

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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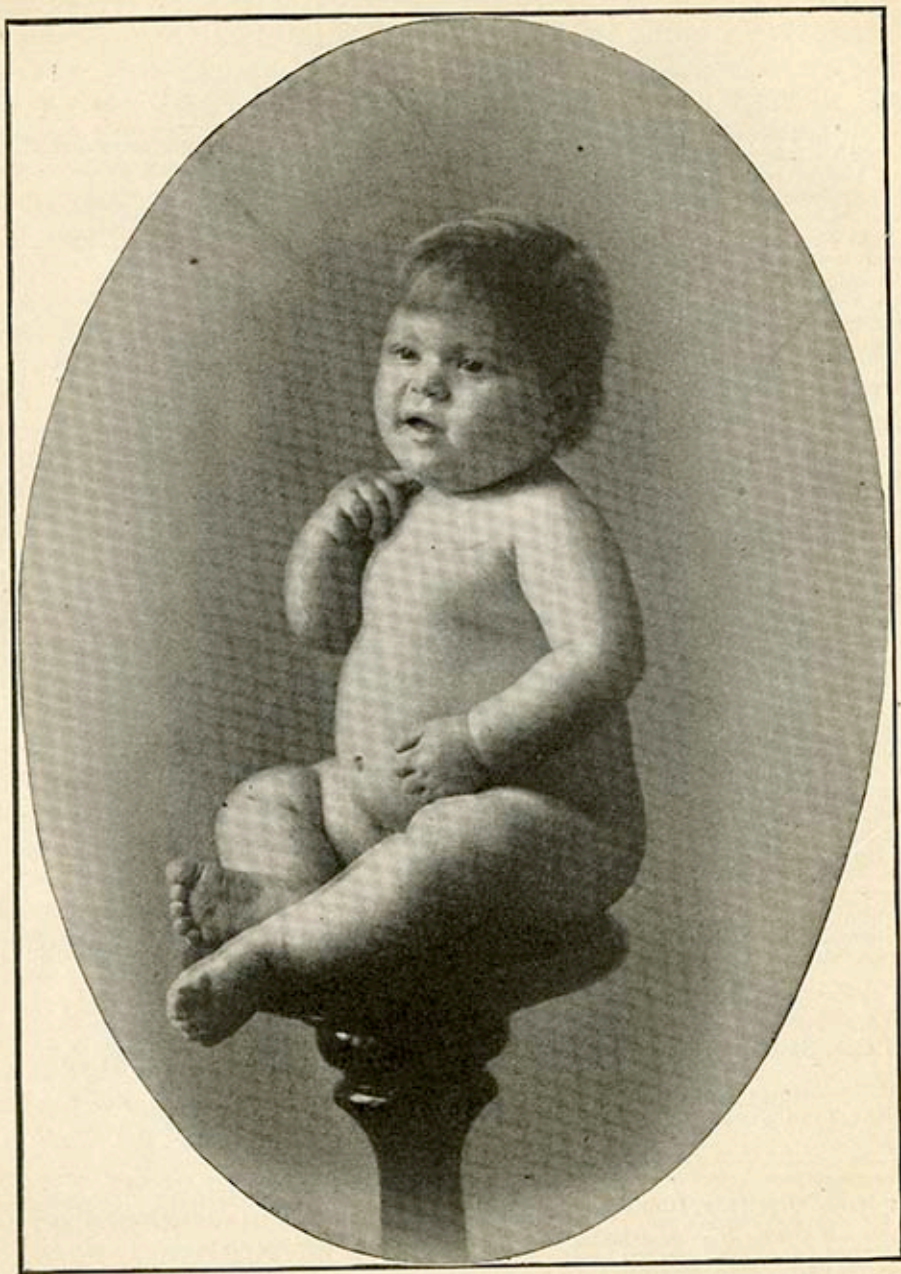
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Merlin Hayford Mickel, Cedar Rapids, Ia. One of the Prize Competing Babies in Our Prize Baby Competition. See Page 177.

A NEW METHOD OF BUILDING VITAL POWER

A SERIES OF LESSONS ON THE PERCUSSION SYSTEM OF BUILDING VITALITY—
THOUGH THE PRINCIPLE INVOLVED IN THIS METHOD IS IN ITSELF
NOT ENTIRELY NEW, YET ITS SYSTEMATIC APPLICATION IS
NOVEL AND ITS GREAT BENEFITS CAN BE SECURED ONLY
WHEN IT IS APPLIED AS THESE ARTICLES SUGGEST

By Bernarr Macfadden

THIRD LESSON

THOSE of my readers who have been practicing the movements illustrated in my last two articles on the percussion system, should, by this time, have become fairly well accustomed

should by the exercises have become so thoroughly hardened, that the most energetic application of this treatment will not be attended by any inconvenience or discomfort, and you should be in a fit condition to adopt the exercises illustrated herewith.

If anyone has not noted the preceding articles of this series, however, and is not exceptionally strong, I would advise that he read the first article, appearing in the January number, and begin with the more simple movements illustrated therein. Then, as he gradually inures himself to the treatment, he can essay the more strenuous movements illustrated in February and in the present article, which will complete the series.

Presuming that you have been following this system, you should now have such perfect control of the muscles of the

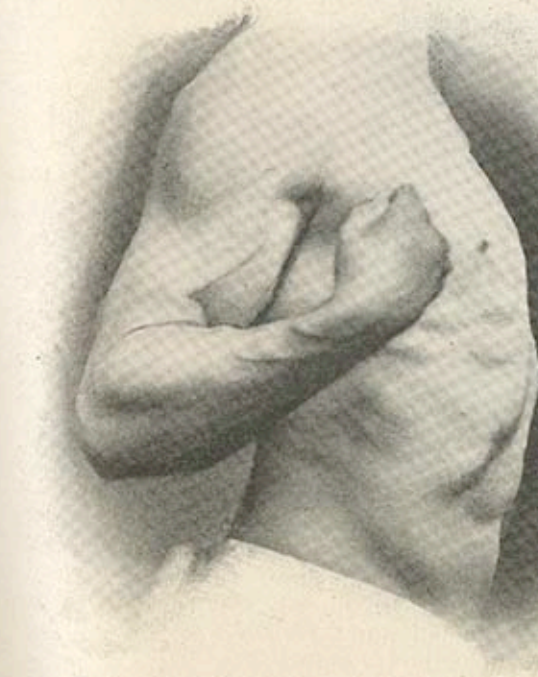
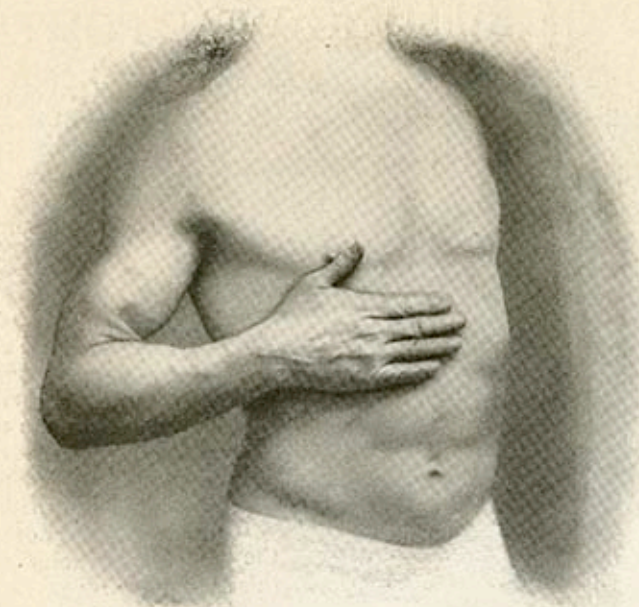


FIGURE NO. 11.—Flex the arms and close hands tightly. Now raise both arms outward and backward, then bring them forcibly inward and strike the body as far back as you can with the upper arm. Breathe deeply and freely while taking this exercise. Continue until there is a slight feeling of discomfort.

to the treatment, and ready to take up a few further movements. If you have followed directions conscientiously for the two months past, the muscles of your stomach, abdomen, sides and chest

abdomen and chest, that you can flex and tense them as required when striking the different parts, without in the slightest degree interfering with your regular breathing. As stated previously, it is of



In the past I have on several occasions illustrated special exercises for developing vital power, by bringing into action the great muscles in the trunk, or torso, thus exciting a vigorous circulation of the blood in those regions of the body and thereby indirectly influencing and benefiting the great vital organs which are located in the adjoining parts. I can conscientiously recommend these exercises as of incalculable value. But I consider that this system of percussion exercises will reach the internal organs more directly,

FIGURE NO. 12.—Place the flat hand against the lowest part of the abdomen and press inward as hard as you can three or four times. Change the position of the hand, raising it a little upward, and repeat. Continue the same exercise all over the abdomen, upward until the bony framework of the chest is reached. Repeat the same exercise with the other hand. Continue until slightly tired. Excellent for strengthening the abdomen, shoulders and arms.

the greatest importance when taking these exercises that you breathe rhythmically, deeply and fully. In fact, the percussion exercises themselves are of great value in increasing the lung capacity and improving the condition of the lung tissue. And no one can estimate the tremendous value of sound lungs. Every cell in the lungs, as in all the other vital organs of the body, is aroused into vigorous life and action by the vibratory energy transmitted by means of this percussion, the result being a better oxidation of the blood, and consequently a greater degree of vitality and nervous energy.

Repeatedly have I made the assertion in this magazine, that physical culture, as it relates to the cultivation of a vigorous set of external muscles alone, is of less importance than the development of strength in the great internal vital organs of the body.

and, therefore, prove of more immediate benefit, by stimulating the functional activity of such organs by means of accelerated vibration. And not only will this added activity result in a superior quality of blood and a consequently better circulation, but the percussion itself will directly compel an active circulation of the blood. In fact, no better method is known for bringing about such a condition. Every time you strike your body as directed, the percussion drives the stagnant blood out of the veins and forces it on its way toward the heart, and, on the instant, a supply of new blood is forced along, the heart is aroused to renewed activity, and the fresh, pure blood is sent rushing through the arteries to supplant the venous blood displaced.

