

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Published Monthly and Primarily Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to Health, Strength, Vitality, Muscular Development, and the Care of the Body. Also to Live and Current Matters of General Interest.

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June, 1908

No. VI

The Editor's Viewpoint

IN an article entitled "Treatment of Acute Illnesses" appearing in the last issue I stated that it was not necessary at any time for one to be "sick in bed." In all cases it is practically the result of ignorance of the laws of health as they pertain to the cause and cure of diseases. I referred also to the influence of

the mind on disease. The value of a strong will when illness of any kind appears can hardly be overestimated.

SICK-IN-BED

FOOLISHNESS

I am referring to this subject again because of its universal interest. Everyone is at times attacked by an acute illness of some kind. It may be a headache, stomach-ache, constipation, or a hundred other different illnesses that in most cases can be traced to a few very simple causes. But when attacked by a complaint, immediately bring out all the fighting qualities that you possess. **DETERMINE THAT THE DISEASE SHALL NOT CONQUER YOU.** Vow that you will **MASTER IT**, that you **WILL NOT GO TO BED**, that you **WILL NOT GIVE UP**, that you will fight the disease regardless of its nature as long as you possess an atom of resistance.

At the first symptom of an acute illness, the average individual immediately "throws up his hands," he "gives up" to the illness. He allows it to master him. He mentally acknowledges that he is sick and incompetent, regardless of his condition previous to this, and the illness becomes the master hereafter.

Under such circumstances, if you are not sick, you are liable to become seriously so. Especially is this statement true if you have adopted the usual methods of cure. You "give up," you go to bed. The activity to which you are accustomed ceases entirely. The vital organs depend upon these activities for needed stimulus, and when these conditions exist, every organ of the body loses energy, and naturally adds to the seriousness of the sickness.

I would say again, again and again, **DON'T GIVE UP TO ILLNESS. DON'T GO TO BED UNTIL YOU HAVE TO BE CARRIED THERE.** If you "put up" this kind of a fight you will hardly know the meaning of an acute illness that is prolonged or serious. Acute illness only becomes serious when you lie in bed all day, heavily covered, with depleted circulation, partially paralyzed functions and with confined poisoned air that is the result of closed windows and the fear of draughts, to breathe.

Disease rarely secures the mastery unless you give up to it. I not only mean that you should fight mentally against the symptoms of a disease, and that you should resist at the last moment the impulse to acknowledge its power, but I

mean that you must at the same time adopt those methods which will in a physiological way help you to retain command of yourself.

In the previous article referred to, I called attention to various means that could be adopted for cleansing the body of impurities, which please note are the cause of all acute diseases. There is no exception. Noxious, poisonous impurities in the blood are the cause of all acute symptoms. It is plain, therefore, that it is your duty to assist the body in the speediest possible manner to cleanse the blood of these impurities.

The Christian Science idea of simply denying the existence of disease, and doing nothing to remedy the symptoms, is based on ignorance of physiological principles. You may acknowledge the existence of disease, doing all you can to remove it, but at the same time rise up and proclaim yourself master of the situation. If you will follow these brief rules, and will at the same time become thoroughly imbued with the accuracy of the principles we advocate in the natural cure of disease, you will never have to face an illness that will put you "down and out."

SEVERAL years ago I predicted that vaccination was doomed, that the time was not very far distant when this vile practice would be clearly understood. The general public does not know that vaccine points are made from poisonous mucus, or pus, which comes from a sore on the belly of a calf.

This noxious "stuff" is supposed to make one immune from smallpox!! Was there ever such a ridiculous conclusion?
THE DOOM OF VACCINATION When the minds of men were in impenetrable darkness, could you have found a more childish assertion?

Vaccination is the survival of the grossest kind of medical superstition. Where you find the least vaccination, there you find the least smallpox. In Leicester, England, where vaccination has almost ceased to exist, there is a smaller percentage of smallpox than in any other civilized city of its size.

The Anti-Compulsion Vaccination Society of Chicago deserves the gratitude of every clear-minded man and woman. It has dealt vaccination a blow from which I fully believe it will never recover. Sometime ago its members began a fight against the orders of the school board compelling every child to be vaccinated before attending school. They made a test case. In the meantime the members of the Society hired private tutors for their children, as they were not allowed to send them to school unless they poisoned their blood with the vile pus from which vaccine points were made. They carried this test case to the Supreme Court of Illinois. Apparently the judges of this court are learned as well as conscientious men, for they dealt a sledgehammer blow at the vaccination farce by rendering a decision against the demands of the school board.

Let the good work go on. Let anti-vaccinationists in every State rise up and assert their rights. The blood of our children have been poisoned about long enough, and it is to be hoped that the vaccination superstition will be attacked on all sides. An intelligent investigation of the reasoning of those who claim that vaccination makes one immune from smallpox will condemn the practice in every instance in the mind of any intelligent individual.

A GREAT number seem to consider the idea of our having a war with Japan so preposterous that it is actually humorous. They probably break out into a "Ha! Ha!" whenever the subject is mentioned. Again, there are a few who conscientiously feel that we are going to perdition by merely making efficient preparations for war, that we may be properly protected in case such a catastrophe should occur.

OUR WAR WITH JAPAN

Now, it would be a comparatively easy matter to find out whether or not Japan is really preparing for a war with this country. Why is there not some agitation with a view of spurring on those in power to act with this end in mind? Nearly a year ago, I published an editorial entitled "Japan and Arbitration." I am reproducing herewith part of this editorial:

I am unfamiliar with the mysterious workings of politics. I probably know next to nothing about statesmanship, but as a plain, every-day, common American, I have wondered on many occasions during the controversy about the possibility of war with the Japanese, why there is no arbitration agreement between this country and Japan. Surely it is possible to make such an agreement, if really serious steps were taken with a view of bringing it about. War, in addition to being a very realistic sample of the lower regions brought up to a white heat, is perhaps the most startling example of man's narrow-minded folly.

Why can we not have an arbitration agreement with every nation with which there is even the most remote possibility of war? Why should we wait for the Peace Conference? We can make agreements right now, with every country. Must we wait until another war has occurred, and wait until we have lost hundreds of millions in money and perhaps hundreds and thousands of men, before a proposition of this kind is considered? The time to act is now.

The Philippine Islands stand constantly as a menace. They are a continual temptation. They are of absolutely no value to us, but to other powers nearer their shores, they might be desirable. England is the only one among the foreign nations that has a special liking for Americans. Nearly all other countries are jealous of us, and have very slight respect for our ability as a fighting power, or for our boasted enlightenment. The truth of this was illustrated very emphatically during our war with Spain. Nearly every European nation was of the opinion that Spain would "clean us up" in no time.

Now, it would be very easy for our officials at Washington to ascertain whether or not Japan would be willing to sign an arbitration agreement with this country. The attitude of Japan's representatives would quickly enable us to find out whether or not they are preparing for a war with us. If they are preparing for war, they will not sign an arbitration agreement. If they are not preparing for war with us, they should have no objection to signing such an agreement.

This would quickly settle the question, and would readily enable us to decide whether or not an enormous navy and a great army will be necessary at an early date to defend us against this powerful nation. Every sensible man believes in peace until fighting becomes necessary as a means of self-protection.

IF you desire the highest degree of health, you will have to avoid stimulants of every nature; that means both tea and coffee must be removed from your bill of fare. They are both stimulants, and unquestionably injurious in their ultimate effects. They are what one might term a mild mental dope. To be sure, they are stimulating to those who have acquired the habit and feel the need of it regularly. Dr. Leila Whitehead, in one of the W. C. T. U. meetings in Chicago, recently, stated that tea and coffee are worse for children than beer, and if it were not for the fact that beer leads so easily to whiskey and

THE TEA AND COFFEE HABIT

other alcoholic drinks, her statement would be accurate, for I firmly believe that the stimulating elements in either tea or coffee of average strength have a more harmful effect than the small amount of alcohol that is usually found in beer. Dr. Whitehead scored the members of the W. C. T. U. for allowing their children to use tea and coffee while they were so severely condemning beer, which she really considered less harmful. In speaking of her experience in teaching, Dr. Whitehead said:

"Before I have had charge of a room six weeks I can pick out every child that uses tea or coffee. The effect of the stimulation on their sensitive, growing bodies is unbelievably bad. Tea and coffee and staying up late at night make all our bad children. I have never known a refractory child who did not use either tea or coffee or stay up late at night. One of the greatest specialists in children's diseases in the city has told me he would rather give his children beer three times a day than give them tea or coffee."

The average individual is guided entirely too much by abnormal desires. The desire for both tea and coffee is, beyond a question, a cultivated taste. A child with a natural appetite would never touch either, and even those in the habit of using these liquids, which to me are actually nauseating, are usually compelled to disguise the taste with cream and sugar before they can "manage the dose." Now, does it not seem ridiculous that we should be using a drink, the nature of which is so vile that it cannot be taken without being disguised? Of course, I realize that some are so addicted to the use of these stimulants, that they appear to enjoy them without the use of cream and sugar, but they belong to the toper class. You have no right to condemn a man for taking his morning "dram" if you are at the same time a slave to the coffee or tea habit.

It is a comparatively easy matter to break off this habit if one has simply an ordinary amount of determination. Of course, the stimulant will be missed for a while, but if you supply yourself with a hot drink at meal time, the absence of tea or coffee will not be so noticeable. You can use some cereal coffee substitute, or "cambric tea," which is made with hot water, milk and sugar. Either of these drinks will doubtless be enjoyed far more than the coffee and tea after one has acquired a normal appetite.

LAST year I announced the beginning of an annual fast, and asked all the readers of the magazine who were interested in this method of purifying the body to begin a fast on June first, and continue it as long as they believed it would be beneficial. There is no need of setting a definite period for the fast that may be undertaken—simply begin fasting June first even if you do not continue it more than one day, and make a habit every year of fasting one or more days at this particular time. As your age increases, it will unquestionably be of advantage to you to increase the length of your fast. Last year I stated that those who could satisfactorily continue the fast for thirty days should do so; but there are many who could not fast so long a period.

The faster must in all cases be mentally satisfied that he is being benefited by the fast. When he is doubtful as to its benefits, in most cases the fast should

be broken. I believe that everyone can be very greatly benefited by a thorough cleansing of the body with a fast at least once a year.

I was not able to continue my fast last year for thirty days, as I had originally intended, and I probably will be able to continue it but a few days this year, for during June I will be compelled to meet and advise a great number of patients at my Battle Creek sanatorium, and I will also be required to give a number of lectures. Fasting reduces my weight so greatly that it seriously interferes with my duties; and I cannot carry out the extended fast in the manner that I would like. However, I want to say that when my work is of a character that will not in any way interfere I intend to fast thirty days at least once every year. I believe it will lengthen my life from twenty to forty years, and increase my usefulness to a similar degree during life. I firmly believe that I will have a stronger body and a clearer brain as a result of this abstinence.

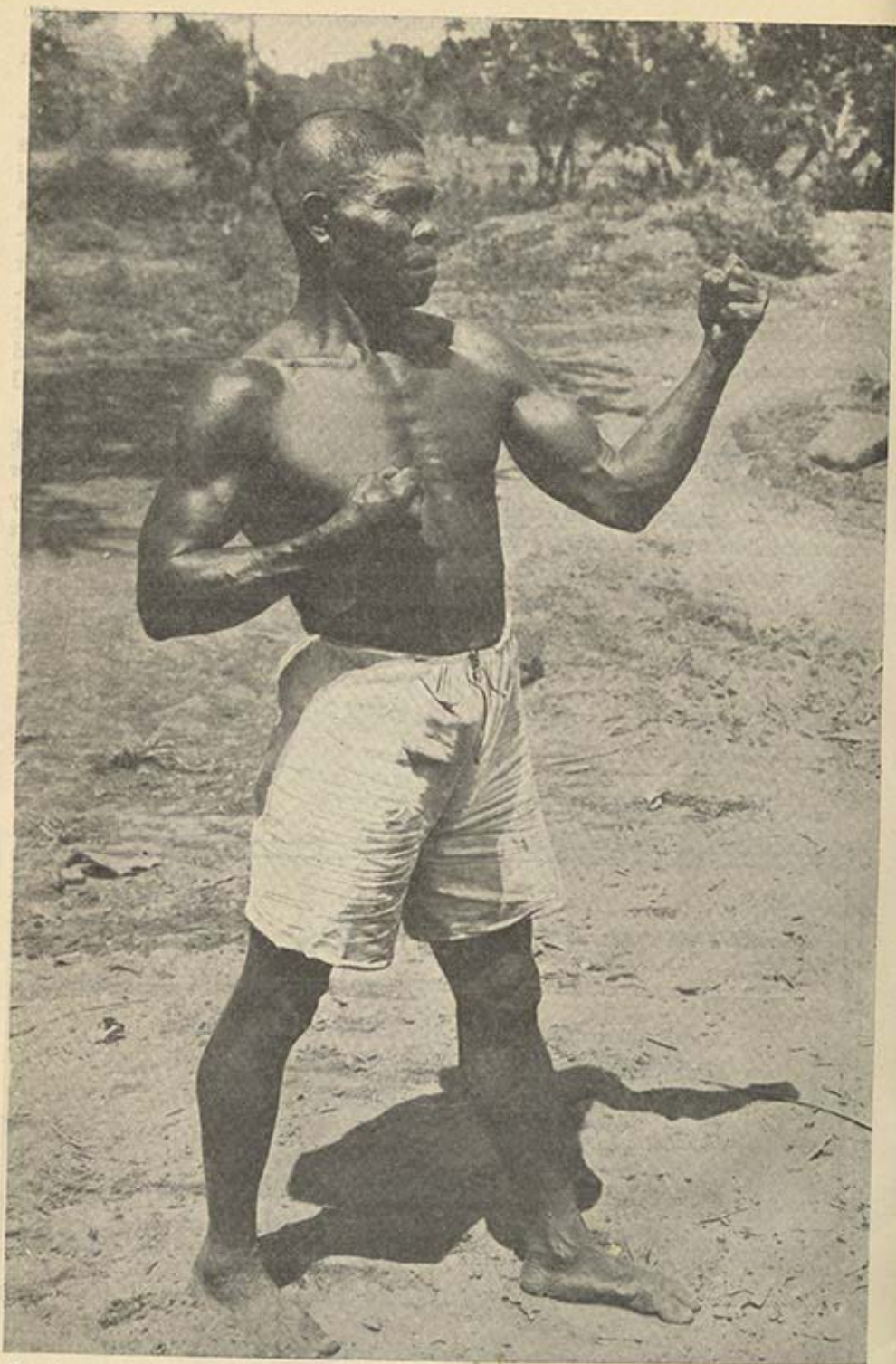
Those who try to follow out the fast as suggested should be very careful, when they break the fast, not to overeat, particularly if they fast four days or more. It is a good plan in many instances to break the fast with ordinary lemonade made without sugar; then oranges can be used; bananas, if they are very ripe, and other fruit can be recommended, providing they are thoroughly masticated. After two or three days of a diet of this nature uncooked rolled oats or rolled wheat with milk, and raisins, figs, dates, and other fruit can then be taken, and an ordinary diet gradually resumed.

Bernarr Macfadden

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THE "TOM SHARKEY" OF LUZON

Developing the Forearm

SOME VIGOROUS EXERCISES FOR BRINGING INTO ACTIVE USE THE MUSCLES OF THE FOREARM

By Bernarr Macfadden



THE development of distinct parts of the body depends entirely upon the active use of those particular parts, as has been stated in this magazine on many occasions. This refers to the forearm as emphatically as to

any other part of the body. The average person makes but little use of the forearm, beyond the exercise that is taken in the ordinary use of the fingers required in



Photos Nos. 1 and 2.—Grasp the dumb-bell between the thumb and fingers, as shown in first illustration. Now bend the wrist downward and backward, as shown in second photograph. Be sure to bend the wrist upward as far as you can, when returning to first position, and it is of advantage to make an effort, each time the movement is repeated, to bring the hand up still farther, so that the muscles may secure the benefit of what might be called "double contraction." This exercise will be found of special benefit in developing the muscles of the forearm of the forearm. Continue the exercise until tired.

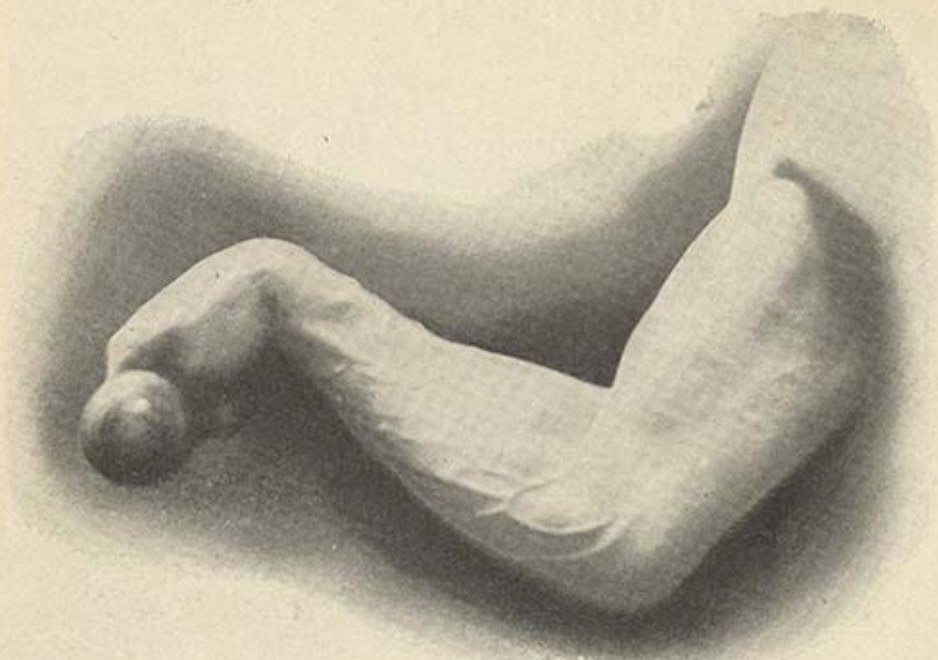


Photo No. 3.—Hold the dumb-bell lightly in hand, as shown in the above illustration. The arm can be bent or straight, as desired. Now raise the hand—(See next photograph.)

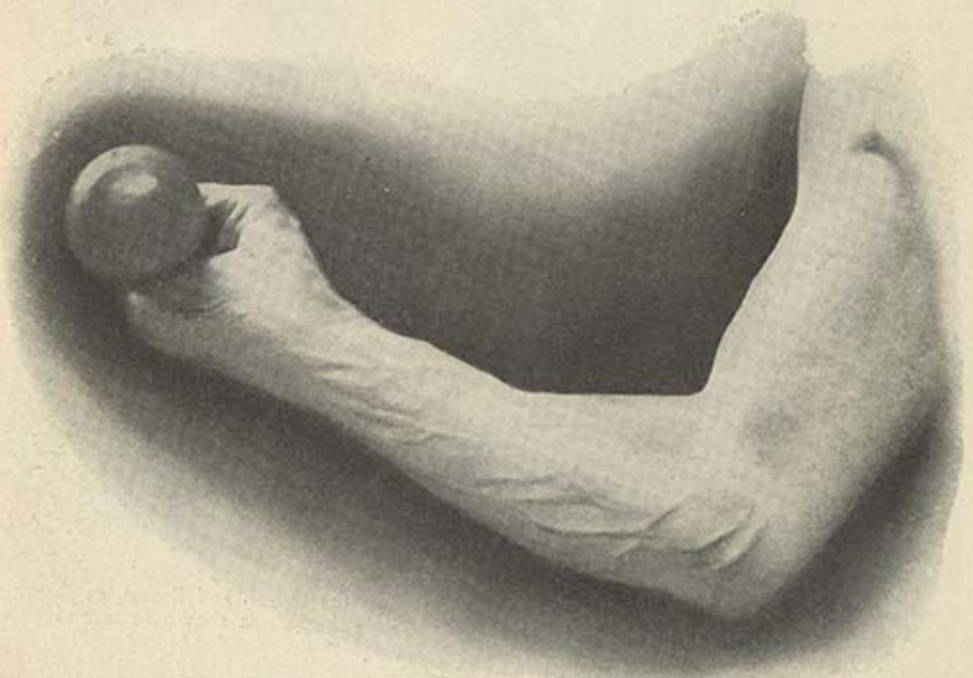


Photo No. 4.—As far upward as possible, straightening the wrist, as shown in the above photograph. This exercise is splendid for developing the muscles of the back part of the forearm. Continue the exercise until tired.

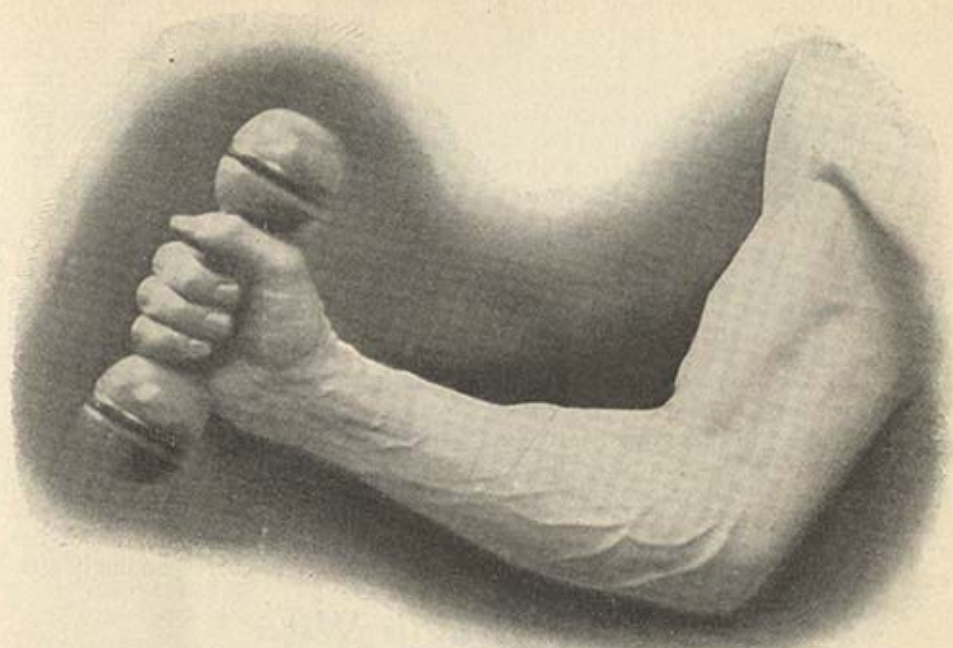


Photo No. 5.—Hold the arm in the position shown in the above illustration, dumb-bell gripped tightly, and without moving the arm in the least bend at the wrist and bring the hand down as far as you can. Return to position illustrated. Repeat until muscles are thoroughly tired. This exercise uses the muscles of what are termed the sides of the forearm.

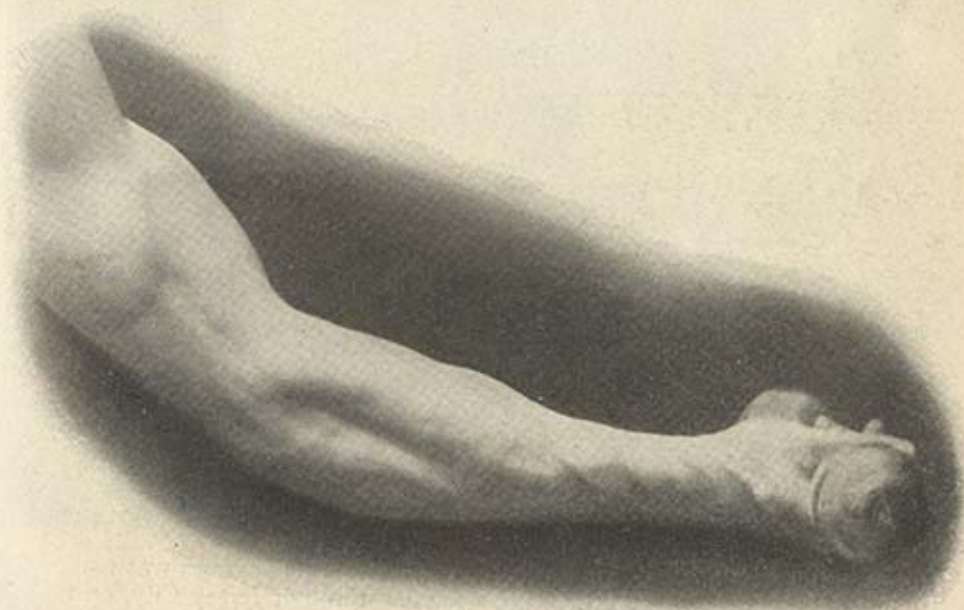


Photo No. 6.—Hold the dumb-bell in the hand, as shown above, turning the hand as far around as you can on the thumb side. Reverse, turning the hand in the opposite direction as far as you can. Turn hand back and forth as described until tired. This exercise uses some of the muscles of the upper arm, and also brings some muscles of the forearm into active play.

one's daily duties. Anything that requires the active use of the fingers or any movement of the hand from the wrist, is performed by the muscles of the forearm. A well-developed forearm usually indicates strength of the upper arm, though this is not true in all cases. A development of the forearm over and above that of the upper arm is of course not especially advantageous; in fact, no part of the body should be developed beyond that which would cause it to be in harmony with other parts.

Many, however, are deficient in the development of the forearm. By giving special attention to these muscles it does not take long to note a very marked difference in their development. As a rule, they will improve in size and strength very speedily, more especially because they are not brought into vigor-

ous use by one's ordinary duties. There are naturally exceptions to this; for instance, one handling an axe or a blacksmith's hammer, or something that requires one to use the gripping muscles all day, should have a more than usual development of the forearm. There is one feature of advantage in giving special attention to the development of certain muscles, which many of my readers may not fully appreciate, and that is the increased circulation that is brought to the parts through the special attention directed to the part while exercising. For instance, I believe that the muscles will develop more speedily if one uses his will in his exercises. The circulation to the part of the body thus used is increased in greater volume than otherwise and naturally the increase in strength and development, because of the exercise, is correspondingly greater.

Smith Wins His Wager



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Eli A. Smith, Alaskan mail carrier, bet a group of miners that he could travel to New York City, over 10,406 miles, in this dog sledge, without any money, and reach there before May 1, 1908. He left Nome, Alaska, on November 14,

1905. This photograph was made while passing through Jersey City, on his way to New York City Hall. In New York a squad of police protected him from the crowds on his way to City Hall. He received a rousing welcome.

Bull-Fighting, the Popular Amusement of Spain

A BRUTAL SPORT THAT AROUSES THE INTEREST OF THE SPANISH PEOPLE IN THE SAME WAY AS BASEBALL DOES THE AMERICAN, OR CRICKET THE ENGLISHMAN

By Charles Merriles

I think my readers will find this article of interest. I have never witnessed a bull-fight, and probably would not be able to enjoy that kind of sport. I am inclined, however, to agree with many Spanish writers when they say that it is little more cruel than fox-hunting, cock-fighting, dog-fighting, and numerous other amusements that are popular with some classes of English-speaking people.—Bernarr Macfadden.

SPAIN is not famous for its interest in athletic sports. To my mind this accounts very largely for its decay as a nation. There is, however, among its people a limited interest in various athletic exercises, but the all-absorbing and universal amusement is found in dancing and bull-fighting. Pelota, a species of tennis that is played without rackets, is popular in some parts of the country. It is being played a great deal in Madrid at the present time. There seems to be but little interest in cycling. Here and there you will see a bicycle, but it has not found favor with the best class of people. Horse-racing has recently been introduced, and is now becoming quite popular with a certain class in Madrid. Throwing the hammer, or crowbar, forms an interesting and healthful amusement for the inhabitants of the northern part of Spain. There the people are strong, healthy and sober, and an athletic exercise of this character finds many enthusiastic adherents.

