

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. XII.

DECEMBER, 1904.

No. 6

## ...CONTENTS...

(Copyrighted, 1904, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.)

	PAGE
Frontispiece—A Glimpse of the New York Fire Department in Action.....	482
Exercises for Developing the Neck, Back and Abdomen..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	483
Athletics and Horsemanship..... <i>By J. W. Smithson</i> .....	488
The Athletic World..... <i>By J. Bushnell</i> .....	490
Did Forced Feeding and Drugging Kill Senator Hoar?..... <i>By C. E. Page, M. D.</i> .....	497
The Letter of a Broken Hearted Woman.....	499
How New York Firemen Drill..... <i>By Edward W. May</i> .....	500
The Girl That Needed Pruning (Fiction)..... <i>By W. B. M. Ferguson</i> .....	505
Bag Punching with an Unattached Bag..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	511
The Mental Realm.....	513
A Weighty Matter (Fiction)..... <i>By Maravene Kennedy</i> .....	515
Liberal Prize Offers to Our Readers.....	519
Is Alcohol a Stimulant or a Narcotic?..... <i>By E. Oliver Duerr</i> .....	520
Billy, The First-Born (Fiction)..... <i>By Siri A. Swanander</i> .....	522
The Great American Tax.....	524
When Greek Met Greek (Fiction)..... <i>By Cyrus Williston</i> .....	525
Miscellaneous Paragraphs.....	528
A Diet of Nuts and Fruits..... <i>By A. L. Waite, M. D. and L. G. Waite</i> .....	529
Muscle and Health for Boys..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	533
A New French Canadian Strong Man..... <i>By G. Edwards</i> .....	535
Human Beings Eating Grass..... <i>By J. C. Hurley</i> .....	536
Physical Culture in the Italian Army..... <i>By Albert E. Graham</i> .....	538
The Impending Extinction of the American Race..... <i>By H. M. Lome</i> .....	541
A Perfect Beauty (Fiction—Continued)..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	545
Anti-Vaccination Department.....	553
Parliament of Thought.....	555
Would You Become an Ideal Conversationalist?..... <i>By Lorin de Lorme</i> .....	557
Physical Culture Correspondence Club.....	559
Darwinian Doctrine Illustrated (Cartoon).....	560
Timely Talks on Current Topics.....	561
In Bondage Accursed..... <i>By W. S. Whitacre</i> .....	563
A Delicious Christmas Dinner..... <i>By Marguerite Macfadden</i> .....	564
Habits Acquired from Vulgar Associates.....	566
Macfadden College of Physical Culture.....	567
Question Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	568
Editorial Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	570
Plans for 1905.....	
Physical Culture City.....	
Spartan School for Boys.....	
Our Physical Culture College.....	
Annihilating Patent Medicine Companies.....	

PHYSICAL CULTURE is Published Monthly and is Primarily Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to Health, Strength, Vitality, Muscular Development and the General Care of the Body, and also to all Live and Current Matters of General Interest, Enlivenment, Entertainment and Amusement.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, August 11, 1899.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postpaid.

With Foreign Postage, \$1.60

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,  
29-33 EAST 19TH STREET, NEW YORK, U. S. A.  
BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add 10 cents for collection charges.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

We accept no advertisements from those whose wares we cannot conscientiously recommend. Patent medicine and other "fake" remedies cannot buy space of us at any price.

We will consider it an especial favor if readers will furnish us with proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. We have refused, are still refusing, to insert advertisements which deceive and rob the unwary of money and health. If any of this kind by accident secure insertion we desire to know it as soon as possible.

Date of expiration of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please note, and renew promptly.

THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$160 PER PAGE PER INSERTION. HALVES AND QUARTERS PRO RATA.  
CARDS LESS THAN ONE QUARTER PAGE \$1 PER LINE.



A Glimpse of the New York Fire Department in Action

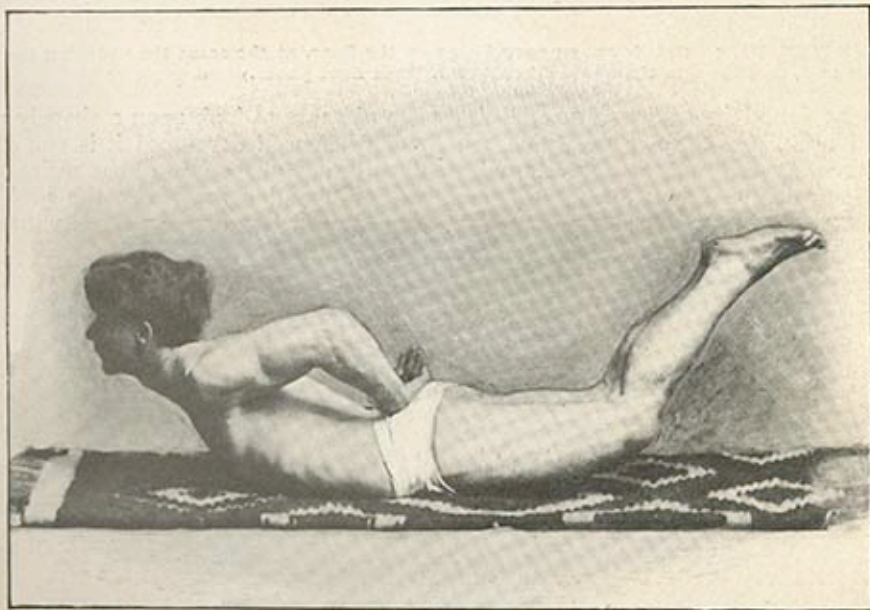
## HOW THE MUSCLES OF THE NECK AND BACK MAY BE MADE ROUND AND FULL AND THE ABDOMEN VASTLY STRENGTHENED

A FEW SIMPLE EXERCISES THAT CAN BE TAKEN IN THE MORNING  
BEFORE ARISING AND THAT WILL VIGOROUSLY STRENGTHEN  
AND DEVELOP THE MUSCLES OF THE NECK, BACK  
AND ABDOMEN

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

THE change that a well-developed neck will make in one's appearance is rather remarkable. It is certainly not to one's advantage to ac-

than ordinary vigor. However, a thin neck, lean, lanky, and long drawn out, will never give even the impression of health, and certainly not of vigorous

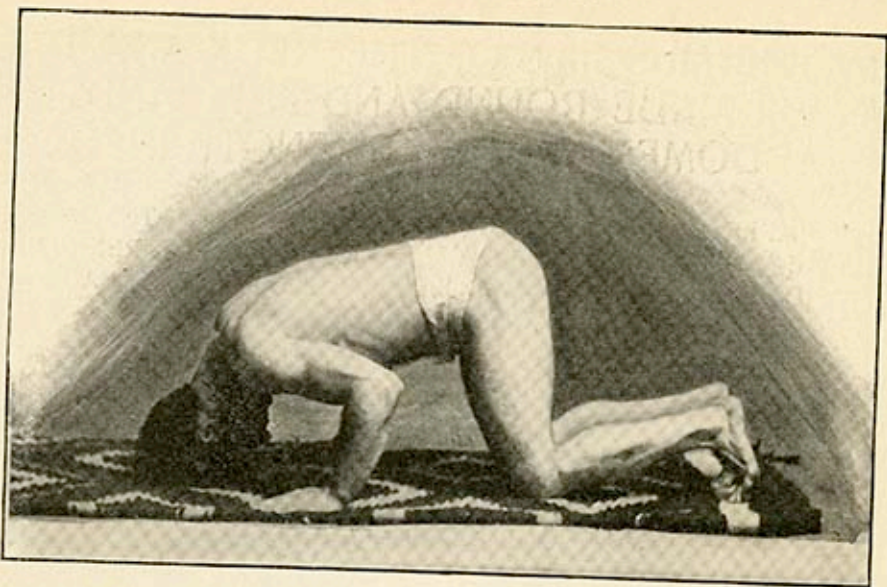


**EXERCISE No. 1.** Reclining face downward on the mat, place hands behind back as shown in illustration, and at the same time raising the feet and head as high as you possibly can. At this point, make an attempt to raise them still higher. Relax and then repeat the exercise, continuing same until tired. This is splendid for developing the muscles of the back, hips and neck.

quire that character of development which is often termed a "bull neck," but a well-developed neck usually accompanies a powerful physique; though it must be admitted that there are many who possess powerful physiques and yet have failed to give attention to this part of the body, and they do not impress the average individual as possessing more

strength. We like to see a sturdy, strong and powerful appearing neck, just as we like to see fruit that is full, luscious, and thoroughly matured, in preference to fruit that is under-sized, wizened, or otherwise defective.

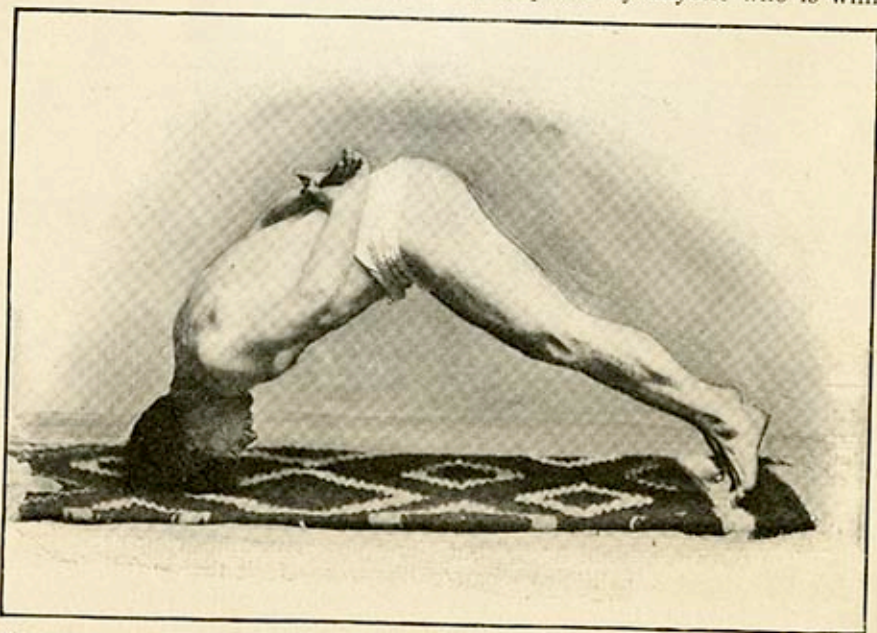
A neck that is merely fat is not so un-ightly as one that is scrawny, yet it does not possess those elements of beauty that



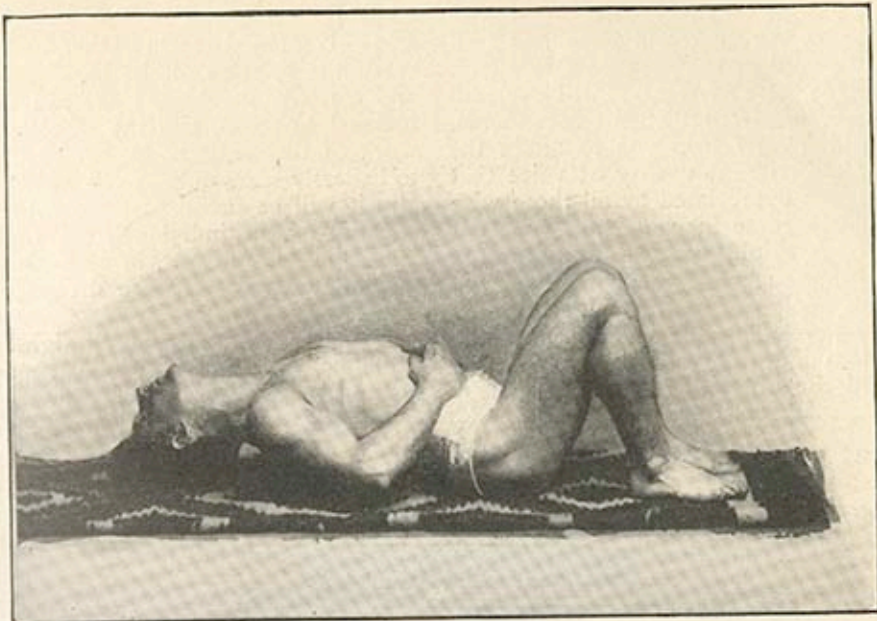
**EXERCISE No. 2** Get down on your knees on the floor, at the same time placing the head upon the mat, as shown in the above illustration. (See next photo.)

are to be found in a vigorous, well-developed neck, the outlines of which are determined by firm, strong muscles, with just a sufficient covering of fat to give it a pleasing roundness of contour. It

is a pleasure to look upon a shapely neck, and when well developed it is one of the most beautiful sections of the entire body. Strength and grace about the neck can be acquired by anyone who is willing to



**EXERCISE No. 2 (Continued).** Then place the hands behind the back and raise the knees from the floor, straightening the legs and lifting the back as high as possible, with the weight resting entirely on the head and toes. Endeavor to raise your body as high as possible. Assume original position and repeat the exercise, continuing until tired. Good for the abdomen and the muscles of the entire body, but especially valuable in strengthening the neck.

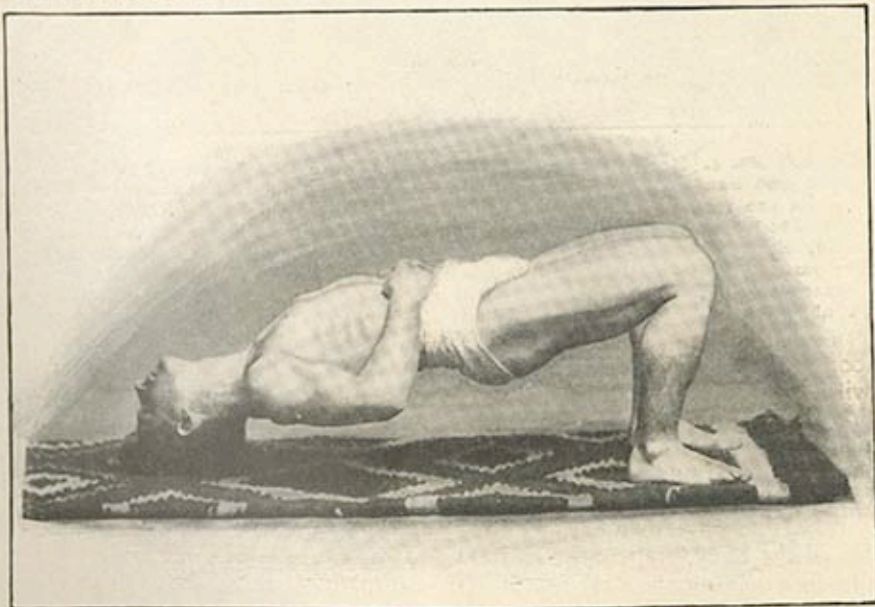


**EXERCISE No. 3.** Recline on mat with hands clasped over stomach, feet well drawn up toward the body, and head tipped far back to permit the crown to rest on floor, as shown in the above illustration. (See next photo.)

exercise the muscles of that part of the body.

The accelerated circulation of the blood

brought to the region of the neck by these exercises will naturally have a tendency to invigorate and strengthen all the tis-



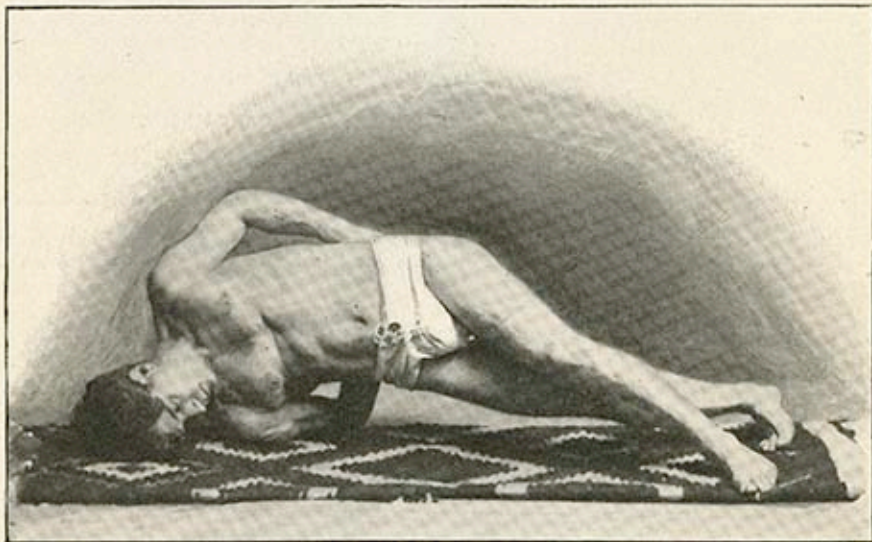
**EXERCISE No. 3 (Continued).** Then, by resting the weight entirely on the feet and head, raise hips and shoulders clear from floor, lifting the body in this way as high as possible. Attempt to elevate it still higher. Relax to original position and repeat the movement, continuing until tired. Particularly valuable for developing and strengthening the neck and back and hips.

sues about the neck and throat, as well as to strengthen the muscles themselves. Indirectly, these movements will also tend to benefit and strengthen the vocal cords, and will greatly help you to attain the rich, clear, vibrant quality of voice that is so much appreciated by all those with whom you come in contact.

Also, it might be well to note that the oftentimes ungainly appearance of the Adam's apple can be easily overcome by simply developing the muscles until the neck is round, full, and shapely. By this method the projecting thyroid cartilage

ways command admiration, whereas when the muscles of the back are weak and soft the shoulders and head will be inclined to stoop, and the whole framework of the upper body will be allowed to listlessly hang in "any old way." Usually it will be found that the entire personality of the individual, his ambition, his pride, his intellect, in fact, his entire mental and moral nature droops at the same time.

Strengthen your back! Straighten up! Hold up your head! While the mental attitude unquestionably has a great effect



**EXERCISE No. 4.** Recline on the right side and tip the head downward to rest on mat, left foot forward and hands behind the back. The hips should be raised so that the weight of the body rests on the feet, shoulders and head, as indicated in illustration. Now, by shifting the weight of the body entirely to the feet and head, raise the right shoulder off the mat. If this is too difficult, simply make a mild attempt in this direction until you gradually grow strong enough to perform the feat. Relax and repeat exercise, continuing until tired. Reverse position, taking same exercise on left side. Excellent movement for developing muscles of back, sides, stomach abdomen and neck.

will soon cease to be noticeable or at least will never be so prominent as to be objectionable in appearance.

Strong, firm muscles in the back are of the utmost importance. The drooping position in which many people sit, stand and walk is due only to a weakness in this part of the body, and can be entirely remedied by adopting the exercises here-with described for building up vigorous muscles in the region of the back.

A strong, superb, splendidly developed back, and the graceful, erect and commanding carriage that accompanies it, al-

upon one's physical condition, remember also that the bodily attitude has equally as great an effect upon the mental condition, considerably helping to determine and develop one's entire character. It will be either upright and manly, or listless, sluggish and indifferent, according to the attitude of your body.

Finally, it might be well to emphasize the value of strong abdominal muscles. A splendid development of the external muscles in this region always indicates a strong, vigorous condition of the internal organs of the pelvis, and is conducive

to a splendid degree of functional energy. The exercise of these muscles accelerates the circulation of the blood all through this part, and vastly helps in the digestive processes. In addition to this, it is to be noted that one with sufficiently powerful muscles in this part of the body is safeguarded from all danger of rupture, which is always made possible by more or less weakness in this region.

Another important fact to be noted is that no one can develop any great degree

of beauty of body unless the muscles of the abdomen and back are strong and well developed.

It will require considerable strength to faithfully perform the exercises given in this issue, and if not very strong, it may be well for you to merely attempt to perform them, being careful, of course, not to strain in any way. The exercises can be taken on a soft mat on the floor, or they can be taken in bed before arising, if desired.

#### YOUNG AT SEVENTY-SIX

To the Editor:—I suppose you will not object to hearing from me once in a while. I am just as active as ever, ride my wheel sometimes forty miles in a day, take physical culture exercises four times a week, walk at least ten miles every day that I don't ride the wheel, am in perfect health, haven't an ache or pain anywhere and will be 76 years old on the 21st of this month.

After our physical culture class twice a week we have a dancing school or party, at which I am always on hand and never miss a dance. I mention this merely because of the fact that over ninety per cent. of men of my age are fossilized

and do not try to be active. They give up all activity at forty or fifty and will say they are too old to do this, that, or the other thing, and let it go at that without trying to do it.

It is just as easy to be active and to keep and to feel young as it is to drift toward the grave. People who, through over-eating, carry from thirty to fifty pounds more than they should know nothing of the pleasures of activity. The sun shines for all, but the active man draws more inspiration with every breath than does the slow mover, who never learns how to breathe properly.

THOMAS HOUSEWORTH.

#### THE ARTIST'S VIEW OF THE NUDE

To the Editor:—In an old book, published in 1856, discussing "Artificial Allurements of Love, Causes and Provocations to Lust, Gestures, Clothes, Dower, etc.," I came across the following statement, made by John Leries, a Burgundian navigator, in the early days of Brazil:

"At our coming to Brazil we found both men and women naked as they were born, without any covering whatever, and could not be persuaded by our Frenchmen, who lived a year with them, to wear any.

"Many will think that our so long commerce with naked women must needs be a great provocation to lust, but it was otherwise. Their nakedness did much less entice us to lasciviousness than our women's clothes. And I dare boldly affirm that those glittering attires, counterfeit colours, head gears, curled hairs,

plaited coats, cloaks, gowns, costly stomachers, guarded and loose garments, and all those other accoutrements, wherein our country women counterfeit a beauty, and so curiously set out themselves, cause more inconvenience in this kind than that barbarian homeliness, although they be no whit inferior unto them in beauty. I could evince the truth of this by many other arguments, but I appeal to my companions at that time present, which were all of the same mind."

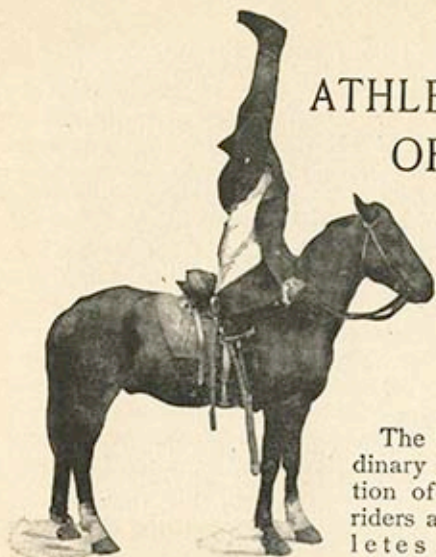
Being a student of sculpture and spending much time with the nude, I can readily understand why John Leries spoke as he did. If the people of to-day were as familiar with the nude as is a sculptor or an artist, they would readily understand that it is not the fact that a body is nude that inspires the thought of lust, but that unclean mental thoughts, vulgar acts and gestures, bring forth this viciousness.

F. M. WHITE.

## ATHLETICS AND HORSEMANSHIP OF THE WILD WEST AND THE FAR EAST

ARABS, COSSACKS, AMERICAN INDIANS,  
COWBOYS, ROUGHRIDERS—VALUE  
OF THE FRUIT DIET

By *J. Walter Smithson*



Ameer Abou Hamad Illustrating a Difficult Feat on His Arabian Charger

The extraordinary collection of roughriders and athletes from nearly all the countries of the world concentrated by Col. Cody in his

"Wild West Show," is an object lesson in physical culture.

The roughriders and cowboys in this show are fine, sturdy, strong fellows, and had physical culture of the scientific kind entered into their daily lives they would present an appearance which might rival

Hercules in strength and Apollo in symmetry and grace.

The pure, sweet air of the prairies and the continual exercise to which the cowboy and roughrider are accustomed from childhood counteracts the effects of bad food, anxiety, sleeplessness and spells of carousing, and gives to them their all-round excellent physique.

The muscles which are brought into play by riding are splendidly developed, and the strength of arm, suppleness and agility produced by throwing and evading the lasso are observable among cowboys, Mexican vaqueros and Gauchos.

Their quickness of eyesight is a thing to be noted by those who imagine that



Strong and Physically Perfect Acrobats in Colonel Cody's Extraordinary Collection of the World's Finest Physical Types of Men



vision can be improved only by such artificial aids as glasses.

In lassoing the wild, bucking bronchos, this quickness of eyesight, and dexterity in throwing either lasso or lariat, are remarkable. A better test for an all-round physique it would be difficult to devise than a contest devoted to roping wild horses.

The keenness of eye and firmness of purpose developed by these men are well illustrated in the accompanying photograph of Rafael Salinas, a Mexican vaquero. The result of his life and training has been to impart to his face an observable Anglo-Saxon appearance of energy and stubborn-



Ameer Abou Hamad,  
Leader of the Arab  
Horsemen, With  
Colonel Cody's  
"Wild West"  
Show

ness, despite his Spanish parentage.

The Cossack horseman shown in the illustration likewise shows the benefit of practice and perseverance. The Cossacks acquire their horsemanship on the wild frontier of the Caucasus, and are unrivaled in their methods of riding. In their drill they charge with drawn sabres, whirl their horses madly round, and perform surprising feats. With a wild yell, they vault on and off, and actually stand on their heads on galloping steeds. The tricks of the circus rider are tame compared with the antics of the Cossack and his horse.

Cody's Indians, although picked men from their various tribes, show signs of the phys-

ical deterioration of their race. On the whole, however, they are still fine fellows.

Colonel Cody is entitled to the unique credit of having encouraged horsemanship by showing us, what formerly we had only read of, the typical riders of the various countries of the world. For this work he was peculiarly fitted by the habits of his own earlier life. His father was killed in the border wars of Kansas; at fourteen years of age he was a pony express rider; and at fifteen he became a Government scout and guide. By the unparalleled feat of killing at the rate of nearly three thousand buffaloes a year, as meat for laborers, he earned his popular title of "Buffalo Bill."



Rafael Salinas, a Mexican Vaquero or Cowboy

# THE ATHLETIC WORLD

Conducted by Edward R. Bushnell

*The universal demand on the part of the American public that there shall be some publication which can be looked to for a reliable compendium, complete in every respect, of the records of all sports, and shall be at the same time an absolutely honest and expertly informing guide upon all forms of competitive exercise, has led to the establishment, in these pages, of the Department of the Athletic World. The readers who have studied closely the conduct of this magazine need no assurance that the Department will fearlessly advocate every new development in sport which is healthful, honest and fair, and will as fearlessly expose and condemn whatever is injurious, dishonest or unfair. It will have my constant, personal direction; it will have the resources of an unparalleled organization for the assembling of the earliest and most secret, reliable news; and it will be illustrated with the latest photographs of the leaders in the world of athletics. Mr. Bushnell, University of Pennsylvania, 1901, is the most widely experienced athletic editor in the United States, not only by reason of years of service in active journalism, but because he is himself the holder of a distinguished record. His knowledge of athletic work is not limited to the United States, although he captained his cross-country team here. He was a member and point winner of the famous track team which won the majority of events at the English Amateur Athletic Union Championship in London in 1920, and at the hotly contested Olympic Games of the Paris Exposition.*

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

THE last month has seen the complete exodus of the summer sports. The baseball player, who has monopolized the attention of the public for an unusually long season, has been forced aside to make room for the college football hero who, for the short period of two months, is perched on the highest pinnacle of athletic fame.

## Jiu-Jitsu, the New Sport

Japan is responsible for the latest innovation in the athletic world. It is jiu-jitsu, the ancient art of self-defense, of which the Japanese have been masters for 2,000 years. Not until the last year or two was the sport introduced into this country, but it has been taken up so readily that it promises to become a popular craze before its course is run. No better proof of its right to be classed as a legitimate sport could be obtained than the action of Harvard University in securing a Japanese instructor to give a course in jiu-jitsu in the gymnasium. The testimony of many students who have availed themselves of the course is ample evidence of its worth.

Now that the sport has been formally installed in Harvard it will not be long before the other universities take it up, for there is nothing so contagious as a new college sport. If jiu-jitsu is to become Americanized at the various universities, intercollegiate contests are sure to result.

## Automobile Road Racing

Automobiling as a sport has at last obtained a sure footing in this country. After overcoming a multitude of handicaps, the international road race for the

William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Cup was held on Long Island, Oct. 8. This was the first serious attempt to rival the great runs which annually feature automobiling in Europe. The Long Island race was over a course of 302 miles in ten laps; and eighteen cars, representing the highest type of racing machines in Europe and America, competed. An American, George Heath, driving a French car—a 90-H.P. Panhard—finished first. The race demonstrated, what has long been contended by Europeans, that foreign cars are superior to those made in America. The winner, George Heath, touched on the vital weakness of American cars when, after the race, he said: "You never hear of a foreign car going wrong in the steering gear."

As all parties concerned in the race expressed satisfaction with its outcome, it will probably be held over the same course next year if pressure of public opinion shall not have intervened by that time. The cup must be won twice on American soil by one person before it can leave this country.

In view of the many new records established in the automobile races at Ormond Beach, Florida, last winter, new figures may be expected when the second series is held this winter.

## The Surprises of Golf

The uncertainties of a golf champion's career were never shown more surprisingly than in the season just closed. Nearly every national title holder of the year, both here and in Great Britain, has been dethroned. Walter J. Travis, who has held the amateur championship of

the United States more times than any other American golfer living, electrified the British golfing world last July by his decisive defeat of the British champion.

But in our own national championships Travis had to succumb to Ormiston, who likewise went out in the semi-finals, leaving Chandler Egan, the former Harvard champion, the ultimate victor. Hardly a week later Egan himself was defeated in the Olympic tournament by a Canadian, G. A. Lyons. In the women's championships held at Philadelphia, Miss Georgianna Bishop worked her way through the preliminary rounds by a brilliant game and finally won an easy victory from Mrs. E. F. Sandford.

There is one reform which the United States Golf Association should effect without delay, if it desires to remove an evil which is always a bone of contention, especially in the women's championships. It should place its ban upon the professional caddy. That individual is becoming a serious menace to the harmony of national tournaments, and, if the sentiment of the leading golfers of the country is respected, he will be absent from the links next year.

#### The Year's Tennis

The tennis season was brought to a close by the intercollegiate tournament, held at Haverford, Pa., the first week in October. First honors were distributed between the representatives of Yale and Columbia. The Elis captured the championship in doubles, and Leroy, of Columbia, wrested the championship in singles from E. B. Dewhurst, of the University of Pennsylvania.

The failure of the Doherty brothers to come over from England to defend their title to the American championships in both singles and doubles was responsible for the honors reverting to America. The final round in doubles was played at Newport on August 16 and won in brilliant fashion by Holcombe Ward and Beales Wright. The real feature of the tournament, however, was the contest in singles, in which Holcombe Ward defeated W. J. Clothier in straight sets just after the Philadelphian had disposed of Larned, the former title holder.

There was nothing which featured the year's tennis like the phenomenal playing of Miss May Sutton, of California,

who, by a succession of brilliant victories, won her way to the finals of the women's tournament at Philadelphia and then defeated Miss Elizabeth Morre in straight sets for the championship of the United States. As a matter of fact, the playing of Miss Sutton was almost equal to the best game played by the male experts. Certainly no man can boast of going through a series of severe tournaments without the loss of a single set.

Miss Sutton's case is one of the most remarkable evidences afforded by nature, plus art and practice, which prove that a woman can be as good, if not better, than men in all forms of athletics up to the limit of her physical strength. During her preliminary practice at Philadelphia Miss Sutton wore out man after man of the best tennis experts who gave her the opportunity of defeating them.

#### The Noble Art of Self-Defense

Not since the days of the great John L. Sullivan has the prize ring been so badly in need of worthy contestants for the world's heavyweight championship, now held by James J. Jeffries. With the exception of his two battles with James J. Corbett and Thomas Sharkey, Jeffries has not found any pugilist able to seriously threaten his title since acquiring it.

Fortunately for those who love the fighting game, no such condition exists among the little pugilists. The feather-weight championship has changed hands frequently enough to suit the most exacting. First, Terry McGovern held it, only to be decisively defeated twice by Young Corbett, who was compelled to surrender the title last March to James Britt after a twenty-round battle which many still believe should have been a draw. The middle-weight championship is now claimed by nearly half a dozen pugilists, with a settlement of the dispute no nearer a solution than it was a year ago.

There is still the loom of adverse legislation in nearly all the States in regard to the ring.

#### Baseball's Great Season

Never in all its history did baseball enjoy so much popularity as in the season just closed. By the official figures 5,869,260 persons saw the series of championship games in the American and National Leagues. The younger organ-

ization, because of the closeness of its race for the pennant, outdrew the older league by nearly 320,000.

No such bitter or long drawn out struggle as that which the American League furnished was ever seen before. At the time the National League pennant was virtually decided for New York, no one could have been found foolhardy enough to attempt to pick the winner of the American League race from among the five leaders. As the struggle neared its end, Philadelphia and Cleveland were eliminated from championship possibilities, with New York, Boston and Chicago passing and repassing one another as they neared the tape. Finally Chicago was forced to give up the fight. But neither Boston nor New York could shake off the other. Boston proved the stronger at the gruelling finish and, after making sure of the championship by winning the first contest, the New Englanders finished out their memorable career by winning the last game of the season.

It is worthy of comment that the season was two weeks too long. The attendance fell off a whole fortnight before the games closed, and several games were postponed because of the low temperature, with a perceptible injury to the sport in the estimation of its best patrons. Whatever the competition in baseball, the efforts of managers next year should be directed to the improvement of quality, not to the extension of the players' hours of labor. The baseball goose, as the season's experience has proved, will

lay no golden eggs in cold weather.

A bitter taste was left in the mouth of the baseball public by the blunt refusal of the owners and manager of the New York Nationals, the winners of the National League championship, to play the post-season series for the championship of the world, virtually agreed upon by both leagues at the beginning of the season. The refusal was far from being a creditable exhibition of sporting nerve. A well-fought battle, even ending with

defeat, would have left the National League in a much better position with a public that very often knows the game a little better than do dollar-grabbing managers. However, after some weeks of persistent unwillingness, the New York Nationals consented to play the championship game in the spring of the coming year. The late change of heart, while it can serve to condone the National League's action in some degree, is injurious to the game in general; for, in the spring, a defeat must necessarily make much more pronounced the shortcomings of the

losers than they would have appeared at the beginning of the season had the contest occurred in the fall of this year, with ample time for the public to be inspired with fresh confidence by the time the new season would open.

#### COLLEGE ATHLETICS

##### The Year's Achievements

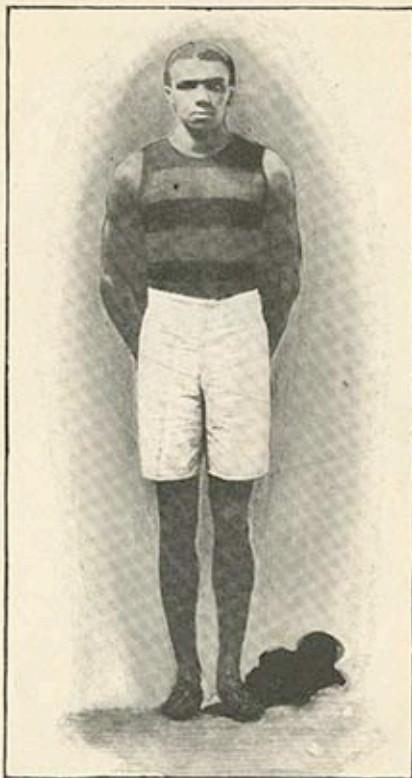
College and amateur athletes had a memorable year in that which has just closed. Although not marked by so



Miss Sutton, Champion Woman Tennis Player of the United States. Note the Remarkable Development of Chest and Arms

many new intercollegiate or world records as in some previous years, it is doubtful whether any other twelvemonth ever saw such a uniformly high standard of performances throughout the entire country.

In a year of such remarkable achievements there are six American athletes whose work has made them stand head and shoulders above their fellows. They are Ralph Rose, of the University of Michigan, who repeatedly broke the world's record with the sixteen pound shot, finally leaving it at 48 feet 7 inches; J. B. Taylor, of the University of Pennsylvania, negro freshman, who took the measure of every other quarter-miler in America, and established a new intercollegiate record of 49½ seconds for the event; James Lightbody, of the University of Chicago, who broke the Olympic records for the 800 and 1500 meter runs at the St. Louis Exposition; Capt. W. H. Schick, of Harvard, who defeated the pick of England's collegiate sprinters in the international games held in London last summer, winning the 100-yard dash in the remarkable time of 9½ seconds; Harry Hillman, of the New York A. C., who, besides winning innumerable local championships in the sprints and hurdles, twice broke the world's best figures for the 400-meter hurdle race; and Eli Parsons, of Yale University, who, on an indoor track, ran a half-mile in the world-record time of 1.54%, and later, at the intercollegiate championships, won the half-mile in 1.56%, equaling the intercollegiate record. There were other athletes whose performances have at times nearly equaled these, but none whose work was of such a consistently high standard.



**J. B. Taylor, University of Pennsylvania, Negro Freshman, Holder of Intercollegiate Quarter-Mile Championship of the United States**

As usual, the University of Pennsylvania's annual Relay Carnival, held on Franklin Field in April, opened the season of outdoor athletics. In the number of contestants and the area of territory represented, it was the greatest carnival held for years. No less than 1,000 athletes, the pick of the collegians and school boys of the country, were on hand, coming from every section of the United States east of the Mississippi river. Ralph Rose made his first appearance in

the East, and celebrated the event by heaving the 16-pound shot 48 feet 2 inches, equaling the world record, and then breaking even, this a few minutes later in a trial put, which, however, did not count as a record.

The interim between the Relay Carnival and the intercollegiate championships was marked by several dual track meets between the best college teams of the East. Yale defeated Princeton at New Haven and Harvard at Cambridge, while Princeton won an exciting meet from Cornell on the home grounds, the feature of which was the half-mile run of Williams, of Princeton, in the fast time of 1.56%.

Williams, however, while running well throughout the year, was never able to duplicate his performance. Pennsylvania's track team was defeated in both dual meets; first by Columbia and then by Cornell. In the Yale-Princeton meet, McLanahan, of Yale, vaulted 12 feet 1 inch, breaking the world's record.