Naturally, therefore, every cell in all the tissues of the body will be better nourished and imbued with renewed life

by the rich, pure blood that will come with persistent practice of these percussion movements, and the inevitable result will be a more splendid degree of vitality and nervous energy. One's digestive and assimilative powers, if weak, will be benefited immeasurably by the stimulus of the vibratory energy transmitted through the medium of the percussion treatment, and the organs which secrete the digestive fluids will be awakened to a livelier performance of their duties. In fact, the strengthening of the assimilative powers alone should be sufficient to warrant the adoption of this system. Under this régime, a torpid liver would be an impossibility, and a sluggish action of any other internal organ could not endure. Aching kidneys and an inactive skin would also be unknown. And constipation, that ever-present attendant upon the great majority of the American people, the breeder of appendicitis, peritonitis, and all manner of other bodily ailments, would be quickly and easily overcome by this method. And truly, all that can be said in favor of internal bodily cleanliness, which means the complete and thorough elimination of all impurities and foreign elements from the body, can be argued in favor of the exercises which I am offering in connection with these articles.

My readers will, of course, understand

that, in order to secure substantial and lasting benefits from this system, it will be necessary to pursue the course of exercises faithfully and persistently, never missing a single day's practice. You will thus put your entire system in such perfect and harmonious working that you will be able to develop all your latent faculties to their full extent. It is a pitiful fact that most men and women are gifted with talents and powers which their lack of physical energy and stamina smothers, or at the best, stunts. Many of them go through the world self-confessed failures, simply because they have never ascertained in what fields they could make themselves serviceable to the world. They have never had ambition enough in their phlegmatic, sluggish

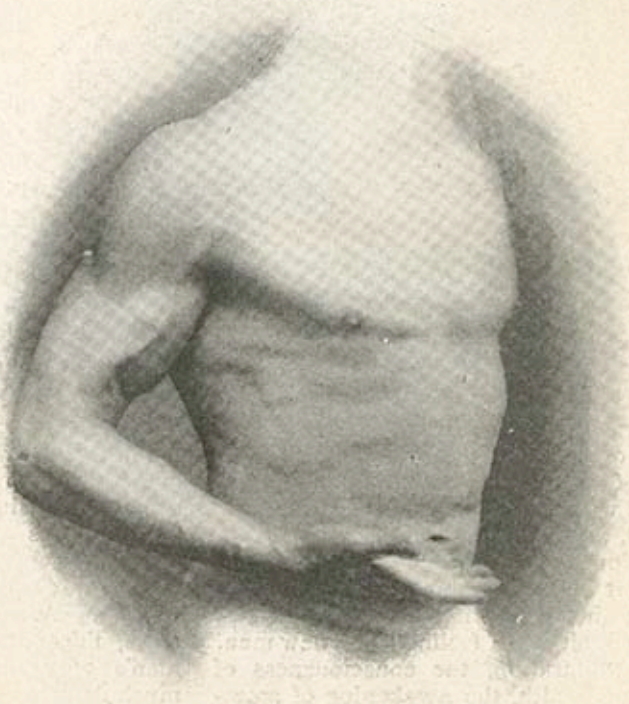


FIGURE NO. 13.—Illustrating how one can strike the body with the side of the palm after the muscles have become hardened. Begin at the lower part of the abdomen and strike all parts within reach of the hand. It is best to strike with both hands, alternating from one to the other. Your muscles must be fairly vigorous to withstand this severe treatment, and the open hand should be used until you are hardy enough to stand the strain of this rigorous percussion.



FIGURE NO. 14.—Roll the closed hands back and forth over the kidneys and around over the muscles of the small of the back. Exert a vigorous inward pressure all the time while taking this exercise. A splendid method for strengthening this part of the body and for relieving pain in the back. This exercise can be varied if desired, by striking with the closed hand.

state of health to develop whatever degree of individuality they may have been gifted with at birth.

But, although time and persistent application are necessary to bring about permanent and well-established results, yet after a thorough trial of these exercises, you will sit down feeling like a new man. The exhilaration, the consciousness of glowing health, the awakening of seemingly untold quantities of nervous energy, the veritable physical intoxication which will follow twenty minutes of continuous percussion exercises, will make you pity the poor, undeveloped, or broken-down specimens of humanity which you meet in every-day life—miserable, debilitated, half-dead creatures who never know what it is to feel the joys of thrilling,

pulsating life, or the splendid virility and strength that go with a perfectly adjusted, healthy, vigorous action of the functional and nervous systems.

In the first two articles of this series, I discussed the intimate connection between good blood and the possession of a clear brain, steady nerves and superabundant nervous energy, all depending upon the health of the great vital organs in which the pure blood is manufactured and stored with energy. Nervous power, the power to think, to act, is the final product of our beings, and without it, life would be an empty blank. Our success, our happiness, all that we have to live for, is dependent upon this one great vital essential. And our success and happiness are practically measured by

the degree to which we possess it. The man who is perpetually "tired" never accomplishes a single thing, and never can until he finds a means to cultivate the physical energy, the nervous power, upon which one's ambition and its achievement depend. As far as we are able to determine, this so-called nervous energy is man's very life-force, and when it is much depleted, he is not only unable to accomplish ordinary things, but finds happiness impossible as well. The tired child is often a cross child, and the child that never gets tired is a happy one. The man or woman who is nervous and lacking in vitality is usually "blue," discouraged, cynical sometimes, and often irritable and peevish. The man who is "full of life," on the contrary, who feels that he

can accomplish almost anything within the bounds of human possibility, who feels that he has strength and energy to spare, is invariably happy, glad that he is alive, full of hope, ambition, and so charged with the sunshine of life that his friends find an inspiration in his very presence. Through some heavy loss or other cause for grief, he may be made unhappy for a while, but the exuberance of his nature will assert itself in time and he will soon again find life worth living in this great, green, beautiful world. Most assuredly, an intelligent effort to cultivate this vital strength, this nervous power, by natural means is, indeed, worth while. It is worth all there is in life. It is worth life itself.

From the simple standpoint of muscular development, however, enthusiastic physical culturists will find this system of the highest value in developing rugged strength in the muscles of the abdomen, chest, sides and back.

The very nature of the exercise entails considerable effort in tensing these muscles when striking, and as the parts become hardened and you are able to strike harder and yet harder, you will naturally be compelled to flex the muscles still more vigorously,

until finally you will have a set of thews and sinews about the trunk of your body that are like bands of steel and which will make rupture impossible. The contraction of a muscle at all times depends upon mental action, and to develop great strength in any muscle implies considerable mental effort. When one moves his toes, he seems to "think in his toes," as it were. In clenching your fist you "think" in your hand and forearm, and when flexing the muscles of the abdomen you should "think," and "think hard," in those parts. And this, by the way, is in substance all that there is in the theory of those who make such extravagant claims for their so-called "psycho-physical culture" systems. In following the exercises described this month, I would advise my readers to refer to the daily régime in the January issue of this magazine, and to adopt it in connection with the exercises.

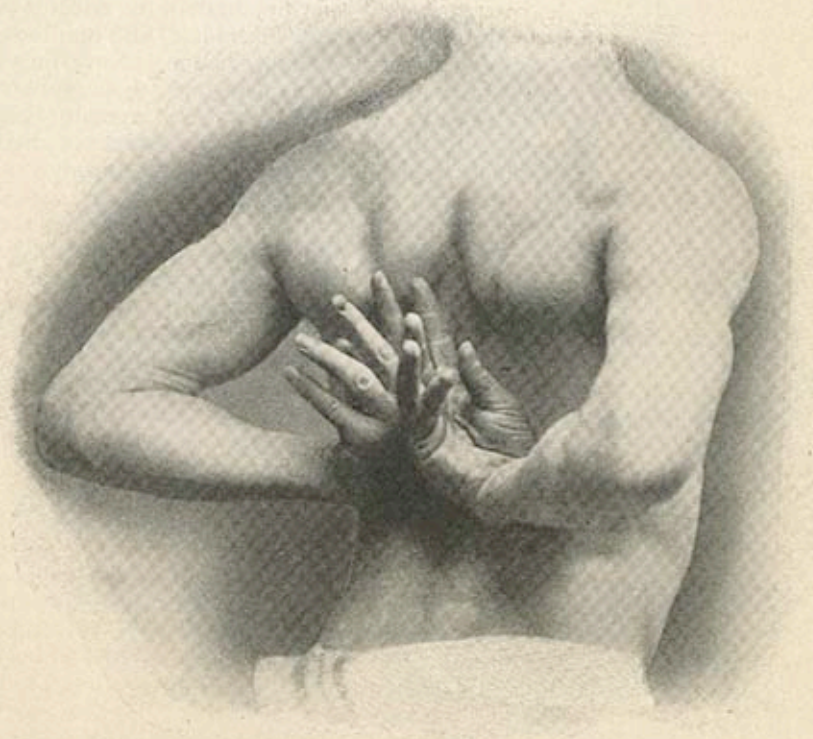


FIGURE NO. 15.—Showing how to reach back immediately under shoulders with the hands, for percussion treatment. It may be a little difficult for you to do this at first, but repeated attempts will soon develop the necessary suppleness.

GRAFT AND THE COMMERCIAL AGENCIES

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF SCATHING ARRAIGNMENTS OF THESE PRIVILEGED CORPORATIONS BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN CLOSELY IDENTIFIED WITH THEM FOR NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY—WHAT INDUCED THE AUTHOR TO UNDERTAKE HIS EXPOSURE OF THE MEANS AND METHODS OF THE AGENCIES—THE EXISTENCE OF GRAFT PROVED BY THE INDUCTIVE SYSTEM—ILLUSTRATIVE PARALLELS—TERRORIZING THE HONEST AND AIDING THE CRIMINAL—THE AGENCY AS AN ADJUNCT OF THE PROFESSIONAL SWINDLER—A DISGRACE TO THE LAW AND A CHALLENGE TO OUR COURAGE AS CITIZENS—THE SERIES OF ARTICLES WILL INCREASE IN INTEREST AND CULMINATE IN MOST STARTLING DISCLOSURES OF AN OFFICIALLY VERIFIED NATURE

By Ernest Cooper Clews

Comment on the article that follows is unnecessary, inasmuch as it tells its own story in a fashion which needs no elucidation on my part. I can only say that, prior to engaging the services of the writer, a careful investigation was made of all of his claims and statements, which, backed as they were by documentary evidence, satisfied me that he was entirely truthful. I hope, and indeed believe, that these articles will aid in remedying this monstrous evil. Though Mr. Clews has an abundance of material from which to prepare his articles, our readers who may have information bearing on this abuse of the rights of citizens such as can be verified, are invited to communicate with us.—BERNARD MACFADDEN.

IN last month's issue of this magazine Mr. J. Malcolm Roberts, the author of the article, "Does Graft Control the Commercial Agencies?" stated that he was "in touch with a gentleman who, for over twenty years, has been on the inside in regard to the means and methods of such agencies." He added that the individual in question intended to tell the truth and the whole truth about them in future numbers.