The guitar and the dance supply a universal amusement. Where you find a group there you will find a guitar, and the graceful movements of the Spanish dances are no doubt fully accounted for by their remarkable popularity. But bull-fighting stands pre-eminently over and above all other Spanish amusements. The toreador is the hero, the idol of the Spanish people. It would be difficult for the ordinary reader to fully understand the remarkable popularity that he uni-

versally enjoys. Wherever he goes he is followed by admiring throngs. The celebrity that he enjoys might, to a certain extent, be compared to that of some of our great athletes, such as Jeffries, the wonderful pugilist, or Hackenschmidt, the noted wrestler. And yet the comparison is inaccurate from many points of view. With some of our people it is well known that these athletes, although they arouse intense interest, are not, in some instances, looked upon with more than average respect. They would not, in all cases, be invited to one's drawing-room, nor would they be considered an ornament at a social event. The toreadors of Spain are highly respected by every one. They are the demi-gods of the Spanish people. In nearly every instance they are religious men, spending some time in prayer before they enter the arena. In all cases they are liberal. They give freely to charities. Whenever there is a calamity of any kind, a fire or storm which results in heavy loss, a bull-fight is immediately arranged, and the entire returns are devoted to the benefit of the victims. The toreador accepts nothing for his services.

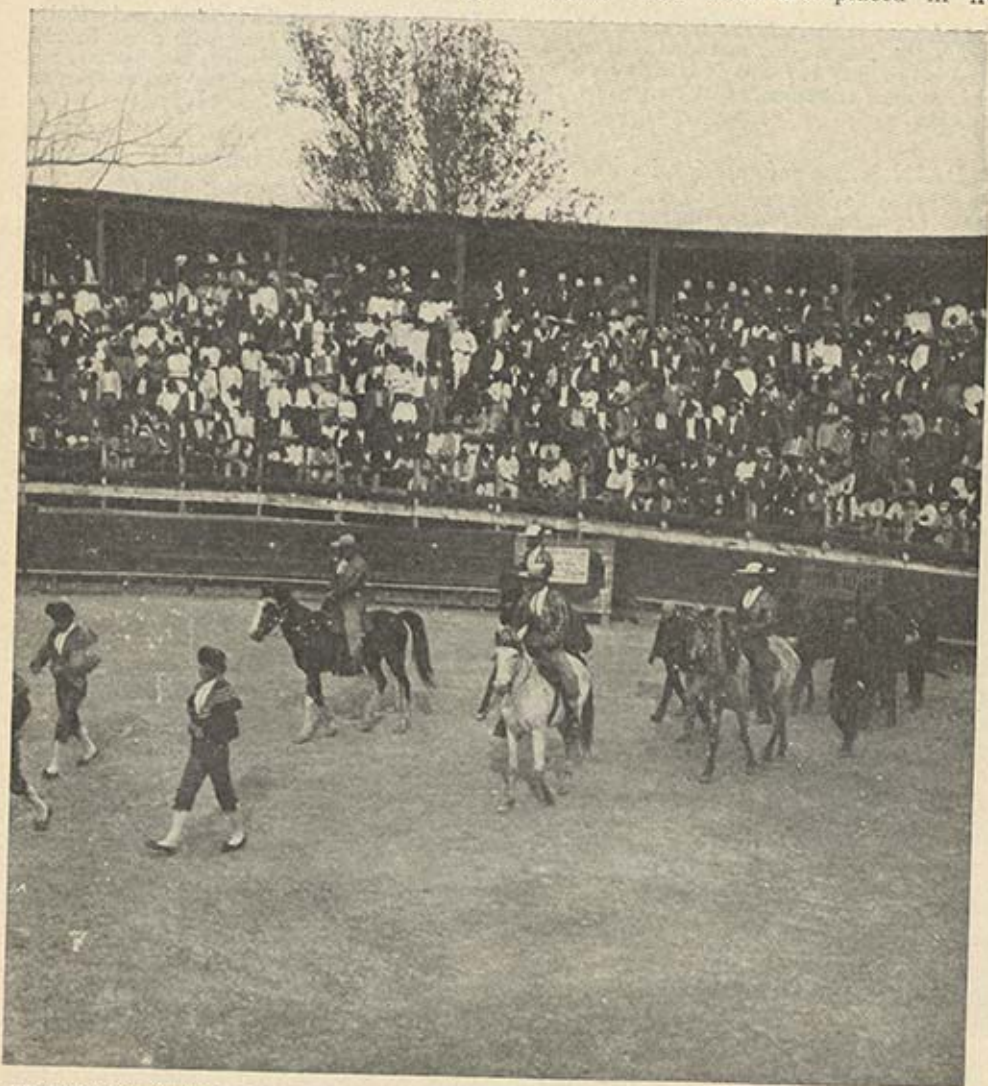
Their wives are nearly always celebrated for their beauty and wit. One writer describes them as "ferociously virtuous." To a certain extent this may be due to the fact that the toreadors have a very large number to choose from; for to be the wife of a toreador is the highest ambition of most Spanish

women, as naturally they would share in the honor and glory that come to their life partner.

Toreadors usually receive very large incomes—as a rule, from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars yearly. As one can well realize, their profession is hazardous, and yet many of them live to a good old age, and die of ordinary complaints. They have to be strong, active men. Their occupation requires coolness, skill, courage beyond the average, and in some cases remarkable endurance. Unquestionably the danger

of the amusement is its most attractive feature. There is always a possibility of a man losing his life, and often he must rely upon his dexterity and quickness to save himself. It is these moments in this fighting game that work up the interest of the onlookers to a "white heat." To the audience he is fighting for his life. The bull is his enemy. It is his business to dispose of him in order to save himself.

One of our illustrations shows the torcador and his assistants entering the arena. The bulls are placed in iron



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE TOREADOR AND HIS MATADORS—A SCENE WHICH MARKS THE BEGINNING OF A BULL-FIGHT IN SPAIN



ENRAGING THE BULL BY FLAUNTING SCARLET CLOTH BEFORE HIM, AND BY HURLING BANDERILLOS INTO HIS NECK

cages in the order in which they are to enter the ring, and they are liberated one by one as required for the purposes of the combat.

I remember reading of an instance that may be rather surprising to the reader, which shows what might appear to be the very inconsistent attitude of the Spanish people. When exhibitions are given for charitable purposes they often enclose live sparrows in banderillos, and the toreador, at great danger to himself, is supposed to place these on

the shoulders of the bull. When this feat has been performed the paper envelope in which the bird is enclosed bursts, and he is thus set free. On one occasion, an assistant of the toreador carelessly hit and killed a bird that was turning wildly about in its efforts to escape. The narrator, in speaking of the occasion, said he never witnessed such a spectacle. Ten thousand spectators stood up, wildly gesticulating and shouting for the death of the cruel man. Nay, more. Some even threw them-

selves into the arena and were ready to lynch the "criminal."

Customs are indeed strange. We kill thousands upon thousands of these beasts for meat and it is "perfectly proper." But we loudly protest at the brutalities of bull-fighting, though we are no doubt killing one thousand animals for every one that loses its life in this popular Spanish amusement. I am not upholding bull-fighting. I think there are many finer sports. I believe if the Spanish people would interest themselves in outdoor amusements they one and all would receive more benefits therefrom. and it would be far more to

their advantage than spending their time viewing bull-fights. This might also be said of English-speaking people. Vast audiences attend football games or other athletic events, but their interest is confined to viewing the contests. They rarely indulge in personal exercise.

Bull-fighting may be bad, but there are many worse amusements. It is being improved upon year by year in Spain. All brutalities in connection with it are being slowly but surely eliminated, and it is possible that, in time, it may be so changed that even the ordinary European can enjoy the spectacle, which now seems so revolting.



A TOREADOR THROWN FROM HIS HORSE — AN EXCITING MOMENT IN A SPANISH BULL-FIGHT

The Art of High Diving

By Professor Joseph Jakob

I AM just twenty-six years of age, and for sixteen years, at least, have been indulging in what always was, and, as I think, always will be, my favorite pastime, or perhaps I had better say occupation. Exactly why this is so I can hardly say, but anyhow, ever since I was a small boy there was to me an irresistible fascination about leaping through space into the cool, inviting water below.

I was born in New York and spent the greater portion of my very young days in that city. I may say in this connection that pretty nearly every New York youngster who can manage to evade the watchfulness of his parents generally swims and dives like a duck. The fact that Manhattan is an island, and that consequently there is plenty of water handy, accounts for this desire on the part of the boys of the metropolis to rival the fishes. But apart from this, it would seem that the love of swimming is an inherent quality of the average New York boy, and I think that those who know him as well as I do, will vouch for this fact.

So it was that when I was in knickerbockers, or even earlier, I was accustomed to go with companions of my own age, either to Coney Island or some other of the nearby seaside resorts, or failing that, use a dockhead or, it might be, some of the narrow beaches on the Hudson to indulge in our aquatic propensities. Looking back on these times, it seems to me that swimming came to me naturally. Anyhow, I cannot quite remember when I began to learn; all I know is, that I was, as far back as memory serves, as much at home in the water as I was on land. And, if the truth must be told, I very much preferred to wallow in the waves than walk on the land.

Accidentally I began to acquire a sort of boyish reputation as a diver. No dockhead was too high, no pier pile was too lofty for me. It was simply a question of get up, lean forward and let go, and up I would come puffing and blowing, and filled with exultation at the thought that I had accomplished that which most of my little acquaintances did not dare to tackle.



PROFESSOR JAKOB IN DIVING COSTUME. NOTE THE TREMENDOUS DEVELOPMENT OF HIS NECK MUSCLES

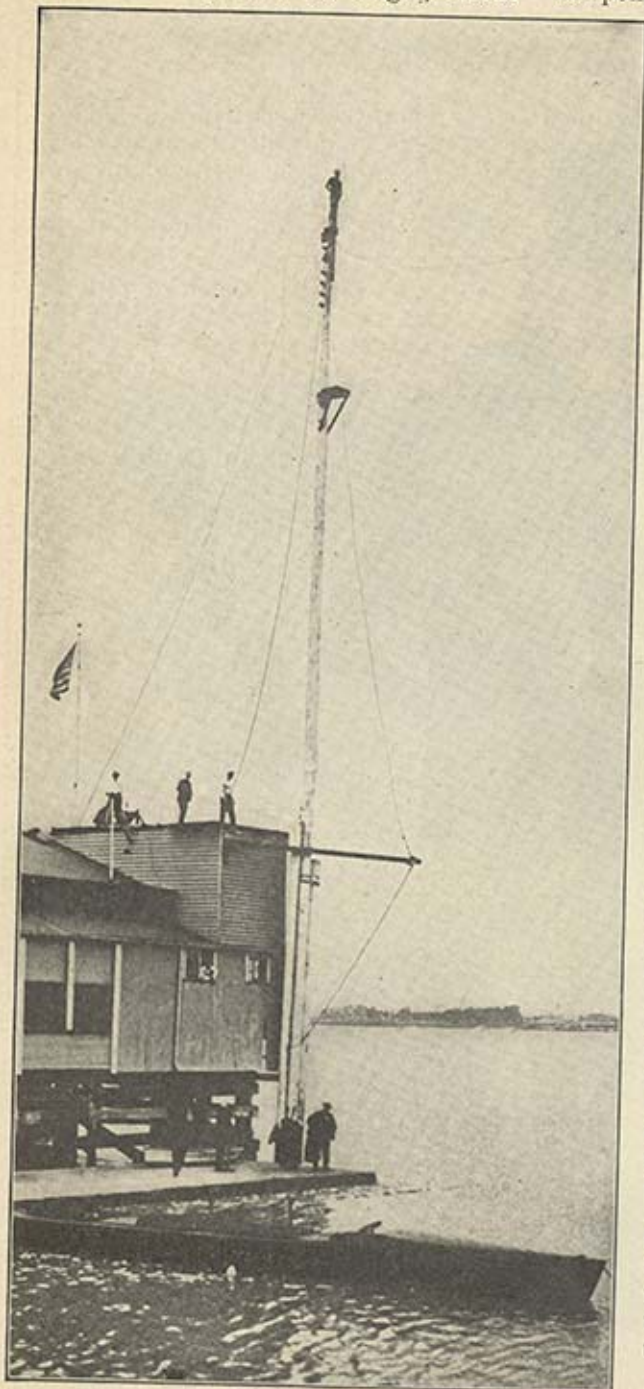
Finally, diving became not merely a source of recreation, but a positive passion with me, until at length, about

twelve years ago, I found that I was a full-blown professional who, from the viewpoint of the public, risked his neck all the year round by leaping from heights at which an average individual would shudder to even stand on, that is, stand on a narrow platform from which to dive.

It is a curious fact, but it is true nevertheless, that the person who, for sport or for business, is called upon to ascend or accustom himself to great elevations, finds at length that the act of so doing becomes in the long run a positive necessity to him. At all events, it exercises such a weird fascination on him that he is never quite happy unless he is going up, up, up, or going down, down, down.

Thus it was that, not content with high diving, I began to take a hand at balloon work, making ascensions wherever my services were needed, and usually descending with the aid of a parachute. And by the way, the only accident that I have ever met with in my professional career took place in connection with one of these same ascensions. Somebody had been meddling with the rope arrangement that attached the parachute to the balloon. When I tried to get the parachute free, I failed to do so, and the result was that I had to make a rather risky climb outside of it, up to the point where it had become entangled, where I had to use my knife. Crawling down again, I got the parachute free, but it refused to open until within about two hundred feet of the earth, the result being that I got rather badly shaken up, as well as bruised.

My diving feats, however, have not resulted in an accident during all the time that



THE DARING DIVER POISED ON THE PLATFORM NEAR THE MAST-HEAD

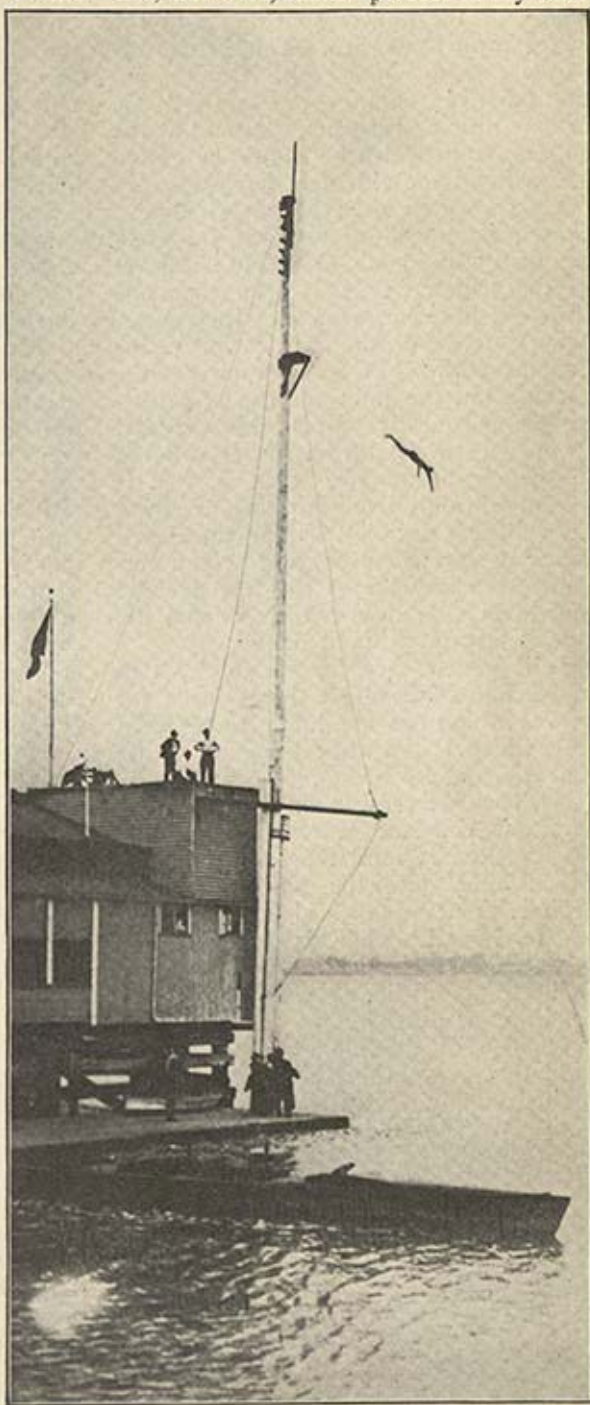
I have been giving them, and to-day I am in perfect physical condition, so I think. This, however, is not due to the diving so much as it is to the fact that I live a strictly physical culture life. Also, the one or two plunges into the water which I make during a professional engagement daily is, it goes without saying, a very excellent thing from a hygienic viewpoint.

Shooting through the air at railroad speed from a height of a hundred feet or more, is distinctly stimulating, and when it terminates in a cooling, sudden bath, why, every nerve tingles when you bob to the surface again. Then, too, when it is followed by a good rub-down, you feel like a fighting cock, to use the vernacular.

I am rarely without an engagement. When the weather gets too cool, or the Northern seaside resorts close, I find that there are calls for me farther south. Florida in particular is the scene of my activities during the winter. With the coming of spring and summer, I drift north again, and so complete the rounds.

The highest dive I have made, and I believe that it holds the record, was at a resort on the shores of Lake Michigan, on which occasion I leaped one hundred and forty-seven feet and some inches. The height of the mast at Bergen Beach, where this publication's photographers took the pictures which I am told will illustrate that which I am now writing, was one hundred feet six inches from the top-most platform to the surface of the water. It should be added that at the time the photographer snapped me, it was nearly low water—in fact, only five feet at the point at which I struck. I need hardly say that such shallowness calls for

quick action on the part of the diver who leaps from the height in question. Practice, however, makes perfect in my busi-



PROF. JAKOB AS CAUGHT IN MID-AIR BY THE CAMERA DURING HIS FLIGHT OF OVER ONE HUNDRED FEET

ness, as in everything else, and the moment I strike the water I open my eyes and throw my hands forward with the points of the fingers touching and the palms turned outward. This brings me to the surface like a cork. But the action must be rapid, or else one is liable to bore a hole in the mud or sand at the bottom, from which he cannot be gotten out without the aid of a derrick.

I have often been asked whether I experience any ill effects from the practice of my business. My reply is always in the negative. It is true that one suffers a little inconvenience from water being forced into the ears, owing to the impetus with which a diver strikes the surface, but the judicious use of a little ear-pump quickly cures this. Apart from that, my health has never suffered in the slightest. The truth is, that if a man will only live according to physical culture principles, he can do almost anything within reason, and he can certainly do many things that the average individual who lives a conventional life cannot attempt without danger.

It is unnecessary for me to say that my business, above all things, calls for nerves which are absolutely under control, which is the same thing as saying that my muscles are under control also. Now, such nerves can only be obtained through constant attention to diet, proper exercise, and those other things which enter into the physical culture régime. I never touch alcohol, I do not smoke, I rarely drink tea or coffee, and I watch myself most closely in order to keep myself in as perfect a bodily condition as possible.

Outside of the food question, I believe that proper breathing, and an unlimited supply of fresh air by day and night, are essentials to health, and incidentally the main factors in an athletic career. Naturally, I know most men who are in the same business as myself, and in each and every instance they do as I do in the matter of taking care of themselves.

When you are perched on a little 3 x 2 foot platform, a hundred feet above the heads of the people, with a strong wind blowing, and the sun, it may be, shining in your eyes, I tell you that a man needs

the most absolute control of his nerves and bodily system, in order to prevent trouble for himself when he makes a dive. You have to gauge to a nicety the angle at which you leave the platform, the push-off which you give yourself, and furthermore, you must maintain perfect control of your body when on the fly so that you may not turn too much one way or the other.

I can say nothing which will *teach* you diving. Diving, and especially that of the high kind, is something like talking. It can be acquired only by practice. There are, however, a few simple things to remember, one of which is that you should not begin by attempting a too great height, that your lungs must be well filled at the moment of beginning your flight, that you must banish any fear or nervousness by reminding yourself that you cannot possibly receive harm when you fall into the water, and that is about all.

Apart from what I have already said in regard to keeping yourself in good condition, I may add that you should never force yourself to make a dive in the earlier stages of acquiring the art. If you do not feel like it, you should just quit for a time. After a time, these periods of distaste for the jump will disappear, until you will be able to dive whenever you want to.

The muscles of the body which are of the most use to the high diver are those of the neck, and in fact all others above the waist line. As you will see, my neck is nearly as big around as my thigh. The reason for this is, that the upper part of the body receives the shock of the dive, while the arms assist in bringing the diver to the surface, and swimming to shore.

To my mind, there is nothing prettier in the world than a well-executed dive of fifty feet and more. It is the only way in which a man can imitate the flight of a bird, which you know is acknowledged to be the "poetry of motion." And finally, and to repeat, if there is one lesson which the art teaches it is this: that physical culture emerges triumphant from the strenuous test to which it is put in the performance of the professional high diver.



Confession of a Divorced Man

By Horace Kingsley

BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.—The author of this story became very much enamored with a young woman in his home town. He learned that she was engaged to another man. His love for her had taken such a serious hold upon him that he could not bear the remembrances brought to him by old familiar scenes and he decided to go to New York City. After being there for about a year he met a young actress who attracted him. Some information was given to him about her that was not to her advantage. He tried to destroy her influence over him and concluded to break the acquaintance with her, but was unable to do so. She finally convinced him that the statements he had heard regarding her were false.

THE AUTHOR

SECOND INSTALLMENT

I WAS occupied during business hours in the office of a large firm, dealing in undertakers' supplies. To the average reader it would seem a peculiar position. When I first entered the office, my duties were really uncanny, as I was required to bill out coffins, and various other funeral supplies that were sold by the firm. They handled coffins with as much unconcern as a hardware dealer would nails. It represented so much merchandise.

Several days had elapsed since the events previously recorded. I was busily engaged with my duties, as usual. The department in which I was occupied was separated from the main warehouse by a glass partition. On this particular morning I happened to look up from my work and I was greeted with an unpleasant surprise. Who should I see walking by, and directly toward the manager's office, but the long, lanky fellow whom I had had such an unpleasant experience with some time ago. The reader will remember that I had to give him quite a shaking because of the rough treatment he had accorded to Miss Maxwell. I also had a suspicion that he had followed me. You can well understand with what interest I watched his movements. He apparently asked to see Mr. Wicks, the manager, as I noticed that the boy went to his office with a card. He waited but a few minutes and then I saw him being ushered into Mr. Wicks' office. I took it for granted that he

could have come there but for one purpose, which the reader can readily imagine was hardly to my advantage. No doubt he had some trumped-up story that he intended to tell the manager with a view of having me discharged. A few minutes later he left the office and all that day I expected to receive some word as a result of his visit. But I was pleasantly disappointed.

You can well imagine that I was curious to know this man's object in visiting my place of employment, but nothing occurred to solve the mystery until two days afterward. On this particular morning I had just entered the office when I saw "Slim Jim" (as I afterward called him) pass my department and take the elevator. Instantly the thought flashed across my mind that maybe he had secured employment here, and this might have been his object in interviewing Mr. Wicks.

"Did you see that long fellow passing?" I asked Perkins.

"Yes, who is he?"

I proceeded to tell Perkins briefly of my experience with him and we had considerable sport for a few moments at his expense. We made inquiries and finally discovered that he had been appointed to take charge of another department in the rear of the warehouse. I had a foreboding that his presence would not be to my advantage.

"I bet he will find some chance to get even with you," said Perkins.

"Well, let him," I replied. "I can do nothing more than do my work efficiently; if I'm discharged because of any statement that might be inspired by malice, then my position is not worth very much."

"That's true," said Perkins.

Perkins was my immediate superior. To a certain extent he owed his position to my good will. After I had been with the firm about six months the man who previously occupied this position was discharged, and the firm advertised for some one to take his place. Perkins had been stopping at my boarding house for some time. I had not had many opportunities to talk to him and knew almost nothing of him. About the time this man was discharged I accidentally happened to enter into a conversation with him, and he informed me that he had had many years' experience in book-keeping, and I advised him to apply for the position. His application was accepted and he had apparently proved to be a capable man.

"Slim Jim" had been in the employ of the company about a week when I received a peremptory order to see Mr. Wicks in his office at once.

Mr. Wicks was a heavy built, middle-aged man, with whom I had personally had few dealings. His orders to me always came through the head bookkeeper. I was not surprised at being called into his office, though I suspected that "Slim Jim" had something to do with it. Mr. Wicks was close and uncommunicative, although he probably saw a great deal more of his business than we gave him credit for. He was intently occupied when I entered his private office, and I silently waited his convenience. He turned in a moment, and eyed me sharply.

"Kingsley, you have been here quite a long while. I have always thought well of you. Now, I have received a communication this morning about you, containing statements that I don't believe, and yet you ought to read it, and I want to hear what you have to say. The letter is unsigned, and that is one reason why I have but little confidence in its contents. Here it is. Look it over," handing me the letter. I was in

such a mental state that I hardly think I would have been surprised at anything. I quickly looked over the letter which was as follows:

Messrs. Wicks & Company.

Gentlemen: You have a man employed in your office whose name is Kingsley. You had better watch him. He needs it. He is in the habit of going out with actresses; in fact, can be seen with one every night. Where he gets his money to spend, no one knows. I would suggest to your company that he is a dangerous man to have around. A word to the wise is sufficient.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Mr. Wicks eyed me carefully as I read this communication. He must have noticed that my features flushed with anger. I was a little perturbed about the statement referring to actresses, as it was true, to a certain extent.

"Well, what have you to say, Kingsley?" he asked, as I looked up.

"Well, it's a lie; that is, some of it. I don't mind acknowledging that I have gone out on several occasions with one actress, but not with actresses. I don't know who could have written such a libelous letter. There is an actress stopping where I am boarding, and I have gone to the theatre with her frequently. As for spending money, I haven't had much to spend, and only on one occasion did I indulge her in what might be termed an after-theatre supper. I think you will admit that I've worked for you faithfully ever since I've been here, and that I've allowed nothing to interfere with my duties during business hours."

"Yes, you're right, Kingsley. You have always struck me as an honest young man, and this will, in no way, cause me to lose faith in you. We'll drop the subject, and you can go back to your duties."

"Can I have the letter?"

"Yes, I have no use for it," replied Mr. Wicks, turning to his work, that lay in a huge pile on his desk.

Although previous to this time I hardly allowed anything to interfere with my duties, my mind was not on my work on this particular day. After I left the office that night, I read the letter over and over again, but I somehow felt certain that Slim Jim had sent it. I went over the list of my acquaintances,

searching for someone else whom I might have reason to suspect, but my efforts were fruitless. I could not find any other solution to the problem. I was unable, however, to put the subject aside. It worried me, and that evening I discussed it with Mrs. Malcolm. After I had explained the matter to her, she took the letter and read it.

"Why, Mr. Kingsley, this is really an amazing communication. I did not know that you had any enemies," she said, after reading the letter. "Have you absolutely no idea who could have sent it?"

"Merely a suspicion," I replied.

Mrs. Malcolm sat silently for a moment, thinking deeply. "Do you know," she said suddenly, "there was a very tall, lank individual here the other day who made a number of inquiries about you."

"A tall, lank individual," I repeated. Apparently here was additional proof.

"He certainly was tall and lank."

"Smooth shaven?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Have a peculiar looking nose?"

"Yes."

"He's the man!"

"What makes you think so?"

I proceeded to tell her of my experience with Slim Jim at our first meeting. She laughed heartily at the conclusion of my tale.

"He well deserved the shaking you gave him. You feel certain that he is the writer of the letter?"

"No; not absolutely certain, but very nearly so."

"He found out where you were employed, and being out of work, probably applied for a position merely to find out something about you."

"And was offered a job, which he accepted?" I interrupted.

"It certainly looks that way."

I now felt certain that this man was the author of this anonymous letter, and I hoped that this would be the end of his efforts to be revenged; but I was yet to learn to what extent a man will go in his endeavor to vent personal spite.

The reader will have but little respect for my wavering character. When I look back upon my actions at that particular time I cannot find a reasonable

explanation for them, so far as they refer to Edith Maxwell. On one day I would fully determine that it was my duty to break off all relations with her, and then the next day, or a few hours thereafter, I would be undecided, wavering from one conclusion to another. Again and again I wished that fate would settle the affair for me.

