving oil of rhythm, the

mind and body are swung freely into an abandon of concentration, either in a swift game of tennis or in the creating of a poem. The oneness of attention called concentration is associated with effort. It need not be so. Concentration is liberation from waste, from details, into a steady sequence of aliveness, of flexibility.

Rhythm is constantly asserting itself in spite of one's carelessness of its possession, just as oxygen enters the torso some way, even though the ribs open ever so little to admit it. For subconsciously man is tenacious of life, in spite of his carelessness of health. And so, even when the body is more or less static, it is possible to make it soften into supple strength. The human body is the most marvelous, the most magnificent of human instruments.



Photo by Alfred Cohn

The emphasis in this picture is placed on the upper arm and leg, upon the wrist and ankle, supported from a center in the torso. In other words, don't think of moving hands and feet first, but let them follow. All movements should start from the center and flow outward.

Zottman—Giant of Strength at 57

(Continued from page 20)

to make a big one-arm lift, and they elevate the bell not so much by pushing it up with the arm as by holding the weight at one height, and getting the arm straight by a scientific leverage of the body. In making a correct "bent press" with the right arm, the modern scientific lifter leans over so far that his left arm-pit is on the level with his left knee. By this method Saxon (did 336 pounds, Inch and Nordquest in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, and Sandow 273 pounds. Cyr was so stout that he couldn't possibly make a "bent press," and when he made his great record of 271 pounds he bent over only a little way and pressed the bell aloft by sheer arm strength. This performance was almost duplicated by Zottman. He took a bar-bell weighing 264 pounds, lifted it to the shoulder, leaned over and rested his left hand on his knee, and crowded the bell aloft by sheer strength of his right arm and shoulder. I doubt whether there is any lifter since Cyr's time who can duplicate this feat of Zottman's.

Perhaps Zottman's most remarkable lift was one that he made without training or preparation. One day, when visiting a gymnasium, he was shown a very large and heavy dumb-bell, and asked whether he could lift it. First he "hefted" the bell in order to get an idea of its weight, and it seemed so light to him that he decided to experiment. He asked for a strong chair, and when the chair was brought he seated himself right alongside the bell. He leaned over, took hold of the dumb-bell with his right hand, swung it from the floor to the shoulder, and then pushed it slowly above the head. What makes this lift so extraordinary was the fact that when you are in a seated position, you cannot get any assistance from the legs or from bending the body. Witnesses told me that Zottman pushed the bell aloft by the sheer strength of his right arm and shoulder. I forget exactly how much the bell weighed, but it was in the neighborhood of 175 pounds. This lift appeared in all the old "Clipper" record books, but the printer made an error, and printed the lifter's name as George Sutton instead of George Zottman.

At another time a very celebrated Italian lifter was appearing in one of the vaudeville theatres in Philadelphia. This man was very short in stature but immensely broad and had an awe-inspiring muscular development. The climax of his act was when he lifted with one hand from floor to shoulder, and then pushed to arms' length a dumb-bell which was said to weigh 250 pounds. The announcer on the stage said that while other lifters had raised a 250-pound bar-bell aloft with one arm, this Italian was the only one who could do the stunt with a dumb-bell of that weight.

Zottman heard about this man, and went to the theatre to see his act. He told me that when he saw the Italian

do his posing in the lighted cabinet he thought he had never seen a man with such powerful looking muscles, and that when the announcer said the dumb-bell weighed 250 pounds he was fully prepared to believe it. (By the way, the announcer at every performance said that he would give \$500 to any one who could duplicate the Italian's lift, but there were never any challenges.) After the show was over, Mr. Zottman went around behind the scenes to have a chat with the stage-manager, whom he knew well. Knowing that Zottman was himself a "strong man" the stage-manager showed him the Italian's dumb-bell, which was lying in the wings. Zottman picked it up with the right hand, swung it to the shoulder, and pushed it aloft seven times in succession, and then he stopped because he saw the extremely angry Italian watching him. Zottman had no intention of making a public challenge, or of queering the Italian's act in any way, and he explained that he was just "trying" the bell. However, he could not make either the Italian or his manager believe him, and when he went back a day or two later to see the show again, he was refused admittance to the theatre. He told me that as near as he could judge the dumb-bell weighed 168 pounds.

In making a two-arm over-head lift, the English, French, and American rule is that the bell must be lifted from the floor to the chest without resting the weight on the body, and then must be pushed or jerked over-head. On the continent of Europe they allow the lifter to rest the bell in three or four motions from the floor to the chest, and to rest the bell on different parts of the body to give a temporary support. The first method is called the "clean to the shoulder," and the second the "continental style." Most lifters by using a jerk of the legs can raise from the shoulder height to arms' length above the head a greater weight than they can bring clean from the ground to the shoulder height, but Zottman could press aloft by sheer arm strength any weight that he could bring clean to the shoulders. In the fall of 1921, when Henry Steinborn made his amazing records, Zottman was one of the judges, and he was loud in his praises of Steinborn's lifts; but he said, "Look at the wonderful way that boy uses the strength of his legs to help him get the bell first to the shoulders, and then over-head. I never learned to do that. When I lifted a bell to the shoulders, I swept it up from the floor to the chest in one motion by the strength of my back and arms."

Zottman has always taken the greatest interest in the new champions, and he frequently went to a great deal of trouble to give help and advice to the younger men. He was particularly impressed by the strength and ability of Joe Nordquest, and was much pleased when Nordquest created a new

(Continued on page 88)

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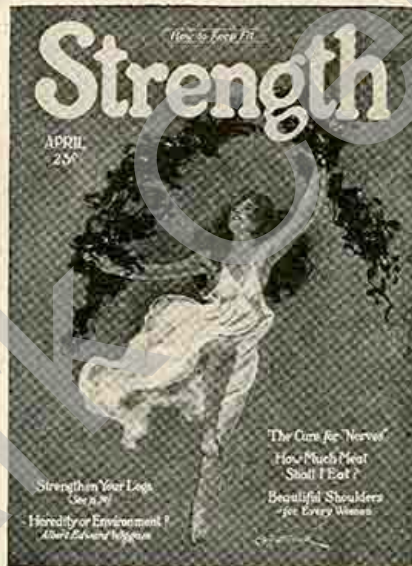
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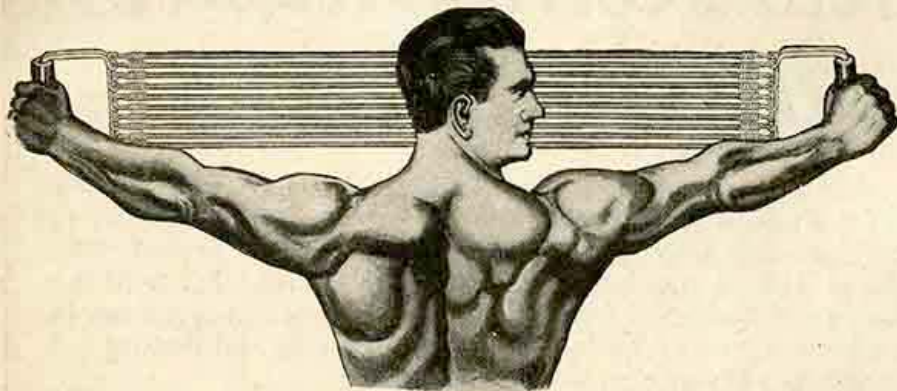
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(Continued from page 85)

American record in the one-arm "bent press." While he was still managing the Girard Theatre, he arranged public performances and try-outs for several of the star pupils of the Milo Bar-Bell Company. More than once I have known him to help out a stranded professional "Strong Man" by giving him a week's engagement at the Girard. On one such occasion he did this at my request. A very strong foreign lifter, in temporary hard luck, asked me if I could assist him. Zottman consented to give him an engagement, and I loaned him a lot of bar-bells. When Zottman saw the stranger's act, he recommended several changes which would make the act more sensational, but the stranger was a very stubborn individual, and refused to take his advice. Zottman simply shrugged his shoulders and let it go at that, although the boys in the gallery kept telling the performer that he did not class with their friend, Mr. Zottman.

Ten years ago I was interested in a young lifter who thought he could break the American amateur record in a one-arm lift. I had seen him break the record in practice, so I arranged to have moving pictures taken at the famous Lubin Studio; and invited a number of lifting enthusiasts to witness the event. When we reached the studio, the young lifter became very nervous, and failed to break the record that day, although he *did* break it about two weeks later. The pictures were to be taken in an indoor studio, which was lighted by a battery of vacuum tubes. When the superintendent of the studio found that there was a possibility of the lifter dropping the big bar-bell, he was afraid that the lights would be damaged by the jar of the falling weight, and he wanted to halt the performance. Zottman, who was present, volunteered to catch the bell if the lifter dropped it, and one of our pictures shows the lifter and Zottman in the foreground. The lifter made several attempts, but each time just as he was about to get his arms straight, he would lose control of the bell. Meanwhile Zottman kept circling around him, moving as smoothly and as easily as a tiger, and if the bell fell he would step quickly in and catch it in mid-air; and let me tell you that it is no small feat to catch in the *hands* a bar-bell weighing 220 pounds after it has dropped a foot or two. The lifter in question stood about 5 feet 9 inches, and weighed about 175 pounds in costume, but you can see how he is dwarfed by the enormous proportions of Zottman. In this picture you get a good idea of Zottman's tremendous shoulders and great depth of chest. On this occasion I could not help but notice the attention which Zottman attracted. All the movie actors and the camera men were much more interested in him than in the man who was trying to make the record. The manager of the studio even said to me, "Mr. Calvert, don't you think you have the wrong man lifting?"