Mr. Roberts' statement was correct. I am he of whom he spoke, and I intend, as far as in me lies, to make good his promises. For nearly a quarter of a century I have had to do with commercial agencies in some capacity or the other. I know the ropes throughout. As subscriber, reporter, reader and manager I have taken part in foisting upon outsiders one of the slickest and most impudent confidence games that was ever used to gull a gullible public. In return for a petty stipend I have assisted in hoodwinking, humbugging and bulldozing the mercantile world. Now, however, I intend to make partial restitution through the medium of sincere confession. I propose to talk, and talk with the utmost frankness, regarding the agencies and the huge fraud that they stand for. I intend to tell all I know without fear, favor or reservation. I look for attempts to close my mouth and head me off. I know precisely what I am "up

against." I am aware of the fact that I am throwing down the gauntlet to powerful and unscrupulous corporations that do not hesitate to crush where they cannot intimidate, and annihilate where they cannot subdue. Nevertheless, my mouth has opened, as I hope, for some good purpose, and will remain open until such times as my subject is exhausted, or I receive my quietus through means which I cannot now foresee.

You will probably ask me why I have kept a still tongue in my head in the interval. The question is in order, and deserves a reply. In the first place, then, sheer necessity—the necessity of having food to eat and a roof to shelter—prevented my exposing a business that, even in the early days of my connection with it, I learned to look upon with contempt and—as far as some of its phases were concerned—with actual loathing. In the second place, when opportunity offered, I cut adrift from the big concerns and associated myself with smaller but reputable agencies. For there are such to be found, although they are very much in the minority. Lastly, and chiefly, it was not until I came in contact with Mr. Macfadden that I knew of anyone who had the courage to tell the truth regarding these institutions. Time and again, when realizing the flagrant wrongs that were being done to the honest, and the constant aid that was being afforded to

the dishonest by commercial agencies, have I tried to get the ear of the public through the medium of our allegedly free and unsubsidized press. And time and again have I been "turned down" by those who abrogate to themselves the title of "the guardians of the public interest," but who are, nevertheless, parties to the conspiracy of silence which observes in the instance of those vampires of the body corporate—the commercial agencies.

The allusion is, of course, to the editors in general, and the financial editors in particular, of our newspapers—the men who are thoroughly familiar with the corrupt conditions of which I am about to tell. But they never put pen to paper regarding such conditions, nevertheless.

WHY?

Wait a little, and I think that I can furnish you with a sufficient reply.

First of all, then, I want to emphasize the fact that this series of articles has to do with an interrogation and not with an assertion. And the interrogation is: "Does Graft Control the Commercial Agencies?"

I am not going to be so unwise as to declare that graft *does* control them, for that might be construed as libel. And you must not forget that "the greater the truth is, the greater the libel." But I shall try to clearly indicate the underlying causes of the palpable discrimination that is made by commercial agencies against reputable merchants on the one hand and the fulsomely favorable reports of such agencies regarding financially rotten men and concerns on the other.

I shall also try to show you that, even at their best, the volumes issued by these agencies are but big, clumsy, incomplete directories filled with farcial estimates, based on conjecture and speculation; misleading, altogether behind the times in point of usefulness and accuracy; compendiums of musty rubbish. This you will please bear in mind is a charitable view to take of them. For the present we will content ourselves with this estimate of them.

But to return to the question of graft. First of all, what is graft? A legal friend of mine whom I asked for a definition of the term, put it thus:

"(1) Graft, a sum of money or a recompense given by A to B, under du-

ress, fear or compulsion, in order that B may not cause A to suffer the result of A's wrongdoing; (2) a sum of money or recompense given by A to B in order that A may not suffer through the illegal or illegitimate acts of B, A being innocent of wrongdoing."

In a book of synonyms, I find: "Graft, spoil, booty, blackmail, plunder, swag, prey, priggings, fleecings, filchings, pilferings, etc."

A political friend of mine, whom I asked what the distinction was between graft and blackmail, replied: "Blackmail is when you are caught with the goods on you; graft is when you have got the goods, but ain't caught."

Now, while all the definitions have a bearing on the subject matter of these articles, I think that the politician's definition of the word is most nearly appropriate. At all events, if graft does control the commercial agencies, the latter have never been caught with the goods on—as far as the law is concerned. The man who is captured with the marked bills in his hand deserves to be "sent up" on the score of clumsiness, if nothing else. Only a highly organized system of grafting can continue for a number of years without being disturbed by anything except the useless protests of its victims.

It is obvious then, that only under exceptional circumstances can the existence of graft be proved except by what Mr. Sherlock Holmes would call "the deductive method." In other words, grafters in high places so cleverly cover their tracks that you would never suspect their existence unless you came in contact with the traces of their grafting.

Let me illustrate: Here is a street in the "Tenderloin" on which two "dives" are running full blast. But one of them is raided, in a sporadic manner, perhaps, but raided, nevertheless. The other is open day and night, undisturbed, all the year round. WHY is Number 1 harassed and Number 2 never worried by the police? The obvious answer is that Number 1 does not "give up" to the grafters regularly and that Number 2 does. Or, again, here are two tradesmen on the same block. One is permitted to encumber the sidewalk with piles of boxes, barrels and packages. If the other, however, attempts to place a mouse trap in front of

his store he is immediately notified by the Bureau of Incumbrances that he is maintaining a nuisance.

"WHY?" Graft.

Jones is a tenement house owner. There are 400 tenants crowded into his tumble-down old rookery, which has but one rickety fire escape, and that, jammed and blocked with all kinds of things, ranging from broken crockery to the garlic, grown in boxes, of the Italian families on the fourth floor. But Jones isn't interfered with. Smith has built an up-to-date apartment house near Central Park. There are ample fire escapes at the rear of the place, besides a fireproof circular stairway that extends from roof to cellar. But he is notified that he is violating the building laws, and that he must deface the facade of his structure with a network of fire escapes.

WHY? Graft.

Here is a merchant whose commercial reputation is untarnished, whose credit is excellent, who pays his way promptly, and whose business, of many years' standing, is founded on personal and mercantile integrity. But he has either a most indifferent rating in the agencies' books, or he has no rating whatever.

WHY?

There is another concern that is looked upon askance by those with whom it has dealings, whose reputation is shaky, and whose credit is questionable. Private investigation on the part of credit men vindicate the truth of the rumors regarding it. One fine morning it goes into bankruptcy, and its creditors are left lamenting. But, up to the day that the bubble burst, the reference books of the commercial agencies speak highly in its favor, with never a hint as to its financial unsoundness.

WHY?

There have been, and there are, in existence, scores of concerns that come into being with the deliberate intention of swindling those from whom they can obtain credit. The formula is the same in every instance. A preliminary credit is established, big stores or other premises are opened and stocked with goods obtained from trusting victims. Then there is a rapid sale to the public at considerably less than cost, and the swindlers de-

camp with the proceeds. The audacity of these gangs is only equalled by the extent and boldness of their operations. But did anyone ever hear of the commercial agencies giving due warning in regard to any one of these concerns? Can anybody cite a single instance in which an agency saw to it that its subscribers were protected from the schemes of these scoundrels, who never hesitated to spend their money freely—no matter in what way or fashion—in order to further their ends? Never.

WHY?

So there you are. Illustration or argument to emphasize the point could be continued, but enough has been said, I think, to make clear the question involved.

Even if we are inclined to be very charitable, the best we can say about the commercial agencies is that they are scandalously negligent, grossly careless, and that their fee for their books of reference is, in consequence, not many degrees removed from obtaining money under false pretences. In other words, they do not give what they pretend to give for the fee in question. And what is more, the misinformation that they supply must, in the nature of things, be productive of infinitely more evil than their rarely accurate information can be conducive of good.

The truth is that, as already intimated, their so-called "reports" are in the main void of fact or foundation. A business man, if he has anything to conceal from an agency reporter will, of course, conceal it. Unless he is lacking in adroitness, he will have but little difficulty in hoodwinking the inquisitor. On the other hand, a "confidence" man or criminal of even ordinary ability, would find it easy to persuade an agency representative that he was a person of financial standing and integrity. There is actually no such thing as "an estimated standing" or a fixed financial rating. As a matter of fact, those firms that have to extend credits of any considerable nature, do not rely on the commercial agencies. They either make private investigations of their own, or put the matter in the hands of those smaller and practically unknown agencies, who rely for their existence upon their honesty of method and accuracy of report.

And when it is all simmered down to the last pint, so to speak, the man who is asked to extend credit, ignores ratings and all other bosh of the same type, and relies upon the personal character and antecedents of his would-be creditor. But we will defer an extended consideration of the blunders and unbusiness-like methods of the "Jumbo" agencies until some future time. Let us hark back for a while to the question of graft.

Reverting to our illustration of the two dives, the question would naturally arise: "Who gets it?" The public, having been educated on questions of police graft during the past few years, will forthwith reply, "The Men Higher Up." And the public will unquestionably be correct in so saying. It is true that the patrolmen on the beat will probably be "to the good" at odd intervals. But, at the best, his share of the graft will consist of a bottle of whiskey or a box of cigars, or it may be, a \$5.00 bill when he assists in clubbing a patron who insists on making trouble when finding that his wallet and watch have vanished. But the real graft—that which comes in wads and bunches—is not for him. It goes "higher up." That is, unless the Police Department of New York is one of the worst slandered municipal institutions that the world has ever seen.

So, if graft controls the commercial agencies, we may be pretty sure that it isn't the understrappers who get it, or at least the bulk of it. And it doesn't follow that it must of necessity take the form of cold on-the-spot cash. There are several ways of killing a cat, you know, and there are more methods than one of bleeding the financial veins of a man. That is by the way, however. But in this connection let me point out how absurd, if, indeed, not criminal, it is to put the making or marring of a business man's reputation according to these agencies, in the hands of callow, under-paid, inexperienced, uneducated lads, as the agency reporters not infrequently are. Imagine a reporter of this type, weary of foot, and worn of shoe, hungry it may be, who is wondering how he can keep soul and body of himself and wife together on his salary of \$8.00 per week, being ordered to report upon a firm whose finances are

slim and whose morals are weedy. Human nature is but human nature, after all. A typewritten report made by the shaky concern is very apt to be "verified," if there is the casual flicker of a ten-dollar bill. The commercial agency's patrons are nothing to the reporter, but an "X" is a tangible something that appeals to him.

