

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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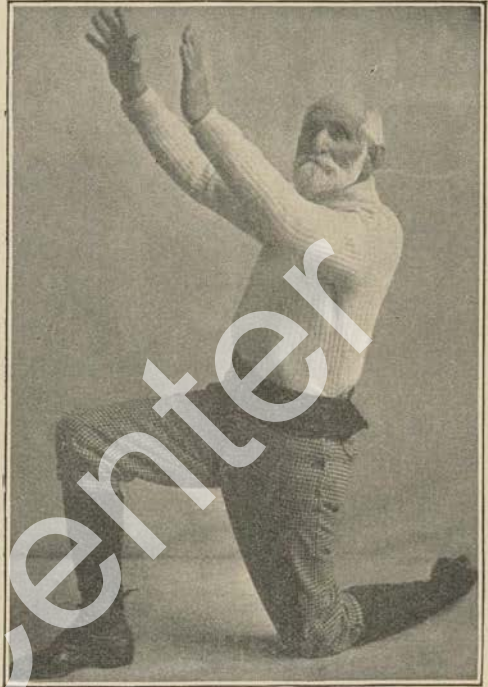
Exercises of 106 Year Old Athlete

How Youth May Be Maintained Until Death. Physical Culture a Universal Rejuvenator



No. 1.

EXERCISE No. 1.—Arms folded as shown in picture, raise left leg as per illustration. Same with the right leg.



No. 2.

EXERCISE No. 2.—Position as shown in illustration, swing arms far back over the head, and bend body backwards as far as possible. Same exercise with position reversed, weight resting on right knee instead of left.



No. 3.

EXERCISE No. 3.—From a standing position reach as far forward as you can with left hand, bending forward and keeping left leg straight until body and leg are parallel with the floor. Same exercise with right hand and right leg, weight resting on the left leg.

Captain Goddard E. Diamond, of San Francisco, the subject of a sketch in our September number, posed for the pictures produced here. A vigorous out-door life, a vegetarian diet, two meals a day and intelligent care of his body have kept Captain Diamond in good condition, both mentally and physically, up to one hundred and six years.



Capt. Diamond as he appears on a bicycle.

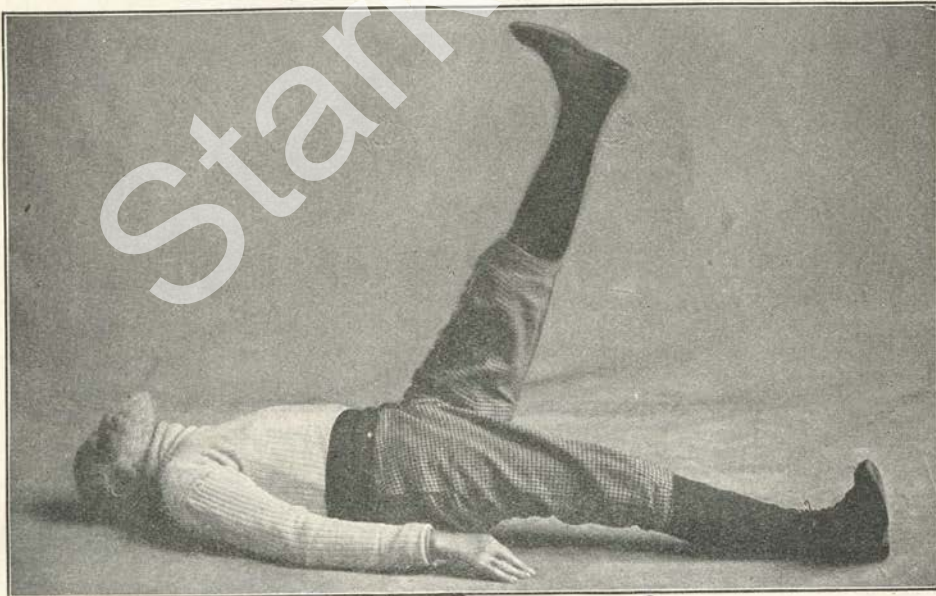


No. 4.

EXERCISE No. 4.—Kneel as shown in illustration. Bend as far backward and as far forward as you can without losing balance.



Capt. Diamond preparing for a boxing contest.



No. 5.

EXERCISE No. 5.—Lie flat on back, as shown in illustration, raise left leg until it is in perpendicular position. Same with right leg.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.



No. 6.

EXERCISE No. 6.—From straight standing position sink to left knee, then assume position shown in illustration. Same exercise sinking to right knee, position reversed.



No. 7.

EXERCISE No 7.—From position shown in illustration, weight of body resting on toes and hands, raise the hips as high as possible and lower as far as possible.

Types of Physique

*A Comparison of the Physical Condition of the Average Business Man,
Mechanic and Athlete*

By Bernarr Macfadden



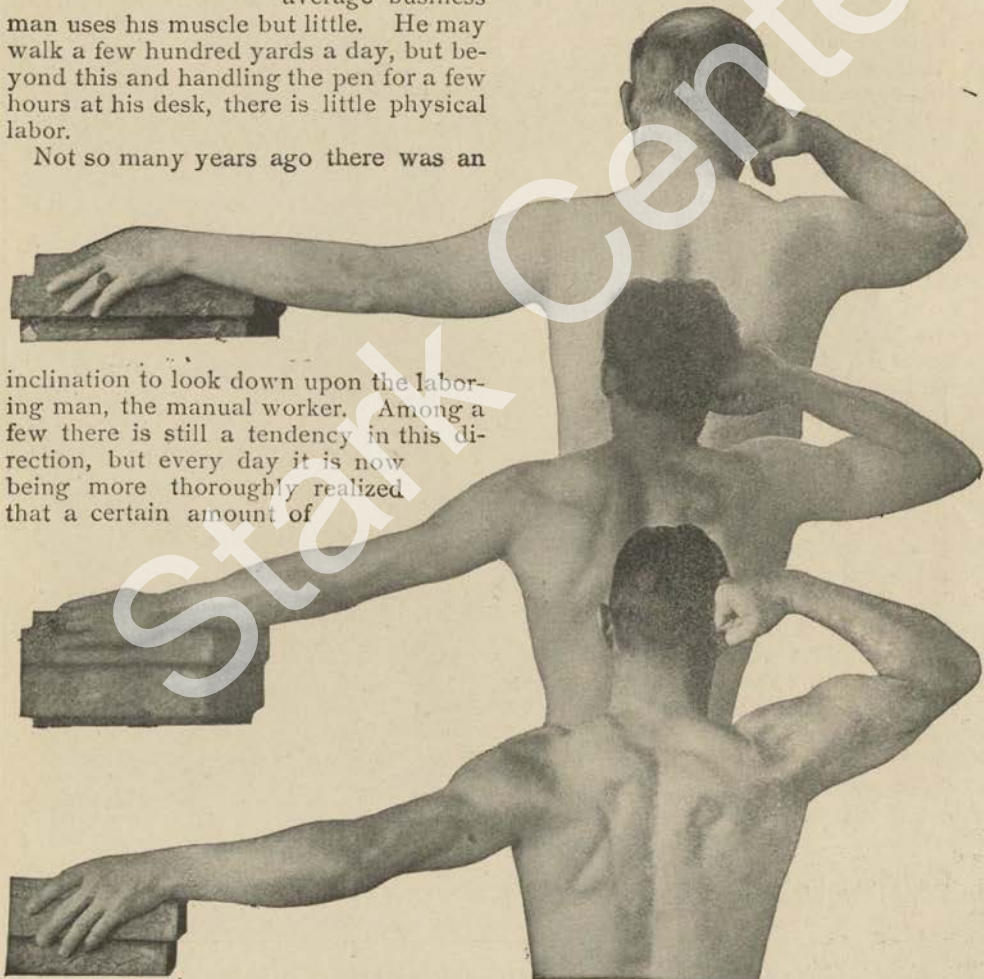
THE photographs accompanying this article clearly illustrate the physical characteristics that accrue from the different habits and occupations. The average business man uses his muscle but little. He may walk a few hundred yards a day, but beyond this and handling the pen for a few hours at his desk, there is little physical labor.

Not so many years ago there was an

manual labor, or a certain amount of exercise of the muscles, is essential not only to health and the enjoyment of life, but to the successful accomplishment of life's purposes in any direction.

Note the weak flaccid condition of the business man as shown in the photograph herewith when compared with the mechanic, or the athlete.

inclination to look down upon the laboring man, the manual worker. Among a few there is still a tendency in this direction, but every day it is now being more thoroughly realized that a certain amount of



Business Man—Muscles weak and soft; considerable fat.
Mechanic—Muscles somewhat developed. Athlete—Muscles well developed.

How much more capable he would be in his particular work, how much more forceful he would be mentally, if he would make the same effort required to develop his body, as have either one of the other two.

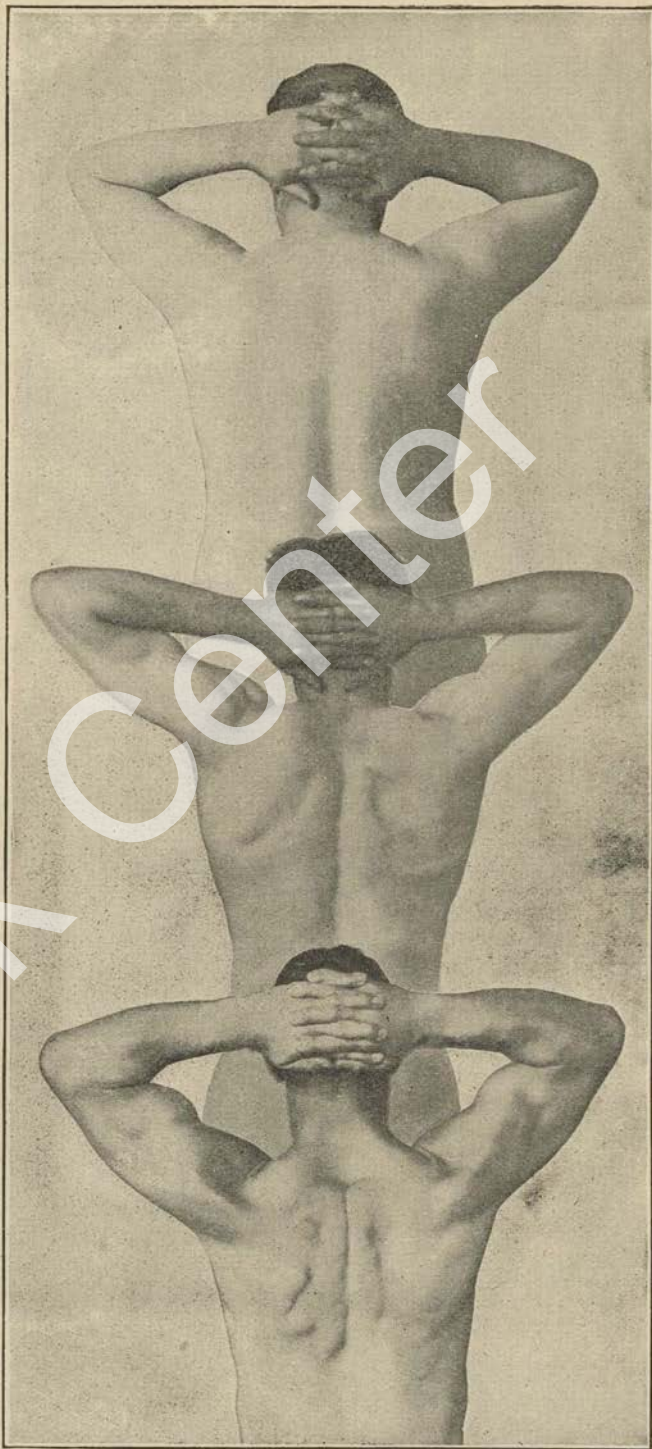
What a remarkable difference we see when we compare the athlete with the mechanic.