Wherever Zottman goes he attracts a great deal of attention, not only on

account of his size, but by reason of his wonderful proportions, and the very unusual way in which he walks and moves. He is as straight as an arrow, and moves with great ease and suppleness. When he walks along a crowded street, you can see the passers-by turning their heads to get another look at him. Even if they have never seen him before, they know without being told that here is a man who is a prodigy of strength.

The average man has shoulders 16 or 17 inches wide. If a man's shoulders are 19 inches across he is noticeably broad-shouldered, and every extra inch in width adds to the effect. Zottman is 23½ inches across the shoulders; which is something prodigious. I passed a tape around his shoulders, and found that the girth was 58 inches. As I said before, his normal chest measurement is 47 inches, and if you will look at Figure 4 you can see how his wide chest tapers down to a comparatively narrow waist. His thigh measures almost 27 inches, and the calf of his leg nearly 18 inches. His measurements today are almost the same as they were when he performed in company with John L. Sullivan and Muirdon thirty-five years ago. In the first part of this article I said that he stopped using bar-bells when he retired from the stage, but I did not mean to convey the idea that he gave up exercise altogether. He is very fond of fooling around with a medicine-ball, and one or twice a week he gathers some of his young friends together, and spends an hour or so in passing the ball from every conceivable position. This comparatively small amount of exercise seems to have been sufficient to enable him to retain his youthful strength and agility. Those who have seen him passing the medicine-ball on the beach at Wildwood, New Jersey, say that among the thousands at that resort, there is not one young athlete who can approach him in the speed, accuracy and power with which he hurls the ball.

Zottman has some habits of posture that are well worth copying, and which may account for his continued health and strength. When he stands he always keeps the knees firmly locked back, and rests his weight on the soles of his feet. He never stands on his heels, or allows his knees to buckle forward. His back is as flat as a board, and he has an almost uncanny flexibility in the hip joints. Often, when I watched him demonstrating or explaining a lift, I noticed that when he bent over he never arched his back, but did all the bending from the hips. Most lifters, when they are about to lift a bar-bell from the floor place it so that the bar is across the insteps, or if it is a dumb-bell they place it between the feet; but Zottman always stood quite a distance from the weights, and owing to his peculiar ability in bending over, and the great strength of his back, he can lift more in his position than most "strong men" can in the easier position. Figure 3 shows the way he bends. Notice that his knees are bent but the least trifle, and that his back is not arched. (The slight roundness which shows at the shoul-

ders is because he has lowered one arm to reach the bell.) The very way he is standing shows how very easy it is for him, and yet Mr. Scott, the photographer, who has taken pictures of hundreds of "strong men," says he never saw another athlete who could bend over as easily as Zottman does. By the way, this picture will give you a good idea of the immense size of his fore-arm. The plates on the dumb-bell are 8 inches in diameter, but the size of Zottman's arm makes the dumb-bell look tiny. His forearm is more than 5 inches in width.

Figure 2 shows Zottman's 14¼ inch forearm as compared to a 12 inch forearm. Two inches makes a lot of difference in the size and appearance of an arm.

Very shortly after he commenced to train for exhibition work, Zottman decided that a strong man was no stronger than his hands; and so he devised special exercises and stunts with the idea of making his hands as strong as possible. He complains that his hands have gotten soft of recent years, but they are still about the best pair of hands in the country. In one of my former articles I alluded to Zottman's pet exercise to develop the forearms, and since then I have received hundreds of letters asking me to describe that exercise; so here it is. He would take a dumb-bell in each hand, and then lean his body forward a trifle from the hips. (This was to prevent the dumb-bells from brushing against his chest.) He would raise the right hand upwards and across his chest, bending the wrist inward he would continue raising the bell until it was in front of the shoulder, and then he would rotate his wrist, continue the circular motion, and lower it with the palm downwards. When it reached the hip he would again bend the wrist inward, and continue the circular movement. When the right hand got in front of the shoulder, he would start the left hand coming up in front of the chest, so that when the right hand was going down on the outer side of the circle, the left hand was coming up on the inner side of the circle. I suggest that you take a 15-lb. dumb-bell in each hand, and try this stunt, and after you have repeated it six or seven times you will be surprised at the demand it makes on the muscles of the hands, wrists and forearms. If you use 20 lbs. in each hand, it is harder, and 25 lbs. is enough to test the strength of almost any one. Zottman's habit was to do it with 50 lbs. in each hand, which in itself is enough to account for the incredible size and strength of his forearm.

I tried to get a picture of this motion, but it was not successful.

I started this article with the idea of telling you all about Mr. Zottman, and now I have used up all my space, and I have only told you part of the story. I feel that I could go on for several more pages, and that every incident that I would relate about Mr. Zottman would be both inspiring and instructive. Truly, a book could be written about him.



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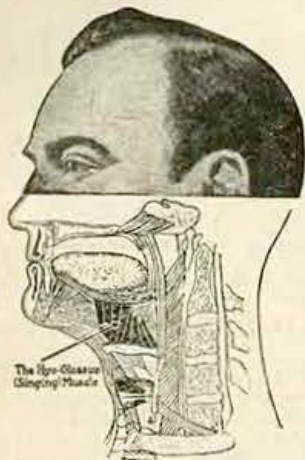
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Beautiful Shoulders—for Every Woman

(Continued from page 40)



The above arm circling movement, first in one direction, then the reverse, is an ideal shoulder exercise. Ten to twenty times each way. The exercise shown at the right and below consists in crossing arms forward then swinging sideways and upwards.



the movements are essentially arm exercises against resistance, will prove of very great value. Miss Betty Blythe, the "Queen of Sheba" of the movies, is particularly devoted to elastic wall exercise for keeping her shoulders beautiful.

Every once in a while you will see in the women's magazine page of your evening paper some advice, in the beauty column, on the supposed benefits of housework as an exercise, pointing out that the rub-a-dub-dub at the washboard, the making of beds, the shaking of rugs, and kindred activities will exercise your shoulders. This advice, written by newspaper women who probably need the money, is based upon a pretty sentiment rather than on fact, since household drudges usually have far from beautiful shoulders.

Housework tends too much to pull the shoulders forward, cramp the chest and bend the back. What you need to counteract this is such exercises as we are illustrating, which tend to raise the arms, lift the shoulders, expand the chest and straighten the back. In short, the housewife, above all others, particularly needs exercise of this type as a corrective.

Irrespective of your opportunities for swimming or your use of Indian clubs, wands, wooden dumbbells or elastic wall exercises, however, you should not neglect to do each day the

"dip" exercise which we have illustrated and described. In the absence of Indian clubs or the other exercisers mentioned one should not fail to proceed with all of the movements given with this article.

In a succeeding article next month we will present some exercises for the legs, posed especially by Miss Whittington. In anticipation of the season of open-air bathing, she says that women will want to look as well as possible in their bathing suits, and that the shoulders and legs in that connection represent the first points of attack. If any woman will give sufficient attention to the shoulder movements, and the leg exercises to be prescribed next month, she will incidentally improve other parts of the body as well and altogether make herself presentable and "easy to look at."

"Life Feels Like a Fight"

(Continued from page 63)

sent down to take Fack's mill had better put some of his shingle-makers to work with scraper teams making the log pond bigger," he said. "And if you see him, Mr. Gantry," he added, still looking off down the hill, "tell him Thomas, your woods boss, advises him to eat hearty and get plenty of sleep the next few weeks."

But he would say nothing more. Not even to explain his implication that Sill Thurston was somehow concerned now with the Fack mill and contract.

On the fourth of September Craig Gantry had interest to pay at the Lumberman's Bank, in Lassen, and because he wanted to see Parker Forbes and make a few purchases, he decided to drive over. That morning he asked Mary Clyde to go with him.

Mary looked up quickly from the bread she was setting to rise.

"Oh, I'd love to go, Craig," she said. "But I mustn't. It's wash day and baking day together because I played hookey yesterday and went up to watch Noel Thomas and his crew at work on the new landing."

Gantry leaned in the door watching her. The color was deepened on her face and her eyes were like those of a disappointed child.

"If you went I might tell you what I once promised to tell you that is so important," he said, thinking of Thomas and feeling grand-fatherish.

Mary's lips quivered.

"I simply can't," she repeated. But she brightened a little at a thought. "I'll tell you what I can do, though. I'll start walking down toward Granger about three and meet you somewhere on the Yuba Flats. Then you can tell me as we drive home."

"All right," Craig said. "That will be bully."

He hurried away; spent a busy and profitable day in Lassen.

And, man-like, had completely forgotten his tryst by four o'clock, when he was ready to start homeward.

IV

Driving slowly westward along the river highway at half past four, and congratulating himself on the satisfactory interviews he had with Langnickel, the banker, and with his railroad friend, Forbes, Craig Gantry's eye lighted on a woman walking ahead in the road, and going in his direction.