The intercollegiate championships were held on Franklin Field, Philadelphia, May 27 and 28, the first time they had ever left New York. Two records were broken—the quarter-mile, by J. B. Tay-

lor, of the University of Pennsylvania, who won in 49½ seconds; and the pole vault, which three men, McLanahan, of Yale, Gardner, of Syracuse, and Gring, of Harvard, raised to 11 feet 9 inches. One record was equaled, that of the half-mile, which Parsons, of Yale, won in 1.56%. All of the events were closely contested, and such a large throng witnessed the sports that the I. A. A. A. is seriously considering the suggestion of having the games rotate among the different colleges annually.

It is probable that the strong college spirit will prevent rotation. The intelligence which should make it apparent that every college will, in the long run, encounter equal advantages and disadvantages in the course of rotation, seems at present to be lacking in the management of the Intercollegiate Association. The fact is that New York, as the greatest available center of population, has thus far dominated the counsels of the association. If the partisans of New York could only comprehend the immensely valuable stimulus to

public interest which would come of rotation, they themselves would be the first to advocate the new plan.

Yale and Harvard demonstrated the superiority of the American college athlete by winning six of the nine events in the intercollegiate meet with Oxford and Cambridge in London—the 100-yard dash, the running high and running broad jumps, the 120-yard hurdles, the quarter-mile run, and the hammer throw. The best the Englishmen could do was to

carry off first place in the three distance runs—the half-mile, mile, and two miles; and the ease with which they accomplished it, is but a fresh reminder of the fatal weakness of Americans at distance running.

It is a gratifying thing to note that the prime agency which has long assured to English runners their supremacy in distance, is becoming much more a factor in American college life. Cross-country running, to which alone is attributable

the speed and bottom of the Englishmen, is now an annual intercollegiate feature; and it is becoming more and more popular with all classes of students. Many of the boys, hopeless of winning prizes, or even position, join in a run for the sheer fun of the thing—and that is the most beneficial kind of exercise known to the science of physiology.

The last important athletic meeting of the year was the third revival of the ancient Olympic games at the St. Louis Exposition, the first week in September. While the games were a success, they lacked the

keen interest they would have excited had the intercollegiate champions of the East, and the amateur champions of Great Britain, been present as competitors. After a bitter struggle with Chicago, the New York A. C. eventually won. Nearly every one of the records established at the last Olympic meet in Paris four years ago was broken; but in justice to the 1900 victors, it should be said that the superior track and management at St. Louis were sufficient in



Ward McLanahan, Yale University. Holder of the World's Record for Pole Vault

themselves to account for the new records made this year. Altogether the meeting was more successful than any of its predecessors and was an emphatic demonstration of the superiority of American management.

#### Football Reform

For once, football players, coaches and spectators have received the annual amendments to the intercollegiate football rules with complete approval. For years, the rules committee has been endeavoring to eliminate objectionable features from the game in response to popular clamor and expert demands. The one thing which, above all others, it has sought to do, has been to remove the dangerous element from the sport, in the form of massed plays, which directed the full strength of one team at the weakest spot in an opposing eleven. Theoretically, that is the surest way to advance the ball; but it is done at the cost of injured limbs, and occasionally the forfeiture of a life. Naturally there has been a demand that the game put a premium upon skill, speed and strategy, rather than upon mere brute strength, and to accomplish this desirable end the rules committee has been working overtime during the last two years.

The first step toward the reform was made in 1903, when the committee amended the rules so that between the two 25-yard lines seven men were to be in the line of scrimmage at all times, thus preventing mass formations in this portion of the gridiron. But outside of the 25-yard lines massed plays were permitted. Another reform to open up the game provided that between the 25-yard lines the quarter back, or the first man receiving the ball from the snap back, could run with it without the necessity of passing it to a second man. The only condition attaching to this innovation was that the runner should cross the line of scrimmage five yards outside of center.

So pleased were the rule makers with the reforms of 1903 that they extended them this year. Instead of limiting the quarter-back run to between the 25-yard lines, it is now permitted in every part of the field. To further decrease the dangers of mass plays, the committee provided that six men must be in the line

of scrimmage at all times, but that, when only six men were playing in the line, the fifth man thus added to the back field, must be stationed outside either extremity of the line, thus reducing the number of men in a mass formation to four. Another sensible change in the rules was that of reducing the value of a field goal, no matter how made, from five points to four. The new rules have been received with universal approval East and West; and well they should be, for they have lessened the dangers of the game and at the same time have made it more scientific and spectacular, all of which are potent factors in its great popularity.

The first three weeks of the football season in the East showed, as in no other year, the sharp dividing line between the members of the "Big Six"—Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell and Columbia—and the smaller colleges. Outside of the first game or two which, in some cases, were won by very narrow margins, the superiority of the big elevens was most marked and, as the season advanced to the championship games, the big teams gradually drew away in a class by themselves, in direct contrast with the experiences of last year and the year before, when nearly all of the big teams had been scored on and some defeated.

Still the leaders had to suffer some humiliation, which usually comes in the form of a mid-season slump. Princeton, the champion team of 1903, on October 15, received an undeserved beating from Annapolis, by the score of 10 to 9; Harvard, on the same day, was all but defeated by the West Point cadets; Yale was scored on by little Syracuse, while her defeat by the West Pointers, on October 22, was a heavy blow to her pride and prestige, and Columbia lost at the hands, and feet, of Amherst.

In the East, Yale, Harvard and Princeton are about on a par for strength, with Cornell, Pennsylvania and Columbia a little weaker and in a class by themselves, but well removed from the minor colleges. In the West, Michigan, Chicago and Minnesota are easily the leaders. Disappointment reigned everywhere over the refusal of Columbia University to arrange a game in New York on Thanksgiving Day with Michigan. Although Columbia could hardly lay claim to being

the strongest team in the East, the contest would have gone far to settle that much debated question of the superiority of the quality of football produced respectively in the two sections.

### Rowing

The importance which rowing has assumed in the different colleges of the land has received a striking illustration from the action of the rowing authorities in instituting fall practice for the crews. At Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell and Syracuse, the coaches called out the candidates for the crews with the intention of giving them hard work as long as the weather conditions permit.

In the interests of intercollegiate rowing it is to be hoped that some definite steps will be taken, within the coming year, to merge the two big college regattas now held separately at Poughkeepsie and New London.

### Minor College Sports

The close of the football season is no longer the sign for a cessation of all athletic activity in college life. Such a multitude of new sports have been added to the athletic curriculum that there is something to take up the athlete's time the year round. In the interim between the fall and spring season of outdoor activity, such sports as basketball, swimming, hockey, water polo, gymnastics, sparring, wrestling, fencing, bowling and racquets, will flourish. An added impetus has been given to indoor athletics because, in nearly every sport, intercollegiate tournaments have been arranged to decide the championships.

### ATHLETIC RECORDS

It is the intention to make the compilation of athletic records in every department of sport a monthly feature, to serve as a handbook. Those given this month include not only the records made up to October 22, but the principal performances of the year, this being the first installment of this department.

#### BASEBALL

Winner of the World's Championship (by default), Boston American League.  
Winner of American League Championship—Boston.

Winner of National League Championship—New York.

Official standing of clubs in the two leagues:

AMERICAN LEAGUE.							
Clubs	W. L.	Pct.	Clubs	W. L.	Pct.		
Boston	95	59	.617	Philadelphia	81	69	.540
New York	92	59	.609	St. Louis	65	58	.522
Cleveland	87	64	.575	Detroit	62	90	.406
Chicago	89	66	.571	Washington	38	113	.249

NATIONAL LEAGUE.							
Clubs	W. L.	Pct.	Clubs	W. L.	Pct.		
New York	106	47	.696	St. Louis	75	79	.480
Chicago	93	60	.607	Boston	55	97	.364
Cincinnati	88	65	.575	Brooklyn	55	97	.364
Pittsburg	88	66	.571	Philadelphia	51	100	.333

### AUTOMOBILING.

Winner of the first International Automobile Road Race for the William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Cup, on Long Island, Oct. 8.—George Heath, Paris, France.

### GOLF.

Winner of British Golf Championship, Sandwich, England—Walter J. Travis, Garden City, L. I., U. S. A.

Winner of Men's National Championship, Short Hills, N. J., Sept. 11—H. Chandler Egan, Chicago.

Winner of Olympic Championship, St. Louis, Sept. 24—G. S. Lyon, Toronto, Canada.

Winner of Women's National Championship, Haverford, Pa., Oct. 15—Miss Georgianna Bishop, Brooklawn C. C., Bridgeport, Conn.

### TENNIS.

Winner of Women's U. S. Championship, Philadelphia—Miss May Sutton, Pasadena, Cal.

Winners of Men's National Championship, Newport, R. I.—In singles, Holcombe Ward; in doubles, Holcombe Ward and Beals C. Wright.

Winners of Intercollegiate Championships, Haverford, Pa.—In singles, Robert LeRoy, Columbia University; in doubles, Behr and Bodman, Yale University.

### FOOTBALL.

The "trying-out" games between the university elevens and those of the smaller colleges at the opening of the football season are of but little interest to the general public, being practically practice games. Those that have taken place so far denote serious weaknesses on the part of Harvard and Yale. In next month's Athletic Records we shall give the games and their scores up to date and in full.

### ROWING.

Winners of Intercollegiate Regatta, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., June 25—Varsity eight-oared race, Syracuse University; Varsity four-oared race, Cornell University; Freshman eight-oared race, Syracuse University.

Winners of Harvard-Yale Dual Regatta at New London, Conn., June 28—Varsity eight-oared race, Yale; Varsity four-oared race, Harvard; Freshmen eight-oared race, Yale.

Winner of Olympic Rowing Championship, St. Louis Exposition, July 28—Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia.

### ATHLETICS.

Winner of Eastern Intercollegiate Track and Field Championships, Philadelphia, May 28—Yale University.

Winner of Western Intercollegiate Championships, Chicago, June 2—University of Michigan.

Winner of Olympic Games, St. Louis Exposition, Aug. 29 to Sept. 3—New York Athletic Club.

New Intercollegiate records: 440-yard run, J. B. Taylor, University of Pennsylvania, 49 1-5 seconds. Pole vault, McLanahan, Yale; Gardner, Syracuse; Gring, Harvard, 11 feet 9 inches.

New World record, 16-pound shot put, Ralph Rose, University of Michigan, 48 feet 7 inches. Discus throw, M. J. Sheridan, New York A. C., St. Louis, Sept. 3, 132 feet. Pole vault, Ward McLanahan, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., May 7, 12 feet 1 inch.

### BASKETBALL.

Winner of Intercollegiate Basketball Championship—Columbia University.

### CRICKET.

Winner of Intercollegiate Cricket Championship—Haverford College.

### BOXING.

At San Francisco, March 25, James Britt received decision over Young Corbett (W. H. Rothwell) in 20-round bout for Feather-weight Championship of the World.

At Philadelphia, July 23, Robert Fitzsimmons and Jack O'Brien boxed 6-round draw for Middleweight Championship of the World.

At San Francisco, Aug. 26, James J. Jeffries won from Jack Munroe in second round of what was to have been a 20-round bout for World's Heavyweight Championship.



# DID FORCED FEEDING AND DRUGGING KILL SENATOR HOAR?

SOME LESSONS FROM HIS ILLNESS AND TREATMENT

By Charles E. Page, M. D.

*The following article was received at this office a day or two preceding the death of Postmaster-General Payne. It is indeed a pitiful condition when medical science will persist in groping along in the dark when the light of truth shines so plainly before us. Poisonous, stimulating drugs, enforced feeding, are the principal causes of nearly all the deaths of patients in charge of medical doctors. Fasting and hydropathic methods will bring about speedy recovery in nearly all acute troubles, and when the general public and the medical authorities realize these facts, acute diseases of all kinds will assume but little importance.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

SENATOR HOAR died this morning (September 30) at 1.35. The papers are telling us of his wonderful struggle for life. "Battle with disease which lasted for months," etc. A hale, hearty man, of robust and long-lived stock, and not aged, as compared with many men and women still in the enjoyment of high health, has an attack of lumbago—a phase of rheumatism, arising primarily from lack of a moderate degree of exercise of the muscles of the lumbar region. A therapeutic fast of a week or ten days, together with appropriate hydrotherapeutic treatment, would have secured convalescence, and he would have resumed ordinary diet with a keen relish for any kind of plain, wholesome food.

He had no appetite for food, and was never allowed to acquire an appetite, having been one of the innumerable victims

of forced feeding and drugging, all in the most "regular" fashion.

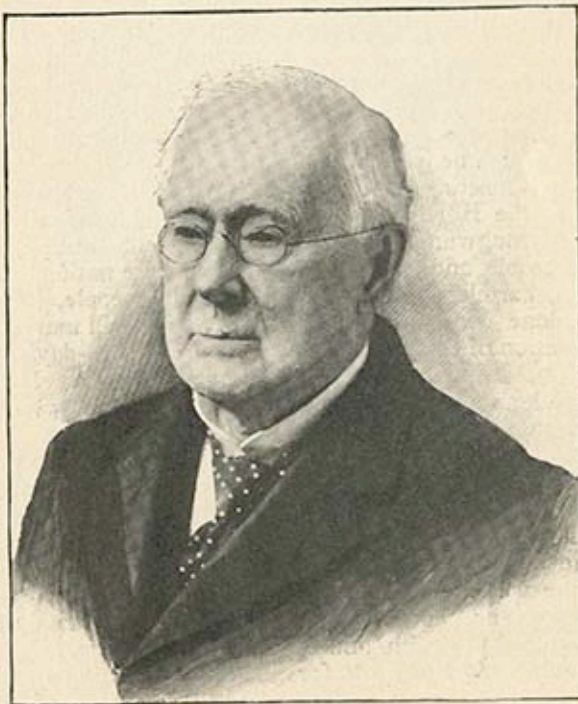
Postmaster-General Payne seems at the present time likely to share the same fate.

We read (Bulletin 9.30 a.m., September 30):

"The Postmaster-General had a very restless night, and is very weak. His condition is serious."

"The Postmaster-General's ailment is heart trouble, a new development from his recent illness," says the newspaper account, inspired from Dr. Magruder, who said that "the attack of heart trouble had been very severe, beginning night before last and continuing all

day yesterday, and during last night." He expressed himself as being extremely anxious concerning his patient's condition. "The greatest trouble has been to get Mr. Payne to take nourishment and to retain it, although he did take some nourishment this morning," he remarked.



The Late Senator Hoar

Restless, nauseated, not only with no appetite nor desire for food, but actually loathing all thought of it, every law of rational dietetics and of common sense is being violated in this case, as it was in that of the late Senator Hoar, and some months earlier in that of Senator Hanna, and as is constantly being done in the illnesses of rich and poor, by physicians who seem incapable of learning the simple lesson that there is a time for fasting as well as for feasting.

"The children are all well and feeling fine, except Norman," writes my wife, with reference to our three-year-old boy. "He was very restless last night, but he is fasting to-day, and he will be all right by to-morrow;" and so it proved. I make this mention merely in passing.

Returning to the case of Senator Hoar: Fat, soft, and ill-conditioned, needing careful diet and rational all-round management, early in June came the first reports from the home that the Senator was ill.

It was announced soon after, however, that he was suffering only from an attack of lumbago, "that was painful, but not serious," and to which he jocularly referred, in a letter to a meeting of the Republican workers at the Hotel Overlook, July 9, as a sort of mugwump disorder, exceedingly disagreeable and persistent, but, in his opinion, harmless (as it was, indeed, in itself alone considered, leaving out all consideration of the *stock medical treatment*).

August 3 the sad announcement was given out that Senator Hoar was seriously ill, and could live but a short time at the most. During the 58 days that have passed since, the "grand old man" has exhibited vitality enough to furnish the most positive evidence that, under rational treatment, he would have become speedily convalescent, and shortly would have been fully restored to health, and in the way of continuing his life-work for a dozen years or more.

No animal will eat when sick, nor would any man, woman or child, but for the mistaken notion of the medical attendant that his patient can be "nourished" into strength, regardless of appetite, and in the face of the impossibility of digestion and assimilation, unmindful of the plain fact that in the absence of nor-

mal hunger, and the capacity for digesting food, all food is taken solely for putrefaction and blood poisoning. Doubtless Senator Hoar would have been dead, or near death to-day, had he been deprived of all food, save water, for these 58 days; but this pure water diet for, say, from five to ten days, at an early stage of his illness, would have so restored his digestive and assimilative systems, and would have so cleansed his system of waste and effete matter (the real cause of his sickness) that he would have been in a condition to derive nourishment from solid food, instead of being poisoned by it. But the physicians, who should have prescribed the treatment, would not have gained any special reputation for "curing" him, since the illness would have been too mild and brief to excite much attention. As it is, they have been very widely advertised in the best possible manner, and it is being said that the Senator died "in spite of all that the highest medical skill could do."

"The wonderful vitality of Senator George Frisbie Hoar, which has enabled him to withstand all the ravages of a disease which has lasted for months," says the *Globe*, "baffling all medical skill [sic!], and gradually wearing away his splendid constitution, has been a marvel to the entire nation." The time will come when the people, including the medical profession, will marvel that the treatment that prevails to-day could ever have been deemed rational. It is to-day the marvel of physicians who are really skilled in sick-room dietetics.

It is impossible to predict with certainty whether Postmaster-General Payne will recover. The chances are greatly against him; but as this treatment doesn't kill all its victims outright, possibly he may get about again. If the treatment were invariably fatal, it would soon cease to be the vogue.

This morning's story (October 1): "The condition of Postmaster-General Payne continued grave throughout the day yesterday. The greatest cause of alarm was the feebleness of the heart action, and it was found necessary to administer saline solution and nitroglycerine to stimulate that organ. \* \* \* Dr. ———, on leaving at 1 o'clock a. m., said that 'the heart action had improved

somewhat, but that even during sleep it was irregular." To stimulate a heart that *needs rest* is like whipping an exhausted horse. Digitalis, strychnine and nitroglycerine, are, for the tired heart, *resting by slow motion*, what lighted pitch-pine shavings under the animal that had dropped in his tracks from exhaustion would be.

The poor creature might be "stimulated" to action thereby, as the heart is

affected by the ingested poison; but who can doubt that the results will be mischievous if not fatal, in the one case, as we know is true in the other in innumerable instances? Forced-feeding, in such cases, is not nourishing, but in the highest degree depleting; whereas, under the influence of a rational degree of fasting, the organism is cleansed and rested, and put in condition for a general rebound, so to say.

## THE LETTER OF A BROKEN-HEARTED WOMAN

MADE SEXLESS AND ROBBED OF HER HEALTH AND HAPPINESS THROUGH  
THE PRESENT-DAY CUTTING MANIA

ONE of the leading medical journals has published a letter which tells the pitiable, tragical story of a young woman whose heart is broken and whose entire future hangs like a black cloud over her, made desolate and blank by an operation that could have been avoided, yet was caused by a criminal who did a blacker deed than he would had he cut the silken thread of life and so ended the existence of one who is dead, yet living, robbed of an instinct that is God-implanted in every woman.

We hope this letter could reach every physician afflicted with the fashionable craze among the profession of performing operations on women where simpler and safer means, in almost every instance, could effect the same purpose. We hope this letter will burn itself into the heart of every woman who reads it, that she may be saved the torment, the agony that follows a criminal unsexing operation and that she may warn others over whom the knife hangs. We give the letter in full as it appeared in print:

"I am thirty-five years old, and eighteen years ago I had a child which died. Since then I have had womb trouble, and during my periods I had severe pains. I had leucorrhœa, too. The doctor said it was catarrh of the womb. We wanted a child so very much, therefore I had an operation performed. My husband loves children. Since January I have been very languid and lost fifteen pounds in five months. The doctor told me that the

ovary on the right side was diseased, and if I got rid of that I might be able to have several children. Oh, I was so happy then, as was my husband. A friend advised me to go to Omaha and go to the hospital, which I did. It was in July, and I was there five weeks, which cost us three hundred dollars. I felt pretty well while there. I thought that I had an opportunity now to have a child. Then I asked the doctor again what he had done. He said that I had a tumor on my right ovary, and that he also took the left ovary out, it being diseased, too. Since that time my sexual instinct exists no more. I am so very sorry I did not tell him not to take both out. I did not think he would.

"I do not menstruate any more, still leucorrhœa is as profuse as ever. Since then my limbs are swollen and blue; at times I fear they will burst. Hope and courage are gone. I would rather die now. I have a good husband who tells me to be of good courage. I used to be happy and gay; now sad and disheartened. I have no desire to do my own work. I sit and weep. I cannot sleep. I am upset. I am so sorry that I was operated on.

"I am young yet, but wedded life has no charm for me. I used to entertain; now I sit here, hardly a word to say. When I try, each word seems to stick in my throat. My happy wedded life is past. I wish I could die. Please tell me what to do."

# HOW NEW YORK FIREMEN DRILL

PHYSICAL AND MENTAL QUALIFICATIONS THAT RENDER  
CANDIDATES ELIGIBLE

*By Edward Wm. May*

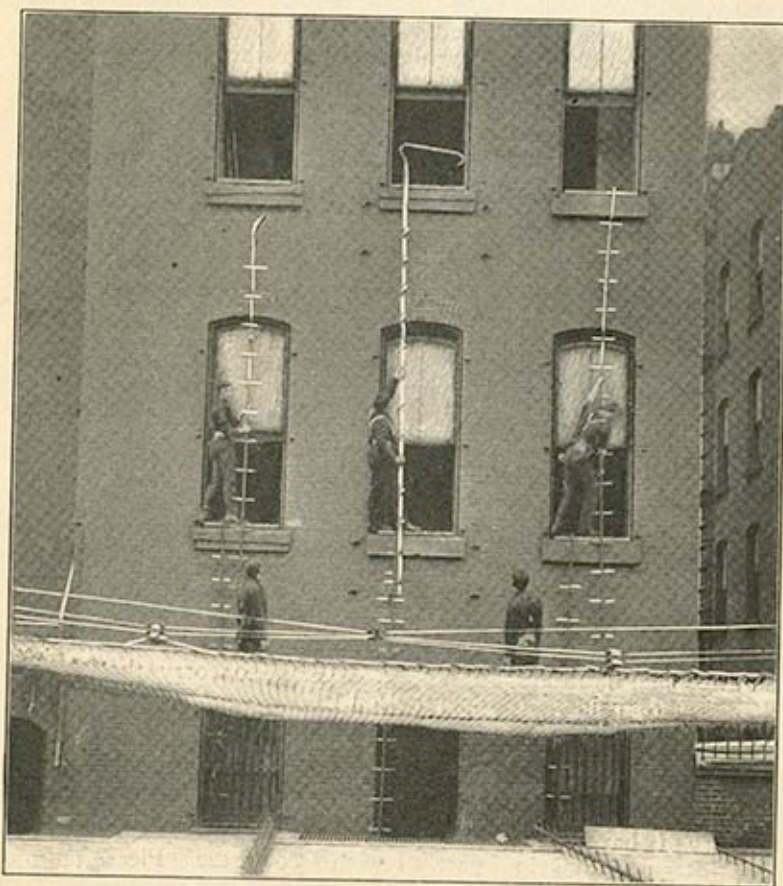
**T**HROUGHOUT the United States there are some fifty thousand paid firemen. About twenty-eight hundred of them are employed in Greater New York. For the purpose of this article the New York savers of lives and homes have been taken as the best criterion. While London, Paris and Berlin have extensive fire departments, very few European methods have been found to be desirable in New York City. At every international convention of firemen New York men have carried off all the honors for daring, strength and adroitness. Even

Captain Shaw, a once-famous chief of the London Fire Brigade, repeatedly referred to the superiority of New York firemen.

From the nature of his calling, the American fireman can be said hardly to understand the meaning of the word "rest." There are day alarms, and there are night alarms. Like a flash the man is out of his bed, dressed and away with the piece of apparatus to which he belongs. Perhaps he goes to face death; almost invariably an alarm brings him to an encounter of the hardest kind of physical labor. Yet, constant as is the man's

work of fire fighting, when he is not engaged at it his time frequently is taken up with acquiring new and practical feats that make him the most proficient fireman in the world.

At intervals the various companies are summoned by the drill-masters to headquarters, there to undergo a close inspection of person, uniform, accoutrement and apparatus. The men are put through their interesting exercises. The inspection and drill, for the most part, are alike in all large cities, but this article is based upon the manœuvres



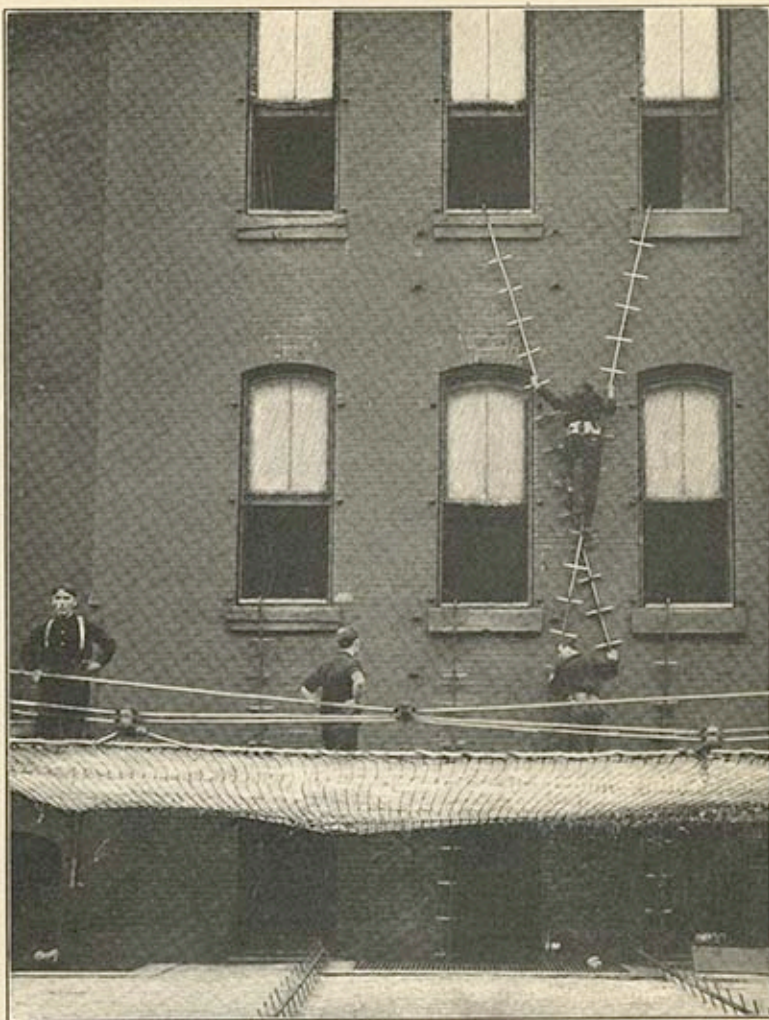
Raising, Turning and Testing Drill with the Pompier or Scaling Ladder

of the New York department. The photographs from which the accompanying illustrations were made were taken by a staff photographer for *PHYSICAL CULTURE* at the drill grounds in the rear of New York's fire headquarters where the men are drilled in all kinds of daring feats that make them capable of fighting the dangerous fires that break out in New York's gigantic "skyscrapers."

The scaling ladders are known as pompiers, and for drill purposes are twenty-two feet long and weigh forty pounds. The pompiers carried by the companies to fires are only sixteen feet long, and consequently they weigh less.

For the scaling drill, the windows of the rear of the hook and ladder house are opened and a detachment of men practices this hazardous scaling. They climb on the scaling ladders from lower to upper window sills. In the use of the scaling ladder the recruits are taught that they must depend upon their hands for their safety in climbing. In this drill self-confidence is most important for the recruit. The most timid man of the class at the beginning of instructions often is graduated as the best.

The pompier is a long, tough but springy wooden staff surmounted by a grappling hook and provided with steps



**Difficult Climbing Drill.** Scaling from One Window to the Other on the Scaling Ladder

or treads at suitable intervals. These treads are fastened to the staff and project on either side so that the fireman climbing or scaling the ladder places one foot on the right of the ladder and the other on the left, in alternation. By this means he maintains his equilibrium and prevents the staff from swaying, keeping it perpendicular. Having grappled an upper inside window-sill with his hook, the fireman ascends hand over hand until he lands on the sill to which his pompier is affixed. This operation is repeated from story to story, one scaler following another until the exigencies of the case have been mastered. Having arrived at

the upper story, one or two men will enter the building through the smashed or previously opened window and at a fire will search for sleeping or feeble persons and thus will rescue them; or if there are no persons on the upper floors the firemen will proceed downstairs and search for other unfortunates. Meanwhile, the last man using a scaling ladder drags up a rope and stands perilously upon a hot sill or lintel waiting to aid in getting human beings out of the burning building and down to a place of safety, as is shown in illustration No. 3.

The pompiers are sometimes handled by one man, who climbs alone from window to window, and sometimes two men perform the operation.

This operation is technically known as "straddling the sills."

The ordinary ladder used in modern fire departments does not reach more than one hundred feet. The buildings already built or under construction in New York City and in other American cities range from two hundred to three hundred feet in height. In the dizzy heights beyond which the regular ladder cannot reach, the scaling ladder alone stands by the fireman, and the knowledge of its use must be of paramount importance. Again, in alleyways where the truck cannot be placed, and its big ladder raised, the scaling ladder can be used to best advantage.

Sometimes a panic-stricken tenant will disregard the rope and ladders that the brave fire-fighters have succeeded in planting against the house, or else he may not be in reach of help; but then there are strong men below trained to watch. When the leaper dashes through the air he lands in a firm net that saves his skull and other bones.

The net drill requires science as well as strength. Stretched out under the rear elevation of drill headquarters, a stout rope net similar to those used in circuses by acrobats and gymnasts, is placed.

The fire net is, however, much larger and stronger. It is spread eight feet above the ground and is reached and left in the manner peculiar

to acrobats—by the edge rope. Dummies are used for this net drill, and by this practical method the men learn to gauge the spot where the object is to strike. Thus, in actual life saving, the net is in the right spot and on time. The recruit is instructed that the net must be held opposite his breast, with the left foot in front, so that when the jar



Coming  
Down  
from the  
Roof.  
Rope  
Drill of  
the New  
York  
Firemen

comes there is no danger of pulling him off his feet.

This cultivation of the intelligent use of strength is the chief requirement of a fireman. Human life frequently depends upon the members of the department. Frail women, feeble children and invalid men often have to be rescued from burning or smouldering buildings, and sheer brute strength will rarely avail. A merely strong man might manage to carry an inanimate person down a flight of stairs



The Net Drill—Practicing the Leap and the Manner of Holding the Fire Net

or down a ladder or iron fire-escape, or he might be able to pull himself up from a lower window to a higher one by sheer strength. If he has been properly trained in the use of the hook and ladder, and if during his drilling he has carried burdens down ladders and other escapes, such as ropes, then he has learned to use his strength with intelligence; to nurse and farm his natural strength and to increase and improve it.

The applicant to the fire department must pass a medical examination showing that he is free from any kind of deformity, from skin disease, from evidences of the use of intoxicants and stimulants. The body must be well proportioned. The aspirant must be of good muscular development; must show careful attention to personal cleanliness, and be free from obesity, offensive breath, catarrh or any troubles of ear, throat or nose. An applicant's teeth must be good. There must be at least two molars in each jaw on each side, and these teeth in good apposition for proper mastication. The jaws must be free from badly broken or decayed teeth, so far destroyed as to render filling or crowning impossible. Missing teeth may be supplied by crown or bridge work; where site of teeth makes this impossible, rubber dentures will be accepted. At least twenty natural teeth must be present.

An applicant having rupture in any form is rejected, as also one who has

any acute and venereal disease and the like.

If possessing varicose veins or a marked tendency to their formation, he is likewise refused.

Arms and legs, hands and feet must be free from affections of the joints, sprains, stiffness, or other conditions, such as flat-foot, ingrowing nails or hammer-toes which would prevent the proper and easy performance of duty.

The measurements required are:

Height, ft. ins.	Weight, lbs.	Expan- sion, ins.	Mobil- ity, ins.
5 6½	136	35	2
5 7	137	35	2
5 7½	138	35½	2
5 8	140	35½	2½
5 9	145	36	2½
5 10	150	36	2½
5 11	155	36½	2½
6 0	160	36½	3
6 1	165	37	3
6 2	170	37	3
6 3	175	37	3
6 4	180	37	3½
6 5	185	37	3½

The applicant must also be free from color-blindness, and be able to read with each eye, separately, standard test types at a distance of twenty feet. Loss of either eye, chronic inflammation of the lids, or permanent abnormalities of either eye cause rejection. Normal hearing with each ear is required. Respiration must be full, easy and regular. Nor can disease of the respiratory organs be present. The action of the heart must be uniform, free and steady, its rhythm regular and the heart free from organic changes.



The Proper Way to Fall

The brain and nervous system also must be free from defects.

At a recent convention of fire chiefs, Mr. McAdam read a long and interesting paper on the desirability of physical culture. He said:

"If I were asked what is the principal benefit to a fire department derived from a drill school I should reply, in keeping out of the service men of little or no courage, who, if they were permitted to join the force, would become a handicap to their comrades at a time when courage alone must save the day. The school also serves as a barrier against men who are ill and men who are otherwise unfitted for the life of a fireman. If a drill school served

no other purpose than the selection of the best material and the weeding out of that which is unfit, I should say it proved its importance. But beyond this selection of the best recruits the school teaches men who have shown their courage and self-confidence how they may save life with the least peril to themselves. In this respect the school enables the young fireman to obtain a knowledge which, prior to its establishment, could be found with the older and more experienced members of the force. This fact is demonstrated every year in this city, when medals for some of the best rescues are awarded to young men who have been in the uniform only a short time."

#### A MEAN HUSBAND

"Hear about Grimsby the druggist?"

"Who? That stingy fellow down at the corner? What about him? Has he stopped asking people to give him back the ends they pinch off cigars?"

"Better'n that. His wife asked him to take her to the seaside."

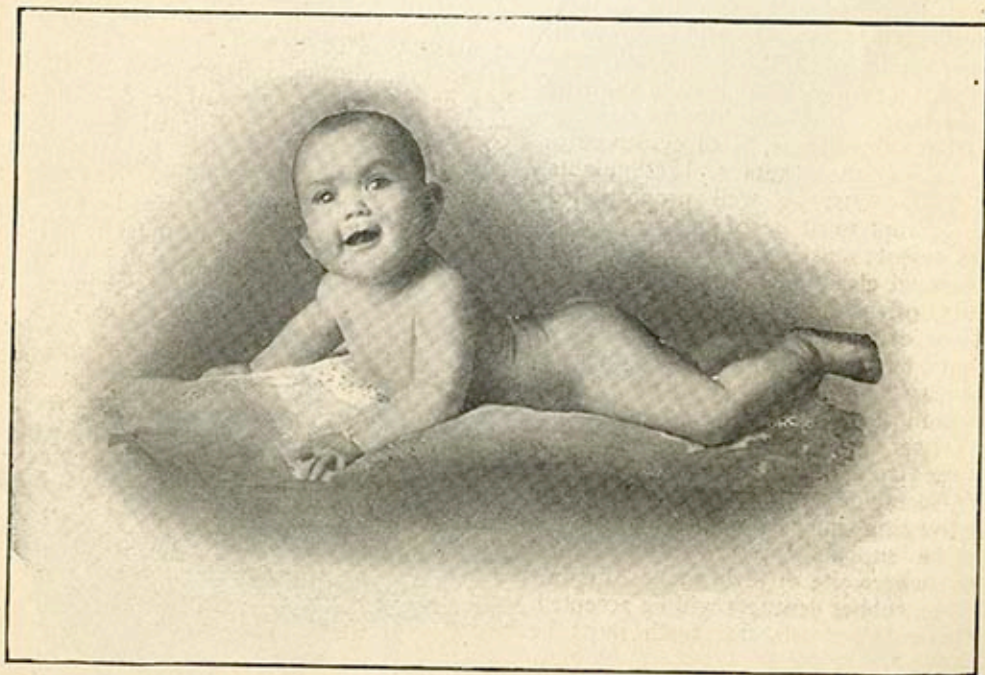
"Did he?"

"Wait. He told her he could not afford the expense, but he would give her something just as good."

"And what did he do?"

"Filled her shoes with sand, took all her money away from her, and blistered her nose with a sun glass."

—Chicago Ledger.



Francis Phillips, Age 8 months, Weight 18 lbs.

A Union, Mo., Physical Culture Representative of the Value of Pre-natal Influences.



# THE GIRL THAT NEEDED PRUNING

By *W. B. M. Ferguson*

FICTION

WHEN the tall, thin man had nearly reached the top of the hill he stopped and gazed admiringly on the scenery.

"What a setting for a story! Maine scenery is hard to beat the world over. One could laze one's life away to the sleepy accompaniment of the murmuring sea. What a stately, moss-covered wall enclosing that old orchard there! Such an orchard! Why, hello! there's some of its produce now. A Peach! A veritable Peach! By all the smiles of the sacred muse, a Peach!"

"Hello!" said the Peach, gravely. "What do you wear flannels for? The tennis courts are shut up for the season, you know. Isn't it a shame? I could play all day. That is, when I'm not on the links, or swimming, or sailing the Holy Ghost. You're a stranger, aren't you? I thought so. You're awfully pale and delicate-looking! How long are you going to stay?" and the Peach pulled a long string of gum from behind two rows of pearly teeth, eyed it approvingly, deftly rolled it into a ball with plump, brown fingers, and deposited it on the cover of a book lying beside her on the wall.

"I suppose it's cruel to treat old Sartor Resartus this way," she confided, frankly, eyeing the outraged masterpiece; "but it's the only use I have for him. He's awfully pokey. All about some old tailor being patched. Aunt makes me read him. She says I'm awfully ignorant. I know I am. Learning and making inside shirts for the heathen are her hobbies. I'm a pond lily at either, but at any of *my* hobbies I can make her, and uncle, too, look like a two-spot in a euchre deck. You don't believe that education is everything, do you? Do you know, I think we're going to be friends. I like your looks. What's your name? Mine's Billy."

The man bore up admirably under this unexpected attack. He walked slowly

over to the orchard wall, with its garrulous Peach, and lifted his hat.