The mechanic uses his muscles all day and still he is not so strong as the athlete who perhaps practices not over one half hour or one hour each day. The athlete is superior in strength to the manual laborer because he uses every muscle when practicing, develops every part. The manual laborer frequently overuses parts of the body, while there are other parts which are rarely used at all. Thus the athlete by a symmetrical development of his body gains strength superior to that of the man with a one-sided development, be it ever so vigorous.

These photographs illustrate in a most striking manner the value of regular muscular exercise. The business man, awkward, torpid, overloaded with fat, is in no position to enjoy life, no matter what may be his opportunities and environments. He cannot feel with the same intensity, the same acuteness as one who has freed his body from all this dead clogging material. Life and all the exquisite emotions

which accompany it can only be enjoyed when every part of the body is

thoroughly alive, and there can be no real life with lack of activity.



Bubble-Blowing Without Pipes



THE following simple operation dispenses altogether with the pipe for bubble-blowing. Immerse the hands completely in a bowl of soft water and rub one of them lightly over with a piece of common household soap so as to avoid lathering as far as possible. Now close the hand

and then open it so that the tip of the thumb and the first finger are joined and form a circle across which a soap film will be stretched. Purse the lips as for whistling and blow a steady stream of air on to the liquid film. It begins to

the stretched elastic film will shrink back to its original size. After closing the hand the bubble is detached by elevating the wrist and allowing it to slide off the finger tips.

It may be observed that a few bubbles playfully blown in this way during the



dilate immediately, and if the stream of air is kept up the bubble soon attains the size of a football. Immediately the blowing stops the hand should be closed, or



bathing of children are always a welcome diversion.

The soap solution usually supplied to children does not produce a film strong enough to enable a bubble to be leisurely examined, or played with, for any length of time. The solution used by Professor Reinold is made by dissolving sodium oleate* or castile soap in from forty to fifty times its weight of water and adding about one-fifth its bulk of *pure* glycerine. After standing two or three days the clear solution is syphoned or decanted (but not filtered) from any scum that may have formed and one or two drops of ammonia added for each pint of liquor. Soft or

*This is a soap prepared from olive oil; the best results are obtained by using freshly prepared oleate.

rain water is essential to a good soap solution. The solution remains good for years if kept in the dark.

A glass pipe is superior to one of any other material; it is more easily kept clean, and perfect cleanliness is an important item in successful bubble-blowing. Small funnels of from one to two inches diameter at the head serve the purpose very well. An important feature of such pipes is the large bore of the stem, which enables a good-sized bubble to be

blown without unduly exhausting the muscles of the cheek. The stem of such pipes can be bent to any required angle by heating carefully in the ordinary luminous gas flame until the material is soft, then apply gentle pressure.

Where a bubble is blown for ordinary purposes the drop of liquid can be drained from the under side by means of the wetted finger. This lightens the bubble and enables it to be kept in the air more easily for a much greater length of time.

Results of Physical Training

Editor *Physical Culture*:

Dear Sir:—I have followed the teachings of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine ever since its first edition. Following are my measurements:



Neck, 16 ins.
Arm, 13½ ins.
Chest, contracted, 31 ins.; normal, 35 ins.; expanded, 40 ins.

Waist, 28 ins.
Hip, 34½ ins.
Thigh, 21½ ins.
Knee, 13½ ins.
Calf, 14 ins.
Ankle, 8¾ ins.

Forearm, 12 ins.
Wrist, 7 ins.
Height, 5 ft. 7 ins.
Weight, nude 138 pounds.

I remain, yours very respectfully,

432 Pacific Street.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

WALDEMAR MEYER.

The Bugaboo of Superstition



SUPPOSE for a brief time we forget that we have any pre-conceived opinions or prejudices, of which we usually boast we have none, but which are in reality our masters and lawgivers.

Suppose we forget all legends, traditions, rumors and possibilities, and deal only with what we know. Let us remember that we are men and women, and own up that nearly all our ideas, opinions, customs and habits are inherited, most of them from ages very remote, some of them from the animals. Suppose we put a few of these into the crucible of common sense and stew out of them the sacredness of age, paternal practice and precedent, and make an effort to reduce them to truth. In other words let us be honest. Let us ask why. Take the simplest of our customs. Why do men bow to each other? As an evidence of recognition, because many centuries ago our ancestors were forced to prostrate themselves face downward when they met or came into the presence of their alleged superiors. It took men several thousand years to learn enough about liberty to get only half way down. Our polite and instinctive bow of the head is what is left as a heritage of the days of our slavery. Why do we raise our hats as a mark of extraordinary respect? Because four or five thousand years ago the church made people uncover both their feet and heads when they got too close to the alleged abode of certain gods.



We still uncover our heads to evidence much respect. We would still be jerking off our shoes to every fair acquaintance we met, were it convenient. The custom of removing foot covering has been abolished, not because man ever stopped to think it unnecessary, but only because it was troublesome. Why do men devour the corpses of other animals, thereby getting natural foods second hand, after they have passed through the body of a brute who neither knows nor observes laws of cleanliness or hygiene. It is an expensive, painful, uncivilized, cruel, brutal and bloody custom, that has not one single shadow of reason or science to recommend it. We do it because our daddies did; and they did it for the same reason. The habit, no doubt, could be traced back to a gentleman who lived in a cave, and wore only a dried snake necklace. He started the custom during famine, perhaps, and but few people in this world have ever thought of a better and cleaner way to secure food.

Why did the ancient Chinese burn a house every time they wanted roast pig, for nearly a thousand years? Because, by the accidental burning of a hut under which a young swine was comfortably roasted, they discovered the sweet savor of roast flesh. Don't forget that the sage who first announced publicly to the Chinese that there was a better and less expensive way to secure roast pig, than to burn a house, came near losing his life for his trouble. No doubt they said to him what they said to Servetus, Giordani, Bruno and Socrates, viz.: "You are a disturber of our inherited opinions. You are a heretic on the subject of how to roast a pig, and deserve death!"

These are some of the harmless customs that have clung to humanity through the long night of our history. There are others more grave, others that have dealt, and are yet dealing, with human health and happiness, and that most sacred, conscious thing called Life, which holds the only intelligence that links together two vast eternities.

Why did the medical profession bleed, blister and cup people for every known disease for many centuries? Because they had inherited the opinion from an ancient superstition that all diseases were

caused by some devil taking up his habitat in the human body. To get this devil out was the chief business of the most learned doctors of the age. Weird incantations to coax, and awful noises to frighten this devil out of the sick, were the methods of practice for nearly a thousand years, except in extreme cases. Then a dagger was thrust deep into the intestines of the victim, with the hope that the evil spirit would escape through the hole. Bleeding, blistering and cupping, which were only abandoned a few years ago by this learned profession, were evolved directly from the incantation, noise and puncture practice.

For a period of two thousand years the doctors have put into the human body, either with a syringe, by inoculation, or through the stomach, every drug and poison, both mineral and vegetable, and nauseous nostrums composed of both. This was done on the hypothesis that for every disease-ill flesh is heir to there was and could be found some artificial cure. It is directly from this that the drug store and the drug doctor have evolved.

The medical fraternity seems never to have stopped one moment to reason and think, that unto every natural law there is a penalty fixed, that must be paid for its violation; and every disease, every ache and ill, is merely the payment, as well, also, as a signal to change conduct. It represents the simple, natural and inevitable process of settling with nature—of drawing a trial balance with time. The doctors seem never to have stopped to think that health is natural, and disease unnatural, and that if we have disease instead of health we have been doing unnatural things; that is, violating natural laws; and the way to compel the return of health is to act in the natural way, or obey natural laws. All these things they completely ignore, and continue to flee to the fetid swamp of drugs, poisons and nostrums, with a hieroglyph written in a dead language, and a childish confidence that is simply appalling.

The process of healing, whether it be lacerated flesh or an impaired digestive apparatus, is the same. Nature alone can heal,

The Drama and Its Interpreters

By Timothy Drake



HAVE been a somewhat regular patron of the theater for several years, and in the pursuit of my fad I have encountered some queer solecisms and inconsistencies on the part of theatergoers and among player-folk.

For instance, your theatergoers always pretend to be persons of culture. It doesn't make any difference whether they are users of a tooth brush or not, they will insist upon being the possessors of a certain amount of cheap, tinsel "culcher."

They will readily ascribe lines of beauty to pictures of Grecian statues, because they believe it to be an evidence of their culture to do so. But almost in the same breath they will shout bravos at the beauty of Lillian Russell, or the attempt of poor, frail, invalid-like Maud Adams to play the part of a healthy hoyden or an ambitious boy.

Miss Russell is as far from the Grecian and artist's style of beauty as it is possible to imagine, without descending to comparisons that are odious.

Fancy an American woman of "culcher" applauding a fat woman with a waist laced to a wasp's proportion! The fancy is noisome; yet I have sat at Weber & Field's when that fat burlesque actress came on, her arms jelling with adipose tissue, her hips stupendous protuberances of fat, her steel-supported chest a glistening expanse, her bust and chest held in position by a jacket of steel, and her waist compressed from five to ten inches; and still she apparently aroused the admiration of nearly every man and woman present! Wouldn't it jar you to see so many representatives of "culcher" so demean themselves? to have

this burlesque beauty of New York heralded as a type of the city's womanhood, such a departure from the real, natural



Lillian Russell in all her majestic fatness.

and artistic model as she is! And to read criticisms attributing artistic qualities to this woman's performance!

All of these people realize the need for at least the semblance of physical vigor,



John Drew in his slinness, especially noticeable below the knees.

especially the masculine portion of the profession, and with the aid of tailors and costumers they effect some fairly good results. Very frequently the result of the efforts to build an artificial form on one that is inadequate for the role is plainly manifest. The set of the shoulders, the curve of the calf, the poise of the body are palpably unreal, and even the most inexperienced can see beneath the pads and cushions the malformed, imperfectly developed real individual.

For instance, Mansfield is something of an athlete and keeps himself in good

condition, and whatever heroic role he essays, he fills satisfactorily. Take John Drew as the opposite type; he represents the ordinary city type of man, and shows the result of too little exercise. He moves like a stable-stiffened horse, and no one sees him who does not feel that he is making a pretense, and shamming an impersonation of manliness in such roles as require it, simply because he needs the money and not because he thinks he is an artist, or because he has equipped himself with the physical attributes for the expression of dramatic art.