Instantly he saw that she was a city woman, for she had on a smart corduroy suit and a jaunty hat, and carried herself with a little air that mountain women never have or, once having, lose again in their bigger country. As he rolled along the smooth mountain road Gantry let his eye rest on her with a pleasure untinged by anything grandfatherly whatsoever. There was no settlement or resort nearer, he realized, than Babbitt's Crystal Creek place or the Sierra House at Two Forks; it was only common politeness to ask this stranger to ride. That she

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was out to walk and might not need or want to ride was beyond the point. Gantry was nothing, he felt, if not polite. He was smiling a little at his own sophistry as he slowed down and stopped beside the woman.

"I seem to be going your way—" he began, then paused.

It was the girl who spoke next.

She was young, extremely pretty, in a vacant and empty fashion, with a body that, while small, was almost voluptuous, and with the most amazing, long-lashed, and down-cast eyes imaginable. There was a pinched look at the corners of her mouth, and it was plain to be seen that unnatural lines on her face had been skillfully minimized by the use of cosmetics, but she was pretty and, Gantry thought now, almost fresh looking. But there was no mistaking her, even before she took up his broken sentence.

"I am, Gee!" she said in a voice that she was apparently controlling with difficulty. "I knew God'd let me find you some time, because I've looked for you so hard!"

Gantry laughed—put out a hand.

"Why you unexpected little waif!" he exclaimed. "Of course it's you! But I can't believe it. Out here so far, and looking so well and pretty—hop in, my dear. I thought for a minute I had run up on a ghost."

The girl fairly leaped into the car.

"Oh, Gee!" she cried, "don't make me cry! You told me you never would—but you almost are now!"

"Cry? Why? You're here, and I'm here, and we've got everything in the world to talk about. Let's see you smile."

She smiled, through tears that furrowed the powder on her face.

"Why didn't you drop me a line or wire me, Gee? But where did you go?"

Gantry, driving forward slowly again, shook his head and laughed at her.

"It's a long story, Mellette," he said. "I took my floater and a letter and a twenty dollar bill from the judge and I did a little of everything to live, and didn't care whether I made the grade or not. Then I got myself mixed up in some lumbering operations and here I am—picking you up on the road in the Sierra and wondering how the deuce you came here."

She clutched his arm and pulled herself cosily against him.

"You did it all, Gee," she said. "When you went away I was all shot. I couldn't get the coke and I wouldn't go back to The Rabbit because of you, and for a long while I thought I'd kick off. But when I was the worst and even when I'd have the craving so that I thought I'd go nutty I'd say to myself, 'Mr. Craig wouldn't like me to do that. He started me breaking away from the stuff and, so help me God, I won't go back to it.' And I didn't!"

"You've broken the habit?"

"Yes, I have. I haven't had a shot or a sniff for seven months now, and even if it is hard sometimes I just dig in my toes, like you used to tell me to, and I beat the devil!"

"I'm mighty glad, Mellette! And it

pays, too. Now that I know that, I'm sorry I didn't write or let you hear something. But—well to tell the truth, Mell, I had to break away from the city entirely up here—cut myself off. I took my old name back and now I've got to feeling a little different about life myself."

"You're flush?"

"Well, I'm not flush exactly." He laughed. "I'm busy though, and I find that that's a great help. It makes you forget about yourself and your grouch."

"It does!" she cried. "When they told me at the court that you'd refused to squeal who you'd been buying the coke for I said I'd stick by you because you stuck by me, and I've done it. That made me want to get a job and go straight, and I did that, too. I went back to typing and I've got a swell job now. That's how I happened to be up here. The guy I work for is an engineer and I copy his reports—tons of them. Lord, it's awful stuff—word's as long as a cop's alibi, and nutty sounding sentences."

Gantry glanced down at her.

"You're going straight, though?" he asked.

Her laughter rang out.

"You poor fish!" she cried, delightedly. "This bird's a hundred if he's a day, and he treats me like I was fourteen months old and had to have my ears washed. So that's how straight I am in this job."

Suddenly, with an old impulsiveness that Gantry remembered well, the girl threw her arms around his neck and pulled him violently to her. Gantry stopped, perforce, for the girl had arms like steel bands, and he was momentarily helpless in her grasp.

"Gee!" she cried, with sobs rising and her throat contracting on her voice; "Gee, I'm going to go straight always, because since I met you I know what a real white man is! Damn it, Gee, you wouldn't kiss me ever, or touch me, and you went away and left me mad for your arms and your lips. Straight, Gee? I'm going straight till I die—for you!"

Her emotion was violent, almost hysterical. She pulled herself up, kissed Gantry's neck, his chin, his cheeks, his eyes. She struggled to get into his arms. She was, for the moment, beside herself with a starved and thirsty longing for him. Half-laughing, half-crying himself, Gantry put one arm around her and took her wrists, breaking her hold and gently but determinedly freeing himself.

As suddenly as she had been caught up in this storm of passion she became quiet—relaxed.

"Oh, maybe you'll hate me now!" she cried. "I'm sorry."

Gantry shook his head and patted her arm. He was about to speak—to reassure her—to talk to her helpfully.

Then a movement on the road caught his eye.

He looked up to see Mary Clyde, standing not ten yards away, with one hand at her throat, and her eyes dim with pain.

(To be continued.)

The Mat

(Continued from page 70)

should stay as closely as possible to the rope, and reach up as far and as quickly as possible. The upper arm should be a trifle bent, or it would be too hard to pull up. The faster one goes up, the easier it gets to climb. The hands should go upward in a straight line, and begin to pull just as soon as the rope is grasped. I have found it better to keep the palms of the hand facing in, and not toward you, just as in chinning with one hand.

The movement of the legs is a great aid in speed climbing. They balance the arm movement.

It is a poor policy to slide down a rope, as there is danger of the friction burning the palms. A mixture of rosin and Balsam of Fir rubbed on the hands prevents the rope from slipping, and insures a firm grasp.

Strong arms, a strong back, a long stride, quick recovery, and good co-ordination are the essential points. *Light weight is a great advantage.*

Incidentally I might say that I never saw any one really chin with one arm. They have the arm slightly bent, or else get a little push from the floor, or else give the body a little jerk, bending the arm.

I have no pictures of myself as I was never interested in taking any. The one I sent was taken by my club to hang in the gymnasium, a practice followed with all their champions. I think my flexed arm measures between 14 and 15 inches. I never put any faith in the *size of a muscle.*

Yours very truly,

LOUIS WEISSMAN.

The Question of "Sore Muscles"

It is related that a few years before his death, the elder J. P. Morgan was induced to take up daily exercise on the argument that it would improve his failing health. The story goes that he hired an instructor to come and put him through a daily routine of exercises, and that the instructor never got in the Morgan home but twice. The first day he spent half an hour in teaching Mr. Morgan the different movements, and the second day he fled in terror of the great man's wrath. For years Mr. Morgan's principle exercise was signing checks, and the first day's work at calisthenics made him so stiff and sore that he loudly proclaimed that he would prefer to have his former amount of health and be comfortable, than to go through these "blankety blank exercises" and get so sore that he couldn't raise his hand without groaning. Mr. Morgan had such a tremendously forceful personality that no one dared to explain to him that if he had kept on exercising for a few days longer all the stiffness and soreness would have disappeared.

When a man of sedentary occupation takes up bodily exercise, he is almost sure to suffer considerably from stiffness during the first few days, and the older he is, and the more inactive he has been, the more he suffers. Even young men who keep themselves in fair condition are apt to suffer from stiffness if they indulge without preparation in any outdoor game or at a vigorous kind of exercise.

This fact is perfectly well known to all professional athletes and they govern themselves accordingly. Suppose a Big-League player has held a position as a bank-clerk during the winter months. When he reports at the training camp he knows that if he takes hard practice for a couple of hours on the first day, he is apt to be a cripple for the whole of the next week. So the first day he rarely works for more than fifteen or twenty minutes; just romping around, tossing the ball back and forth for a few minutes, and finishing up by trotting around the edge of the playing field. Every day he works a little bit longer and harder, and at the end of a couple of weeks he is able to play all afternoon at top-speed. He avoids stiffness and soreness by "easing" himself into the work. Every spring day after his practice he submits himself to the ministrations of the rubber or "massage expert"; as he knows that this is a great help in preventing the after-stiffness which follows the use of lax muscles.

Every week I receive letters asking if there is any way of *preventing* the muscles from becoming stiff and sore. The best preventive is common sense. A boy who has never taken systematic exercise, or a middle-aged business man who has never really used his muscles from the day he graduated from college, should be very careful to start off *mildly*, just as the professional ball player "eases" himself into his work. There are many individuals who neglect their bodies for years at a time, and then, becoming alarmed either by their failing health or by their personal appearance, suddenly decide that they *must* take exercise. So much a man will invest in some one of the numerous widely advertised "systems," sends off his check, and eagerly awaits the arrival of the course of instructions, or the machine, or whatever it is he is going to use. When the course arrives, he enthusiastically says, "Now I am going to start right in, and give this thing a good try-out." Accordingly he gets busy and plugs away for a couple of hours. The next day, like Mr. Morgan, he is inclined to curse the name of the man who has invented exercise.