"Aren't you afraid of exhausting the vocabulary of that interrogation department of yours, Miss-er-Miss—"

"I'm Billy," interrupted the girl, firmly. "They christened me Wilhelmina when I wasn't looking. I think it was very mean of them. But Wilhelmina and I don't travel together. She's too rich for my constitution. I'm Billy, remember. You call me that, or we won't be friends."

"Very well, Billy," said the man, with a quizzical smile. "I'm delighted and honored to make your acquaintance. Which of your many questions shall I endeavor to answer first? Shall we condense them? Very well. Let's commence with the somewhat Ollendorfian one: 'Why does the young man wear flannel trousers?' Now, like the miller of history, the correct answer undoubtedly is, for the purpose of keeping his legs warm. Or—"

"For the purpose of hiding his thin shanks from the public eye," interrupted the girl, coldly. "If you're going to be so clever you might as well be truthful at the same time."

The man endeavored to suppress a smile.

"I didn't mean to treat your questions with levity, or in a spirit of raillery," he said, gravely. "But, even if I did, your being rude wouldn't help matters, would it? I know I'm thin, but I'm awfully nice. You cannot imagine how nice. You know the old saw: 'The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.'"

The girl threw back her wealth of tangled hair, and a rich, happy laugh came gurgling from her tanned throat. "You're good; I like you," she acknowledged, frankly. "Come, let's be friends. I didn't mean to be personal. I mean I did mean to be, but I'm sorry, and apologize and all

that, you know. I've so few friends around here. The girls, what there are of them, don't like to play. They sit around like a lot of stuffed cherubs; and the men aren't nice."

The man was scrutinizing the girl's flushed face.

"Billy," he said, abruptly, "do you know you've got the prettiest pair of eyes I've ever seen?"

"Yes," said the girl, calmly. "I've known that for seventeen years now. I'm used to their glory, but they always come as a kind of shock to strangers. However, that's no reason why you should be personal in your observations, is it? I thought you were going to be different from the others."

"You misunderstand me," said the man, quietly. "What I said was said in all sincerity, as if I were commenting on the beauties of a sunset, or on some unusual tint of the sky. Such observation comes instinctively to me. It is part of my existence. If I have transgressed, I have done so unwittingly, and can but apologize, and assure—"

"My, but in the verbosity line can't you put on the agony!" interrupted the girl, admiringly. "You seem to exude words from every pore."

"Well, you see," said the man, with a smile, "word weaving is my business. I am a writer. I have come up here for several months' vacation. Taken that dismantled house on the hill overlooking the bay. The public is very solicitous regarding my health. Why, I even know some of them who insist upon my taking a vacation for life. They say it would be ever so much more beneficial, both for them and for me. Allow me to present my card. Perhaps you may have seen some of the results of my occasional rushes of fiction to the head." The girl took the pasteboard in her brown fingers.

"You're English, aren't you? I thought so. I've heard the name John Loring Desha. Well, Mr. Desha, welcome to the splendors of an autumn in Maine. Yes, I have read some of your efforts, and liked them, too. You're pretty well known, if you do pretend to be a false alarm! But I warn you. Aunt doesn't like your books. Says they aren't the kind of food to supply intellectual bone

and muscle," and the girl eyed him musingly.

"Your aunt is a lady of discernment," laughed the man.

A woman's voice, somewhere down in the orchard, was heard calling:

"Wilhelmina!"

The girl sat calmly on, swinging her heels against the wall. "Oh, you needn't mind," she said, indifferently, in answer to the man's admonitory look. "It's only the housekeeper. I'm never wanted until she calls three times, and ends up with all my names. It's a sort of cumulative summons, ending in a burst of glory. Listen!"

"Wilhelmina!" called the voice. "Wilhelmina Potter Chalmers Crawford Leighton!"

The girl looked sadly down at the man. "Now, wouldn't that rock the risibilities of your gas works? That's the battle slogan for me to rally around the standard of the heathen and sew buttons on their inside thingamagigs. I'm framed up for the day, and just when we were having such a nice conversation, too! Well, so long! I'll be here on the wall same time to-morrow. If you have the time and inclination, advance upon me in great numbers and help me digest the high, oppressive thoughts of Old Castor Oil here." She flung the book far into the orchard, and, with a swish of her skirts, lightly followed.

"Oh, I say, good-bye, don't you know," called the man, taken aback at the hasty exit.

For an instant the tangled head appeared above the wall.

"Make it au revoir," said the laughing face. "It sounds more neighborly—don't you know," and was gone.

"I wonder," soliloquized the man, as he continued up the hill, "if that specimen is indigenous to the soil of Maine. It is certainly unique. An engine of vitality, with the eccentric half blown off. How queer her talk is! But there's excellent material in that girl."

An hour later the man's old housekeeper was serving tea to him in the old-fashioned library. The housekeeper was a privileged person. She and her husband were fixtures in the Desha family. It was their divine right to follow the "master" to hell and back again, if necessary.

He, in his solitude, had grown into the habit of talking to them as if they were other than domestics.

"Betta," he now asked the housekeeper, gravely, "don't you think that hazel eyes are very nice? I mean great big ones, with very long black lashes that curl up at the ends? Ones that are set in a background of tan—"

"It's the first time I've heard, sir, of a colored person having gray eyes," said Betta unbelievably.

"Well, I have, Betta; and golden hair, too. Not exactly golden, you know, but—well, I can't describe it. It's jolly beautiful. I can recommend it to you. Do you think it's harm to kiss a person, Betta?"

"It all depends, Master John," said the non-committal Betta. "There's persons and persons, sir."

"Quite so, Betta," and the man attacked his tea and toast.

The next day the man went down to the orchard wall, and the next, and the next. And each time the girl was on her accustomed perch, with the perennial Carlyle; and each time the man said to himself: "I must stop this ridiculous Romeo and Juliet act. Of course, I merely take a fatherly interest in the girl; I'm nearly twice her age; but still Mrs. Grundy wags a loose tongue in her foolish head." And each time the man went again; and it came to pass that the man was introduced to the girl's family, and he was liked exceedingly by the stately old aunt and uncle; and he liked them exceedingly. And he still continued to go down to the orchard wall.

"And so," began the girl, one morning during one of their encounters, "you really think I'm not such a bad growth, but that I need pruning? What kind of a knife shall I use?"

The man eyed his heels as he kicked them boyishly against the stone wall—he sat now by the girl's side.

"That's the spirit of the text, if not the letter," he said slowly.

"See here, Billy!" he said, suddenly earnest, "aren't there certain mannerisms and aren't there certain words in your vocabulary that you would be as well without? This free and easy life of yours—well, you know your aunt and uncle have tried to wean you from it. I mean,

haven't you some purpose in life? You know—"

"It's too nice a morning to get fussy," said the girl, airily. "Let's whip the meadow-brook stream, or go for a sail, or—"

"No," said the man, determinedly. "I must say what has been on my mind. I have been received into your family as a friend, and I must act like one. Don't you realize that this vegetating is ruining you, unfitting you for anything in the future? Won't you consent to go to school or college? Don't think me pedantic, but aren't there some things you could do without?"

"Yes," said the girl, glibly. "Everything but my twenty-one a week. I must have food for the equatorial regions, if not for thought."

"Please be serious," said the man. "It may look all right now, but when you come to face the future it will be very different. Now, for instance, couldn't you stop chewing that hideous gum?" he added, almost angry. "It's a detestable habit, especially in a girl." The girl deliberately pulled a long string of the offensive article from between her snowy teeth, and held it up tantalizingly before the man's eyes. Then, slowly, and with evident enjoyment, she replaced it in her mouth.

"Have a bite? No? You shouldn't effervesce so, mon ami," she said, reprovingly. "Have you ever sat on any of it? No? Well, then, you shouldn't be so fussy. Aunt was annoyed because one day it got mixed up with some of the heathens' lingerie. It is quite an affectionate commodity. Anything it gets attached to—"

"Oh, very well! Chew away to your heart's content," interrupted the man, savagely. He jumped from the wall.

The girl slowly withdrew the gum from her lips in the old tantalizing way.

"Coming in for the usual lunch?" she asked, her head at an aggravating angle.

"No, thank you," said the man, shortly, and he walked on up the hill.

"Fie!" called the girl, in grieved surprise. "How rude of you to turn your back on a lady. I'm surprised."

But when the man had disappeared the girl took the chewing gum and threw it

far into the orchard. "Get thee behind me, Satan," she said, mockingly; but her eyes were wistful.

The man was preoccupied when he reached the lonely house on the hill. He ate his supper in silence. After a while he arose abruptly, and, much to the housekeeper's surprise, stooped and kissed her deliberately on the lips.

"Why, Lor' bless you, Master John!" she cried, amidst her blushes, "you haven't done that for these thirty years back."

"You're an awfully good old soul, Betta, don't you know," said the man, in evident embarrassment. Then he turned and gazed out of the window. "One must kiss somebody," he said to himself, with a sigh.

The next day the man did not go down to the orchard wall, nor the next, nor the next, nor the next. But each day the girl was there, with the sportive Carlyle. "I wonder why he doesn't come?" said the girl, and she grew subdued.

And up at the house on the hill a man grew subdued. He made several efforts to turn out copy, to keep his hand in, he told himself; but the efforts did him little credit for one of his reputation. A pair of hazel eyes would persist in coming between him and the foolscap. Then he would jump up and go and ask Betta, with much heat, what kind of astigmatism he was suffering from when such a phenomenon occurred. And Betta would shake her old gray head and say: "There's nothing the matter with your eyes, Master John. Perhaps it might be the—the heart, sir."

And the man would say: "Nonsense, Betta! I'm too old for that kind of ailment, don't you know." And he would stamp about, and be very angry.

The result was that one morning, as he was shaving, the man observed to his soap-befuddled face in the mirror: "You're a perfect ass, old chap, don't you know; and the only consolation is that you know it, if that is a consolation. But, anyway, I've decided to go down to the orchard, just to hear how the heathen are getting along. There can surely be no harm in that." Yet he refused to meet the eyes in the mirror opposite.

The girl and Carlyle were on the wall,

as usual. The girl was pale, and Carlyle looked exhausted.

"Hello!" said the girl, gravely. "Where have you been all this time? In your struggles with the muse have you been laid up for alterations and repairs?"

"No," said the man. "I was wrestling with something more invincible. I'm afraid I'm beaten."

The girl carefully traced a pattern with one slim, brown finger over Carlyle.

"I'm going away!" she announced, abruptly.

Something pounded in the breast of the man's serge coat.

"I'm going to a New York boarding school—to be pruned," continued the girl, laconically, her eyes still following her finger. "I've given in to aunt and uncle. I've been thinking over what you said the other day. I realize it's truth. I haven't chewed gum, or used slang since. Ain't I getting a whitewashed angel?" she added, with a half smile.

"Yes," said the man, abstractedly, "I suppose so." He felt vaguely that something had suddenly happened to the day. The sky no longer held such a promise of—what? He could not tell. But something was lacking. He felt vaguely that the glow of superiority that comes with accepted advice was not his.

"And so this, then, is good-bye, Billy?" he asked, at last, with forced lightness. Sentiment was struggling with egoism.

"I suppose so," said the girl. "Perhaps we may meet again—some time. If we do, you will then have no reason to look upon me as a—a—hamfooted-bunched-around-the-middle-cabbage with as much cultivation as an amateur wash-boiler," she finished, in an overwhelming burst of metaphor.

"Billy!" began the man.

"There! there!" interrupted the girl, hastily, jumping from the wall and hurriedly drawing a sleeve across her eyes. "I know all you're going to say. But you know you're a hothouse cultivation, and I'm not. But we needn't get into the mustard—I mean quarrel, over it. This is our last day together. Let's go for a sail. Are you on?"

"Yes," said the man, "I suppose so"

They made their way in silence to the jetty where the girl's collection of boats lay sleeping restlessly on the shimmering

bed of blue. The girl motioned the man to jumb aboard a small, cleanly-built sloop, lightly followed, and cast loose the painter.

"I've christened her the Mary Anne," said the girl, abruptly, as they ran out under a slow west wind. "It sounds more prosaic, and prosaic, I suppose, is a synonym for gentility. I knew you didn't appreciate my calling her the Holy Ghost. I—Look out for your buckshot!" she finished, suddenly.

The man instinctively ducked as the boom swung around. In his unaccustomed agility he tripped over the centerboard, and his flannels were ruined with bilge water.

"You don't know much about a boat," said the girl, gravely.

"No," said the man, as gravely, dabbing with a handkerchief. "I know it has a bow and stern, but there, like it, my knowledge begins and ends."

The Mary Anne heeled sharply over on the port tack, and the man had another narrow escape from making the acquaintance of the boom.

"I never knew that sailing could be so exciting," he observed, with absent good humor, and he wiped more water from his flannels. The wind had veered around now. It was coming from the northeast, chopping the blue-green water into froth. Clouds began to bank up quickly, like the marshaling of some shadow army. The autumn sunlight had grown sick and weakly. There was a queer humming noise through the rigging.

The girl sat immovable, her sleeves rolled high on her tanned arms, her hair streaming down the wind, her gray eyes fixed in a far-away stare on the horizon. The hand on the tiller seemed part of it. The man fully appreciated the glorious picture she made. She was lost in reverie, he in admiration.

The boat flew away before the ever-multiplying wind, the water bubbling hotly in her wake and slopping over the sides. The man was too engrossed to notice that his flannels were soaked again and again. The girl seemed in a trance—abandoned to the elements.

A livid streak shot down the sky, followed by a crackling crash. The girl awoke with a gasp.

"Let go the halyard—quickly!" she called, hoarsely, and her voice was carried away and drowned in the roar of the oncoming wind.

The man staggered to his feet. He glanced hastily about, and turned up his collar, for the rain was coming down now in sheets.

"Here, take the tiller, and keep her head before the wind!" shouted the girl, as she saw that the man hardly knew the sail from the mast. The man came aft, slipped, fell, and was up again. He was swearing softly as he reached her side. For an instant the tiller left the girl's firm grip. In that instant a furious blast of wind struck the Mary Anne. She heeled far over, like a whipped cur. The tiller flung around, like some huge steel spring, then broke short. A livid flash and roar, a swirl of wind, and the mast broke in the middle and went by the board with a splintering crack. The Mary Anne lay heaving in the trough of a high sea like a gull with a crippled wing.

"We're all in!" called the girl, grimly, clinging desperately to the bulwark.

A wave flung over and choked the man's reply.

"We're being carried to sea!" shouted the girl again through the smother of the gale. "In half an hour we'll be past the Point, and then—good-bye!"

The man nodded grimly. His high-bred face was set and white.

"Aren't there life savers at the Point?" he yelled, after a moment's tense silence.

The girl shrugged her dripping shoulders. "They won't see us. It's too dark. Anyway, with this high sea running, and the wind, we'll be past the Point like a shot—if we hold together till then."

A great blast of wind shook the boat, as if in a giant's grasp. Then the girl suddenly clutched the man's arm until he could have cried out.

"We've one chance!" she shouted, hoarsely, her lips close to his ear, her eyes flashing. "We're only about half a mile, or less, off shore, though it's too dark to see. We must swim for it!"

Through the wet on the man's cheek, in the half light, the girl saw the red blood of shame creep. She felt his arm quiver.

"By Jove, I—I can't swim a—a blessed stroke!" he said, grimly.

The girl swallowed something in her throat. Then a great resolve flared suddenly in her eyes.

"I'll go it alone!" she called. "You just hang on by your eyelids. I'll make the shore in time for them to 'phone the Point. The guards will head you off as you come down!"

The man tried to speak, but something choked him. He caught her by the shoulders, but the girl shook him off.

"It's your only chance!" she cried, fiercely. "I don't care for myself. Chop down the rest of the mast. She'll ride easier, and go slower. There's an axe in the cabin."

She kicked off her shoes. "I'm going to undress—some," she called through the wind and rain.

For a second she stood poised on the edge of the tossing gunwale, her short underskirt dripping, clinging against her thighs, the wet glistening on the tan of her throat and arms. Her wealth of hair was rolled in a massive knot. Then, "Good-bye, dear!" she called, and was gone.

The man stared apathetically on the spot where she had struck. Then he sprang forward, straining to catch a glimpse of the flashing brown arm. For a moment he held it, but in a second it was lost in the smothering water. The man turned with a harsh laugh. The wind beat about him furiously as he staggered to the cabin.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured, brokenly. "God, if she'll only pull through for her own sake! It was her only chance!"

He swung the axe savagely on the remainder of the mast, glad of the work to keep his mind busy. He had never swung an axe before, but he made up in fury what he lacked in science. His hands were soon flayed. He never stopped to consider what way he was cutting the mast to fall, nor did he count on the help of the wind. Twice he slipped and hacked himself. Again he went down. As he was rising, a rush of water threw him half way across the deck. Cursing and

spluttering, he fought to rise. Then came a crash, and the man lay quite still, with the broken mast across him. A hungry sea was fighting furiously around him and the waterlogged Mary Anne.

\* \* \*

"Poor little thing," murmured the man, brokenly. He tried to start up, but fell back with a groan. He turned, and then a light dawned in his pain-racked eyes. "Billy!" he said, feebly. "Billy!"

The girl, who was sitting by the bed, started up. Then, to the man's intense surprise, she suddenly burst out crying; she who had faced death without a tremor. The man took her hand in his. He noticed that his own was strangely emaciated. And he felt so pitifully weak.

"You're a—trump, Billy! A—a brick, don't you know," he murmured, feebly. "Something hit me a jolly good thump, and I don't remember your saving me. I—I'll never forget to-day's—"

The girl had put a small, firm hand over his mouth. "The doctor says you're not to talk. And Betta would kill me, if she knew. She came over to our house to nurse you when they brought you here. She's lying down now. Do you know that you've been nearly dead for two weeks? This is the first time you have spoken—rationally. You have had brain fever."

The man considered. At last the old smile came. "Good!" he said. "I was always afraid I had no place to have it."

There was silence. The man was hungrily searching the girl's face. He had not released her hand. Her fingers were nervously picking at the bedspread. At last the man spoke.

"Billy," he began, hesitatingly, "you remember how I used to—no, let me speak—how I used to, as you termed it, prune you? Do you remember? How I used to be an egotistical ass? How I thought you needed the pruning knife, when all the time it was I who needed it? And oh, so badly, too. I love you, Billy. I'm not worthy of you. Not a little bit, but—but—"

But the girl had stooped over and stopped his lips with her own.

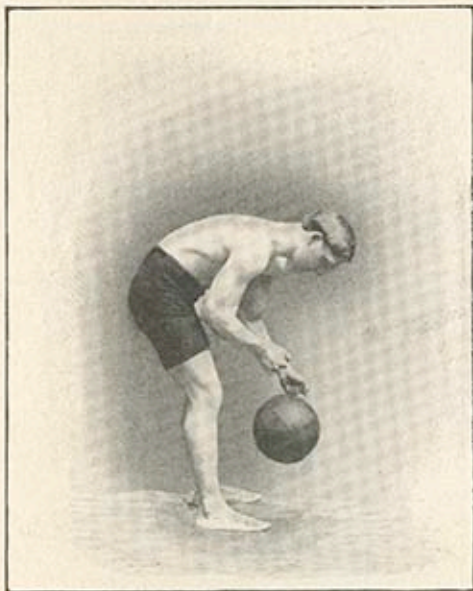


## BAG PUNCHING WITH AN UNATTACHED BAG

A MOST INTERESTING AND BENEFICIAL MEANS OF EXERCISE CAN BE SECURED BY PUNCHING AN UNATTACHED BAG AGAINST THE FLOOR, SIDE WALL OR CEILING

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

**B**AG punching has always been an attractive exercise for me. It is interesting and beneficial, teaches one to be quick and alert, and requires the greatest possible activity of the arms.



**EXERCISE No. 1.** Showing method of punching bag against floor, using fists. This can be practiced first by using each hand alternately and then by using one hand alone for a short period, using both left and right hand in this way.

It expands the chest, strengthens and develops the shoulders and arms, and is, from every viewpoint, a very commendable exercise.

Because of my fondness for this exercise, I was attracted by an idea that I think will interest every one of my readers.

Why should a punching bag be attached to anything? Why could not a plain round ball be used for the purpose? The idea appealed to me, and I secured a round leather ball, making use of the

usual rubber bladder inside to inflate the ball.

After securing this simple piece of apparatus the interesting part of the experiment began. I found that it was far easier to punch the ball on the floor, which exercise is not unlike the bouncing of a small rubber ball, which the children often practice, than on the side wall, though I must admit that I have not as yet acquired sufficient proficiency to be able to

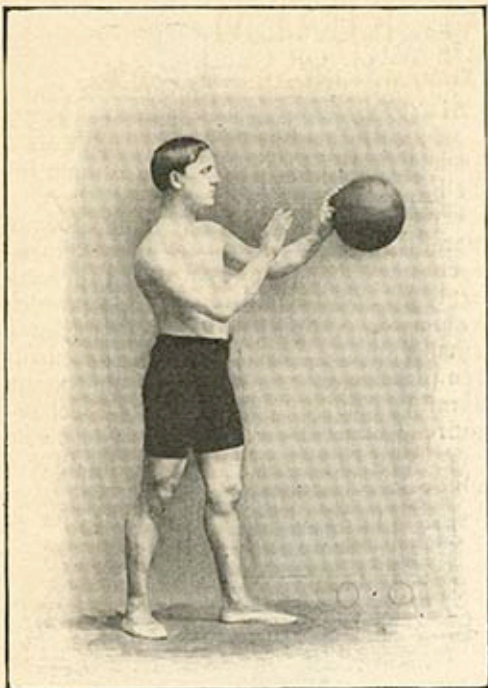


**EXERCISE No. 2.** Punching the bag against the ceiling, using the open hand. After some practice one will be able to use the fists in this movement. Especially good for expanding the chest and developing the shoulders.

punch it for a long period either against the wall, floor or ceiling. I experimented with it long enough, however, to convince me that it was a very beneficial and

and makes them far more valuable than any sport in which the limit of perfection is easily reached.

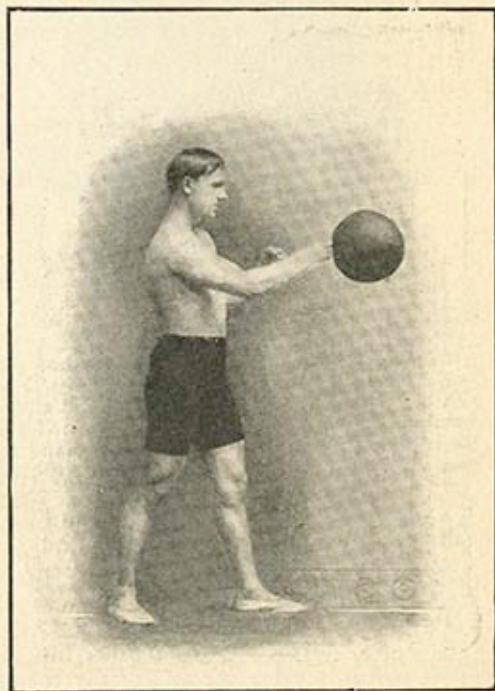
If you use a leather-covered ball, the exercise should be taken in a room where there is no light bric-a-brac to be destroyed, though a light rubber ball can be secured which would not harm anything. It is often very difficult to hit the ball just as squarely as you wish, and all punches on the side will send it off at a tangent to various unexpected parts of the room, offering to the beginner a continuous variety of surprises with which he will be entirely unprepared to cope. The exercise, however, is of the very best kind for giving one perfect control of himself, and for developing that readiness to act instantly and accurately which may on some occasions prove to be of great value. With practice one will find that he can get fairly good control of the ball, and soon may feel that he is prepared to take up the practice of juggling in general.



**EXERCISE No. 3.** Striking bag against side wall, using open hand.

interesting means of exercise. You will have to move around in every conceivable direction, as the difficulty in keeping the ball in one place is very great when first attempting the exercise. In the beginning the exercise will be found far easier if you use the open hand instead of the fist.

One will find this game practically unconquerable, in a way. That is to say, one will never be able to do it so well that it will not be possible for him to do it still better. No matter how well he may be able to keep the ball going, there will always be possibilities beyond that point. He will never have occasion to lose interest because of the idea that he can do it as well as is possible, and that he therefore has nothing left to practice for. This same consideration, fortunately, applies to a number of other games,



**EXERCISE No. 4.** Punching bag against side wall with fists.



## THE MENTAL REALM

MENTAL SUNSHINE, HOPE, OPTIMISM, KINDNESS MENTAL  
POWER AND SUCCESS

### *Don't Be a Pessimist!*

Don't be a discourager! Don't try to make things blacker than they are. Don't be a dragnet on human effort. Reforming things is considerably hard. Fighting for better conditions on this little sphere means sweat on the brow. Don't discourage! If you cannot be an optimist, if you cannot send out a bugle note to revive the hearts of those at the front, if you have not backbone enough to push your way into the fight for making purer men and women, then don't throw a damper on those who are rolling up their sleeves and working for human progress and the higher life.

### *Dwarfed Mental Cells*

Look out for the man who tries to discourage everything and everybody! Not because he fears progressiveness, but because of a malicious satisfaction he gets from so doing. You will generally find this type of discourager in the ranks of those whose brain cells have been dwarfed by tobacco-smoking or alcohol-tipping. His higher nature has not been allowed to develop. The malicious and the mean rule over the good and true. His mental vision is distorted. Look out for this kind of a pessimist. He is a mental pervert. He is one of life's failures. The man with these vices becomes a mental and moral weakling. He stands in his own shadow. He cannot see anything that is pure and uplifting in life. He has a sneer for anything that is good.

This sort of pessimist would let the world drift any old way because he himself has lost his moral and mental soundings. Everything is going to the dogs because he, himself, is going that way. Because he has dirtied himself everything else is dirty. This kind of man needs mental cleaning. He needs mental hygiene. His mind needs a bath. It needs

drainage. Everything and everybody is a fake because he himself has lost possession of his moral guidance. Tell me what you think, and I will tell you what you are! Vices cannot be stamped out because he himself is part of the body of pus matter, and he stands so deep in social mud that he sees no clean land around him. Don't befog your mental vision! Don't dwarf the higher cerebral nerves of your nature by becoming a cigarette or whisky weakling. Be clean in your habits! You will never become a pessimist! You will have strong, purposeful moral principles in your life, and you will see the sunny, successful side of this intensely pleasant place.

### *Starved Mental Cells*

Cold water pourers! We have thousands of cold water pourers all over the country. They mean well, but they are sick mentally. They belong to a different kind of pessimists from the one just described. Their mental cells have not been dwarfed, but *starved!* They suffer from brain malnutrition. This type of discourager goes up and down the land holding up his hands in despair. He is found all over—in the home, in politics, and even in religion. Christianity is losing ground, politics are corrupt beyond reforming, and soon the country will crash in some kind of social revolution. He belongs to the great army of cold water pourers, to those who are ready to pour cold water down the spine of the cheeriest, most sanguine man that God ever created. This water brigade pours cold water down the back of anyone who launches a new idea or who gets out of the rut of conventional habit or thought.

Physical culturists meet them at every turn, in the home, and among friends. They send a chill down the back of every man who shows the least hopeful aspect

for better conditions. These discouragers are physical, mental and moral weaklings. They do not possess enthusiasm because they do not possess health. Their brain cells are starved. Don't be a cold water pourer! Be healthy and strong in your body and your mental cells will be fed and nourished.

\* \* \*

Pessimism petrifies every laudable hope, ambition, moral conviction and aspiration that wells up from the hearts of man, woman and child.

\* \* \*

The pessimist is a grave-digger! Humanity has not moved one inch through help of him, and frequently has had to stand still or move backward because of him!

\* \* \*

"If you kick and howl every time things seem to go wrong you shut off the only means by which they can be righted. You will have to have the lesson repeated."

\* \* \*

"When you really learn to look for the lesson in the midst of difficulties and seeming wrongs, you will see a path gradually clearing before you, and know that all things are working together for your ultimate good."

#### *Pessimism Cured*

Pessimism can be cured. The dwarfed cells can be developed and the starved cells can be fed. When you remove the vice that stunts your body you remove the vice that stunts your brain. When you set right the liver that eliminates impurities and allows perfect nutrition to go on within the body, you cause the same conditions within the brain. Temporary "blues" are frequently caused by imperfect elimination, which in turn is caused by over-eating and under-drinking.

#### *Changing Mental Attitude*

Hang these words on your bedpost, or tack them into your brain:

I am going to become an optimist!!

From now on I am going to change my entire life, and my entire style of thinking!

I will endeavor hereafter to be generous in my views toward others. Broad-minded, large-spirited and kind, thinking well of everybody, mean of nobody, and overlooking the little faults, believing that there are other qualities in the man that overwhelm the deficiency.

"There is so much bad in the best of us and so much good in the worst of us, that it behooves each one of us to be charitable to the rest of us."

I shall see the bright side of everything!

I shall talk like an optimist, laugh like an optimist, and move about like an optimist, conscious of the fact that I shall radiate sunshine and make everyone around me happier.

I shall take a broad view of everything, for I believe humanity, at rock bottom, is good and sound; that God did not create this vast and wonderful fabric to allow it to be destroyed; that all things are working toward an ultimate good end, and I am going to lend my efforts, no matter how small and unnoticed, to hasten this plan of creation.

I will let go of all old petty jealousies, gloomy forebodings, degrading habits, worry and unbelief, and allow the full sunshine of an optimistic life to fill my mind and heart.

#### *Mr. Dooley's Optimism*

Mr. Dooley to Mr. Hennessy:

"Whin I r-read in a sermon that th' wur'ruld is goin' to pot, that th' foundation iv government is threatened, that th' whole fabric iv civilized s'ciety is in danger, that humanity is on th' down grade, an' morality is blinkin', that men ar're becomin' dhrunkards, an' women gamblers, an' that th' future iv th' race is destruction, I can always console meself with wan thought."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It isn't so," said Mr. Dooley.

### WE WANT TO HEAR FROM THOSE BENEFITED BY OUR METHODS

We would like to hear from those who have been greatly benefited by our methods, and especially from those who have cured serious or chronic diseases. We may not be

able to write up your case fully, but if possible we will find room to make mention of it somewhere in the magazine. We desire to keep a record of all such cases.

# A WEIGHTY MATTER

By Maravene Kennedy

FICTION

(Concluded)

ELEANOR REDMOND lay among the cushions on the wide settee in her bedroom and listened to the hum of voices coming from the sitting-room below. The voices were those of the neighbors paying their last call before her departure for Lakewood, the place selected for her recovery.

She distinguished Mrs. Howard's voice and Miss King's, and old Mrs. Carey's. They were talking about her, she knew. Rippleton was not versatile in its condolences; she knew just what they were saying—that it was a blessing she had no child to leave poor Walter; that her mother ought to be thankful she had kept Eleanor this long—she was always so frail; that Walter was to be pitied most—for a man to bury his bride of a year, just after building a new house, too, was pretty wearing like on a young fellow just starting in business.

It was hard for Walter. Eleanor sighed deeply, and hugged with delicious ecstasy the pillows and her unctuous thoughts again. He would miss her after she was gone. He would forget then—how—how skinny she had been. Folks think only well of the dead, and Walter would remember only her virtues. The anticipation of his grief and loneliness caused a deep soul-racking joy in her aching heart. She could not get fat, but she *could* die. Walter's love would be hers again. And Rippleton could pity him because of *her* death, and console with him over *her* loss.

Even now they were sympathizing with him. Slowly Eleanor rose to her feet. With unsteady gait she moved down the long stairway to the little cosey corner in the hall. She wanted to feast her ears over her visitors' lamentations—wanted to feel their sympathy for Walter's bereavement.

"Well, I wa'n't a bit surprised," sounded Mrs. Carey's comfortable voice, the

chair squeaking under her methodical rock. "I said all along that Walter Redmond was a fool to marry a pindlin' woman like Eleanor. 'Tain't natural for a girl to be as skinny as she is without some good cause for 't. I remember once't at a party when Eleanor was only ten year old, that I said then she'd never live to be twenty-five. Her little arms and legs was that bony it made me feel sort o' bad jest to see 'em move. I don't see how she ever had the cheek to marry."

"A young fellow in love don't think enough of such things," responded Mrs. Howard, with her chuckling laugh. "It's after the first edge of the honeymoon's off that he begins to see things like bone and flat chests. My! how Mr. Howard did go on when I once lost a few pounds. An' I was then weighing lots more'n I did afore I was married. I was never skinny, though; I weighed 135 pounds on my weddin' day, an' I'm a good head shorter'n Eleanor."

"Well, Walter has been a good husband to her, an' he ain't the kind to let on if he was disappointed. I'll wager he don't get taken in again, though," commented Mrs. Carey, placidly. "Him and Grace Gregory'd make a fine couple. She's not nervous and high strung like Eleanor, an' she has the prettiest figure of any girl in this town. Mr. Carey said last night, at supper, that she was just his style of a girl—a good armful, and not squabby, either. They live right next to Walter's new store, an' he'll see her every day without any connivin'. He was pretty much smitten on her afore he met Eleanor. Eleanor's pretty face blinded him to her skinniness, I guess."

"He loves Eleanor," said Miss King, with decided asperity. She felt personally injured by this conversation, not weighing up to the standard for beauty herself. "I don't believe a man's the coarse creature you'd make him out. An'

Eleanor's a wonderfully smart girl; there ain't her beat for cleverness in Rippleton. She can entertain more people an' better'n anyone I ever knew. An' you know how she can make the piano talk, an' what a sweet voice she has. I've watched Walter's face before now when she was singin', an' if ever a man worships a woman he does her. He may marry Grace Gregory, an' he may be thankful she ain't all bones, but he won't ever love her like he does Eleanor. There's somethin' about Eleanor that makes it good to be near her. That artist that was here two years ago said she was the most magnetic woman he had ever seen. An' you know how popular she is—Rippleton will miss her mightily, I can tell you! An' it's a shame to talk about Walter's marryin' again, before she's dead, an' in her own house, too."

The last words vibrated on an embarrassed silence. The accusation impinged not only on the good manners but the common decency of the two matrons. To talk so disparagingly of Eleanor when she had one foot in the grave, as it were, was a serious offense. Mrs. Carey recovered herself first.

"Tain't like we wa'n't Eleanor's friends," she said, complacently. "Nor that our talk'll go any farther. There ain't no one fonder of Eleanor than I am. It'll be a sad day for us all when they bring her back—that way. There's Mrs. Van Greve comin' back, poor soul!"

Eleanor stood panting in her own room again, as her mother came into the house. She heard the renewed buzz of voices, then closed her door and tottered to the bed.

To kill a dream is a sickening thing—it moans so loud and long, and dies so hard. Like a crushed, broken flower, Eleanor lay motionless through two dreadful hours. She gave an anguished cry as the echo of the departing visitors floated up the stairs. Her breath came weakly—it was so hard to breathe with the terrible clutching weight on her breast.

Redmond's face went white when he came into her room and saw the drawn, deathly features. He kissed the bloodless lips with passionate tenderness.

"What *have* you been doing?" he cried, sternly. "My God, dear, why will you

not realize how little strength you have? You've been talking to those women. And you promised me to stay in your room and see no one all day. You'll be in no condition for your trip to-morrow."

She opened her eyes, without speaking, and gazed with anguished intensity into his worried, loving countenance. She closed them again, with a gasping little laugh. As he once more covered her mouth with warm kisses the tense muscles relaxed, and a smile, pitifully hopeful, touched the pale lips.

"I'm not going away," she uttered, weakly, with a deathless determination in her great eyes.

"Not going!" Redmond stopped to look at her again. Was she out of her head? With a little sob of understanding she drew his face to hers. "I must stay," she whispered. "I *will* stay. You won't make me go unless you—you—don't love me!"

Redmond pleaded and argued, and it was a full hour before he could see how futile were his words. Eleanor refused to go, and the doctor said she must go; she assured him she would die if she did, and the doctor had prophesied she would die if she did not; she called upon her husband's love to allow her to stay, and it was that very love that made her going imperative.

"Very well," consented Redmond, at length, with forced resignation, "I give in temporarily. If you're not better very soon I shall take you away by sheer strength. Don't forget, dear, that you're my treasure trove. When you injure yourself you injure me trebly so."

Eleanor's smile was beautiful to see—radiant, grateful, heavenly in its brightness. She slipped her slender hand in his warm grasp and closed her eyes in pure joy. Her tired head sank to the pillow in an abandoned rest. The dusk fell, and still Walter sat beside her, her soft eyes caressing his loving face in a delicious silence.

"What color is Grace Gregory's eyes, Walter?" she asked, suddenly. "Blue or hazel? I've been wondering, and—it worries me."

"Eh—what?" voiced Redmond. "What color—er—" He laughed apologetically.

cally. Really, dear, I—I don't know. She's dark complected, isn't she?"

Eleanor's smile was seraphic.

"She's a blonde," she said, softly. "Her eyes must be blue. And she's about my height, isn't she?"

"Um-m! Well—" Walter's laugh was not contrite. "I haven't noticed. She was in the store yesterday—I waited on her, too. Funny how blind folks are unless their attention is called to a thing."

Eleanor was down stairs next day. The day following she spent in the city. Redmond was struck dumb when he came in at noon and found out where she had gone. When at supper she had not returned, he grew frightened. He had just put on his hat to go to the depot when she came walking in, her arms full of bundles, and her tired face aglow with excitement. She did not show her husband her purchases, neither was she communicative about her day's outing. But Redmond was too joyous over the better health evidenced to notice anything else.

Her subsequent actions excited his curiosity a little, but he only smiled in his big, good-natured way, and made no comments. So long as she was well he did not care if she did go without breakfast and sleep with the cold night air blowing gayly over her pillowless head, nor that she shoved meat to one side with a disdainful little smile, and lived on nuts, fruits and cereals.

He objected a little to her long, strenuous walks—five miles of tramping each day striking him as too much of a good thing, and he came down pretty heavily when he discovered her eating *raw* wheat and stuff of that ilk.

"For heaven's sake don't hurt yourself with freak notions. If you'd stop this tommy-rot way of eating you'd get fat, I do believe. I never saw anything like the way you've picked up strength. Chuck all this nonsense. My God! Yes. Give yourself a chance, now that you're going along so swimmingly."