When romantic drama was in vogue, in the days of our grandfathers, McCul-



Maude Adams, weak, fragile, yet presuming to enact roles which demand a perfect physique for the expression of the strongest human emotions.

lough and the elder Booth gave exhibitions that stirred enthusiasm. Now-a-days your stage swash-buckler is generally a make-believe, pure and simple, and if met off the stage would be the last individual in the world to suggest the physical prowess or courage he attempts to show forth night after night to an admiring audience.

In the ranks of the women artists, I must say that the approach to artistic form is more frequently met. A woman will sacrifice more, or work harder, to gratify her vanity than a man, and many women of the stage work hard, physically, to acquire and retain firm, well-shaped muscles and all the physical attributes necessary to an artist's expression of the sentiments they are called upon to simulate in the drama.

Of course, it appears absurd to the initiated, when some thin, sickly creature is put forward as a star, and whatever her elocutionary or mimetic powers may be, she invariably falls short of artistic success in proportion to her physical inadaptability to the role.

Under this classification come half a dozen, mal-nurtured, thin-limbed, pale-lipped actresses, who, though more nearly representing invalids than anything else, periodically appear as heroic maidens of supposedly extraordinary pulchritude.

Some day the public may get real "cultured," and then woe to the manager or company that commits such physical solecisms as at present abound.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: Since a child I have been troubled with indigestion and severe headache. Doctors relieved me temporarily, but never did me any lasting good. In January, 1902, my attention was called to your magazine. I purchased a copy, and read every line, so intensely interested was I. My brother, who brought it to my notice, talked of nothing else until he had persuaded me to give your ideas a trial. I gave up drinking and began to exercise, but did not take so kindly to the diet question. I thought that if I went without breakfast I would starve before noon.

After two weeks' regular exercising, morning and evening, together with cold baths, I decided to tackle the diet question, and, behold! it was not hard at all. After going without breakfast for one month I felt de-



Richard Mansfield who has the physique to portray the stage hero.

cidely better. In fact, the improvement was so great that I tried the one-meal-a-day plan. I reduced my weight from 175 pounds to 156 pounds in one month. My health was better by far, and my endurance was trebled. Do not think that I stopped my regular exercise, or that I was too weak to go through it. On the contrary, I could not tire myself. I found that I could do just about three times more work on one meal a day than on two! After giving up the second meal of the day, I began walking in addition to my other exercising. I usually go about ten miles. I feel better than ever in my life before.

I have no more indigestion, no more sour stomach, no more headache; but a good sound physical body that performs all of its functions normally.

JOHN J. LEE,
No. 213, 280 Broadway, New York.

Be Open Minded

By John R. Coryell



DON'T be afraid of the truth! Don't be too sure that the thing you hug so strenuously to your heart is the truth! Doubt is a wholesome thing as a leaven; but it is not the whole of life. Truth is. But a shred of the truth is not the whole of the truth. The thing that is, is not right because it is.

Everybody knows that error exists. Each man knows that his neighbor errs. Then, of course, it is clear that a thing is not right because it is, or your neighbor's error would be truth. Well, then, the thought you accept and refuse to try by the test of doubt may be wrong. It is possible that you are accepting things because somebody, who knew no better than you, told you them. Truth was never hurt by doubt, but only more firmly established. When anyone tells you beware of doubt, on the contrary only beware of that person, for he is a foe to truth and progress, which is the manifestation of truth.

Did it ever occur to you to wonder whence came your notions of purity? Well, what is purity? Is it one thing in a boy, and another thing in a girl? Is it founded on ignorance or on knowledge? Is it one thing today and another to-morrow? Is it the same now that it was a hundred or a thousand years ago? And if it is a variable thing, who decides how and when it shall change? Was it right for Solomon to have so many wives and concubines, and wrong for me? Is purity a mat-

ter of thought, or of conduct? Is it one thing for the married, and another for the unmarried? Is it a natural or an unnatural condition? Or is it conduct and not a condition at all? Can one's thoughts and feelings be impure and his conduct pure? Can his conduct be impure and his thoughts and feelings be pure? Is purity a physical or a moral attribute?

I have no desire to create confusion as to purity and modesty, but I do wish to call attention to the fact that some of our accepted notions of those attributes lead to positive impurity and immodesty; and those notions our most cherished ones.

One of the things we do is to rear our children, not only in ignorance of sex relations, but as completely as possible keep them in ignorance of sex itself. As if the prime factor of human existence and of all life, whether animal or vegetable, were a harmful thing, whose injurious effects could be avoided only by carefully cultivated ignorance of its existence. What do we do as to sex and sex relations? We hush our children's natural inquiries with a shocked whisper not to speak of such things. We refuse boys information about themselves, and revile, if we do not punish them, for intimating any curiosity about girls. And a girl who would ask for information about a boy's anatomy would cause a creeping horror to fasten upon her anguished parent, and would be looked upon as naturally depraved. Yes, we refuse this information, and cast up our eyes to heaven in complacent rejoicing that we are so pure and that we are keeping our children so pure. And then what? Why, the children go to ignorant servants



and to vicious and ignorant schoolmates or playfellows, and receive a filthy perversion of the truth, which serves until the boy or the girl is called upon to perform the highest, purest function of nature. And when so called upon, he or she will be fortunate indeed not to be unfitted for that function. What worse sin than this, that a man should prepare his child for parenthood by refusing him knowledge of sex, and by forcing him to go for information to those who will not only teach him untruth, but will lead him to ruin body and mind?

We make sex the bugaboo of society. To speak simply and plainly of sex is to be accused of impurity, immodesty. There are parts of our bodies which either remain nameless, are whispered in Latin, or are known in the nursery by secret words. Boys and girls hunt the dictionary and the Bible for forbidden words and phrases, cultivating pruriency. And the worst of it is, the horror and shame of it is, that their parents did the same, and yet refuse to save their children. Then, with a painful exertion to overcome his own sweet purity and modesty, some good man consents to put out a hand to help the youth of his own sex. He gives a secret lecture "to young men only." I mean to cast no ridicule on these lectures; they do much good; but in the name of common sense, why should not sex talks, of all others, be given to girls and boys together? If parents did their plain duty, however, there would be no need of such talks. From whom may a boy learn the beautiful lesson of sex difference and sex function so well as from his mother? Who better fitted to teach a girl than her father? Why, finally, should not the subject of sex be one for general fireside talk?

There is not one phase of the

sex question that reveals the faintest hint of impurity; be sure of that. The subject cannot be impure; but your attitude toward it may be so. Think of the man of whom the editor wrote a few numbers ago, who was so outraged at having his son see the nude human form depicted in the pages of this magazine! Where was the impurity? Was it in the human form, or in the attitude of that parent? If the human form in its nudity is impure, then God is impure. How can you escape that conclusion?

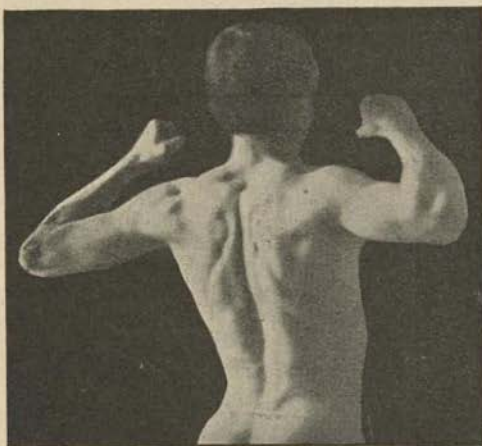
And think, be open minded. Do not accept what you read as true, but do not reject it because it is not what you have been accustomed to believing. Are the premises true? Is the logic correct? If you must answer yes, then care nothing that the majority is not with you; rather take that for an incentive to stand firm.

Teach your children the importance of health and beauty. Never permit a girl to think that her beauty is confined to her face; and be sure to teach boys that a girl's real beauty is to be found in a lithe, well-rounded, properly developed form. Teach a girl that a man is handsome not because of the color of his eyes and the curl of his mustache, but because of the strength of his limbs, the depth of his chest, the poise of his head, the grace of his movements. Let the boy know that an abnormal bust, abnormal hips, abnormal waist are not signs either of true femininity or of beauty. The body is important; take good care of it, and make it beautiful.

And let us have a revised code of morals. Henceforth that person is impure who overeats; that persons is vicious who does not take proper exercise; uncleanness is criminal; ill health is punishable by starvation and enforced labor; the



parents of a child ignorant of sex and its relations shall be scorned by the community. Let us clean our moral households,



T. R. Slee, Minneapolis, Minn.



E. Daniels, Bristol, England.

and turn out of doors the useless lumber of false notions that only serve to scare

the children and keep them from walking the straight and the easy path.

Science and a Philosopher

[The Editor usually has no time to answer criticisms. Some months ago an article appeared in the *Philistine* which a contributor has kindly answered. Thinking the same might be of interest to my readers it is published herewith.]



SCIENCE is a degree of knowledge, real or fancied, about any subject, which entitles its possessor to invent names about it, and to assume that every thought that he has not had concerning it is bastard and worthless.

"Science" is the foundation medical men have built their elaborate structure of theories and practice upon; it is founded, however, upon ridiculous, fancied knowledge. With them the word has achieved a use never dreamed of by any others. "Science" with them not only means a certain assumed superior degree

of knowledge pertaining to certain things, but it is used indiscriminately as a club to beat down opposition. Their favorite retort anent any theory contradictory to their own is that it is "unscientific;" meaning it is without the province of their particular knowledge. To be characterized, therefore, as "unscientific" by one of these sticklers for forms and formulas is about tantamount to being characterized as a rude, ungentle, ill-bred person by a spindle-legged young idiot because one knows not how to lead a cotillion or play bridge whist.

Every new, uncertain, whimsical belief that springs up in the imagination of man or woman, following the lead of this most potential of all "scientific" call-

ings in the number of its followers, practitioners and believers, has come, by a natural course of imitation, to be classed as "scientific," or a "science." Thus we have medical "science," mental "science," and Christian "science;" three "sciences" as diverse as it is possible for one to imagine, yet all proudly exploited as "sciences," true and unadulterated. And let me say, in passing, that in themselves, without any extraneous influences and forces, one is about as efficacious as the other for relieving the weakness and pain of the great horde of imbecile "unscientific" beings for whose welfare and coin they were invented.

In PHYSICAL CULTURE we have been constantly sounding a warning against this so-called "scientific" knowledge; this subtle, mysterious special-gift business in life, that enables one particular individual, or class of individuals, to prey upon another. We have endeavored to point out the necessity for living in accord with plainly indicated natural laws, and that relief from weakness, disease and suffering, which are clearly the penalties due to violations of natural living, lies wholly in an absolute return to the simple rules and regulations that govern every organized being. It has not been the purpose to inculcate any other teaching. Neither has there been an effort to resort to the mysticism of literature to state this fact. These propositions have been stated in plain language, understandable of all men, and addressed to the "unscientific" as well as the "scientific" and pseudo scientific.

And behold the result! A writer—a man whose profession is the carpentry of words, who makes his living by saying things he believes, or thinks he believes, or thinks he thinks others believe or think—has discovered that the magazine and its editor have been demonstrating one of the newest of these "sciences."