Positively nine-tenths of the stiffness and soreness can be avoided by starting off easily. Prevention is always better than cure. If you attend a big school, or college, and go out to try for any of the teams, you do not have to worry very much, because the trainer will use his head, and prevent you from doing too much the first couple of days. If you are going to exercise at home you must be your own trainer, and no matter what kind of exercise you try, you must go easy for the first week.

According to Dr. LaGrange, unaccustomed exercise produces a temporary excess of uric acid in the blood, and the effect of this acid is to produce a condition much like gout or rheuma-



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tism. You all know that when you make violent exertions there is a certain combustion in the muscles which produces an excess of carbon-dioxide, which is carried back in the blood to the lungs, and there eliminated. When a man who is accustomed to little or no exercise suddenly starts to take a lot of vigorous exercise in the space of an hour, there is another combustion which seems to produce this uric acid mentioned by Dr. LaGrange. The urine is temporarily affected and clouded by the presence of urates. This condition does not make itself apparent until several hours after the exercise has been taken. If you go to a "gym" after an absence of six months, and work hard on the apparatus for an hour in the afternoon, you are not likely to notice any stiffness or soreness that day, but the next morning you will hardly be able to move, and you will suffer almost as much as though you had rheumatism. If you have taken a very large quantity of exercise, you may have a high fever the next day, and it may be three or four days before the stiffness and soreness leaves your muscles. Some athletes seem to prefer to get this soreness out of their system as soon as possible, and even at the cost of a great deal of suffering they will continue their exercise on the second and third days, and by the fourth or fifth day the soreness will have disappeared. It is far better to take only a little work the first time, and gradually increase the quantity and severity of the daily work so as to avoid unnecessary suffering. A man who exercises regularly is not subject to such soreness, and his muscles acquire great endurance, and what the physicians call "immunity to fatigue."

Soreness will always appear if you start to use a muscle which you have habitually left idle. A distance-runner may be able to run several miles a day without being bothered with soreness in his leg muscles, but if he takes an hour's work-out on a trapeze all his upper body muscles will be sore the next day. If a professional trapeze performer was compelled to go out and run for five miles his legs would be stiff and sore the next day.

The subject of stiffness and soreness is a very complicated one, but I think it will not be necessary for many of you to bother about it. If the soreness disappears a few days after you start to exercise, you can rest assured that there is nothing unusual about your experience, or your condition. If, however, the soreness continues for two or three weeks, then you may have to consult a physician and have him make some change in your diet.

Strains are quite a different thing from soreness. A strained muscle or tendon should have local treatment in the way of rubbing and applications. There are many lotions advertised, but I have found that there is nothing better than a mixture of alcohol and witch-hazel, for rubbing purposes. Three parts of witch-hazel, to one part of alcohol is the proper proportion, and you should have your druggist make up

the mixture, because he knows how to do it. (There is some trick about mixing or shaking up the two ingredients so that they combine properly.) Rubbing and lotions should be used only for actual strains, and not in the case of the temporary stiffness and soreness which results from the first few days of exercise. The only real cure for temporary stiffness is more exercise.

Does Hair Signify Strength?

EDITOR OF THE MAT.

Dear Sir:

Can you, or will you, tell me if there is any truth in the general belief that men who have hair on the chest are stronger than other men who do not? Please do not use my name if you answer this letter in The Mat.

This is a subject which almost deserves an article to do it justice, and I am much obliged to the gentleman that wrote the letter, because it gives me a chance to satisfy the minds of hundreds of others who have in the past asked much the same question.

I suppose that there is hardly a man in the country who hasn't wondered what was the truth in this widespread idea. If a young boy is doing a job of particularly hard physical labor, some man who passes him is almost sure to say: "Go to it, kid, that will put the hair on your chest." The underlying idea seems to be that hard work forces a growth of hair on the upper chest, and that, conversely, the hair on the upper chest is a sign of great physical strength. So far as I can find out, there is no basis for the idea. Nowadays most of us admit that the primitive man was almost as hairy as an ape, but I have never talked to any real authority who could find any reason why a hairy man should be stronger than a smooth one. It so happens that many great athletes have had a profuse growth of hair on the upper chest. Such men as Jim Jeffries and Louis Firpo are notable examples. The dark-haired men are more apt to show this characteristic.

The growth on the chest is more a racial than an individual trait. The Latin races on the north side of the Mediterranean have hairy bodies, but the Arabs and Moors on the south side of the Mediterranean are perfectly smooth. The Teutons, that is, the Germans and Austrians, are perfectly smooth, and the Scandinavians are very blond and rarely show any hair on the upper chest, and yet if I were asked to name the two strongest races, I would say the Finns and the Swedes.

It is a noticeable fact that very few savage races show this characteristic. I say "peculiar" because in many cases a marked growth of hair on the chest results from profuse perspiration, and most of the savage races live in warm climates.

Do Strong Men Live Long?

EDITOR OF THE MAT.

Dear Sir:

In your article in the September issue, I notice that Arthur Saxon died at the

age of 43. Is this a typical case? Do all "strong men" die young, as some people claim? Or do some "strong men" live to the Biblical span of three-score and ten?
 J. L. JEFFERSON,
 Bayonne, N. J.

In reply to this letter I would say that professional "strong men" and bar-bell users live just about as long as the average man. Some of them die in middle age, some of them live to be very old.

Two or three years ago there was in Brooklyn a man named Buermeyer, who was a very famous lifter about the time of the Civil War. When I last heard of this man he was eighty-three years old, and could still put 100 pounds above the head several times in succession with one arm. (He may have died in the last year or two). Donald Dimmie, the Scotchman, who was the world's champion lifter in 1870, recently died at the age of eighty-five. In his time he took part in over three hundred lifting tests, and on his eightieth birthday he "muscled out" fifty-six pounds. Sandow is fifty-seven years old, and George Zottman and John Y. Smith are about the same age. All three of these men are in perfect health, have kept their figures, and any one of them can put up a 200-pound bar-bell with one arm.

How Strong Was Holtgrewe?

A reader, who lives in Cincinnati, and whose letter I have mislaid writes to ask me if I can tell him anything about the late Henry Holtgrewe. He tells me that a number of his older friends in Cincinnati have assured him that Holtgrewe was the strongest man in the world. Hardly that. Holtgrewe was unquestionably a man of immense physical strength. He was a giant in size, and excelled at back-lifting and harness-lifting. He was also a wonderful bar-bell lifter, and is said to have won a number of matches. So far as I can find, his name is not on any of the record books, but then Holtgrewe was in his prime at a time when bar-bell lifting was not regulated. Nowadays there are recognized "standard lifts"; but in those days every "Strong Man" was allowed to use his own special lifts. It is a pity that Holtgrewe never seriously trained at the standard lifts, because he might have made some records.

I know that in Cincinnati his strength is a tradition, and it is very possible that many residents in that city never saw a stronger man; but then the inhabitants in every city think that the strongest man in their town is bound to be the strongest man in the world. Please do not think that I am belittling the prowess of Mr. Holtgrewe. He is recognized as one of the strongest men who ever lived in this country, but experts do not place him quite as high as Cyr or Barre, of Montreal. My friend, Ottley Coulter, made a special trip to Cincinnati in order to see Holtgrewe, and he reported to me that the big German-American was a real wonder. I seem to recall that Travis once had a contest with Holtgrewe, so he should be able to give us information about the measure of Holtgrewe's strength.

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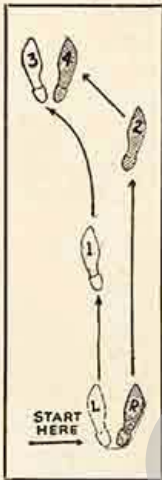
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The Food Cure of Tuberculosis

(Continued from page 47)

"There are two reasons for the appearance of generous quantities of butter in the diet of those who are suffering from 'lime starvation,' which condition constitutes the beginning of the history of every active tuberculous process.

"First, there is an important physiological relation, as yet not definitely known, between the assimilation of lime and fat.

"The fat, through saponification during digestion, enters into the formation of 'lime soaps,' which lead to the healing of the diseased area by depositing lime salts; in other words, by calcification, nature's own method of walling off the tubercle bacilli so that they can do no further harm to the body.

"The second reason for the inclusion of generous quantities of good butter is based upon the fact that it is physically impossible for wage-earning consumptives to continue at their work unless they eat sufficient food to increase and maintain their weight and resistance.

"In order to eat sufficient food to satisfy their imperative needs they must include the fats."

There was certainly no patent medicine suggestion in this.

The personal interests of patent medicine manufacturers were not considered at all. The one and only issue was the treatment of the wage-earning consumptive. Hence there followed immediately the plain assertion that "the imperative need of fats does not mean that the 'lime starvation' treatment must carry upon its back the fortunes of any privately-owned or patented emulsions."

What was the motive of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in ignoring such facts, and in going out of its way to squeeze out of them a wicked suggestion that had been so specifically provided against?

Last month's issue of *STRENGTH* made clear and specific the simple facts of the case, leaving no room for doubt, conjecture or controversy. The only point not made clear was that the mixture of milk, egg, and dilute hydrochloric acid should consist of certified raw milk, for the reason that the rennet enzyme, activated by the dilute hydrochloric acid, may be inactive in pasteurized or sterilized milk. It is this enzyme which is responsible for elaborating the albuminate of lime upon which the efficacy of the "lime starvation" treatment depends.