I cannot say that I loved Edith Maxwell, at least when I was in my right mind, and had the opportunity to carefully and fairly reason out my own individual desires. I was drifting, I admit—nothing more than going with the tide. I now know, and knew then, that it was wrong—that I should have some determination, that I should have enough character to determine on a definite course and then follow it out in every detail. Anyway, why should a good looking actress be in love with me? I was nothing but a mere clerk. To be sure, I had good opportunities in the business in which I was engaged, but my salary was moderate, and was likely to continue so for some time to come. I wished again and again that she would drop me and thus settle the problem for me.

Perkins and Mary Malcolm had been showing quite a preference for each other for some time. They went to dances and various places of amusement on frequent occasions, and Perkins had come to look upon her as his own private property, which is a dangerous attitude for a man to assume until he is absolutely sure of his position. Perkins and I had always been very good friends, but within the last few days a little coolness seemed to spring up between us. I had no occasion for feeling different toward him, but Mary had been showing an interest in me and he seemed to be of an extraordinarily jealous nature, which was the only way I could account for this change.

Mary could hardly be called a pretty girl, but she was wholesome and healthy in appearance, and certainly would be attractive to any one who would take the trouble to learn something of her. I had spent several evenings with her and her mother, and on one or two occasions had taken Mary to the theatre.

She was passionately fond of the drama, and the more heartrending the scenes the more she seemed to enjoy them. Personally I always detested such plays. When I went to the theatre I was seeking diversion and always felt that there was enough tragedy in life without going to the theatre to add to my misery. But she was one of those strange beings that would sit through a play, and half of the time she would be crying as if her heart would break, but at the end when we were out in the air she would proceed to tell of the extraordinary, delightful time she had had. It was really heart-breaking, and I simply told her that I would never again take her to a performance of that character, not only because I did not believe that it would be to her advantage, but there was no pleasure in such a so-called diversion for me.

It was the next evening after having attended one of these plays that Mary and I were sitting in the parlor. She had been defending her ideas quite vehemently.

"Your tastes are not ethical," she said tauntingly.

"Perhaps you are right, but I certainly don't enjoy being miserable."

"Oh, well, a little crying now and then won't do any harm."

"Perhaps it won't, but what is the object of seeking an opportunity to torture yourself?"

She had a luxuriant mass of beautiful red hair—not glaring red, but that color that lies between a bronze and red, and she certainly knew how to arrange it artistically; and on that evening she came nearer being actually pretty than I had ever seen her before.

I had not seen Miss Maxwell since the previous evening. This was Sunday and there was no Sunday night performance. I naturally wondered where she had gone, although I refrained from asking either Mary or her mother. Perkins had been away visiting his mother. He tried hard to get Mary to go with him, but she refused.

"Why don't you go on the stage, Mary?"

"I believe I would like the experience, but I would have to be better looking."

"Ah, you are not so bad," I replied smilingly.

"Yes, I suppose you've seen worse."

"Yes, I've seen a great many that were many times worse. To-night you are really pretty."

"Now, Mr. Kingsley——"

"Yes, I mean it. Your cheeks tinted with pink color, your hair so artistically arranged; your appearance is nothing less than charming. Surely Perkins has told you that many times."

"Now you just stop!" she commanded, her cheeks turning red at the mention of Perkins' name. "You know you don't mean what you say. You are just chaffing."

"No, I am not; you are all that and more, too."

We were sitting close together, and apparently very deeply interested in each other, when we heard the front door open, and in walked Perkins and Miss Maxwell. They both started at our appearance.

"Oh! excuse me; I did not know that I was intruding," said Miss Maxwell, quickly turning as she saw us.

"Ah, don't be foolish, neither one of you is intruding," said I, as Perkins also started to go out.

"Surely not!" Mary repeated, blushing profusely. "Come in and sit down."

They returned, though apparently somewhat reluctantly.

"Where have you been all day?" I inquired, turning to Miss Maxwell. "I have been looking all over for you."

"I went out to visit my sister, who lives about forty miles from the city. I received a telegram from her this morning and I thought I would see her about its contents immediately. Mr. Perkins and I met as we were coming in the door. What have you done with yourself to-day?"

"Oh, Mary and I went out to the park, and visited the Art Gallery and had a splendid time—didn't we, Mary?" turning to Mary. Perkins was so angry at this news that he turned scarlet.

"Yes, we did that," flushing as Miss Maxwell and Perkins looked her way.

It was now plain that Miss Maxwell was also far from being pleased with me because of my conduct.

"You are looking well; you must have had a good time," I said, turning to Miss Maxwell.

"Yes, splendid; my sister has a beautiful home on the Hudson, and it is indeed a pleasure to visit her."

"Why don't you take me up some time?"

"I will be glad to any time you desire to go."

I was jesting, but apparently she had taken my request seriously. We continued the conversation for some time. Mrs. Malcolm finally called Mary to help her with some household duties and Perkins retired.

"You and Mary are getting along finely together," Miss Maxwell remarked as they left the room.

"Yes, she is a very pleasing companion," I replied.

"Are you satisfied in every way?" with sarcastic significance.

"Oh, what makes you talk in that fashion? She's nothing more than a schoolgirl."

"Well, she's a rather matured schoolgirl, and she's certainly learning the art of artistically dressing her luxuriant hair very rapidly. Mr. Perkins doesn't consider her a schoolgirl, and he is what I would call gloriously jealous," smiling at the remembrance of the appearance of his countenance.

"I fully agree with you. Mary is growing older, and is improving, but she can never be compared to you."

"You are learning the 'jolly' habit very speedily," she remarked with a forced smile.

"Now, you are mad at me, aren't you? What have I done to anger you?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Well, you went away all day. You didn't say a word where you were going, and I supposed you thought I would make myself miserable in my room during the entire period."

"Oh, no, that is not your nature. I do not think you would make yourself miserable for any one."

"You do me an injustice. Not that I would deny your accusation that I could not make myself miserable, for I have diligently cultivated the art of avoiding misery as much as possible."

"You are not playing with that little girl, are you?"

"No, I'm not. She is a mere child, and I would not be capable of such a thing. Anyway, she belongs to Perkins—at least, he thinks so."

"She is not a mere child; she is nineteen years of age, and young girls mature early in New York City, and if you're playing with her, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I don't believe she seriously cares for Mr. Perkins."

"Oh, don't talk so foolishly. I told you I am not playing with her, and as for Perkins, let him fight his own battles."

The conversation continued for some time, though I finally succeeded in reassuring her as far as my regard for Mary was concerned, and we parted that evening in our usual friendly manner.

I was rather amazed at Perkins' attitude. He actually seemed to be unable to control himself. I never saw a man show so much jealousy. It really shed a new light on his character. In a business way we got along very finely before—it may be because he had always had a feeling of gratitude toward me for assisting him to secure his position. I was quite convinced, from remarks made by Mary, that she really had no serious regard for him, though I fully realized that there was a possibility that she may have said something of this nature without meaning it. Her general attitude during all the time, however, had been such that it seemed to me she was using him merely for her own convenience. No one else had offered to take her to places of amusement and naturally she had accepted his company.

There were times when I rather resented the attitude of proprietorship that Miss Maxwell assumed over me. I had never given her such a right, but she certainly did assume it and I accepted it; in other words, I was allowing myself to drift, and at this time I frequently recalled the saying, "He that hesitates is lost."

A few days following this I was confronted with a business problem that caused me a great deal of anxiety. I had to greatly change my ideas as to

what constituted business honor after arriving in New York. Where I was employed there was a general understanding that employees would never tell on one another. They thought it was mean and unmanly to report any deficiency to headquarters, as they termed it. I had tried to follow this rule, though it was against my conscience. I sometimes felt that it was actually dishonest.

This problem was especially perplexing, for Perkins figured in it to an important degree. He had treated me with extreme coolness ever since the evening he found Mary and me together; in fact, the next day or two he would hardly speak to me. He seemed finally to have gotten over his ill-feeling, though I think that my attitude in going over some of the books on which we both worked had something to do with this. As I previously stated, since coming to New York I had lost my trustful nature. I never had had any suspicions of Perkins; in fact, I had no reason to, but when he acted in such a silly manner I thought I would total up some of the figures in connection with his work, with a view of proving if he was everything he pretended to be. I found cause for suspicion. I tried to be still more friendly toward him, though at the same time I continued my investigations, unknown to him. He handled a small part of the cash of the company. Finally I became convinced that he was dishonest and it looked as though he had been stealing some of the money left in his charge. To a certain extent I was responsible for his being with the firm, as I had helped him to secure the position. Then, too, there was the fact that he was staying at the same boarding house with me. Should I fail to report him and should the shortage be discovered later, it was likely that part or all of the blame might be shifted on me. I finally concluded that it was my duty to report him. Twice that day I started to go into Mr. Wicks' office, but on both occasions I changed my mind. That night I slept but little. The next day I determined that I would act in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. I believe that Perkins began to suspect me, for it certainly was difficult

to hide my feelings toward him under the circumstances, and he looked at me a little strangely as I went into the manager's office.

Mr. Wicks turned in his chair as I entered, looked at me sharply and said, "Well, I didn't send for you. What do you want?"

I was half inclined to turn back because of his manner and the tones of his voice. "I didn't want anything special, Mr. Wicks, but I have something to tell you which I feel you should know."

"Tell the manager in your department."

"I feel that it is more important than that. I believe *you* ought to know it."

He seemed undecided and was silent a moment.

"You say I ought to know it. What is its nature?"

"It refers to Perkins, who is my immediate superior."

"Anything against him?"

"Well,"—I hesitated—"I think that it's against him."

"Sit down and I will hear what you have to say."

I proceeded to tell him my story. At first he thought I was mistaken, but as he continued to question me he was finally convinced.

"Kingsley, you are to be congratulated; you are an honest employee. Such men are few and far between. If your statements prove to be correct I will see that you are rewarded."

"I am not looking for a reward, but I want to keep my record clean and my conscience clear, and I felt that it was my duty to report my suspicions."

Perkins eyed me suspiciously as I returned to my duties, but I gave him an evasive explanation that seemed to satisfy him.

The manager had asked me to stay in during the noon hour while he had one of his confidential assistants look over the books. I went out as usual to keep Perkins from being suspicious of my actions, but returned in a few moments. Even a hurried examination of the books proved my charges to be correct. Two hours after this Perkins was arrested. For a moment I was sorry for having reported him, but as he went out of the

door with the officer, he turned and glared at me.

"You did this, Kingsley. You reported me this morning. I'll get even with you. Remember I'll get even with you."

I made no reply. What could I say? I felt sorry for the foolish man, but my honor and my future were at stake. I certainly could not have acted otherwise. I was immediately promoted to the position held by Perkins and my salary increased liberally. At first I felt as though I ought to refuse both the position and money. Here I was being rewarded at the expense of Perkins, who was languishing in jail. I expressed myself in this manner to Mr. Wicks, who laughed at me.

"Why, Kingsley, you are a fool. You attend to your business, and look out for yourself and don't bother about others. As long as you treat this firm honestly and your duties are performed efficiently, you will find appreciation of your efforts, both financially and otherwise."

I was inclined to be pleased with my good fortune, though I did not in the least like the prospect of making the explanation that would be required at home. I hated to tell them that Perkins was a thief, as there was every evidence to prove this to be the case, but I did not see how I could avoid it. I met Miss Maxwell in the hall as I entered the house.

"Why, you look downhearted to-night. What has happened?"

We sat down and I proceeded to tell her the occurrences of the day.

"I suppose he got just what he deserved," she said, "though you have probably made an enemy for life. I have heard that employees in large companies often protect each other under such circumstances."

"Yes, but it is wrong—dishonest."

"From one standpoint, no doubt."

"Yes, from all standpoints."

"Oh, you are entirely too honest, Mr. Kingsley. I don't see that you have much chance to advance in New York."

"You don't think an honest man, then, has a chance to advance in New York?"

"That is not exactly my impression,

but I'm inclined to think one can be too finicky with his conscientious scruples to advance in a business way."

Mary shed a few tears when I informed her of Perkins' arrest. I told her and her mother the details of the charge that had been made against him.

"Oh, don't be so foolish," her mother said, as she sat there sobbing. I have heard you say again and again that you did not care for him.

"That's true," she said, "but it seems hard to think that he was such a deceitful wretch. He was always talking to me about his honesty."

"I think, Mary, that you were indeed lucky to learn of his character so soon. Just think! You might have married him."

"Married! Nonsense," she said, "I could never have married him."

Nothing more of importance was said on the subject.

Matters went along smoothly for several days after this. I filled the position held by my superior to the entire satisfaction of the company. Hereafter I dealt in amounts instead of coffins and various other uncanny articles of merchandise; and from that standpoint it was pleasing. It is really strange how one grows accustomed to environments, no matter what they may be.

There were some things about Miss Maxwell that were really admirable. She had been on the stage for four years. Previous to that she had been employed in a business office, and for seven years she had been almost the entire support of her mother and younger sister. When I heard this my feelings toward her changed. It seemed to me that she could hardly be bad, if she was capable of doing so much for her own family.

I had not seen Morgan, her attorney, since the first occasion I met him, and had not heard his name mentioned for some time. I was a little surprised, therefore, one evening to hear her refer to him.

"Why, I thought he had disappeared—I had not heard of him for so long."

"Well, I hope I never will hear of him again."

"Why, what has he done?"

"I am inclined to believe your suspi-

cions of him were correct. He is a bad sort of a man."

"It took you a long while to find that out. You stated some time ago that you had known him so well for so many years and that he was everything that one's heart could desire."

"That was before I knew him as well as I know him now."

"Well, what do you know about him now to his disadvantage?"

"Surprising as it may seem to you, I understood all along that he was an unmarried man, but I have recently discovered that I was mistaken. I told him that under the circumstances I would have nothing to do with him, but he has been annoying me ever since with letters and telegrams that come to me at the theatre."

"Why does he not send them here?"

"I think he knows that Mrs. Malcolm has no use for him and he perhaps suspects that she would destroy them without giving them to me. Now, I am really worried, Mr. Kingsley. I hardly know what to do. On two or three evenings he has persisted in walking home with me, and he has made suggestions that I resent, coming from a man of his character."

I was certainly surprised at this new turn of affairs, but as she went more into details in reference to Morgan's recent actions, my anger was aroused.

"Why not have him arrested?"

"Have Morgan arrested? Oh, you're foolish. He knows all the police, is 'in' with all the politicians and he would laugh at such a threat."

"Well, take me with you, and I'll protect you from him."

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, I mean it. He is a bigger man than I am, but I think I can make it interesting for him if he refuses to leave you alone."

"I'm going to take you at your word. But suppose you get into trouble—into a fight, for instance."

"Leave that to me. I'll run the risk. You are entitled to protection."

"He has insisted on seeing me tomorrow night after the theatre. I wrote and told him that I could not see him, but I would not be a bit surprised if he

was there waiting for me just the same."

"All right, I'll go with you."

"But remember what I said, Mr. Kingsley, about his pull with the politicians. Where he gets his influence is beyond me, but the man seems to know everybody in an official capacity in the city and they all seem to know him."

After giving the matter more careful thought I did not like the idea of an actual physical contest with Morgan. Not that I feared him, but I knew something of the vast power of a political pull, in and around New York, and I somehow felt that he would get the best of me, regardless of how I might come out in a personal affray. Nevertheless, I promised Miss Maxwell that I would help her in the emergency and I intended to keep my word.

I went to the theatre with her that evening and watched the play as I had on several occasions; in fact, I almost knew the whole drama by heart, I had heard it so often. I met her at the stage door, but Morgan was not in sight.

"Have you seen him?" were her first words.

"No, not a sign of him."

"I certainly hope he does not come."

"I can sincerely echo your desire."

"Don't be too sure, however, for sometimes he seems to purposely stay away from the stage door, as he does not want the other members of the company to see him waiting for me."

We had gone hardly half a block when who should I see ahead of us but Morgan.

"Good evening, Miss Maxwell," he said, politely lifting his hat; "and Mr. Kingsley, I am glad to meet you," extending his hand in hypocritical acknowledgment of our introduction. I pretended not to notice his hand and acknowledged his greeting as best I could.

"I thought I was to walk home with you," said Morgan to Miss Maxwell.

"I am sure I never gave you the privilege," she replied sharply.

"Well, you'll give it to me now, will you not?"

"No, I will not."

"Morgan, I think it is your business to go about your business," I said, stop-

ping, turning, and looking him squarely in the eye.

"What have you got to do with it?" looking down at me from his superior height.

"I don't know that I have anything special to do with it, but the lady has just stated that she did not desire your company; and furthermore, she is with me."

"With *you!* And who are you?" His tones were reeking with sarcasm.

"Now, Morgan, I don't want any trouble with you. Go on about your business."

"To be sure, you don't want trouble with me. It would be the worst thing that ever happened to you."

"Oh, come on, Mr. Kingsley, and don't bother with him. We want nothing to do with him."

Apparently Morgan had been drinking. He acted the part, and the whiffs of his breath that I secured now and then furnished further proof.

"Now, you two think you're smart, don't you? Kingsley—I believe that is your name—you just run on home and leave the girl here to me."

"Come on, Miss Maxwell, and don't pay any attention to him."

"No, you won't go on," said Morgan, advancing toward me.

I realized at once that I had to fight. The man would be satisfied with nothing else. I prepared myself for it.

"You run back to the theatre," I said, turning to Miss Maxwell.

"No, I'll stay right here."

"Are you going home as I suggested?" said Morgan, still advancing toward me.

"I'm not going home," I said emphatically.

He came closer and grabbed my shoulder.

That was the beginning. He was hardly prepared for what followed.

I lunged forward and struck at the point of his chin. I missed him. He jumped back. I followed, striking wildly with right and left.

He returned my blows. Neither of us landed effectively. He was so tall I could not reach his face. He struck me on the forehead. I was dazed a trifle. I lunged forward and struck him

in the stomach with all the force of my arm and body. He doubled up like a jack-knife and fell to the sidewalk.

Miss Maxwell stood there screaming during the whole scrimmage. I turned to her as Morgan fell.

"Can't you shut up? Why have the whole city here? For God's sake run back to the theatre so we can get away."

A crowd was fast gathering. I ran ahead and she followed as best she could.

"Oh, Mr. Kingsley, I got you into this," she said breathlessly as she entered the stage door.

"Well, never mind," I replied, "let us hope that we're out of it."

"But that's the worst of it. We're not out of it. You do not know that man Morgan. The minute he comes to he will have a whole patrol of police after you."

"Well, let him," I replied, "but he won't get me. Don't you think we had better get out of here and go home in another direction?"

"We can try it, but he'll get you at home just as easy as here."

"Get in here," said one of the stage hands, who was listening to our conversation. He half pushed me into one of those mysterious doors so frequently used in theatres. I had been there but a moment when the tramping of heavy feet and loud voices indicated that Miss Maxwell was right in her assertion. I peked through a crack in the door and saw three policemen and Morgan, who was looking pale and limp.

"He's here," I heard Morgan say.

"No, he's not," said the door man.

"We'll search for him," said one of the policemen.

"Go ahead, search all you like," answered the door man.

They spent ten or fifteen minutes looking through the various rooms, but were soon satisfied that I was not there, and I breathed a sigh of relief when I heard them going out.

"All right, Kingsley," shouted the door man, as he opened the door of my hiding place. "You and Miss Maxwell better beat it up a back street, for they might be around here."

Miss Maxwell and I were soon on our way home, following the stage-

hand's advice and taking a roundabout course.

"I'm sure that Morgan will send directly to the house for you and I think it would be a mistake for you to go home," said Miss Maxwell.

"I am inclined to agree with you, but how about the back entrance?"

"Oh, maybe I could let you in there, as I hardly think they will take the trouble to watch that entrance. I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, lowering her voice. "You can wait here and meanwhile I will go and survey the situation and tell you whether or not it will be safe for you to come home."

We were but a short distance from home, and I accepted her suggestion, but I was half inclined to think that it would be better to be arrested and have it all over than to be bothered so much. However, on remembering Morgan's political pull I changed my mind. I soon saw her hurrying back.

"Yes," she said, all out of breath, "it's all right. You can come home. The police have been there and have searched the house. They think you escaped. You can come round the back way and I'll let you in."

The next morning when I came down to breakfast I determined to go to the court and give myself up, but after conferring with Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Malcolm, I again changed my mind.

"You wait until he arrests you. He may get tired after a while, and if you can evade the officers it will be much less of an annoyance to you," said my landlady.

For several days thereafter I went in and out by the back door and was careful to arrive home very late at night. All this time I took my meals at various restaurants.

One evening I came home earlier than usual since I was threatened with arrest. I was very tired. The work during the day had been especially difficult. I went to bed at once. If I had known what was to happen that night I think that all my extraordinary fatigue would have been forgotten. But much human suffering is undoubtedly avoided by our not being able to look into the future.

My room was on the third floor in the

front of the house, and in the block in which we were located the houses were built close together. There was no room for a yard of any kind between them.

I might have been asleep five or six hours when I was awakened by a heart-rending shriek. I leaped out of bed before I was really awake. My room was brilliantly lighted. I heard a mumbling roar and a confused sound of voices, intermingled with frequent shrieks, that for the moment made me tremble with fear.

I rubbed my eyes and rushed to the window.

Horrors! the street was like day. I threw up my window and leaned far out. A crowd was gathering in the street. A chorus of yells resounded as they saw me.

"Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" came to me from all sides. I looked upward.

The great yellow flames were rolling high in the air. I could not tell whether it was from our house or the next door. I did not wait to see.

I pulled on my shoes without stockings. I donned my trousers. I grabbed my coat and rushed into the hall that was already filled with smoke that for the moment almost stifled me. I soon found the stairway, down which I rushed two steps at a time. When near the bottom I lost my footing and rolled down the balance of the way. I picked myself up slightly bruised but not harmed otherwise.

I rushed into the street; the house was apparently deserted. Everybody else was out before me. I met Mrs. Malcolm, Mary and several boarders as I came out.

"Are they all out?" I queried in excited tones, still holding my coat, my upper body covered by my pajamas.

"I think so; I'm not sure," said Mrs. Malcolm, who was excited and hysterical.

"Have you seen Miss Maxwell?" I asked, looking around for her.

"Yes"—she hesitated; "no, I have not seen her. She must have come down; everybody is out."

I was not satisfied. I wanted to be sure. I hurried back and forth in the crowd. I cried aloud, "Miss Maxwell, Miss Maxwell," but received no reply. I

started toward the house. One of the firemen held me back.

"You can't go in there; it is certain death."

"Yes, but I must, I have got to. My _____ is in there."

"Your what is in there?"

I hesitated.

"My sister, and I've got to save her."

"Go ahead, but I'm afraid you won't come out again."

I rushed up the first flight of stairs, without breathing. Then I drew a breath; the smoke poured into my lungs, and I gasped and struggled. I could get no farther. I fell to the floor. I crawled to the stairs and actually fell all the way to the next floor. I knew nothing more until I regained consciousness in the street. Mary and Mrs. Malcolm were leaning over me.

"Was she saved?" was my first query.

"Yes, I think so."

"Don't think so. Are you sure?"

"I am not absolutely sure."

"Have you seen her?"

"No, I haven't seen her."

I jumped from my recumbent position.

"I must find her, I will find her."

"We have looked everywhere, but no one has seen her."

I hurried from one fireman to another. I called in the crowd again and again, but no Miss Maxwell was to be found.

Was she burned in that roaring furnace? Did she meet such a terrible end? These were the terrifying questions that came to me as I ran to and fro and watched the walls totter as the great yellow flames leapt here and there throughout every portion of the doomed building.

(To be continued)

A Strange Method of Navigation



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Probably the strangest boats in the world are inflated bullock skins used as ferries in Central India



SOME OF THE STUNTS PERFORMED BY AUGUST JOSEPH ZILLIGER, AN ATHLETE AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE

Physical Culture Parentage

THE MARVELOUS VALUE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE METHODS IN BUILDING STRONG BODIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



HERE is no sphere of human life in which physical culture is more valuable than in the building of strong bodies of young children. Those who inherit comparatively frail physiques can develop into vigorous boyhood or girlhood with comparative ease under a proper system of body-building. This does not merely mean exercise, as many people might think. It includes a proper care of the body from every standpoint. What might be called "scientific body-building" should be applied to infant life actually from birth. Fresh, pure air, rich in oxygen, is needed at all times to keep a human being in health, and it is especially needed in infant life. It is then slowly but surely building a foundation, and there is really no excuse for the numberless

ills and weaknesses that children suffer from in nearly every home.

In practically every instance these are brought about by the pitiful ignorance of parents as to the actual needs of their children. The fear of fresh, pure air has perhaps done much more harm than any other evil. It will not in the least harm a child to be slightly chilled, provided the little one is in a healthy condition and not overfed. The fear of "catching cold," and the resulting precautions, have undoubtedly robbed thousands of homes of their children. Instead of breathing life-giving oxygen all day long, they are made to breathe the emanations of their own lungs and those of others. Is it any wonder that children under such circumstances easily catch cold? Is it any wonder that they cry a large part of their waking hours

and are often the source of trouble for twenty-four hours of each day?

If mothers would learn, first of all, the necessity of fresh air; second, the proper method of feeding their children, and third, the wonderful value of exercise—either playful or otherwise—the mortality record among these minute specimens of humanity would be reduced from 80 to 95 per cent.

We would like to hear from mothers and fathers who have been able to benefit their children to a remarkable degree by following the theories we advocate. In the last issue of this magazine we published an article about the wonderful Anderson baby, with letters from the mother and father. In this article we are publishing a series of interesting pictures,

which do a great deal to prove the value of physical culture in the home.

A father writes us as follows:

"About five years ago I purchased one of your magazines. It was the best and luckiest purchase I ever made in my life. My mother and father married when they were but mere children, my father being twenty and my mother fifteen. I was born when my mother was sixteen years of age. She was of a very prudish nature, though this was no fault of hers, as she grew up in a family of similar ideas. As a result of the neglect of my parents, I acquired the usual evil habits boys are addicted to and at the age of twenty I was almost a physical wreck. Thanks to the advice of your valuable publication, I went to work and acquired



MASTER ZILLIGER PERFORMS ATHLETIC FEATS WITH THE CONFIDENCE OF A SEASONED PERFORMER

a good physique, though of course I could not expect to develop my body as well as if I had been born of parents who were fully developed. As a result of reading your literature, I am now happily married and have three splendid children, all of whom I am trying to raise according to the suggestions made in your publications, and I believe I am succeeding in spite of all opposition, as shown by the pictures I am sending you."

August Joseph Zilliger is four years of age and he can hold a ten-pound dumb-bell on his stomach while being supported by his ankles and neck, as shown in one of the photographs. His father states that he is developing brain as well

as muscle. He says he can give you his full name, can tell you the day he was born, the month, year, state, city, county, name of the alderman, the mayor, the governor, the President of the United States, and has memorized various other things which indicate that his mental calibre is equal to his physical powers. In hanging on the rings, as shown in one of the illustrations, he can raise his feet up to his head. He can stand on his father's shoulders as unconcernedly as if he were on the ground, and an illustration of this feat is also presented herewith. He sits on his father's hand and freely allows himself to be used as a human dumb-bell.

Unleavened Bread, the Staff of Life

By Joan Allen

The phases of the simple life are varied, but the one to which I at present refer is that regarding food. Perhaps the change from elaborately prepared dishes to a plain, wholesome diet is to none more welcome than the wife or mother with small means upon whom devolves all the work of the household. Such a one has then time to appreciate the beautiful in nature, art, music or literature, as the taste may be, and to exercise more fully her talents of the higher order.

Nevertheless, when such a radical change is first made it requires some little thought and intelligence to frame a system of feeding which shall sustain the body in all its varied needs. In such a diet unleavened bread should find a place. It is, without doubt, the true staff of life, and has many claims to our consideration. It is nutritious, easily digested, and a valuable aid in the cure of constipation. It is pleasant to the palate, having a very sweet taste when thoroughly salivated. (In some cases it may be that a taste has to be acquired, as we have all, more or less, lost our natural palate.) Moreover, it lends itself to mastication very readily, and (crowning virtue!) is but little trouble to

make; that is, when one knows how to go about it. There are only two ingredients—whole-meal flour and water, though currants are a tasty and wholesome addition.