This astute discoverer lives in East Aurora (a place not on the maps), when he is at home, and he bosses a sort of community, or socialistic printing shop, and a home for the expression of individuality. His name is Elbert Hubbard, and he is the self-appointed pastor of the flock of Philistines. His chief employment, while the other members of the socialistic group are laboring, is to mor-

alize, and pose as a teacher of new truths.

Brother Hubbard has in some ways proven himself an obstinate, pugnacious, and rather clever man. He doesn't believe in lawyers, doctors and preachers, and he says so; and he lives, upon the whole, a fairly free, and a moderately useful life, though his usefulness is hampered to a certain degree by his fetishism to "science," as is revealed in the following excerpt from a recent number of his magazine:

"There is a faddist by the euphonious name of Macfadden, whose fad is to fast. By fasting and holding the right mental attitude (think of it!) Macfadden cures dyspepsia, heart trouble, consumption, deafness, etc. Mark Twain says all these things can be done by lying on the right side, and extending the left arm. But as Mark does not explain which is the right side, his discovery is of small value compared with Macfadden's.

"I have seen dozens of his followers, who have fasted three, four or five days, drinking water, but eating no food, and apparently getting benefit from the plan. Two husky young Roycrofters, nineteen years old, got the Macfadden bee in their bonnets, and went without food for seven days. Before this they were regular gourmands, as needlessly healthy young fellows are apt to be. But now pride and will buoyed them up. They kept at their regular work, and on the seventh day ran foot races.

"Enforced deprivation of food would probably have killed these young men before the end of the week, but as it was, they revelled in their condition, and no loss of mental or bodily vigor was apparent. Macfadden may be 'unscientific,' but he has proved the supremacy of mind over matter in a way unprecedented."

Brother Hubbard may be an authority on the dogma of Philistia's creed; a fair critic of literary or artistic excellencies, and his philosophy may pass current in some circles for the 18-carat article; but when it comes to the consideration of the strange and wonderfully made physical man, and the laws governing that magnificent aggregation of intricate organs, he lapses from his pedastaled position into that of a scarcely observant, superficial individual, with nothing distinctive beyond a certain gift of words.

Here is a man who acknowledges that he has seen the benefits of living reasonably—giving the concrete, material elements of the body a rest—and he explains it all in the old metaphysical, mystifying, miracle-working way. It is a miracle of mind over matter. Hear him say "enforced fasting would have produced starvation," while voluntary fasting produces benefits, without loss of mental or physical vigor!

Go to, Fra Elbertus! Thou art running after strange gods. The pastor of Philistia has evidently been flirting with psychology and other so-called "sciences" following closely in the wake of medical "science."

Experiments Mr. Macfadden has made, and fasting experiments of others, if they prove anything, prove simply this: That the living organism requires far less nutriment of the kind usually denominated food, than all the "scientists" ever dreamed of; that the body, composed of an infinitude of tiny, independent living cells, is capable of continuing its affairs harmoniously, effectively, and with greater certainty (under some conditions) when the supply of food through the stomach is stopped; a fast proves the ability of each living cell in the organism to maintain its life and welfare without constant stuffing, per the mouth; it has demonstrated the ability to continue life while giving the overworked mechanism of the body a rest. Its success or failure does not depend upon mental poise; it will work just the same in a deer, a dog, a horse or an oyster, as in a reasoning be-

ing. It demonstrates, on the contrary, that the state of mental calm is attainable in perfection only while the organs, the muscles, and the nerves, have been relieved of their constant work in connection with the digestion, assimilation and elimination of great masses of food not needed for nutrition.

No, Brother Hubbard, these experiments do not prove the superiority of mind over matter; they are not mental cures; they are not miracles of self-hypnosis; they are not the offspring, or the result of, any form of mysterious science; they show simply that Nature knows the needs of the body organism better than the most learned scientist, and that, left to her guidance, only good will follow.

Tune your harp, Secr of Philistia, to the denunciation of the devils of fear; to the anathematizing of shams and frauds, but do not, with open eyes, blunderingly walk into the paths of error, nor attempt to tread the labyrinth of so-called mental science and mind miracles.

The devil of pride sometimes assumes as threatening proportions as does the devil of fear, and when a man glorying in his mental development, a thing dependent upon nutrition, exercise, etc., is ready to place his little modicum of think machinery above every other part of the body, he is in a way to run into serious ills. Mental poise and will power may be conducive to philosophy, to the elegance of diction our writer-philosopher employs, but we would like to see him trying to digest an unneeded dinner of beefsteak and onions by the aid of such agencies.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I am a very enthusiastic reader of your magazine and it gives me great pleasure to see the good your publications are doing all over the country.

I have one of your complete Physical Culture Outfits, which I find most valuable. Its use has produced most satisfactory results.

Yours truly,
Chadwick, Ohio. ROSCOE ALDERMAN.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I have been following your suggestions in Physical Culture, and have derived great benefit from it. I have exercised about a year and a half, not for extra big muscles, but for good health and strength.

FREDERICK C. NEBER,
1521 Presstman St., Baltimore, Md.



The Destruction of Health by Drink in France

By Edward
Conner

Several well-known senators in France, having Messrs. Siegfried and Beranger at their head, have resolved to grapple effectively with the awful plague of drink. They have brought in a bill to the Senate on the subject; its provisions are very interesting indeed, and deserve every possible support so as to ensure success. That the said bill will meet with a great deal of opposition, especially from the temperance party, that insists on the suppression of all establishments selling alcoholic beverages, is a foregone conclusion. Wine, in one sense, is an aliment in France, but intemperance cannot find shelter under its cover. It is the deplorable social state of Normandy, due to drink, which spurs so many to accept no compromise in the matter of the sale of alcohol. For example, in 1830, the city of Rouen consumed 110,000 gallons of alcohol, or 10½ pints per head; in 1897 the consumption was 374,000 gallons, or 14 quarts per inhabitant. But much smuggled alcohol is also sold. Cider, which is assumed to be the local beverage, is no longer patronized, save in the humblest shops, or at home with sober citizens. There are 1,729 wine shops, etc., in Rouen, for a population of 113,000. Dr. Tourdot asserts that more bad alcohol—prepared



from mangolds, grains and molasses—is consumed in Rouen, than in all France.

From Saturday night until the follow-

ing Monday morning the staggering tippler can be encountered at every one hundred yards—amidst the profound indifference of the population—supported by a comrade, or accompanied by his wife. Often a grandfather, blind drunk, will be met, groping his way along the walls, preceded or followed by his children or grandchildren. Along the quays men lie dead drunk on a Sunday morning; then they seek the suburbs, and become intoxicated again. Often the whole family will follow pater familias, hand in hand, and enjoy the carousal.

In workshops of one hundred and fifty to two hundred hands, from five to fifteen only is the number of men that can be depended upon to be entrusted with outside work. There are tipplers who cannot walk 60 yards in the street without having a drink. Dr. Tourdot has counted in one wine shop, situated near a large factory, one hundred and fifty men, drinking as many glasses of what is called *liqueur*, or *aperatif*, in ten minutes. A farrier, who died of delirium tremens at the age of thirty-seven, had drunk, since two years, one and one-half pints of brandy at his meals; he brought one pint in his pocket to drink while at work, and

he "nipped" eight glasses of absinthe while out.

Family ties are feeble; the children are neglected, and are soon attracted to follow in the vicious paths of parents, whose moral influence has vanished.

It is estimated that there is one wine shop for every eighty-five inhabitants of France, or one per thirty adults, if women and children are excluded. In the north of France there is one wine shop per every fifteen adults.

The prefect cannot, under the provisions of the bill, give permission to open a wine shop; he only examines if the applicant possesses good manners and reputation. For Paris, the first article of the bill gives the power for the opening of a wine shop to the prefect of police; and in the rural districts to the prefect, the Departmental Council, and the public prosecutor. Once permission is accorded, no other business will be allowed on the premises.

Save the wife and daughter of the occupant, no female can act as assistant. Infraction of this clause will involve a fine of 16 to 200 francs, or six to thirty days' imprisonment, in addition to the closure of the premises.

What the President of the New York State Anti-Divisection Society Thinks of Natural Methods

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I have been much interested in looking over your last issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. It is surely a step in the right direction to find a publication devoted to the preservation of health by natural methods, rather than by those ridiculous, so-called "curative agents"—the anti-toxins.

There are many things which commend physical culture to the thoughtful mind.

First, it is a comparatively harmless method of preventing disease. It does not presuppose the deliberate communication of various maladies to thousands of helpless beasts, that something which is in itself a poison, may be manufactured and injected into man.

Second, physical culture seems to create a feeling of manly independence, a desire to inquire for the best, and having, as one believes, found it, to take the risk of applying it to one's self.

Third, physical culture seems to imply a willingness to accept the consequences of wrongdoing, rather than to endeavor to free one's self from such consequences at the ex-

pense of those weaker than the wrongdoer. For the so-called scientist who has ruined his health by excess in food or drink, there appears to be no resource but the diseasing of beasts, that thereby a serum may be obtained, warranted (by its patentee) to cure drunkenness, indigestion, etc. But for a man who appreciates the advantages of physical culture, there is, first, the breaking off from the intemperance, at a cost to himself—not a helpless dumb animal—and then a deliberate rebuilding of the strength he has himself impaired, at the expense of time and trouble to himself only.

Let me, therefore, congratulate you upon the common sense view you take of disease, the rational methods you advise for its prevention and cure, and the sound principles which you are trying to give your readers—so that they will regard disease as their misfortune or their fault, to be repaired in either case by themselves, at their own cost, not through those sufferings inflicted in the vivisectional laboratory on the brute creation.

JOHN VEDDER, M. D.,
President New York State Anti-Vivisection Society, Saugerties, N. Y.

being beaten by less than a wheel each time. But this time I knew I should have to travel considerably faster than in any other previous race, if I intended winning, as every now and again news had come of George's victory in some first-class race. Still, I was full of confidence, as I had been keeping quiet, was in excellent condition, and had accomplished one or two smart performances in private trials.

Although fully aware of my improved speed, I was equally cognizant of the fact that my redoubtable opponent had also improved considerably and I did not intend to fall into the common error of most good riders, of holding him too cheap, as I have seen scores of races lost through a competitor being overconfident.

At last the time for the annual sports came round, and I was as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and bent on securing the cup. At two o'clock on the eventful day I wended my way to where the races were to take place, and found an immense crowd of people listening to the strains of music, and watching the athletes as they displayed their abilities in the various contests. Leisurely making my way to the dressing tent, I undressed, put on my silks, and, it being oppressively hot, lay down to get cool and reserve my strength for the impending struggle.

The race previous to the Walsey cup race was being decided, and I had not yet seen anything of George Vincent. I made numerous inquiries, but all to no purpose, as no one appeared to have caught a glimpse of him. The bugle now sounded for competitors to face the starter, and still there was no George Vincent. At this I was a trifle elated, knowing that without him the race was a certainty for me. I could not account for his absence at all, knowing how eager he was to win the cup outright, as a few days before he had signified to the secretary of the sports his intention of competing, and had returned the cup for exhibition purposes.