Why has there been no ridicule for Dr. D. Clifford Martin, whose report after five months' investigation has led to the present disclosures? The *Journal's* only reference to Dr. Martin is the result of an error of the linotyper who set the article from the writer's manuscript. The mistake, "Dr. Clarence Martin," was promptly corrected, as soon as it was noticed, to Dr. D. Clifford Martin, and all subsequent references to him were correctly spelled.

The *Journal* states: "McCann has a

good deal to say about an alleged favorable report on the virtues of the 'lime starvation' treatment which he claims to have been made by a Dr. Clarence Martin, who doesn't exist."

Dr. D. Clifford Martin's report, which does exist, and which will subsequently prove a source of profound embarrassment to the American Medical Association, declares: "In judging of the merits of any form of treatment for tuberculosis certain factors should receive consideration. Among others they should include: (a) the curative value to the patient; (b) the effect from a public health standpoint upon the patient's family and the community at large; (c) the cost to the patient and the community.

"From the standpoint of the first, viz.: the curative value of the treatment, statistics show results that can be regarded as exceptionally good. Clinically, therefore, exceptionally good results are obtained when compared with other recognized forms of treatment.

"From the public health standpoint, the 'lime starvation' treatment is especially good when compared with others that do not include segregation.

"Economically; it is hardly necessary to dwell on this phase of the subject. When it is remembered that practically all cases under the 'lime starvation' treatment continue as wage-earners throughout their whole course of treatment, there can be no conclusion other than that there is a financial saving to the patient, to his family, and to the community, which is considerable."

The "lime starvation" treatment exists. Its "cured" cases exist. Dr. Martin's report exists. The official record of the suppression of the "lime starvation" treatment exists.

How is the American Medical Association to dispose of these existing facts?

The purchase of the *Evening Mail* by Mr. Frank A. Munsey, and the closing of the doors of the model clinic, are also matters of record. One thing is certain. The truth has at last been brought to the surface, and though official action upon it may be delayed for another period during which thousands of victims of tuberculosis, who might otherwise be saved, will go to their untimely graves, the suppression can nevertheless not be permanent, and in the final reckoning those members of the American Medical Association who have been personally responsible for the suppression of the truth and the abrupt termination of the model clinic project will emerge from their unworthy activities with little fame and less honor.

As matters now stand, no further public subscriptions can be called for. Any checks or money orders that may come to the "Lime Starvation" Fund, care of *STRENGTH*, 104 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will be returned to their donors.

That Spring Tired Feeling

By Charles Thomas Hicks

SPRING comes just once each year. So do the Spring poets—chiefly in the cartoons. So does the tired feeling—with some of us.

What is the cause of the "Spring tired feeling"? What is the cause of any tired feeling? We know of some cases in which it appears to be simply a habit of mind, and in which the tired feeling lasts all the year round. We know of many who are always too tired to work, though never too tired to undergo ten times more exertion in the name of sport. Perhaps the Spring tired feeling, too, is largely a state of mind. Are we sure that there really is any such thing?

In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of fishing or base ball. At any rate, he wants to get outdoors, away from work. He has worked hard all winter—at least, we hope so—and has been content to keep away from the weather, most of the time. But now he hungers for the weather, the new kind of weather, the sunshine, the soft, downy zephyrs that blow from the South, with the budding of leaves, and the voices of birds in the trees, and as he thinks of his work—Heaven bless him!—well, it seems a shame to be working. It makes him tired to think of such a thing.

Or perhaps the feeling is a truly physical one, induced by the milder weather. During the preceding several refrigerating months, the bracing cold has acted as a stimulant. It has been invigorating, and our bodies have responded to the stimulus. It has served to put our vital energy on edge and to develop all our powers of resistance. And then, just when we are well braced up and getting used to the near-Arctic climate, along comes Spring, sweet, gentle Spring (though not always so gentle!), her balmy breezes caressing our welcoming cheeks, and tells us to relax. Of course we relax, and gladly, and so we feel lazy, without our cold air stimulant.

There is no need to experience any real tired feeling, either in the Spring or at any other time, if our habits and conditions of life are anywhere near right, just as there is no more reason why we should be taken sick in the Spring than at any other time of the year. It is just as easy to catch a cold in Summer, Fall or Winter. But if it proves to be actually true, in some cases, that there is a greater tendency to illness at this season, or to the traditional Springtime weariness, it only reflects the errors in our daily lives which have continued through the winter. It means that we have eaten too much, that we have not taken enough exercise, that we have been indoors too much, and that, while there, we have not had the windows open enough.

The result of all of these things is a general "stuffed-up" condition of the body, an accumulation of body-wastes, and so when the Springtime comes,

with radical changes in the weather, our systems find it necessary to gain relief from these accumulations by means of a cold, or perhaps through the eliminative processes involved in some more serious illness.

It is easy to see how the conception of a "Spring tired feeling," as an inevitable associate of the season, came about, together with an unusual tendency towards sickness at that time, for our grandfathers and their families invariably slept not only with windows tightly shut, but even with double-windows or "storm-windows" in the winter time, to prevent any possible intrusion of cold, pure air. Fancy, then, the reckoning which was inevitable in the Spring, if it did not even come before the expiration of the cold weather. But to-day we all sleep with our windows as wide open as we can get them—well, practically all of us, any way—with the oxygen as thick and abundant as the darkness itself.

Or, if we do feel that unconquerable lassitude, that faint and heavy sense of languor which makes even sport as much like work as work itself, and it is certain that it is not the mere state of the mind, then all we need to do is to think over the last three or four hundred meals that we have had, ponder over the amazing, total quantity, and figure out whether we have really needed all of that, or whether there has been some indiscretion along this line? Or perhaps, from the standpoint of physical activity, we have lived the stirring life of a cabbage?

For rest assured that if one spends three hours each day in the open air through the winter, walking or working, skating or coasting, if he makes use of the windows in his sleeping room, and feeds like a human being, not like a wolf, he will find nothing wrong with himself in the Spring.

Or, if one thinks that he is face to face with indisposition, and wishes to avert it by some blood purifying measures, let him not think that he will cleanse his system by getting half drunk on Dr. Humbug's Famous Spring Blood Paralyzer. Let him eat a great deal of fruit instead, and drink plenty of water, let him get air and exercise, and if there is any tendency toward constipation, let him get rid of that. Natural eliminative measures are always best, and one cannot beat a good old-fashioned sweat for clearing the system of wastes. Every one does not have a steam cabinet-bath in his home, but an old-style hot foot bath, with plenty of blankets, near a warm kitchen stove, and with plenty of hot lemonade or water to drink, will make as fine a home-talent Turkish Bath as you ever saw. If you are looking for a blood-purifier, you've got it here, together with the fruit, the air, the exercise and all the rest.

There's nothing wrong with Spring. It's with yourself, if you're tired or sick.

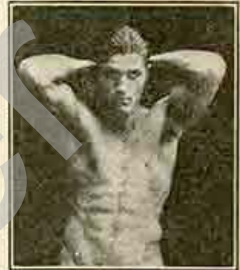
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The Nervous, Emotional Woman

(Continued from page 50)

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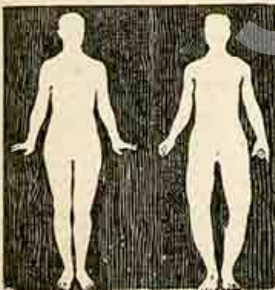
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certainly better to say, "Day by day in every way I am getting better," than to say, "Oh, dear! It seems to me I get worse every day that I live!" But let us think right too, day by day, and eat the right food day by day, and make our actions strong and beautiful day by day, and learn to understand ourselves better every day that we live.

That, to me, seems the most important thing of all—to understand oneself. When we begin to do a little honest self-analysis, going back of the things we do to the real underlying motives of our actions, examining with especial care our grudges, suspicions, resentments and dislikes, we find that we are ruled by our emotions to an extent we should never have believed possible. Behind the bulk of our actions we shall find no good reasons—often no reasoning at all—just feelings—feelings of petulance, vanity, selfishness, hate, jealousy, fear.

Now it is next to impossible for our emotions to continue to hold this power over us, once we have seen that this has been the case. The trouble is, so few of us are willing to see it. It is almost instinctive with us to fight against seeing that which hurts our good opinion of ourselves. And yet to know where we are weak is the first step in learning how to be strong.

I have said that thoughts help to make feelings. Actions are still more powerful. Every person's feelings are strongly affected by his actions. Did you ever start out for a social function, feeling depressed or grouchy, and find that just because you had to behave decently cheerful you had put the blues and the grouches to rout? There is an interesting psychological law at work here. Practically any bad feeling can be done away with if we will just *discourage its expression*. If we want to cure ourselves of hurry, worry, jealousy, discouragement or anything of the kind, we must stop acting the way we feel, and begin to act *the way we want to feel*—serene, confident and sweet. Says Dr. Sadler, "Pick out the person you should be and then just get right down to business and make believe you are that very person. Impersonate that person's calmness, his self-control, his equilibrium, and little by little you will be surprised to find that you are growing into the likeness of the things you have so persistently impersonated."