When I first began to make this bread I experienced some little difficulty, as the recipes I had were somewhat vague with regard to quantities. I remember I made some small breakfast loaves in gem pans, which were so hard that they resembled cricket balls, and I was subjected to no small amount of chaff. The following recipe is the result of determination and practice:

Put one and one-half breakfast-cupfuls of cold water into a mixing bowl. Add six heaped tablespoonfuls of whole-meal and stir well. When quite smooth, add three more tablespoonfuls of flour, again stir, then two, then one. Flour the pastry board, make into loaves or cakes rather more than an inch in thickness, prick well with a fork and bake in a fairly quick oven from one and one-quarter to one and one-half hours. When currants are used they should be added toward the end of the mixing and used without stint. The whole process of making can easily be done in twenty minutes.

False Delicacy of Parents

WEAKLY BODIES, LESSENERED VITALITY, DESTROYED MANHOOD, DEVITALIZED WOMANHOOD, PARTLY REPRESENT THE FEARFUL COST TO HUMANITY DUE TO THIS EVIL

By Mary E. Teats

National Evangelist of Purity of the W. C. T. U.

PART II

"Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it."

EMERSON said, "Be just at home, then write your roll of triumph o'er the seas." There is a rapidly growing tendency on the part of parents to "deal justly" with their children in the matter of sex information. In one of my Purity Conferences the advisability of teaching children this subject was discussed. One speaker disapproved in strong terms. A gentleman immediately arose, and in language equally strong, condemned parents for their neglect of a God-given duty in safeguarding their children against impure knowledge, by chastely and sacredly giving the pure, saying, "There are two fountains of knowledge from which our children are bound to learn. No parents are guiltless that permit their children to be poisoned by the impure, when it is within their power to provide the pure knowledge." I was glad that it was a man who so earnestly and frankly expressed the truth. He was followed by many others who spoke in the same strain, and the objector stood alone.

I shall tell the story so simply that a little child may readily understand it. Parents must first get the thought *fixed* in their minds that the subject is as pure as God is pure, for it is from Him; and the child will not associate the story with anything *impure* if the knowledge is imparted soon enough. Delay here is dangerous. Don't wait till a child gets to the questioning period. Many children become morally poisoned before that time comes.

At the close of a certain Y. M. C. A. meeting which I addressed a gentleman

arose and with evident emotion said, "Mrs. Teats, will you please tell me how I can tell my three little motherless children this story of life of which you speak. Six weeks ago my wife passed away, and I want, as far as possible, to take her place in the care of my little ones." At this moment a very refined appearing gentleman arose, and addressing me said, "With your permission I would like to give this brother and all present my personal experience with my six-year-old girl and eight-year-old boy," and then gave the following: "Our little ones were attending the kindergarten. On my return from business one evening I found my wife weeping bitterly. Upon inquiry I learned that the children had been grossly contaminated by both instruction and observation by what people call a 'bad' boy, although we had always been exceedingly careful as to their playmates. I asked my wife what she said to the children. 'I told them they must not talk about such things.' I felt that the moral destiny of our little ones was at stake, and something must be done to save them to a pure life. I asked wife to send the children to my room in ten minutes. I had never been prepared for this duty, but falling on my knees, I told the Heavenly Father I lacked wisdom, and plead for His guidance in this solemn hour. I know my prayer was answered. The little ones came in; I took them on my knees and said, 'Children, papa has a beautiful and sacred story to tell you.' I then took a flower, and continued, 'Darlings, every thing that lives and

grows has a papa and a mamma. The fruit we enjoy, the flowers that are so beautiful, the little chickens and kitties and singing birds—all have a papa and a mamma. This is God's plan, His way of keeping all forms of life in this world.' I explained the functions of the flower that I held, showing that the stamens are the fathers and the pistils the mothers of the blossom, and that there was upon the stamens a delicate powder or pollen which performed a very important part in this wonderful little mechanism. I opened a pistil and showed them the undeveloped seed germs, explaining that when the pollen or father part of the flower falls from the stamens to the sponge-like end of the pistil or mother part of the flower, in a way that God only knows about, but nobody can fully explain, the union of these two in flower life will produce another of its kind. Take the little birds. In the spring time the father bird says to the mother bird in language that they understand, 'Now it is getting warm weather, let us build a little nest and have our baby birds. So they build their nest, and the mother bird laid the eggs, and in each tiny egg was the little beginning of a baby bird. These wee birds grew in the egg shell for several weeks, while the mother sat upon the eggs to keep them warm, and the father bird perched on a twig near by to keep his mate company, and sang sweet songs to her. After a time the baby birds grew too large for their little room in the egg-shell and pecked their way out, and into the nest. How glad the big birds were when they could really see their very own baby birdies. Then they fed and took care of them until they were old enough to fly, and care for themselves.

"Now, children, perhaps you have wondered how fathers and mothers get their boys and girls; you have been puzzled as to where the dear little babies come from, and how you are you. This is the best part of this beautiful story of life. As God has created us in His image He has made the most sacred and safest place in all the world for little human babies to live and grow in, because they are so tender and so precious in His sight, and that safe place is in a

cosy little cradle in mamma's body just beneath her heart, where you nestled and grew day after day. For nine long months mamma ate and breathed for you, and every evening we knelt together and prayed God to help us to be a good father and mother, and to bless the dear little baby that would come into our home. When you had grown too large for your little cradle home, then mamma suffered, oh, so much, that you might come from it, and be laid in her arms. But mamma was willing to suffer, for she not only loved you, but was eager for the time when you should love us. So, darlings, you must love mamma better than any one else in the world.'

"The children were very attentive during this entire story, then slipped quietly down and left the room. A moment later I entered the sitting-room and saw the most beautiful picture I ever looked upon. The girl was on her mother's lap with both arms around her neck, while the boy stood by her side, lovingly resting his head upon her shoulder. It was then I realized as never before to what extent parents rob themselves of the tenderest and sweetest love of their children; that from false modesty and indifference the strongest cord that binds children and parents is broken."

I realize full well that the printed page cannot reproduce the Christ-like spirit, the gentle voice, the serene countenance of this man of God, but a deeper and more solemn impression could not have been made upon the men of that audience. Doubtless to most of them this story had been the revelation of "a more excellent way," whereby sex functions and uses were placed upon their normal plane and plan of God. "One morning a young mother, leading her seven-year-old twins by the hand, entered the lecture-room of Dr. S——, Paris, just as he had dismissed his class, and politely asked that herself and children might be shown the large anatomical plates of the human body. As one after another was exhibited and explained, the plate showing the womb in the seventh month of pregnancy with twins, came in order; and as the doctor was hastily withdrawing this without comment, the mother said: 'Please do not lay that aside; it

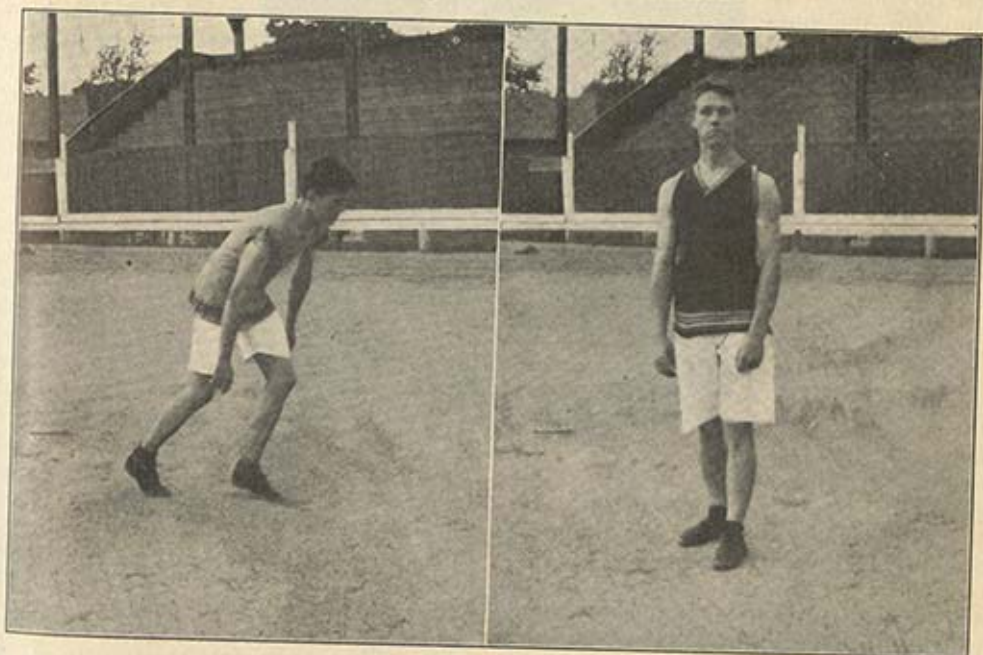
is the one of all others I am most anxious that my children should see. Be so kind as to explain it fully to them.' And, placing her little sons directly in front of it, said, 'You know, my darlings, that I have told you that some day I would show you a picture of the little room in my body where you lived and slept so long a time before papa or I saw you. We can't help loving one another as we do, when you see how close to mother's heart you both lay for nine happy months. By that time you had grown too large to be comfortable in that warm room, and then it opened for you to pass out into my arms. Dear little sister lived there, and came to us in the same way; and God lets all little babes have such homes in their mother's body until they are old enough to leave it. How sad it would be if those who for so long a time lived so closely together should ever be unkind to one an-

other.' Dr. S—— was moved to tears by this beautiful incident, and said to her, 'Madam, you have given me, as well as your children, the best interpretation of those plates ever given.' After the mother with her little ones had left the room, the doctor continued, "there is little chance for children with *such a mother*, ever to go wrong."

I am optimistic enough to believe that the time is not far distant when children will be safeguarded from the evils that result because of ages of blind indifference on the part of parents; when the public school, and the Sunday-school teachers, and pastors will all co-operate with parents in bringing in the glad day when personal and social impurity will be a thing of the past, and "our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as cornerstones polished after the similitude of a palace."

[This article has been published by the author as a small pamphlet, which sells for ten cents.]

Two Long Distance Runners



Above are photographs of two physical culturists who have been enthusiastic followers of the principles advocated in this magazine for the last three years. They are both distance runners of con-

siderable ability and thorough representatives of the benefits derived from physical culture methods. Both reside in Huntington, Ind. Chas. F. Shock is shown on the left, and Howard High on the right.

Piano-Playing Record Broken

C. W. HEALY, OF AUSTRALIA, PLAYS A PIANO CONTINUOUSLY FOR FIFTY AND ONE-HALF HOURS AT PRINCE'S COURT, MELBOURNE, BEATING THE PREVIOUS RECORD BY TWO AND ONE-HALF HOURS



HE piano-playing record of the world has been broken, on this occasion by a young Australian athlete, C. W. Healy, who, starting off on a Thursday,

at 8 p. m., to the simultaneous lighting of thousands of electric lights at Prince's Court, Melbourne, played continuously until Saturday, of the same week, at 10.30 p. m. He thus played, without a stop, for the phenomenal time of fifty and one-half hours. Healy partook of very little nourishment during the feat and merely consumed a couple of cakes of chocolate and a little soda water toward the finish to clear the head.

Great crowds assembled to witness the finish of this extraordinary feat, and wildly cheered the plucky young Australian as he accomplished it. He was little or none the worse for the great strain he had undergone, barring the loss of a little weight. He came down the steps of the band-stand unaided, and walking to his cab, drove home.

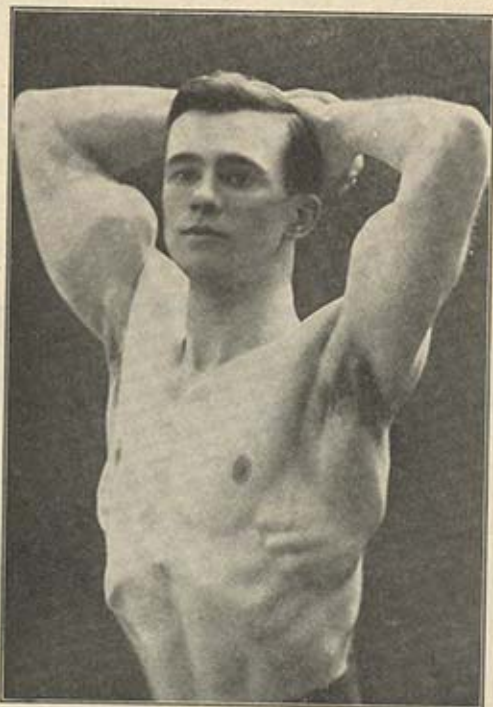
Healy, during his feat, played three hundred different tunes, over and over again, totaling over three thousand pieces. The young athlete smilingly admitted to a reporter that the feat verged on the nature of the senseless, but was no

more so than most other world's records for endurance. In speaking of his unusual performance, he remarked: "I had very special reasons in attempting this feat. I wanted to upset a medical opinion, that the brain and body could not possibly stand the simultaneous strain for that period. This is merely another example of perfect physical training — making the brain fit and clear to stand an extraordinary mental test."

Asked what training he underwent for such a feat, he replied: "Nothing extra whatever. As you know, my business is physical culture, and I study natural health laws, and live up to Nature in every point possible. I always manage to secure fresh air, good plain food, healthy athletics, etc., and

I am fit at any moment, as every young fellow should be. Just get the ideas of physical culture into your head—that is, in the true sense of the word—and I can assure you that you will always be fit and well, mentally and physically."

Perhaps many of our readers have already heard of C. W. Healy. He is a very popular and clever instructor of physical culture, with over three hundred pupils. It was Bernarr Macfadden's ideas that led him to follow the business and he has been very successful.



MR. C. W. HEALY

Health Receiving Deserved Attention

SOME COMMENTS ON COLD-WATER BATHING,
COLD AIR AND THE NO-BREAKFAST PLAN

By Bernarr Macfadden

IN the last few years the amount of attention given to subjects that have to do with health has increased many times. Previous to the publication of the *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine you could hardly induce a newspaper or magazine editor to publish anything that had Health for its subject. But now we are being advised by editors and writers of every description. Much of this advice is good. Of course now and then it is bad. I think, however, that if all seekers after information about health were to assume the proper mental attitude and to stand on their own mental foundation, they would be able to select the good from the bad, and in the end be benefited by their reading, regardless of its character.

One writer, for whom I have very great respect, and who is endowed with the rare combination of high intellectual attainments and common sense, says:

"Don't stand at any open window just after you get up. If you do you are apt to catch a cold that will put you back in bed again. When you get out of bed there is no blood at the surface to protect you from the cold, the nervous forces are all withdrawn to the solar plexus—the place where they sleep. You don't want to expose yourself to cold until your heart has started its normal action, until you are a thoroughly awake, active man.

"For the same reason, *never take a cold bath when you get up.* Cold baths in the morning have killed thousands, and they injure everybody.

"A cold bath, of course, makes you feel bright and lively. So would a half dozen cuts with a good rawhide whip. You would dance around wonderfully after the first few blows. Those blows would do you less harm than a cold bath.

"Never take a cold bath, unless you have previously taken very violent exercise and brought the blood to the surface, or unless you have taken a warm bath and produced the same effect in that way.

"Never take a cold bath at all, unless you are a very strong individual, man or woman.

"Never be such an idiot as to make a child take a cold bath in the morning. It is simply killing the child slowly, exhausting its vitality, for the sake of a foolish theory.

"After a warm bath or violent physical exercise it will do you no harm; it will, perhaps, do you a little good, if you are really a strong man or woman, to sponge off with cold water. But never stay in cold water, except when you go in swimming in the really warm weather.

"Don't drink water when you get up—unless you take a little warm water—and very little. You ought to eat your breakfast as soon as possible after arising—a light, warm breakfast. You do not want to chill the stomach with cold water before the breakfast goes into it. You don't want to wash out the gastric juice and make the stomach unfit to digest by flooding it with hot water before breakfast.

"Don't work before your breakfast; that is nonsense. Eat a light breakfast, and do your work after that, but not immediately after eating even the lightest breakfast."

As the views of this writer are held by a large majority of those who follow the conventional reasoning on health topics, it will, perhaps, not be a waste of time or space to reply to several of his statements.

If you can stand before an open win-

dow with comfort, it will do you no harm. You may even "catch cold," as it is termed, but this will not necessarily be harmful, as the poisons eliminated by the cold in the form of mucus will help to purify your body. It would perhaps be better, however, to follow the advice of this writer and not expose yourself to cold until after the circulation has been thoroughly awakened by active exercise. You could then stand before an open window and enjoy the cool air, though before it might have been very uncomfortable.

In all my experience in physical culture I have never known of a cold bath killing any one. A cold bath, if you enjoy it—if you feel warm and fresh and energetic after it, is beneficial. If you feel cold and chilly and uncomfortable, it has not been of benefit, though I am inclined to question its being especially injurious. It is better to take a cold bath after active exercise or after a dry friction bath with brushes or a rough towel all over the body, for then the circulation has been accelerated to the surface and a bath will be more enjoyable and more beneficial. As to the habit of giving cold baths to young children, I saw a little one but a few months old begin the habit of going in the lake at Physical Culture City every day with his father; I have often seen him blue with the cold. I could hardly recommend this, but at the same time, following this rigid régime, though he was weak in appearance, he grew ruddy and strong, and was as fine an example of babyhood as I have ever seen. I have never known an instance where a cold bath has injured young children or babies, though it is easily possible for one to go to extremes.

If water tastes good when you rise in

the morning, drink it. If you like it better cold, drink it cold; if you like it hot, drink it hot. Use your own taste and your own common sense.

If you are hungry immediately after rising, if you enjoy breakfast, eat it. If you are not hungry, don't. Cold water before breakfast might injure some one whose vitality is very low, but as a rule it would be a tonic to the stomach. It is very quickly absorbed and cannot be harmful in its effects by diluting the gastric juice, provided there is an actual thirst for the water. This desire indicates that it is needed.

As to working before breakfast, some of the best work in my life for the last twenty-five years has been done before breakfast. Those who eat no breakfast usually find that the head is clearer and that they are more energetic and more capable because of this habit. But that does not necessarily mean that every one can be better without breakfast. If you go without breakfast and are more capable because of it continue the habit. If you feel better after eating the breakfast, continue to eat breakfast. In other words, use your own judgment. Find out what is best for yourself and then adhere to that rule, whatever it may be.

The object of this publication is first of all to awaken within its readers the desire for exhilarating health. I believe that weakness is criminal. I believe that it is an actual crime for a man to go through life in a mediocre physical condition. I want to make every man realize his physical possibilities. If he does not feel full of vim and life at all times he is a physical drone, and he is working under a continual mental handicap. Therefore read all you can, learn all you can, and take that which is good for you.

A Reader's Favorite Exercises

Punching vigorously, a series of rapid blows straight out from the shoulders with clenched fists. Clasp the hands behind the back and throw the shoulders back, tensing the muscles of the

extended arms to develop good form. Hanging by the hands on the top of the door. Pulling on door knob, and push-door frame.

A. E. BENN.

Amsterdam, N. Y.

The Secret of Human Power

MARVELS OF THE HUMAN BODY—A COMPLICATED MYSTERY—AN ASTONISHING MACHINE. WHAT IS THE REAL DIRECT SOURCE OF HUMAN ENERGY?

By Bernarr Macfadden

ARTICLE I

This is the first of a series of articles that will reveal the source of all human energy, and will plainly and emphatically point out the means whereby it can be stimulated, and how, by this means, every organ of the body can be made far more vigorous, and the muscles, nerves and brain be increased in strength to an astounding degree.

THE BODY A WONDERFUL MYSTERY



THOUGH every part of the human body has been carefully studied, many of its mysteries are yet to be solved. We are thoroughly familiar with all the functional processes. We have studied digestion; we know something of elimination and assimilation, but in many ways the body still remains a wonderful mystery. Think of its astonishing mechanism; of its ability to build up and tear down; of the uses which one can make of the human machine. Is it not more than marvelous? Think of the powers of the human brain. This soft, gray mass of tissue, with its minute cells, has the power of recording what is brought to it by the eyes and the ears or the sense of touch, and this record can be retained in some instances for great numbers of years. Centenarians are often familiar with events that came within their notice when they were mere children. Has any anatomist ever solved the secrets of the human brain? Has he seen anything within the cells of the brain that would give him a clue to the means used by the memory to record all the various experiences of life? There is nothing within the anatomical make-up of the human brain that would give any one even the faintest glimpse of the processes by which these wonders are accomplished. It is all a deep, impenetrable mystery. No one knows; I hardly think anyone will ever know.

Then there is the mystery that no physiologist has ever been able to fully fathom in the creation of heat within the human body. We know there is some process by which the blood heats the body. We have every evidence of this, and yet no one has ever been able to definitely explain by what process this heat is created. It is another of the astounding mysteries that we come in contact with in studying the human body.

HUMAN ENERGY REQUIRED BY INTERNAL ORGANS

Let us pass to some of the important internal organs. There is the heart, for instance, pumping away practically all through life—an organ that one would say never rests, beating, as a rule, from sixty to eighty times every minute throughout your entire life. To be sure, its energies are sometimes very greatly accelerated when the body requires more blood. For instance, when one indulges in violent exercise the blood is required in vastly increased quantities and the heart is stimulated to much greater energies in order to furnish a satisfactory supply. There are the lungs, which are constantly absorbing oxygen and at the same time eliminating poison. Next to the heart, they are probably among the most important organs of the body. We might go on and speak of the stomach, the liver, the kidneys—all these various organs that are constantly performing that particular service which is required of them by the



A remarkable example of muscular development acquired by following our methods. (See letter of Frank X. Bushman, published herewith.)

body. They are each necessary to life, and health, and strength. They each go about their duty without apparent effort. As a rule, we know little or nothing of their existence. This is always the case when in good health. Now, all these various organs require a certain amount of energy to perform their particular duties. It takes strength for one to digest his food. Strength is necessary to keep the heart pumping away all through life. The same can be said of every organ of the body. Energy is needed for every process connected with the maintenance of human life.

Where do the remarkable muscles shown in this photograph secure their power? Is it supplied by the muscles themselves, or is it furnished in the form of a species of electrical energy by the nerves and brain? These questions will assume unusual interest after the reading of this article.

TO BERNARR MACFADDEN:

I believe I have the honor of being one of your first converts, as I was so fortunate as to purchase the first number published, and have never missed one since. My greatest regret is, not possessing a photograph of myself at that time, for the contrast would surely be somewhat striking, as I was far, very far, from being erect, broad-shouldered or muscular, and this difference in my physical make-up I heartily credit you with. I am making a careful study of anatomy with the idea of becoming a physical culture instructor in the near future.

FRANK X. BUSHMAN.

Baltimore, April 15, 1908.

FORCE NEEDED EVERY MOMENT TO MAINTAIN LIFE

The average individual does not realize that a certain amount of energy is spent for every moment of his life. Breathing, for instance, that is continuous, requires energy as well as the heart, and the functional processes of the body that are continued even during sleep require energy. You lift a heavy weight and there is an immediate realization that you have exerted a certain amount of force. What is the source of this strength? Where does it come from? Was it merely a force exerted by the muscles? Was it furnished to the muscles by the blood as it circulates through

every minute cell? You may sit quietly and be intently occupied with some mental problem; under such circumstances an increased quantity of blood is sent to the brain. In other words, you are using a certain amount of energy, a certain amount of strength by the mere act of thinking.

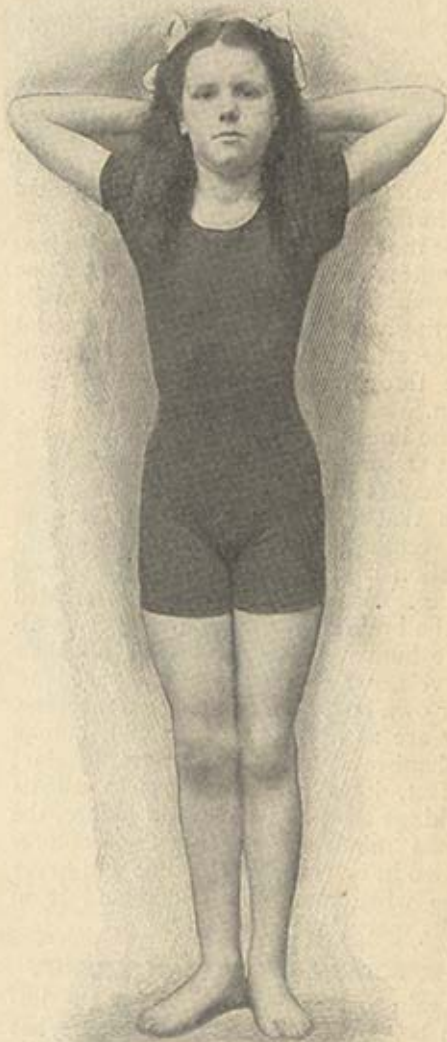
POWER REQUIRED EVEN TO WINK THE EYE

You may be surprised to know that it requires energy to even wink your eye. Minute muscles are brought into use to accomplish this. Every word you speak requires a muscular effort. It requires an effort on the part of the vocal cords and on the part of those muscles that control the breath. It all seems very simple, as one learns to do these things to a very large extent involuntarily. But if you will quietly try to fathom some of the marvels of your own body you will begin to have a most intense respect for your human machine.

INVOLUNTARY MUSCLES DO THE IMPORTANT WORK

Before disclosing what I term THE SECRET OF HUMAN POWER, I want every reader to have at least a faint comprehension of the anatomical structure of the body and of the physiological processes that are continued practically from birth to death. I want you also to realize the responsibility with which you have been invested. I want you to realize that the human machine which you are caring for is a most astounding piece of mechanism. To be sure, it is self-regulating. Practically all the important processes of your body are carried on by what we call involuntary muscles. In other words, they do not require any voluntary act on the part of your will in order to continue their efforts. They work away through life performing their duty as required, but all of these organs secure the impulse, or the energy which keeps them working, from a definite source. For instance, the beating of the heart, the churning process of the stomach which digests your food, the performance of the functional processes of the kidneys, the liver, and in fact all the vital organs, are in-

voluntary, so we say, but nevertheless each one is controlled by the source of all human energy. The mere fact that food is in your stomach does not furnish the stimulus that is needed to start the



Miss Winifred Booth, who has been entered in the prize photograph competition for girls under twelve years of age.

Miss Booth was nine years old on June 26th, 1907. She lives at 76 Gloucester Street, Sheffield, Eng.

Her measurements follow: Height, 4 ft. 7 in.; weight, 71 lbs. 8 oz.; neck, 11 ins.; upper arm, 8 ins.; elbow, 7½ ins.; forearm, 7¾ ins.; wrist, 5½ ins.; chest, expanded, 27 ins.; chest, small, 25½ ins.; chest, natural, 26½ ins.; bust, 26½ ins.; waist, 22 ins.; hips, 27½ ins.; thigh, 16½ ins.; knee, 11¼ ins.; calf, 10¾ ins.; ankle, 7 ins.

stomach in its efforts to digest the contents. It secures the impetus elsewhere.

THE MARVELOUS HUMAN MACHINE

A great number of inventors have spent years of their lives endeavoring to solve the problem of perpetual motion. They have been trying to accomplish the impossible. They have been trying to make something out of nothing, but as nearly as possible we have within our own body a power that might, to a certain extent, be classed with perpetual motion. To be sure, we need fuel in the form of food to keep the human machine moving to maintain life, health and strength, but beyond this our machine is comparatively capable of perpetually exerting while life lasts a certain amount of force that can be used to our advantage through the aid of muscles and brain.

The human body is unquestionably the most astonishing piece of mechanism that exists at the present time, or perhaps that ever will exist. In viewing the results of inventive genius our admiration is often aroused to an extreme degree. Some of these devices, created by the brain of man, seem to possess almost human power, but with all their marvels, when they are compared to your own body as a complicated machine, they are as nothing. Your own human mechanism is more wonderful by far; in fact, it is so astounding in all its workings that, as I have said before, the human mind has never fully comprehended it, or probably the time will never come when man will understand it in all its marvelous workings.