Eleanor laughed, and said not a word. But she kissed him repeatedly, and was so loving and affectionate that Redmond was silenced. He rather liked being managed this way.

Rippleton was not so easily cajoled by Eleanor's charmingly evasive answers to its questions. It took it some time to

recover from its surprise and disappointment over Eleanor's recovery. And it wanted to be taken into her confidence in the matter. After being robbed of the luxury of grieving over her untimely demise it felt some compensation was due it.

Rippleton felt that she had trifled with its emotions. To get all ready to die, then to face about in such a startlingly theatrical manner, was decidedly disconcerting. And on the top of living—after doctor and friends had done their best to speed her heavenward—it was really presumptuous in her to get *fat*. That was the crowning offense—the last straw.

Mrs. Carey looked sentence and judgment as she sat opposite Eleanor in the same rocker that squeaked under the same weight it had a year before.

"You was dyin' this time last fall," she uttered in aggrieved tones. "Actually dyin' one day an' off to the city the next—for somethin' or other. You got well too sudden to be natural, I'm thinkin'. I hope you didn't fool with none of them hypnotists. Your flesh don't look good to me—you're not eatin' arsenic or morphine, are you? I used to feel bad to see you so dreadful skinny, but I ain't sure it wa'n't the best thing for you. It was hard on Walter to have such a skinny wife, but it'd be harder to have you develop some disease from what you've done. For you're doin' somethin', I know."

"I am," said Eleanor, with a triumphant smile. "And if you'll come here Wednesday evening I'll tell you all about it. I'll invite in some other friends, and we'll have a sort of jubilee. You're all so happy over my recovery, you know."

The crowd of twenty women that gathered in the Redmond parlors four days later was a curious and critical one. It knew Eleanor of old, and had had some acquaintance with a certain droll humor which she possessed to a degree not appreciated by Rippleton.

The women arranged themselves stiffly in the prepared circle of chairs. They had attended a variety of parties, but this was by all odds the strangest cause for a gathering that Rippleton had ever known. Mrs. Carey, Mrs. Howard and Miss King were there early.

There was no other man than Red-

mond, who was considerably worried over the whole affair. Eleanor's suppressed mirth and wildly hilarious joy during the preceding days were not conducive to a belief in her words that she was not going to play a joke on Rippleton. A young man just settled in business does not exactly desire to antagonize twenty of the town's most influential citizens.

But on the evening of the gathering he seated the guests where Eleanor had directed, and waited with outward calm for her appearance. As her step was heard coming down the stairs every eye was turned to the doorway.

The eyes bulged out like marbles when a bare-armed, short-skirted, gyrating figure swirled to the center of the room. The arms went up over the head, and the head back—back—back on a line with the hips, and forward till the hands lay on the floor. Then sidewise and upwise, crosswise and lengthwise, biaswise, and every other wise, went the firm, shapely arms and legs. Suddenly the floor supported the full reclining figure; and body, legs and arms did other things in yet other ways.

The guests were breathless before this exhibition of—what? That was the question each woman present was cogitating. Redmond was the only one present who understood that a truly scientific demonstration of body culture was in progress. He knew, then, in what manner Eleanor had spent her morning hours—a puzzling question before. And he knew the labor and perseverance required to build up that meagerly-covered frame to its present firm plumpness. As she rose, smiling and jubilant, he caught her in his arms and kissed her warmly on her full, red lips.

"You're a brick!" he said, enthusiastically, unheeding the staring onlookers. For a blissful moment Eleanor's eyes spoke to his; then she turned with a proud smile to her audience.

"Walter didn't know till now, either," she said, simply. "I was very unhappy over my scrawniness, and I just worried myself sick. When I was told that I was a dying woman I believed it, and proceeded to help the cause along. But I happened to overhear a conversation wherein my neighbors calmly handed

over my husband to another woman before I was dead and done with. I wouldn't stand for that for one minute. I made up my mind that I was going not only to get well, but to grow strong and shapely.

"I had heard of physical culture before, and was told of its value in building up the body, but, like thousands of others who are slow in giving a trial to any new idea, I did not pay any attention to it at the time. It was up to me, though, to do something, and I decided to try that. I went to the city and got certain books on physical culture, telling me how to make my body strong and beautiful, my mind sane, and my soul clean and sweet. I found it awfully hard at first—I got tired and discouraged—it was so long before I *saw* any improvement. But I felt better right along, and I kept pegging away. As I say, *it was up to me!*"

"I enjoy it hugely now. For the first time in my life I know what the possession of a sound body means. It's simply beautiful to feel health within you. I never knew what life held for a human being before. And I don't believe many of you do. Simply being fat or able to be out of bed doesn't mean health. Perfect health means harmony of all the organs of your body, harmony with your neighbors and with your God. It means that you inhale and exhale constant gladness, that you *feel* the righteous blood tingling through your veins, that you're glad, glad, *glad* you're alive! If you don't feel this way you're not as God intended you to be, and"—she smiled appealingly—"I do wish you would let me influence you to do as I have done.

"That's the reason I had you come here to-night. You all know how delicate and—and *skinny*—I always was. I wanted you to see for yourself what physical culture could do. I've gained twenty-five pounds in weight, ten thousand pounds in strength, one hundred thousand in good feelings, and—and Walter's a heap more in love with me than he was—which is the best of all. He'll say not, but — *I know!*"

All eyes turned on Redmond. He laughed in some embarrassment, but his courage was equal to the occasion.

"If I am, it's only natural," he said, frankly. "She's so joyous and jolly these

days. And I think she's proved that she's worth all a fellow's love, all right. I feel like giving her a cheer, don't you? 'Rah! rah! rah! Nell! Nell! Strong and well! How's that?'

"That" was evidently all right, judging by the applause that followed. Then the women crowded around Eleanor. For an hour she was turned and twisted, felt of, and questioned. It was a great day for physical culture. Every one of the twenty women went home with a physical culture book or magazine and—intentions.

Eleanor dropped on Walter's knee as the door closed on the last guest, and smiled with the content of a satisfied conscience.

Redmond cuddled her head on his shoulder before he said:

"I overheard Mrs. Carey tell Mrs. Howard that you gave this affair to-night just to show your legs."

Eleanor raised her head indignantly; then dropped it and laughed.

"She's a horrid old woman," she whispered, "but—but I don't think she's altogether wrong. I'm awful proud of those legs."

Redmond gazed admiringly at the shapely pair outstretched before his eyes, and said—but that does not need to be told. Every man knows what he said, and every woman knows what he ought to have said.

[THE END.]

## LIBERAL PRIZE OFFERS TO OUR READERS

### PRIZES FOR ADVANCING PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK.

As a special inducement to those interested in making converts to the physical culture methods of living we offer twenty prizes:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.  
Second Prize.—\$10.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Third Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Fourth Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.—\$2.00 value in Subscriptions or Books.  
Ten Consolation Prizes, from Eleventh to Twentieth, inclusive.—\$1.00 in value in Subscriptions or Books.

This Prize Contest will close January 1, 1905. It is open to all our readers except agents engaged in the work for financial reward. Begin at once to make converts in this cause. If you wish any circulars or sample copies to distribute, write to us and we will supply them. Before the date the contest closes write us and state in detail just what you have accomplished to advance this work. Of course, subscriptions received and books sold will naturally count, but what is of still more importance is the number of persons whom you have converted to this rational method of living, and whom you may have cured of serious diseases through following your suggestions. All letters referring to this department should be addressed Department No. 1, though we have no further information to give you than that which we have stated herein.

### PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LARGEST FAMILY.

We desire to know who has the largest family in America. The photograph should include mother, father and children. It may also include grandchildren or grandparents, but these will not figure in the contest. Prizes are given for actual photograph of the largest number of children from one father and one mother:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.  
Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Ten Consolation Prizes, Fourth to Thirteenth, inclusive, \$1.00 value in Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the family, with special reference to their general health. In case photographs are submitted with the same number

of children, prizes will be awarded on general physical condition. This contest closes January 1. We reserve the right to use all photographs presented, and where photographs are used for which prizes are not awarded we will pay one dollar each for them. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Large Family" Department.

### PRIZES FOR THE BEST FORMED PHYSICAL CULTURE BABY.

This contest is open to all readers of the magazine and to all who believe in the application of physical culture methods in the training of their children.

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.  
Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.  
Ten Consolation Prizes.—\$1.00 each in value, Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the child. Photograph must be taken in a standing position to show the figure of the child. If two photographs are taken, side and front views are preferred. Weight, height and age of the child should be given. We reserve the right to use all photographs contestants send to us, whether they win a prize or not. This contest closes January 1. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Baby" Department.

### PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES.

We are especially desirous of securing more short stories. Beginning with the January issue, and continuing for three months, we offer two prizes each month, one of \$20.00 and another of \$10.00, these two prizes to be paid in addition to the regular amount paid for space rate. Stories submitted for this contest should not be more than 1,200 words in length, and not less than 500. We want stories that in handling and plot are outside the beaten tracks of fiction stories. They must be clean and wholesome, and full of incident, snap and action. While writers may choose their own themes, we prefer stories that are uplifting or clever and fascinating and in the handling of which the morbid and unpleasant are avoided. Longer stories are also invited, and will be paid for at space rates if used.

## IS ALCOHOL A STIMULANT OR A NARCOTIC?

*By E. Oliver Duerr*

**M**OST people believe that alcohol in small doses is a stimulant, and many medical men prescribe it on this theory. What is a stimulant? It may be defined as something that makes the entire body, or one or more organs, do better work for the time being, or produces a transient increase of vital energy. Alcohol, however, always exercises a paralyzing action, even in small doses; all the apparently stimulating properties of alcohol can be explained as due to paralysis. Its power to relieve mental pain and suffering is also due to its paralyzing action, and to the same cause may be attributed the useless gestures of an intoxicated person, the retarding or controlling influence present in the sober individual being removed.

Another effect of the paralytic power of alcohol is observed in the removal of the power to criticise one's self, and the result is often a display of wit of a low standard. Another paralytic symptom is the erroneous belief that alcohol gives new life and energy after fatigue has set in. It does nothing but stifle the sense of fatigue, which is equivalent to forcibly closing the natural safety valve of the body. The belief that alcohol gives strength to the weary is a dangerous one.

The most convincing testimony in this connection, however, is not based on purely scientific deductions and experiments, but on the thousands of experiments on large bodies of men which have been made, leading to the result that in peace and war, in every climate, in heat, cold, and rain, soldiers are better able to endure the most exhausting marches when they are not allowed any alcohol whatever.

It may be argued that the heat produced by the oxidation or combustion of alcohol in the body may be useful in the economy by saving the using up of the other foodstuffs. This cannot be allowed, for whilst on the one hand alcohol increases the production of heat, on the other it increases the loss of heat. This

is due to the dilation of the blood vessels, especially those near the skin, resulting in a reduction in the temperature of the body, which has been proved, by actual experiment, to take place. It is a common error to suppose that alcohol produces a real warming effect in cold weather. This feeling of warmth produced depends, firstly, on the partial paralysis of the vasomotor nervous system, causing an increase in the supply of blood to the surface of the body, with consequent increased loss of heat; and, secondly, in all probability, to the blunting of the central organs concerned in the sensation of cold. This latter renders a person unable to tell when dangerously chilled, and therefore unaware of the necessity of keeping warm by exercise, by artificial warmth, or by additional clothing.

Alcohol also diminishes the feeling of tedium. This feeling is, however, like that of fatigue, one of the means of self-regulation which the body possesses. It is this feeling of tedium of which the lazy man fails to rid himself except by the use of alcohol or some other narcotic. Such a man is never conscious of his own emptiness. He desires no ideas or interests; he is quite comfortable with his glass of alcoholic liquor and his tobacco. Can anything be so dangerous to the development of what is best in a man as the continual deadening by narcotics of the sense of tedium? It is commonly thought that alcoholic drinks act as aids to digestion; observations, carried out by means of the stomach pump and in other ways, indicate that the contrary is the case. It is well known that alcohol tends to increase the deposit of fat, but how this process is carried on is not definitely known. It is thought possible, however, that alcohol promotes the formation of fat in a similar manner to that of other poisons, such as phosphorus, antimony and arsenic.

In the opinion of many medical men the use of alcohol is indispensable as a medicine; but as a means of curing disease it cannot have any direct beneficial influence whatever, but rather the reverse.



Its principal value appears to lie in the fact that it is a mild anæsthetic, and this again is due to its paralyzing influence, rendering it purely a sedative and not a stimulant.

Numerous experiments have been carried out by different observers to give a scientific and convincing answer to the question—Is alcohol in small doses a stimulant or a narcotic? Dr. Ridge, physician to the London Temperance Hospital, tested (1) the sense of touch or feeling; (2) the sense of weight, or the muscular sense; (3) the sense of sight or vision. The tests were carried out on the same individual both before and after a small dose of alcohol (two drachms, equal to a quarter of a pint of ale), and the results indicated that alcohol was from the very first a narcotic, having a paralyzing effect on the three senses mentioned.

Later, Dr. Ridge conducted some experiments on the action of alcohol on the brain. The test used brought into action several functions of the brain: (1) the steadiness of the hand and the co-ordination of the muscles, (2) the sharpness of the sight, (3) the accuracy of the judgment, (4) the rapidity of thought—perception and decision, (5) the rapidity of muscular action, and (6) the power of self-control.

The results of ten experiments, in which varying amounts of alcohol were given, averaging 2.1 drachms, showed an average increase in the time of the move-

ments required, on the movements before alcohol was taken, of nineteen and a half per cent. This showed the mental processes were blunted.

The fact of the matter is, if you want to know the truth about alcohol, don't take it. The reason why so many people believe alcohol to be a stimulant is that its narcotic effect on the mental processes not only prevents them from feeling the truth, but actually suggests a false feeling. Kraepelin found that although the reaction under alcohol was slower, the subject always thought it was quicker, and also that he had been more prompt in carrying out the movement involved in the tests under the influence of the alcohol.

This deceiving and weakening of the judgment by alcohol was noticed by Dr. Parkes, and also by Dr. Lauder Brunton. The heart beats quicker when alcohol is taken, and this fact would lead one to suppose that this is due to stimulation, or, in other words, that the heart performs its normal functions more effectively. But as the heart depends for its nutrition on the intervals of rest between its beats, the abnormal beating of the heart, due to the action of alcohol, cannot but interfere with its nutrition, and consequently with its strength or power. The growth of cells, the development of seeds and eggs, the growth of animals and plants are all hindered by alcohol; and short life, less work, and worse work often appear to be the result of the use of it.

### PROF. MIKE DONOVAN ON SMOKING

Prof. Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, recently expressed his views on smoking, through the *New York Evening Telegram*, as follows:

"There is a broad, general rule that to do any athletic work, tobacco must be absolutely tabooed. Smoking injures the nerves, softens the muscles and weakens the stomach. I remember a bout I had many years ago, when I was younger and more foolish than I am now, that ended disastrously for me, although I was the winner of the fight. I had become so nervous over the matter that I insisted on smoking right through my train-

ing. I would steal off every moment I could and pull out my pipe, and think I was gaining inspiration for my work. And what was the result? Why, when it came to the night of the fight my nerves were all gone. I realized at once that I was not my usual self; that my strength was fast following my nerves, and that whatever I did I must do quickly. Rushing at my opponent, I savagely pummeled him until he was declared beaten, while I was dragged to my dressing room more done up than the man I had knocked out. My stomach had gone back on me completely, and I was a physical, nervous wreck for weeks."

# BILLY, THE FIRST-BORN

By *Siri E. Swanander*

## FICTION

**B**ILLY was a messenger boy of more than ordinary intellect; that is, if you sent him to a certain house he generally landed next door. There was something striking about his personality, due, perhaps, to a turned-up nose and freckles.

How it happened that Billy, bereft of cap and buttons, came into the Dunton Real Estate Office, Temple Bar, Room 15, is too long a tale to tell. It suffices that he was there, and a fact. Billy knew almost everything; that is, everything worth knowing, but had as yet failed to discover that the office back windows looked into those of Miss Wessel, and that Mr. Dunton and Miss Wessel had parted forever and for aye.

Billy had often watched heart-rending scenes from the peanut gallery, but never dreamed that his quiet boss might be the center of so inspiring a scene. What Billy's emotions would have been had he seen Miss Wessel scornfully fling a diamond ring at Mr. Dunton, crying, "Take it; you are free!" is hard to tell, and it is not likely that he would have recognized Mr. Dunton's set countenance as he turned right about face and slammed the door.

Billy was blissfully ignorant about this, and did not realize that the outlook from the back windows had changed during the night from an Eldorado to an eyesore. He was not conscious, therefore, of committing an outrageous sin by adjusting the shades to their accustomed height.

Mr. Dunton wheeled about abruptly.

"Let those shades down!"

Billy's vocal chords shaped themselves to language fit for amazement and indignation, but no sound came. He contented himself with pulling down the shades vigorously using his whole body in the operation.

There was evidently nothing to do that morning. Mr. Dunton sat moodily at his desk, fingering the blotter idly with one hand, and leaning his head in the other.

The monotony became an inspiration to Billy; he appropriated two office chairs and was shortly in the land of dreams.

Mr. Dunton's dreams were not pleasant. Life had lost its glow. There was no use in working, for he had no one to labor with, to think of, to struggle for. The break between them was irreparable, and his loss drew the very life out of him. If only his mother had been living! He thought of the boyhood days on the farm, when he had milked the cows and gathered hay, and sawed wood. Sawed wood! He seemed to hear the very song of the saw. The sound became too realistic. He shook his head, but the sawing continued. He looked up. Billy was snoring.

That was sleep, not æsthetic, but true, genuine sleep. Mr. Dunton stared at Billy in envious fascination. He would give money to be able to sleep like that.

"Billy!" shaking him by the shoulder.

Billy slept undisturbed.

"Billy!" No response.

"Billy Johnson!"

Billy Johnson sat erect. "Yessir, I'll take the order. Wasn't asleep, sir; only thinkin'."

"Tell me, Billy, what do you do to sleep like that?"

"Nothin', sir."

Mr. Dunton felt unable to follow the prescription.

Billy sat erect for a considerable time, fronting his most respectful attitude; but finding that Mr. Dunton had evidently forgotten him and lapsed into silence, he went back to his two office chairs.

Harold Dunton, after a circuit of reasoning, had reached the conclusion that all women are fickle. He nodded emphatically toward the back windows, and as he did Billy broke across his field of vision. For a space of time he forgot women, and only remembered Billy. Billy was trying to swallow his foot.

Mr. Dunton's speech was lost in amazement, and Billy had time to make two or three rather successful attempts before he regained it.

"Billy, what *are* you doing?"

"One of de fellers down where I used to be kin git his whole foot in. Look! I kin git two toes there." Nose and freckles were lost in a flush of pride.

"Did you ever bathe your feet, Billy?"

"Yessir; onct when I got a splinter in me foot, and the doctor came."

"And what did the doctor say?"

"He told me mudder she did quite right. How many kin you git in? Try it."

But Mr. Dunton refused Billy's earnest invitation, and turned a solemn back toward the offending windows for the remainder of the day.

## II.

A week had passed, and Billy was still instructed to "let those shades down." Billy did, and at length advised the young man to have his eyes examined.

"Me mudder had pink eyes onct, and had to have the shades down, and she went to the dispensary and got all gum again," he added, by way of testimony.

Mr. Dunton mentally acknowledged Billy to be correct. A study in pink frowned at him from the pen as it skimmed the paper, or dimpled between him and the pages of "Rawson's Laws and Legislation," or rose triumphant from whatever spot his eyes chanced to light upon. He had lost his appetite, his love of life, and four and one-half pounds in one week. His heart thumped, and his breathing was labored and uneasy. His health, never really good, became worse daily. He had gone over their misunderstanding again and again, but could come to no understanding as to what it was all about. He always arrived at the same conclusion; that he must drive his thoughts into some other channel.

While he was thinking he was staring unconsciously at Billy, and Billy was consciously staring at him, wondering how long it would take, at the present rate of speed, for Mr. Dunton's eyes to leave their sockets and fall to the floor.

"Billy, I've been thinking."

"Yes, sir," said Billy, telling himself that *thinking* was a most unnatural and dangerous proceeding, never to be indulged in by himself.

"I've been thinking."

"Yes, sir."

"I've been thinking I wish I were you. You are always well and happy. Let's change places."

"Me be boss?"

"Yes; I'll run the errands. And, say, what do you eat for your lunch?"

"Bernaners. If I gits a chance, I hooks an apple, too. Kin I sit in your chair?"

"I suppose so."

"Then I'll have the shades up, *now!*"

"No, you won't!"

Billy subsided, but later expended superfluous energy in acrobatic feats on the office revolving chair.

During the month in which the new scheme was in operation, Mr. Dunton left a good many of his troubles in New York streets, and found an appetite in spite of the persistent pink apparition; and Billy became more familiar with the office paraphernalia than any other boss could ever have hoped to become. There was always an uncertainty as to how, or where, or in what state Billy would be found, but as time went by he took a less vital and active interest in the proper relation between tin cans and canine tails.

Mr. Dunton had ceased to be surprised, and was generally too much preoccupied with his own affairs to notice what Billy was about. However, as he entered the office one morning, after a long trot about town, he could not fail to notice the absorbed interest and wild pleasure expressed by that part of Billy's anatomy which was protruding from behind the window shade.

"Well, Billy, what are you up to now?" curtly.

"Dere's a woman in de winder right op'site, acting awful queer, an' crying, an'—"

But Mr. Dunton did not wait for the rest of the sentence. He snatched his hat, and before Billy's legs had made another delighted circle in the air, was down stairs, and speeding toward Miss Wessel's at a rate that argued well for the state of his heart and lungs. She was sorry; she was crying. Life was worth living after all. He stumbled over a boy in the street, threw him a dollar, and before the surprised youngster could gather himself and the coin together was ringing the bell furiously around the corner.

Miss Wessel was in; she would see him. His pulses beat. There was the

well-known rustle of skirts on the stair; he could wait no longer—

"Harold," came from a flushed and rather ruffled figure, some minutes later, "I won't go out with Mr. Silas any more, and you won't be jealous, will you?"

"Never!" joyfully.

"How—how did you know that I was wanting you to—to come to me?"

"That rascal Billy was peeking through the shades—they were down, you know," (shamefully), "and he saw you crying."

"Crying? *Me* crying? I wasn't crying; I never cry" (tearfully).

"But, dear, you—you—"

"Oh!" with a shriek of delight, as the truth dawned upon her, "it was Bridget! She's had a sick headache all morning, and you thought—"

"I'm glad I thought."

"So'm I. Let's give Bridget something for bringing us together."

"Yes; and Billy. It was really he that did it, you know."

"Harold, let's adopt Billy."

"All right; but don't you think we had better wait until after our honeymoon? He might attract—attention—on the steamer, and that would be embarrassing."

### III.

Some months later Billy was again in uniform, having decided to go back to the telegraph office until the time of his adoption. He was seated on one of the long benches in the office, when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dunton came for the express purpose of bidding him good-bye before starting for the South.

"Gee!" said the boy next to him, as they waved Billy a final farewell from the window, "who's them?"

"They is them what's adopted me," said Billy, solemnly.

"Adopted you! phwat's dat?" demanded a fat button on the other side.

Billy looked disgusted. "That means," he explained, unbuttoning his coat to allow for extra chest expansion, "that means that I'm their first-born."

## THE GREATEST AMERICAN TAX

300,000 DEATHS A YEAR FROM THREE CAUSES

AMERICA is rich beyond all other countries, rich in money, rich in worldly goods, and rich in human life. And its human life is taxed grievously, not from a dollar-and-cents point of view, but from that of life-and-death. The greatest drain that any civilized land knows is the vast loss of life annually. The last census gives our average death-rate from pneumonia as 192 per 100,000 of population; from influenza, as 23.9; and from consumption as 187.3. These three, roughly speaking, make up the greatest national loss of life.

According to this rate, between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty-five thousand persons die each year in the United States from consumption; about eighteen thousand from "grippe," and over one hundred and forty-five thou-

sand from pneumonia. The total is well over three hundred thousand. The bloodiest wars and massacres of antiquity sink into insignificance beside such a mortality, and our modern battles are absolutely invisible.

In 1903 New York City experienced the lowest death-rate in its history—18.15 per 1,000—yet even then pneumonia led as a cause, claiming more than 9,500 victims. Every year influenza kills more people than the entire population of New London or Vicksburg; every year consumption carries off a population greater than that of Denver or Toledo; and every year pneumonia slays nearly enough Americans to people a city the size of Indianapolis. The total number of deaths from these causes alone exceeds the total population of New Orleans.



# WHEN GREEK MET GREEK

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN LIFE AND PHYSICAL  
CULTURE WENT HAND IN HAND

By *Cyrus Williston*

## FICTION

ALL Greece was aroused, for scarce two months away were the Olympic games where representatives from the whole of Greece would compete. Corinth, Sparta and Athens would battled for the laural crown. Heralds had proclaimed through all the land the truce of the gods, which ended all warfare and gave safe conduct to strangers until after the games. On every hand the people prepared for a week of enjoyment, for the dogs of war had long howled in Greece and internal dissensions had torn her asunder. Thus it was that for a brief space war was laid aside and Greece was in gala costume.

Far back in the mountains of Greece lived a youth named Atlas. For many months he had been training for the Olympic games. From sunrise to sunset he had run, boxed and wrestled, seeking to get that perfect machine-like power which would enable him to win the stadium, or twenty-four-lap race, against Athens and Corinth. It was to be a race for honor and for love. Long had Atlas loved a daughter of Iphitus, Nerva by name. His love was returned by Nerva, but Iphitus had sworn that Nerva should never marry unless her choice be a winner of the stadium. Thus it was that Atlas had trained faithfully for the past ten months in order that he might win the fairest maid in all of Greece.

From a child he had loved her, and had watched, from day to day, the girl growing and expanding like a beautiful flower beneath the sunny skies of summer. Yes; he loved her with all the strength of a nature made strong by plenty of exercise under the canopy of the sky, and as he thought of the morrow his heart almost failed him, for he knew it would be a heart-breaking test of endurance, and Nerva would be the bride of the victor, for Iphitus was a stern man, and, although he loved the boy, would do as he had spoken.

It was the night before the race when Atlas walked slowly to the home of Nerva. All through the week the games had been on. Athens, Sparta and Corinth had led by turns and the excitement was at fever heat. On the day before the last the three leaders were tied for first place; and, if they continued even, the stadium would decide it. As a participator in the games, Atlas had been vitally interested, but to-night, perhaps to be his last happy one, he threw off the cloud of gloom that had been hanging over him, and turned his steps toward the home of Nerva. He found her sitting alone waiting for him, and in the gloaming he kissed her sweet face, seated himself by her side, and told her again of the coming struggle and of his hope to win the race and—her.

Silently she listened; then, with one arm around his neck, she sweetly said:

"Atlas, nothing can destroy my faith in you. Such a brave youth cannot drink from the bitter cup of defeat. I have consulted the gods and the omens are favorable. Only this day, as I offered sacrifice to Zeus, a dove hovered over my head. You will return to me victor, but in the first great joy of your triumph do not forget that Nerva prayed to the gods for your success."

Looking fondly into the gray eyes, and stroking gently the dusky hair, Atlas swore, by the Father of the Gods, to win the race or to perish in the attempt. Thus they parted, with many lingering caresses and soft good-nights, while in their hearts undefined fears for the events of the coming day formed themselves. But a close observer of the skies would have seen that Venus, in the Eastern sky, shone with unusual brilliancy, while Mars hid his burning body behind the flitting clouds.

\* \* \*

It is the last day of the Olympic games. Those white tents yonder, standing in sharp outline against the back-

ground of olive trees, are the tents of the ten judges upon whose word many a man will find himself a victor or bowed by defeat. Most of the athletes have already arrived, for they have been training in the gymnasium of Altis. Huge men with cestus on hands, in company with fleet runners, pass into the arena. To-day is their day, and the honor of Greece rests in their hands. Early in the morning they presented themselves to the presidents and there proved by witnesses that they were of pure Hellenic descent, and had no stain upon their lives. With hands upon the bloody sacrifice to the gods, they swore that they had trained for the past ten months and would use no guile in the contests to come. From here they proceeded to their dressing rooms, where they prepared for the events in which they were to take part, while outside the seats were being rapidly filled with pleasure-seekers. Conspicuous for their white robes of office are the deputies who bring with them offerings to the shrine of the gods. There is no lack of distinguished visitors—Alcibiades, who has entered ten chariots; Hippas, the man who boasts that he is self-made; Socrates, the man who believed in a philosophy both of body and of soul, and a host of distinguished Greeks who have come from far and near to see the games. Last, but not least, are the scores of young girls who have come to smile upon their friends and to frown upon their rivals.

So, with confusion and laughter, they find seats around the arena, waiting impatiently for the struggle to begin. Now the heralds step to the front and announce the different events which follow one after another in rapid succession. The victor in each case appearing before the judges, the herald proclaims his name and parentage; the crown of victory is placed upon his brow, and palm in hand he is marched to the temple of Zeus, while admiring friends shower flowers in his pathway, singing the old Greek song of victory.

Poets sang about him and sculptors carved his statue, for the Greek was an ardent admirer of the physical man, and honored him with highest honors.

The contest is in full swing. Sparta won the boxing and wrestling contests,

Athens the chariot race and Corinth the discus. This left these three deadly rivals tied for first honors, and the only remaining contest is the stadium, or long-distance foot race.

At last the time has come. The heralds announce the stadium. With one accord the people rise to their feet and gaze toward the entrance through which the competitors must enter the arena. At the words of the heralds, "Runners to the line," three figures pass through the entrance and move quickly to the starting line. The first is a Corinthian, dark and strong looking, at whose well-built form the spectators look with approval, while from the men of Corinth come shouts of defiance to their foes, and cries of encouragement to their runner. Looking neither to the right nor left, he steps forward and takes his place upon the line.

The second to enter is an Athenian, short and stockily built. Haughtily he steps toward the line, looking with derision upon his Corinthian opponent. The third and last to enter is a Spartan, young and slender, but straight as a mountain pine, and with limbs of muscle that gleam white like marble in the sunlight. His face was pale.

But Atlas, for it was he, knew no fear. Never was there a Spartan who lacked courage. His long physical training from a boy until now had hardened his body and instilled courage into his soul; and now, while recognizing the odds against him, he was not dismayed. It was youth and life-long training against brute strength and experience, but the memory of a pair of gray eyes and a fair young face carried sweet peace to his troubled heart. Eagerly he looked for the starting signal, while impatiently the crowd howled its approval of the trio.

At last all is ready. With bodies straining in the starting position they bend forward, waiting for the trumpet blast which will send them off. All is silent, the great sea of humanity has grown strangely still. It is the calm before the storm, the calm that is broken suddenly by the blare of the starting trumpet, and the race is on, the Athenian in the lead, running in superb form, the Corinthian a close second, followed by Atlas. They are running very slowly, for

there are many laps to go, and each is saving his strength for the final effort. Cries of encouragement fill the air—the long-drawn cry of Sparta, "Spar-ta"; the shorter cry of Corinth, and swelling above all comes the heavy, rumbling cry of Athens, Athens.

Far up in the topmost tier of seats is an old man, and by his side is seated a young Grecian girl, with gray eyes and dusky hair. With eager gaze she follows the runners as they race madly around the arena. Now a look of joy is on her face as one named Atlas takes the lead, but ever and anon a shadow falls upon her sunny face as Atlas drops behind. It is a pretty sight, this young girl clinging to her gray-haired father, watching the fleeting figures with earnest gaze, as if the very years of her life were being run in the circle at her feet. Men turned and looked at her, but she, unconscious of it all, saw only Atlas as he bravely ran for love and honor.

It was the lap before the last. The race had reached that stage when the body protests against the unnatural strain put upon it, the will only keeping it to its work. It was the beginning of the end; the supreme moment had arrived. Athens was in the lead, while from the tiers his supporters cheered him on. The men from Corinth voiced their cry as the dark man from the sea fought grimly for the vantage. Close upon their heels followed Atlas. He was holding his own. The pace was terrific and Atlas felt that he was struggling against hopeless odds.

Fire flashed before his eyes, and the seconds seemed ages long. But hark! what is that cry that comes, as from a great distance, to his ears? The long drawn "Spar-ta, Spar-ta!" sounded like the bay of a famished wolf, and a feeling of dull anger rose in his throbbing heart. They were calling on him, but they did not know of the numbness that had seized upon his legs, nor could they hear his

sobbing breath, which he drew with increased effort at every stride. Hark! Still they cried, "Spar-ta, on, Spar-ta!"

Would these men not let him be? Had they no hearts? Were their bodies not like his?

Peace, ye raving multitudes, and let him be! One more lap, and only one, but can he last it? Suddenly the Athenian stumbles, throws up his hands and drops exhausted. Only the Corinthian remains, and he, with unseeing eyes and swaying body, is staggering ever onward toward the goal.

Bedlam has broken loose. Men shriek with the intensity of their feelings. "Sparta! Corinth!" is the cry. Atlas makes one agonizing spurt and draws even with the Corinthian. Foot with foot, and arm with arm they stride together. It is a magnificent spectacle, but one not without a touch of horror. The dead Athenian, the distorted faces of the survivors, and the maddened multitude all throw a touch of the supernatural upon the scene. Atlas is holding his own, when suddenly he sees, as through a mist, a beautiful tear-stained face, and hears dimly the man by her side shout: "Come home, boy, come home!"

And he did come home—to her. With his last effort he gathered his failing strength and came home—the victor.

Why tell you how they placed the crown of olives upon his brow, and how they feasted him and threw flowers in his pathway? Poets sang of him, and artists painted his victory. But sweeter far than all this was his meeting with Nerva—Nerva the little girl with dusky hair and dreamy eyes, who had comforted him in the hour of trial.

Let us draw the veil over their meeting; what they did and what they said, we may not seek to know, but I am sure that the gods smiled as they looked down upon the two.

#### A TACIT AGREEMENT

A Scotsman was on his deathbed, and his friends persuaded him to forgive a neighbor with whom he had had a standing feud for some years. The neighbor came to the dying man's bedside.

After they had shaken hands and made peace the Scotsman exclaimed:  
"If I get better, Donald, remember all this goes for naught."—*Pearson's Weekly*.

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS

### Walked 14,000 Miles and Cured Consumption

**M**R. CHARLES E. NORRIS, of Denver, has been walking for three years, during which time he has traveled 14,000 miles on foot and worn out sixty-nine pairs of shoes. He has walked back and forth all over the United States and most of Canada. He uses an overcoat for a mattress, and sleeps wherever night chances to overtake him.

In this way he has completely cured himself of consumption, after having spent \$900.00 for medical treatment. When he began his tramp, three years ago, he weighed only ninety-six pounds, while at the present time he weighs 138, and is well, strong and hardy. He announces his intention to keep on walking for his health until he dies.

### Hammock Treatment for Consumption

Newspapers throughout the country are reciting the remarkable cure from consumption of ex-Commodore J. D. Smith, of the New York Yacht Club, and member of the American Cup Committee during the Valkyrie races.

He is 75 years old. Early in the spring he was taken severely ill with a complication arising from gout and Bright's disease. He went to Hot Springs, Va., but failed to retain his strength, and returned to Stamford. He lost a great deal of flesh, becoming a mere skeleton.

Early in June the commodore insisted on being taken aboard his yacht. A special hammock was rigged on deck and the commodore in this open-air fashion spent the entire summer.

There was soon a noticeable improvement in his condition. He was able to walk about the yacht, and occasionally go ashore. Early in September he went on a fishing cruise, and recently took a 50-mile auto trip. He has now almost completely recovered from a disease that would have soon laid him in his grave if

he had adopted the "regular" treatment of medicine.

### New York Overrun with Quacks

According to the counsel of the Medical Society of the County of New York, over 20,000 charlatans are bleeding invalids in Greater New York.

Mr. Andrews declared that "the victim of the medical mountebank should have the especial care and protection of the State." Continuing, he said that "in New York the danger of the charlatan is seen at its worst. The thickly settled neighborhoods where the ignorant foreigners reside is a hotbed of unlicensed and illegal practitioners."

Speaking of conditions on the East Side, Mr. Andrews said that thousands of practitioners were plying their trade with worthless diplomas, and that in the auction of a deceased doctor's effects numerous cases were known where the dead man's diploma had brought more than all of his other effects.

He reported that in the five years he had been serving in his present position 500 quacks have been successfully prosecuted, fines aggregating \$90,000 have been collected, and sentences imposed aggregating twenty years.

### Canada After Medicine Swindlers

The Canadian Senate has taken a laudable step in the right direction. A motion has been carried, introduced by Dr. Sullivan, relative to compiling a list of all the patent medicine dope now sold within the Dominion and for the purpose of taking such action as will prevent the people from steeping themselves further into the alcohol-guzzling habit acquired by sipping so-called patent medicines.

Dr. Sullivan, in bringing forward his motion, said in part: Many of these drugs contained 40 per cent., more 30 per cent. of whisky, while good Hollands contained 25 per cent., and lager beer only from 2 to 5 per cent. These pernicious compounds were sold freely, often as vegetable compounds.



# A DIET OF NUTS AND FRUITS

## SCIENTIFIC RECORDS AND RESULTS

*By Anne Langworthy Waite, M. D., and Loren G. Waite*

OUR study of foods has been extended over several years. When we began to investigate this question we were in what would generally be considered good health. All about us, however, were people troubled with dyspepsia and other ailments that spring from it. We, ourselves, occasionally had slight attacks of indigestion, though for years we had been in the habit of exercising regularly every morning for fifteen minutes, following this with a cold bath, besides working and sleeping in as fresh air as possible.

We finally realized that we could not expect to obtain continuously reliable and satisfactory results unless our bodies were properly fed. Therefore, as meat was obviously the most uncertain food as to purity and quantity of nutriment contained, and as it seemed to us absurd to suppose an animal could transform vegetable products into human foods as efficiently as could we, we decided in June, 1901, to become vegetarians. We thus obtained our foods at first hand from Nature, avoiding the waste material and poisonous uric acid with which meat tissues are permeated. At the same time, in peas, beans, etc., we found foods that

possessed, for a given weight, over three times as much nutriment as the best meats. Our diet consisted of whole wheat bread, peas, beans, lentils, cereals, vegetables of all kinds, fruits and nut products. We ate them cooked according

to the usual methods. We found very soon a marked improvement in our general condition—we had greater endurance, were more even-tempered, felt fresher, and in other ways saw indications that the fuel we were supplying to our bodies was far more efficient than when meat was used.