But say that a "special report" has been asked for in regard to another firm that is actually on a sound and solvent basis. The principal, whom the reporter sees, is grumpy and abrupt, and there is "nothing doing" in the way of cigars or greenbacks. Again, human nature asserts itself, and the eight-dollar-per-week reporter, who has about eight dollars' worth of interest in the agency which employs him, will, in all likelihood, put a cloud on the reputation of the \$80,000 firm that did not treat him as he thinks he ought to have been treated. So, until we can eliminate human nature and ten-dollar bills as factors in commercial agency "reports," we certainly cannot rely upon the latter unless under very exceptional circumstances. This is, of course, quite outside of all the other and varied influences that tend to warp and distort the truth about a business man when that truth is unlucky enough to get into the hands of the agencies.

In a future article I shall have something to say in detail about the personnel of the agency reporter and his immediate associates. I shall leave him alone for the present.

New Yorkers will not have forgotten the catch phrase of more than one political contest of rather recent times, which was, "Where did you get it?" The question seems to be not "where," but "how," as far as the men "higher up" in the commercial agencies are concerned. I know precisely what I could and would say in this same connection were Mr. Macfadden to permit me. But as it is, I am writing within certain limitations for reasons that will be obvious, and hence I am more reticent than I otherwise would be. But let me ask the men in question this: Who is liable to get the best report or reference—the man who regularly and religiously subscribes for the agencies' books, or the man who, from principle, or motives of economy, declines

to be mulcted annually for these big volumes of diluted fact and distinct fiction?

Or, let me ask again: If a man is not a subscriber, and does not evince a desire to become one, is it not true that "persuasive" methods are brought to bear upon him to the end of showing him that it will be greatly to his advantage to "give up" to the amount of a year's subscription for the books? Or, let me ask once more: If a man remains obstinate, and seems inclined to question the usefulness and challenge the power of the big agencies for good or evil, what happens to him? Do the subscribers to the agency reference books receive an honest statement regarding him, unbiased by prejudice and thwarted graft, or are they told the truth about him regardless of all else?

Or, once more: Why is it that in hundreds of cases a blank appears opposite a man's name in the agency books, thereby intimating that he has no rating or credit worth the name, but that "information regarding him can be obtained from the agency;" when the creditors and business associates of that same man know that he is sound to the core in every respect, and are willing to extend to him all the commercial amenities that he needs?

Why is it that in almost all such cases as that just cited, the man of no rating is a non-subscriber to the agency books?

Are the commercial agencies run for the benefit and information of their subscribers, or are they simply in existence for the purpose of making money for their proprietors? If their subscribers pay their fee on the supposition that the reference books contain information concerning business men all over the United States, have they not a right to expect that such information can be found in the volumes, irrespective of the fact that the man about whom they are inquiring is a fellow subscriber or otherwise? In other words, what right have the agencies to discriminate against non-subscribers to the extent of not including them in the ratings, when subscribers pay their good money in the belief that they will get information that the agencies will not give for selfish reasons?

Why do subscribers stand for this kind of thing? The answer is easy. It is be-

cause they have to, or at least they think they have to. The "Jumbo" agencies fatten on the fears of the average business man. The dread of an indifferent rating, or no rating at all, makes the honest tradesman or merchant "give up." On the other hand, the rogue and the rascal know that a good rating in the agency books will enable him to work his will as he pleases upon the unwary. So, between the sucker and the shark, so to speak, the agencies wax fat. They take care to preserve the conditions which cause both classes to respond liberally to the demands for subscriptions.

But will this infamy, this deliberate interference and trading on the rights of the public, continue?

Some years ago there was a person named Tweed, who bade defiance to God, man and the municipality. His insolent disregard of law and the rights of others was so gigantic that it seemed impossible that it could be overcome and subdued. But Tweed died miserably in prison.

At one time in the history of the city of New York graft was so strongly entrenched behind custom and corrupt power in high places, that it seemed impossible that it could ever be conquered by the legions of Right and Honesty. Nevertheless, Jake Sharp went to State's prison, as did a number of the aldermen whom he had bribed to give him the Broadway transportation franchise.

The police grafting system, prior to the existence of the Lexow Committee, was so surrounded by powerful precautionary methods that it seemed invulnerable. Yet there were many captains and inspectors who subsequently tasted the bitter fruits that grow in the cells at Sing Sing.

Later, a gentleman named Canfield, having an "art gallery" on West 44th street, had bidden the law defiance for years. A persistent district attorney named Jerome pricked the bubble of his (Canfield's) immunity from law. Al Adams, the Policy King, who for many years was at the head of the most contemptible form of gambling swindle that a mean mind could conceive of, and who filched the pennies from the pockets of poor people, was another criminal who considered himself absolutely immune. Mr. Adams "did time" up the river.

Standard Oil and its numberless tentacles seemed to have a strangle-hold on the pockets and rights of the people that could not be broken. Nevertheless, one Lawson, of Boston, seems to be badly worrying the strangler.

Remembering these notable exponents of graft on a big scale, is it not possible that the commercial agency, as it now exists, may in due season have its methods properly exploited before an indignant business world, and, furthermore, that those individuals who are responsible for these same methods shall be given the reward that they merit? It is a blot upon our laws, a disgrace to our commercial methods, and a challenge to our commercial courage, that we give to irresponsible corporations the unstinted power of doing as they please with the reputations of the business world at large? And the legal powers that are conferred upon these corporations, to the end of saving them from the consequences of their grafting and libelous methods, should be forthwith repealed and rescind-

ed. Under the cowardly plea of "privileged communications," the commercial agency is allowed to slur and slander as it pleases. How long is this kind of thing to continue?

This article is of a preliminary nature. Its intent is to clear the ground somewhat so that there may be space for the erection of a structure of direct statements backed by absolute facts. In my next article I shall have a lot of interesting things to say about the birth of certain of the big agencies, the character of the men who founded the corporations, the "peculiarities" of the agency system, and the personnel of the pitifully paid, and, for the most part, ignorant and overworked staffs of these corporations. Each article which I shall give to the public will be increasingly interesting, and the culmination of the series will be officially verified examples of glaringly misleading agency reports, as opposed to private and correct reports of the trustworthy agents of credit men.

BERNARR MACFADDEN INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

A SCHOOL FOR EDUCATING HEALTH DIRECTORS—GYMNASIUM OPEN
TO PUBLIC

The institute that has been founded by Bernarr Macfadden for the purpose of turning out competent physical culture instructors opened its doors February 1 and the number of pupils who have enrolled to take up this noble form of work is exceedingly gratifying. The institute is in the same building with the Physical Culture Publishing Company, 29 East 19th street. Persons who for any reason could not join the classes at the beginning will be glad to learn that students will be enrolled at any time during the term.

Separate evening classes in calisthen-

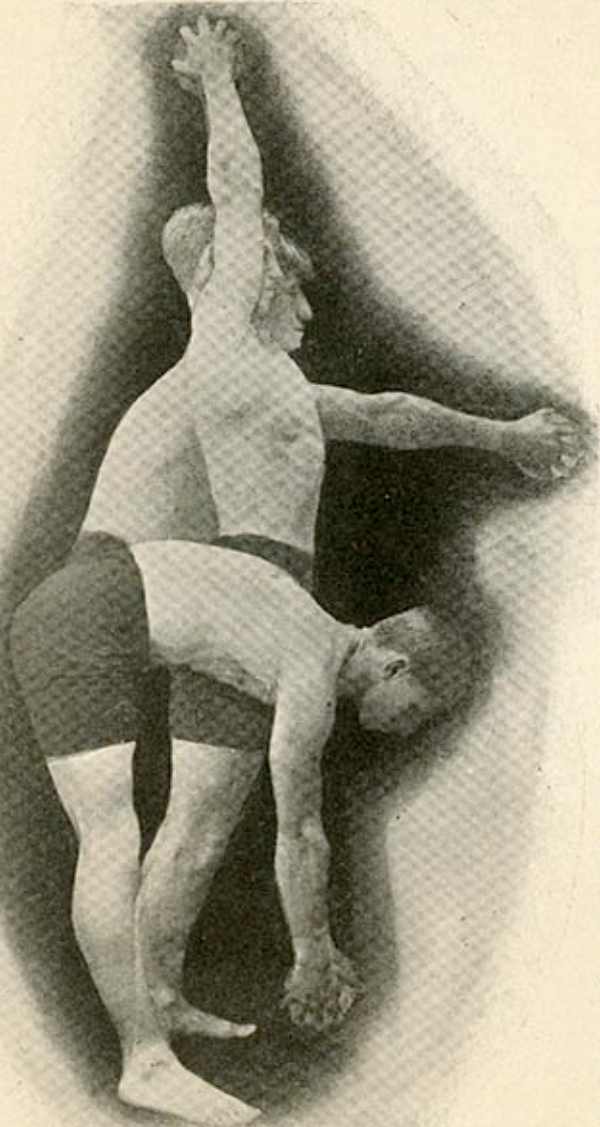
ics and physical culture, and under the direction of competent physical culture instructors, have been formed for the benefit of the public at large. Scientific instruction will be given in boxing, wrestling, athletics, and all other forms of physical culture. The gymnasium of the institute will be open to the public of both sexes during the day and evening. Special evening classes will be formed wherein both sexes can exercise simultaneously. For further particulars address Secretary, Bernarr Macfadden Institute of Physical Culture, 29 East 19th street, New York.



DEVELOPING POWERFUL MUSCLE BY MEANS OF A TWELVE-POUND WEIGHT

A SIMPLE AND EFFECTIVE MEANS OF DEVELOPING STRENGTH OF
ENTIRE BODY—THE EXERCISES ARE ILLUSTRATED WITH A
TWELVE-POUND SHOT, BUT AN ORDINARY IRON OR
ANY WEIGHT WILL SERVE JUST AS WELL

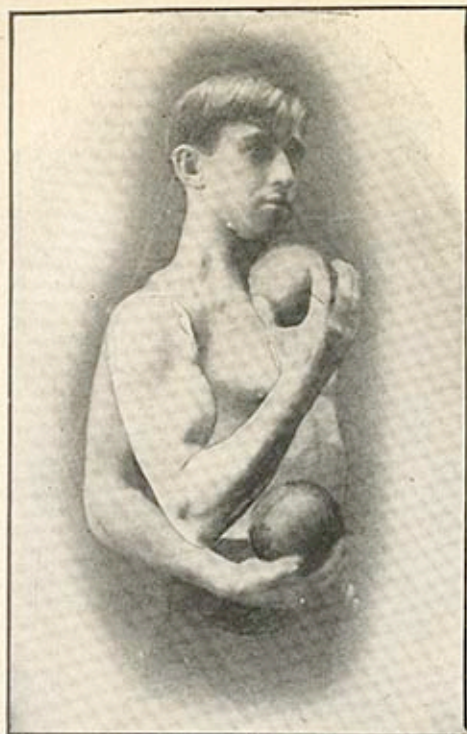
By L. Leeds



EXERCISE 3.—Stand with the legs apart as shown, the face toward the ground, the shot grasped by both hands. Come to a rising position, bringing the shot high over head, but in doing it keep the arms straight. In this exercise additional benefit will be gained if the student, after coming to a vertical position, will bend the body a little further back. Repeat until tired. Especially valuable for strengthening the back.