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN ENERGY

Again and again, in studying the human body, the question is asked, "What is the source of human energy?" Of course, at first thought the answer would be that this source is in the food we eat; but I mean, beyond this. Where does the energy come from? The actual force that comes to the muscle, for instance, when one's will has sent out the message that a certain effort shall be made; from whence comes the actual power which is used in this effort? You know that you have exerted a certain

amount of force when the muscles are used in any way. You know that a certain amount of energy is required in accomplishing this effort. From whence comes the energy? Have the muscles absorbed from the blood the energy that is used under such circumstances, or does the energy come to the muscles from some other source? Does it come, for instance, from the nervous system, or are the nerves simply and solely telegraph wires that transmit energy to the muscles? Do they actually furnish the electrical energy which is needed to make the efforts required? To illustrate: Suppose you were lifting a weight with the bicep muscle of your arm. If you know anything of anatomy you will know that the process of lifting this weight is brought about through shortening the bicep muscles of the upper arm. In order to shorten these muscles each muscular cell draws up, becomes shorter in length, more round and full, and the result of this shortening in the muscular tissue raises the lower arm and we have thereby an example of muscular force.

FROM WHENCE COMES HUMAN POWER?

Now, in making the particular movement referred to above the brain telegraphed, along the nerve connected with this particular muscle, the need for this particular effort. Now the question arises, was the actual energy exerted by this muscle at this particular time furnished by the bicep muscle itself, or was the energy transmitted in the form of electricity from the nervous system to the muscle? Now, these are questions of intense interest; these are questions of vast moment in solving the problem of increasing the human power, for more energy is the goal we are continually striving to attain. If we can find the actual source of energy over and beyond its primary source (the food we eat) we will then learn something that will be of value to us in stimulating or accelerating the activities of this particular source of human power. If we learn the source of energy, for instance, to the biceps muscles of the arm we would know the source not only to every muscle of the body, both voluntary and in-

voluntary, but the source of all the power that is needed in the functional processes of the body and even that impenetrable mystery—the human brain.

A QUESTION OF VAST MOMENT ANSWERED IN NEXT ARTICLE

In the next issue of this series I am going to try, to the best of my ability, to answer the question: WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF ALL HUMAN ENERGY? But little attention will be given to food, the primary source, for I

have dealt with this subject on many occasions, but very briefly I will trace the food to the blood, and then come to that which has always been a mystery to even the most learned students of anatomy and physiology, and in fact to the most renowned medical men, and that is the problem as to whether the energy which is spent in muscular effort, voluntary and involuntary, is a product of the muscle itself or is the result of electrical force which comes to it through the human telegraph wires—the nerves.

Stylish Maidens



These two young ladies would pass as being well dressed and even beautiful, according to the ideas of some shallow minds. Carefully note the size of their waists. Also observe the latest style of dressing the neck. Is it not pleasing to the eye? (Providing the eye has nothing behind it in the form of an intelligent mind.) If you were looking for a wife whom you expected to live with for the balance of your life, would figures of this kind attract you? Would a woman whose mind is controlled entirely by style possess characteristics that you considered admirable? Remember that your wife is supposed to be the mother of

your children. She is not a mere play toy or an evanescent product of the imagination that you expect to harbor for a brief period. She comes into your life permanently. She is of assistance or she is an encumbrance, depending altogether on her character and her physique. If she has so little brains as to partially destroy and actually mutilate the important vital organs that underlie the exterior parts of the waist, she must indeed be shallow-brained and as a wife she will be but a load that you will have to carry through life, that will sometimes bear so heavily on you that even life itself will hardly seem worth the living.

The Fashionable Foot in China

HOW THE CHINESE WOMEN SECURE
THEIR PRETTILY (?) SHAPED FEET

By Henry Winston Hardwick

FASHION is cruel—pitiless. She has no consideration for one's feelings. She makes her laws, or rather some individual formulates her rules, and then all the silly nonentities called "human beings" follow along. From the most complicated ceremonies performed by the dwellers in lands allegedly representative of the height of "civilization," to the simple freedom of savagery, there can be found what might be termed fashions or conventional rules, which one must follow or suffer for his deviation.

Among the very many painful processes that fashion has forced upon human beings, we have what is called the "fashionable foot" in China. Among the women of the so-called upper class a natural foot is almost unknown, though I believe some women in the cities of Fuchow and Canton are to be excepted. This practice of binding the feet in order to reduce their size to the standards formed by this custom has been followed for many centuries. The only exceptions to this are the women of lower classes, who are compelled to

work at hard labor. Their feet are of natural size. The feet of the women of the medium classes, or those residing in country districts, are considerably less than the natural size, and so-called "fashionable" women often have feet that are no more than three inches in length.

Just think of the pitiful results of all this perversion! These women are practically compelled to hobble all through life. They cannot walk as can an ordinary human being; they simply move along just as though they were on stilts or had nothing but their heels to walk on.

Immediately after a Chinese girl baby has learned to walk, the process of reducing the size of her feet is begun. When she has reached the age of five, then active preparations are made to force the feet to conform to the regular standard. Perhaps there are Chinese

women who fail to observe this stern rule, but it is said that where such is the case they are usually considered outcasts—not fit for any respectable Chinese women to associate with. The feet of the Chinese girls are compressed slowly



Stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
A HIGH CASTE LADY'S DAINTY "LILY FEET"
Showing method of deformity. (Shoe worn on
great toe only)

but surely by long cotton bandages, which are wound tightly around the foot in different directions. The parents of these unfortunate children are in most cases in possession of a great deal more money than intelligence, for otherwise they could not possibly insist on such a horrible distortion. The moment the bandages have been applied the foot has

other toes are slowly distorted and turned in; that is, doubled up toward the heel, as is shown in the illustrations that accompany this article.

The Chinese contend, and in many instances with reason, that their custom of binding the feet is not by any means so injurious as is tight-lacing, which is so universal in our own country. The com-



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF FOOT-BINDING

Chinese girls of the working classes have feet of normal size. Girls making pretensions to gentility begin at the age of five or six to have their feet bound up in preparation for the wearing of the traditional "lily-foot" shoes. The big toe and the heel are pulled toward each other and the rest of the toes rolled back into the exaggerated hollow of the instep.

little opportunity to secure a normal circulation, and as a consequence, it practically stops growing. The front portion of the foot, after the application of the bandages, eventually assumes the form of an acute angle. It is only the great toe that is allowed to remain free from compression by the bandages. All the

pression of the vital organs does far more harm to the health and the possible motherhood of our women than the mere compression of the foot, and there might be some truth in these statements; but their habit of binding the feet certainly must have a terrible influence upon the general development of their bodily

vigor. The body is made symmetrical and strong through its active use; much of the body cannot be used properly unless one has the entire use of the feet.

The photos illustrating this article very clearly show the results of this awful practice. One illustration shows the smaller toes doubled up under the foot. However repulsive they may appear, it cannot be denied that the shape of their feet complies very nearly with what we

consider the normal shape of the "fashionable" shoe. I have seen the feet of many Americans that were so shamefully distorted that to a limited extent their feet resembled this mass of bruised and distorted flesh and bones. This, it seems to me, is one of the most shameful examples of what fashion will force human beings to comply with in order to follow her demands, often with tragical results.



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

TINY SHOES OF FINE KID AND SILK EMBROIDERY WORN BY CHINESE LADIES OF THE UPPER CLASSES IN CANTON

From Another World

A CAUSTIC ARRAIGNMENT BY ONE WHO VIEWS US FROM THE STANDPOINT OF AN OUTSIDER. HIS CRITICISMS ARE SEVERE AND CONTAIN FOOD FOR THOUGHT

By George Williamson

Here is some very plain talk. There are no doubt many exaggerations. Some readers may even think that the writer is crazy. Others may feel that such extreme sentiments should not be published. I think, however, that his views at least deserve a reading. We have been drifting along in almost hopeless egotism about long enough. It is time we saw ourselves as others see us. This is my excuse for publishing this series of articles and others by this author that will follow.—Bernarr Macfadden.

SECOND INSTALLMENT



GEORGE WILLIAMSON

I DO not want to criticise those who are attempting to follow the religion of Christ. Many, no doubt, are doing the best they know how. If one were traveling along a well-beaten path, from which any deviation might cause pain and suffering, you could hardly blame the traveler for following the crowd. Your lives are practically shaped for you before birth. You are all put in the same mould. To be sure, some of you do not fit. It takes a great deal of hard work to compel you to accommodate yourselves to your particular environments; but the more you struggle the more conventionality "pinches" you, the more you are compelled to suffer, and finally you are satisfied to so shape your individuality that it will fit into the mould made for it by parents and teachers.

Your schools are mere factories turning out human beings, every one of which must fit into the mould which has been made for him. No deviation is allowed. No individual is to be excepted. How can I blame you for failing to possess a broad-minded religion under such circumstances? You have commercialized your religion. Religion has become a business with you. Your preachers are paid, not mere living ex-

penses, but some of them enormous salaries. To be sure, they are probably capable men, but if they were following the religion of Christ would they be willing to accept more than they need to support themselves and their families? How can they preach the religion that tells one to sell all he has and give to the poor and at the same time live luxuriously, and in many cases accumulate wealth on their own account? Maybe it is all done in self-protection. Perhaps they believe that the time will come when some members of their family may be in want, but it certainly is not the religion of Christ.

However, I am going to say again that most of you may be doing the best you know how, as far as your religion is concerned, but I believe the time is coming when you will grow broader and be willing to consider this subject from my standpoint.

Your educational methods, however, are monstrous. They are simply unbelievable—in some instances ridiculous—and beyond the realization of a comprehensive man who has not learned to patiently view the shameful deficiencies of your methods. You are dealing with boys and girls. They are to be your future men and women. Each one represents an individual, human soul. They are developing, growing, expanding, because of their environments.

I like to go into your kindergartens. It is a joy to watch the little ones play, and here you are doing very nearly right. I have no criticism to make. The little ones learn by playing. It is not hard work. It is fun. They enjoy every moment of it. These little children, with their bright, intelligent faces,

attract me. I love them. I often feel as though I would like to take these little ones back to my native land. This feeling is roused not only because it would be a joy to have them with me, but because when I look into the future of these little ones, when I think of what they must come in contact with, when I see their features growing hard, and stern, and relentless, when I see their characters being demoralized, their individuality destroyed, and their lives tainted with the horrible prudery that everywhere prevails in this country, a great feeling of pity for these poor little beings comes over me. Ah, you know not what you do. You know nothing of the great souls that have been lacerated, benumbed, and finally completely submerged to your terrible educational environments.

The process of turning out factory-made human beings begins after the kindergarten age. Then boys and girls begin to grow up by rule. Then they begin to realize the necessity of fitting into the intellectual garments that conventionality has made for them. The mind then begins—even at that early age—to absorb a respect for *authority*. They begin the great memorizing process which lasts as long as their school days. Education to you means “memorizing.” More education means more memorizing; higher education, still more memorizing. In other words, it is practically nothing but memorizing. A great, impenetrable respect is built up for authority. Who would dare question an authority? You must bow down and worship the men of the past who have possessed such marvelous minds, that they have been able to produce conclusions that no one dare question. It makes me angry when I think of it. These great high “moguls” whom you consider authorities, stare one in the face at every turn, and these self-same authorities make such ridiculous blunders at times that it actually seems to me that a clear-brained child could see them if he were not blinded by their bombastic pretenses.

Truth needs no authorities. Truth need not be vouched for by a mere human being. It is plain and concise. It

stands before you every minute of your life. It is there for the taking. All you have to do is to reach out and work for it. I almost feel like saying “to the Devil with authorities.” We have none in our country. Truth is too broad and great, and in fact too simple to be vouched for by any authority. It may be all right to give a man credit for any discovery he may have made, but his words or his knowledge should not be looked upon as being authoritative. It should not be invested with that degree of sacredness which makes it impossible for one to question his conclusions. I am firmly convinced of the value of the questioning habit. The mind of a child should not be cramped with such a vast array of facts that he has no energy left to do any reasoning on his own account. The questions of a curious child show his first efforts in his search for knowledge. He wants to know. He is looking for information, searching for knowledge. It is the beginning of his education and the deplorable fact in connection with your methods is that this questioning habit, which begins so early in life, is not encouraged even to the utmost limit. As a rule, it is discouraged. Sometimes a parent will go so far as to threaten punishment if the child's curiosity leads to further questioning. The reasoning mind should be lead slowly but surely along the ways that take one to broad fields, that know no beaten paths. Such paths lead one into ruts. They belittle the human mind; they weaken one's reasoning powers. When one is searching for accurate knowledge on any subject he should not have to refer to an authority. He should have a definite conclusion instantly at hand. This reply should come from his own power to reason. To be sure, knowledge of facts is valuable. Many conclusions cannot be deduced unless we have the facts from which they were derived, but you must remember that the reasoning mind has a certain amount of human energy that can be devoted to the mental development. This can be used in memorizing to such an extent that one's reasoning powers are almost destroyed. Of course one can go to the other ex-

treme; that is, he could devote so much time to reasoning that he would have but little time for acquiring the knowledge of various simple facts necessary to accurate conclusions, but the last fault is extremely unusual. In fact, I have never come in contact with any one who made a mistake of that character, for in order to perceive clearly and broadly one must necessarily possess himself of a certain amount of knowledge, and the more one uses the knowledge he may possess the more strongly it becomes impressed upon his mind. I believe it is first of all necessary to teach the growing mind of children the truth of any and every subject in which they have occasion to be interested, as the mind slowly but surely matures.

Just think of the criminal mistake you are making at the present time in your educational methods, at your homes, and in your schools through your failure to deal plainly and honestly and sacredly with the great truths of human life. Here you are, a nation of civilized human beings, gifted with intelligence, apparently, and yet at home and in school there is an inclination to hide, by mysterious subterfuges of various kinds or by actual falsehood, the all-important sex instinct. Are you a lot of miserable fools? Have you not sense enough to realize that sex represents the strongest influence in all human life? That when you deny a boy or a girl knowledge of this most important part of their nature, you are adding to their curiosity? That you are feeding the fires of abnormal desires which result ultimately in practically all cases in a search for knowledge of these important subjects among carnal and foul-minded companions, and instead of your boy and your girl learning the powerful truths reverently from your lips, they are actually tainted for life through the foul, filthy impressions they receive from perverted sources?

I fully agree with Mrs. Teats, whose article I read in a previous issue of this magazine. She is indeed a broad-minded woman. If there could only be more noble characters of this kind among your people—women who see the light, regardless of the existing prudery, then there would be some hopes for you; but

I venture to say that her efforts are not appreciated one-tenth, or even one thousandth part of what they should be. She is like the editor of this magazine, struggling along—trying to upraise a heedless, unfeeling and unappreciative public.

Just now I notice that you are engaged in a great fight for prohibition. Imagine a nation of people fighting—and you are fighting a real contest—for the privilege of closing liquor saloons! They might more appropriately be called poison dives, dope factories, or general all-round destroyers of the best there is in manhood or womanhood. This one condition shows to just what extent your people have been educated. Why, some of your most intelligent and brainy men, according to your own people, use liquor. They swallow this poison, look upon it as a daily necessity. Beer, whiskey, wine, champagne—all poisons; nothing else but poisons. They lower the vitality of the human body, they lessen one's mental ability, slowly but surely destroy the nervous forces, and ultimately make of a man a miserable, degenerate beast. I do not want, however, to libel the beast, for I know of no representatives of even the lower animal world which would befoul their digestive organs with the "stuff" that many of your men look upon as a daily necessity. To be sure, I have heard of some of your domestic animals who were trained to drink alcoholic liquors, but mankind has no monopoly of degeneracy. If the lower animals come in contact with man for a sufficient length of time, they are subject to the same demoralizing conditions.

How can a man with enough sense to "come in out of the rain," as you often term it, use alcohol in any form? Why, even your big life insurance companies assert that they have proven by statistics that can be had everywhere that a man who drinks even moderately lessens his years of life to a limited degree. These are not suppositions. They are indisputable facts. You will never have the right to call yourselves a civilized nation until the alcohol curse has been annihilated. It is an evil of monumental proportions, and yet it is in your homes, in your council chambers, among your lawmakers. No "swell" dinner or reception

of any character is supposed to be complete without liquid refreshments that contain more or less of this body-destroying poison.

It pleases me more than I can tell to see the active interest taken in this prohibition movement. It shows a great step in the right direction. It indicates a step from drunkenness to sobriety, from ignorance to knowledge, from physical decrepitude to a vigorous physical organism, from degeneration to regeneration, and if the broad-minded attitude you are assuming on this question could be made to spread until it could include all the vital problems in life, maybe ultimately there would be a possibility of your nation being reasonably civilized.

Alcohol never benefited a single human being. It has burned out the souls and the minds and the bodies of millions of human beings. Its fiery touch has devitalized and tainted your homes, your schools, and every part of your civilization. Man cannot think and deduce rational humane conclusions if the mind has been doped and stimulated by this fiery liquid. Such men are groping about in mental darkness. That delicate acuteness that comes to one in possession of a finely developed and wholesome body they never at any time fully experience. In trying to destroy the alcohol evil you are fighting for the lives of your boys and girls, of your young men and young women, and of other boys and girls that are to come. You are fighting for a superior womanhood—for a finer and nobler manhood, and I hope that victory will ultimately crown the efforts of those who are giving their time and their money to the prohibition cause.

To a certain extent, a nation is a great

big home. Anything that will injure the home will injure the nation. A nation should be viewed strictly from this standpoint. Habits that lower the moral standard, that will destroy human vitality, that will taint the home life, will have a corresponding effect upon the national life. No man who possesses the power to reason clearly and a character that is capable of rousing any strength of will, could use alcohol in any form. The reasoning power of a little child who is given plain facts will quickly conclude that it is a poison, and injurious to mind, soul and body. I have never tasted the vile stuff and I never intend to. There are times when I am inclined to experiment, but I do not believe that the great Omnipotent Power ever intended that a man should use anything for food that has gone through the process of fermentation. Alcohol is created by fermentation. You cannot secure it in any other way. The process of fermentation brings all vegetable and other elements back to their original chemical condition. You cannot eat rocks or sand and be benefited thereby, and you cannot take into the system any elements that are obnoxious to health and vitality. Poison accelerates the activities of every organ with which it comes in contact. They fight with every power that they possess to eliminate the poison. They want to get rid of it. They recognize it as an enemy, and when a man day after day compels his functional organism to perform this unnecessary labor which is required in eliminating poisons of this character, it does not require a very great amount of reasoning power to understand that the body will be worn out much more quickly when this extra amount of work is imposed upon it.

He Had No Money!

Three doctors in Kalamazoo were holding a consultation.

They looked the patient over thoroughly and well, expending fully ten minutes' time diagnosing the case.

Then they retired to an adjoining

room, closed the door, and a somewhat heated argument followed.

One of the doctors thought the man had money; two were sure he hadn't.

They did not operate.

—From *The Philistine*.



My Confidential Letters to Men

These letters are written in reply to communications received here, though of course they are selected with a view of giving advice of a personal and confidential nature on subjects of vital interest. I especially desire to deal with subjects that assume grave importance when a young man comes in contact with problems appertaining to love, marriage and divorce.—Bernarr Macfadden.

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a follower of the theories advocated in your magazine for a number of years, and as a result possess health and strength considerably beyond the average man. Because of my attitude on these subjects many of my friends naturally consider me peculiar, though I prefer to be so considered rather than suffer from the physical ailments with which many of them are attacked at frequent intervals.

Several months ago I became engaged to a young lady whom I have known but a comparatively short time. My business prospects at the time would hardly allow me to marry. Notwithstanding my very strong affection for my fiancée, I am seriously wondering if I should not break off the engagement. Her mother has the usual ideas in reference to matters pertaining to marriage. My fiancée was therefore imbued with the importance of what I would term "fancy frills," and the really serious things of life were never impressed upon her. Her mother raised a large family, and she was one of those complaining women who never see the bright side of life. She had so strongly impressed upon her children the great debt due to her because of the extraordinary trouble she had incurred in raising them, that every one of them has, to a certain extent, acquired a dislike for home and the responsibilities of a home. "Children were too troublesome. They interfered with the pleasures of life. They were simply a responsibility that would not be assumed by a really sensible person." Now, my fiancée has actually become so impressed

by these false conclusions, that I cannot change her views. She can see no beauty in the childish fruits of a happy home. It would certainly be a terrible disappointment to me if my marriage were fruitless. It seems to me that a childless home would be a barren, desolate place for one to reside, and I fully believe in the theory that the intense love that exists between man and wife under such circumstances slowly but surely withers, and finally disappears entirely if the love is not fruitful.

I would like to hear what suggestions you have to make on the problem with which I am at present confronted.

You are indeed wise to seriously consider the future under the present circumstances. A childless home is not in all cases barren and desolate, but I cannot imagine a home being productive of any great degree of happiness if there are no childish voices to bless the love of that home. You are struggling against a terrible handicap. Many a young girl has absorbed similar ideas and the result in practically every case is destructive to health and future happiness. You cannot destroy the natural fruits of love without suffering some of the fearful penalties that come to those who thus tamper with their natural instincts. The fact that you are in love, that the young lady you have selected has a similar feeling toward you, indicates the existence of an attraction between you that should end in marriage. It is right and natural that marriage should be fruitful. Any other result is, in nearly all cases, ultimately disastrous

to love. Of course, there may be a few marriages where one may point out results of a different character, but they are rare exceptions. It would be extremely difficult to bring happiness of a permanent character unless there are children to bless the union. I would advise you to have a very plain talk with your fiancée. I would suggest that you give her various books to read, that she may be able to see the subject from all sides. To be sure, you may have to advise her to avoid showing these books to her parents, or she may be subjected to a very severe "tongue lashing." Mothers who have theories such as you have described would consider any book that would give detailed information in reference to sex vile and vulgar.

It may also be possible that even though she may not fully agree with you before marriage, conditions thereafter would be such in character that she would entirely alter her views. In fact, I have known of young women who very emphatically stated that they would not under any circumstances be bothered with a child, though after marriage their ideas would change. The result of the broadening influence of the environments of married life seems to give them an entirely different view of the subject. No one could definitely advise you under the circumstances. I can safely say, however, that if you want to marry and your intended insists upon following the theory which she now believes to be right, there would be but a limited

amount of happiness for either of you. For the first few months there is a possibility of securing a limited amount of happiness, but marriage is for a lifetime—at least, it is supposed to be, and if you start in with such radically different opinions, especially where they so seriously affect your home life and the natural results of your love for each other, then you can rest assured that there are breakers ahead. No one can clearly and definitely solve the problems that come when the strong affection that exists between the sexes is to be dealt with. You might decide to break the engagement, and you might find that it will cost you so much personal suffering that in the end you would prefer to marry the girl, notwithstanding the difference in your theories of life. As a rule, strong affections of this nature have a harmonizing influence on diverging ideas that are bound to be found in almost any two human beings.

I would advise you, however, to firmly hold to your desire for a home that is not childless. Whatever theory you may decide to give up, that at least you should adhere to, for I am satisfied that ultimately your fiancée will fully agree with you, though for a while she may persist in retaining the prejudices that have been so strongly impressed upon her at home.

Bernarr Macfadden



Herbert E. Kaufman, of Chicago, Ill., is shown here in three poses. Mr. Kaufman has been exercising for several years. He uses pulley weights, dumb-bells, takes breathing exercises, floor exercises, and also

does some exercising with 25- and 50-pound bells. He has no special diet, and states that he practically eats whenever he is hungry, though he is not a hearty eater. He is a printer by profession.

General Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

In connection with the subscription department, there has been organized a competent staff, including the editor, for the special treatment of ailments in accordance with the theories we advocate, and each applicant will secure the same individual attention as he would if he applied to a competent physician for treatment. Write for full particulars, and refer to "Offer Q." If you are willing to solicit subscriptions you can secure our treatment free in return for your services.

A "Dry" Cough

Q. Is there any cure for an irritating cough, which does not seem to accomplish anything in raising mucus or phlegm?

A. An irritating cough which results from a tickling sensation of the throat can often be remedied by using olive oil very freely. The free use of honey or dates can also be recommended for remedying a trouble of this nature. Bathing the throat in hot and cold water, alternating from one to the other, or a wet towel applied to the neck and allowed to remain there all night, would be very beneficial. You should accompany these remedies, however, with every means in your power for building up your general constitutional vigor. In some cases a cough of this nature is caused largely by vital depletion, and when the general health is improved it disappears. Sometimes it is of a nervous origin. One gets into the habit of hacking or coughing and the throat is thus kept in an irritated condition continuously because of this habit. Under such circumstances, therefore, it is of value to try to cough as little as possible.

To Improve an Anaemic Appearance

Q. I do not seem to be sick, but am exceedingly thin and pale. Would you kindly advise me how to secure a more robust and healthful appearance?

A. The methods advised for general up-building are about all that can be advised in your case. Long walks, deep-breathing exercises, appropriate diet, with special attention to the régime that is advised in increasing the vitality, are needed in your case. You must remember, however, that to accomplish results in your case it will take time. You will have to work hard month by month, and maybe year by year, before you can notice any very great changes in your condition. Where one is thin and pale, as you describe yourself to be, the vitality is usually so lowered that it takes quite a while to make a radical change, though it is well to remember that some of our strongest men were at one time in this condition.

Talking While Asleep

Q. What is the reason for talking in my sleep?

A. This symptom is usually associated with nervous troubles; eating heartily soon before going to bed, is a frequent cause. Try to eat your heartiest meal in the middle of the day and your lightest in the evening before retiring. Your last meal before retiring should also be eaten at least three or four hours before going to bed. If you will follow out these instructions, and at the same time give some attention to building up your general vitality, you should have no trouble in eliminating the symptoms of which you complain.

Impure Blood

Q. My face is full of bumps and pimples, and I cannot go anywhere near poisonous vines without catching poison. Can you recommend anything?

A. The defects that you mention simply indicate an impure condition of your blood. The use of friction brushes or a dry towel, rubbing the affected parts vigorously at least twice a day, can be recommended, though methods of this kind are simply local in character and cannot accomplish anything of very great value beyond their local effects. In eliminating troubles of this character, however, one must go deeper and ascertain the exact cause, which can be found in your general habits of life. You are probably eating too heartily, and no doubt meat is one of your principal articles of diet. Animal foods of all kinds should be avoided. You should use water very freely and help the cleansing process by vigorous exercise and other methods for building up your general vital strength.

Shortness of Breath

Q. I have been trying to practice physical culture for some time, and, while I am not weak, I tire very easily. My breath is very short. Would you please advise me how to overcome this difficulty?

A. I would advise that you give special attention to the exercises for building up additional strength of the muscles in the abdominal region. The exercise of rising to a sitting position while lying on the back and raising the legs while in the same position can be recommended for this, though there are many others that are also valuable. A special system for increasing the nervous vigor, which will soon be published in this magazine, can be especially recommended in your case. Breathing exercises would also be valuable to you for remedying the shortness of breath of which you complain.

The Use of Onions

Q. I understand that onions are considered very healthful, but for some reason or other I find that they disagree with me. Can you explain this?

A. Onions might be termed an internal antiseptic. In other words, as a rule they act as a blood purifier. I have heard of instances where they produced unpleasant symptoms and under such circumstances I would, of course, advise that they be avoided. They are of especial advantage when one is following a meat diet, and when following an ordinary cooked diet they will be found valuable, though please note that when one changes to uncooked foods the taste for onions disappears. I am inclined to think that this change is brought about because when one follows an uncooked dietary there is no need for food with antiseptic qualities, such as onions are supposed to possess. The internal organism does not need cleansing while following such a pure diet.

Varicose Veins

Q. Is there any natural treatment for varicose veins that will accomplish a complete cure in the same way as may be brought about by an operation?