And William James tells us, "By regulating the action, we can regulate the feeling. To wrestle with a bad feeling only pins our attention on it and keeps it still fastened in the mind, whereas if we act as if from some better feeling, the old bad feeling soon folds its tents like an Arab and silently steals away." Prof. James adds that there is no more useful precept in self-discipline than that which "bids us pay primary attention to what we do and express, and not to care so much for what we feel."

Of course it is not easy to go against

our feelings in this manner. It is, in fact, quite hard. The best way is to follow Dr. Sadler's advice and make a little game of it. Pretend you are an actress. An actress has to play her part no matter how she feels. This part may be that of a joyously happy woman, and she plays it, although it may be she has received tragic news, just before she came on the stage. She controls her feelings and does not let them affect her acts. We too can do this.

It is helpful to live just one day at a time. Or one can take an hour, or ten minutes, even. Anyone can "put up a bluff" for ten minutes. Practise in this will in time be sure to bring results—in a splendid increase in emotional self-control.

This is not to say that one should ignore all the unpleasant facts of life and shut her eyes to every ill of existence. On the contrary the best thing is to look one's fears straight in the face—to *face them and then accept them!* The worst thing one can do is to resist a fear, for this makes it cling to you all the more—determined, it would seem, to "get a rise out of you," at all costs. If we will just persist in treating our fears with indifference, we shall find that they will eventually slip away.

When convalescing from the Flu, a friend of mine suffered from severe mental depression. One night she awoke and mentally saw an old man drowning in a bog. Down he sank—lower and lower—until she could see only his poor old eyes. As she lay there shuddering in nervous terror, she saw her entire family also begin to sink in that imaginary bog. Whereupon she sat bolt upright in bed and said aloud:

"Well, go ahead and drown, every last one of you! You needn't think I care!" And the whole unpleasant picture erased itself instantly from her mind!

Another friend suffered from insomnia. Night after night she would beat her pillow, count sheep and repeat poetry and worry because she could not sleep. She cured herself by saying, "What if I don't sleep? I can rest, anyway. I am perfectly willing to lie awake. I like to lie awake!"

Almost any woman who is willing to analyze herself a bit and face her own weaknesses can help herself greatly with regard to her "emotionalism." In fact her physician will tell her that he can do nothing for her save to help her to help herself. It is really a matter of *living a certain way*—of establishing correct habits of diet, exercise, rest, sleep, work, play and *thinking*. She must not expect to get free in a day or a week. It will take a reasonable amount of time and effort. But the beauty of it is *the thing can be done*, and a mental poise established, and a lovely sense of harmony and strength brought into her life, which will make of her literally a new woman.

Condition and Form in the Field Events

By David Wayne

AMERICAN high-jumpers are unquestionably the greatest in the world, and this is not because they are naturally better jumpers than their competitors, but because they have a better method. The English high-jumpers as a class are men who have a great deal of natural spring, but they fail to clear great heights because they stick to one style—the old-fashioned scissors' style. Their very best jumpers manage to clear heights of 6 feet 1 or 6 feet 2 inches, while the best American jumpers average 3 or 4 inches higher. It is necessary that a man who takes up high-jumping should have a good amount of this natural spring, without which it is impossible to clear great heights, but this natural ability will never take him higher than the second class. If he has patience to master the correct form, and thus supplement his natural strength with acquired skill, he can get into the first class. While skill is paramount, condition must not be neglected. The aspirant for high-jumping honors is fortunate in that the practice of his own event will keep him in condition. The act of high-jumping calls for very vigorous contractions of the muscles of the legs, hips, back and abdomen, and the mere act of repeated jumping is enough to prevent any surplus flesh from accumulating around the waist and hips. For the high-jumper there is no better training than mid-winter practice at vaulting. I do not mean the pole-vault, but the bar-vault. A few minutes' practice a day, vaulting over a horizontal bar (which is steadily moved further from the floor) will put the athlete's jumping muscles into fine condition, and will teach him how to control his body while it is in the air. The jumper must be very careful not to overwork when he gets outdoors. A few minutes a day spent at high-jumping is sufficient. Instead of placing the bar at an immense height, and making a few desperate attempts to clear it, the athlete should put the bar at a moderate height, say, 5 feet. Then 5 feet 2 inches, 5 feet 4, 5 feet 6, 5 feet 7 inches, and so on up to within an inch or so of his limit. Once every three or four days he should try himself out at the greatest possible height. The practice at lower heights will enable him to master the correct form; and when that form becomes ingrained, the athlete will find that on the day of competition, he will make exactly the right twist of the body, which will enable him to clear a great height. The high-jumpers should go into competition with a lot of energy and reserve.

The training for broad-jumping is quite different from high-jumping. The average beginner has to be taught the correct way to maneuver his take-off, and just how to raise his knees and sail through the air. A broad-jumper must have lots of speed, and he should practice short sprints. Given the speed and the correct form, broad-jumping

becomes a matter of nervous energy. A broad-jumper can very easily overdo. Too many practice-jumps will stiffen his muscles and spoil his spring. Broad-jumping is peculiar in that the athlete usually does better in competition than in practice. You should not be discouraged if the distance you cover in practice does not increase as rapidly as you think it should. It is quite likely that on the day of the meet the excitement and nervous tension will key you up to such an extent that you will clear 6 inches or a foot more than your best practice mark.

Pole-vaulting is an event in which the novice has but little chance. Few men reach the best until the second or third year of competition. Modern pole-vaulting is as much of a gymnastic stunt as an athletic event. It is a specialty, and one in which constant practice and the correct method are the chief requisites for success. There have been men who starred at pole-vaulting, but who could not give a second-class performance in any other track or field event.

The weight-men are in a class by themselves. A weight-thrower has to be a big hefty individual of great strength. Weight-throwing requires practically no endurance whatever, and so it is not necessary for the athlete to train down to a fine point. In fact, a weight-thrower would make a mistake to try and remove every pound of surplus flesh, and put himself in a wire-drawn condition. There is far more skill in weight-throwing than is generally appreciated. Take a big husky truck-driver and give him a 16-pound shot. He is lucky if he puts it 32 feet in his first few attempts—and that is 10 feet less than a well-coached college athlete will do. Most shot-putters are big men. There have been one or two men of middle-size who have made remarkable records, but those men were very muscular and very skillful. A candidate for a shot-put would make a mistake to specialize on gymnastic exercises designed to strengthen his arm and shoulder muscles. To put the shot correctly one must have great strength in the back and legs, and must know how to control his weight, and that can only be learned by continual practice. It sometimes happens that a candidate who starts the practice season with a shot-put of 30 feet increases his record to over 40 feet by the end of the season; and that without becoming a bit heavier or stronger. This applies even more to the hammer-throw. Here is an event in which the very huskiest novice has no chance against an expert. In order to throw a hammer a great distance you must throw it correctly, and no man has ever gotten the trick the first time he tried it. Hammer-throwing is a specialty of the Irish, and what we know of hammer-throwing has been learned from the giant Irishmen who have come to this country to show us how.

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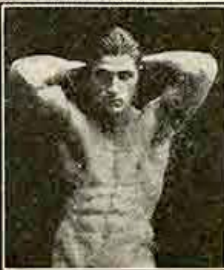
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My Adventures In Strength

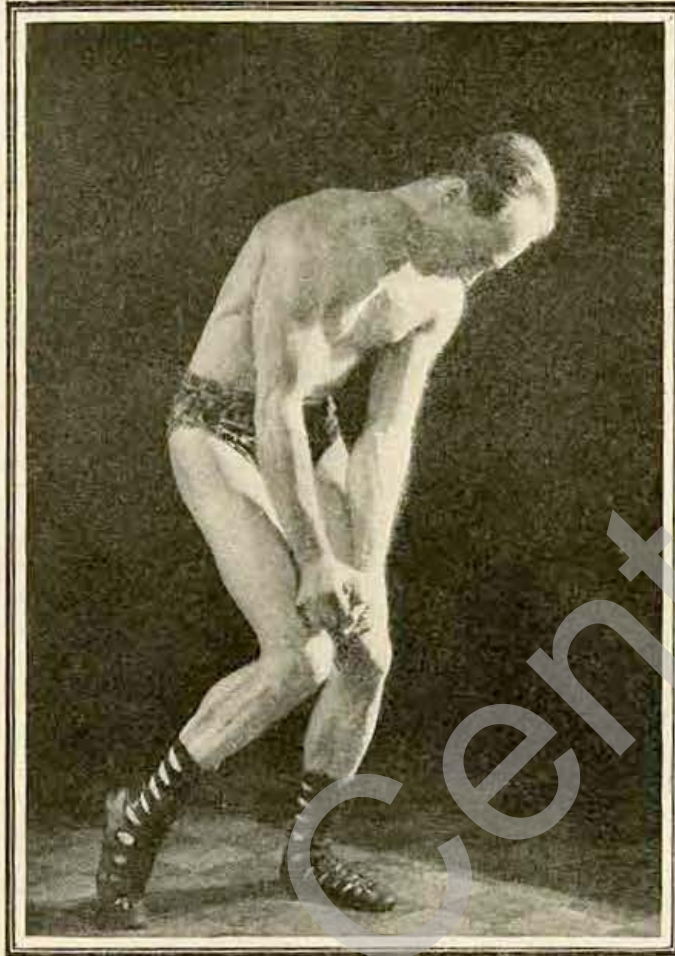
(Continued from Page 37)

amusing to me, when I would often come across one of the men who had depreciated strength, proudly displaying his hardened arm to some friend!