A JOKING friend once told me that he felt strong enough to juggle cannon balls. He probably considered this statement sufficient to convey the idea of tremendous strength. But the more I thought of his remark the more certain I became that such a performance on a small scale would be good exercise. An iron shot of twelve pounds weight was procured and its possibilities in the way of giving one active exercise, even apart from the established athletic feat of "putting" the shot, proved to be a source of healthy, continuous delight. Thereafter, when I found ordinary apparatus becoming a little irksome, I would pick up my iron ball and do a little spirited and concentrated work with it.

Of course, it is not absolutely necessary that one have a regular twelve-pound shot to do these exercises, for any other convenient object of equal weight, perhaps even a little heavier or a little lighter, would serve equally well. A bar of iron, a heavy old-fashioned



EXERCISE 1.—Hold the arm at side of body with the shot or weight firmly gripped in the fingers. Slowly bring the weight toward the shoulder, bending the wrist inward when so doing. After the weight has touched the shoulder, lower it again and assume the original position. Repeat with each hand until tired. For developing biceps.

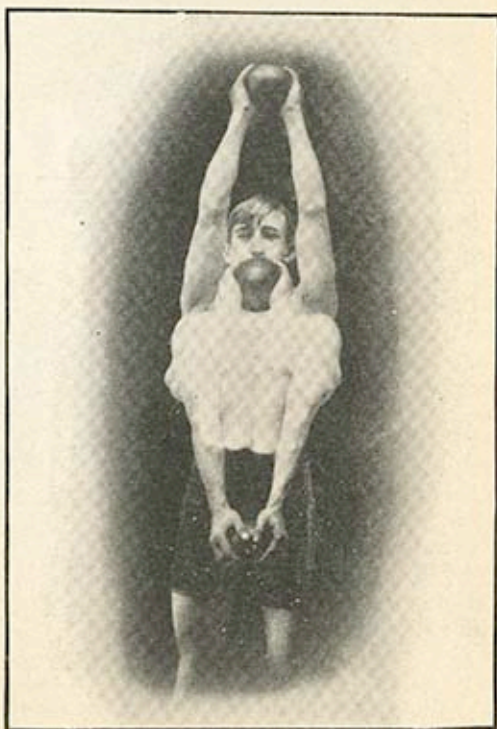
flat-iron, the head of a big iron sledge-hammer, or any other weight would answer the purpose satisfactorily.

In defending their favorite systems of physical culture, some authorities favor the use of light weights, while others prefer heavy weights; but it is well known that all agree in the conclusion that concentration of the faculties is one of the most important factors in exercise. And this is exactly what a twelve-pound weight affords, but, like all good things, it has to be properly used in order to be duly appreciated.

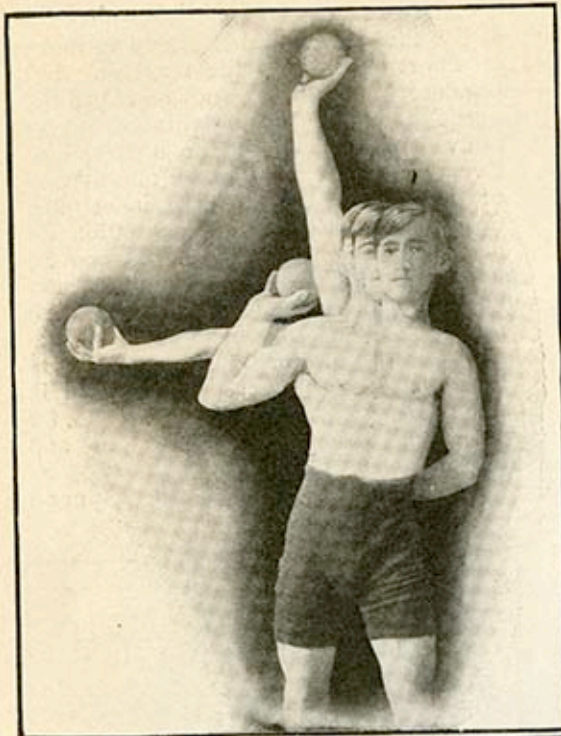
Most outdoor games are very beneficial, for, besides being enjoyed in the open air, they compel the mind to release itself from its petty cares and concentrate itself on the relaxation. Heavy-weight

exercises compel concentration also, for to use them, the mind is forced to make an effort along with the muscles. But ponderous weights are not suited to the needs of the average individual. Everybody does not want to be a Hercules. Everybody does not want a massive set of muscles; for the latter are undesirable unless one has time and inclination for arduous, violent exercise. Moreover, many do not feel like spending, say, one-fifth of their energy—there are so many necessary channels for it nowadays—lifting tremendous weights. On the other hand, proper concentration in the use of very light weights calls for rather a continuous, monotonous and tiresome effort of the will.

And thus it is that a twelve-pound



EXERCISE 2.—Turn the palms toward each other, hold the shot, with both hands, in front of the body as low down and as near to the body as possible. Bend the arms at the elbows, bringing the shot toward the chest. When the forearms are as far back as you can get them, push the shot upward as far overhead as possible. Return to first position and continue until tired. For arm and shoulder development.



EXERCISE 4.—Hold the arm at right angles to the body, the shot grasped firmly, and the palm up. Flex the bicep, thus bringing the shot toward the shoulder. Continue the exercise by pushing the shot up from the shoulder. Repeat until tired. For triceps and deltoid.

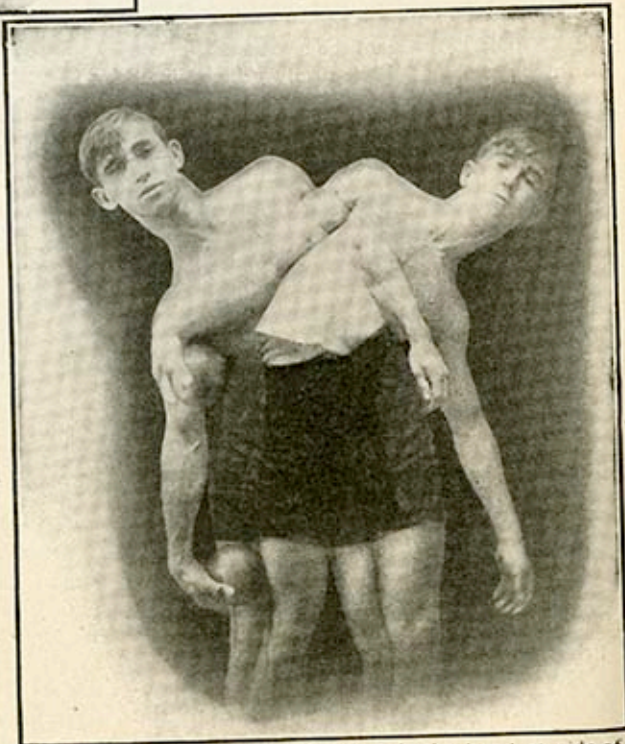
weight seems different from most other forms of exercise.

In practicing the movements illustrated in this article, one will not, to be sure, have a great variety of exercises. The chief value of the use of the shot is to be found in devising exercises impromptu, as whim or ingenuity may dictate; and if one happens to evolve a real good "stunt" he can add it to his permanent repertoire of shot feats.

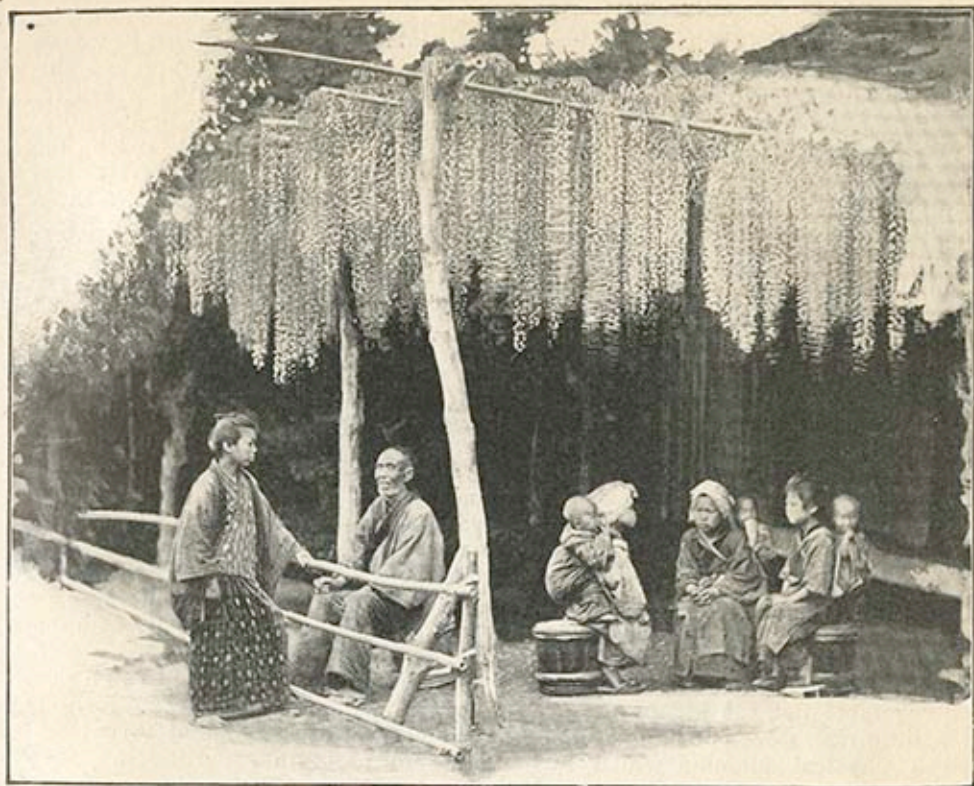
One exercise especially good for developing a quick eye and a steady hand is the following: Stand with the feet a little way apart so that you can freely move from the waist without losing your balance. Now looking upward, throw the weight

in the air from one hand to the other. The higher the weight is thrown the greater will be the strain and difficulty of catching it with the other hand. One must be careful in this, however, for the weight, besides being easy to miss, is not the softest thing imaginable to fall on one's toes.