About half a dozen of us now proceeded to the starting post, mounted our machines, and were waiting for the pistol to crack, when in the coolest manner possible George Vincent came gliding up to my side. I of course surmised he had

been unaccountably detained and had dressed hurriedly, or perhaps had used some private room near to the enclosure. I accordingly proffered my hand, asking him how he was, but he took not the slightest notice of me, and stood upon his stool—for you know we had no one to push us off then, but started from a trestle—quite motionless. This ungentlemanly conduct on the part of George, usually so courteous a fellow, fairly astonished me, and I was about to ask for an explanation, when the starter's gruff, "Get ready!" prevented me from doing so. "Crack!" went the pistol and away we went. The race had now commenced, and seating myself firmly on the saddle and grasping the handles of my trusted machine tightly, I thought of nothing but victory. George went off with the lead, I quickly following, hanging on to his back wheel like grim death. The pace was a "cracker," and lap after lap was reeled off without our relative positions being altered. It was a ding-dong, neck and neck race, and the other competitors were soon some considerable distance in the rear. Time after time I essayed to pass Vincent, but he seemed to ward off my challenge with scarcely an effort. Once, by an almost superhuman effort, I did manage to get up to his side, and, taking a quick glance at his face, to see if I could detect any signs of fatigue, I was thoroughly startled at his appearance. His face seemed almost transparent, his skin white and deathly looking, his eyes shone with a fixed and glassy stare and were immovable in their sockets. He appeared totally unconscious of his surroundings, sitting upon his machine like a statue, and when I spurred to get on even terms with him he increased his speed without any seeming exertion whatever. He appeared to be material, but not the corporeal man as usually seen and understood, his whole frame having the rigidity and inflexibility of marble. He had an uncanny appearance, such as I have never beheld in any other person, either before or since, and which I cannot describe in words.

However, we were fast nearing the last "quarter," and there was no time for wool-gathering, so, collecting my scared wits together I prepared for my final "burst." The bell now rang for

the last lap. The excitement became intense; hundreds of voices shouted, "Go it, George!" to my opponent and "Go it, Tom;" to me. Never in the history of the sport had there been such an exciting and keenly contested race. Why, even the aristocratic occupants of the grand stand forgot themselves for a time, and, putting aside their studied reserve, waved their handkerchiefs and waxed enthusiastic. We had now entered the straight, and I made one last desperate effort to get to the front, but not by an inch could I lessen the distance between the two machines. Thus the race ended, George Vincent winning by a wheel, thereby becoming entitled to the absolute possession of the Walsey Cup. Immediately on passing the tape a scene of the wildest enthusiasm took place. The crowd broke down the barriers and entered the enclosure with the object of carrying George, who was extremely popular, shoulder high. The band struck up, "See, the conquering hero comes," but the hero had suddenly vanished as if by magic. The people stood bewildered, thinking their eyes had deceived them, or that some trick was being played upon them. Immediately afterwards the announcement was made that we had beaten the two miles grass record by three seconds, and, although defeated, I had the consolation of knowing that I had accomplished a hitherto unprecedented feat. On my arrival at the dressing tent everyone was talking of George, saying what a strange appearance he had whilst riding his machine; also alluding to his mysterious coming on to the track immediately prior to the race and in the nick of time, and his subsequent sudden disappearance after passing the winning post. "Where did he dress?" I asked of several competitors, but none could answer my question; all were nonplussed and totally ignorant as to his strange proceedings. Upon the conclusion of the sports I at once repaired to the grand stand to receive the second prize, a gold center medal. When the name of George Vincent was called to receive the silver cup, loud cheers rent the air, but the victor was



Reproduction from Ancient Statue in Rome.

not forthcoming, and after vainly seeking for him, the cup was held over until it should be claimed by the missing competitor.

The same evening the mystery was cleared up, as the papers published an account of a shocking railway accident that had occurred to the 2.30 train from Nunton, and next morning, among the list of killed, was poor "George Vincent, the well-known racing cyclist!" As the accident happened at 2.45 and the race was ridden at 3.30, the material George Vincent could not have raced and won. The fact was, I had unconsciously ridden a race with a phantom.

The Walsey Cup mystery, as it was called, soon went the round of the newspapers and periodicals, and I was literally besieged by enquirers desirous of more explicit information.

Some weeks after we had laid the mor-

tal remains of George in the grave I put in a claim for the cup, but the sports secretary said, that as I certainly did not finish first in the race I was not entitled to it. I argued the matter with him, reminding him that inhabitants of this terrestrial globe only were eligible to compete, and not denizens of another sphere. However, my arguments were of no avail, and not wishing to cause any unpleasantness, I did not press my claim, so the cup was held over for that year.

Ultimately I won the cup three times and now have it snugly ensconced on my sideboard; but whenever I look at it, the race of more than twenty years ago comes vividly to my mind, some of the old fire animates me, and some of the agility and sprightliness of old again possesses my limbs, when I recall the desperate race I had with a phantom.

A Multi-Millionaire's \$200,000 Gift

The Fallacious Idea That Germs Cause Disease

By Otto Carque



AFTER the death of his little grandson, John D. McCormick, who succumbed to intestinal fever early in 1901, Mr. John D. Rockefeller donated a fund of \$200,000, devoted to discover the cause of the disorders so fatal to infants.

The daily papers recently reported that two physicians of the Wilson Sanitarium near Baltimore had succeeded in the discovery of a germ which caused the trouble, and they will now bend their energies to the discovery of the drug or serum which will destroy the germs they have revealed.

The discovery has probably been wired as "a great achievement of medical science" from one end of the civilized world to the other, and thousands may now believe that the disease which carries off

legions of babies every year may soon be successfully fought by a specific "lymph" or "serum."

Only a few years ago the world was equally surprised by Dr. Koch's discovery of the bacillus of tuberculosis and a little later by his "lymph" which should put an end to the vast ravages of the deadly germ. Yet it was soon found that all these revealings of the laboratory were of a problematical nature, that hundreds died in spite of the lymph, and to-day Dr. Koch himself announces that the only remedy for consumption is oxygen, the greatest foe of all germs.

This magazine has already reported numerous cases of consumption which had been given up by the medical profession and which have been successfully treated by a rational diet and proper exercise in the open air. Breathing fresh air, day and night, will always supply an abundance of this great medicine "oxygen" which so many seem anxiously to avoid.

Indeed, people seem to have progressed very little since that time when they believed that sickness was the work of devils and witches; of course, these emanations of a childish brain have passed away, but they have been substituted by microbes and bacilli which medical practitioners of to-day claim to be the real cause of the diseases. But they unfortunately entertain a false theory of disease itself. The presence of germs does not prove that they create disease; they are there because the morbid conditions of the body demand it, the same as a carrion allures vultures.

Disease is not a devil to be cast out; it is the action of vital energy which defends and restores; it is a process of purification of the system to cast out impurities (poisons, decaying cells, etc), which have in most instances their origin in our perverted and unhygienic methods of living. The impurities or foreign matter in our body are the real causes of the disease, and the bacilli act in some measure as scavengers which make the rapidly increasing poisonous matter in the system innocuous. If it were not for the presence of these germs, death would be inevitable in all so-called infectious diseases.

On the other side it has been proven, by the most eminent hygienists, such as the late Dr. Kofer, that the microbes of disease cannot live an instant, and hence cannot propagate, in a perfectly healthy organism. By breathing fresh air, proper water appliances, and a rational diet—in short, by a strictly observed cleanliness inside and outside of the body, we will be able in most instances to rebuild the devitalized tissues and the germs will soon die off, as they can only exist on the decaying cells. All the specific remedies against these imaginary little enemies are therefore more than useless.

Nature does not provide "remedies" for disease; she inflicts penalties for the transgression of her laws. Understanding this, we will not attempt to dose away the penalty which is intended to be part of our education. On the contrary, we will try to assist nature, the great healer, doing it in ways that are not antagonistic to the vital processes, but in harmony with them.

The physician may apply lymphs, serums, or antitoxin in one hundred cases of tuberculosis, diphtheria, or typhoid fever, and one-half of the patients recover and the other half dies; and he may reason from his experience that his remedy has saved the fifty patients; and yet the truth may be that it has destroyed twenty-five of those other fifty who died.

The words of Goethe in his immortal "Faust," in regard to the medical faculty of his times, hold equally true to-day:

"With our infernal mixtures thus, ere long

These hills and peaceful vales among,
We rag'd more fiercely than the pest,
Myself the deadly poison did to thousands give;

They pined away, I yet must live
To hear the reckless murderers."

These sentences, which so severely criticize the false doctrines and practices of the so-called medical profession, sound radical, but truth is always radical. True science can speak but one language. It will teach us that ignorance is the root of all evil and knowledge the remedy; it will teach us to prevent disease by avoiding the causes, rather than to attempt to cure it by administering the causes of other diseases; it will also teach us first of all how to think, and afterwards how to eat, drink, breathe, bathe, and exercise, which are the only means to ensure good health and longevity.

The period of early childhood is often decisive for the rest of our life, and our amount of vitality to resist injurious influences, aside from heredity, largely depends upon the nourishment we receive in the first days of our earthly existence. The child that is nursed by a healthy and intelligent mother is by all means far better adapted to withstand noxious influences than the child that is kept alive by all kinds of artificial preparations.

Cow's milk, which in most instances is used as a substitute for mother's milk, is most readily affected, not only by the food of the animal, but also by the conditions and environments under which it is living. It is a matter of fact that a great mass of cattle is fed by the offals of breweries and distilleries, also by the swill collected from the eating-houses of large cities. The remnants of alcoholic fermentation are certainly a food of very

doubtful character which will soon deviate the health of the cow from its normal degree and immediately change the character of the milk, often to such a degree that it will be no more a wholesome, but a poisonous fluid, impregnated with the very smell of the deleterious food of the animal. Poisonous antiseptics, which, of course, are more convenient than cleanliness, are surreptitiously put in the milk by many unscrupulous dealers, to prevent it from souring.

Careful investigations show that much of the 1,500,000 quarts of milk served every day to the people of New York City is a menace to health; that it is collected under not only unsanitary but often positively filthy conditions, transported, especially in summer, without regard to hygienic laws, and finally distributed, especially in the tenement districts, in a positively dangerous condition.

The great summer mortality of infants in large cities like New York is well known. In 1900 not less than 6,055 deaths occurred from diarrhœal diseases in children under five years of age. Of course there were other contributing causes besides impure milk, but the Health Department estimates that fully one-half of this number of deaths were directly traceable to the character of the milk used.

But here the question arises, Is the milk of even perfectly healthy cows a desirable article of food for man in general and for infants in particular? The answer will be an emphatic "no." Nature has designed the milk of the cow, like that of all other mammals, for the nourishment of their respective young ones. The milk contains in every instance only a small per cent. of solid substances, and these include just the elements and in such a proportion as they are necessary to build up the delicate tissues, bones, and different organs of the new-born animal. So nature prepares for the young creatures just the kind of food that they need

for the growth and development of their body, until they are able to provide for themselves. It is therefore evident that the chemical composition of the milk in the various species of mammals must differ as widely as their anatomical peculiarities.

In a natural state the lactiferous glands of the cow, as well as those of any other mammal, are only active until the teeth of the young one have grown sufficiently to enable it to take more solid food. Then the milk glands of the cow would naturally dry up again, if it were not for the unnatural practice of milking the animal, which has partly converted the lacteals into depurating organs.