A. There is no natural treatment that will completely cure varicose veins in the same manner that an operation cures them. An operation simply removes the veins and the circulatory system must find some other means for returning the venous blood to the heart from that particular part of the body where such veins have been removed. Varicose veins in all cases indicate a weakening of the tissues of the body, which is caused in practically every instance by meat and other improper foods. The application of cold cloths and very cold water is in all cases beneficial when suffering from varicose veins, and if one will at the same time so change his diet that the tissues of the body will be more elastic and of a better quality, any pain or inconvenience heretofore caused by varicose veins will disappear, and in some cases the veins themselves will shrink to their original size, though it is certainly

better to have veins that are slightly enlarged than to have no veins, which is the result when a so-called "cure" has been brought about by an operation, which means the removal of the affected veins.

Weak Eyes

Q. My eyes are weak and watery. Black spots float before them. I do not see how a trouble of this kind could be benefited by exercise, but would like to have your opinion.

A. The symptoms that you mention can, to a very large extent, be remedied by exercise, provided you are not using your eyes too much. In some cases this is caused by overuse of the eyes, and, of course, it is very easy to point out a remedy under such circumstances. If this is not the case, then exercise and various other means for building up your general physical vigor are especially to be recommended. Bathing the eyes in water in which you have dissolved a quantity of salt would be of considerable local value, but in order to bring real, lasting benefit to your eyes you will have to change the quality of your blood—in other words, the quality of the nourishment you are supplying to them. In order to do this you will no doubt have to revolutionize your entire habits of life. You will have to exercise, confine your diet to wholesome foods, and take proper care of yourself in every way.

Breaking Off Whiskey Habit

Q. In discontinuing the whiskey habit would you consider it wise to break off suddenly, or would you recommend that one attempt to do so gradually?

A. I would advise that the habit be stopped at once, provided you have the will power. If you find that you are unable to do this, then you can try the "tapering-off" process, though I would say in advance, if you are willing to fast for four or five days and then follow this fast with a milk diet for ten days or two weeks you will find that your desire for liquor has entirely disappeared. In some cases it disappears as early as the second or third day of the fast. Of course, after you continue your old dietetic habits the desire will again appear, provided you have not taken every precaution to build up the highest degree of constitutional vigor in the meantime. The greatest degree of care should be taken to avoid overeating when you begin to eat solid foods while following a régime of this character. If it is impossible to follow such a régime, then follow the tapering-off process. Be careful not to overeat; in fact, it would be better to eat half the quantity you usually eat and then satisfy yourself with buttermilk. Drink two and even three glasses at each meal, provided you have a desire for it.

Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers

If, at any time, there are any statements in **PHYSICAL CULTURE** that you believe to be erroneous or misleading, or any subject discussed regarding which you take issue or upon which you can throw additional light, write to us, addressing letters to this department. We intend to make this a parliament for free discussion. Problems that you would like to see debated, interesting personal experiences, criticisms, reminiscences, odd happenings, etc., are invited. We shall not be able to publish all letters, but will use those of greater interest to the majority of readers. For every letter published we will present the writer, as a mark of our appreciation, with a subscription to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**, to be sent to the writer or to any friend the writer may designate. For the convenience of our office, kindly write us after the publication of your communication, giving name and full address of the person to whom you wish subscription to be sent.—Bernarr Macfadden.

A Substitute for Dumb-bells

TO THE EDITOR:

Probably all who have taken the tensing exercises as described in this magazine have used dumb-bells as weights, or possibly have used nothing at all except the tightly-closed fists. I wonder how many physical culturists ever thought of substituting paper for dumb-bells? That is what I did, and I have found it to be far superior to the bells. The method is simple. Take some paper (ordinary newspaper is as good as any) and crumple it up into a ball that will make a fair-sized handful—one for each hand—and you will then have as good a substitute as can be made to use in taking the exercises referred to.

The constant compressing of the paper will, in time, make it into a hard ball. When it has become "dead" in this way, it is only necessary to pick the balls apart slightly to bring them back to "life" and they will then expand and contract as when first used. This slight expansion and contraction of the paper is one of the important features; another is, that you have something that fits the hand, and because of this you can obtain a much more powerful grip and naturally produce a greater tension of the muscles than can be accomplished when using a hard object like a dumb-bell which does not fit the hand.

WALES C. BREWSTER.

A Whole Gymnasium for Ten Cents

TO THE EDITOR:

Many people are made too tired by their work or are otherwise prejudiced against strenuous or monotonous physical culture exercises. The following is recommended as an extremely beneficial, varied and interesting exercise. In fact, it makes me forget I am taking physical exercise. In a very few days it has wonderfully improved my digestion and strength.

Buy a plain rubber ball from two and a half to three inches in diameter. Go to your bedroom; put a chair or a stool about two and one-half feet from your bed. As you get stronger put it closer to the bed. If you are very weak or sick in bed the exercise can be taken while lying in the bed itself.

1. Lie horizontally on the chair, with the feet under the bed. Throw the ball against the ceiling and catch it as often as you can. Use the weaker arm oftener; but alternate the right and left hand to exercise both sides of the body. You will soon unconsciously get a breathing exercise as well as a muscle and co-ordinating exercise. By means of it I discovered that the power of co-ordination of movements in my left hand was very defective and I have made perceptible improvement in a few hours. It is good to make a middle-aged man feel young as a boy. Try this and the enjoyment will be yours in a short time. Of course, other means must assist.

2. Stand facing one corner of your room. Throw the ball diagonally so that it will rebound to the adjacent side of the room before falling. Endeavor to keep the ball going without touching the floor. If it runs from you, never mind; you will have to bend, and stoop, and stretch, and creep under the furniture to get it back. Fine fun and exercise, and an incentive to sweep the room with windows wide open, and then to begin again and again with the ball exercises.

3. Throw the ball directly against the wall and keep it going with the feet.

4. Throw the ball over the shoulder from behind, using both hands equally, and also your eyes and your knees to find where the ball goes.

It costs only ten cents and is worth one hundred dollars for fun and has no price for its value in health-giving properties.

Lowell, Mass.

LOUIS LONG.

Experience With Raw Food

TO THE EDITOR:

Being an ardent reader of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** I feel it my duty to let my experience on an uncooked diet form a hint to readers of your magazine. I became particularly interested in the uncooked bill of fare, in a chapter in your book on "Strength from Eating," and arrived at the decision to give it a trial. I began my experiments with the plan about a year ago and find it a very satisfactory idea. It has made a new man of me in mind and

body For anybody seeking perfect health and splendid endurance I do not think you can beat Nature's own cookery. Every day is a pleasure which makes life worth living. I eat two meals a day, which consist of fruits, nuts, vegetables, raw eggs and rich milk. There seems to be a very fresh flavor that suggests life in fruits and certain vegetables in their uncooked state, which I find is superior to the cooked; hence, if thorough mastication be indulged in, one whose tastes are not perverted will favor the uncooked plan in preference to the cooked.

Stapleton, N. Y.

FRANK BLUM.

A Remedy For Sore Feet

TO THE EDITOR:

I wish to give to the public through your magazine, a very valuable remedy for sore feet of the dry, hot, burning kind.

Every spring for years I have been bothered with dry, sore, burning feet caused by the pores being closed. My good advisers recommended the very things that closed them tighter, namely, salt water, borax, alum, etc.

Now, I recommend a simple remedy—one that I and others have tested, which is a scrubbing of the feet with fine grain, high-grade sandsoap. The only charge I make for the recipe is the price of the trouble of each one passing it on.

J. A. SHIRES.

Apples and Whole Wheat Bread

TO THE EDITOR:

I have just finished a walking trip which covered a distance of twenty-three miles; starting from Weiser, Idaho, and ending here. I left Weiser at 11 a. m. and reached this town at 8 p. m., making the distance in nine hours in cold February weather, with apples and Graham crackers for food. I feel very strong after the walk, and would like to send you my picture. I am an old subscriber to your magazine, and assure you of my heartfelt sympathy for Bernarr Macfadden in his sad plight. He, like other good, broad-minded men of advanced ideas, is undergoing a censure for not being understood. But truth is mighty and will prevail eventually. I wish to see him out and free again.

Huntingdon, Oregon. PAUL DABKIEWICZ.

"Living on Two Cents a Day" an Unwise Doctrine

TO THE EDITOR:

Your editorial in the October issue on "Living on Two Cents a Day" draws my attention and approval in all except the last sentence. There is a scientific basis for the dissolution of life of the individual, not an excuse. Could you teach all men to adopt such a diet—with the capitalistic system continuing as it is to-day, you would not lessen, but very much increase, destitution, degeneration, and starvation because of this very simple process:

Using a number of wet-cells for my battery, I found the mixture too strong; that is, I had a stronger spark than needed. A good

socialist friend of mine said, "Lessen the burden or mixture of each cell." Figuratively, these cells are human beings. But I, having a capitalistic mind, said, "I will make half of them do the work and discard the rest (the surplus human beings)." So with men—the amount required for their sustenance expressed by the term or phrase "two cents a day," exactly states the amount they would be given as wages, as purchasing power, to procure this "ridiculously cheap" food-stuff. And mark you, not all of the workers would be so fortunate as to get their "two cents a day," not by any means. The amount of food-stuff required, having become "ridiculously" small, the amount of labor required would be equally so with wages "ridiculously" cheap, and millions would be cast aside, like the empty, unused—"unemployed"—jars. But unlike the jars which merely become empty, they become criminals, tramps; insane, desperate, degenerate, starved human beings, and amidst this diabolical chaos of destitution someone would surely write an article on, "How to Live on One-Quarter of a Cent a Day."

I am an enthusiast on physical culture. I have competed in track and field events for ten years past; have won two all-around coast championships, professional, and still compete; so it cannot be said that I lack advance in physical culture when I say the race will have an ever increasing proportion of criminals, insane men, prostitutes, intellectual and otherwise, the desperate, degenerate and starved, as long as the capitalistic system obtains.

Unless you vote as you teach, for physical culture perfection, for a better system of industry, you are like one absorbed in blowing out a match while the fire gains way which will surely burst into a conflagration.

Perfect industrial conditions mean perfect human beings. We will never have physical perfection with present social conditions.

M. W. BECK.

"Where Ignorance is Bliss"

TO THE EDITOR:

Some twenty-two years ago I began to study medicine, but soon became convinced that there was nothing scientific about the practice of medicine; that it was made up entirely of theories, which were antagonistic to each other in the various schools.

I therefore dropped it. Many years ago I stumbled upon some of your literature which conformed to theories that I had entertained myself. I have been helped enormously by reading your magazine, but do not live up to the highest sense of physical culture as I should. I am only a journeyman house painter, and it is not easy to do so.

Now, my experience has been that for the average, common-place man like myself, it would be better to remain in ignorance than to broaden out into higher ideals of living. Only the base things seem to appeal to the multitude, of which I am a part. Environments make it hard for many to launch out into the deep and sail alone.

L. B. S.



THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

Bilious Attacks Cured, with Other Remarkable Results

TO THE EDITOR:

I don't know whether I should be alive at present if I had not stumbled onto your magazine in 1901.

When I was a baby, and, in fact, until I was over eight years old, I was the healthiest child of my mother. (She had eight all told, six of whom are living at present.) At the age of eight I fell and hurt my right side and about the same time I began to chew tobacco, which habit I quit when eighteen. I began to go down instead of up in health, became stunted and seemed not to grow for several years. I was called a dwarf. But in spite of all drawbacks I am now taller than mother, father, brothers and sisters. Had I only known and practiced what I now know and practice, I would have been a much better man to-day. I praise the Lord for ever allowing me to read your magazines and thereby learn how to live.

I have cured myself of bilious attacks, which a few years ago I had as often as once a month. It is now over a year since I had one. In fact, I have not been sick one single day in more than a year. I cured the bilious attacks by care in eating and by exercises of the abdominal muscles or waist muscles. I spend about twenty minutes every morning at my exercise and cold water bath. I don't think much good will result from such things unless they are done regularly, not once in a while. I have been a vegetarian for about thirteen years and do not use tobacco, tea, coffee, patent medicines, nor any alcoholic beverage. I am a fresh-air crank and I sleep with the window and door of my room wide open summer and winter.

Woodinville, Wash. A. H. JACONSEN.

Interesting Physical Culture Experiments

TO THE EDITOR:

The last year I had a very interesting experience with physical culture, which I thought it might be worth while to report to your magazine. Have been brought up to eat meat twice a day (sometimes oftener); to bath once a week, to fast never, to wear woolen underclothes in cold weather, and to live in general opposition to physical culture principles. Several years ago, while working in a book store in Los Angeles, I became interested in physical culture through reading your magazine, but never had a chance to give it a test until last winter, when I secured a

position in a Y. M. C. A. and began to board myself and to live a physical culture life in earnest. Lived on a diet of fruit, nuts, cereals, and a few vegetables, such as potatoes and beans. Ate three very light meals a day, and gained flesh all winter, although I was working very hard. Got most of my exercise walking and punching the bag. The latter exercise I took in the morning before and after my cold shower bath. Several times during the last year I have taken short fasts just to observe the effect. Once, in a three days' fast I lost ten pounds. In the two weeks following I gained fifteen pounds, and felt much better in every way, although I was not sick at all before fasting. My physical culture experiment was entirely satisfactory.

Summer before this last one I canvassed for three months in the Sierra Nevada mountains in California. That was before my physical culture experiment. During that time I lived in hotels and ate meat three times a day, together with the rest of the stuff they serve. When I reached home at the end of my trip, my weight was ten pounds less than on leaving. Last summer I canvassed for five months in the rocky mountains of Montana, during most of which time I ate only two meals a day, and hardly any meat at all. Arrived home a week ago, weighing about three pounds more than I did on leaving. I think that these two experiences alone prove the value of your methods.

Here on San Francisco Bay we have a good deal of cold, foggy weather, so that many wear heavy underclothes the year around and also overcoats. For a year and a half I have worn thin cotton underwear, winter and summer alike. Have not owned an overcoat for nearly ten years, and I have less colds than any one else in our family of seven, and enjoy the best health. My father has a news-stand, so we sell PHYSICAL CULTURE. I always enjoy reading it very much.

Elmhurst, Cal. ROBERT B. WHITAKER.

Priceless Benefits of Judicious Dieting

TO THE EDITOR:

Referring to your suggestion that you would welcome data gained by experience in dieting or in efforts to determine the best methods of nourishing the body, I have obtained such beneficial results that I think it worth while communicating them to you.

Just a year ago I was suffering with acute indigestion, undoubtedly caused by lack of exercise coupled with a kidney trouble which

had bothered me for several years. I was compelled to adopt a most rigid course of diet, sometimes eating only one meal in two or three days. Almost every Friday or Saturday during the months of May and June I was compelled to leave the city and get into the mountains, where I would spend two or three days, drinking as much water as possible and taking very vigorous exercise, even to running on railroad ties, which I found exceptionally good. Then during July I remained in the mountains, continuing this régime and returned to the city August 1st in good condition.

In October I began to "run down" again, and by December 1st was almost "out." In the meantime I had dropped meat altogether from my diet and had not touched white bread, except at rare intervals, for a year. However, at this time I was eating three meals a day, but they were all very light.

Through the month of December I was discouraged in soul and tired in body. Life was not worth the struggle, I thought many times. My diet consisted of vegetables and fruit, with whole-wheat bread. Milk I was unable to digest.

On January 5th of this year I began going without breakfasts. On January 12th I weighed only 107 pounds stripped, whereas my usual weight was in the neighborhood of 125 pounds. The very first day that I went without breakfast I noticed a change. My eyes, which had been involuntarily jerking and paining, began to feel better. By January 25th I had gained eight pounds.

On February 25th, just six weeks after the change to two meals a day, I began going without spectacles, which I had worn for eight years, and a couple of days afterward my oculist told me that my eyes were much stronger than they had ever been and, in fact, stronger than the eyes of most persons. This result I consider priceless.

As a result of my own experience, I am a strong advocate of two meals a day. I notice that going without food eighteen hours at a stretch gives the stomach an opportunity to do its work and do it properly. Not only do I find this, but it also brings satisfaction in feeling that one is following the dictates of nature, that the régime is right morally. Consequently, a feeling of contentment with one's self is ever present, which the clergy tell us is the "still, small voice of conscience" whispering approval.

And when an acquaintance laughs at me, or when I see a reference to the "starve-to-death faddists," the shots go wide of the mark, because experience is a good master, and the priceless benefits of good digestion, strong eyes without spectacles and continual gain are worth all the slurs of all the scoffers in the world. And it is satisfying to recall that in the whole history of the Jews we find no form of disease which we call cancer (they eat no pork); that Jesus fasted because it was good for him; that Cornaro regained his health after thirty years of foolish living and lived to

benefit and ornament his country; and that just a few weeks ago our own great Edison gave to the Associated Press a statement that Americans are drunk with food and sleep; this last fact satisfying only in that it stamps with approval the abstemious life.

I. D. WARRINGTON.

Consumption and Physical Culture Treatment

TO THE EDITOR:

Some days ago, while passing a news-stand, I was attracted by the cover of the October number of your magazine *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and thinking it contained some article by our President concerning some of his strenuous habits I bought a copy and read it with much interest.

The theories advanced in your valuable magazine are not new, but old as mankind, though they are just beginning to get their long-deserved recognition from the public and the various schools of learning.

I was introduced to physical culture and the proper manner of living as you advocate it by the good old Dr. Dio Lewis many years ago. When I was quite a young boy, I was condemned to die as a victim of the "Great White Plague," consumption, by the best medical talent that money could buy. During this period cod liver oil was the only hope held out for consumptives. Another popular notion was that some contracted this disease and some were born with it. There was hope (?) for some in the former class in cod liver oil, but I was in the latter class and therefore doomed. Scarcely anyone tried to do anything for me, and the most eminent specialists of the State gravely shook their heads and told my father (after collecting their fees) that there was no hope for me, that when the leaves would begin to fall that year, yours truly would be in the happy hunting grounds.

About this time Dr. Dio Lewis, an honorable man who had long since advocated hygiene and physical culture as the true elixir of life, came through our part of the country with a party of consumptives who were taking his open air treatment. As the weather was getting somewhat cooler and the leaves were rather careless about remaining on the trees, as a last resort I was permitted to join this company of unfortunates.

In a very short time, under the skillful care of the doctor, I began to improve and in eight months was pronounced sound and well by the very doctors that had (mis)treated me at home.

I stand 5 feet 11 inches in my stocking feet and weigh 220 pounds. I can walk a mile in 10½ minutes, and average 28 miles per day. I feel that I am the richest man in the world in having health, happiness and the companionship of a loving wife and five children who are living examples of what is possible to everyone who would live according to the law of Him who created us in His image.

Norwood, Ohio.

I. M. WALKER.

A Correspondence Purity League for Young People

By Mary E. Teats

It would indeed be difficult to fairly and accurately compute the value of Mrs. Teats' wonderful work. Many thousands of both sexes have been made to see the light through her comprehensive talks on the lecture platform. In many cases theology is so bound down by prudery that it works vast injury to the body. In the case of Mrs. Teats it is otherwise. With her, theology represents Christianity of the highest character, and at the same time, instead of looking upon the body as vulgar, she invests it with the spirit of the Divine and gives it that reverence which is its just due. She is indeed a broad-minded Christian. If every follower of the teachings of Christ were as faithful in their duty as she, Christianity would take a step forward, greater than the most enthusiastic ever dreamed of. The organization of the Young People's Correspondence Purity League, referred to in this article, has been due very largely to the inspiring enthusiasm and untiring efforts of Mrs. Teats. I believe that every reader of this magazine will find it to his advantage to become a member of this League, if for no other reason than to help this wonderful woman in her efforts to bring about a reform among the followers of Christ that is tragically needed at the present time. If you are interested in this movement, write to Mrs. Mary E. Teats at Battle Creek, Michigan, and full information will be sent you, though be sure to enclose a stamp or any donation you might desire to contribute to help extend the influence of her splendid work.—Bernarr Macfadden.

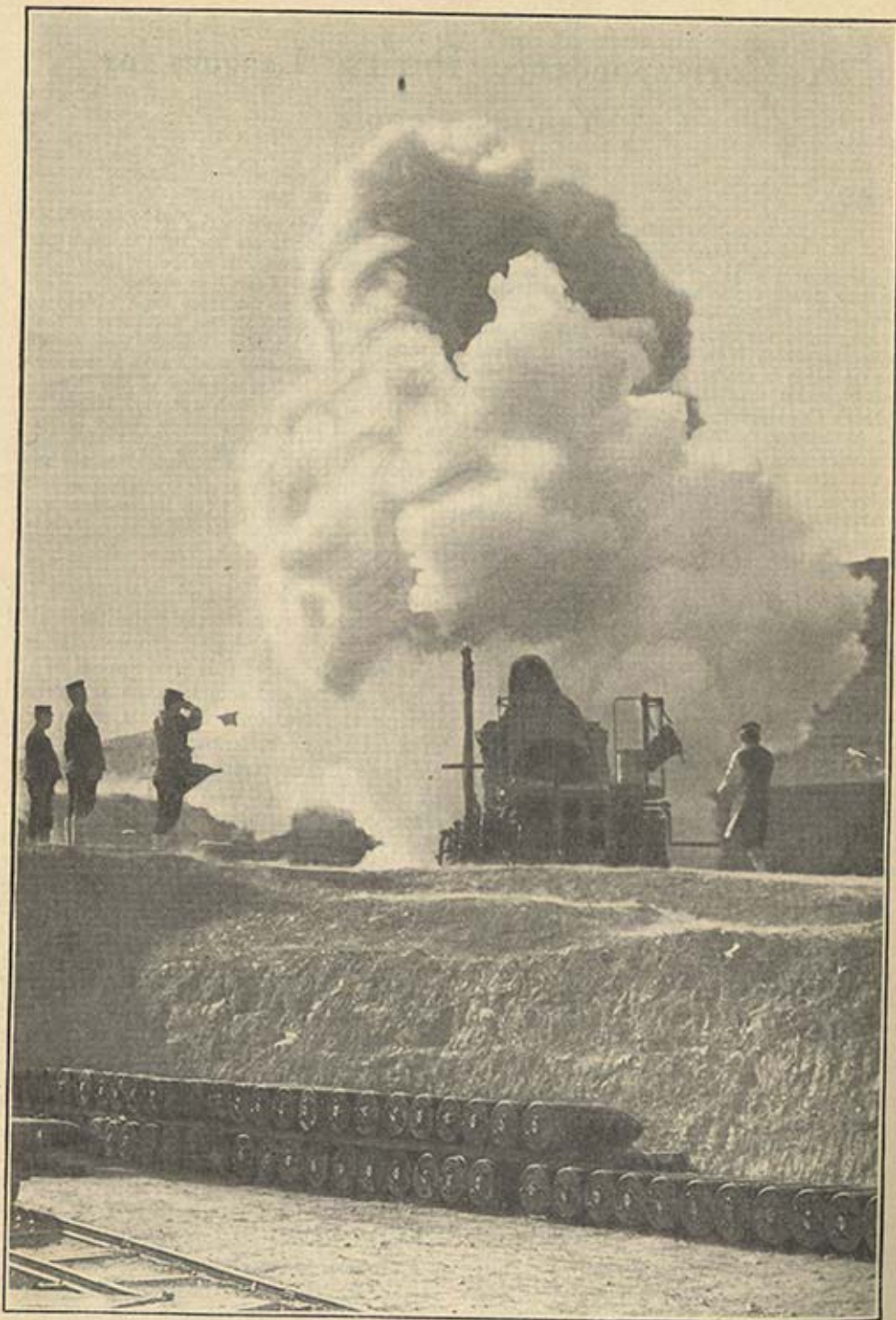
DURING the past eighteen years of my work as a Purity lecturer I have traveled over 250,000 miles in thirty States. In that time I have addressed thousands of audiences. A large portion of those addressed were young men and young women in high schools, normal schools, colleges, universities, societies of Christian Endeavor, Epworth Leagues, Young Men's Christian Associations, Young Women's Christian Associations and others, numbering hundred of thousands. The subjects of my lectures were scientific eugenics, embracing religious, scientific, and ethical laws and conditions for human betterment, such as heredity, environment, pre-natal influences, child culture, brain building, and soul growth in the formation of ideal character, the object being intelligent parenthood.

This contact with the young people has led me to believe that the time has come when the urgent and intelligent demand by our young people for help and instruction in these vital questions must be met. Can we afford longer to withhold this knowledge by what might justly and truthfully be termed criminal silence? Millions are being cursed into existence, not wilfully nor intentionally, and millions more are

anxiously seeking and pleading for knowledge to remove the conditions that produce such perilous results.

In order to meet this just appeal of the young people, a society was organized during the National Purity Conference, at Battle Creek, known as the Young People's Correspondence Purity League of America (Y. P. C. P. L. A.). This society is ably officered, and has an advisory board composed of the best known and ablest men and women conversant with the subject of Gospel and scientific purity in the United States, also an official lecture bureau.

All purity literature in the catalogue of the League goes through the hands of a censorship committee, and is of the highest order, written by the most chaste and gifted writers on such subjects as "The Science of Life," "Heredity," "Pre-Natal Influences," "Ethical Marriage," "The Way of God in Marriage," "The Responsibility of Parenthood," "The Rights and Proper Instruction of the Child with Reference to Its Origin," "Dietetics," "Physical Culture," "Narcotic Poisons and Degeneracy," "Race Suicide and the Cause," "Requisites for True Marriage and Parentage," and almost countless other subjects in which every person ought to be interested.



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HURLING A DEADLY 500-LB. SHELL FROM A JAPANESE SIEGE GUN AT PORT ARTHUR.
THE 11-INCH SHELL IS SEEN AS A DARK SPOT BEYOND THE CLOUD OF SMOKE

Our Coming War With Japan

Captain John A. Anderson, the author of "The Needs of the Nation," a work which caused an international sensation some time ago, has written an article for this department which will appear in the next issue. Captain Anderson has been connected with the regular army and militia for nearly twenty-five years and is a student of the Philippine and Eastern questions. He has often had occasion to refer to the weak points of our colonial policy in his writings from the viewpoint of a citizen as well as a soldier.—Bernarr Macfadden.



SEVERAL of my correspondents seem to have entirely misunderstood my motive in opening this department. I do not believe in war. I hate the brutalities, the murders and the crimes that it incites. I believe war is destructive to human character, that it lowers and belittles and makes a mere brute of a man, for then murder becomes a business and crime is lauded and commended. War is savagery of the fiercest kind. It is hell running rampant. It is fiendish—devilish, and no intelligent man would dare advocate such diabolical conditions. It is because I deplore war and its terrible consequences that I advocate thorough preparations in the form of an army and a navy that will be capable of coping with any nation that might attack us.

Japan unquestionably looks upon us as a rich prize that can be easily won. Under the circumstances they are bound to take the first excuse for declaring war against us. I believe in a nation preparing for war just as I believe in an individual preparing himself for a successful career by developing a strong, healthy body. Because I believe a man should be strong does not necessarily indicate that I would recommend him to waste this strength in quarreling and fighting.

It seems that Captain Richard P. Hobson is one of the minority in Congress who is able to see the dangers that we are facing. He wants more battleships. One of his bills for two additional ships was recently defeated. We are the

wealthiest nation in the world. We ought to have a navy that is capable of defending us under any and all circumstances. A strong navy insures peace. There is no better insurance. Every citizen of the United States would be willing to contribute liberally for an insurance against war. Suppose each one of our population were taxed at ten dollars apiece—that would be \$800,000,000. Surely this would be a small tax for insurance against the calamities that would come with a bloody war. It is to be hoped that Congress will begin to view these matters in the same light as does Captain Hobson. The best way to insure peace is to prepare for war; this is more especially so with our navy than it is with our army. Some time ago Captain Hobson presented to the public his reasons for believing that we would soon be in the midst of a war with Japan. A few extracts from his views, together with a few letters that will no doubt be read with interest, follow:

"The Japanese are the most secretive as well as the most inquisitive people in the world. While they go to endless pains to learn every little detail of the naval and military preparations of other nations, particularly those against which they have designs, they hide everything pertaining to their own preparations. They give out nothing about themselves, keeping an absolute censorship over their press. They do not allow foreigners to have access to any of their government workshops. It is evident that all this secrecy on the part of the little brown men is for a purpose. What is this purpose? War! With whom? Let the student of the past and the present reply. It is plain that Japan has but one commercial rival whom she fears and whom

she would like to crush. And that is—ourselves!