These movements may be practiced in one's bedroom, or any place where you do not have room for the regular athletic practice of "putting" the weight. Of course, it goes without saying that "putting" itself is a magnificent exercise for the entire body, as well as a highly interesting form of competitive sport. In this connection it might be well to note that the prospective athlete will find in such simple movements, as illustrated here, a splendid preliminary training for the very strenuous athletic work of "putting the shot."



EXERCISE 5.—Holding the shot in the hand at side of the body, bend from one side to the other as far as you can, always making the motion from the waist. Repeat until tired. For muscles of waist and back.



Japanese Family in a Wistaria Grove

DIET AND PHILOSOPHY OF JAPAN

THE SIMPLE FOOD OF THE "YANKEES OF THE EAST" IS THE BASIS OF THEIR MORALITY, ART, LITERATURE AND PAST AND PRESENT SUCCESSES ON THE BATTLEFIELD—JAPAN OF TO-DAY IS A VINDICATION OF THE DIETETIC PRINCIPLES OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

By Albert Savarus

The author of this article lived for a number of years in Japan, where his business interests brought him in contact with all classes of the people of that country. A trained observer, a linguist and a student of humanity, Mr. Savarus—to use his nom de plume—is certainly entitled to a hearing on the part of our readers.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

THE diet question is one that can of course be considered from many points of view; among others, logically. It is an axiom of logic that a thing either is or is not; which is dignified by the schoolmen as the Law of Duality. Certainly, if this simple law applies at all, it applies to the vital question of health. Most scientific athletes are agreed that the problem is chiefly this—"meat or no meat"; and the sub-

ject is being discussed by the greatest physicians in the world with a wealth of illustration and a validity of reasoning which would do credit to Newton or La Place.

In this connection, therefore, it is an interesting fact that the Japanese nation is to-day giving the best proof of the value of the no-meat diet upon a fifty million inhabitant scale.

The walking matches organized under

the stimulating effect of the German War Lord certainly brought discouragement and defeat home to the Anglo-Saxon meat eater, as, wherever these matches have taken place the meat men have gone down before the no-meat men. These tests of endurance have been going on for many years back, and have conclusively settled the question involved for the German Military Staff.

Americans who are hesitating between one plan or the other should carefully note that this conclusion has been reached by a thoroughly practical people, addicted to beer and sausages.

Before offering in evidence to the readers of the *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine the physical condition of the Japanese, I desire to make a few concessions to the other side. The people of Japan are not *all* in good physical condition. They eat next to nothing and confine themselves almost wholly to one food. But it is certainly noteworthy that, in spite of their not enjoying the variety and the value of a mixed vegetable diet, the Japanese have, with a little rice, developed and maintained a physical stamina which has

stood tests never contemplated in war or peace. Take the most sumptuous training diet in Japan, that of the wrestlers, who are remarkable in size and stature, their heads being almost twice the ordinary size, who are over six feet in height, and weigh from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds. Their diet consists almost altogether of rice and eels. The eels supply fat in digestible form and the rice supplies muscular strength. Anyone who has seen a Japanese wrestler lift his competitor from the earth as lightly as a feather, will note that the diet named is sufficient for its purpose. Here, again, we have a paradox. Nothing is gained to health by making men mountains of fat, but if the requirements of the sport call for sheer weight, Japan supplies it with eels. If strength alone were the end in view, she would cut off the fat. The people at large do not eat fat and regard obesity as a disgrace.

The bulk of the Japanese live on rice, which they import from China, for they consider their own too good to eat and they find profit in exporting it. They



How the Japanese Sleep—Use Only a Mattress and a Small Wooden Pillow, Which Serves as a Neck Rest

live on the difference in prices and depend upon this for their luxuries, clothing, etc. The rice of Japan is much more nutritious than the rice of China, but the Japs prefer Chinese rice because it is economical,



A Shinto Priest

digestible and sufficient for their needs.

However, I am not to be understood as advocating a rice diet. I am pointing out what the Japanese accomplish by doing without meat. The total absence of all uric acid complications is to be noted in the entire Japanese population, and, therefore, negatively as well as positively, the rice-eater scores.

As against the claim that the Japanese, as a whole, are remarkably healthy, there has been alleged the prevalence of consumption and beri-beri among them. However, American army surgeons have found the diseases in the wards of their own tropical hospitals every day. The Japanese walk all over the empire, doing fifteen or twenty miles a day, without effort or fatigue. They drink water freely, and have little to digest but a small quantity of rice. The remarkable physical endurance and strength displayed in the campaigns of Manchuria and Port Arthur, are not much to be wondered at by any one who knows the facts of the case from a Japanese standpoint. It is obvious

that men of such perfect nerve, physical endurance and "happy-seeking" after death, can have little of the "blues" or ill-health of any sort. They meet their fate cheerfully and with the joy of health strong upon them. They are not fanatics. To understand the distinction between Japanese and Mahomedans, it must be remembered that the intelligence, poetry and refinement of Japan are not sensual, though they may be sensuous products. A Paradise of Houris is an absurdity to the Japanese mind. Women are looked upon as mothers, pure and simple. Only those of the Geisha class claim any attention from the intelligent Japanese, and these women are of high character in every sense of the word. Europeans have yet much to learn about the Japanese female bards—for such the Geishas are—and they are too apt to confuse them with the treaty port courtesans. The misconception is a natural one, however, as most Europeans—no matter how chivalrous—look upon the



"Bozu" Priests—Buddhist Head-Priest and Assistant

sex question very differently from the Japanese. Marriage is not, in the Japanese mind, a question of sentiment or predilection, but of pedigree. The best woman; the best children. The import-

ance and sanctity of the marriage relation, as we understand it, are either overlooked, or are not understood by them.

This accounts for their spending—for them—large sums of money merely for the privilege of conversing with one of their charming singing dancers in a tea house by appointment.

The apologists for Japan had a hard time in some quarters up to the Russo-Japanese war. Then it was easily to be seen that the virile, constant, healthy, pure-minded, self-sacrificing qualities of the Japanese people were due in large measure to the simplicity of their lives and diet, which left their bodies and minds free and alert for the opportunities and emergencies of life.

The Yoshiwara, an apparent exception to the moral condition of Japan, is like all institutions incidental to the social evil. If it was bad before the Europeans came, it is worse now. But it is fair to say that while the Yoshiwara has suffered from the Europeans, the Europeans have not suffered from the Yoshiwara. Of

and not for the purposes of a high civilization—the most unsophisticated of material. The Japanese look at this question from the opposite standpoint. Men and women are wanted for the race.



A Japanese Lady



Hair Dressing for a Festival

course, chastity of body, purity of mind and loftiness of ideals in woman is the most priceless possession of our race, but it is undoubtedly a fact that the most decadent men wish for their purposes—

This is the highest degree of aspiration. The absence of a marriage certificate has no weight whatever morally, except that it complicates the sociological problem of the bringing up of children.

What bearing has all this on the very simple and none the less remarkable propaganda of Bernarr Macfadden? The extraordinary feature of Mr. Macfadden's editorial and business enterprise is not so much in what he does, as in what he does not do. Take it from the purely economic standpoint in hard cash. It approaches the ideal, hitherto unrealizable in America, the going without unnecessary food, or rather, eating to live instead of living to eat. In this he is in direct touch with the national spirit of Japan in as far as the diet and philosophy of that country are concerned. Food that sustains and nourishes, yet leaves the brain clear, the moral nature normal, the purse heavier, and does not levy a tax on the mind or muscles, is the secret of Japan's art, literature and recent successes, and Mr. Macfadden's dietetic

teachings tend to precisely similarly results.

The word "fast," with which colloquial language has so remorselessly stigmatized the conduct of the debauchee, is quite intelligible to the Japanese. But in order to find the viewpoint of Japanese ethics, one must go to the Jesuits, who quietly point out to their novices that when passion gets control of a man, discrimination ceases. In other words, the Japanese believes in discrimination in art, literature, nature, physical beauty and woman, and, in the meantime, he enjoys the good things of life. The Japanese believes that a man must be, above all, healthy, and cannot be so if he is a drunkard, or a glutton, or voluptuary. It is a painful fact that most Americans are all these and more to the dainty Japs; and yet we think ourselves good fellows, good husbands, good fathers, brave men; but from the Japanese standpoint we are none the less drunkards, gluttons and voluptuaries. It is, of course, the point of view. The terms are necessarily relative. A man who lives on a pinch of rice—even a good-sized pinch—must view the dinners and suppers eaten by the habitués of, say, Sherry's or Delmonico's, with something very much akin to horror.

The physical culture restaurant movement is doubtless a purely business enterprise. It would not command respect if it were not. A thing not desired is not needed. To be sure, it is true that some people never know what they do want, but in this case their support of this movement shows that they do know it in this instance. And, if we are to hold our own in the matter of health against the triumphant standards of Japan, or even before the bar of our own self-respect, progress must be made along the path blazed out by Mr. Macfadden.

There is an important distinction to be drawn between his and the so-called vegetarian restaurants and other feeble and partially conceived plans along "no-meat"

lines. Physical improvement is entitled to a dignified position before the bar of conscience. A man's or a woman's body is just as much a sacred possession as the inspiring flash of genius or the spirit that prompts a man to the sacrifice of his life for his brother man. The Japanese when asked why they make so much of the painting of a peach blossom, say that they do so, because the painted blossom is as much created as the blossom itself. It is born from the brush of the artist. Surely the human body is also born of Love as well as of woman. The Japanese regards his body, the peach blossom in the springtime, the frosty peak of the Fuji Yama, in like manner. One is no more sublime than the other.

There is no real distinction between the spiritual and physical as the Japanese judge the words, or if there is a distinction it is merely a rhetorical one.

It is too much the habit of Americans to regard their bodies as coarse hulks to be cast aside in the mystery of decay and death. But, whether these bodies are temples of everlasting mind or not, it is the part of wisdom to give them the benefit of the doubt, and to take good care of them so long as we have them.

It is interesting to me, personally, to see an American business and literary man who has struck the right note at the right time, and by deference to sound, well regulated business principles, in the selection, purchase and distribution of food and in its preparation for consumption, get sound financial results on a cold cash basis.