Nature has prepared for man an ample stock of unsurpassable nourishment in the golden grains, luscious fruits, vegetables and nuts, ripened in the magnetic, life-giving rays of the sunlight. And the mother living on a simple and frugal diet, including especially fruits, if she takes moderate exercise in fresh air and pays due attention to cleanliness of the body, will always have a sufficient and healthy secretion of milk which can never be equaled by any artificial food whatsoever. Fortunate the child that in our time of "advanced civilization" and city living can draw from the breast of a robust mother an abundant supply of pure, health-giving, tissue-building food. But as long as the infant is deprived of his natural food, of fresh air and sunlight, the only means to fortify the growing organism against disease, so long will death hold its annual harvest among out little ones, in spite of all the discoveries of bacilli and serums.

Mr. Rockefeller's philanthropic act is certainly to be appreciated, but it is more than doubtful if humanity at large will be much benefited by the finding of a new bacillus, as long as our present conditions of life, especially among the poorer classes, are a constant menace to health.



Vaccination Bereaves Parents of Baby Boy

The following sorrowful letter speaks for itself. We print it in the hope that it may serve the end the writer intended. A father grieving for his little son, wishes the unhappy tale to be told as a warning to those whose children are menaced with a similar fate.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir.—Your magazine has attracted my attention to such an extent that I take the liberty of writing you.

Unfortunately, I happen to be the victim of one of those miserable creatures they call doctors. Until last fall I was the father of a fine healthy little boy, four years old, as healthy a little lad as ever you feasted your eyes upon. He was the pride and delight of our hearts, but through the damnable curse of vaccination, he was taken away. This is how it happened.

Last fall my wife was directed to take our eldest son, Glover, ten years of age, to be vaccinated before his name could be entered as a pupil in school. She took him to this freak who calls himself a doctor, and he inoculated Glover with the poison. He then insisted upon vaccinating little Clifford as well. My wife's remonstrances were in vain. The man was bent upon making all the money he could during the smallpox scare and he gained his point. My wife was persuaded to bare the little arm, though the child was crying with fear, and the fatal act was done. This was on October 24 last. On November 13 symptoms of lockjaw began to develop in the little fellow, but we did not realize what was the matter with him. Applying to our family doctor, he sent some medicine for supposed sore throat. Two days later, after suffering terrible agony, our baby boy died in the convulsions of lockjaw. We had sent for the doctor, but he did not arrive until after our child was dead, so the cor-

oner's physician held a post-mortem examination. The verdict rendered was "convulsions;" so you see how they cover up their crimes.

A true story of the affair came out in the newspapers, however, and I sent a copy to the hungry creature who had been to blame for the death that blighted our home. I also wrote asking him why in heaven's name, he had persisted in vaccinating Clifford. He did not answer me and at length in desperation I went to see him personally. He was so excited at sight of me that he assaulted me right in his own house. Unfortunately there



Clifford S. Martin.

The four-year-old boy, robbed of life by
vaccination poisoning.

were no witnesses to the affair, so I could not bring suit for the assault.

This same butcher vaccinated a boy, sixteen years old, who was afterwards taken sick. The doctor told him he had a cold in his jaws, but gave him zinc ointment to put on his arm! The next day that boy was taken to the hospital with lockjaw. He hovered between life and death for weeks, but finally lived. A little daughter of ours has been turned out of school because we refuse to have her vaccinated again. Two years ago she

was vaccinated, but the mark is rather faint.

I want to convey to you that I have never believed in vaccination, but they force it upon us if we would have our children enjoy the privileges of the schools our money supports.

This is one of those pathetic life stories the recital of which may help some other happy father and mother to keep from a like fate the children who are dear to them. Sincerely yours,

BENJAMIN F. MARTIN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Readers Get Practical Results from Physical Culture

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: Thinking my experience might be of value to some young man, I take the liberty of writing something of it.

On December 27, 1900, I left my home in Brooklyn, N. Y., and started West in search of health. One week previous to this time I had been examined by a physician in the Seney Hospital, Brooklyn, and pronounced a consumptive. I had expected this state of affairs for some time, but would not admit it to myself or friends. However, night-sweats, chills and fever were weakening me daily, while I constantly raised mucus, which was often streaked with blood. I went direct from New York to El Paso, Tex., and secured a position on a large ranch, receiving no pay other than board. My bed was a blanket thrown over Mother Earth at night. My food consisted of bacon, freeholder beans, and occasionally some dried fruit. I stayed here about six weeks, and then went back to El Paso. But my health, which had improved wonderfully during my stay on the ranch, became worse again, so I lost no time getting another position similar to my former one, and held on to it for about two months, but I had an uncontrollable desire to be where I could enjoy the company of civilized people. And on the ranch my work, which consisted of driving a horse all day long attached to a pump from which gushed large quantities of water, grew very monotonous, so notwithstanding my improved health I again went back to El Paso. A party of men were leaving the Sheldon Hotel for Steins Pass, N. M., to do railroad work, and I went with them. All of this time, excepting perhaps two weeks, I had been sleeping on the ground at night, eating any kind of food that I could easily get and leading the life of an Indian generally. One week later I had the luck of running into a survey party that were about to cross the desert, laying the line for a new railroad as they went. I applied for work and was hired at \$45 per month and board. My work

consisted in laying stakes as the party proceeded. Again I found that my work was more than I could stand, and at the end of the fourth night was unable to walk, while my back and arms pained me. In New Mexico, as elsewhere, dead wood is not wanted, so I was again left to my own resources. I determined to strike for California, and reached Los Angeles about seven months from the day I left home, dirty, sunburned and happy. My weight had not increased any, but my health had taken a change for the better that was a little short of marvelous. Excepting a slight raising of mucus at times, I was as well apparently as any other person I met. The night-sweats, chills, etc., had long since left me, and they have never returned. Since reaching California I have worked at various occupations and feel better to-day than ever before in my memory.

There is no reason why any young man afflicted as I was cannot do the same thing. I have made my expenses for the past fifteen months. Before leaving Brooklyn I was employed by one of the largest banking institutions in New York, and had never been away from home more than two weeks at a time. My friends laughed at the idea of my roughing it in Texas, but I knew that it was a case of life or death, and that spurred me on. I wish to say, in conclusion, that in the company of three young men, all members of the Central branch of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A., I attended a lecture and exhibition given by the editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE in the Bijou Theatre, New York, a short time previous to my starting. It was through a determination which I reached while there, to regain health and strength were it possible, that this trip was made and that I am alive to-day. I read and enjoy and practice the theories of every number of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Yours very truly,
W. E. CONNELL,
135½ So. Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Question Department

Q. A few months ago you told what was the best diet and exercises for a laboring man, employed in the open air; will you not outline the best course of exercise and diet for a man of sedentary occupation?

A. The best time for such a man to exercise is immediately after rising and just before retiring; ten to fifteen minutes at each time is sufficient. A bite of fruit is all the breakfast that should be taken; chief meal should be eaten at noon. Eat very light supper, between six and seven. In most cases one meal a day will be ample.

Q. I am subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism; will you advise me what to do to cure them?

A. A total fast until the pain has entirely ceased is the quickest remedy. The prognosis of this disease, when treated by the usual drug method, is as follows: The patient is kept in a state of constant pain, with steadily lessening powers of vitality and resistance, until the stomach, under the combined effects of food taken when not needed, and irritating drugs forced upon it, utterly refuses to digest anything more. Thereupon the patient immediately begins to improve, the rheumatic fever disappears, and with the return of appetite, a slow recovery is made, because nature has been forced to such a state of complete exhaustion. The sensible treatment is to cut off food, and everything but pure water, from the stomach at the start; keep the affected joints swathed in wet cloths, and there will be quick recovery.

Q. I am troubled with neuralgia of the head. Advise me what to do for relief.

A. Stop eating until pain has disappeared. Apply alternately, over affected part, cloths dipped in hot and cold water. Regular massage of the face and neck will aid in preventing such attacks.

Q. Three months ago I adopted the natural diet; milk, oatmeal, nuts, raisins, dates, eggs, honey and fruit. Everything eaten raw. The result is boils have broken out on my face. What is the cause?

A. You have grossly overeaten. You probably ignored the fact that natural foods are much richer—that is, have a far greater percentage of nutritious elements, volume for volume—than cooked foods; and, with improved digestion, you have forced into your blood more matter than the economy of your body demanded, and hence this natural method of elimination. Eat but one meal a day for a while, and exercise regularly.

Q. I have been practicing resisting exercises, and from flexing the muscles too tensely I have injured myself, and I am miserable all the time. Can you suggest a remedy?

A. We have continually pointed out the evils of violent exertion, with or without apparatus. Repetition and regularity of exercise will bring development in a natural way. In such a case as this, begin over again with simple, easy movements, bathe affected parts frequently, and eat only wholesome, non-exciting food. In time the resiliency of the muscular tissues may be regained.

Q. What would you recommend in a case of typhoid fever?

A. A cool room, no feeding, all the pure water the patient desires, and the lower bowels and skin kept cleansed with tepid water.

Q. When do you think is the proper time to wean a child?

A. As soon as the teeth appear. The best food for it is a combination of carefully cooked cereals, and milk.

Q. I am troubled with foul breath. How can I obtain relief.

A. An offensive breath is due to one of two causes: an unclean mouth, or a

filth-laden stomach. If your teeth are sound use a brush regularly, and go without food until your breath is sweet. Then be careful not to overload the stomach again.

Q.—My skin itches and burns after a bath. What will remedy this?

A. Use flesh brush vigorously before the bath, and rub the skin vigorously afterwards.

Q. Suggest a diet for one who eats but one meal a day and works at blacksmithing.

A. An apple at the usual breakfast hour. Drink water freely during the forenoon. Eat your meal about noon. You can select from the following foods: Whole wheat bread, or corn bread made from whole grain meal, butter, beans, peas, carrots, hominy, whole wheat grains boiled and served as cereal, eggs and potatoes. If you do not wish to eat salt, your meal should contain either nuts or beans or peas; you may also include butter and cheese in the last. Eat until your hunger is satisfied, but be careful to masticate every morsel thoroughly.

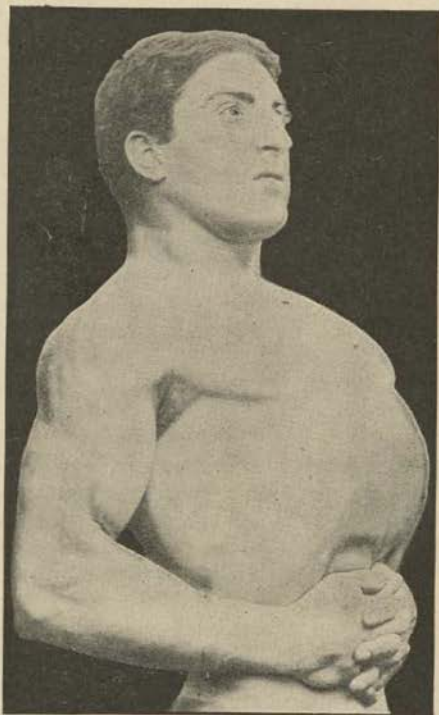
Boston's Physical Marvel

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.