In May, 1902, we heard a talk given by Mr. Emile La Croix before the New York Vegetarian Society, on an exclusive nut and fruit diet. For a year and one-half he, with his family, had been living on

nuts and fruits. His experience, together with the results of his careful investigations, seemed to us to indicate that his diet was an advance along the lines we desired.

He had established, to our satisfaction, the fact that this diet was, under the right conditions, vastly superior to any cooked food diet and apparently better than any other raw food diet. As, in general, there was practically no data published to which we could turn for



Dr. Anne Langworthy Waite

for assistance we determined to find out these conditions ourselves.

We had in mind the following main points as first in importance to determine:

First—Relative superiority, if any, of a nut and fruit diet over a cooked food, vegetarian diet.

Second—Relation of kind of food to work done.

Third—Relation of amount of food to work done.

Fourth—Relative quantity of each food required.

Fifth—Relative quantities of the various chemical food constituents required, i. e., water, protein, fat, carbohydrates, salts.

Sixth—Fuel value required.

Seventh—Should foods be eaten separately; if so, in what order?

Eighth—Minimum quantity of food for the maximum energy.

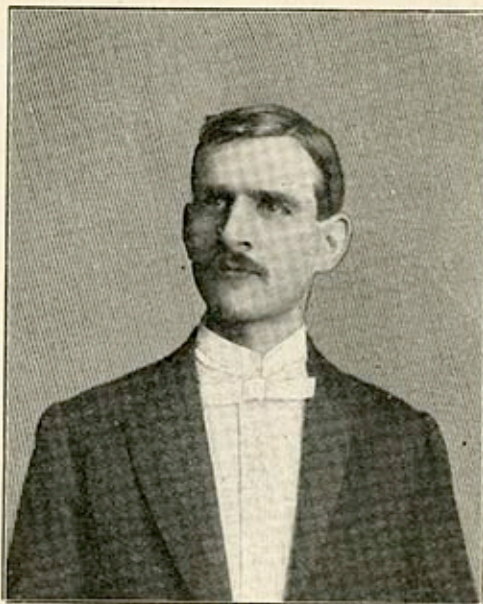
With these main points before us we carefully looked up the food question as presented in numerous works, basing their data all upon cooked foods, and in almost all cases upon a diet containing animal foods. We found all kinds of results, but all agreed that the protein elements were the tissue-building constituents and that the other food constituents necessary were fats, carbohydrates, and salts, in such proportions as to furnish sufficient heat necessary to assimilate the protein and prevent the rapid disintegration of the tissues, while also providing the necessary stiffness to bones and other parts of the body. Proteids are supplied largely by meats, peas, beans, lentils, and nuts; fats by butter, cream, oil, and nuts; carbohydrates by cereals, starchy foods, sugars, bread, vegetables, and fruits. Further, it should be noted that whether or not food is warm or cold be-

fore it enters the mouth, by the time it is thoroughly masticated its temperature is that of the mouth, 99 degrees; usually only hot or cold drinks reach the stomach at anything approaching their original temperature.

The body required, when supplied with cooked food containing animal material (meat, eggs, milk, butter, cheese), for the average individual doing average work: PROTEIN, 3.5 OUNCES; FATS, 3.5 OUNCES; CARBOHYDRATES, 16 OUNCES; HEAT UNITS, 3,500; WATER DRANK, 48 OUNCES. When

meat was eliminated there was needed: PROTEIN, 2.8 OUNCES; FATS, 1.3 OUNCES; CARBOHYDRATES, 16 OUNCES; HEAT UNITS, 2,500; WATER DRANK, 48 OUNCES. As the body consists of 70 per cent. water, this must be supplied either by the food or be taken separately, but apparently twenty ounces of water-free food were required daily.

We have gradually outlined a general method of procedure, with a view to obtaining the most reliable data susceptible of



Mr. Loren Walte

continuous comparison, as follows:

First—Foods are eaten separately, never mixing two or more different foods in the mouth to get a combined flavor. Such mixing tends to prevent both thorough mastication and the digestive fluids from obtaining access to some portions of the food, thus causing these portions to be discharged undigested.

Second—They are eaten in a definite order. The nuts, containing the proteid elements, acted on in the stomach, are eaten first; then the heavy fruits, or carbohydrates, acted on in the intestines, and finally the acid or more juicy fruits.

Third—The quantity of nuts was varied from two to eight ounces per day, till three ounces per day seemed to be a

satisfactory amount; excess produced a full feeling in the throat and a deficiency furnished insufficient nutriment that was evidenced by a dizzy feeling in the head, momentarily following sudden exertion.

Fourth—Only one kind of nut was eaten at a meal.

Fifth—The kind of nut used was varied to note if any difference in nutriment was apparent, also the same kind was used continuously for from two to eight weeks so as to reach approximately steady conditions, so far as possible. Changes of various kinds were noted, particularly in changing from a nut rich in fat but low in protein to one less rich in fat but higher in protein.

Sixth—The quantity of food eaten is increased when continued unusual mental or physical effort is made.

Seventh—General conditions of regular and unusual exercises, work, etc., are noted.

Eighth—The amount of water drank was slight, usually only 12 to 15 ounces per day, less than a pint; no water or anything else is drank at meals, except sometimes plain fruit juice, unsweetened, at

tions of surroundings, or bodily or mental conditions, are considered.

Twelfth—Last, but absolutely essential and the keynote of the whole method, we keep a daily card record on which is recorded and filed all the data previously mentioned. By this means we are enabled to keep a careful, systematic record, from day to day.

Our present practice is indicated by the following typical card, which gives the general data mentioned. It shows:

- 1—Order in which foods are eaten.
- 2—Quantity of each per meal, and per day.
- 3—Kind of food.
- 4—Total weight of food per day.
- 5—Weight of chemical elements in each food.
- 6—Total weight of chemical elements per day.
- 7—Water drank.
- 8—Weight of water-free food, i. e., solid component of food.
- 9—Time of meals.
- 10—Occupation.
- 11—Exercise.
- 12—Other general data.

The following is one of our daily record cards.

Food	Weights and Meals			Total Water	Proteids	Fats	Carbo-Hydrates	Salts or Ash	Heat Units	
	1	2	3							
BRAZIL NUTS	1½	1½		3	.150	.510	2.000	.210	.117	612
DATES	2	3		5	.770	.105	.140	3.920	.065	505
FIGS	2½	½		3	.564	.129	.009	2.230	.072	276
BANANAS	8½	6½		15	11.300	.195	.090	3.300	.120	435
APPLES		8½		8½	7.190	.034	.043	1.210	.026	153
OLIVES, ripe		2½		2½	1.720	.045	.796	.114	.090	200
Time	A.M. 7.00	P.M. 6.00								
TOTALS				37½	21.703	1.018	3.078	10.984	.490	2181

Total Food . . . . . —37.273 oz.  
Total Food Less Contained Water—15.570 oz.  
Remarks—General feeling good.

Exercise—General, 15 minutes.  
Water Drank—10 oz. Other Food—None.

the end. People, on the ordinary diet, frequently require three to four pints (48 to 64 ounces) of water per day.

Ninth—Change in weight of body—slight gain. Had we been burdened with an extra supply of adipose tissue at the start, our weight would probably have decreased.

Tenth—Additional food of any variety, whenever eaten.

Eleventh—Any other special condi-

Bananas, like other fruit, should be eaten only when fully ripe. Many people, however, eat the common yellow variety in a green condition, and consequently frequently find that it does not agree with them. It is not ripe and fit to eat till the skin is almost black or heavily spotted with black spots. In this condition it is very soft, not mushy, sweet, and pleasant to the taste, not hard and puckery, as when green. All dried fruits,

as dates (101), figs (92), raisins (100), prunes (88), etc., are soaked in water to soften them and also to free them from dirt. In the case of dates, figs and raisins, about fifteen to thirty minutes are required; with prunes, six to eight hours. Fresh and juicy fruits are used in their season, and they may replace the heavier fruits to a greater or less extent, as desired, basing the substitution on an equivalent number of heat units. Such juicy fruits are apples (18), pineapple (13), grapes (28), strawberries (11), and other berries (11), musk melon (9), watermelon (9), oranges (15), lemons (11), etc. Ripe olives (75) we also use to a small extent, as they are tasteful, high in fuel value, and easily digested; they contain about 30 per cent. fat, the balance being mostly water, 65 per cent.

For our main diet, however, we find that the fruits we enjoy the best, possess the greatest food value, and are the easiest to obtain, are dates, figs, raisins and bananas (29).

As to the general results following our short period of trial, we can hardly speak too enthusiastically. We find ourselves in physical and mental condition incomparably better than we were on even our previous vegetarian diet of cooked foods, and when occasionally, on a visit to friends, perhaps, we eat cooked vegetarian foods (though never meat), we are glad to return to our raw food diet. We experience increased endurance, larger reserve for sudden demands upon our strength, freedom from indigestion and other ills, such as colds, etc., and we feel as though our bodies and minds were cleared of many of the cobwebs and general retarding conditions that they seemed formerly to possess. Our food tastes better, fresher and cleaner than cooked food, and the freedom from grease and general mussiness is very agreeable. At times we have found it inconvenient to be at home at the usual meal hours, and the meal has been deferred until later, or even omitted altogether, sometimes twenty-four hours elapsing between meals, without our suffering any inconvenience thereby, where-

as, under the usual stimulating meat diet, the omission of a single meal when doing hard work would generally cause marked discomfort.

It is a well-known fact to pathologists that comparatively young people are losing the elasticity of their blood vessels owing to too much lime and other salts being deposited in the walls of these vessels. From this condition it is an easy step to stiffness, arterialclerosis, apoplexy, etc. Meat, with its usual seasoning, is a great cause of this condition, and cooked food in general, because of the large amount of waste products to be eliminated, and on account of the seasoning it usually contains, materially assists this stiffening process. A nut and fruit diet, besides being more quickly and easily digested and assimilated, avoids all these troubles because, as it contains all the elements needed for complete nutrition, and is pleasant to the palate, there is no demand for these condiments or the seasoning; also, because of their absence, the artificial craving of the stomach for food is eliminated. Many people get their standard of appetite from this abnormal craving, which is really a kind of indigestion.

We have also found it advantageous to use distilled water, as much city drinking water, even though filtered, contains mineral salts in excess. But little water to drink, is, however, required with these foods, as has been noted elsewhere, the 70 per cent. the body requires being supplied almost entirely by the fresh and acid fruit juices, the best drinks nature affords, which not only keep the foods in solution, but supply a natural antidote to the fermentation and putrefaction in the stomach and intestines. Hence one great reason for the use of these fruits at the conclusion rather than at the beginning of a meal.

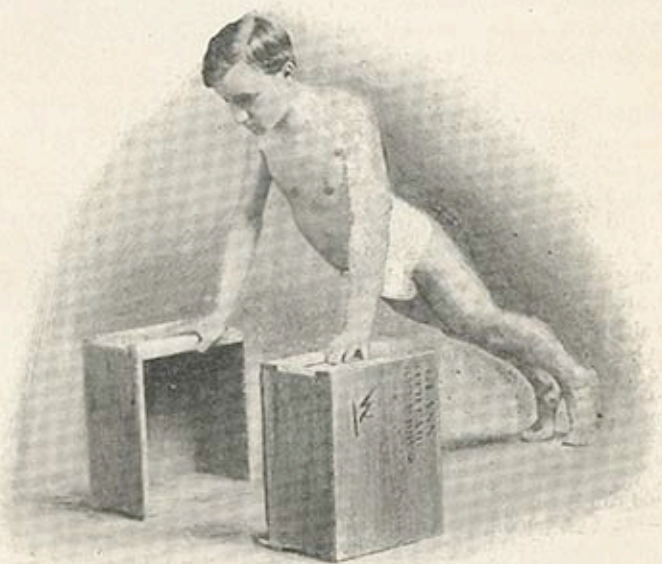
That our food is more perfectly digested than ordinary foods is shown by the fact that our stools are neither constipated nor watery, but free and moist; less decomposition takes place, as evidenced by very little odor, than is the case where a cooked, and especially a meat diet, is adhered to.

# MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

**I**N the past issues I have given several exercises that were specially beneficial for developing the muscles of the arms and chest. In this issue I am presenting an exercise that is perhaps about the best that I have given to my boy readers. I want to especially em-

est possible capacity frequently during the movement. Take the exercises until a little tired, then arise and take several deep, full breaths. Repeat the exercises again until tired, and then repeat the breathing. Continue this, alternating three or four times between the deep



**PHOTO No. 1.** Place two small boxes as shown in the illustration, putting one hand on each, and supporting your weight upon your hands and toes, with the body rigid, as indicated. (See next photo.)

phasize the necessity of a strong chest and strong arms. Particularly is a good, big breathing capacity, together with strong muscles about the upper chest, to be commended. They give a boy more confidence, they enable him to face the battles of life more courageously, and he becomes more capable from every standpoint if he has a proper chest development.

While taking these exercises the necessity for deep abdominal breathing must be recognized. Fill the chest to its great-

est possible capacity frequently during the movement. Take the exercises until a little tired, then arise and take several deep, full breaths. Repeat the exercises again until tired, and then repeat the breathing. Continue this, alternating three or four times between the deep

breathing and the exercises, until fatigued. Of course, remember that you must have pure air. You cannot secure benefit from exercise unless you are breathing the outside atmosphere. Closed windows are an abomination. Open them wide. Breathe the pure air, free from contamination. If your parents insist upon closed windows you will have to try to lead them into better ways by illustrating the strengthening effects of pure air on your own body.

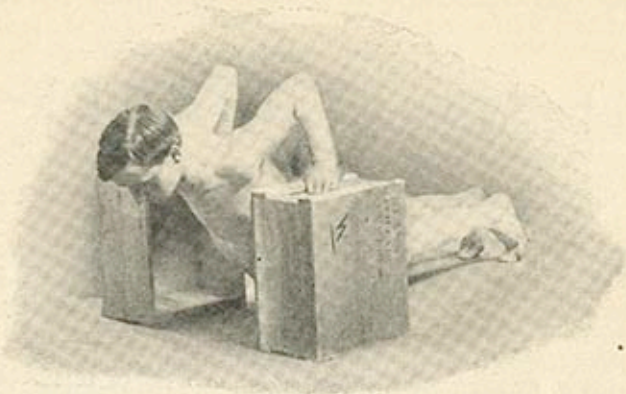


PHOTO No. 2. Now, by bending the elbows, lower the body just as far as you can leaving the chest and shoulders down between the boxes, and still keeping the body rigid. You should let yourself down just as far as you possibly can, and then arise to the original position shown in first photo. Repeat exercise until tired. Then arise and practice deep breathing, after which repeat the exercise.

### BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Do you advise sleeping in an unheated, thoroughly ventilated attic all through the cold winter? I am fifteen years old and in good health, but think that by adopting this plan I would run great risk of catching cold.

A. The more air you have, the purer the air you breathe, the less danger there is of catching cold. The more you cultivate that hardiness of physique that comes from contact with the cold, exhilarating atmosphere of winter, the stronger you should become from every standpoint. I should think the room you suggest for sleeping in during the winter would be just the proper place. You would run much more risk of catching cold if you were to sleep in a warm room with the windows shut, and thus breathe all night an atmosphere which is filled with the poison exhaled from your own lungs.

Q. Will you kindly advise me how to arrange my running so that I shall not get stiff and sore afterward? I intend to engage in track athletics.

A. If you do not run too much at a time there

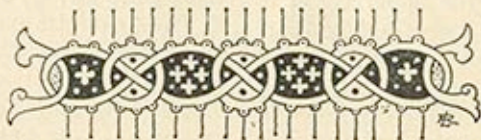
should be no danger of the stiffness or soreness that you mention. As a rule, however, vigorous rubbing of the muscles and perhaps bathing in hot water immediately afterward will tend to prevent this condition.

Q. Do you think that a thirty-mile walk taken three times a week is too much for a boy of fourteen years? I feel only slightly tired on finishing.

A. A thirty-mile walk is hardly a suitable distance for a boy of your age, though if you are only slightly tired, and feel only good effects from it, would think that it could not be otherwise than beneficial.

Q. I have a hip disease, but intend to take part in athletics. How far would you advise me to run every morning just for the sake of keeping in trim?

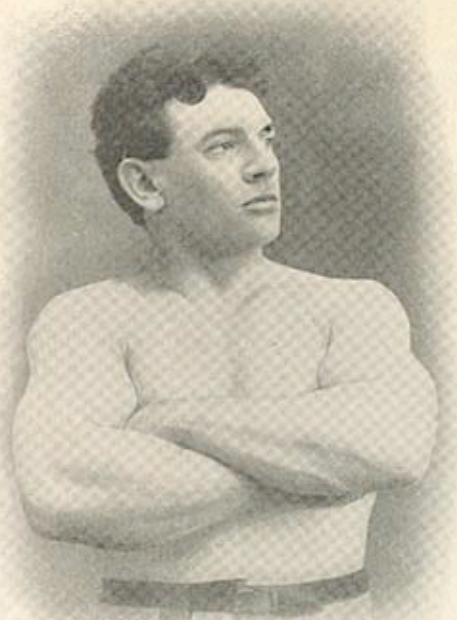
A. The distance that you run would depend altogether upon your own strength. Be careful never to exhaust yourself. *Run only as long as it seems pleasurable.* If you run too far you will weaken instead of strengthen yourself.



# A NEW FRENCH CANADIAN STRONG MAN

By G. Edwards

**T**HERE has recently loomed up on the horizon of the heavy weight lifting world a new strong man, Hector Decarie, a French Canadian by



**Victor Decarie**  
French Canadian Strong Man

birth. Louis Cyr, the recognized strong man of the world, is a French Canadian, as is also Barré, the present holder of the championship.

These people are great admirers of strong men, especially heavy weight lifters.

Decarie's measurements are as follows:

Age . . . . . 23	Chest (normal) 43½ in.
Height . . . 5 ft. 7 in.	Chest (inflated) 47 in.
Weight . 156 lbs.	Waist . . . . . 36 in.
Biceps . . 17¼ in.	Thigh . . . . . 24 in.
Forearm . 13½ in.	Calf . . . . . 16½ in.

To look at Decarie, one would never imagine for a moment that he possesses the strength he does. He is said to lift with one hand from the ground to arm's length above his head, 290 pounds, and as Louis Cyr's record was 273½, Decarie is considerably ahead of him in the performance of this particular feat. As he is a young man yet, there is every reason to believe that he will eclipse even this brilliant record.

He has so far competed in two weight-lifting competitions; the first one in May, 1903, when he met and defeated Rolando, a celebrated Canadian strong man, beating him easily by 369½ points.

He next met Rousseau, Quebec's strong man, whom he defeated so easily that it was almost a farce. In fact, Rousseau did not beat Decarie in one point.

Decarie is a hotel-keeper in St. Henri, a suburb of Montreal. When questioned as to how he had obtained such phenomenal strength, he said that it seemed to be natural to him. When he was only 15 years old he was able to put up from the ground to arm's length above his head, 150 pounds, while he was recognized as being the strongest boy in school. He does not believe in dieting himself, but he does not smoke nor drink liquor, recognizing, as does every intelligent strong man and athlete, that it is detrimental to health and strength.

## THE VALUE OF PHYSICAL MANHOOD

John Ridpath, the world's greatest historian, has left behind him a record of his opinion regarding the importance of physical manhood that will live as long as his name. It can be found interspersed throughout his "History of the World." One extract in particular, appearing in Volume I., will be found of interest to physical culturists:

"It was, moreover, in this high-wrought, perfectly finished physical manhood of the Greek that were laid the foundations of his wonderful mind, of his energy of thought, his reason, his

imagination, his courage. Not only in the order of the world is the physical man planted in nature, not only is he, so to speak, an indigenous shoot of his native soil, drawing his saps and juices from that fecundity which is prepared by sun and air and rain, but the roots of the mental man are in like manner planted in his physical nature, drawing therefrom the sustenance of thought, the elements of combination, the elements of reason and imagination, the sap of hope or despair."

# HUMAN BEINGS EATING GRASS!

THE GRASS DIET BEING ADOPTED WITH SUCCESSFUL RESULTS IN  
TREATING CASES OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWNS AND  
STOMACH TROUBLES

By *Joseph C. Hurley*

**A**LTHOUGH there is, in a sense, nothing new under the sun, history appears in variegated light. Principles remain, but novel methods of application are revealed.

King Nebuchadnezzar's enforced retirement from civilization has usually been regarded only as a punishment for persistent idolatry. It seems likely now that, incidentally, it was a disguised blessing. The simple, Wagnerian pastoral régime—the freedom from worry, from noise, from dust-polluted atmosphere, from gustatory allurements, from other temptations of a court so prone to licentiousness that “the merchants of the earth waxed rich through the abundance of the delicacies” they supplied it with—all tended to remedy the dyspeptic diathesis of the profligate monarch who has generally been pictorially represented as driven to grazing like an ox.

But though his majesty took the “open-air treatment” he may have plucked and assorted grass, as does Señor Santos, of whom surprising accounts have recently appeared in the daily papers.

Of course, there is nothing remarkable

about eating oxen that eat grass. But, somehow, everybody has thought it remarkable that anyone should eat grass like that which oxen eat. That grass is toothsome is testified by this young,

intelligent Spaniard, after an experience of several months. That it is nutritious has been proven by countless herds during the experience of all measured time. Uncooked vegetables, such as lettuce, cucumber, celery, endive and watercress, are—usually and well masticated, as tender grass probably is—digested in the human stomach in about two and one-half hours. Beef, when cooked, takes about three and one-half hours. On the face of it, to eat grass direct from the pasture seems better than to eat it after it has been eaten in Texas and reached us by way of a Chicago slaughter-house and the oven. With the dew of Heaven on it, no adulterated beer is needed to wash it down, nor

pickles, for the Señor says some of it is peppery anyway, and some sour. With olive oil it surely would be a nice salad.

Why so much amazement at eating grass? Naturally, the skeptical doubt if this healthy, happy young man lives ex-



Señor Santos, Who Has Built Up and Restored a  
Wrecked Nervous System By Adopting  
a Diet of Grass



clusively on such unusual food, but it is more than likely that he does. In public exhibitions he has lately been consuming about eight pounds of cut, assorted grass daily. It is questionable if the stomach could hold any more, in addition to the water which he drinks freely, for there is no dew in curiosity galleries. And no disputant has yet undertaken to eat other food after swallowing eight pounds of grass. It is fair to presume, therefore, that grass is the Spaniard's only solid food. His intimate friends attest it and facts favor the supposition.

The Cuban physician who prescribed the plan which the patient has carried out successfully probably recommended beyond his estimate. Starvation has long been known as the remedy for gastritis. The doctor advised a diet of potatoes as an approximate course. The Spaniard became tired of this and advantageously adopted grass as the alternative. He intends to continue his "simple life" in the South, where herbage is obtainable during the winter.

It now seems that others are adopting

this rather unusual but apparently beneficial diet. In fact, almost everyone has either seen or heard of the carnivorous cat, in times of digestive distress, abstaining from its customary food and eating grass instead. And why should it not be beneficial to any suffering stomach?

Frank B. Taylor, another Brooklyn, N. Y., man of 73 years of age, who suffered from a severe stomach ailment, adopted a diet of grass when he heard of the successful cure that Ensebro Santos brought about through this remedial agent. The care of the store devolved upon his charming daughter, whose only appetite seems to have been for "chewing gum."

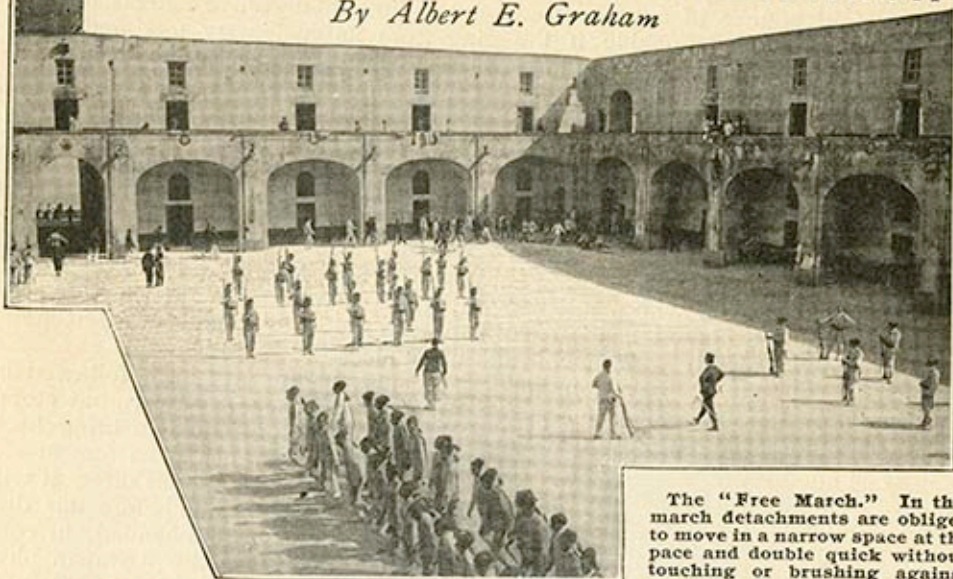
Remarkable results have followed in Mr. Taylor's case. His worn-out stomach, which doctors failed to bring back to normal health, has been almost entirely renewed by the grass diet. It will be only a matter of time before this diet cure, originally recommended, in connection with fasting, by a Cuban physician, will become popular in the cure of nervous and stomach diseases.



Mr. Bigeater Digging His Own Grave at the Dinner Table

## PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE ITALIAN ARMY

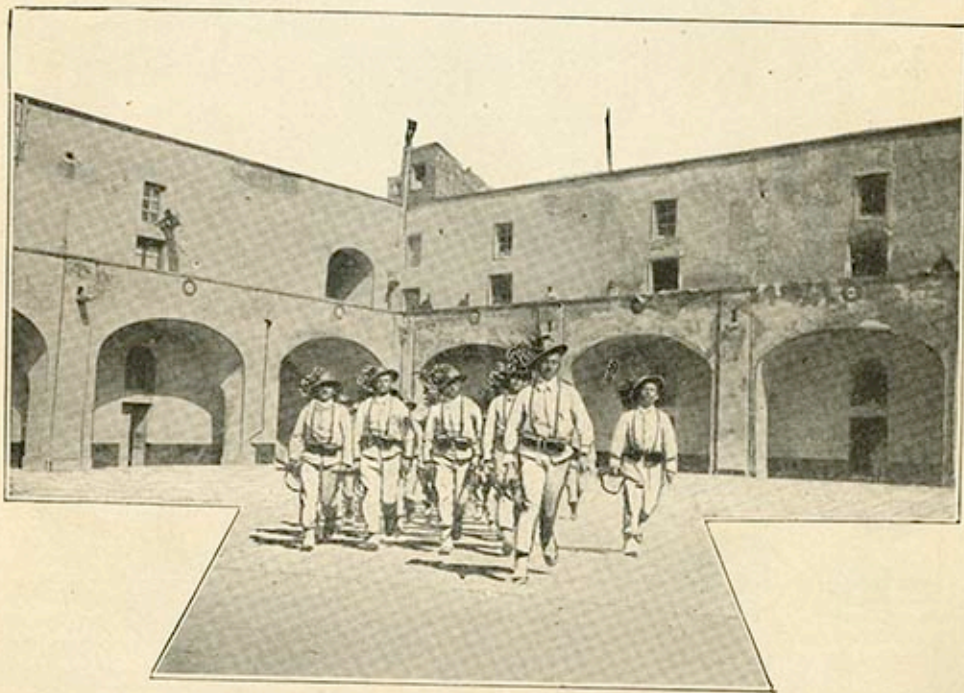
*By Albert E. Graham*



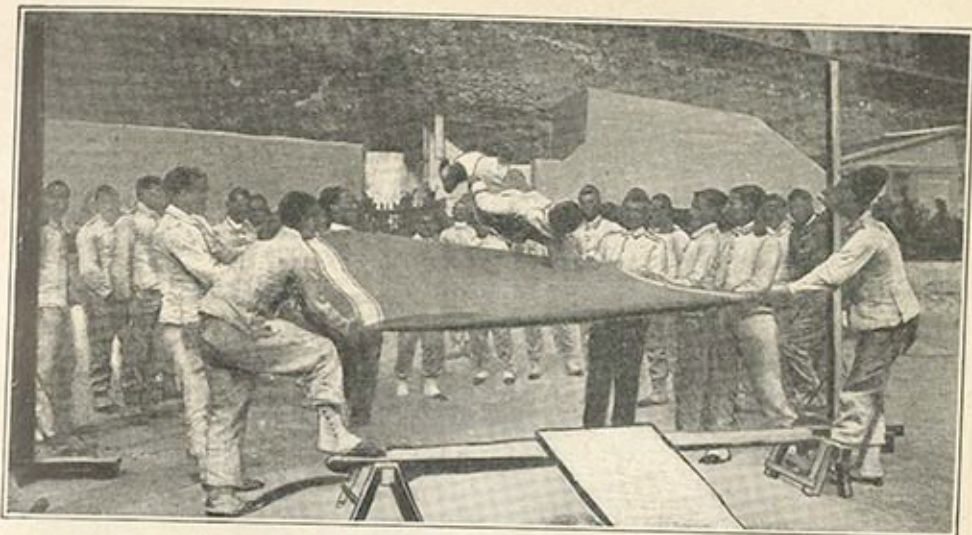
The "Free March." In this march detachments are obliged to move in a narrow space at the pace and double quick without touching or brushing against one another

THE accompanying photographs show the famous Italian "Bersaglieri" (Selected Light Infantry) going through some of their far-famed

physical exercises. The men chosen for this, the strongest corps in the Italian army, must be vigorous to a degree, and likewise swift and nimble

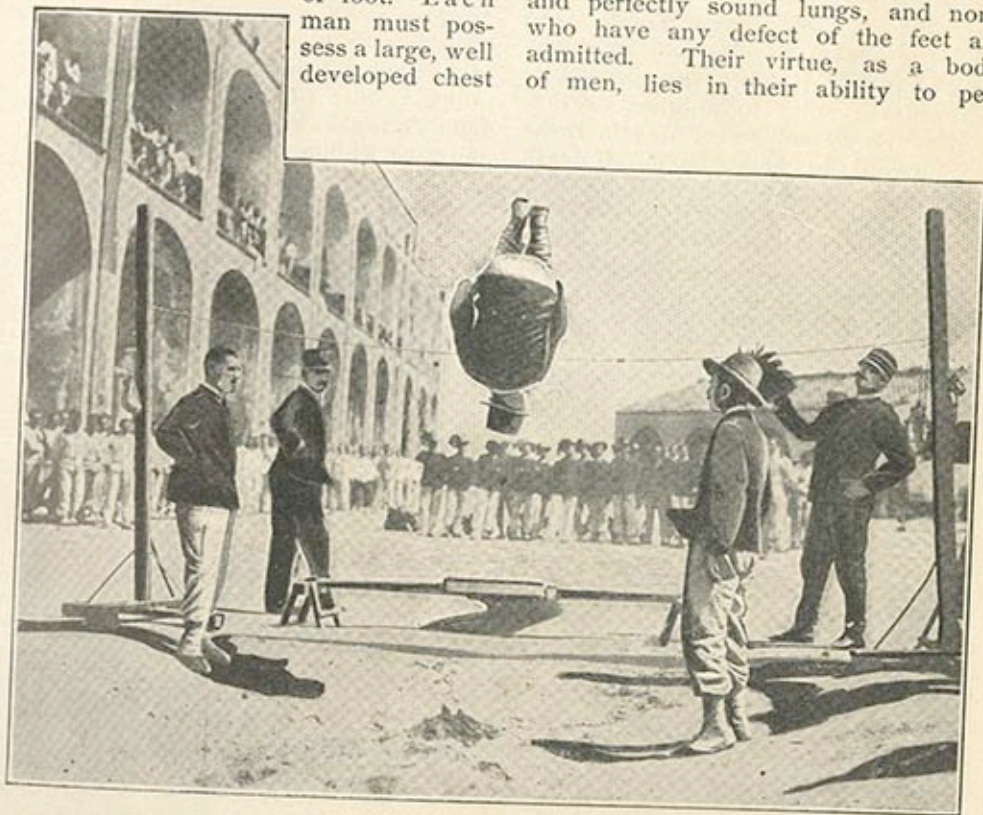


Marching on the Double Quick

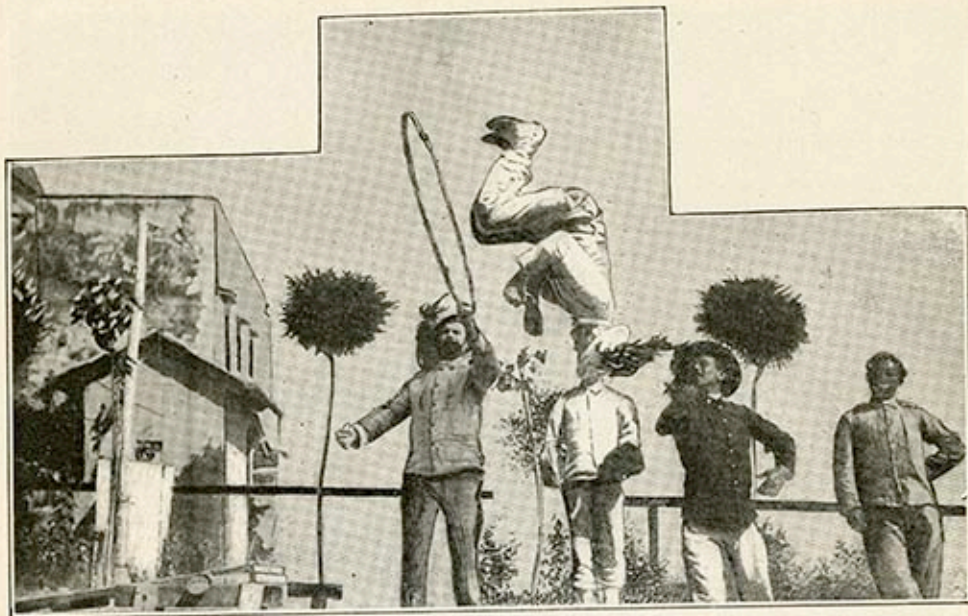


The "Mortal Jump." This dangerous exercise is attempted at first only with the aid of blanket in order to avoid any accidental falls

of foot. Each man must possess a large, well developed chest and perfectly sound lungs, and none who have any defect of the feet are admitted. Their virtue, as a body of men, lies in their ability to per-



The "Mortal Jump" Over a Rope



The "Mortal Jump" Practiced Through a Hoop

form rapid, uninterrupted marches from one vantage point to another. They exercise a remarkable swiftness in rushing forward to seize some strategic point, to strengthen the weak portion

of their own firing line at a moment's notice, or else to bring confusion in an enemy's ranks through the fiery impetus and overwhelming shock of their advance.



An Officer Practicing the "Mortal Jump" with Sword in Hand

# THE IMPENDING EXTINCTION OF THE AMERICAN RACE

By H. M. Lome

*This country is facing a condition that is practically without a parallel in the history of civilization. Briefly stated, the situation is this: The race or fusion of races that has made the United States of America that which it is, is in danger of more or less rapid extinction. In the past, the story of the nations has been that of vigor overcoming weakness, of intelligence conquering ignorance. But we, the exemplars of the highest type of human advancement and achievement, seem to be deliberately reversing the order of history and are allowing ourselves to be blotted out or absorbed by certain nationalities that are admittedly inferior to us, both mentally and physically. The contributing causes to our impending national annihilation are recited by reliable authorities in the article that follows. The question, as a whole, is of vital importance to us, whether we regard it from the standpoint of individuals or of patriots. And, reading between the lines, it will be noted that our decadence is the outcome of the neglect of those principles of physical culture which are the thews and sinews of the body corporate.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

IT is only within a comparatively recent period that recognition has been given to what is now admitted to be the most menacing of the several dangers that have resulted from our visitations of undesirable immigrants. Heretofore we have considered the advent of the "scum of Europe" only as it affected our social and industrial institutions. But it is now seen that it threatens our life as a nation by setting up conditions that make the propagation of our race a practical impossibility.

Those whose views on the question are about to be quoted are neither alarmists nor bigots. They speak by the book, and are admittedly authorities on the grave topic with which they deal. And their direct or indirect conclusions are alike to the effect that, unless immediate and drastic measures are adopted, the American citizen, as we now know him, will, before long, be as extinct as is the dodo.

Mr. Robert De C. Ward puts the proposition very clearly in a recent article in the *North American Review*. He says, among other things:

"No statistical study of immigration can ever be complete because there is one element, more important than all the others, concerning which no statistics can ever be compiled. That element is the number of American children who, because of the pressure of foreign immigration, *have never been born*. Back of all statistics of the criminality, pauperism, assimilation, illiteracy, naturalization and economic value of immigrants, lies the great question of the effect of immigration upon our native or older stock. No

discussion of this question can be at all complete which leaves this out of consideration. The immigration of the last 50 years has contributed millions to our population; has undoubtedly added enormously to the wealth of the country; but these things have been accomplished at the expense of the native stock. The decreasing birth-rate of our native population, the complex resultant, without doubt, of many factors, has been very largely due to the effect of foreign immigration. The late General Walker first advanced this view, that, as newer and lower classes of immigrants came to this country, Americans shrank more and more from the industrial competition, which was thus forced upon them; they became unwilling to subject their sons and daughters to this competition, and *hence these sons and daughters were never born*. It is fundamentally a question as to what kind of babies shall be born; it is a question as to what races shall dominate in this country. The American birth-rate is decreasing. Mr. R. R. Kuczynski, after a very careful study of the population statistics of Massachusetts, concludes that the native population is dying out. General Walker believed that foreign immigration into this country has, from the time it assumed large proportions, not reinforced our population, but replaced it. The United States Industrial Commission, which made one of the most thorough studies of immigration ever undertaken, says in its final report that 'it is a hasty assumption which holds that immigration during the nineteenth century has increased the total popula-

tion.' Dr. P. J. Warne says that the coming of the Slavs into the mining districts of Pennsylvania since 1880 has determined the number of births in the older, English-speaking portion of the population.