"When a man voices his beliefs about a real peril which lies ahead of his country, he is not infrequently called an alarmist. But are those who are cognizant of the Japanese character and of certain happenings now taking place in Japan entitled to the name? Let us see.

"When authentic reports of warlike preparations come from Japan, there is little likelihood of their being overdrawn, but rather the contrary. From the sources of these reports we learn that Japan has been enormously extending her naval and military establishments; that she has been establishing new works of gigantic size and at proportionate great expense, and that all the national and private works which supply the equipments of war have been and now are working overtime.

"Among the more important of such establishments are new steel works and an armor plate factory. Also a factory for turning out great guns is now in course of erection. So that it will not be long before Japan will become independent of the entire world as far as the needs of war are concerned.

"The shipyard at Yokosuka, near Yokohama, has been likewise extended. Here it is that a torpedo factory has been established and also a factory for engines and boilers. At this yard it is estimated that no less than 15,000 men have constant employment. Furthermore, a second torpedo factory has been established at the shipyard of Maidzura, near Shimonoski, while a third is now being fitted up at Nagasaki.

"But this is by no means all. The Government yard at Sazebo, near Nagasaki, has been developed into a huge repair and docking center with powerful fortifications. It is to be the base and refuge for the Japanese fleets operating on the coast of China and in the waters of the Philippines.

"Two big private shipyards at Kivoski, with their giant dry docks, have been arranged so as to be ready for Government use upon twenty-four hours' notice. Another shipyard is being established in Formosa for coaling and repairs. This yard is clearly intended as

the outlying basis for the fleets operating in the waters of the Philippines.

"In all of these naval establishments, a feverish activity reigns, the forces working overtime night and day. A similar activity exists in the various military establishments, which, by the way, have been enormously expanded within the past year or so. Five new factories have been built for manufacturing small arms. Three of these, which are located at Tokio, employ about 9,000 men. Two are at Tokonoki, Kinshin. The factories already in existence have been enlarged. The gun factory at Osaka has been enormously increased, likewise the older arsenals at Tokio and Nagoya and the four powder and shell factories at Kotsuki, Itabana, Omi-Kagahama and Nara. There is a recent extension at the Osaka establishment, which includes a factory for high explosives and an improved form of cordite.

"It may be noted that the two small arms factories at and near Tokio can turn out 500 stand of arms per day. The projectile factory of Tokio is capable of manufacturing 800 shell and shrapnel, daily.

"As has been said, the Japanese are fast approaching a position where they will be independent of the outside world. Nevertheless, they have recently placed heavy orders for war materials with European factories. From Krupp's factory they have ordered 2,000 steel forgings for artillery, a vast quantity of steel rods and Bessemer silver-steel for small arms, etc. It is also reported that the Krupp people are building a large number of twelve-inch guns for the battleships now being constructed in Japan.

"It is furthermore stated that an order has been placed at Armstrong's works and at the Italian works at Fiume for \$5,000,000 worth of Whitehead torpedoes, which is practically the whole available supply for the world for several years to come.

"Neither have preparations looking to the securing of sinews of war been overlooked. The financial preparations in Japan have been as feverish as the naval and military industries. Loan after loan has been placed at home and abroad. No nation has ever issued bonds as Japan

has issued them during the last year, except during war or when it was upon the verge of war. A subsidized and censored Japanese press, abetted by the press of Japan's ally, has endeavored to produce the impression in America that these extraordinary financial efforts are for peace purposes. Americans, themselves, hold large quantities of Japanese securities, the proceeds of which are now being applied to the war preparations against their own country. In addition to the great expenditures involved in the vast warlike activities just alluded to, Japan has accumulated specie exceeding 600,000,000 yen, of which over 500,000,000 is being held abroad. Having led Americans to believe that she was too poor to undertake war, Japan proceeds to amass money enough in advance to carry on a great war on land and on the sea for years, without taking into account new sources of revenue that would be opened up upon the declaration of war.

"Besides these ceaseless loans, the war taxes in Japan have been continued and the Government is reaching out for additional monopolies by which to swell the contents of the war chest. Sugar and fisheries are now being absorbed. The manufacturing of salt, sake, tobacco, matches and camphor are already Government monopolies. The railroads are steadily following in the same line, while the Government is back of the trading and other companies that are getting monopolistic control of the resources in Korea, Manchuria and even in China proper, including mines and timber.

"Of all the forms of war preparations by Japan, the most formidable and far-reaching is her systematic preparation of China, with the view to drawing upon the resources of that empire. The Chinese for years have longed for the chance to swarm over America. There can be no question that the people of China would gladly join Japan in the conquest of the Pacific slope.

"Realizing the nature and the position of the Chinese Government, it is clear that Japan, all powerful and close at hand, can dictate the policies of that Government, and that in the control of the sea she would experience no difficulty

in securing the co-operation of the Chinese.

"It is true that recent events have caused much friction between Japan and China, but it will be noted that the outcome of such matters was the unhesitating obedience of China to the demands of Japan. This, to my belief, is eminently significant.

"The Chinese boycott of American goods has long since ceased, but that fact did not prevent Japan from proceeding to secure the destruction of the American cotton market in China, such market dropping from an estimated value of \$50,000,000 to somewhat less than \$5,000,000 last year. And in this fact we have the germ of the whole matter—the control of the great market of the East. That Japan aims at a military as well as a commercial control is evident from the large number of Japanese officers detailed in China, where they are teaching military science in the important schools; where they direct in the establishment of arsenals; where they are engaged in the organization of modern armies. It is estimated that nearly 400,000 Chinese students are receiving instruction from Japanese military men in the way stated. At the majority of tactical points in China, modern armies are being, or actually are, organized. More than that, the Chinese, still under Japanese instruction, have installed centers for the manufacture of military essentials, these including factories, gun works, arsenals, etc. Certain great iron and steel works have recently sprung into being; here again the fine hand of Japan is obvious.

"With the Chinese forces organized and moulded on Japanese plans, the most perfect operations could be effected without delay. With both nations joined in a fostered hatred of the 'Foreign Devil,' and with the cry of 'Asia for the Asiatics,' Japan would be able to command the resources of the whole yellow race. In view of the possibilities that lie behind such a combination, the outcome of it can hardly be measured.

"Finally, I ask those who are disposed to belittle the situation, what is the explanation of the extraordinary Japanese activities at home and in Formosa and Korea? What is the significance of cer-

tain incidents at Hawaii and on the Pacific slope by which the so-called Yellow Press of Japan has stirred up the masses? What is the meaning of persistent efforts on the part of the Japanese to crush out American competition in China? What is the meaning of the swift and clever move to prevent Americans from getting torpedoes abroad? What is the meaning of the thousand and one things which are plain enough to all those who are not purposely blind?

"The answer is simple; the conclusion is unavoidable. Japan is rushing forward with feverish haste stupendous preparations for war. And that war is to be with America."

Japanese Are Mild and Peaceful

TO THE EDITOR:

I was amazed by the announcement in the April number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, under the heading of "Coming War With Japan," that you would start a department in your magazine to cultivate or promote war with our good little friends and neighbors, the Empire of Japan.

Your magazine is read mostly by young men, and it is almost a crime to think, much less to encourage, such a cruel discussion among these subscribers. Some papers of "yellow hue" carry on this kind of a reckless business for mere dollar-getting, and no other. Your magazine advocates and encourages vegetarianism, which system is against the cruelties of war, and therefore your magazine should be the last to start or encourage such a senseless and idiotic crusade, without reason or excuse, for there is none except in the machinations of the papers referred to.

Our country, above all others, is founded upon the peace idea, and we preach the peace doctrine and the doctrine of arbitration. The Japanese are a most peaceful and mild people, and would never have gone into war with Russia, except in immediate self-defense, and in view of the army of Russia marching upon them. They have no idea of war with us, and could not entertain it if they had, after their terrible contest with Russia, which financially bankrupted them. They could not carry on a war for six months.

I trust that you will see the error of your way, and stop this idiotic project. The editor of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* himself does all that he can to carry on the war against the opponents of high thinking and high living, and should not fill the columns of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* with such idiotic trash.

As a long-time subscriber to your magazine, and an advocate of the doctrines that you have preached in this magazine, I have been very much pained and grieved at this announcement in your editorial.

ALBERT YOUNG.

The Grafters Feed on War

TO THE EDITOR:

It seems to me you could not have made a greater mistake than to open the columns of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to discussions about war, whether it be with Japan or any other nation. War is savagery, or, as Sheridan said, "Hell," and the question which comes to my mind is, how many will be helped to that place by such discussions as you propose? To talk about war before there is any sign of war is to help to bring it about—to play into the hands of those whose trade is war and slaughter. You say in this connection: "A catastrophe of this kind will undoubtedly rid this nation of the grafters, whose greed for gain is feeding the fires of decay and degeneracy." Nothing, to the mind of the writer, could be further from the truth than this conclusion. For is not war the grafter's opportunity—the grafter's business? Did not grafting commence on a large scale in this country during the Civil War? And when that war ceased, did it not commence an even more disastrous and prolonged war on the peaceful inhabitants of the country? Was it not the grafters who, expecting to get rich off the "hides" of the Philippines, were at the bottom of this policy of grab, by which possession was taken of these islands, and through which the trouble with Japan is now likely to arise.

If the grafters were to become the active participants in the wars they make, your point of view would be sound; we should then have a chance of being rid of them. But is this likely to be the case? Will they not be back at their old stand, selling their shoddy clothing, their paper-soled shoes, and their embalmed meat to the poor victims who rush off to fight the battles of the grafters? And in your proposed efforts to make better soldiers you do not show how the grafters' trade will be diminished. Will they not be helped by the discussions you propose? Will you not be playing directly into their hands?

It is to the grafters' interest that the people should be thinking, talking and preparing for war, when not actually engaged in the strife. This is the kind of ferment that has been going on for so many years in European countries. They either have a war on hand, or are struggling to recover from the effects of a recent war, or are preparing for a coming war.

Would it not be better, Mr. Macfadden, to open up the columns of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to an enquiry as to how war can be forever abolished? This would be in the line of culture, if not physical culture.

It appears to me, Mr. Macfadden, you would be doing much more good by attempting to enlighten your readers on the principles of the world-wide movement for the benefit of humanity involved in Socialism, than you could by talking up war, which in European countries usually goes by the name of Jingoism.

E. A. NORRIS.

The Tobacco Evil

DR. MEYLAN, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY,
AND HIS "ENDORSEMENT" OF TOBACCO

By Alexander Marshall



HERE is no more responsible position than that of an educator of youth. This remark applies with equal force to the kindergarten teacher or the college president and all the grades between. Up to the time that the education of the schools ceases and the education of life begins, the boy and the youth, the girl and the young woman, are in a receptive condition, open to the influences brought to bear on them by their teachers, and having mentalities which can be moulded into practically any form which may be desired. The future of the coming generations is, to a very great extent, decided in schoolrooms and college recitation halls. Commerce and society, the home, the office or the halls of legislation, in a large sense reflect the usages and the influences of the "little red house" on the hillside or the pile of stately masonry that flanks the campus. Remembering all this, what shall be said of an educator who deliberately fosters among the youth committed to his charge a vice which is as filthy as it is destructive to health and morals? Moralists and physiologists agree in regard to the effects of the use of tobacco. In both instances they aver that it deadens the senses, numbs the perceptive faculties and enervates the nervous and physical powers in general. But in spite of all this, Dr. George L. Meylan, of Columbia University, New York City, states that the result of extended observations on his part is, "that students who use cigars or pipes are not only not harmed by so doing, but stand high in their studies." In other words, the absorption of nicotine into the tissues via the mouth is a rather good thing than otherwise!

It is true that Dr. Meylan, in view of the storm of protest which his state-

ment brought forth, is inclined to beg the issue. But the harm has been done. The college "man" will mouth his briar or suck his cheap cigar with added zest now that he has received an official sanction for so doing. The sale of cigarettes will increase in the neighborhood of Columbia. The crop of anæmic, sallow, bronchial, effeminate and altogether undesirable youths will hardly decrease in view of the Meylan utterances. And the fact that an athletic frame and a normal mentality are practically impossible in the presence of tobacco will be ignored more than ever at Columbia University. In this connection it is proper to ask whether there is any relation between the very poor athletic showing of the University of late years and the regard for the "weed" which apparently distinguishes some members of its faculty and the bulk of the student body?

The essential poison of tobacco is a volatile oil distributed through the plant and known as nicotine. In its pure state, nicotine is as deadly as prussic acid. Sir Benjamin Brodie administered one drop in a hypodermic form to a cat and the animal fell dead as if struck by lightning. There is on record the case of a little girl who had a sore lip. Her mother rubbed into the lip ashes from a tobacco pipe in order to cure the wound. The nicotine in the ashes killed the child in short order. Hundreds of other instances exist which prove the toxic nature of tobacco. In medicine, tobacco is classed among the sedatives, the narcotics, the emetics and the diuretics—in other words, as a drug of varying and powerful properties. The nicotine enters the system of the smoker either through the tissues of the mouth, or, if he "inhales," through those of the lungs. In either instance, the effects are as evil as they are inevitable. With the bodily peculiarities of the smoker,

the nicotine acts in one of its several ways. In some cases it "dopes" its victims. In others, it excites digestive troubles of an acute sort. Or again, it may cause mental diseases of an alarming nature. If the smoker is of a very strong physique, the results of the habit may be deferred for years. But they will assuredly make themselves manifest in the long run. And yet this is the poison that, according to Dr. Meylan, does no harm to growing youth and doesn't interfere with the functions of body and brain!

But, fortunately, we need not accept Dr. Meylan's verdict about tobacco as final. There is the experience of generations of laymen and the statements of untold numbers of scientists to contradict him. The people who have had the questionable courage to defend the use of tobacco are comparatively few. The opponents of the "weed" are multitudinous. And the best of it is, that the latter are backed by facts which cannot be confuted, the allusion being to the researches of the scientists in regard to the effects of the pipe on the human body.

The majority of the great reformers or humanitarians were avowed enemies of tobacco. John Eliot, William Penn, John Wesley, were among those who did not hesitate to denounce tobacco on the score of the physical and mental degradation for which it was responsible. The Rev. Dr. Miller, late of Princeton University, in his "Letters on Clerical Manners and Habits," speaks at great length on the evils of tobacco in the student life and attributes to it many harmful qualities which have evidently escaped the notice of Dr. Meylan.

Dr. John H. Griscom, late president of the Association for the Advancement of Art and who for twenty-three years was consulting physician of the New York Hospital, has written a book on the bodily and mental evils produced by the use of tobacco, which in plain and temperate language sets forth the scientific reasons for the author's condemnation of the "weed." The work is accepted at its title value by members of the medical profession at large, and the conclusions which it embodies are of a most convincing nature. Dr. Griscom

bases his beliefs not only upon physiological grounds, but upon his professional observations extending over a quarter of a century.

The late Sir Astley Cooper, one of the most brilliant physicians of the British islands, was a consistent opponent of tobacco on the score of its debilitating influence on mind and body. Sir Charles Bell, another English doctor of repute, has published a work in which he gives striking testimony to the power of the cigar or pipe to rob one of natural force and ambition.

Dr. C. P. Townsend, of New York, asserts that he has treated several patients for impotence, the result of nicotine poisoning, and his experiences in this respect are confirmed by a number of medical men. This is a sure sign that tobacco affects for ill the great nerve centres.

Monsieur Decaisne, in an address to the French Academy of Sciences, declares that in the case of 88 inveterate smokers he met with 32 marked symptoms of mental disturbance. The scientist also related many other instances of a like nature.

M. Bertillon, who made an exhaustive investigation of the effects of smoking on French students, obtained conclusions which were precisely the reverse of those allegedly secured by the American observer. Bertillon paid special attention to 102 students who were given to the use of the weed—devotees to it, in fact. All the young men were studying at the French Polytechnic School. It was found that in the highest series of the examinations only one-fourth of the successful ones smoked, while in the lower series three-fourths were addicted to the cigar or the cigarette, and in the lowest series of all not less than four-fifths of the "non-progressives" were slaves to the habit.

Dr. Allen Forbes, of the London Hospital, says: "Proof of the moral and mental disturbances wrought by tobacco are well known to every doctor. In this respect, it is not many degrees removed, if at all, from the category of those other drugs with which humanity is accustomed to warp or kill its intellectuality;

the allusion being to opium, alcohol and so forth."

Dr. William A. Alcott, an American author and physician of note, who has written at length on the subject of nicotine and its effects on the human system, says: "Tobacco affects unfavorably at least four of the five senses. Now, as it is through the medium of our senses that we receive our knowledge, it very reasonably follows that that which impairs our senses will also impair our mental faculties. And those who have had opportunities for noting the effect of tobacco on the brain will, I think, agree with me in that it mars the action of that delicate organ to a marked and progressive degree."

Again, it will be noted that the conclusions just given are directly contrary to those advanced by the American college authority.

Dr. James Rush, of New York City, another author on the topic, avers: "Nothing is more certain than that the use of tobacco has a bad effect on the memory as well as on the mental powers in general."

Dr. W. J. Tyrell has this to say in regard to the action of tobacco on the nervous system: "Its most notable effect, however, is perhaps that in which the nerves are involved. This means that the mental powers are brought under its evil influence and in turn some of the organs—especially the heart—are induced to abnormal action. Some of the most important functions are in consequence thrown out of order, particularly the digestive. So we have poor nutrition, which in turn produces debility, lowering the tone of all the other functions and diminishing the vitality in general. The development of the entire body—mentally and physically—is hindered if not quite stopped, and the result is that the young man is never quite that which Nature intended him to be in the first place."

Dr. William Stephenson, a recognized authority on neurasthenics, in speaking of the effects of tobacco, declares that it "impairs the force and continuous powers of the brain, and so clouds the intellect and interferes with the action of the memory."

Dr. C. L. Cullen, another authority on the subject, remarks in a paper which he has published on the subject, that "the conclusion of every unbiased student of the matter must be, that tobacco works harm to the memory, produces fatuity and other symptoms of a weakened and senile state of the nervous and mental systems."

In some of the posthumous papers of the late Governor Sullivan occurs this passage: "It (tobacco) has never failed to render me dull and heavy; to interrupt my alertness of thought and to weaken the powers of my mind in analyzing and defining ideas." If the Governor had had in his mind's eye the utterances of the defender of tobacco, he could have hardly written a more pertinent sentence.

Professor James Hitchcock remarks: "Tobacco exerts a most pernicious influence on the mind. Its tendency is to weaken and debilitate our mentality. We cannot take a more effectual course to cloud the intellect, weaken the memory and confuse the mental operations than by smoking."

Professor Charles W. MacDonald, of the University of Edinburgh, in an address to the students of that educational institution, said: "One of the most insidious of the evils with which you will have to contend when the wholesome restrictions of the faculty are removed from you, will be found in the pipe. * * * And I would be derelict to my duty did I not warn you of the dangers duty did I not warn you of the grave dangers which are inseparable from the use of tobacco."

In a book used in the German public schools there is given a brief but sufficient synopsis of the diseases which are the direct result of the use of tobacco, these including those of the teeth, throat, digestive organs and so forth. There is also a statement as to the effect of smoking on the intellect, morals, thrift, religion and so forth.

And so, authorities for the disuse of tobacco might be quoted by the hundreds. But perhaps enough has been said to show that Dr. Meylan stands practically alone in his defence of, or excuse for, the "filthy weed."

Contagion Is a Superstition

THE AUTHOR CLAIMS THAT THE GENERAL IDEA OF THE PUBLIC AS TO DISEASE BEING CONTAGIOUS IS BASED ON IGNORANCE AND RASCALITY

By M. J. Rodermund, M. D.

I am taking another chapter from Dr. Rodermund's book entitled, "As It Is." I earnestly believe that if the entire volume were published in the magazine it would be read with deep interest by every follower of the principles we advocate. In his search for truth he gives no individual special consideration and leaves no stone unturned. He goes straight to the goal, and, as I previously stated, he calls a spade by its right name in every instance. I know this article will prove of interest.—Bernarr Macfadden.

IN spite of our so-called twentieth century intelligence no superstition, no nonsense, no dark ages, no barbarians, no community in the history of the Christian era ever invented a belief or superstition which was based upon a more windy foundation than the belief in the theory that one person can contract a disease from another by contagion. The whole subject is a jungle of fanciful assumptions. There is no other thing in medicine that has been more instrumental in establishing so many barbarous and inhuman laws upon our statute books. The execution of these laws is inhuman, cruel and barbarous.

There is hardly a question in human affairs that has more often been the cause of revolutions and mobs, cities, states, and sometimes nations being aroused and business disturbed or ruined. Billions of dollars have been spent to carry out this most ludicrous, the most nonsensical and foolish belief or theory that could be invented by human brains; especially is this true in yellow fever, cholera, diphtheria and small-pox epidemics.

No disease, no matter by what name you may call it, can be spread or contracted by contagion. This is a natural truth. This I can prove, this I can demonstrate, and if put to a hundred million tests will not fail in a single instance.

I know too well that I am treading upon tender grounds, and upon one of the best pet hobbies of the medical pro-

fession, "contagion." It answers the same purpose that the red flag does in the Spanish bull fight; it frightens the powerful bull away from killing the Spaniard. The word "contagion" frightens the greatest power on the earth, "public sentiment," and in this fright they cannot, or will not, reason, and thus easily, with the Doctor's contagion flag, keep you under our control and keep believing this Tommyrot.

In this chapter I only wish to call attention to the fact that if disease were really contagious there is no human power on earth to prevent it.

The proof that there are no contagious diseases will be brought out in the article on the cause of disease.

I will give just one example to show how far we are from the truth, and so simple is it, and so plain and open has it laid before our eyes that it ought to make our great authorities feel like asking for a permit to get off the earth.

For instance, I will prove that scarlet fever scales, which are considered so terribly contagious, are nothing but sweat drops with the water evaporated; in other words, principally urea and uric acid scales. We can scrape these same supposed dangerous scales from our body any day, especially from those who bathe about once a year. The basis of all other diseases is just as simple as this one.

We, as physicians, are in reality dealing with absolute unchangeable natural

laws. When these laws are once discovered and demonstrated all beliefs, opinions and barbarous superstitions must vanish.

Or, must I be impressed with the fact that we, as physicians, are allowed ethically to entertain any kind of opinion or belief, and allowed to strictly disagree with the beliefs of others; but that none of us are allowed to discover an absolute natural law, that will be of actual benefit to the public and the general practitioners, but is against the financial interests of a few leaders and authorities?

The men of the past who have discovered natural laws that have overthrown long-established beliefs and opinions, have had to stand ruination and persecution to such a marked degree, and, considering my own experiences the past decade, it would seem almost just to make the statement that any man who will devote his life, his money, and sacrifice his interests for the welfare of the public, or for the establishment of true medical science, has committed a terrible crime and ought to be taken to the highway and shot.

The usual defense made to support the contagion theory is to announce a circumstance where some one came down with the disease after being in the presence of some one else who had the same disease. Is this not true? But this is no proof whatever. If the same observation should be paid to any form of acute disease, the same kind of evidence could be presented and in much greater percentage than of the so-called contagious diseases. On the surface this kind of evidence sometimes seems apparent. But why is it? If this principle is actually put to test to produce disease it always fails.

It is a well-known and recorded fact that I have for fifteen years ignored all statute laws, tore down the signs off the house on purpose, and notified the health officers of the fact, but never molested but once, and ever since can do anything without being molested.

I have bathed in the poison of these diseases, ate them, carried them in my pockets for months, rubbed it into dozens of people, and exposed millions upon millions of people, but never could a sin-

gle case be even presented or personally traced to my acts? Why am I let alone? Why am I not dealt with as others? The authorities are surmising that I have the goods to deliver. Therefore, to keep as mum as Egyptian mummies is to keep the public mum. Pardon this little personal digression. But I ask what right has any man, or set of men, to force by statute laws the execution of a belief, as a fact upon others?

Whenever I ask a physician to tell me the strongest evidence the medical profession has that disease is contagious, this is his answer: "Because it spreads from one person to another. This is proof enough." We all know that these diseases spread, but, doctor, let me ask you one square question. If disease is so contagious because it spreads, then all diseases that spread must be contagious. How are you going to get out of this argument? Is there an acute disease in existence that does not spread and does not at times become epidemic?

According to this argument the medical profession would be admitting that they are the most negligent and criminal organization in existence, because a number of other diseases spread, and are ten to twenty times more fatal, but are not considered contagious. On the other hand, let us suppose for a moment that diseases are contagious. If so, have we one single method of our health department, or the enforcement of any statute laws, or carrying out of any rule that has been adopted, or could be adopted, that could possibly prevent the spread of a single disease? This is putting it strong. This is putting myself down on record in a manner that would be an easy matter to show me up a fool and an ignoramus, if I am wrong. But I will say that I have no fear of ever being beaten upon this question, that no disease is contagious, but the enforcement of laws that it is contagious has caused the public much unnecessary suffering and persecution.

This being true, I shall, at least, use all the honorable means and stubborn persistence to right this wrong inflicted upon humanity all these centuries, and here request every physician and every layman that has the welfare of the pro-

fession and the welfare of the public at heart, to give his assistance and helping hand in this all-important question.

I have begged and pleaded for ten years, but have been completely ignored with the old time-worn remark, that I was nothing but a crank and crazy. I have never found a single health officer but who privately laughed and ridiculed the whole subject as a farce, but, publicly, would defend it with stubborn resistance. They admit that experience demonstrates to them that it is a farce, but they dare not say anything, because, if they did, they would lose their job and somebody else would get it, and that would be all there would be to it.

Among the masses, or so-called common people, it can be safely stated that seventy-five per cent. of them do not take stock in this foolish contagion theory, because it is among this class that their experience and observation satisfies them of the foolishness of contagion.

Again, when the subject of contagion is faced with good, cold logic and reason it simply falls flat. I never have met the man who dare meet the question in open discussion.

My experience has satisfied me that very few in the medical profession actually believe the nonsense themselves, because their every-day experience soon convinces them of this fact. I can name dozens in this vicinity who privately admitted that I am right, but say that they were not going to admit it to the public.

There is nothing a man will so strongly defend as an honest belief. This sub-

ject of contagion the profession have not dared to defend except by their big club "statute laws."

The health officers of Chicago reported one hundred and sixty-three deaths from pneumonia in one week. Allowing a five per cent. death rate, this would indicate about three thousand cases of pneumonia in Chicago in one week. Would you call this a disease that spreads? Change the word pneumonia to small-pox and what a panic there would be.

Suppose there were one thousand cases of scarlet fever, five hundred cases of diphtheria and one hundred cases of small-pox in Chicago, and these cases were being attended by five hundred physicians. These physicians would go into the quarantined houses and to other patients, to their own families, to churches, lodges, theatres and street cars. Each physician is likely to expose more people than a layman would. The physician is not in danger of spreading the disease, but the poor father, who needs his three dollars a day to support his family, is locked up.

Is there anything but a frightened, unreasoning and unthinking man upon this particular subject that would not shoot down the first quarantine officer that trespassed upon his premises? But what will you call those that impose by statute laws such persecutions upon an innocent and confiding but frightened public?

But I want to ask, why is it that the thinking men in the medical profession, and the American people, will stand by and tolerate these atrocious acts, with eyes wide open?

Prize Competition Note

We have received quite a number of photographs for entry in our competition to determine the most perfectly formed men and women.

The rules of this contest have been repeated so frequently in these columns

that further mention of them now is unnecessary.

In our next issue we will be able to inform our readers definitely as to the closing date of this contest and other details regarding selection of winners.

The Annual Fast and the Internal Bath

By J. Charlton Smith



THE colon, a membranous pouch having a capacity of from three to five quarts, is situated about midway in the human trunk. This pouch (the garbage receiver and pest-incubator of the body) has but one entrance and but one exit, neither of which is as large as the neck of an ordinary ink bottle.