R. JOHN CONROY, not yet twenty-one years of age, is a fine specimen of physical development; he has posed for many artists and been a subject for lectures at schools of physical culture and Harvard Medical College.

In 1900 he was connected with the new D Street Bath in South Boston, and for the past year he has been instructor at the L Street Bath. He is an expert swimmer and teacher. One of his favorite gymnastic feats is to rest his heels and back of head on two chairs and thus poised in air, support several men on his body. He also has wonderful control of his muscles, remarkable chest development, expanding thirteen inches; he can lift one hundred and sixty-five pounds with his teeth; he has chinned himself thirty-seven times at the gymnasium and then repeated it, and dipped thirty-three times. He has pulled himself up once with the left hand and three times with the right hand,



Mr. Conroy's Chest Expansion is 13 inches.



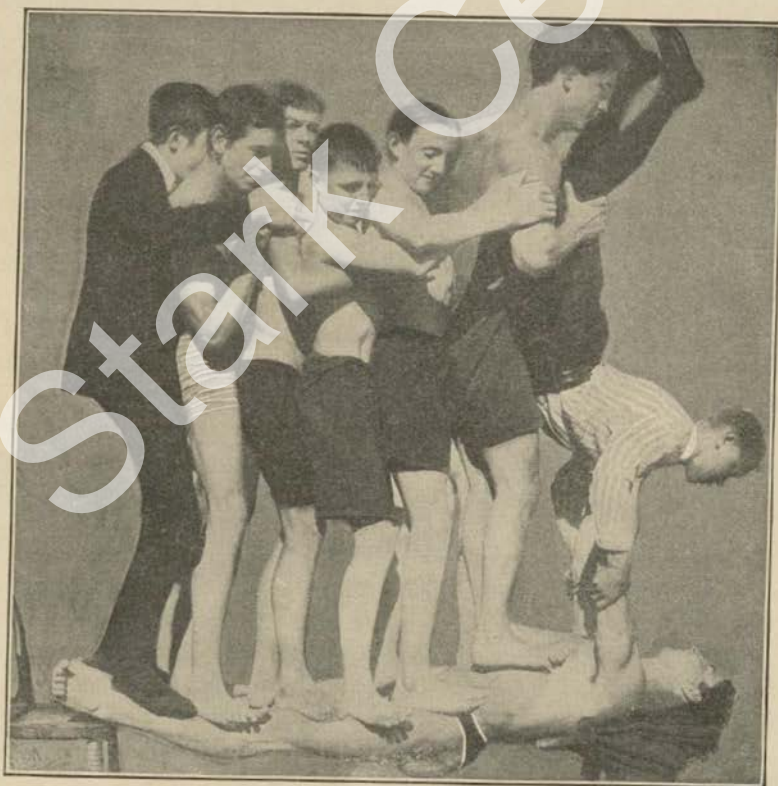
Mr. John Conroy.

Born in South Boston, young Conroy has always lived in that district, and since early boyhood has been very fond of athletics. He has used conscientious-

ly all the knowledge that he could get as to the best development of his body.

Mr. Conroy's measurements are as follows:

- Weight, 160 pounds.
- Height, 5 feet 7½ inches.
- Neck { normal, 16¼ inches.
expanded, 17¾ inches.
- Chest { contracted, 32 inches.
normal, 38½ inches.
expanded, 45 inches.
- Forearm, both { normal, 11 inches,
expanded, 13 inches.
- Biceps { normal, 13 inches.
expanded, 14 7/8 inches.
- Waist, 31 inches.
- Hips, 37 inches.
- Calves, 15 inches.
- Ankle, 8 5/8 inches.
- Knees, 13 inches.
- Span of arms, 5 feet 9 1/8 inches.



The Aggregate Weight which Mr. Conroy is Supporting here is 850 pounds.

Editorial Department

SEVERAL physicians have written us, some friendly and some otherwise, asking why we are so hard on the medical profession. Why do we say such harsh things about them?

I do not condemn all physicians by any means. Some of the finest and most intelligent men I have ever met have been physicians. There are black sheep in every flock, and the environment and necessities that confront the average physician are inclined to develop more than the average number of black sheep.

Troubles of Physicians.

I know many physicians who believe in the theories advocated in this magazine and who conscientiously desire to advise their patients to adopt the natural means for building health, but it is impossible for them to do so. It would cause them to lose most of their practice, and that would mean bankruptcy.

Not only are the conditions which confront the average physician of a character to develop an inclination to deceive and to work on the fears and emotions of his patient, but the mental and moral force of the patient lessens in proportion as disease fastens its hold upon him. This makes him mentally unable to form good judgment and morally unable to follow out what his judgment dictates.

We have condemned most severely the theories that the average doctor advocates, and in many instances it has been deserved. We recognize the fact, however, that there are those who do the best they can under the circumstances.

If a patient is suffering from some ailment produced by dissipation in work or pleasure, and will not change his habits, what is the physician to do? Give him advice that will send him to another physician, or do the best he can for him under the circumstances?

Of course, one would say that the honorable course would be to "lay down the law" to the sufferer, but this in most cases would do no good, as the patient would immediately visit another doctor who would give him the character of advice he is seeking.

A method which many doctors follow is this: When a patient comes to them who persists in living in a manner which produces continual ill-health, they simply deceive him for his own good. His fears are worked upon; he is told that some fearful disease is liable to result unless he follows carefully instructions given. And along with some sensible advice about changing his habits, he is given a bottle of colored water and perhaps a few bread pills. A patient who will not take good advice when given without medicine, will often follow it if it be accompanied by what he imagines is a drug.

Physicians who have adopted this method say many remarkable cures have resulted. Doctors who are desirous of producing the greatest possible benefit in their patients will be helped financially and otherwise if they will give serious thought

to the few suggestions made here. I feel friendly towards the entire profession as individuals, notwithstanding the scathing criticisms that I have made against their methods, for like the Irish woman who said when she hit her husband over the head with a skillet, "It is because I love ye that I hit ye."



EVERY physician admits that smallpox is not contagious to a person in good health. If they believe this to be true, then why do they not advocate special methods of maintaining the highest degree of health during the smallpox scare instead of vaccinating?

All physicians who believe in vaccination maintain that it is a protection against smallpox. They furthermore maintain that an unvaccinated person is a danger to the community; that he is not only liable to acquire the disease himself, but may give it to others. If vaccination prevents smallpox, then unvaccinated persons would not, according to this theory, give it to any vaccinated persons. Therefore, every person who has been vaccinated, according to the theories of vaccinationists, is free from all danger of smallpox. If this is true,

then why is compulsory vaccination necessary? All who believe in vaccination, all who consider it a protection against smallpox, can be vaccinated and be protected. Those who do not believe in it can avoid it. According to the arguments of the vaccinationists, there is absolutely no excuse for compulsory vaccination.

Several have written us inquiring as to the best means of making one free from contagion. Smallpox is contagious only when the blood is loaded with impurities. If you bathe regularly, eat but two meals a day, fast absolutely when you have no desire for food, eat very little meat, exercise regularly, take long walks and deep breathing as a part of these exercises and drink freely of pure water, it is absolutely impossible for you to acquire a filth disease like smallpox. No physician can point out a single case of smallpox where the habits of life have conformed to these rules. Internal cleanliness will, in every case, make it impossible for one to take smallpox.



HOW long is the benumbing, nerve-destroying influence of tobacco to play such an important part in civilized life? Many successful men are smokers, but they have attained success in spite of the tobacco habit. If their nerves had been strung to all that delicate acuteness that is possible with superb health, their success might have been doubled, and perhaps trebled.

**Don't be a
Tobacco Fiend.**

The intuitive powers of many women are the result of a delicately sensitive nervous system. If the nerves are not doped with tobacco, whiskey and over-feeding, most any man can develop a similar power of intuition; and when this power, this ability to instantly reach a conclusion,

is conjoined to strong reasoning powers, it is of vast value in life, no matter what may be your occupation or profession.

Stop hindering your success and narrowing your possibilities by doping your nerves with tobacco. If you will abstain from it for six months or a year, develop and strengthen your body, you will be amazed at your increased mental acuteness and powers.

The *New York Sun* recently published an article, written by a teacher and a smoker, which contains conclusions that have been deduced from actual observation. He speaks especially of growing boys, but the results of these influences in adults are equally grave. The boys are hindered in the development of their powers; the man's powers already developed are so injured that the attempt to rise and go above and beyond the mediocre in the attainment of success and happiness of life is futile.

I reproduce the article herewith for the benefit of my readers:

"I do not propose to discuss the tobacco question," he said. "I am not a fanatic on the subject. In fact, I am a smoker myself. All that I have to say is in the way of statement of facts that have come under my own observation. Those facts warrant me in saying with as much positiveness as I know how that any boy under twenty who is a regular smoker may just as well give up all hope of competing in point of scholarship with boys who let tobacco in all its forms alone. A boy under twenty who is addicted to excessive use of tobacco—and in these days of cigarettes almost every boy who is addicted to the use of tobacco at all is addicted to its excessive use—any boy with the tobacco habit thus firmly fixed upon him might as well abandon all hope of even a moderate proficiency in his studies.

"Hundreds of instances come to my mind in confirmation of this. I have seen boys with the brightest of minds who made fine progress in their studies begin to flag and drag until they brought up in the end among the veriest dullards in their classes. Tobacco did it.

"In many private schools, as well as in the Military Academy at West Point and the Naval Academy at Annapolis, every effort possible is made to reduce to a minimum smoking and tobacco using among the students. It is never wholly eradicated, but it is surrounded with so many inconveniences and dangers of severe discipline that the evil is to a certain appreciable extent kept down.

"I think that smoking even among persons of mature years is a great promoter of laziness. It is in my own case, and I know it is in the cases of many others of my acquaintance. I like a strong cigar, and the interval after smoking, and before I get back my full mental and physical energy, is as much a part of the smoke as is the cigar itself. But with persons who have attained their full growth and maturity it is nothing in this respect to what it is with growing boys. With them it seems, in addition to making them lazy, to have a peculiarly benumbing befogging effect upon the mind.

"Teachers may lecture boys on the subject until the crack of doom and it will have little or no effect. Occasionally I have made special pleas with boys who were bright and whom I saw beginning to go the old tobacco road down to the dunce corner. It may have done a little good in a few instances, but I doubt if the good was lasting.

"There is one thing, however, that is making for a reform in this respect, and that is the growing hold athletics are taking upon school boys. Smoking does not go with a good physical condition in a boy any more than drinking does in a man, and the desire to perfect one's body for athletic contests does more in a week to uproot the smoking habit among boys than any amount of lecturing would do in a year."

THERE is one element everywhere noted in the business life of to-day which it is hoped will disappear when man reaches a higher and truer civilization. Man, in his race and greed for gain, forgets, in most cases, every characteristic of honesty which he might have previously possessed. You find a "fakir," the man who will use every means to attract trade or to increase his income in every business, every profession and every occupation. This trait of character is looked upon at the present time as business acumen.