I wish to say that I make this contribution unsolicited by Mr. Macfadden in any way, shape or form. It is the impulsive, but sincere expression of one who would like to see the doctrine and the principles preached by Mr. Macfadden stir the conscience of all classes and conditions of men.

They are physically happy in Japan for the reasons given. Why can we not be likewise? Physical culture points the way.

HE WILL GO TO THE FRONT OF THE CLASS

Teacher—Which letter is next to the letter "H"?

Boy—Dunno, ma'am.

Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?

Boy—Freckles, ma'am—*The Wasp*.



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Fach Bros., New York

President Theodore Roosevelt
Who is an Excellent Example of the Man Who Achieves and Does Not Inherit
Greatness

OUR GREAT MEN ARE NOT OFFSPRING OF THE GREAT

REPLY TO AN ARTICLE WHICH APPEARED IN A PREVIOUS ISSUE OF THIS MAGAZINE—MANY PROOFS GIVEN THAT PROMINENT INDIVIDUALS DO NOT TRANSMIT THEIR TALENT NOR GENIUS TO THEIR CHILDREN

By *H. M. Lome*

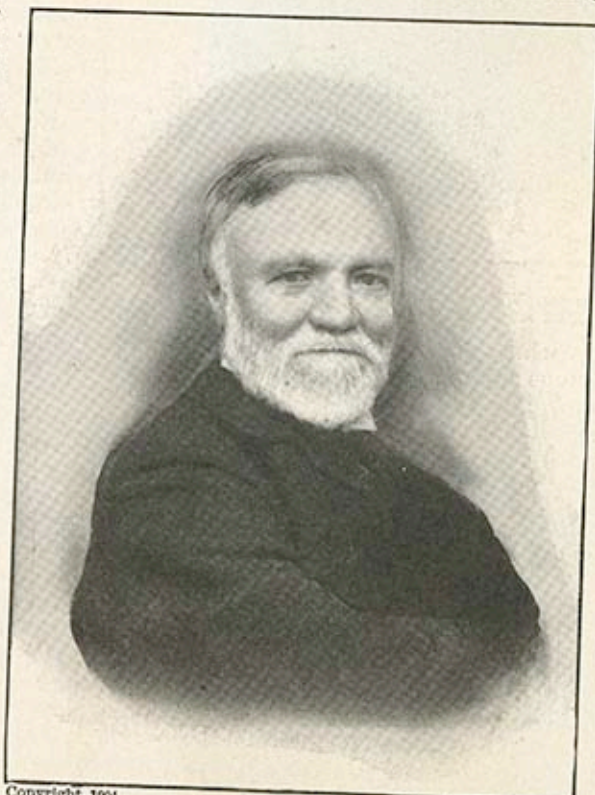
IN a previous issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE appeared an article which purported to prove that, popular belief to the contrary, the great men of a country do, in most cases, transmit their talents or their genius to their children. Furthermore, the author of this surprising screed intimated, if indeed he did not declare outright, that America's power and prosperity are, in the main, due to the multitudes of those worthy sons of hers who are the moral and intellectual facsimiles of their worthy sires. He tried to back up his assertions by naming a dozen or more people who, while admittedly decent citizens, have in reality but little in common with their illustrious fathers except the family names.

For instance, who but the author of the article referred to, would have the ingenious temerity to aver that the General Grant of to-day is the practical re-incarnation of the stern, silent U. S. Grant of the bloody '60's? Or, that the bland,

dapper little Mayor of New York is as alike as two peas in a pod to the fiery, dashing hero of the war, whose son he is? Or that Robert Lincoln is a duplicate of that lean, colossal figure that towered above all others during the dark days of

our country? The truth is that the author referred to knocks down his argument by the very means with which he seeks to bolster it up. The people whom he brings forward to prove his beliefs, controvert them. They are all of them merely mediocre individuals who have had common sense enough to take advantage of the opportunities afforded them by the money and power and prestige that attached to their forbears. Nothing more.

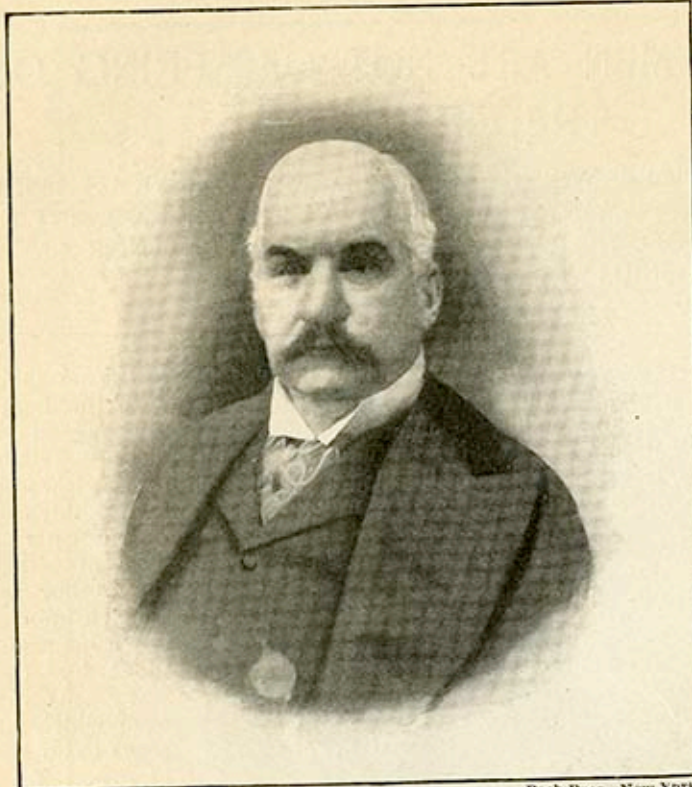
Now, the fact is, that that which nearly everybody believes, is nearly always correct. The public understanding is, that the son of a somebody is invariably a knave or a fool. And the public is unquestionably right in regard thereto. Occasionally, one of



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Rockwood, New York

Andrew Carnegie, Who Rose from Obscurity to Commercial and Philanthropic Fame



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**J. Pierpont Morgan, Whose Gigantic Genius
Had no Ancestral Precedent**

Fach Bros., New York

those unfortunates who start in life handicapped by a famous name or a gigantic fortune does manage to remain honest and sane and respectable. But such are much in the minority. It is safe to say that for every reputable son of men who have stood head and shoulders above their fellows in war, literature, commerce, science, or society, a dozen insignificant or disreputable sons of the like men can be named. For every huge fortune amassed and conserved by the Goulds, Vanderbilts and Astors, a hundred fortunes have been squandered by the riotous children of fortune founders. For every honored name acquired by noble living and toiling, and preserved stainless by posterity, scores of such names have been dragged through metaphorical mud and mire by degenerate descendants. The inexorable law of Nature seems to be that humanity shall not be allowed to specialize itself. If it were otherwise; if like always sought to unite itself with like; if great or good or money-grubbing

fathers invariably bred great and good and money-grubbing sons; if weak, and vicious and thriftless parents never failed to produce weak and vicious and spend-thrift offspring; then, within the space of a generation or so, the world would be populated by four or five classes of persons only, these being demi-gods, plutocrats, invalids, idiots and criminals. And the lines of demarcation between each class would be of an impassable sort. Naturally, all sorts of trouble and complications would result; including the probable extinction of the race.

No, Nature has arranged for a persistent churning up, a constant intermingling of conditions and classes. The process of equalizing men and their affairs is never stayed. We see it

in active being on every hand in spite of all manner of attempts to hinder or prevent it. The gilded youth expends on wine in one night, the dollars that it took his miser "governor" a month to harvest. A daughter of one of the 400 elopes with the family coachman. The grave professor of Sanskrit marries his fluffy-haired little doll of a stenographer. The successful authoress unites herself with an empty-pated fop. Re-adjustment is the life and soul of a community as it is of a nation. Happy is that people among whom the process is not stayed by social or legal or traditional obstacles. And the one country under the sun wherein Nature has its unchecked way in this regard is America. The results we see on every hand, but mainly in this: that the men of the past, those who have made us what we are; the men of the day, those who are the factors in our current power and progress; and the men of the future, those who shall preserve our high place among nations in the coming

times, are, in nearly every instance, sons of nobodies. On the other hand, the exemplars of our vices, follies and foolishness, are, for the most part, the offspring of somebodies.

Take the Newport "set," for instance; that summer colony of the children and grandchildren of the enormously rich, which Editor Henry Watterson calls "a roost of unclean birds." You can count on the fingers of one hand the men among the "cottagers" who have done justice to the names they bear, even in the way of ordinary decent living. Exclude your thumb from the count and halve your remaining fingers, and those remaining will about represent the number of Newportians who have added a trifle to the original family reputations. In the public mind, Newport is associated with vast fortunes, a succession of stenchful scandals, busy divorce courts, monkey dinners, poodle luncheons, inane amusements and the drunkenness and debauchery that are the fruits of the sloth and luxury bred by the possession of unearned millions. Heaven help this country if its destinies were entrusted to the descendants of our great or rich men.

It would be no difficult matter to produce living proof after proof of the fact that great men do NOT transmit their characteristic qualities to their children. For instance, did not Thomas A. Edison, the "Wizard," recently declare in a court of law that his son was incapable of anything but very ordinary mental effort, and certainly could not have evolved an alleged invention of which he was said to be the author. Young Edison, it will be remembered, had become identified with some people who formed a Thomas A. Edison, Jr., Company for the obvious purpose of trading on his father's name, but the Courts nipped the project in the bud.

Edward M. Field was not so long since arraigned in a New York police court charged with stealing an overcoat. The prisoner was ragged, filthy, besotted and apparently indifferent to his

surroundings. And he was the son of the late Cyrus W. Field, the father of the Atlantic cable, he who "moored the New World alongside of the Old;" one of the greatest men that America has produced.

The writer knows the son of one of the most prominent men in the Eastern States. The father was once mayor of a certain municipality, and is best known to the public as a developer of real estate on a big scale and a practical philanthropist. The son is sweeping out bar-rooms and cleaning cuspidors in New York in return for being given the privileges of the free lunch counter, and an occasional glass of stale beer.

The late Mayor Strong of New York was a typically clear-headed, hard-working and successful American merchant. Riches and honor came to him by right of his business acumen and personal integrity. Yet, his son, once a captain in the United States army, disgraced his uniform and smirched the family reputation by conducting with amazingly bra-



Admiral Dewey, Who Won Fame for His Family and Not From It

zen effrontery a liaison with a notorious woman of the stage. A scion of the wealthy Thaw family recently duplicated Captain Strong's performances on the lines given. The doings of the sons of the inventor of the Pullman car are hardly forgotten.