Up until about five years ago, I was constantly endeavoring to increase my strength. Every feat of strength I heard of anyone doing I was anxious to duplicate. But now I have reached what I think is a sane stage, wherein I merely wish to keep my body looking fit and to feel fit. My advice to all young fellows who go in for strength is to take a good progressive system of weight-lifting, and to have as their sole aim the perfecting of their bodies, and to let the strength come as it will. Forcing strength development is not advisable unless you choose the life of a professional strong man, and if you are inclined in this direction, my advice to you is, "forget it." It may look very nice from the front to watch the other fellow doing feats of strength, but the sordid conditions surrounding a stage career will soon disillusion you, and do much to dispell the sense of sportsmanship that should go with a true love of weight-lifting and bodily perfection.

An amateur weight-lifter has every opportunity in the world to progress better than a professional, unless his business is such as to be unhealthful. He can work alternate days, rest when he feels the need, and have an equipment best conducive for his progress. His regimen can be so systematized that nothing will retard his achievement. The amateur will continue to enjoy enthusiasm and love of his work, where the professional is apt to lose both.

There are times when all athletes who exert themselves vigorously go stale. Rest is the only cure. You can't rest when you are a professional, neither can you lighten up in your work. No matter how wonderful you are, to work steadily requires that you often play theatres doing three or more shows daily, with mostly seven-day weeks, and one or two long railroad jumps during the week, breaking up your rest. Many times you will arrive at your destination sleepy and hungry, and with no time to eat before preparing to do your matinee, and at that matinee you are closely watched by the



Tearing packs of cards is expensive exercise, but excellent for exhibition purposes. You can get just as much exercise out of folding up your newspaper tightly and tearing that. Mr. Olmstead has here six double sheets of newspaper, the page folded six times both lengthwise and crosswise, which makes it about the size of a pack of cards. Stand on it a moment to tighten the fold. Place the heel of one hand opposite the heel of the other hand, or the base of the thumb against the base of the thumb, acting like a scissors on your pack of cards or folded newspaper.

manager, who sends in his report on your act. You feel that you must do your best work that show, and you do, no matter how tired you are. You have to keep up the good work every show, doing your best to make good. I have had to work with an injured shoulder that made it exquisite torture, and still must smile and present a pleasing personality to my audience. Stick to being a first-class amateur and enjoy health and strength development as a hobby!

It is excellent to have a hobby, if you don't ride it to death. I have two of them, one is automobiles and the other is camping. Fortunately I am able to satisfy both these hobbies, sometimes combining the two at once. During the summer, which is the slack season in vaudeville, we generally spend two months camping.

In the middle of my act, when I give

the little talk on "keeping fit," I generally preface it with some little humorous remarks about my wife, whom I have been using in some of my lifts. It was while on the stage of the Lyric Theatre, Atlanta, that I originated the expression that has since become widely known and attached to stupid people, "dumb-bell." It happened in this way: "Ladies and gentlemen, I realize that it was customary for the old time strong man to invite the men of the audience to come up on the stage and lift his dumb-bell!" At this point I paused and looked around at my wife, whereupon the audience, catching the point, howled! Then I apologized for not issuing the invitation, stating that the belle I was handling was not one of the dumb kind. I have used this continuously in my act since that time, and while I was appearing in the New York theatres a few years ago the newspaper cartoonists confiscated the expression, and spread it broadcast.

Humor, in my estimation, should be as much a part of one's daily regime, as any other health forming habit. In fact, I believe most healthy people possess humor, and it has always been my endeavor to inject as much as is seemly in my stage work, and it seems to aid greatly in helping my more serious health talk to be kindly received. If I were a physician, I believe that I would look up the best comedies to be found

at the local theatres, and have most of my patients see them as part of the prescription. Don't take from this the belief that I regard the mind as having the control over the body that many would have us believe is the case. Build up the body so that it works harmoniously and the mind generally functions at its best.

However, I have had good news stimulate me so that my strength seemed to double, and I have had bad news, such as a telegram notifying me of the loss of my mother, weaken me so that I could barely do my work.

Altogether, strength has been the basic foundation of a very interesting life for me so far, and I trust will continue to be throughout the years to come.

May *Strength* add years to your life and life to your years! As it will, if you read and go after it.

Go Camping With Your Car

(Continued from page 32)

but we are free from wet and worry.

In planning a motor camping trip you should give a great deal of attention to the selection of your equipment. The pleasure of the tour is largely dependent upon this factor. You must use wise judgment in making this selection, bearing in mind such elements as the nature of the tour, the size and power of the car, the number of people who are going and similar matters. It would be impossible to give a standardized list of equipment that would prove applicable to all motor campers. Figure the thing out yourself to fit your particular needs. That is the best way.

The popularity of motor camping has brought with it dozens of new ideas in camping equipment. As a first step in planning a trip, I suggest that you find out what these are. Write to various manufacturers asking them to send their catalogues and visit outfitting stores that sell equipment. Presently you will receive a comprehensive idea of the various types of bed, shelter and cooking outfits that are available. Then, you can choose and eliminate as you see fit.

One of the chief essentials of this selection is compactness. That which you want in a piece of equipment is a maximum amount of comfort when it is being used and a minimum amount of discomfort when it is being carried. Thus, when a tonneau is filled both with passengers and several bulky packages, the passengers suffer. Careful preliminary planning obviates this. The convenient portability of the comfortable tent and bed which my wife and I carried last summer is an example of compactness. Wise selection of cooking utensils is another. Packing problems are very much simplified when a dozen utensils of varying size from large to small nest one within the other so that you have only one package to carry instead of twelve.

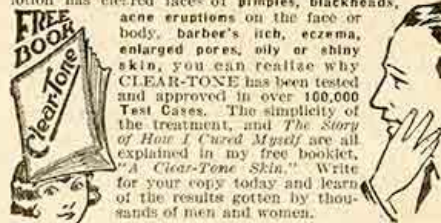
Apply this rule of compactness to all articles of camping equipment and you will be surprised at the number you can carry with comfort and the ease with which they can be packed. On the other hand, carry only articles for which you will have definite and more or less constant use. To pack, unpack and constantly keep track of articles which you seldom use is an irksome and futile bother.

You must keep dry and warm when camping. Make sure that your equipment fulfills these two demands. In case you live under a tent, let it be tight canvas, for heavy downpours of rain will probably come. Also, select a color other than white. A dark colored tent is easier on the eyes and preferable in other particulars.

Take plenty of blankets. A comfortable night's sleep is of the utmost importance when camping; lack of requisite covering means its ruination. Pay special heed to this matter of

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100 Names for 1 Disease

Mucus causes catarrh of the eyes (conjunctivitis), of the nose (rhinitis), of the ears (otitis, deafness), of the bronchial tubes (bronchitis, asthma), of the lungs (tuberculosis), of the stomach (gastritis), of the appendix (appendicitis), of the bowels (colitis), etc.

Correct Eating Cures



Pure juice from grapefruits, without sugar, and pure tomato juice, berries, etc., when used as freely as water and combined with adequate quantities of the brain-and-nerve nourishing foods with stimulating and laxative vegetables, can prepare your blood for dissolving mucus.

Fresh fruit acids clean a stomach that is suffering from mucus or acidity. Hyperacidity, acidosis, is produced by mucus from fermenting foods, just as vinegar is made from fermenting sugar, syrups and fruits. But fresh fruit acid when correctly combined is always beneficial.

Objectionable features of catarrh are expectoration, "hawking," "running nose." In a singer or speaker, a career, a life work, is ruined by a little flocculent matter on the vocal cords producing hoarseness, forfeited engagements, missed opportunities, etc. Deafness hinders advancement in business. Noises in the head make the sufferer irritable, and irrational.

Tubercular Catarrh

A deposit of mucus in the lungs is often suppressed by medicine made from coal tar derivatives. The cough is sometimes quieted, but the mucus remains to form the seat of tuberculosis.

Why Envy the Live-Wire?

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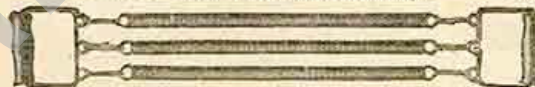
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blankets in case you are headed toward high altitudes. The nights up there are a whole lot colder than you think summer nights possibly could be. The blankets which you take should be of pure wool or as close to this as is feasible. Cotton blankets absorb the outdoor moisture, are cold and altogether undesirable for camping purposes. Shoddy wool blankets which in reality are more than half cotton are not a great deal better. Remember also, that the art of keeping warm at night consists of having as much covering under as over you.

Bed and shelter outfits used in motor camping are altogether too varied and numerous for detailed mention. I will give a brief summary of those which are closely associated with this recreation. These fall into two general classifications. One of these is the camping trailer.

The trailer is an unpowered vehicle, usually having but two wheels, which is towed behind the car. In addition to carrying the complete camp equipment (thus leaving the entire car to its passengers) it is a ready-made home on wheels. Comfortable beds with steel springs are built-in parts of the trailer and a good sized tent covers the outfit. All the parts fold to comparatively small proportions when you are on the road. When ready to make camp, figuratively speaking you press a button and the trailer becomes a

tent house three times as wide as its width when acting as a carry-all. This is perhaps the most luxuriant method of motor camping.