"Mr. Henry Gannett believes that the mixture of our blood with that of Germany, Ireland and Scandinavia has been an advantage, but he also believes that a mixture with the blood of the 'new' immigration 'can have only a bad effect.'

"In a recent article, Mr. Robert Hunter,

largely upon the steamship companies.

\* \* \* Our national characteristics may be changed; our love of freedom, our religion, our inventive faculties, our standard of life. All of the things, in fact, for which America has been more or less distinctive among the nations, may be entirely altered. Our race may be supplanted by another, by an Asiatic one, for instance, and not because it is better so, nor because it is for the world's good. On the contrary, it is in order that individuals interested in steamships may be



Down in the Hold

Emigrants on Their Way to American Shores

of the University Settlement, in New York, puts the case very clearly as follows:

"The fathers and mothers of the American children can be chosen, and it is in the power of Congress to decide upon what merits. \* \* \* No nation has ever had a social responsibility of greater magnitude. The worst aspect of the whole matter is that the selfish forces interested in promoting immigration in every conceivable way are deciding all these questions for us. The ones who come and the numbers who come depend

benefited, and in order that employers may have cheaper labor. These selfish forces may be disguised, but they are there."

One of the prominent officials of the New York Bureau of Immigration, who declined to allow the use of his name for publication, for political reasons, said in reference to Mr. Ward's statement:

"It seems to me that Mr. Ward has overlooked one of the chief reasons why immigration is extinguishing the American race, which is, that nine-tenths of those whom we are unfortunately obliged

to allow to land from Ellis Island cannot be assimilated by us for racial reasons. Now, I'm not a bit prejudiced, one way or the other, but I'm certain that the mere fact of members of the Latin races being dumped on these shores will not cause nature to break down the lines of demarcation which she has erected between those races and our Anglo-Saxon-Celtic-Scandinavian citizens. Over in Europe, where the nations are elbow by elbow, they keep religiously apart, and the tendency obtains in this country also, as you will note by our 'Little Italys,' 'Little Hungarys,' 'Little Greeces,' and so forth. Now, then, as our own people cannot afford to have families, for the reasons that Mr. Ward has given, and as they cannot, or will not, fuse with the newcomers that are just now swamping the country, it will be seen that the extinction of the American race is being hastened by a double-headed process."

The speaker was asked if he could suggest a remedy for the evil.

"Certainly," he said. "I would have every immigrant pass a mental and physical examination of a rigorous nature before being allowed to land here. The men and women to whom, as the laws stand, we are compelled to give the freedom of the country, are, for the most part, such raw, tough material that we have no right to ask our national stomach to digest or assimilate them. I solemnly declare that I believe that if we neglect our obvious duty in this matter within a generation we shall have lost all those characteristics that have made us the people that we are."

Commissioner W. Williams, of the Bureau of Immigration, while declining to discuss the direct relation between the influx of "undesirable" immigrants and the decreasing birth-rate of native-born Americans, has this to say in regard to the former:

"There are many trite things which bear repetition, and among them the facts concerning the continued coming here of large numbers of aliens, many of them of an inferior type even in their own homes:

"1. The great bulk of the present immigration proceeds from Italy, Austria and Russia, and, furthermore, from some of the most undesirable sources of population of those countries.

"2. The bulk of this immigration settles in four of the Eastern States and in the large cities of those States. Notwithstanding the well-known demand for agricultural labor in the Western States, thousands of foreigners keep pouring into our cities, declining to go where they might be wanted because they are neither physically nor mentally fitted to go to these undeveloped parts of our country and do as did the early settlers from northern Europe.

"Past immigration was good because most of it was of the right kind, and went to the right place. Capital cannot, and it would not if it could, employ much of the alien material that annually passes through Ellis Island, and thereafter chooses to settle in the crowded tenement districts of New York.

"A strict execution of our present laws makes it possible to keep out what may be termed the worst riff-raff of Europe. But these laws do not reach a large body of immigrants who, while not riff-raff, are yet generally undesirable, because unintelligent, of low vitality, of poor physique, able to perform only the cheapest kind of manual labor, desirous of locating almost exclusively in the cities, by their competition tending to reduce the standard of living of the American wage worker, and unfitted mentally and morally for good citizenship. I believe that at least 200,000 (and probably more) aliens came here last year who, although they may be able to earn a living, yet are not wanted, will be of no benefit to the country, and will, on the contrary, be a detriment, because their presence will tend to lower our standards.

"Upon the strength of official observation at Ellis Island, and other data, I state without hesitation that the vast majority of American citizens wish to see steps taken to prevent these undesirable elements from landing on our shores. Aliens have no inherent right whatever to come here, and we may, and should, take means, however radical or drastic, to keep out all below a certain physical and economic standard of fitness, and all whose presence will tend to lower our standard of living and civilization. A too rapid filling up of any country with foreign elements is sure to be at the expense of national character, when such

elements belong to the poorest classes in their own respective homes."

Frank P. Sargent, the U. S. Commissioner of Immigration, has this to say in regard to the problem: "No question of public policy is of greater importance, or affects so closely the interests of the people of this country for the time present and to come as that of immigration. It has long since been learned in the school of practical experience that the universal welcome which should be extended by a free people to those of oppressed nations should be restrained by considerations of prudence and a regard for the safety of the country itself."

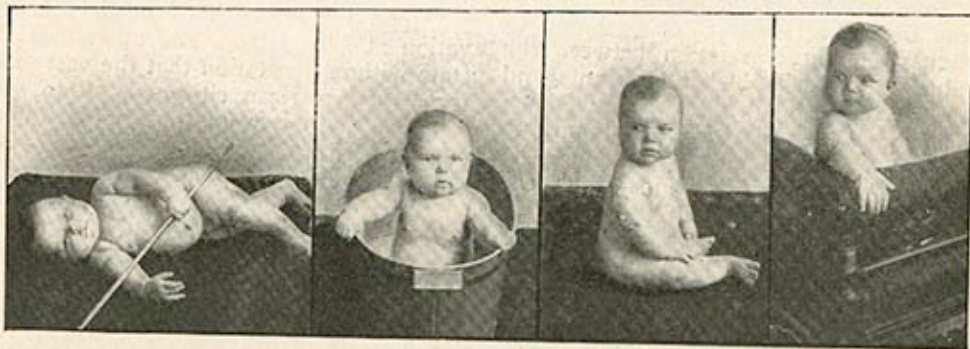
Mr. Eliot Norton, a member of the New York Bar, in the Annals of the American Academy, and in relation to the question, speaks thus:

"There is another danger I wish to mention. If one considers the American people from, say, 1775 to 1860, it is clear that a well-defined national character was in process of formation. What variations there were were of the same type, and these variations would have slowly grown less and less marked. It needs little study to see of what great value to any body of men, women and children, a national or racial type is. It furnishes a standard of conduct by which one can set his course. The world is a difficult place in which to live, and to establish moral standards has been one of the chief occupations of mankind. Without such standards man feels as a mariner without a compass. Religious rules, laws and customs are only the na-

tional character in the form of standards of conduct. New national character can only be formed in a population which is stable. The repeated introduction into a body of men of other men of different type or types cannot but tend to prevent its formation. Thus the nineteen millions of immigrants that have landed since 1850 have tended to break up the type which was forming and to make the formation of any other type difficult. Every million more will only intensify this result, and the absence of a national character is a loss to every man, woman and child. It will show itself in our religious rules of conduct, in our laws, in our customs."

Finally, Mr. Phillip Iverson, the sociologist, made this statement to a representative of PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine:

"The American race is being smothered out of existence by those to whom it has been extending unreasonable, unthinking hospitality. You have seen the same kind of thing take place in the case of an oak that has given aid to an ivy. The parasite generally winds up by choking its benefactor. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the prosperity of this country has bred those vices that are always found side by side with luxury. Chief of these is the shirking of the responsibilities of a family. In spite of what Mr. Ward and the others say, race suicide is not always due to the struggle for existence, but is, on the contrary, more frequently the outcome of selfish affluence."



**Gets His Air Bath Every Day**

Photograph of Chas. Pomeroy Park, Jr., aged 5 years, weight 21 lbs. This remarkable little Physical Culture baby has never taken a drop of medicine of any kind and has never been sick a day. He has been made the hardy and strong little baby that he is by the mother's practice of treating her little son to a cold bath daily, preceded by a friction bath and followed by the exhilarating air bath.



# A PERFECT BEAUTY

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

With the Collaboration of BARBARA HOWARD

*A problem story that should be intensely interesting. It is based on truth and tells how an untutored Western girl, a child from the heart of nature and uncorrupted by artificial life, is brought suddenly and by peculiar circumstances into the subtle meshes and temptations of a glaring city. Her contact with the spenders and vultures of womanly purity that exist in every large city. The severe tests of her virtue. The problem that is presented in this story resolves itself into the question whether the fine, subtle intuition and instinct of protection that are found keenly alert in a perfectly natural, normal woman, can take the place of knowledge in guiding her through the maze of the city's wiles and snares and in preserving her purity and womanhood.*

## CHAPTER III.

IF any man—even Will—had approached Grace with a humble request to be allowed to kiss her, she would have refused with scorn and indignation; but that a man should approach her to kiss her against her will filled her with anger.

And yet experience with such a man as this—a libertine—was so new to her that, as she looked into his flaming black eyes, she shuddered and shrank back at the lust of passion she saw there. And it was not until his hand touched her waist—not until his hot breath was almost on her cheek—that she roused herself to repel his hateful approach.

She thrust out the hand in which she held her whip, and pushed his face away with no gentle pressure; then dug her heel into her mare's side and caused it to leap suddenly away.

"You cur!" she cried, fiercely. "Keep away from me!"

In her inexperience she fancied the incident was ended; and, eager to be out of the presence of such a man, she spoke to her mare and was carried swiftly away.

She heard the horrid oath that broke from the young man's lips, and in a moment was aware that she was being pursued. She was not afraid, as most girls would have been under such circumstances, but her disgust and horror were so great that her instinct was to flee rather than to stop and contend. It was her first experience with the aggressive animalism of debased man.

She dug both heels into her mare's sides, and the fleet-footed creature, un-

derstanding the signal, broke into a run that would have left almost any other horse in the neighborhood hopelessly in the rear; but a glance back over her shoulder told Grace that it would take the powerful stallion but a few strides to come up to her.

"It's no use, my dear," cried the voice of Don Morton. "You might as well stop and take your medicine. I owe you half a dozen kisses for that slap in the face."

He ended with a mocking laugh, and another glance back at the evil smile on his darkly handsome face filled Grace with such a wrath as she had never experienced before.

She thought of her rifle, and even laid her hand on it to swing it around from her back, but her pursuer was almost by her side—his horse's head almost touched her thigh. She looked around once more into the hateful face, and then, swift as a flash, raised her formidable bull-hide whip and brought it down over him as best she could.

If she had studied the blow she could not have done better, for the lash curled about his head like a snake, and lay upon his cheek like a tongue of fire, bringing a cry of blended pain and anger from his lips.

With a practiced hand she snatched the whip away again, and once more it whistled through the air; but Don Morton was out of reach this time, and raging like a demon.

"Curse you!" he quivered. "You'll pay dearly for this!"

He gave the reins a cruel wrench and brought his horse back on its haunches

in a dead stop such as only the most expert rider would dare essay. Grace rode on, flushed and angry, but triumphant.

If she had had any experience with the libertine type of man she would not have looked upon the episode, even now, as having been ended so simply and expeditiously. She was happily without experience with Don Morton's kind of man, however. She went her way, wrathful and indignant, it is true, but feeling that she had given a lesson that would not be forgotten.

She told herself, indeed, that in the event of another such assault on her she would use her rifle, but that was only because her blood still boiled and her nerves still tingled as she went over the details of the encounter.

Another girl, of less heroic mold, might have complained to his father of the treatment she had received at the hands of the heir, but it did not occur to Grace to do so. When she reached the hacienda she sprang from her mare, threw the reins to a half-naked boy who was playing in the courtyard, and stalked into the office of old Donald Morton, and curtly counted out the interest money on his desk, disregarding his greeting of her except by a short nod of her head.

She had never liked him, and now she liked him less than ever, making him share in the odium of his son's conduct. She had very little notion that her indignation was enhancing her beauty in a very marked degree, and was quite unaware that her uplifted head, sparkling brown eyes and flushed cheeks were attracting the notice of even the time-wearied old roué before her, until he said, unctuously:

"Carramba, my dear! You've suddenly bloomed into a beauty. The men will be wild after you."

"Never mind my looks," she snapped. "There's your money! I'll thank you to count it and give me a receipt."

He looked at her in undisguised surprise, as if he could not understand how there could be any cause for anger in a compliment paid; then, as another notion entered his head, he chuckled, and began counting the money. Several times he chuckled while he continued to count, and

then wrote the receipt, and chuckled again as he handed the paper to her.

There was something peculiarly offensive to her in this chuckle of the old man's, and he made it worse by an occasional glance at her—now at her face, now at her bust, and finally at her breeched and booted legs; but she had no good excuse for expressing her annoyance until he said, as he handed her the receipt:

"I'll bet you've met that young rascal of mine."

She had already half turned away, but at his words she turned and faced him again, crying out:

"Rascal! Yes, I think so. Met *him*? Well, he met *me*. If you doubt it, look at his cheek when you see him."

The old wretch only laughed long and loud at this, and she left him leaning back in his chair and thumping his desk, as if laughter could only partly express his sense of joy.

Disgust was now mingled with her indignation, and she rode out of the big courtyard determined, as she never had before been, to pay off the mortgage, and be done forever with these Mortons.

However, there was the receipt snug in her bosom, and six months more before the next payment of interest would fall due. In that time, surely, something would suggest itself. What would she not do to pay off at least a part of the principal sum?

Will Belden, and his offer to take the mortgage with her, did enter her thoughts, but were instantly dismissed. She had never given the subject of marriage any thought, but hers was too wholesome a nature to contemplate marriage as an economic problem. She would pay off the mortgage herself.

She had no idea of having any further trouble with Don Morton, but in her frame of mind it seemed the most natural thing to unslung her rifle and to carry it across her lap, in readiness for anything that might happen to call for its use.

The day was still young, and was perfect, as California days are, so that in spite of her unpleasant experiences with the father and son, she found it easy to enjoy her homeward ride, and presently to forget the unpleasant pair.

She let the little mare take her own

gait, knowing that by so doing there would be less fatigue for the animal, and the latter soon fell into an easy amble, pleasant for Grace, and the least difficult of all paces for the mare.

Occasionally, as Grace mounted a rise in the road, she could look over the rolling country and see flocks of sheep feeding in the distance, but otherwise there was no sign of life on the great ranch. After a while she came upon a long stretch of thickly wooded land, and pulled her mare back into a walk, that she might enjoy the forest sights and sounds.

Suddenly the mare stopped short, with a snort of fright, and Grace could see a dead sheep lying across the road. It was a singular object to be there, and Grace soothed her horse while she studied to find a way to pass the carcass; for a horse fears a dead body more than any other object.

She had just decided that there was nothing for it but to dismount and lead the trembling mare slowly past the sheep, when there was an odd noise behind her, and before she could turn her head to see what might be the cause, the noose of a lasso dropped over her head and she was jerked backward off her horse, her arms tightly pinioned to her sides.

A shrill, frightened cry of "Help! help! help!" broke from her lips, but was stifled almost instantly at the moment of reaching the earth by a bag that was thrown over her head.

Bruised and partially stunned by the sudden jerk and by the fall, Grace, nevertheless, tried to struggle with the two men who had rushed upon her at the moment of her fall. But they were large and powerful men, and overcame her in a very little while, tying her hands behind her and binding her ankles together, so that escape was impossible.

In this condition, her head enveloped in the folds of a large bag, in which her frantic cries were so muffled that they could be heard but a short distance away, she was lifted into the arms of a man mounted on a horse, and so borne rapidly away.

Not a word had been spoken, save by her, during all this time, and the faces of the men who had captured her had been covered with handkerchiefs, with holes cut in them to see through; nevertheless,

it required no effort of her imagination to satisfy Grace that she had fallen a victim to Don Morton's wounded vanity.

A desperate fear clutched at the poor girl's heart, though she was too ignorant of the infamies of the world to comprehend fully what her real peril was. She ceased her struggles as soon as she discovered that they were futile, and had the presence of mind to try to make out which way her captors took.

She knew that they retraced the road so as to emerge from the woods, and was sure, from the unevenness of the way, that they had turned aside from the beaten trail and were going across the open country. More than that she could not make out.

She guessed that they were about half an hour on the way, galloping most of the time, but walking now and then over a particularly uneven piece of land, and for the most part making an ascent. She judged that by the shorter gallop of the horses, and by their labored panting. All the while not a word was spoken, by which she knew that her capture must have been carefully pre-arranged.

When the horses finally stopped she was lifted down from the horse by someone who evidently had been prepared for her coming, for still not a word was spoken. She was carried into a house and placed on a chair; the bag being immediately taken from her head so that she could see.

She was in a big, bare apartment, paved with stone, and surrounded by thick adobe walls. Three massive chairs and a wide couch constituted the entire furniture of the room. The man who had brought her there was dressed like a vaquero, and had a handkerchief over his face.

She tried to start up, but the bonds at her ankles prevented her standing up with any certainty, and the man pushed her back into the chair with little more than a touch of his huge hand.

"Why do you bring me here?" she cried, frightened in spite of her courage by his silence, his mask, the strangeness of the room, and, perhaps more than all, by her own impotency. "What right have you to make a prisoner of me? Who set you on?"

Without answering, the man bent over

and unfastened the cord at her ankles, then quickly unbound her arms, and strode from the room, the massive door closing after him with an added sound of heavy bolts drawn that caused her heart to sink.

#### CHAPTER IV.

She did, indeed, leap to her feet ere the man was more than half way across the room, but her muscles had been stiffened by the constrained position she had been kept in, so that, although she tried to reach the door before the man, he had no difficulty in passing out and bolting the door before she was near it.

Nevertheless, she kept on and tried the door, hopeless as the proceeding was. One involuntary cry escaped her lips, but she knew that cries must be useless, and, therefore, suppressed any further sound. For an instant she felt like yielding to her fears. A sudden weakness caused her to half sink to the floor. Then her native resolution came to her aid, and she roused herself.

She looked about her prison to study the chances of escape from it. There were three windows in it, all so high as to be out of her reach from the floor, and all were barred.

It seemed hopeless to try them, but Grace quickly reasoned that it might be well to look out, at least, and to make an effort to locate the place to which she had been taken. So she dragged one of the heavy chairs to a place under one of the windows and climbed up on the back.

Her first swift glance outside revealed the situation to her, and gave her her first inkling of the truth. She was in one of those old monasteries built by the Spaniards in the early centuries of their occupation of California. This was perfectly evident by the character of the surrounding objects she saw, as well as by the commanding situation of the building; for as she looked, her eye traveled far over the country, and she knew that the old fathers always had taken the choice sites for their monasteries.

But the confirmation of her suspicion was the fact that she knew there was a ruined monastery somewhere in the midst of the Morton ranch; and she recalled, now, sinister rumors of the use young Don Morton put it to.

The only definite stories that had been told were to the effect that he had repaired enough of the old building and had converted it from its sacred uses to the requirements of his licentious life. Wild orgies, frantic dancing parties, all-night gambling described the worst things actually told, but there were always suggestive looks, shrugged shoulders and veiled insinuations accompanying what was said openly.

Utter despair seized upon Grace. She understood, now, why Don Morton had accepted her stinging blow without a word. He had plotted this revenge. The dead sheep had been placed in the road to arrest her horse and to occupy her attention while one of his henchmen crept out of his hiding place in the woods to lasso her.

A choking cry of terror broke from her lips. What could she, one girl, do against all those men? She knew their kind; and she had had this experience with them to teach her that they would stop at nothing which they were commanded to do by their young master.

She began to tug at the thick bars as if she thought she could pull them out of their sockets; but the futility of such an effort soon made itself apparent, and she desisted.

Then, too, four mounted men—vaqueiros—came suddenly into view, and she watched them in the hope of surmising something to her advantage. One of them led a horse that she recognized at once as Don Morton's splendid stallion, so assuring her that her suspicions were correct.

Despair and terror dominated Grace, and her heart was throbbing painfully; but she realized that she must control herself and be ready for the emergency that might threaten her at any moment.

She sprang down from the chair and paced up and down the end of the room, her hands at her temples, as if she would force her brain to concentration. It never occurred to her merely to endure the treatment that might be forced upon her. She meant to fight—to free herself, if possible. The worst of it was that she did not know the nature of the evil that hung over her, and the absolute silence

oppressed her more than threatening noise.

But the movement up and down calmed her, and it was no small matter to her that she had no hampering skirts on. If only they had left her a weapon! But she had nothing but a small pocket knife that could be of almost no service to her.

There was a sudden sound at the door of the bolts being shot back, and she started thither; but before she had gone half across the room the door was thrown open, and Don Morton entered.

He closed the door behind him, laughing sardonically as he did so, his wicked black eyes flaming viciously. Grace stopped short and held herself proudly. All her terror and despair seemed to go as she faced the young libertine. It was as if she felt a superiority to him.

"Well," he said, sneeringly, "how do you feel now? Ready to pay your debts? I've come to collect with interest. You owe me for this," and he raised his finger to his cheek, which was marked by a livid welt where her whip had fallen.

"That was your due; you insulted me," she answered. "If you are wise you will stand aside and let me go unmolested."

He stepped back a pace or two until his back was against the jamb of the door. There he rested, with an air of indescribable insolence and menace, his lip curling with a sneering smile.

"You are just the sort of girl I like," he said. "I like your saucy ways, I like your looks, I like your pride, although I mean to tame that before I am done with you."

She shuddered, in spite of herself, at the sinister meaning with which he contrived to imbue his words, but she was more and more in control of herself.

"It is a dangerous thing you are doing," she said. "You cannot keep me here long, and my father is not one to submit calmly to such an injury to me. You may make a prisoner of me, but you cannot subdue me, and the whole country shall ring with the outrage you have subjected me to."

"It is plain you don't know me," he answered, sneeringly; "but you shall, before we go much further. In the first place, I always pay my debts, and I mean to pay this one," pointing to the mark on his cheek.

The color rushed to her face and then faded away, leaving her white as a ghost. For a moment her knees weakened so that she could hardly stand. Then rage shook her, and if she had had a weapon in her hands she would have shot the man down like a dog.

"I warn you—beware!" she said, huskily, her brown eyes growing black in the intensity of her passion. "I am not a weak girl."

He laughed mockingly, and looked at her with increasing admiration. And she certainly had never looked more lovely than she did then, as, under the influence of hot anger, she stood like a Diana, the huntress, threatening him.

"Do you know that you are altogether in my power?" he said. "No one ever comes here. The place has a rather bad name, anyhow. I took a fancy to you at the very first, and, to tell you the truth, I like you better than ever for your spirit. This little lump on my cheek is rather a pleasure than otherwise. I may say, too, that we are quite alone here, and that if you were to scream like one of those steam sirens some of the steamers have no one would hear you."

Grace started at his words, and opened her lips to utter a cry, but choked back the words that had formed in her throat, and said with an effort:

"I do not believe you; your men are not so hardened that they would not come if they heard my cries for help."

"I don't know about that," he answered, with a chuckle; "but they won't hear you, anyhow, for I've sent them all away. You and I are here alone, my beauty. By the gods! you are a beauty! And, when I have tamed you, you shall go traveling with me. I shall be proud to show you off. Oh, don't count on your father looking for you and finding you. I've provided for that very cleverly. He shall think you've run away of your own accord. And now, since we understand each other, I am going to have the kiss I was cheated out of."

He started toward her, and Grace, with heaving bosom and glittering eyes, watched him. She had been thinking with a rapidity that she never before had dreamed of. She measured him with her eye as he came toward her, calculating

his strength. It was her opportunity. What could she make of it?

She did not shrink from him; she did not move aside or run away. She stood quite still, her eyes fixed on him in a way that made him uneasy. He could have understood better if she had cried out or betrayed fear.

When he was within a yard of her, his arms outspread as if to encircle her, she sprang not away, but toward him, caught him under his arms, and with a movement as swift as it was unexpected, turned her supple body, caught him on her hip, and flung him with all her force on the paved floor.

His hold on her was broken by the force of the throw, but he was not hurt—only enraged beyond conception by what had happened. He scrambled to his feet with a horrible oath, but Grace had lost no time. Already she was at the door, which she pulled open.

Don Morton was after her, his face convulsed with rage; but Grace had time to dart through, close the door and shoot a bolt before her pursuer could touch the door.

Once in safety, it seemed for a moment as if her strength would desert her; but the sudden thought that he might have lied to her in saying there was no one in the house but themselves forced her to recover herself. She shot all the bolts into their sockets, while her prisoner cursed and threatened and kicked.

The door secured, Grace looked fearfully around her, and found that she was in the main hall of the monastery, and quite alone. On a table lay her whip and her rifle. She took up both with a little cry of joy.

Her first act, almost instinctive, was to examine the magazine of the rifle in order to see if it had been tampered with. No! It was full of cartridges, and one reposed in its place in the barrel. She pulled back the hammer with a snap. She was ready now.

Not fearfully any longer, but with a firm step, she went to the doors that opened into the hall and threw them open. The rooms were empty and silent. The only sound in the whole place was that of the man cursing and kicking at the door that she had bolted.

She felt that there was no need to

search the place. Don Morton's boast that it was empty, and the whole atmosphere of her surroundings, convinced her that she had nothing to fear. She had only to find her mare.

She went out by a door that was evidently the only one in use, and took a deep breath of the free, pure air. It seemed to her that never before had it had such a flavor! And the sunshine was surely warmer and more joyous!

The stallion stood under the pepper tree, pawing the earth, and at the sight of her it neighed loudly. At least there stood the means of her escape from the hateful place, but she wanted her own little mare. She went around the building, retracing the way the vaqueros had come with the stallion.

In a building evidently used for stables she found the mare, unsaddled, and quite comfortable, at a manger filled with alfalfa grass. Grace cried aloud in her joy at finding her favorite, and at once threw the saddle on and cinched it firmly; then put on the bridle and led the mare out.

She sprang into the saddle and rode toward the entrance. The stallion and the mare giving each other answering cries, gave her a new thought. She jumped off the mare, readjusted the length of the stirrup leathers on the saddle on the stallion, untied the restive animal, and mounted. She would lead the mare until she was off the ranch, so as to keep her as fresh as possible.

As she rode away in this fashion something prompted her to look back, and there, at the same window from which she had looked out filled with despair, she could see the face of the wretch who had devoted her to such an awful fate.

Something like a cry or an oath fell faintly on her ears, but she gave no heed to it, and rode swiftly away. While she rode the stallion no one could overtake her; while she held that ready rifle no one well could capture her.

#### CHAPTER V.

Grace scanned the country as she rode, knowing that her main concern, until she was fairly off the ranch, was with the four vaqueros who had ridden away from the monastery. They were nowhere in sight, but that might be accounted for by

their being hidden in one of the many hollows formed by the rolling country.

How far they were ahead of her would be determined by the speed with which they had gone; but she did not like to move slowly, and therefore maintained a good pace, trusting to the habit of the vaquero of riding recklessly.

She was beginning to think she would escape without any encounter with them, when, just as she emerged upon the top of a hill, she saw them riding almost at right angles with her, their backs to her.

The forest was about three hundred yards from where she was, and the entrance to it seemingly about the same distance from them. If she could reach it without being seen she would be safe. She formed her resolution quickly, and turned her horses back to retire into the shelter of the arroyo. But a glance at the men as she did so showed her that they had seen her, and were staring at her in amazement.

There was nothing to do now but to make for the road through the forest. If she had been willing to throw the mare loose, she could have beaten the men without difficulty on the stallion, but she realized that too late, and she checked herself in the furious race down the hill, undetermined what to do until she saw the men snatch up their lassos. They evidently meant to recapture her as they originally had taken her captive.

She raised her rifle and fired. The leading horse plunged and fell, throwing its rider senseless. Grace, as coolly as if she were shooting at a target, though her heart was beating furiously, ejected the exploded cartridge and fired again. The second horse fell with its rider. The other two stopped at once, not caring to risk the fire of so accurate a riflewoman.

Grace made ready again, and then rode slowly down the hill, coming within easy speaking distance of the two ruffians, who glared alternately at her and at their two companions.

"If you make one movement toward me I will shoot you this time, and shoot to kill," she hailed fiercely.

"What did you do to young Don?" one of the men demanded.

"Left him in my place. Remember what I say! If you follow I will shoot to kill."

"I don't want you," answered the man, with an oath; "I'll leave you to Don. He'll take care of you."

"He can't take care of himself," she said, scornfully, and rode away.

"We'll have you for horse stealing."

"I'll send the stallion back when I'm done with him," she replied over her shoulder, and rode rapidly away, with only an occasional glance backward in order to make sure that she was not being followed.

She had no more trouble from the men, however, and reached the outskirts of the ranch in safety. She would have liked to ride the powerful stallion all the way home, but dared not because she had made up her mind that she would not let either her father or Will know of what had happened to her.

"They would kill the wretch," she said to herself, "and what would be the use? He is too contemptible to bother with."

She dismounted from the stallion, removed the saddle and bridle, which she placed together on a rock by the roadside, and then, with a sharp stroke of her whip sent the freed animal galloping back toward his home.

Her own mare, not having had any weight to carry, was reasonably fresh, and carried Grace along at a smooth amble. The girl no longer had any fears of the men of the Morton ranch, but continued to carry her gun in readiness until she came in sight of the Belden house, when she let down the hammer and slung the rifle at her back.

She was conscious of a very strong feeling of pleasure in the thought of seeing Will. When he came toward her in the manner of one who has been watching and waiting, there was a distinct lift at her heart, and she greeted him with such warmth as surprised him.

The fact was that if Will had only been a little more of an egoist, and a little less anxious to do nothing to annoy Grace, he might have had her at that moment for the asking, so rejoiced was she to see his honest, manly face, and so greatly did he shine in contrast with the scoundrel with whom she had just had dealings.

"You've been waiting to see me go by, Will?"

"Yes, Grace. May I ride a little way home with you?"

"Do; I'd like you to."

He did not leave her until they were at her own house, when he said good-bye quickly and rode homeward again. He went away so hurriedly because he felt the words of love rushing to his lips; and perhaps then it would have been too late; for by that time Grace had recovered her poise.

Having made up her mind to say nothing to her father about what had happened, Grace maintained a perfect silence as to it. Yet she could not help being uneasy about the mortgage, and so asked her father one day what would happen if old Don Morton should insist on having the principal as well as the interest paid when the latter fell due.

"I'd have to pay—if I could."

"And you couldn't?"

"I don't see how I could."

"The—the place——?" she queried.

"Would be sold under the hammer and he would probably take it."

"We shall have to raise that money somehow, father. I have a feeling that he will demand it when it comes due again."

"Oh, no, my dear! Why should he? He doesn't want the ranch. If it adjoined his, he might. He didn't say anything to make you think so, did he?"

"No—o," answered Grace, hesitatingly. "No—o, he didn't say anything, but young Don did. The fact is, father, young Don tried to kiss me and I cut him over the face with my whip. He threatened revenge—that's all."

"The young scoundrel!" her father cried, hoarsely. "Why did you not tell me at the time? I would have taught him a lesson he would never have forgotten."

"That was what I was afraid of, father. And there was no need of it. I took the best of care of myself; but you see that we must be prepared. I have been waiting for some word to come from them, until I suddenly thought that it would be just like their kind to wait and give you the least possible time."

"Yes, that would be their way if they were trying to ruin me."

"Father," Grace said, in an abrupt way, "I'm going to ask you a strange question."

"Yes, dear."

"Am I what you would call a beautiful girl?"

Her father started in surprise, and looked earnestly at her flushed face; then nodded his head slowly:

"A very beautiful girl, Grace, taking form and face together. Very beautiful. Why?"

"Well, young Don said so that day, and Will Belden told me so. I had never thought of it before."

"Will Belden?"

"Yes, father."

"Had he never told you so before?" asked her father, an amused smile playing about his usually serious mouth.

"Never. And he told me then only because he was asking me to marry him."

"And you said you would. I know no finer young man than Will."

"I said I would not, father. I told him I had made up my mind to pay off that mortgage. Anyhow, I don't want to marry."

"Never mind about the mortgage, Grace dear; but if you don't feel ready to marry, don't. But Will is a splendid fellow, and if I were choosing for you I would go first to him."

"I don't want to marry, father, but I like Will better than anybody I have ever seen. I haven't seen many men besides the ones who were boys at school and those silly dudes at the hotels. But what I was going to say was that when I told Will I wanted to pay off the mortgage he said he would pay it gladly. So, if you say so, father——"

"Never! That would be selling yourself, Grace; and of all hideous things that would be the worst. No; we shall manage about the mortgage—somehow."

"So we shall, father. I don't know how, but I am sure we shall manage it. I shall think of nothing else from now on."

And the evening of that same day, as she was reading a magazine, the suggestion came to her. She started up and went out into the moonlight and paced up and down in her excitement.

"Father says I'm beautiful; Will said so. They might be mistaken, but Don Morton—wretch that he is—ought to know. Oh, if only I could turn my looks into money! Yes—that is my chance. I will take it!"

(To be continued.)



## Anti-Vaccination Department

A tribunal where medical blunders and blunderers will be exposed and where cases of crimes, disease, suffering and deaths resulting from vaccination will be filed. Readers are invited to send in short items of news pertinent to this department.

"I believe ordinary vaccination to be filthy, dangerous to life and health, a relic of barbarism, a tool by which to extort money and productive of more harm than smallpox."

—ERVIN DAVIS BROOKS, B.S., M.D., Ann Harbor, Mich.

### The Profanation of Putting Vaccination Filth in a Pure and Clean Body

**A**MONG the burning questions of the day that of vaccination holds a place very near the head of the list, if not quite there. Yet the subject of vaccination lies comparatively dormant in many quarters, because of a lull in the epidemic of fear that sweeps over unreasoning humanity every little while.

"In time of peace prepare for war." This dreaded question should be kept before the minds of the people, that it may the sooner reach solution. The absurdity, the criminality of forcing people to take into their bodies a vile, foreign substance which the Creator never intended to be there should be preached wherever and whenever possible.

When one looks upon pure, clean, white, human flesh and thinks of the wondrous beauty of its construction and the divineness of its origin and life, it seems a profanation, a blasphemy, to touch it with lacerating instruments and to put into its life channels the poisons which the whole effort of Nature is to eliminate. It seems as absurd and lacking in common sense as to eat filth with the hope of nourishment.

The human body is a temple of God, and it should be kept as pure and clean and undefiled as it is possible to keep it. That some men, misusing the power for good, should force upon other men and women and children the defilement of the bodies that have been intrusted to them by circumstance, is a cowardly thing, a crime in a great many instances, and the sooner the vaccination fallacy is exploded and the minds of the people

stirred into revolt, the better for the individual and for the race.

The solving of the question of race suicide includes, among other things, this subject of vaccination, its exposure and abolishment. Too many children have been killed, or crippled and unfitted for life and the propagation and care of offspring by this devilishly conceived method of poisoning. Too much disease has been induced and too many weaknesses and predispositions to disease fostered by this vicious practice of inoculation.

Let the American people summon common sense and religious faith to their support and rise against the tyranny of this, one of the monstrous blunders that fill the history of the medical profession. Let them spend in sanitation and ventilation the money that goes into the doctors' pockets for the operations and consequent medical attendance, and the country will be relieved of one of the greatest mill-stones that ever has been hung about its neck.—*M. R.*

### Crime in Berkeley, California

After suffering intense agony, Myrtle Conklin, the seven-year-old daughter of I. W. Conklin, of 1619 Oregon street, Berkeley, Cal., died on August 31 of lockjaw. Dr. W. W. Allen, president of the Board of Education, and a member of the Board of Health, attended the little girl immediately after the fatal blood-poisoning set in. Although a member of the Board of Health, who usually protect the vaccination scheme of money-making, Dr. Allen has declared that the tetanus and final death were due to the vaccination that was performed a few days before. This much-to-be-admired

physician went a step further and threatened not to sign a death certificate, but instead to ask the coroner to take charge of the case. Though the measly M.D. who murdered the child has escaped punishment for the cowardly crime of being the instrument of robbing a little child of life, yet Dr. Allen's gallant stand in the matter is a step in the right direction and there is some consolation in the fact that the incident has not passed without strengthening the cause of the anti-vaccination movement. All credit due Dr. Allen!

### What Some Experienced Doctors Say of Vaccination

In the *Oakland Tribune*, Oakland, Cal., appear a number of statements from prominent California doctors giving their opinion of the value of vaccination. A few are appended herewith:

A. D. Fouchy, M.D., 834 Santa Clara avenue, Alameda, Cal.—I do not believe that cowpox vaccination confers immunity from smallpox. I believe vaccination rather dangerous.

W. E. Ledyard, M.D., Box 113, Alameda, Cal.—I believe vaccination dangerous immediately and remotely.

Wm. I. Wallace, M.D., Hemit, Riverside County, Cal.—I do not believe vaccination will prevent smallpox. Have never vaccinated my children and will not unless compelled to. I consider the compulsory vaccination law a barbarous one.

R. Cauch, M.D., Carpenteria, Cal.—Cowpox vaccination has often proved dangerous. I do not believe children should be compelled to become vaccinated under penalty of expulsion from school.

Blanche L. Sanborn, M.D., 1786 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.—I believe cowpox has a tendency to keep smallpox alive, instead of stamping it out. Vaccination is dangerous and barbarous.

W. H. Loomis, M.D., Station 2, East Oakland, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination dangerous. I do not believe that children should be compelled to become vaccinated under penalty of expulsion from school.

Nanie C. Clark, M.D., 722 West Seventh street, Los Angeles, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination is dangerous. I do not believe in compulsory vaccination.

Arthur C. Green, M.D., 949 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.—I do not believe cowpox vaccination confers immunity from smallpox.