It would appear that Nature committed a grave oversight in making no provision for the discharge of the entire contents of the colon under any circumstances. That is to say, that a large portion of the effete and putrid matter referred to finds permanent lodgment within the colon, making possible a long list of ailments, many of them virulent and fatal.

A recent experiment proves beyond all controversy the truth of the above statement, and for the benefit of all physical culturists, especially those who desire the utmost benefit from their annual fast period, I subjoin the facts:

An attack of la grippe, complicated with nasal catarrh, caused the writer to take his "June fast" two months earlier than intended. My last meal was supper on Saturday, March 28th. At the middle of the following week there was little or no improvement in catarrhal or lung conditions, and after serious reflection I determined on a fair test of my personal conviction as to where the trouble lay.

On Thursday, April 2d, I visited an Indianapolis physician for whom I have the highest personal regard, and while admitting that there was nothing serious the matter with me, I desired an internal bath as an adjunct to my annual fast. Through the medium of a para rubber tube and funnel the doctor poured warm water directly into the colon, until it was fully distended and, I must admit, somewhat painful.

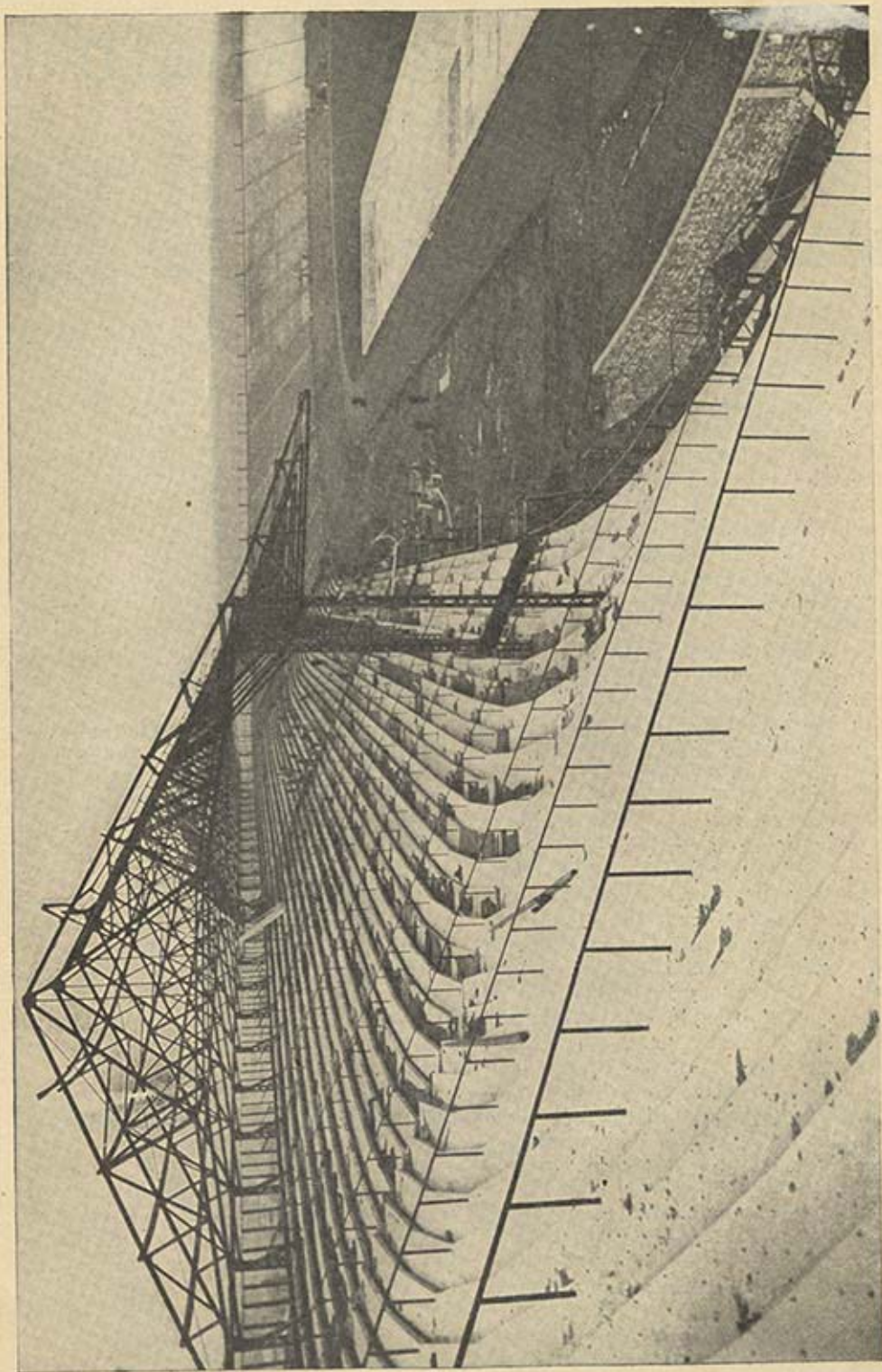
The aftermath revealed somewhat surprising results; although I had tasted no

food for five days the flushing of the colon brought forth a mass of fecal matter in all stages of putrefaction, granulation and ossification, and amounting in bulk to probably three pints of solid matter!

When one has ceased to eat food and the bowels have ceased to operate, there still remains a large accumulation of poisonous, disease-breeding filth, right in the citadel of the body—the colon. The neglect to remove this poison will, to a greater or less extent, neutralize the good effects of any fast, no matter how prolonged. One may fast a week, two weeks or a month, but unless the colon be cleansed by the flushing treatment, the contents of the colon (which latter has, of course, suspended all its usual functions) will daily and hourly be absorbed by the blood and act as a virulent poison to the system.

Proofs? Certainly: Within twenty-four hours after the flushing and evacuation of my colon as related, the discharge of green and yellow pus from the nasal passages had ceased, my lungs and throat were O. K.—which means that all hacking and coughing had ceased, and there was no trace of la grippe left, except a harmless white mucous discharge from the head; and on the seventh day of my fast even that had disappeared, leaving no discharge or soreness anywhere. I attribute it to that filthy, shuddering mass of corruption taken from me by the doctor.

While any competent physician can administer the internal bath, self-treatment is quite possible as well as easy. Several manufacturers have complete outfits on the market adapted to home treatment, sold under various names and at various prices. I would urge all who intend to participate in the June fast to try an internal bath at the beginning of the fast, or shortly afterward. In no other way can maximum benefits be obtained.



VIEW OF THE GREAT STADIUM NEAR LONDON, IN PREPARATION FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES TO BE HELD JULY, 1908

The World's Olympic Games of 1908



On the opposite page is given a photo of the grand stand and arena of the great stadium in which the World's Olympic Games will be held during July next.

The stadium is located at Shepherd's Bush, just outside the city of London, and will be the Mecca for thousands of lovers of outdoor sports during the course of this greatest of all athletic carnivals.

The games of 1908 bid fair to be the most successful held since the revival of the custom, followed by the ancient Greeks, of holding this great athletic meeting. The games have succeeded admirably in fulfilling their purpose—that of bringing the leading athletes of all nations together in competition.

The Olympic games held in ancient Athens had doubtless the effect of improving the physical characteristics of the Athenians, and of the entire population of Greece. This was the result of the general participation in the games of every class of individual, from the lowest to the highest, and the consequent endeavor on the part of sturdy young men in every walk of life to so perfect themselves in athletics as to be eligible for the great honor of competing in the various sports.

In modern times, the spirit of athleticism is less diffuse, however, and the beneficial effects of the most popular athletic sports are almost entirely confined to those individuals who are most adept in their performance. The average youth is willing to witness contests which bring into play manly strength and powers, but does not possess the desire to emu-

late the prowess displayed by the expert athlete. However, the greater the number of contests, the more popular will the various sports become, and it is plainly evident in the trend of modern scholastic life, if nowhere else, that the man who regards athletics as beneath his notice is, as a rule, as lacking in brains as he is in brawn.

In every land where athletics have a foothold, funds have been raised to enable performers in one branch of athletics or another to travel to London to compete in the games. In the United States and Canada there has been some deplorable friction incident upon securing the sanction of certain athletes as amateurs by the "powers that be" in athletics in the two countries. It is to be hoped, however, that this will not prevent America from having a fitting representation at the sports. One thing, at least, the competing athletes may be assured of, and that is of receiving the attention and applause of thousands of the most enthusiastic lovers of outdoor sports to be found the world over.

There is no race of people on earth that has a greater admiration and love for athletics than the British, both as spectators of outdoor sports and as participants in athletic pastimes.

The view of the stadium given herewith shows the great swimming tank, in front of the grand stand, in which all of the aquatic events will be held, thus enabling competition in all of the events of the games to be held in the same location. This is a new and unusual feature, contained only in this modern stadium, the largest and most complete in existence, which is well worthy of the honor of entertaining the foremost athletes of every country when they appear in competition in the Olympic games to be held this year.

PHYSICAL CULTURE FIFTEEN CENTS

We have been compelled to follow the lead of many other ten-cent magazines and raise our price on the news-stands to fifteen cents a copy. We intend to add to the contents. In frequent issues we will print some of the illustrations in two colors, and we will improve the magazine in various ways. The series of articles, beginning in the present number, on "The Secret of Human Power" we believe will alone be worth the price of the magazine. It will at least be worth that to every one who is desirous of increasing his nervous and vital energies.

For the last two or three years I have allowed my assistants to do most of the work of preparing this magazine. This issue and also the May number I prepared personally, and hereafter I intend to give my personal attention to every issue. I am satisfied that my readers will be able to observe a radical difference in the contents because of this change.

I want to be in a position to give my readers a magazine of which they can be proud. I want to be able to pay for artistic printing and for the engraving that is necessary to make up a beautiful magazine. This, as my readers can well understand, takes money. It cannot be done cheaply. Then, too, the price of paper is advancing, together with the price of everything that appertains to printing. Wages have gone up, hours have been reduced, and naturally the price of printing is increased. We are therefore compelled to increase our price. I personally guarantee that every issue will be worth the new price. Practically my entire time from now on will be devoted to filling this magazine each month with interesting matter. I will try as nearly as possible to give my readers all the information I have secured in the building of superior health and strength, and will also furnish them with the views of various others which will no doubt be of vast interest.

For a while the subscription price of \$1 a year will remain the same. We will take as many yearly subscriptions at that price as you care to give us.

THOSE OF OUR READERS WHO BUY THE MAGAZINE OF NEWSDEALERS SHOULD ORDER PHYSICAL CULTURE IN ADVANCE. REMEMBER, THIS MAGAZINE IS NOT RETURNABLE. MANY OF OUR FRIENDS WERE DISAPPOINTED LAST MONTH, AS THE NEWSDEALERS WERE SOLD OUT BEFORE THEY CALLED FOR THEIR COPY. ORDER IN ADVANCE AND YOU WILL BE SURE TO SECURE THE MAGAZINE.

Bernarr Macfadden

The Anti-Toxine Fraud



THE anti-toxine treatment for diphtheria affords additional evidence of the remarkable efforts of the members of the medical profession in their search for some complicated process that will be effective in the cure of diseases. The science of medicine is groping in the dark. It is on the wrong road. It must turn about and travel in an entirely different direction before anything will be learned by the members of that profession as to the cause and cure of various human ailments that they deal with.

Dr. Lawrence, the publisher of the *St. Louis Medical Brief*—one of the most popular medical journals in this country—made it very clear in a recent article appearing in his magazine that anti-toxine as a remedy was of doubtful value. We quote from him as follows:

"A very considerable number of lives have been lost, much time and labor thrown away, in the effort to build up animal therapy on a foundation of natural credulity and superstition. But sane instincts and healthy reason have kept their ascendancy as they always do, in opposition to corrupt and arbitrary influences. Of course there are still men to be found who assert that anti-toxine is a specific for diphtheria. Probably there always will be a few. If an epidemic should occur, and every case that took anti-toxine died, such men would be of the same opinion still. It is a matter of honor with them. Their opinions must be defended before truth any day. Well, that is natural enough. Truth can take care of herself. If anti-toxine therapy did not involve the lives and health of helpless little children, its status and existence might safely be left to time. But no doubt there are conscientious physicians who give it under the impression that they are really doing the best that recent science affords for the little ones of their care. Men of this caliber can think, and to the point, once doubt is

raised in their minds. It is this class of men we wish to reach. Stop and ask yourselves what reason there is to believe that the dead serum of a poisoned horse can help a child struggling with diphtheria.

"We know experimentally that the serum of a healthy horse, which has not been poisoned, produces serious systematic disturbance. Can we believe that this serum is improved by subjecting it to a course of saturation with laboratory poison?"

"It is useless to compare the practice of inoculating the horse with this laboratory poison to the method of obtaining vaccine virus. The horse never has diphtheria or anything like it. There is no membrane in his throat, nor any other symptoms which characterize diphtheria. It is simply blood poisoning.

"It has been demonstrated over and over that the good effects which sometimes follow the early administration of anti-toxine are due to the carbolic acid or similar antiseptic, combined with the serum. This conclusion is based on numerous experiments by different observers. In the face of all this—the most doubtful, disappointing and contradictory record of anti-toxine—why should any man who cares for truth, for medicine, who respects himself, and is capable of independent thought, continue to use the stuff?"

Dr. J. H. Greer, professor in the College of Medicine and Surgery, and author of various books on medical subjects, has some very emphatic opinions in reference to anti-toxine as a remedy, and is apparently not afraid to express them. His comments follow:

"During the last few years the treatment of diphtheria by anti-toxine has gained considerable notoriety. Its character and effects, when fully known by the people, will place it where it properly belongs, as one of the most dangerous and worthless medical humbugs of the age.

"Anti-toxine is a highly poisonous substance, prepared by taking a portion of the virulent membrane from a diphtheria patient's throat and placing in bouillon at the temperature of the human body for cultivation until it has reached its greatest virulence. It is then injected into a horse, little by little, until the animal (if he does not die) becomes thoroughly saturated with the poison, agonizing to himself, horrible to look upon and dangerous to handle. He is then in a condition to furnish to the medical profession the precious fluid which shall aid them in procuring money and fame at the expense of the lives of human beings.

"The horse, after reaching that condition which hovers between life and death, is bled for the benefit of humanity, that is, for the financial benefit of a small portion of humanity included in the medical profession. The highly poisonous serum, or watery portion of the blood, is preserved in carbolic acid solution ready for injection into the bodies of little children at the nominal price of \$20 per injection. The method of operation and its purpose was well described by a Chicago physician, as follows: 'Well, I had an opportunity to try anti-toxine lately. The patient was a little girl, eight years old. I sent for Dr. Blank to help me; for you know if I did the work myself, I couldn't charge them \$20, and besides, I wanted

the cash. He and I divided the fee. Then there is another advantage in having a stranger sent for—it gives more importance to the operation, and the parents think there is something wonderful and dangerous about it to require such precautions. To make a long story short, we covered the dining-room table with a double blanket and then covered that with a clean sheet, and with an atomizer sprayed it thoroughly with corrosive sublimate solution. We then had the child stripped of all clothing and laid face down upon the table. Yes, she struggled valiantly, sick and small as she was, to stop us, but I held her down while Dr. Blank performed the operation. He rubbed a spot on the thigh and one between the shoulder blades until the skin almost wore off, and then wet them with corrosive sublimate solution and injected the anti-toxine serum with a hypodermic syringe. Say, do you know I really felt sorry for the little child. It used her strength up terribly. But I could hardly help laughing at the blind faith those parents had in it all. And the way in which the father handed me out the \$20 made me make up my mind that hereafter I'm going to recommend anti-toxine every time.' Such are the words of a practicing physician in Chicago spoken to the author of this book. The child died, but the parents had the satisfaction of 'doing all in their power.'"

Our Endurance Contest

To be sure that the record of every competitor has been received we would like to hear from every one who has entered the competition, stating about the date their record was made and sent to us, and also the record in the tests in

which they have entered. We would also like to have photographs of each contestant, though only the winners will probably be published.

Address, Endurance Contest, Bernarr Macfadden, Battle Creek, Mich.





The Grounds Where the Contest Occurred. — A View Just Before the Whistle Blew at the End of First Half



In the Thick of the First Half

Bowl-Fight of 1908 the Hottest of All College Contests

MANY UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA STUDENTS NURSE SPRAINS AND BRUISES AS A RESULT OF THE GREAT ANNUAL BATTLE

It seems to me that the contest described in this article can more properly be termed a wholesale rough-and-tumble, free-for-all fight. It must indeed be strenuous exercise, and could hardly be recommended for weaklings. Football, in comparison, would be very tame, and every opportunity is apparently given students to settle any personal grudge they may have against an individual in the rival class. I cannot recommend this contest as an exercise, though my readers will undoubtedly be interested in its description.—Bernarr Macfadden.

THIS year's bowl-fight, which was the most exciting ever witnessed at the University of Pennsylvania, resulted in a draw. The Battle of the Bowl, the great annual struggle between the sophomore and freshmen classes, was this year fought at Franklin Field. Class-feeling was unusually rampant and the fight was made an occasion for settling numerous individual scores as well as a struggle for supremacy between the first- and second-year men.

In accordance with regularly constituted rules, there are two halves to this fight. In the first the bowl-man, selected by the freshies from among their number, must be captured and touched to the bowl before he can be pushed, thrown or hurled over the wall beneath the gymnasium building. In this half the sophomores managed to fight their way through the ranks of the freshmen, capture the bowl-man and seat him in the



Another View of the First Half

bowl within seven minutes of the start of the fracas.

The second half is a free fight around the bowl, lasting fifteen minutes. At the end of the struggle the number of hands holding to the bowl are counted and as they are freshmen or sophomore hands so the decision. This half the freshmen won, so honors were easy.

The affair was managed, as usual, by the Seniors. The bowl, a small wooden affair inscribed with the insignia of the classes, was brought out and given into the charge of the bowl-guard, selected from among the strongest sophomores, for it is a favorite freshman trick to capture the bowl-guard, bowl and all, and



The Bowl and Its Guardians

whisk them over to the other side of the field, so as to separate their bowl-man as far as possible from the bowl.

The two bodies, yelling their class-slogans, were lined up opposite each other and at the blowing of a whistle the lines crashed together. The

same program was repeated in the second half. Many women watched the half-naked students rolling each other in the mud, tearing each other's clothes to shreds, punching each other's heads and mauling each other generally. A number of students were carried off the field much the worse for the damage inflicted on them by their fellow-collegians. Fortunately this year there was no serious casualty.



Some Personal Grudges Being Settled on the Side

"The AUTOBIOGRAPHY of AN ATHLETE"

The Sensational Story now running in BEAUTY AND HEALTH Magazine, should be read by every one interested in strong, manly men.

The Magazine also contains an interesting department, "The Shrine of Love," dealing with delicate problems that every one who is, has been or expects to be a sweetheart, will find of great interest.

From Weakness to Sturdy Manhood



THESE two pictures show a young man, Mr. Edgar LeRoy Lyon, and his infant son. Mr. Lyon a few short years ago was in a very bad way. He fell off a tricycle when quite small and was ruptured. It was just what his parents expected, as his grandfather, father and mother were ruptured before him. The doctor fixed him up and told him he would have to wear a truss for the rest of his life, and that he should not indulge in wrestling, running or other rough games, like other boys, as he was in danger all the time. To make a long story short, he secured a PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine about six or seven years ago and threw off his truss. He is now a big, broad-shouldered, boyish-looking fellow of twenty-four years; is married and the proud father of a fine baby boy, and the rupture has not bothered him up to this time. He doesn't chew, drink or smoke, nor use coffee. For a pastime he is an amateur actor and plays such heavy rôles as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Virgilius." He is fond of hunting and spends all of his spare time in the woods.



MR. LYON'S YOUNG SON

Mr. Lyon's infant son, whose photograph, at the age of one year, appears herewith, is a finely developed youngster who is being reared in accordance with physical culture principles. He is now two years and six months old, and has enjoyed remarkably good health from



EDGAR LE ROY LYON AS "VIRGIILIUS"

birth. His robust constitution is, no doubt, due in great part to his not knowing the taste of meat, coffee, and other injurious foods, and to a constant supply of fresh air.



A VIEW OF THE MAGNIFICENT HEALTH HOME AT BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, AS IT APPEARS ON ENTERING THE SPACIOUS GROUNDS

Health and Strength for Subscriptions

A PHYSICAL CULTURE HOME WHERE OUR SUBSCRIBERS CAN PAY FOR THEIR VACATION OR FOR TREATMENT WITH SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THIS MAGAZINE

THE announcement contained in our last issue to the effect that we could furnish our enthusiastic friends with a magnificent home where they could secure all the advantages of a physical culture diet and other environments, together with treatment, if desired, in exchange for subscriptions, has aroused a great deal of interest among our readers.

If you are suffering from any complaint, take this magazine, show it to your friends, and make them subscribe. They will get many times more than the worth of their money, and you will be able to pay for your accommodations while at this magnificent institution with subscriptions alone. There is no better locality to spend a vacation than the country in which this Sanatorium is situated. There are over one hundred lakes, there are fine roads offering splendid opportunities for walking or cycling, and at the same time all sorts of outdoor games are encouraged. Here you can have a physical

culture vacation in every sense of the word, or you can secure the common sense treatment for building that high degree of health which is first of all necessary in the cure of all diseases. Those who read this magazine and follow its teachings as a rule do not need a vacation as far as the building of increased health is concerned, but they need it to change their environment to get back to boyhood or girlhood again, and secure some of the delights that come with pleasurable outdoor games. Here also every facility can be secured along natural means of treatment, and the science of medicine is more and more, day by day, leaning toward a dependence upon nature, upon the vital strength of the body, to effect a cure of diseases.

If you are taking this magazine, tell your friends and acquaintances what it has done for you. Show them the value of physical culture when rightly applied, and you should have but little difficulty in securing subscribers necessary to pay for your vacation or treatment.

The Sand Cure

DO THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS OF A HUMAN BEING REQUIRE SOME HARD SUBSTANCE, AS DO THOSE OF MANY LOWER ANIMALS?

Do any of my readers know anything about what is termed the "Sand Cure"? I have met two persons who have claimed that they were greatly benefited through the daily use of sand. It appears to me that if one's diet is composed of proper foods there should be no need for an addition of this character. I will, however, be pleased to hear from those who have given the sand cure a trial. I am publishing herewith extracts from the theories of Professor William Windsor, LL. B., Ph. D., who makes some very remarkable claims for sand not only in the cure of disease, but in increasing the general bodily vigor. I will be pleased to receive any additional information from those who may have given a method of this kind a trial, not only for my own information, but for that of my readers who may be interested.—Bernarr Macfadden.



All animals, except man, habitually mix a certain quantity of earth in the form of sand in the food, and it is the passage of this grit through the alimentary canal which keeps it pure and free, and prevents the clogging in masses which results in constipation; the digestive organs of all animals, including man, are constructed with a view to the reception and passage of the earth in this form, and the consequent excitement promotes the flow of the digestive fluids and secures a perfect performance of the function of nutrition.

When the astounding fact was forced upon me that in this absorption of grit I had found the secret of the complete nutrition enjoyed by animals, I immediately began a series of observations to verify it. Natural facts beyond number forced themselves upon me in corroboration of the principle. But as the proof of any theory is found in results, I appealed to results at once. I began to prescribe the sand in all cases that came under my observation, and notwithstanding the fact that I enjoyed a splendid digestion myself, I began to use it and was astonished at the change in my own feelings and the benefits derived from its habitual absorption. In the cases of actual stomach trouble, constipation, and indigestion in which I prescribed it, the relief was frequently instantaneous and always sure and complete. I began to announce it to my audiences in public

lectures and explain my theory, with the result that hundreds of cures were immediately reported. In nearly every lecture that I have delivered on the subject I have requested that if any case was discovered in which the sand worked any injury the circumstances should be reported fully to me. I have been advocating the cure vigorously since 1897, and in all that time not one case of injury has been reported to me. On the contrary, there has been an uninterrupted stream of testimonials as to the benefits received, and it is almost impossible for me to go anywhere without being besieged by grateful persons who wish to tell me of their experiences. I regret that I frequently have no time to devote to this purpose, but it is delightful to know that I have been able to carry happiness into so many lives by so simple a discovery.

Briefly stated, the doctrine of the sand cure is as follows: Fruits, nuts, and vegetables, eggs and milk are the natural foods of man. Eat them raw, eat them fresh, eat the kinds that are harmonious with your temperament, at a temperature agreeable to your stomach. Swallow a quantity of round, clean, brown, insoluble, coarse sand every day, and drink copiously of water at a proper temperature.

Round sand is the only kind. Sand that is sharp will have a severely irritating effect upon the intestines, and there is a tendency in sharp sand to form in masses. For this reason sharp sand is

used in mortar by builders, and round sand is avoided because it will disintegrate. This is precisely the effect we wish in the bowels, the disintegrating effect removing and preventing constipation, and the gentle rolling of the round sand through the bowels produces a scouring effect, which is cleansing without being irritating. It is impossible for round sand to form in masses, and its effects are always grateful and pleasant.

That the sand should be clean goes without saying; but as much of the sand that is gathered by inexperienced persons may be taken from unclean localities, it is well to sterilize it. Brown sand is better than white sand, for the reason that it is more insoluble and contains less silica. White sand is almost pure silica and is frequently soluble in the acids of the stomach. If the sand dissolves, of course its effect is completely lost.

The sand should be rather coarse. There is a tendency on the part of nearly all inexperienced persons to hunt for fine white sand. The alimentary canal will successfully dispose of objects larger than beans, and there is not the slightest danger in using sand that is coarse, and experience has proven that it does better work.

My experience in public lectures upon this subject has brought out about all the questions and objections that are likely to be developed, and as some of these questions may occur to the mind of the reader, I will answer them here. The first question is nearly always, "Will the use of sand cause appendicitis?"

Appendicitis is the inflammation of the vermiform appendix, which is situated at the beginning of the colon, and which is an organ for which the anatomists have not yet found any use. Its function is obvious, however, to any one familiar with machinery and the working of the bowels. It is really a lubricator and discharges a lubricating fluid into the bottom of the colon, at the point where the colon receives the contents of the small intestines. This lubrication is necessary to prevent the faecal matter from forming in a mass at this point and congesting the colon. Notwithstanding this lubrication, however, or because in some

cases it is insufficient, the congestion does occur and inflammation does result. Now if the sand is used, this congestion cannot occur, for the disintegrating action of the sand prevents the formation of the mass. The best authorities are now agreed that appendicitis is caused by congested faecal matter and not by the entrance of any foreign matter into the appendix itself. The use of sand is therefore the best possible preventive of appendicitis, and in all cases is the proper remedy when it occurs.

"Will the sand injure the intestines?" Not if the right kind is used. I can understand that glassy, sharp sand might be injurious, but I have never heard of a case of injury, and I do not advise the use of any but round sand.

"Will the sand cause gravel?" No one with a knowledge of anatomy would ask this question, for it is physically impossible for a grain of sand taken into the alimentary canal to reach the kidneys or bladder. But the relief of the bowels from accumulated faecal matter enables them to perform their duty, and this relieves the kidneys of a vast amount of impurities that are thrown upon them by overloaded bowels.

"How much sand should be taken?" The answer to this depends upon circumstances. If a prompt effect is desired and a copious cleansing required, it will be desirable to administer two or three heaping teaspoonfuls, accompanied by copious drinking of water. Sometimes in a case of severe constipation in beginning the treatment, and in cases of fever where there is urgent need of a quick action, it is well to accompany the sand with a tablespoonful of castor oil or a full dose of citrate of magnesia, or other mild laxative. But in ordinary cases where there is no need of haste, the daily administration of a teaspoonful will be found sufficient.

"How long should the use of sand be continued?" As long as you live and wish to be comfortable and clean. Remember that the sand is not a medicine, but one of the conditions of life, the same as water or food. Unless you use sand habitually you cannot have clean bowels. Without clean bowels you cannot have health.