***Faking and
Physical Culture.***

"There are tricks in every trade," the average person will say, if he is called to task for using methods of this nature. It matters not what the calling may be, you will find everywhere the "fakir," who stoops to all sorts of tricks to advance his one and only aim of increasing his income. I believe if the Almighty Himself would condescend to make this earth His place of abode for a short time, and originate some occupation which would elevate every human being to a truer or nobler sphere, that it would be but a short time until these ghouls of the business world would attempt to copy His methods, and profit by them, in every possible dishonest way.

The vast amount of interest in physical culture created by this magazine has called the attention of this class of men all over the country to this profession as a new field for victims. There are unquestionably many honest men in this profession. They usually believe they earn every dollar they charge for whatever they may have to sell; but there are many others in it for financial gain only. They desire to make all they can, as quickly as they can, and by any method they can, and I would warn every interested person to use just as much care in investigating those with whom they expect to spend their money in this line as they do in other fields.

Then, too, another evil has sprung into prominence with the popularity of physical culture. All the various publications throughout the country, and more especially the prominent dailies in large cities, are giving a very large amount of space to physical culture. Before this magazine was started, the writer could hardly get an article on this subject published anywhere. Now they are everywhere looking for this class of literature, and are willing to pay for it liberally in most cases. We have awakened them to the fact that the public wants this kind of information; they are everywhere interested in it. But, unfortunately, the average newspaper editor has a very meager idea of physical culture.

This was never illustrated more emphatically than by the editorial comments made in a large number of newspapers on Senator Mason's bill which proposed a department of physical culture in the National Government. Rarely were their comments serious. It was usually treated humorously, and was generally ended by suggesting that Fitzsimmons or Jeffries, or some other member of the fighting fraternity, be put in charge of this department.

For the benefit of the editors of this country, I would like to say that the average member of the fighting fraternity knows little, and, in many cases, nothing of physical culture.

That my meaning may be more clear, I would like to particularly call their attention to the fact that physical culture means culture of the physical forces, and

mere muscular power is nothing more than a temporary manifestation of the external physical forces. These physical forces may be temporarily stimulated into manifesting very great power at the expense of the strength of the entire internal organism. To be plainer still, athletics, and the athletic training connected with fighting and numerous other athletic contests requiring great physical powers, in many cases are not physical culture in any sense.

Now, going back to the "fakirs," to those whose one object is to fake the public, we find a strong tendency in nearly every newspaper of prominence to look upon, and use, these various champion athletes as physical culture experts. They delude and victimize the public everywhere by using their names in every possible way. Rarely do these athletes write a line. The reporters write the articles to suit themselves, and in many instances they are published without the athlete whose name is being used ever taking the trouble to read it.

It is time this "fake" business was stopped. The managers of every prominent newspaper who are guilty of this charge will have to change their tactics in a very short time, or in the interest of physical culture we shall consider it our duty to expose them.

As an illustration: some time ago one of the most prominent daily papers of New York City was using the name of a very prominent fighter to give physical culture lessons and answer questions from the various interested persons writing for information. While these articles and answers were appearing, I was informed by someone employed on this paper that it took two reporters a large part of each day to write out the answers to these various questions, and there is not the slightest doubt that the fighter whose name was being used never saw the questions or answers before they appeared in print; and it was probably just as well that he did not, for he might not have answered them as intelligently as the reporters.

It is this sort of faking that we condemn, because we believe that ultimately it has a baneful influence. The more intelligent public will become prejudiced against and lose confidence in, physical culture, if writers, absolutely ignorant of physical culture, are allowed to write articles and use names of those who have, by chance, or otherwise, developed a fine physique.

I hope that the readers of those papers, which are doing all they can to get physical culture into disrepute, will at least write to the editors, and call their attention to the ridiculous errors, and more ridiculous statements, they are continually making in these various articles.

We do not wish the readers to understand that there are no good articles on physical culture appearing in other papers outside of our own, for many writers of experience are furnishing valuable matter on this subject; but where an athlete who has never been known to use his brains outside his work, or when a strong man who has sprung into prominence through the enormous vital power he has inherited, and taken advantage of, allows his name to be used by cheap reporters in any way they may choose to dictate, the public should be made aware of this deceit, and those capable of such a nefarious business should certainly be exposed.

THE promoters of the Meat Trust made a mistake when they instigated the recent public discussion by the exorbitant prices they demanded. One of the greatest educational influences is intelligent discussion. It is but a step from theory to practice, and when one can find so much evidence to prove that human beings are able to exist in full possession of the highest degree of health and strength without the use of meat, he is inclined to experiment.

How the Meat Trust Was Scared.

The recent articles that have appeared in the daily papers throughout the country have probably made more vegetarians, created more interest in vegetarianism, than any influence ever before exerted.

This agitation had not continued long before the Meat Trust awakened to the threatened danger, and our readers may have noticed how suddenly the interest of the various newspapers in this subject subsided all over the country.

Of course, we would not for a moment charge the Meat Trust with using a small portion of their vast profits to still the voices of those who were instructing the public in vegetarianism; but the extreme suddenness with which the daily papers throughout the country stopped discussing this important subject was certain to arouse suspicion.

The Trust may have used some cash, and they may not, but an occasional article indicates that there is now some decided interest in discussing the other side of the question. They are giving kindly advice to vegetarians. Vegetarians may in many instances need advice; but when one has suffered from chronic weakness for years, and has been able by avoiding meat to acquire vigorous and permanent health, it is extremely difficult to make such a person believe that he is making a mistake by continuing to avoid the cause of his trouble. A burnt child dreads the fire because he has suffered from contact with it, and a vegetarian dreads meat for the same reason.

Those who know the least about a subject, in many instances, are able to impress the superficial reasoner. The average writer against vegetarianism can bolster up his views with many beautiful theories, but no one of them ever tried a non-meat diet long enough to know anything about it. They have eaten meat all their lives and are accustomed to its stimulating effects, just as a chronic drunkard is accustomed to his usual dram.

I have never heard of an intelligent human being who has given A PROPERLY ARRANGED non-meat diet a fair trial who has not felt stronger and more energetic as the result of this change.

Many vegetarians are not good advertisements for the theories they advocate. They often appear weak and wan; their skin is colorless. But that is not produced by vegetarianism; it is caused by their own ignorance. They fail to use foods that fully nourish them, or they over-eat and neglect to exercise. Such vegetarians do the cause far more injury than good by openly advocating it. And I would like to say to vegetarians, do not handicap the cause that you are interested in advancing by advocating vegetarianism if you are not healthy. Keep quiet until you learn how to live, until you have learned that weakness is a crime and that health and strength are merely a matter of following the laws of life.

Pay no attention to those rabid meat eaters who talk so learnedly of vegetarianism and the injury resulting from the diet. They have never tried it, and know

intricate passages. As the air is drawn in it comes in contact with a thin membrane which separates it from the blood that circulates so freely through the lungs. The process of exchanging the life-giving oxygen for the poison contained in the blood then proceeds.

The lung capacity of the average woman should almost equal that of the average man, but it is in most cases about one-half.

Why this deficiency? It is the corset that must be blamed almost entirely for this lack of lung capacity in women. The lungs cannot expand, cannot grow in size and to proper functional strength when they are bound down with tight bands, any more than can the feet of a Chinese woman when compelled to submit to the conventional foot-binding process of that country.

Not only is it impossible for a corseted woman to acquire a normal lung development, but the action of the muscles of the chest is seriously interfered with.

She is greatly handicapped in taking any exercise that she might otherwise enjoy, and in many cases all desire for exercise of any kind is obliterated. Thus the corset restricts the development of the lungs by tight and unyielding bands, and by lessening and sometimes entirely destroying the desire that might otherwise exist for health-giving exercise, which not only strengthens and expands the lungs, but has a similar influence over the entire body.



THE editor's new weekly paper, "The Cry For Justice," is now on all the news-stands. It is sold for two cents instead of five. The editor believes that it contains matter that will be of interest to every Physical Culture reader. If your newsdealer does not expose them for sale, ask him

the reason; or if you have no newsagent, send us a two-cent stamp and we will send you a sample copy; or better still, send us \$1.00 for a year's subscription.

We have outlined in a former issue the objects of this paper, and it is hardly worth while to repeat them here.

The contents are as follows:—Editorials by the Editor, "Our Excuse for Existence," "The Cry for Justice," "A Chase After Millions," "So-called Education," "The Revenge Fool," "The Ballot Box as A Weapon," "Why Down The Trusts?" a serial love story, illustrated, of fascinating interest, by Mrs. Margaret Grant; "The Truth to Youth," by J. D. Jones, Jr.; "A Voice from the Grave," by James Russell Lowell, etc., etc.

**The Cry For
Justice—2c.**

Bernarr Macfadden

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Success

By G. H. Corsan.



IN the State of Indiana, near a small town, there practiced a physician after the manner of the things advocated in PHYSICAL CULTURE. I had the honor of visiting his institution in the year 1888, and from him I learned many things. In conversation with him one day I asked him how the neighbors looked upon his methods, for he practiced without a diploma, under the old laws of the State.

"Well," said he, "I practiced and treated hundreds of patients in this hygienic home, and for 20 years I never had a single death occur in the institution. And the neighbors always referred to me as 'Old Doc Smith.' But one day a man came up from Indianapolis, a man of some note, and he put up at my home, and the next day he was dead. His was a case of uremia, and you know that the prognosis is always unfavorable for that disease. But the extraordinary part of the whole thing was the action of my neighbors. They passed my house on tip-toe. They noticed the crape on my door, and ever afterward I was held in respect by them, and they henceforth referred to me in terms of the highest respect, as 'Doctor Smith,' saying one to another, 'Had he not a death at his institution, and is he not worthy of respect now!'"

It has always been the greatest puzzle to me how specialists of the standard (?) school gather such great renown to themselves. They cure nobody in the proper sense of the word! Their patients either die or become hopeless, chronic invalids. This fact I have witnessed all my life, and yet I see and hear these men spoken of in the highest terms.

Now, what would happen to a contractor if one building after another collapsed or leaned to? To use a vulgar term, he would be "soaked" for not applying the laws of building properly. But not so with the doctors. They may have one failure after another, and they simply bow their heads, and say it was the will of God. They never forget to send in their bill.

I live in the city of Toronto, and I am not exaggerating when I say that fully one-quarter of the women in this city have had, or are about to undergo, some needless surgical operation.

Now the reader may ask, "What do I know about such things?" Just so. I will explain the title of my article. For a dozen years I have been married, and in that time my wife has been blessed with five boys and one girl. In that time we have not spent one cent upon a doctor or hospital of any kind. Neither have any of our children had the measles, chicken pox, scarlet fever, croup, whooping cough, diphtheria, mumps, or any named disease whatsoever. On the other hand, we have been pained witnesses of the needless deaths of several hundred of our immediate neighbors' children.

Again and again are we asked, "Why are our children so rosy and robust?" We ungrudgingly tell them why, but as my wife says, it goes in one ear and out of the other.

Now, reader, for the key. Plenty of air and exercise. No candies, but fruits and nuts instead. Cleanliness and occupation and play. Children always give warning before a sickness by being indisposed; then is the time to fast them, or give them only light sub-acid fruits, no cereals or heavy food of any kind, until the indisposition has passed over, which is always soon, for children are quick to feel beneficial treatment.