C. W. Bozarth, M.D., 506 Grant Building, Los Angeles, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination dangerous both immediately and remotely. I do not believe children should be compelled to become vaccinated under penalty of expulsion from school.

Matthew T. Wilson, M.D., 1666 Fell

street, San Francisco, Cal.—I am opposed to vaccination in any form and at any time. Emphatically, no! I do not believe in compulsory vaccination. I do not consider vaccination harmless. On the contrary, pernicious and dangerous.

Rawdon Arnold, M.D., Oakland, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination harmful, both immediately and remotely, and many chronic diseases may be traced directly to it. I do not believe children should be compelled to become vaccinated under penalty of expulsion from school. That is interfering with the personal liberty of the people, and is class legislation in favor of the doctors. I do not believe in vaccination at all, and never practice it.

Edmund Beckwith, M.D., Petaluma, Cal.—I do not now believe there is any pure vaccine virus. Was formerly provaccinationist, but have seen so much evil resulting therefrom, that for the past twenty-five years I have not practiced it. And, for my former ignorance and superstition, may the Lord forgive me, and give me wisdom and understanding to know the truth.

C. J. Holmgren, M.D., 1050 Golden Gate avenue, San Francisco, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination dangerous, both immediately and remotely.

W. E. Alumbaugh, M.D., Napa, Cal.—If anyone is foolish enough to believe that poisoning the blood of a healthy child will protect it against smallpox let them thus protect themselves. Why need they care whether the other fellow is protected or not?

J. F. Tapley, M.D., Marysville, Yuba County, Cal.—I will not vaccinate. While the vital force is trying to eliminate the poison, it protects by killing before one can have the disease.

J. E. Huffman, M.D., 546 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal.—I believe cowpox vaccination dangerous, both immediately and remotely.

H. M. Bishop, M.D., 2627 Hoover street, Los Angeles, Cal.—I do not believe that children should be compelled to become vaccinated under the penalty of expulsion from school. It is an injustice unworthy of our land of liberty, and a blot on the civilization of the country.

George Pyburn, M.D., 1011 H street, Sacramento, Cal.—I do not believe that children should be compelled to become vaccinated under penalty of expulsion from school. We do not know what vaccine virus is, or what it comes from, or its relation to smallpox.

Ruth P. Bennett, M.D., Santa Cruz, Cal.—I am not at all opposed to going on record as an antivaccinationist. I think vaccination dangerous.

W. P. Chamberlain, M.D., 82 Cayuga street, Santa Cruz, Cal.—I am absolutely opposed to vaccination now, and have been for the last thirty years. I believe it is frequently dangerous, both primarily and secondarily.

## PARLIAMENT OF THOUGHT

*If, at any time, there are any statements in PHYSICAL CULTURE that you believe to be erroneous or misleading, or any subject discussed upon 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 greatest 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 or BEAUTY AND HEALTH, to be sent to the writer or to any friend the writer may designate.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

### Shaking Belief in Medicine a Wrong Policy

To the Editor:—Some of your ideas exploited in PHYSICAL CULTURE have merit, but on some subjects you are on the wrong track. Your attack on the doctors is a point in question. Now, no matter how right you may be or how good your intentions may be, *you are deliberately shaking public confidence in doctors* by such a policy as you have adopted toward my profession!! Do you know, let me ask, that there is such a thing as mental therapeutics? That there are thousands upon thousands of patients who are cured by *belief* in the thing given and in the doctor who gives it? Now, when you shake or even disturb this belief you are deliberately taking away from the physician one of his greatest aids in the curative art. Do you realize this fact? Grant you that medicines do not cure. But is it not a fact that the giving of the drug (frequently a composition of water and coloring matter) to a patient who *believes* in drugs will effect a cure? You know, as well as every practicing physician does, that the average person who does not get the opportunity to study up medical subjects is a densely credulous person. Even if doctors wanted to institute a reform in regard to non-drugging methods, do you think they could hold their practice for any length of time? You are mistaken in your policy of spreading broadcast information that weakens faith. Furthermore, you have no right to take up the cudgel in regard to medical reform. If the medical practice contains blunders

(and your magazine contains blunders), and if, as you say, doctors are erroneous in their methods of cure, then it is for those within the medical profession to rectify the condition described. It concerns nobody else. You have no right to illuminate the quarrels, dissensions and mistakes before laymen who do not understand the subject sufficiently to take it in a clear light, but who, instead, will lose faith in the entire profession as a whole. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." You may take this in the nature of a kick or otherwise. I felt like relieving my mind on this subject and you have got it on paper.

New York City. DR. R. M. V.

### Seeking Cause of Early Sterility

To the Editor:—I would like to see in the columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE some information, statistics, etc., of the reasons for sterility in women. I read in a medical book once that only a very small percentage of women who marry after the age of twenty-five years have a chance of becoming mothers. Is there any reasonable reason, I mean, not a doctor's reason—for this statement? I cannot understand why a woman's powers should be lost before a man's, providing she is in good physical health. Yours truly,

Brooklyn, N. Y. A. B. H.

### A Different View of Farm Life

To the Editor:—I have just finished reading your interesting article, "Going Back to Nature," in the August number. As one who was born and raised on the farm, however, I wish to say that there

are other reasons for boys leaving the farm and going to the city than those you give. Here is a part of my experience.

At the age of eighteen, having finished my schooling, I looked about for employment. I found work on a milk farm, where I was to receive \$8 a month and my board. I had to rise at 3.45 a. m., milk ten cows, care for three horses, load a milk wagon with small cans of milk for retailing, wash cans, do general farm work, wash wagons and harness, and, when there was nothing else to do, saw wood.

My labors ended each day at 8 p. m. I was so tired each morning that it was agony to get up. At the end of two weeks I gave up the job and received my pay—\$3.73.

I now work in a machine shop only ten hours per day. I have plenty of time outside of working hours for the exercise of mind and body, and receive wages that enable me to live comfortably. I feel that I am ever so much better off than when at work on a farm, and I feel much better.

Wishing you success in your noble work, I am,  
Yours truly,  
Bellows Falls, Vt. ALFRED S. AYER.

#### Favors the Physical Culture Colony Idea

To the Editor:—I certainly agree with the views expressed by Mr. F. H. Brigman in the August *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, in reference to a physical culture colony. With a city we would have to depend upon outside parties for our living—that is, for dairy and agricultural products, while in a colony we could raise our own produce, and could also have a city in the colony.

My idea would be to have a stock company organized and incorporated by some of our most successful brothers, and then sell the stock. Have the stock fully paid

and non-assessable, each stockholder to have only one vote at its meetings regardless of the number of shares he holds, thus giving the small investor as much power as the larger, and having it run by the people and not by a certain few.

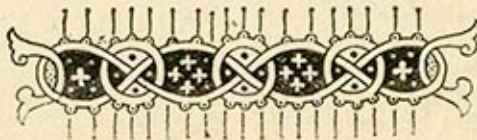
After selling sufficient stock, buy up as much land as needed to start on, dividing a portion of it into house lots, and building thereon. Divide the remainder into lots of a few acres each and sell to the stockholders if they care to buy it. If not, keep it for tillage, etc.

I don't believe in the company owning all the land, but in giving each investor a chance to own his own home and then pay taxes. I should want to own my own home and a few acres of land with it.

But whether we owned our own home and land or not, we would get our percent. of the profits of the company and there would be work for us all. We all realize that there are a great many people who can work for or under someone else better than they can for themselves. There is plenty of land in the South and West that can be bought very cheap, and we could even irrigate desert land. Our stock company could build factories as it grew and in time manufacture practically all our supplies. We would do a great deal of exporting also. I myself am a mechanic and could take an active part in the manufacture of our own goods, or could take charge of a portion of the farming. We should organize physical culture clubs in all the cities and towns of the country, and one or two delegates from each club could meet at some place and decide upon what to do.

However, in accomplishing any great work we must all put our shoulders to the wheel, and others should give their views on the subject.

Athol, Mass. F. A. BICKNELL.



## WOULD YOU BECOME AN IDEAL CONVERSATIONALIST?

By Lorin de Lorme

THE magical art of entertaining is largely a matter of unselfishness.

The best entertainers are those who try to draw others out instead of keeping their own personality always to the front. For the men and women who would win for themselves the names of delightful hosts and hostesses—and what man or woman would not?—two things are essential, charm of manner and a complete mastery of the art of conversation.

But, you say, are these things not gifts? Occasionally, no doubt, and to a limited extent. But it is beyond question that the famous hosts and hostesses of all times and all countries were men and women who deliberately set about cultivating these arts. "Genius," says Edison, "is perspiration and not inspiration." And most of the valuable acquisitions are obtained by the same process of painstaking that makes Edison one of the greatest men of our time. The possession of those desirable qualities—ease and charm of manner—is as much the product of methodical study and care as is success in any practical undertaking of life.

Manners are like sacraments, the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. They constitute a silent and subtle language which we speak in spite of ourselves, and entertain or repulse according as these manners are gracious or disagreeable. What are manners, indeed, but thoughts entering into our hands, and faces, and controlling the movements of the fingers, the eyes, the lips, the behavior? Those men and women, therefore, who would acquire what Emerson calls the finest of fine arts, a lovely and distinguished manner, must first put themselves in a proper mental attitude toward their neighbor and themselves, and then study to acquire such a complete and perfect control over the muscles and the organs of speech as will adequately express that attitude in its

subtlest and most delicate shades of meaning.

The garden in which a beautiful manner is cultivated must first be cleared of the noxious weeds of small selfishness and disregard for the feelings and sentiments of others. True refinement and culture are flowers which spring from the human heart. Even ignorance and vulgarity stand rebuked in the presence of that kindly consideration for others which is the basis of all true etiquette. It is far more difficult to learn the heart lesson than its outward expression. Indeed, without those generous promptings from within the most elaborate code of etiquette is of little avail, merely creating an atmosphere of affectation and ostentatious display which deceives no one capable of distinguishing between fine gold and sounding brass.

Defect in manners is generally, indeed, defect in fine perceptions, and though conventional forms undoubtedly serve a useful purpose they will not supply refinement in an essentially coarse and vulgar nature. We have all seen peasants who, although ignorant of the laws of etiquette, were yet models of good breeding in that they were themselves and did not ape those whom they considered their betters. *To be one's self* is the basis of all true dignity and distinction of manner which is as much a part of his personality as is the color of his eyes and his hair; let him not assume, therefore, what he has not assimilated.

Conversation is individual expression. It is your personal experiences, your personal likes and dislikes, your charms and idiosyncracies that focus themselves in your thought. The right sort of instruction in the art of conversation must aim to bring out this individual focused thought, to train it, curb it, and strengthen it, within and without, along its line of least resistance. To talk in an individual

manner is the very charm of the good conversationalist.

For a perfect host or hostess repose and self-control are, of course, among the first requisites. No one can hope to be a truly magical entertainer—for there have been and there are yet those who can, without hyperbole, be so called—without that restfulness of manner which at once puts the diffident at ease, and the other guests in a pleasant frame of mind.

A good conversationalist is one who gives and takes, who listens as well as talks. No one admires a monopolist, a mere talker. It is bad form to take and keep the lead in a general conversation. Much, of course, must be forgiven of genius, but it is well to make sure that you have the divine spark before you assume its prerogatives.

That exquisite tact which tells one when to speak and when not to speak is one of the secrets of the art of entertaining. The clever man or woman talks to cover up the embarrassment of a diffident companion, but afterward endeavors, by artful though apparently artless questions, to let him shine in turn. The most delightful conversation is, of course, that which is most suggestive. As in the game of chess, the whole force of the conversation game depends upon how much is taken for granted; and one person a bit too literal may spoil the talk of a whole tableful of people of *esprit*.

As a letter is not an essay, so conversation is not a lecture nor a learned dialogue; neither is it a medium to impart dry information. It is not facts which make conversation brilliant, but thoughts and fancies about facts. One thing that spoils more good conversations than anything else is a long-drawn-out argument

between two people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend.

The ripple of small talk is not to be despised. It opens the game, and if well managed may lead to something brilliant. Many a highly educated and intelligent man and woman finds himself and herself compelled to sit silent and ill at ease for lack of a ready supply of the small coin of conversation—or small talk. Good wishes, felicitations, thrusting and parrying, gracious little expressions, are the grace notes which relieve and vary the deeper motif of social intercourse.

Sir Walter Scott once defined a good conversationalist as "One who has ideas, who reads, thinks and listens, and who has, therefore, something to say." Men and women who wish to be entertaining must therefore keep themselves well posted upon the current topics of the day. A good magazine should be reserved for private use and a brief time each day be devoted to the daily paper. In Paris, where the art of conversation has always flourished, men and women prepare their conversation as carefully as their toilette. To be *quick at repartee* is the aim of every Frenchman and Frenchwoman.

Lastly, be not too hasty in covering little breaks in the conversation. Talking is like playing on the harp; as much skill is required in stopping its vibrations as in prolonging them. A gentle pause is not to be depreciated; the strain is not lost, only the key is changed.

The famous women of the French Salon regarded conversation as the chief end and aim of the education of the young, and they cultivated the exquisite art almost to the exclusion of every other accomplishment.

### THE IMPROVEMENT PRIZE CONTEST

At the time the Best-Improvement-in-Four-Month's-Time prize was offered in our magazine, our entire staff was so closely occupied with matters pertaining to the great Physical Culture Exhibition that but little attention could be given to it. As a result, the number of entries who completed the four months' work and sent in photographs showing condition at the end of this time was very small. Hundreds began the contest who never finished it. In some of the districts there was only one competitor. As

a result, in order to give the contest an appearance of competition, we decided to award an Eastern prize and a Western prize. The Eastern prize was won by Mrs. Louise L. Danforth and the Western prize was won by Mr. John M. Roberts, of Chicago. All competitors, however, who completed the contest and sent in final measurements and photos were awarded a souvenir medal. Those who have not received this will please notify the office and we will see that it is forwarded at once.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

NON-MEMBERS ARE PERMITTED TO CORRESPOND WITH CLUB MEMBERS

THE Physical Culture Correspondence Club has been organized to permit Physical Culturists imbued with the ideals set forth in this magazine to correspond and exchange ideas.

We expect to conduct this Correspondence Club in strict conformity with the high standard set by our magazine throughout its pages.

The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

All members will be provided with a number.

Letters of all club members to other members, whom they have addressed by number, will be readdressed and forwarded free of charge.

Non-members can correspond with those whose personalities appear in the magazine, though ten cents will be charged for every letter forwarded.

Members who enroll immediately will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities, not to exceed forty (40) words in length. The advertising rate of this magazine is \$1.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that members who take the opportunity will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner.

Make your personality brief. Your replies will be more satisfactory if you give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

### INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

Put in lower left-hand corner the number of the person to whom you wish letter addressed; in upper left-hand corner put your own number.

If you are not a member of the club, use only the number of the person to whom you wish the letter forwarded.

Enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 19th Street, New York.

If you are a member of the Correspondence Club, this letter will be forwarded without charge; if not a member, enclose ten cents for forwarding charges. We are not responsible for the non-answering of letters. Our responsibility ceases as soon as we have forwarded the letter to the member indicated.

A copy of all personalities that have appeared in the magazine can be had in pamphlet form by sending ten cents to this department.

134. Physical Culture girl, age 20; height, 5 ft. 2 in.; weight, 126 lbs.; black hair, blue-gray eyes, fine health, college-bred, high ideals, would correspond with fellow-sympathizers who try to live up to the standards set by this magazine.

157. Young man, 25; hair, medium light; eyes blue; height, 5 ft. 8 in.; weight, 148 lbs.; follower of Physical Culture living, interested in music, etc., desires correspondence and acquaintance of refined young women of similar ideas.

225. Catholic Physical Culture enthusiast, college education; age 27, height 5 ft. 8½ in., weight 145 lbs.; does not use tobacco or liquor; occupation, berry culture and gardening; desires correspondence with Physical Culturists, preferably in or near Cleveland.

227. Scientifically educated, physically perfect, six-foot, 200-lb., middle-aged, responsible California artistic builder; admiring sacred, classical and scientific art, literature, music; passionately loving home life; sensible, true, affectionate; desires correspondence with stately brunettes of like physical and mental qualifications.

229. Western Physical Culture bachelor, age 33; height 5 ft. 7½ in., weight 148 lbs., blue eyes, brown hair, lover of literature, art, music and the life of fresh air, would enjoy correspondence with Physical Culturists.

230. Young woman, 29; weight 150 lbs., dark-brown hair and eyes, 5 ft. 5 in., Physical Culturist, sincere and even temperament, deep regard for the true home life; would enjoy correspondence with refined Physical Culturists, preferably of light complexion.

236. An English mechanic living in Pennsylvania; age 38, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 132 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, widower with two children. Would like to correspond with English or Scotch Physical Culturists between 30 and 40.

237. Lady stenographer of 22, Detroit; wishes to share two rooms with Physical Culture girl. Ideal conveniences to carry out

Physical Culture hobbies in regard to diet, fresh air and exercise. Must have high ideals.

239. Bachelor girl, 28; refined, Protestant, height 5 ft. 3 in., weight 128 lbs.; dark-brown eyes, curly brown hair, good health, interested in Physical Culture, outdoor life, nature, love of home, music and literature, would enjoy corresponding with those so interested.

241. Osteopathic physician in large Eastern city, age 32; weight 150 lbs., 5 ft. 8 in. high, blue eyes, light complexion; interested in rational methods of treating disease; would like to correspond with Christian Physical Culturists of high ideals.

243. Business man, German-American, 39 years; weight 130 lbs., blonde, well respected, Physical Culturist, likes home, music, exercise and plain living; would like to correspond with enthusiasts of Physical Culture.

244. Swedish gentleman, 23 years of age; carpenter; height 6 ft., weight 200 lbs., fond of athletics and outdoor life; would like to correspond with Physical Culturists of both sexes for benefit from such correspondence.

245. A Christian lady, teacher, age 33; weight 140, height 5 ft. 6¾ in., dark hair, hazel eyes, an ardent lover of nature and home; desires to interchange ideas of correct living with Physical Culture enthusiasts having high ideals of life.

249. Brooklyn young man, 23; greatly interested in the study of human nature, especially physiognomy; wishes to correspond with young men and women similarly interested, West or East; blonde, height 5 ft. 9 in., weight 160 lbs., Physical Culturist, perfect health, no bad habits; stenographer.

250. Young bachelor, 32; Middle West; educated; dark hair, gray eyes; 5 ft. 7 in., weight 140 lbs., health fine, devoted to literature and social problems, seeking life's worthiest rewards for self and others; desires correspondents of like interests.

251. Physical Culture enthusiast, 22; weight 150 lbs., height 5 ft. 6½ in.; dark curly hair, dark eyes, country bred, no bad habits; in-

terested in science and invention; lover of music, literature, sports, home, and all that goes to make a happy and successful life.

252. A locomotive engineer running into St. Louis, believer in Physical Culture methods, desires correspondence with those who are fond of music, literature, and who believe in high standard of physical man; object, mutual improvement.

255. Young lady, 27; height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 128 lbs., blonde; enjoys outdoor sports, music and books; stenographer; interested in Physical Culture; desires correspondence with congenial, refined people.

256. Healthy, refined young woman, 28; height 5 ft. 5 in., weight 123 lbs.; fond of nature, literature, music and home; would enjoy corresponding with intelligent, successful people interested in physical as well as mental culture.

257. I am a poor girl trying, after nervous prostration, to recover health and strength through Physical Culture. Won't someone please write me and cheer me up? For I *do* get so "blue." Western or Southern friends especially welcome.

258. A gray-eyed, brown-haired woman of 32, 5 ft. 4½ in. tall, amateur musician, who has large library and is interested in literature, the natural sciences, and outdoor life and hygienic living, would like to correspond with persons of similar tastes.

260. Healthy, refined teacher of 33, would appreciate correspondence with Physical Culturists; loves home and outdoor life, on land or sea; great reader; interested in photography. Height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 150 lbs., curly

brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, but not pretty.

261. Refined Physical Culture girl, 18; well educated, accomplished elocutionist and musician; would like to correspond with refined well-educated Physical Culture enthusiasts, between the ages of 20 and 25 years.

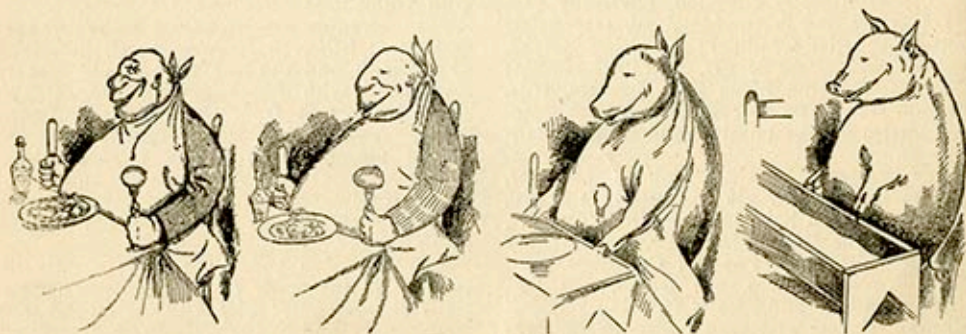
262. Young farmer, refined and gentlemanly, age 23; height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 140 lbs., dark-brown hair and mustache, clear blue eyes, rather light complexion; fond lover of God's great out-of-doors; seeks correspondence of both sexes regarding true life.

263. Telegraph operator, age 23; height 5 ft. 7 in., black hair, blue eyes; lover of music, nature and literature; an active Physical Culturist; lives near to nature; would enjoy corresponding with those interested in Physical Culture.

264. Connecticut bachelor; American, age 39; height 5 ft. 7 in., weight 125 lbs.; interested in Physical Culture and other reforms; no bad habits; high ideals; fond of literature; have studied piano, organ, harmony, counterpoint and singing; excellent position of trust; would like correspondents living in same State who are also good musicians.

270. Young (Southern) man, age 29; 5 ft. 5 in., weight 130 lbs., dark hair and eyes; good habits; affectionate disposition; fond of books and home; would like to correspond with cheerful and sensible people of similar tastes.

271. California mechanic, 29; 165 lbs., 5 ft. 9 in., brown hair and blue eyes; believer in natural food and fond of outdoor life; would like to become acquainted with Physical Culturists, preferably those living in his own State and similarly inclined.



The Darwinian Doctrine Illustrated

An evolution that will come to pass if American Thanksgivings are to continue to be celebrated as heretofore



# The Physical Culture Lessons of the Presidential Election

**T**HE landslide in favor of Roosevelt came as a surprise. It will give political bosses something to think of for a long time to come.

It goes without saying that this is in no sense a political publication, only so far as politics affect the physical welfare of the people. But we cannot refrain from pointing to the results of the election as a victory for physical culture, and this, not because we favored the Republican party, nor even because we favored Roosevelt.

As we have intimated, so far as this magazine is concerned, we are affiliated politically with no person or party. But we stand for the strenuous and vigorous manhood so strongly exhibited in the active and useful life of President Roosevelt. He is a man in every sense of the word. Scorning prevarication and permitting of no deviation from his standards of right, he stands for what he is, and foe and friend admire him in consequence.

We want especially to point out that this election was not decided upon the merits of the issues involved in the platforms presented by the two great political parties being but slightly different; but it was decided on the strength of the personality of the man that was to fill the highest office that it is in the gift of the American people to bestow.

The nation cannot exalt an indifferent, undetermined weakling. The nation wants as its representative a man who shall be typical of it in every respect; a man of stamina, charged with virility, as strong and wholesome physically as he is mentally and morally; one who is an athlete and whose sound body enclothes a sound mind; who rides, walks, runs, jumps and wrestles. In this regard Roosevelt is an ideal President, not, let it be repeated, because he is a Republican, but because he is a notable example of the possibilities of an all-round manhood. He has, by his life and activities, forcibly emphasized the fact that strength of purpose, force of character, resolute energy and fearlessness are some of the qualities that are coincident with a body properly developed by much and natural exercise. It is not unreasonable to believe that the Presidential candidates of the future must possess similar characteristics. The nation, when it has once realized the powers and virtues that spring from the wholesome life, will not be contented with Presidents who are wanting in these. And so candidates must be athletes, not only in body but in mind also, for, after all, an athlete is but one whose every organ, whose every nerve, pulsates and thrills with life and the desire for continued activity.

The manly man with all these virile elements in his character must of necessity stand for something worth the standing for, and so is willing to fight for it to the very end. There will be no compromise with the enemy on his part, no "give and take" in his attitude. The same vigor and the same power of concentration that are in evidence when he enters into his athletic sports, also give tone, strength and intensity to his mental attitude and to his efforts to attain his ideals, political or otherwise.

There is much in Republicanism which many of my readers may not admire. For that matter there is much in the methods of every great political party that we may not feel inclined to endorse. But a man who stands out in the open in full view of the public and contends for conclusions that he honestly believes to be right, and who, in addition, has all the admirable physical, mental and moral characteristics, we cannot fail to commend—such a man represents an irresistible power that will grow in forceful influence regardless of opposing forces.

The victory of President Roosevelt is our victory, not because the Republican party won, but because it emphasizes beyond all possible doubt that the athletic, strenuous man is needed and admired by the American people of to-day. The President's striking individuality, vigorous personality and those other characteristics which he shares with the athlete, have made him immensely popular with the masses. Let us repeat that political leaders who want to be on the winning side in the future should remember the main lesson taught by this election—which is, that a wholesome, fresh-air athletic personality appeals tremendously to the American people.

Though the Prohibition party may never be strong enough to elect an important candidate, yet the principles for which it stands have already won many victories, and will win many more of the important victories of the future. Minds and bodies doped with alcohol, befogged with the fumes and juice of tobacco, and stagnated by inactivity, cannot long remain athletic, but become mentally and physically paralyzed, and regardless of what great political leaders may be, their candidate, in view of the growing regard and respect for physical culture tenets, must be free from the physical and mental defiling habits alluded to. The day of the whisky-soaked, nicotine-pickled politician is over.

The winning candidates of the future will be men from every conceivable standpoint, and in every sense of the term. There will be no whisky on the sideboard of their family dining-rooms. There will be no tobacco-scented rooms in their homes. They will stand for everything that is clean, wholesome and manly. They will be perfect men, mentally, morally and physically, and possessing such exalted form of manliness, they will indulge their desire for every kind of manly sport and physical activity that strengthens and beautifies the body and makes youth a permanent possession. And because of the suppleness and strength of the bodies of our future statesmen there will be exhibited additional elasticity and virility of their minds. A man who is alive from every standpoint, who has kept his body absolutely free from dead cells, through constant activity, possesses a mental breadth and capacity far superior to one whose blood is sluggish and clogged by the products of a stagnated circulation due to a continuous sedentary life.

Politicians of to-day are wonderfully clever, but many of them would be possessed of additional mental power if their brains were not befuddled with tobacco and doped with alcohol. But I am inclined to believe that even the least far-sighted of them will admit that in the future political candidates of importance must be representatives of strenuous manhood. They must possess all those qualities that can only be developed to the highest attainable degree, physically and mentally, by being freed from every befouling and benumbing influence.

May the lesson taught by the election be of advantage not only to politicians, but to every boy, youth or man struggling toward the goal of success in any sphere of human endeavor. And the lesson is, that no one can fail to reach the goal if he possesses the hardy and vigorous qualities so badly needed in life's great struggle, which qualities he can readily secure if he practices the principles of physical culture faithfully and well.

*Bernarr Macfadden*

# TIMELY TALKS ON CURRENT TOPICS

## Apple Day at St. Louis Exposition

**I**N order to prove the efficacy of the apple as a food and medicine and to bring it into more popular use as a cheap yet highly nutritious eatable, Prof. J. T. Stenson, director of pomology at the St. Louis Exposition, caused September 27th to be set aside as "Apple Day" at the Fair. On that day every man, woman and child who attended the Exposition was presented with a large, red apple.

Prof. Stenson's claim for the apple is that a liberal use of the fruit will improve and sweeten the disposition, remove irritableness and elevate the moral nature. Just so much as it clarifies the complexion it will clarify and elevate the spirits. Furthermore, Prof. Stenson maintains that the eating of raw apples is an infallible cure for the alcohol and tobacco habit. How many more good points there are that could be recited in commending the apple Prof. Stenson does not tell. With so many virtues possessed by this fruit, frequently used to feed the cattle or allowed to waste upon the ground, would it not be a good idea to set aside each day as "Apple Day" and to eat a large, rosy apple just before going to bed or as a part of the breakfast?

### Preserving Apples

Apples will soon decay if not removed from the barrels in which they are packed. To keep them firm and sound they should be placed on racks made from laths or narrow strips of wood. The rack should be attached to the cellar beams by means of rope and allowed to hang freely. Wrap each apple with paper as it is placed upon the shelf. The result is a splendidly preserved fruit.

## On the Subject of Dog Meat

### Ingarrotes Find Boiled Dogs Delicious

During the stay of our kinsmen by assimilation, the Ingarrotes, at the St. Louis Exhibition, the fact leaked out that the Government was supplying them with twenty stray canines weekly as a part of their ration. And all the Sunday-school teachers and all the saintly people in and about St. Louis held up their hands in horror at the thought of the Government abetting this depravity in appetite.

### Dog Meat and Swine Meat

Why should these good people begin to feel sick in the stomach at the thought of eating a well broiled, well boiled or well stewed dog? Is a dog less cleanly in his habits than a pig? A pig will eat anything, including a dog, if dead, but you cannot get a dog to "stomach" half of the things that a pig relishes!

A pig is pig enough to eat a pig. When one of the family dies, the survivors observe the solemn occasion by turning around and consuming him. The meanest, hungriest canine wouldn't do that!

If protest be raised at the slaying and eating of dogs, let us do so from the ethical standpoint. The dog is the noblest, truest friend of man. He will remember a kind act years after it has been performed and he will die willingly for the one who befriends him.

### What Do Americans Eat?

Why feel revulsion at the Ingarrotes eating undisguised dog-meat? Americans dispose, gastronomically, of more stray dogs and wandering cats than the whole tribe of Ingarrotes could hope to gorge in a life time.

Under the select name of smoked beef they rival the French in the number of worn-out horses they consume.

**Sausages That Jump from the Plate**

Consider the enormous industries in the United States devoted to the making of "premium" and "fresh country sausages"!

Some time ago a butcher in San Francisco suddenly sprang into local fame because of a delectable sausage that he manufactured. One morning a harsh, confused caterwauling in the vicinity of the sausage house beneath the shop led to an official investigation that resulted in letting the cat out of the bag.

Sausages, on boarding house tables, have been known to jump from the plate at the sound of some small boy's familiar whistle.

**A Delectable Dish in Porto Rico**

Porto Ricans like nothing better than to fill up on cat meat. A Porto Rico boy, who had been brought to the United States by a very religious missionary woman, answered, when he was asked what he would have to eat, that he would have a fried little kitten.

**Horse Meat in Paris**

Consul Thornwell Haynes, in his reports, states that at the Villejuit and Pantin slaughter houses, 30,500 horses are killed annually and sold as meat. Of this number 19,500 are consumed in the city of Paris alone.

**Thanksgiving Day**

This day, set aside for the offering of thanks, received its birth among the Pilgrims of New England about a year after the landing at Plymouth Rock.

The first national proclamation was issued by President Washington and is dated January, 1795. It is a model of broad patriotism and wisdom and gives an insight into the God-fearing strength of the author.

**The Thanksgiving Proclamation To-day**

To-day the proclamation of the President of the United States is addressed to eighty millions of people and to many more millions inhabiting the islands of the Pacific Ocean.

At the call of the Chief Magistrate of the greatest nation in the world, these millions, of all beliefs, bow down to a common God to render thanks.

The people of the United States are the best-clad, best-fed, best-housed and best-taught of any other people in the world

and are joint guardians of a land full of primitive strength and possibilities.

**Thanksgiving As Viewed By the Small Boy**

A six-year-old Buffalo boy who was asked to write out what he thought would be a good Thanksgiving bill of fare, evolved the following eye-opener:

*Furst Corse*

Mince Pie

*Sekund Corse*

Pumpkin pie and terkey

*Third Corse*

lemon pie, turkey and cranberries

*Forth Corse*

custard Pie, apple pie, mince pie, choelet cake, ice cream and plum Pudding

*Desert*

Pie.

**As Viewed By Older People**

Doctors lie low until the day after Thanksgiving. Tons of dyspepsia tablets are boxed in preparation for this harvest time in the American patent medicine business.

Thanksgiving Day is one day in the year when a pig cannot come up to a man in piggishness.

Father pig sets the example and all the little pigs naturally follow suit in the gorging process.

Thank God, I am a physical culturist!!

**Medicated Underwear**

Ever since the popular recognition of physical culture and health topics everything imaginable has been labeled "health," from Schlitz's beer, advertised as a health beverage in the magazines, to "medicated" underwear.

Almost every manufacturer of underwear is labeling his stock with a small tag on which is printed "health," or, if the underwear is red and sprinkled with a trifle of carbolic acid, he can call it "medicated," and, I am informed, underwear dished up to the credulous public in this latter form goes "like hot butter from a smooth knife."

**Medicated "Chest Protector"**

This is a heavy piece of flannel scented with carbolic acid and bought by thousands of "damphool" people, mainly those susceptible to colds because of a weak chest and too much clothing. It is recommended by drugging doctors who have never thought hard enough or long enough to recommend bathing of the chest and neck in cold salt water.

# IN BONDAGE ACCURSED!

BY W. S. WHITACRE

Manhood in bondage! Man should be free,  
Free as the fish that swim the wide sea;  
Subject alone to the natural laws  
Fixed for all time by the great First Cause.  
Man is imprisoned and shackled in chains  
Forged by himself; and there he remains,  
Helpless it seems, but free as the air  
To walk out of prison. But he don't care!

Bound by the chains of tobacco and  
drink

And poisonous drugs, it seems he  
would shrink,

Horrified, from them and leap for his  
life

Out of the prison of death-dealing strife.  
Manhood in bondage! 'Tis Nature's decree  
That Man, the image of God, should be  
free.

Woman in bondage! Woman should be  
Free as the billows that sweep o'er the sea;  
Subject alone to the one great Power  
Which formed and placed her in Eden's  
bower.

Woman's a slave to fashions in dress,  
Many of which yield only distress;  
Slave to the corset, than which no curse  
In form of a steel trap could be worse.  
And, like her companion, she don't care!  
Willing the devil's own harness to wear,  
Willing to curb her own heart's blood  
At the dictates of Fashion. Forgive her,  
O God!

Open her eyes that she may see  
That Woman, by Heaven's right, should  
be free.



# A DELICIOUS CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Marguerite Macfadden

## MENU.

Grape Fruit.

Soup.

Cream of Corn.

Mock Fish Rissoles.

Mock Turkey, with Hot Cranberry Sauce  
or Cold Cranberry Jelly.

Stuffed Green Peppers or Stuffed Tomatoes.

Salads.

Choice of four.

Dessert.

Physical Culture Mince Pie.

Additions.

Celery and Cheese.	Radishes.	
Stuffed Olives.	Stuffed Dates.	
Stuffed Figs.	Stuffed Prunes.	
Nuts and Raisins.		
Fruit.		
Egg Foam.	Grape Juice.	Cider.
	Banana Coffee.	

**GRAPE FRUIT.**—To prepare: Cut your grape fruit in halves, across the grain. With a sharp paring knife free the entire pulp from the skin. Remove from this latter the tough sections (so called quartering), and seeds; add one-half teaspoonful of powdered sugar to the remaining pulp and juice, and return to the skins. Set in the ice box, so that they may be thoroughly chilled before serving. Half a fruit is ample for each individual. The addition of a cherry, black Hamburg grape, strawberry, etc., adds to the attractive appearance of this dish, yet the delicious flavor of the grape fruit is not in the slightest altered by the addition.

**CREAM OF CORN SOUP.**—To prepare for four persons: Add to the contents of one can of corn one small teacupful of water, and one very small onion. Place on the fire and bring to boiling point. Allow to simmer for fifteen minutes, when

the corn will be quite soft, and flavor of onion extracted. Remove from the fire and press with a potato masher (or, better still, a potato "ricer," if you have the latter) for a few moments until all the milk is virtually extracted from the corn; then press or strain through a colander. To the liquid thus obtained add a pinch of salt, a piece of butter the size of a filbert, three cupfuls of milk, and one tablespoonful of corn starch, the latter being dissolved in a tablespoonful or two of cold milk before being added. Return all to the stove, boil for two minutes, and serve.

**MOCK FISH RISSOLES.**—Scrape a bunch of salsify root, or oyster plant, and lay in cold water for one-half hour. Boil in salted water until tender. Drain and beat with wooden spoon to a smooth paste, free from fiber. Add a teaspoonful of butter and one beaten egg to each cupful of oyster plant. Shape into rissoles (or rolls about the size of a sausage), roll in bread or cracker crumbs (preferably the latter) and cook in olive oil. Serve on slices of toasted tomato.

**MOCK TURKEY.**—Run through the nut mill two cupfuls of whole-wheat bread crumbs, triscuit, or crackers, as preferred; one cupful of English walnuts, one-half cupful of pecans, one cupful of green peas (canned), mix all together in a bowl with a piece of melted butter the size of a robin's egg, a tablespoonful of grated onion juice, a teaspoonful of powdered sage, one egg, well beaten. Place in your saucepan one teaspoonful of melted butter and one-half teaspoonful of corn starch; add to this gradually a cupful of fresh milk in which has been chopped one-half cupful of celery. When this boils, add the other ingredients, with salt and pepper to taste. Allow this to cool enough to be handled; mould all together for the inside or body of your turkey. Have freshly boiled and mashed potatoes in readiness, with which encase the former, building all out to the semblance of a turkey proper. For the legs and wings macaroni sticks may be used successfully as bones. When all has been mould-

ed into shape, spread a beaten egg over the entire surface lightly and sprinkle with crumbs. Place in your baking pan an onion, chopped finely, with a deserts- spoonful of butter, and brown together. Now add two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Place your turkey in this, and cook for twenty minutes in a hot oven, basting frequently.

If this recipe is followed, the appearance of your turkey, when taken from the oven, will defy detection, and it is a most delicious substitute for turkey proper.