The remaining classification refers to various types of equipment that are carried by the car itself. And these are far more numerous than trailers. The combination tent and bed outfit of my own, previously mentioned, is one of these types. There are several others of the same general sort. Some of these may be attached to the side of a car while others are designed to be pitched independently of it. Or, again you can buy a tent without the bed and use ordinary folding army cots.

Similarly, there are various methods of turning the car into a temporary bed-room. Sometimes a little ingenuity in rearranging the cushions is sufficient. In case this proves impractical you can buy a special device in the form either of a cot that fits over the tops of the front and rear seats or a mat that may be suspended in mid-air above the seats. Not infrequently a comfortable arrangement consists of having beds in the car and also a tent covering additional beds at one side.

Hence the value of figuring the whole thing out to fit your particular needs and finding out before you start upon a trip how you will be most comfortable. Attention to details such as I have mentioned makes all the difference between comfort and discomfort.

How Much Meat Shall I Eat?

(Continued from page 53)

Extension Institute, which I regard as being liberal in the matter of meat-eating, says, "Keep protein food down to one-tenth of the total calories you consume. This would mean that with an egg at breakfast and meat at dinner you have taken as much protein as you need; and baked beans or cheese that same day would overrun the allowance. Indeed, the safe way is to eat heartily of meat, fish or eggs but once a day." "For the great majority," says another dietitian, "one meat meal a day is amply sufficient, and this is best taken towards the end of the day, when work is done and the digestive organs can have ample time to perform their functions undisturbed."

These suggestions, of course, are given as for the average person. I believe that there are many people doing clerical work or no work at all and getting very little exercise, who would be better off if they did not eat meat even once a day. My wife and I do not, as a rule, eat meat at more than three or four or five meals per week—and even then the meat is sometimes fowl, which is lower in protein than other flesh and has not the acid-forming qualities. Remembering that some of the heaviest of the world's work, such as that performed in lumber camps, has been done without difficulty on a diet composed largely of beans. In various countries of the world, persons unable to afford or to procure

meat, usually substitute some member of the legume family, such as beans, peas, lentils or peanuts, and do the most strenuous physical labor on these as readily as, perhaps better than on a meat diet. The Mongolians, for example, use a soy bean; the Mexicans the frigole or "chile bean"; the Spaniards, Arabs and Hindus the lentil; the Italian workmen the kidney bean. In the first years of our New England history, before cattle had multiplied, bean porridge was a staple, often the main article of diet.

There are plenty of foods that will supply the protein you need. Good whole wheat bread and butter is one, milk, eggs and cheese are others. Real meat substitutes for a meal may be found in such dishes as baked beans, peas, rice and cheese with white sauce, baked hominy croquettes with white sauce, macaroni (baked) with cheese or oysters, Welsh rarebit and so on. Peanuts are not only very high in protein but rich in oil—in fact, are so concentrated a food that if they are used in salad or dessert, the other dishes served at the meal should be light.

The old idea—it might more properly be called a superstition—that red meat is necessary to make good red blood has long since been kicked out of really scientific circles, though it is still a common practice with certain old-fashioned doctors to urge anemic or debilitated patients to eat freely of

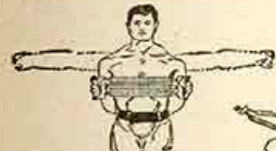
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red meats, such as roast beef and steak, and to use meat broths, beef tea and the like. A kindred superstition of not so many years ago sent some run-down and tubercular folks to the slaughterhouses to drink warm blood fresh from the animal, under the belief that it would build them up and even cure the tuberculosis!

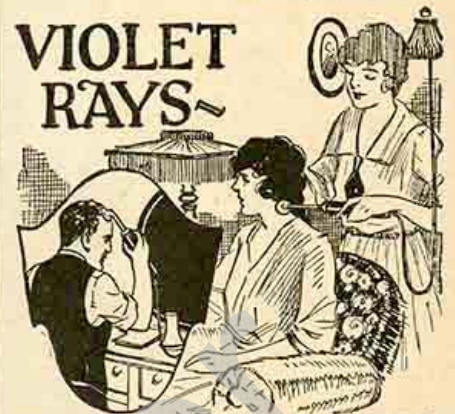
It has been fully demonstrated that the iron of meat is no more easily assimilated and made into blood than the organic iron of eggs, milk and vegetable foods. "There is nothing necessary or desirable for human nutrition," declares Kellogg, "to be found in meat or flesh foods, which are not found in and derived from vegetable products." And the United States Bureau of Agriculture lays the whole broad foundation for our diet by saying that "Our present knowledge of nutrition justifies more fully than ever before the statement that the dietary should be built around bread and milk; bread or other grain products being the foods which furnish the most nutriment for their cost, and milk being by far the most efficient nutritional supplement to bread and other grain products."

What martyrs some of our meat toppers thought themselves during the war when meatless days were requested of the citizenry! You heard them speaking dolefully of not having had a "square meal" for thirty-six hours! It would be the best thing that ever happened to them if we had meatless days yet. Germany, when forced to a vegetable diet during the war, found to her intense astonishment a great improvement in the public health. Obesity, gout, rheumatism, constipation, diabetes, arteriosclerosis and allied chronic troubles became far less prevalent, and physical endurance increased. Evidently the stodginess and slow thinking of the German peasant, the beer and wine drinking of the whole populace, perhaps even the viciousness of the old Prussian military system, the spread of pessimism and secret communism, the startling number of suicides among German children, all these might have been charged up in a greater or less degree to the heavy meat diet of the old German regime. A food which will create in us an appetite for stimulants and which will clog up our systems with poisonous waste, acid and disease will also be apt to create in us pessimism, bad temper, selfishness and of course the general moral weakening which is a natural result of the use of alcoholic liquors.

Are you emotionally grown-up? How about the people you know, work with, live with? Many puzzles of human nature and problems of every-day living will be made clear to you in Mary Alden Hopkins' article on this subject in **STRENGTH** next month.

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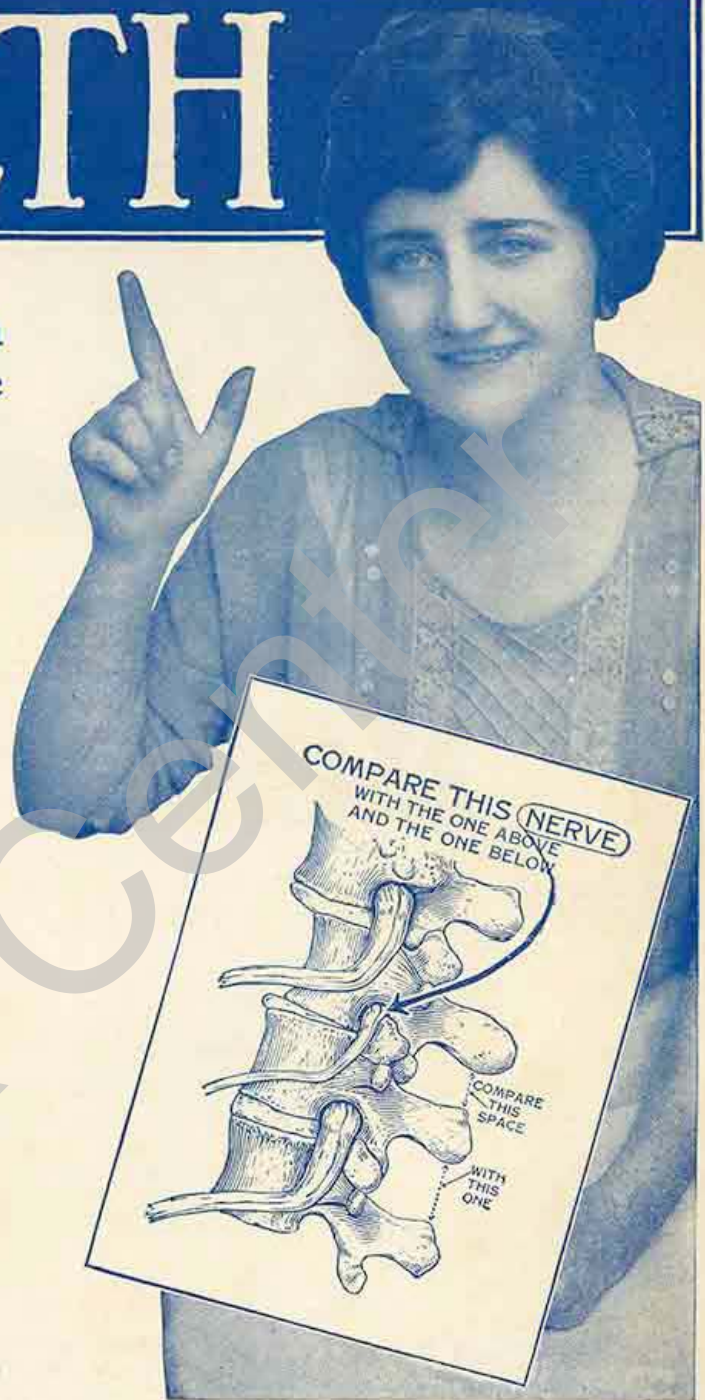
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