**HOT CRANBERRY SAUCE.**—Hot cranberry sauce may be substituted for gravy. Made as follows: Wash and pick over your berries, and place over the fire in cold water enough to cover. The fruit will burst on reaching boiling point. Then add sugar to taste. Boil for five minutes. Remove from the fire, strain and serve.

If your cranberry sauce is to be served cold, rather than hot, it is well to add to each cupful of strained fruit two teaspoonfuls of gelatine, or Bromangelon, bring to a boil, cook for one minute, pour into egg cups or small moulds, set in the ice box to become jellied, and serve, a mould to each individual.

**STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS OR TOMATOES.**—Either of which is a delicious accompaniment of mock turkey. Remove from your peppers the insides, throwing aside the seeds. Mince the remaining portion finely. Mix this, for each pepper, with a deserts- spoonful of Strengthfude (or bread crumbs, if you have not the former), a tiny piece of butter, and teaspoon-

ful of cream. Return this to your pepper shells and bake in a moderate oven. Tomatoes may be prepared in the same way if preferred to the peppers.

**SALADS.**—Any one of the following salads:

Lettuce and orange, French dressing.

Lettuce, celery and apple, French dressing.

Watercress, tomato and onion, French dressing.

Beet, celery and walnuts, with mayonnaise.

Chopped cabbage and tomato, with mayonnaise.

**MINCE PIE.**—Physical Culture mince meat: Two pounds of chopped nut meats, preferably walnuts, pecans and hickories; add to these one pound of whole-wheat bread crumbs, four pounds of currants, four pounds of raisins, five pounds of brown sugar, one and one-half pounds of peel, lemon, orange and citron, six pounds of apples (weighed after chopping), two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, two tablespoonfuls of cloves, one tablespoonful of mace; add to this, when thoroughly mixed, enough cider to moisten thoroughly; bring all to the boiling point, then remove, and set away in a stone jar, and it is ready for use.

Fruit jelly, cold cup custard, or any of the delicious simple desserts, may be substituted for the "seasonable mince pie," if so desired, while delightful adjuncts to the Christmas dinner menu will be found in celery and cheese, stuffed olives, radishes, dates, prunes, figs, etc.

### COLLEGE ATHLETES DO THE BEST SCHOOL WORK

A great many college professors are prejudiced against athletics and the impression has gone abroad among a great many people that the athlete, the man of trained muscle and great physical vigor, has cultivated his muscular energy at the expense of his brain. While it may be true that athletes may be found who do not give evidence of superior mental capacities, yet one can find many times more men without brains who are not athletes, and athletics in such cases can have absolutely nothing to do with the lack of brains. In fact, the very best athletes often will be found to possess the best of brains, and athletic work helps to develop the mental characteristics that one needs in order to succeed. Long distance running will develop endurance, grit, patience and persistence; sprinting and other branches of athletic sport develop the power of concentration, while football will give one the

self-control, hardihood and capacity for strenuous action that will help greatly in winning the battles of life.

The list of honor men of the senior class at Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa., included many athletes. The two first honor men were James Roy Dickie, of Pittsburg, captain of the senior basketball team, and Elder W. Marshall, of Wilkinsburg, captain of the varsity track and field team. Of the second honor men, Charles G. Eckles is captain of the baseball team, a basketball player of note and the star halfback on the varsity football team last year.

Frank G. Tappan, a second honor man, has been a member of the track team and holds the Western Pennsylvania record in the half mile; Elmer D. McCain, of Allegheny, a second honor man, is a sprinter, a broad jumper and an all-around athlete.

## FRIGHTFUL RESULTS THAT FOLLOW HABITS USUALLY ACQUIRED FROM VULGAR ASSOCIATES

To the Editor:

I was pleased to read the letter in a past number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* addressed to boys. That is a subject which interests me, as I have had an experience that I would not speak of were it not with the hope of doing possible good. The appeal which the young man makes touched my heart, as I know what he is undergoing. The same old story of ignorance. Why is it that the world improves so slowly, in some ways?

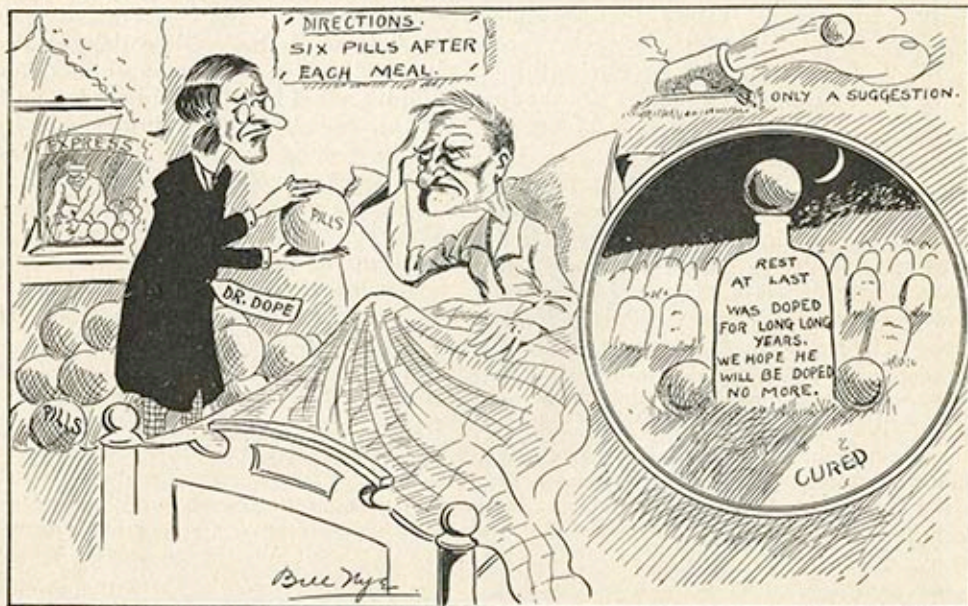
As I go about the world, I see so many faces of boys and young men which tell of the same experience. I often long to stop them and tell them what I know. It seems sometimes as if I must do something to change the conditions. If I had my leisure I would make some effort to create in some small way, at least, a different sentiment in regard to this matter. Why is it that parents will not know their children? Teach, warn, watch them! Why will teachers, and pastors and doctors let these things continue?

I was interested in a Boys' Club. We gave instruction in gymnastics, gave talks on different subjects, helpful in many ways. But when it came to talk-

ing about purity of life before these boys, some of whom were evidently victims of evil habits, and some of whom were known to be, yet no physician could be found who would come out boldly and talk before the boys. The pastor objected to such a talk, and so ignorance was allowed to go on. I verily believe that immorality among the young is often due to utter ignorance as to the sin and danger of such a life.

I heard a minister preach to boys, not long ago, and he said he was going to have a talk with the boys along these lines. I thought at the time that I wished all ministers had the courage and good sense to try to fight evil with knowledge, rather than to let ignorance have its way and lead boys down. So much of the teaching is general, rather than specific. We teach to shun sin, and then do not let the young mind know what sin he is to shun. We teach the ten commandments, without explaining *what* they shall not do. Your helpful hints to this young man and to other boys who are struggling against a powerful evil is invaluable and timely, and I wish more of such enlightenment could be encouraged.

E. R. M.



Dr. Dope: "Now, Mr. Credulous, I believe I have at last hit upon the right pills. In two weeks' time you will be cured without question"



# MACFADDEN COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

STUDENTS WHO GRADUATE FROM THIS COLLEGE WILL STAND IN FRONT RANK AS TEACHERS, AND DIPLOMA WILL BE A COMPLETE ASSURANCE OF LUCRATIVE POSITION

THE project of a physical culture college has taken a definite shape since the editorial on the subject was written for the November number of this magazine; and it is purposed now to have the college in working order, and ready for the matriculation of students by the beginning of the coming year, or as soon thereafter as possible.

For a long time the need for such an institution has been made painfully apparent, not alone by the numerous applications that have come from all parts of the country for teachers trained in physical culture methods, but as well by the unspoken demand shown by the formation of classes all over the country for the practice of calisthenics without scientific guidance.

There was a time when physical culture was looked upon as a harmless fad, but a fad none the less. That time has gone by, and to-day there is a universal realization of the importance of a sound mind in a sound body, accompanied by the desire to attain that result.

A very few years ago ours was as a voice crying out in the wilderness; to-day the wilderness is alive with voices demanding to be taught. And the teachers are so few that the cries cannot but be disregarded. For this reason, and in order that competent teachers may be brought into existence, the Macfadden College of Physical Culture has been founded.

Physical Culture once meant only the development of the muscles of the body; now it means the science of living properly. The teacher of physical culture should know not merely how to perform feats of skill or strength, and how to impart that knowledge to others, but he or she should have such a knowledge of anatomy, physiology and hygiene as to make muscular development one of the contributory means to that robust health which is the birthright of every human being, and which is within measurable distance of attainment by all, under proper instruction.

And as the knowledge of the human body has increased with the greater care and respect which have been given it, it and its vital functions have been lifted out of the mire of indecency and impropriety into which they were thrust by an ignorant and purient prudishness, until now we are returning to the old Greek ideal of the glory and beauty of a perfect human body. Men and women are everywhere demanding to be made beautiful in the true instead of in the old conventional sense. The teacher of physical culture should know how to respond to this demand, realizing that that machine which best fulfills the purpose for which it was constructed will surely be the most beautiful of its kind. In other words, beauty and health are almost synonyms.

But to have a sound and beautiful body and not to understand its functions is to invite disaster; therefore, the teacher should be able to impart knowledge of functional conditions. The attainment and preservation of health is not a mystery; it can be made a matter of simple knowledge.

It shall be the purpose of the physical culture college to make competent teachers, along these lines, of those who come to it for a degree. The course will include all that is needful to this end, and the instructors will be the very best to be obtained in the different specialties taught.

It is intended that the men and women who are graduated from this college shall stand in the front rank of teachers, so that a diploma from the Macfadden College of Physical Culture shall be an almost complete assurance of a lucrative position as soon as issued.

A prospectus, giving fuller details, and answering many of the questions which will naturally be asked, will be sent by mail upon receipt of a request to that effect. All communications should be addressed to The Secretary of the Macfadden College of Physical Culture, 29-33 East 19th Street, New York City.

# QUESTION DEPARTMENT

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

**T**HOSE interested in the articles giving instructions for the treatment of various diseases which have appeared in the magazine during the past year will be pleased, no doubt, to hear that we have adopted a new method of helping all those who might be in need of advice of this character.

We are preparing special home treatments, giving full detailed instructions, with a daily régime, for the home treatment of all the common complaints from which humanity suffers. The price of these detailed instructions will be one dollar each, but on and after November 1st those who send us one dollar for a subscription to the magazine and five two-cent stamps will receive a special treatment for any common disease they may name, or a coupon entitling them to the privilege of taking advantage of this offer any time during the life of their subscription. This will enable all of our subscribers to secure a treatment for any complaint for almost nothing. For detailed particulars see advertisement.

Treatments for the following ailments are now ready. Others will be announced as issued:

Headache.	Appendicitis.	Pneumonia and Pleu-	Nervous Exhaustion.	Locomotor Ataxia.	Bladder Disease.
Rheumatism.	Stomach Diseases	ry.	Sleeplessness.	Malaria.	Cancer.
Heart Disease.	Liver Complaint.	Fevers.	Skin Diseases.	Colds.	Insanity.
Constipation.	Coughs.	Gaining Weight.	Neuralgia.	Catarrh.	Ear Troubles.
Biliousness.	Consumption.	Epilepsy.	Reducing Weight.	Kidney Disease.	Spermatorrhœa.

## EXERCISING NAKED IN UNHEATED BEDROOM

Q. 1. Do you advise taking the morning exercises and cold bath on winter mornings in an unheated bedroom, the windows of which have been open all night? 2. How cold should the water be?

A. 1. It is my usual habit, no matter how cold the weather may be, to exercise without clothing in a room such as you describe immediately on arising. It is not of very great importance whether you take your bath in this room or in some other room, but it is important that you recuperate quickly from such a bath with a feeling of comfort and warmth. 2. It makes but little difference how cold the water is provided satisfactory recuperation results.

## EXERCISE FOR FLOATING KIDNEY

Q. 1. Should one who has a floating kidney be allowed to take exercise? 2. What exercises would benefit weak kidneys?

A. 1. One suffering from floating kidney should be very careful to take only mild exercises, but exercise is of very great benefit under circumstances of this nature. 2. The exercises for building vital power illustrated in past issues of this magazine will be found beneficial. The percussion method of vital building that will be presented in the January issue is especially recommended.

## STRENGTHENING VOCAL CORDS

Q. Kindly state methods for strengthening the vocal cords. There are a half-million stammerers in this country, some of whom would appreciate your advice.

A. Deep breathing and exercise of the vocal cords in various ways will ultimately remedy troubles of this nature. Of course, constitutional upbuilding of all kinds can be recommended.

Would advise you to send for a copy of the *Phono-meter*, a paper devoted to the cure of stammering, and published by G. A. Lewis, Detroit, Mich.

## BUTTER AS AN ARTICLE OF DIET

Q. I am very fond of butter, and use it in liberal quantities. Is there any danger of my eating too much when I enjoy it to the extent that I do?

A. Most of the people of to-day eat too much butter. Ordinarily, the more butter you are in the habit of eating the more you will crave. As a rule, if there are no pimples or other blemishes of the skin, the indications are that you are satisfactorily assimilating the quantity of butter you are eating. You would be on the safe side in avoiding too much greasy food of this character.

## AMOUNT OF WATER TO BE TAKEN

Q. Is it advisable to drink more water than the natural thirst demands?

A. If your thirst does not demand from three to six glasses of water each day, it indicates an abnormal condition. You either have ignored your thirst to such an extent that it has ceased to indicate bodily needs, or else your whole functional system has stagnated until it is in an unwholesome and unhealthy condition. If you are using the ordinary, perverted diet, eating pepper and salt with your meals, the amount of water mentioned above should be taken. If more is used it will be to your advantage.

## HYDROPHOBIA NOT POSSIBLE WITH PURE BLOOD

Q. 1. Is there danger in the bite of a dog that was not mad at the time of biting but who developed symptoms of madness some time later? 2. What treatment is advisable for dog-bite?

A. 1. There should be no danger under the circumstances you mention, providing your blood is in perfect condition. 2. The best treatment

following dog bite is to suck as much of the blood as possible from the wound. If a person's blood is in perfect condition there is little danger of any injurious results even should the bite be that given by a mad dog. Hydrophobia is not possible to one whose blood is perfectly pure.

#### UNDERWEAR SUITABLE FOR WINTER USE

Q. 1. Do you condemn woolen underwear for winter use? 2. What do you advise to maintain warmth? 3. Is it harmful to wear no underclothing whatever where one sweats a great deal at his work?

A. 1. Cotton and linen usually will be found best during the entire year. Some prefer woolen, though the writer is inclined to believe that cotton and linen are the best, because they absorb the poisons exuding from the skin more quickly and allow the moisture of the body to escape. 2. The amount of clothing required to maintain warmth is usually a matter of habit. The heavier the clothing you wear the heavier you will seem to require. If accustomed to wearing light underwear in the coldest weather you will not ordinarily suffer any more from cold than if you are in the habit of dressing very heavily. 3. There is no harm in not wearing underwear during perspiring work, though such a course will not be conducive to a perfectly hygienic condition and to cleanliness of the outer clothes.

#### CAUSE OF COLD FEET

Q. I am troubled with cold feet on cold nights and sometimes cannot sleep. How can I remedy this?

A. Your trouble reveals a poor condition of the circulatory system. As a temporary remedy rub the feet very vigorously, one against the other, or take some vigorous exercise, such as jumping the rope or other active movements just before retiring. Of course, if from any cause you are especially debilitated, it might be advisable to use a hot water bottle or something to warm the feet. Permanent relief will be found only in building up the system.

#### TOOTH WASH—TOOTH POWDER

Q. What would you particularly recommend as a good tooth wash?

A. About the best tooth wash is common salt, or, if you prefer a tooth powder, you will find that ordinary precipitated chalk can be used to advantage.

#### DIFFERENCE IN ATHLETES' MUSCLES

Q. 1. Why have some athletes a large, bulky set of muscles while others possess a lean, even, string-like set that show up well only when brought into active, vigorous action? 1. Which is most to be desired?

A. 1. Though the influence of exercise at various times is unquestionably very great, the influence of heredity is still greater. It will be impossible for some men to develop large, bulky, knotty muscles, while others can develop muscles of this character very easily. Light, active movements will usually develop smooth, symmetrically formed muscles, while exercise requiring very vigorous efforts of the muscles, such as

lifting heavy weights, will usually make the muscles large, bulky and sometimes knotty in appearance. 2. As a rule, the most desirable development is of that round, smooth character that is exemplified in the statue of Apollo.

#### CHEST AND ABDOMINAL BREATHING

Q. A physician has told me that chest breathing is the proper method, while I have always supposed abdominal breathing correct. How about it? Should the abdomen be relaxed or contracted during inhalation?

A. The study of a little child that has never been hampered by clothing will quickly reveal to you the natural method of breathing. Chest walls should be immovable in ordinary breathing, and all movement should take place in the abdominal region. The chest walls should be raised only when a very unusual amount of air requires it, such as in running or in violent exercise.

#### SHORTNESS OF BREATH DUE TO SMOKING

Q. What would you advise for shortness of breath that has troubled me greatly in my football work? Can this be due to smoking?

A. Smoking always affects the endurance very greatly. Take deep breathing exercises, stop smoking, be careful not to overeat, and your endurance will increase very rapidly.

#### DROOLING—OVERSUPPLY OF SALIVA

Q. Kindly give me cause and cure of drooling, or an oversupply of saliva?

A. The use of more dry food at a meal will be inclined to remedy a trouble of this character. I would call your attention to the fact that it is sometimes a habit and is influenced largely by the mind itself. You should try to keep your mind from your trouble as much as possible.

#### ACID FRUITS AND MILK

Q. Is it detrimental to eat acid fruits immediately after drinking milk?

A. If the milk is taken very slowly and if you have a strong appetite for the fruits, and if they are eaten slowly no harm can result from it. I know many hygienic authorities forbid the use of acid fruits with milk. I have yet to hear of harm resulting from the combination where both have been masticated properly.

#### USE OF OIL AFTER EXERCISING

Q. Will you recommend some oil that will serve to loosen the joints in connection with exercise? I have heard snake oil recommended.

A. Olive oil is about the best oil that can be used. It softens the tissues and it may also have some effect in loosening the joints, though the act of rubbing itself will effect the same result. The joints to be made more supple must be supplied freely with the natural colorless liquid that lubricates the joints of the body. This is secreted freely only through the proper activity of the parts and the supply of pure blood that comes from proper food and a good digestion.

# Our Plans for 1905

**T**HE policy of this magazine will be directed, as it has been directed in the past, to the cultivation of a cleaner, purer and nobler manhood and womanhood. We will continue to stand unalterably opposed to

- |                        |            |
|------------------------|------------|
| 1. PRUDISHNESS         | 5. DRUGS   |
| 2. CORSETS             | 6. ALCOHOL |
| 3. MUSCULAR INACTIVITY | 7. TOBACCO |
| 4. GLUTTONY            |            |

We are working and will continue to work for the complete annihilation of these evils which curse humanity in every civilized community.

In the past we have made giant strides in the way of improving this magazine. We intend to advance still faster in the future. **PHYSICAL CULTURE** will grow in usefulness and in interest from every viewpoint. We have made very elaborate preparations for improvement in 1905, and every one of our enthusiastic readers, we are sure, will be repaid many fold for remaining with us. Various new features will be added to the magazine. Departments of personal interest will also be opened, but the principal features that we consider of special value will be found in the following list:

(1) **A WONDERFUL METHOD FOR DEVELOPING VITAL POWER.** THOUGH STRENGTH IN THE ARMS, LEGS AND THE VARIOUS EXTERNAL MUSCLES OF THE BODY IS OF GREAT VALUE, YET, IN COMPARISON WITH THE STRENGTH DEMANDED OF THE STOMACH, HEART, LUNGS AND VARIOUS IMPORTANT VITAL ORGANS, THE STRENGTH OF THE EXTERIOR MUSCLES IS OF RELATIVELY LITTLE IMPORTANCE. I HAVE BEEN MAKING A SPECIAL STUDY FOR SOME TIME OF THE VARIOUS METHODS FOR BUILDING VITAL POWER, AND HAVE MADE WHAT I CONSIDER A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY. THE MEANS I USE TO ACCOMPLISH THE OBJECT IN VIEW IS NOT ENTIRELY ORIGINAL, BUT THE METHOD OF ITS USE IS NEW, AND THEREIN LIES THE GREAT VALUE OF THIS REMARKABLE VITALITY-BUILDING SYSTEM. IT COULD HARDLY BE CALLED A SYSTEM OF EXERCISE, AND YET IT GIVES YOU CONSIDERABLE EXERCISE. IT IS A METHOD THAT WILL BRING ABOUT ALMOST IMMEDIATE RESULTS IN STRENGTHENING THE STOMACH, INTESTINES, KIDNEYS, LUNGS, HEART AND, IN FACT, EVERY VITAL ORGAN OF THE BODY. THIS SYSTEM OF BUILDING INCREASED VITAL POWER WILL BE PRESENTED IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES TO BEGIN WITH THE JANUARY ISSUE. TO ANY ONE WHO PRACTICES THE SUGGESTIONS GIVEN IN THESE ARTICLES, THE INCREASED HEALTH THAT WILL BE DERIVED WILL BE WORTH A HUNDRED TIMES MORE THAN THE PRICE OF THE MAGAZINE.

(2) **BUILDING BEAUTIFUL BODIES.** In the past most of our attention has been devoted to building muscular power, while no special articles have been written to call attention to the necessity of beauty of body. In recognizing the great

advantage of strength we have neglected to point out the importance of bodily beauty and to give accurate instructions for developing this greatly desired possession. During the coming year we will present exercises for this purpose and will try to give more information on this very important subject.

(3) **BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.** In the future, as in the past, we will present from time to time beautifully illustrated articles of timely interest. These articles will be instructive, entertaining, and will always be of interest to those who have followed our magazine in the past. No expense will be spared to make our illustrations as perfect as possible. Those who have followed the magazine in the past year or two will no doubt be astounded by comparing this issue with those we published one, two or three years ago. In this respect we have made remarkable progress.

(4) **PRACTICAL MENUS SUITABLE FOR ALL.** During 1904 we presented a series of uncooked food menus that we believe furnished a vast deal of information to our readers. This year we wish to furnish information that can be used in every household. We will present the proper methods of cooking every kind of wholesome food. We do not intend to confine ourselves to the extreme theories that we advocate for those who are enthusiastic enough to follow out a strict physical culture régime. Many of our readers, we realize, eat meat, and would be benefited by careful instructions as to the proper preparation of all kinds of food—meat included. We will try to present information on these subjects of value to every reader. The various prizes we have offered for menus will unquestionably bring us many valuable articles, but, in addition to these, Mrs. Macfadden has agreed to prepare menus from time to time that will be of interest to every one of our readers.

(5) **SCIENCE OF DIETETICS.** What shall we eat? What are the effects of different diets? What foods make the most strength? What foods are most easily digested? What are the remedial qualities of different foods? These questions and many others pertaining to diet will be interestingly discussed during the coming year. We wish to treat the subject of diet from an entirely unprejudiced standpoint. Eat that which agrees with you best, is our advice to every reader, but at the same time we wish him to preserve an open and an unprejudiced mind, ready and willing to learn at all times. And if the various articles on this subject, which we will present at various times during the year, are read carefully, many valuable hints will be secured.

(6) **HOW MANY MEALS TO EAT DAILY.** This is a much mooted question. Some say you should eat two, others say you should eat three, and there are a few dietetic experts who advocate that you should eat four, five and six meals in a day. We want this question discussed from all sides. Let the truth be known. It is only by earnest and unprejudiced discussion that we are able to come to accurate conclusions. The writer only eats two meals daily. He has followed this habit for years, but at the same time he has come in contact with individuals who eat three daily meals, and some who eat one daily meal, and apparently they seem to enjoy perfect health. The widely divergent human characteristics may require different amounts of nourishment and at different times, and those who follow different occupations may require different dietetic régimes. This subject will be discussed at considerable length during the year.

(7) **MASTICATION.** There is a world of truth to be learned in the study of mastication. We have not given a great deal of attention to this in the past. We have simply advised that our readers chew their food thoroughly. One enthusiast on the subject of mastication claims to be able to cure all diseases by insisting on a mastication so thorough that the food must be retained in the mouth as long as possible. Gladstone's thirty-two chews becomes insignificant when this man's theories are considered. He believes everything, even whisky, can be made wholesome to the stomach if it is masticated sufficiently. We will discuss this important subject thoroughly in coming issues of the magazine.

(8) **OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT.** The department we have conducted during the year of 1904 has been read with a great deal of interest by thousands of boy

readers. We intend to continue this department and make it still more interesting during the coming year. Various exercises will be presented that are especially applicable to boys, and the Question and Advice Department will also be continued. If you want to save your boys from the temptations of the dram shop, the tobacco store and other deteriorating and enervating influences, arouse their interest in athletics, make them understand that to be manly and strong they must follow a wholesome physical culture régime. A policy of this kind may save parents a vast deal of worry.

(9) ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT. In this issue of the magazine we are presenting for the first time an Athletic Department. This will continue to be a feature of the publication from now on. It is an important feature that we believe a great number of our readers will be interested in following. Whether you desire to be an athlete or not you like to read of athletes and of their achievements. This has been neglected in the past, but in the future we will give athletes and athletics the prominence they deserve.

(10) STORIES. Though our readers may have had cause to complain in the past of stories we have published, I am inclined to believe that the fiction that will be presented hereafter will satisfy the most finical. To be sure, our stories are not of the class that are published in the ordinary story papers. They are picked out for the strength of the characters and for the special features which they present that help to emphasize true manliness or womanliness. We do not desire them to be what one might term Physical Culture Stories from every viewpoint, but we want every one to have a clean, wholesome tone, and while being absorbingly interesting, give evidence that the characters are in every way intensely human, and therefore capable of erring, but at the same time always striving for a higher, nobler life.

(11) MORALS OF A CHILD. How shall I tell the divine mystery of life to my child? This is a question that comes to every parent who realizes his imperative duty to his progeny. The sex question has been so shrouded in mystery, has been hidden so long, that it is indeed difficult for the average parent to turn around and actually adopt the opposite method. A number of articles will appear during the coming year that will give some good, sound, practical advice to parents on this important subject, and which, if applied, will help them in the development of their children physically, mentally and morally. It will tell them how the truth in regard to sex may be unfolded, gradually yet unflinchingly, and how mockishness and indecency, with which the average child of to-day is so thoroughly imbued, may be entirely eradicated. The child of the future should grow up strong in purity and fearlessness, because of the knowledge that protects.

(12) HOW TO SUCCEED. This is a question of paramount importance. Every young man desires to succeed. No matter what may be his goal, his strongest wish is to become eminent, to be famous, to succeed in his endeavors. A number of articles will appear with a view of giving some very plain facts about success. Success is within the reach of every persistent, persevering, determined man, provided he has the physical foundation that is so badly needed in most cases. Failure is impossible to the man who struggles continuously with the one goal in view. We expect to present a great deal of valuable information on the attainment of success in coming issues.

(13) LEISURE HOURS. VACATIONS. How to spend your leisure hours to the best advantage physically and mentally, and how to derive the greatest amount of enjoyment from vacation periods are important subjects to nearly every reader. Articles of all kinds pertaining to these subjects will be prepared for the coming year. We want our readers to learn how to play. We want to take them back to childhood as nearly as possible and to keep them there as long as we can. Various games will be presented that will furnish the largest amount of enjoyment and recreation. Different methods of spending a vacation will be discussed in detail; considerable space will be devoted telling how to camp out, economically and enjoyably. If you are a mental worker we may be able to furnish you the means

of spending your vacation without expense by doing light manual work for farmers and others who might need labor of this character. This department we consider one of the most important, and it should be the means of furnishing a great deal of valuable information to every interested reader.

(14) A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON NATIONAL DECAY. We are presenting, during the coming year, a series of articles that will tend to point a very valuable lesson to the present generation, and should at the same time be intensely interesting. They will describe the causes that resulted in bringing the nations now dead and gone to a state of decay, ruin and ultimate oblivion. These articles will describe how nations of to-day are gradually decaying, and they will compare our own civilization with that of other nations. The articles will point out wherein we are superior or inferior, and why and in what way we are degenerating, and will also show us the road to a progress that will be permanent and continuous.

(15) INFORMATION ABOUT SLEEP. The average individual spends one-third of his life in sleep. We have discussed this subject but little in our magazine in the past. We intend to give it more attention in future issues. Proper position in sleep, why certain positions are harmful, proper mental attitude to assume and, in fact, valuable information of every kind relating to this subject.

(16) PROPER VENTILATION. Though a great deal has been said in the past on this subject, much more can be presented. Proper ventilation is of vast importance. Pure air is of far more value than pure food. It is more necessary. No one would think of eating decayed and poisonous food, and, yet, but few people give the least attention to the purity of the air that they breathe.

(17) NIGHT CLOTHING. DAY CLOTHING. Scant attention has been given to this subject heretofore, though it is gradually becoming to be recognized as of great importance. Knowledge of the proper method of clothing the body will add much to one's physical vigor. The pores of the skin make up one of the most important depurgating functions of the body. Improper clothing or too much clothing, either at night or during the day, will work a vast deal of harm. In the future we intend to furnish some accurate information on this subject.

(18) SUN AND AIR BATHS. While I have tried to emphasize the value of sun and air baths, I have not had the opportunity to give a great deal of attention to the subject. In the future I will try to cover this subject more exhaustively. Air is a powerful tonic to the skin. The sun is capable of strengthening the human body just about as much as it does an ordinary plant. Instruction telling how the most benefit can be secured from these great natural tonics will be given in the form of articles on the subject.

(19) CURE OF DISEASE. In the past I have presented articles giving detailed instructions for the cure of a great number of diseases. These articles contain information that I believe were found of great value to my readers. To a great extent, detailed information for treating specific diseases is now furnished in a form that can be secured by those interested in the treatment of a particular disease, but all especially valuable information and every new theory of interest in treating diseases will be given attention in the magazine.

(20) THE EXPOSURE OF FRAUD. In the past a great deal of attention has been given to exposing the various patent medicine fakirs who are victimizing the public with their so-called "remedies." We will continue to give these scoundrels well-deserved attention; though we realize that our space is limited for this purpose, for if we should attempt to expose every fraud of this kind we would have to publish a dozen monthly magazines and devote them all to articles of this nature.

(21) CARE OF THE TEETH. Not enough attention has been devoted to this subject. Teeth are among our most important organs. To be compelled to depend upon false teeth is indeed a great and ever-annoying handicap. Proper care of the teeth should enable one to keep them all well-preserved during life. Interesting information in the form of short articles will be presented from time to time on this important subject.

(22) CARE OF THE HAIR. No one likes to lose his head covering. Baldness is indeed to be deplored. Proper care of the hair will insure its permanent possession all during life. Articles on this subject will be presented from time to time.

(23) STRENGTHENING THE EYES. The eyes are the windows of the soul. They should be clear and bright and strong. Spectacles are crutches and should never be used except as a last resort. Hundreds of readers have written us that by following our suggestions in strengthening their eyes they have been able to discard spectacles. Articles that will give information for strengthening and making the eyes assume their proper healthful brilliancy will appear from time to time in future issues.

(24) BRIEF AND TIMELY SUGGESTIONS. During each month of the year there will be many hints regarding clothing, food and the general habits of life that will be found of value to readers. Every month hereafter we will try to present short and timely hints of this character. They will apply as nearly as possible to that particular month. For instance, there are certain articles of food that are available and most wholesome only at particular times of the year. Hints of this character pertaining to everything influencing health will be given monthly.

(25) VOICE CULTURE. We have touched upon this subject in a desultory manner heretofore, but we expect to give considerably more attention to it in the future. The human body is an organ and the voice represents the music which it produces. A body in perfect physical condition, and where the vocal cords are used intelligently, will always produce a much superior voice. Deep, diaphragmatic breathing is, of course, the greatest secret of good vocalization, but there are a number of other important considerations that will also be given attention. A rich, clear, silver-toned voice possesses a charm that greatly enhances the pleasing influence of one's personality.

(26) MENTAL INFLUENCES. Though the value of mental attitude has occasionally been touched upon, yet the importance and value of the mind in reference to its power over the body has never been thoroughly discussed. A number of articles along this line will be published during the coming year, treating upon the value as well as the limitations of mental influence.



**B**ECAUSE I have failed to give much space in recent issues to matter relating to the Physical Culture City, it need not be inferred that I have lessened my efforts with a view of finding a suitable location. I am not at present able to announce anything definite, but expect to find a location within the next two or three months.

I am tired and sick of breathing city air. I want to get out into the country, where one can find plenty of unpolluted oxygen, and I want every enthusiast who feels that he is free to make a move of this character to come along with me. You can rest assured that it will be located where the air will be of the best

**Physical Culture City**  
**An Early Possibility**

quality, and this is of chief importance.

I am now considering several plots of land which have been submitted to me. If any of my friends know of a thousand acres within an hour of New York that can be purchased at a reasonable price, I would be pleased to have him write me. It is not necessary that a station be near the land, provided a railroad runs near a part of it. In locating my business in such a place, it is, of course, necessary to have complete railroad facilities. This will also be of special importance to insure the future commercial success of the city.

I am preparing everything in this office with a view of moving my entire business to a physical culture city on May 1st. I hope I will not be disappointed and trust that there will be many enthusiasts ready and willing to accompany me.



**I**N another part of the magazine I have given more explicit information in reference to the training school that I am opening for the purpose of graduating health directors. There is no occupation or profession that offers more flattering rewards, financially or otherwise, than does physical culture work. There are thousands of men and women at the present time of really inferior ability making big salaries in this work.

### *Our Physical Culture College*

familiar with every method of building external muscular development, but they will be made acquainted with all methods of increasing vital power and with the various natural means of curing disease. They will know how to build strong bodies, and how to maintain the vigor and strength acquired to the end of life. They will know how to cure diseases, and they will learn it from a standpoint from which no medical college ever yet attempted to teach it.

The course will be practical from start to finish. No dead-and-gone language will be required. There will be no mystery attached to any part of the curriculum. Every scholar will be enabled to cope with the peculiar difficulties liable to be presented in his chosen life-work. He will be taught how to meet them sensibly and confidently, and I am satisfied that the representatives I send out from this school into various parts of the country will spread this work so wisely and thoroughly that every institution that attempts to teach the healing art will be compelled ultimately to recognize these great natural methods of healing.

A small gymnasium will be opened in connection with the school and a few members can be accepted who merely wish gymnasium privileges.



**I**HAVE been doing a great deal of talking in the past about patent medicine frauds, and have most sincerely regretted my inability to carry on such an active campaign against these fakirs that their destruction would speedily result. I have now formed a plan which I think will greatly aid in annihilating these pretenders.

I am preparing complete, detailed instructions for treating all the common ailments with which humanity is afflicted. These treatments can be used with remarkable effect in any of the ordinary diseases. They contain the most valuable suggestions for treatment in accord-

ance with the physical culture régime, and will bring about results in a marvelously short time in nearly every instance. The object is accomplished by directly attacking the disease at its very foundation. We attempt, first of all, to cleanse the body by arousing all of the purifying organs to the greatest possible activity. We then, by various means, accelerate the circulation in the affected part and furnish the body with pure blood by a proper régime. In this manner a cure is quickly effected.

Now, my plans for annihilating these patent medicine fakirs depend upon the co-operation of every physical culture enthusiast. No one suffering from a disease expects to receive the attention necessary for a cure for less than from \$3.00 to \$5.00.

### *Our Plans for Annihilating the Patent Medicine Companies*

Sometimes the fees amount to many hundreds and even thousands of dollars. Now, the price of these treatments is only \$1.00 each, but to induce our subscribers to help us in this work, we are giving a coupon with every subscription which will entitle each subscriber to one free treatment. If you are ill yourself, this coupon will enable you to get advice that is directly valuable in your case. If you are strong and vigorous, but wish to help some ailing sufferer, this coupon can be passed over to him.

I am calling upon every enthusiast to help us in this work of annihilating the quacks. These treatments are not elaborate. They contain simply the accurate, detailed instructions necessary to effect a cure in each complaint with which they deal, and every reader interested in advancing the physical culture work will do a vast deal toward accomplishing this result if he will pass this offer on to those who may be ailing.

**WEAKNESS IS A CRIME.** Weakness is a sin against yourself and against others. Try to realize that health is within the reach of every reasoning, intelligent human being. Co-operate with us and help spread the good news to every victim of human suffering.



**U**NTIL a boy is given a chance to build a physical foundation there is little of importance in life to him. Health and strength should come first.

Realizing the truth of this conclusion, I have often thought that a school for boys, conducted along lines similar to those used by the German farmer who is trying to develop a new Spartan race, would be a highly commendable undertaking, and would accomplish a vast deal of good for every boy who would come under its influence.

***A Spartan School  
for Boys***

After some calculation, I am inclined to believe that a school giving almost the entire time to the physical cultivation of its pupils, and confining its pupils to boys ranging from four to twelve years of age, might be run at a cost of \$50 or \$60 yearly for each pupil, provided there were at least forty to fifty pupils to care for. A school of this kind could hardly be made a financial success, as most of the boys in such a school would no doubt be orphans.

I would be willing to give a thousand dollars a year for conducting a school of this kind. This would enable us to keep twenty boys. How many are there of my subscribers who would add liberally to this? If we can get sufficient money to keep fifty boys I will see what can be done toward starting a school of this character.

*Gerrard Macfadden*

The series of corset editorials, constituting twenty-one serious charges against the corset, can now be procured in pamphlet form. The pamphlet is neatly made up and suitably adapted for missionary work. It is illustrated throughout with appropriate drawings on the subject. Copies will be sent, postpaid, to any address the writer may designate, on receipt of 10 cents, cost of printing and mailing, or in larger quantities at a greatly reduced price.

The prize story contest for 1904 has been declared closed. Winner of the \$100 prize for the best story published will be announced editorially in the January issue. For new prize story contest see page 519, in body of magazine.