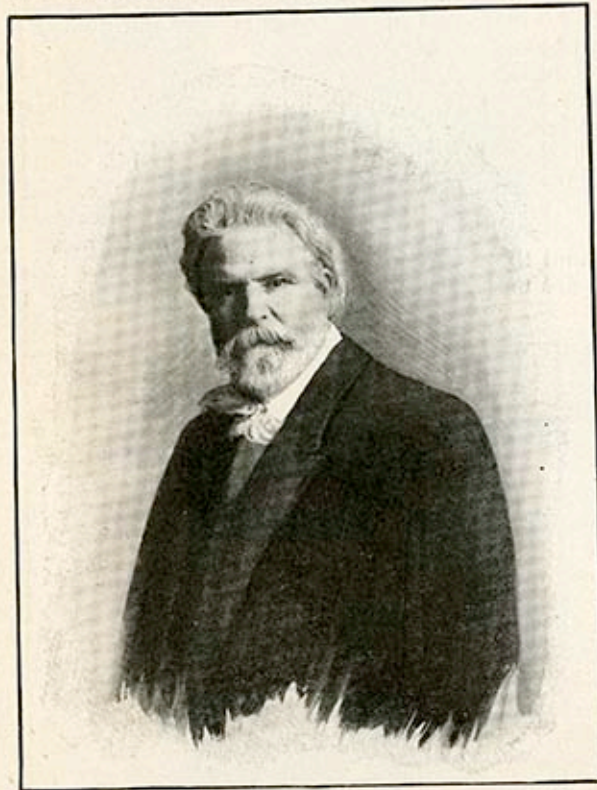
So the list of degenerate sons of famous fathers might be extended indefinitely if needs be. Instead of compiling such a nauseous catalogue, however, the point under discussion can be proved in a far more pleasant and equally convinc-

respectable, impoverished people and he started life as a newsboy in Detroit, Mich. No one of his forbears had given indication of being anything else but an ordinary individual, mentally or otherwise.

Hiram Stevens Maxim, the inventor of the famous gun which bears his name and which has revolutionized warfare, who has been decorated by every sovereign of Europe and some Asiatic rulers, who is the owner of a huge fortune, and who, in his special sphere, is the most famous inventor of his age, is the son of an unknown sawmill owner of Maine.

Andrew Carnegie began his business career as a bobbin boy in a cotton factory, his parents being exceedingly humble folk. The Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer, the famous preacher, was born of simple hard-working people in Yorkshire, England, and, when a mere child, was put to work in a linen factory. Nathan Straus, the merchant and philanthropist, he who has saved the lives of uncounted babies by his sterilized milk depots, and relieved multitudes of poor people by his cheap coal yards, grocery stores and lodging houses, had well-to-do but practically unknown parents. Chauncey M. Depew, senator and railroad magnate, is a descendant of good New England family, but who ever heard of his immediate ancestors? Joseph H. Choate, U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, comes from an excellent New England strain also, but it remained to him to throw lustre on the family name.

President Roosevelt had, in his youth, much that aids an ambitious young man in achieving his aims and purposes. Social position and money were his. But he has made his current and magnificent reputation as husband and father, chief magistrate, diplomat and statesman, unaided, so to speak. By this is meant that his strenuous genius has been evolved by himself, and was not his by right or chance of heredity. Secretary of State John Hay, who was one of the private



Edwin Markham, the Poet and Writer, Once a Half Savage Farm Boy

ing manner, by showing that the vast majority of the illustrious men and women of our period are the children of obscure parents; obscure in the sense that the public knew nothing about them. The logical inference, as suggested, is, that the majority of the children of men and women most in the public eye, are either incapable, or, as the scandal columns of the society journals prove, idle and vicious.

Let us see. Edison's parents were

secretaries of President Lincoln, was assistant adjutant-general during the Civil War, and has acted as secretary to several U. S. legations in Europe, and as ambassador for this country to Great Britain, who is also an author and has recently achieved a reputation as one of the profoundest statesmen in the world, had, as father, an unknown country physician, and was educated in the common schools at Warsaw, Ill. The late Senator George F. Hoar, for years one of the most commanding figures among the Republican forces in the country, was a man of the people. Incidentally, the chief grief of Mr. Hoar's life was due to the fact that his son had nothing in common with him, intellectually or morally. Henry Cabot Lodge, who is as well known for his books as for his senatorial reputation, and that most brilliant lawyer, ex-U. S. Attorney General Elihu Root, had each parents of an admirable sort, as parents, but in no ways notable otherwise.

Some other sons of nobodies are: E. G. Acheson, the inventor of carborundum, which may be called an artificial gem and has revolutionized the art of grinding tools and other metallic articles in the United States; Charles Ranlett Flint, who has been dubbed the busiest man in the United States, who is an organizer or director of several steamship and street railway lines, a president or a director of a number of banks and rubber, lumber, steel, starch, caramel, and general export companies, and who has also been a consul for and confidential agent of his country. The same remark applies to Chas. Melville Hayes, until lately president of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and the organizer or re-organizer of a dozen other lines: the famous Hereshoff Brothers, the boat designers and builders; Lewis Nixon, the naval architect, who has planned dozens of warships for this country, including three whose designs he drew in ninety days; John H. Patterson, president of the International Cash Register Co., of Dayton, O., and the creator of what is said to be one of the most ideal industrial communities in the world; William Lewis Douglas, now

Governor of Massachusetts, who began the struggle for existence at the age of seven in a cobbler's shop, and who is the parent of the ready-made boot trade of America; John Wilson Wheeler, sewing machine magnate; George F. Baer, once farmer's boy, now president of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad; Alexander Johnson Cassatt, one time rodman, and now president of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Jas. J. Hill, the transportation giant of the Northwest, who started life



John Hay, Secretary of State and One of the Most Brilliant Statesmen of Modern Times

as a clerk; Melville Ezra Ingalls, who has exchanged the farmhouse for the president's office of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad, which corporation is better known as the "Big Four"; and ex-President Grover Cleveland.

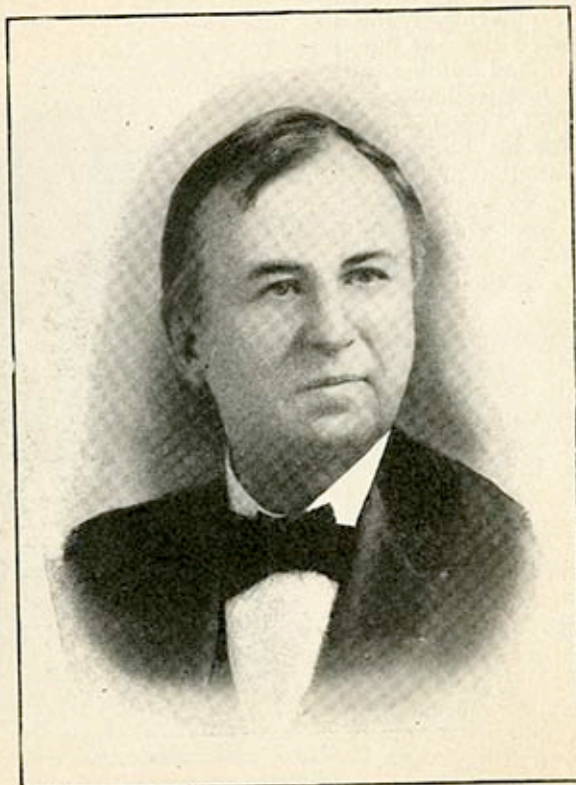
Then, too, we have Marshall Field, the merchant prince of Chicago, born on a little farm in Conway, Mass.; John Wanamaker, another potentate of the mercantile world, who laid the founda-

tions for his business career as boy of all work in a Philadelphia tailoring shop; Sir Thomas Lipton, who may be counted as an American, and who was penniless in New York when fifteen years of age; Lyman Gage, ex-Secretary of the United States Treasury, an ex-errand boy in a country store in New York State; Col. Robt. C. Clowry, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who, in 1852, was a messenger boy for the corporation which he now directs; Herbert H. Vreeland, the man who was a conductor on the Long Island Railroad, and is still a conductor in the sense that he is the head of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company; Gen. Nelson Miles, late Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army; Sen. Thomas Collier Platt, the Empire State Republican leader, who was intended for a drug clerk; Jas. Whitcomb Riley, the poet of the people, whose father was a country lawyer; Edwin Markham, the author of "The Man with the Hoe," once a half-savage farm boy in a little wild valley in California; Wm. Dean Howells, who is known as the "Dean of American Letters," self-taught, from a literary standpoint; Gen. Lew Wallace, who wasted his school days and whose father was an obscure lawyer; Edwin Austin Abbey, the famous artist, who has been described as the greatest living exponent of decorative effects; Frederick Remington, another well-known artist in his own line; Richard Mansfield,

who, in the opinion of many, is the most talented actor upon the American stage, and who, when he began to earn his livelihood, was a very mediocre clerk in a Boston dry goods store; John Phillips Sousa, the composer and orchestra leader, and Mark Twain, the humorist, who in private life is Samuel L. Clemens.

Then, again, there are Alexander Graham Bell, Charles Francis Brush, John P. Holland, George Westinghouse and William Marconi, a group of famous scientists

and inventors, whose parents were in each instance of the average sort intellectually; John Pierpont Morgan, son of a clergyman; John Davison Rockefeller, who is said to be the owner of the largest individual income in the world, and who began his business life as a poorly paid clerk; H. H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame, whose parents gave no signs of the financial genius of their son; the late Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the power behind the throne in the case of at least two



John Wanamaker, Once Tailor's Errand Boy, Now a Merchant Prince

Republican Presidents, and whose father was a grocer in a small Ohio village; ex-Governor David Bennett Hill; the late Frederick Rene Coudert, one of the most brilliant lawyers that has ever graced the New York bar, the child of French immigrants; Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, who comes from sterling but in no way noteworthy New England stock; Admiral George Dewey, offspring of a Vermont doctor; Chas. William Eliot,

president of Harvard College; Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the *New York World*, once an impoverished Federal soldier; Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the silver-tongued orator, who was born in a log cabin in Ohio, and who with one exception has been the youngest recent member of the United States Senate; William Bourke Cockran, the well-known politician and orator, who, on reaching this country in 1871, became a clerk in A. T. Stewart's store; Carl Schurz, who had a most stormy and hardship-filled life when a young and unknown man.

Space will not permit of the recital of a tith of these notable children of nobodies; but before we close, let us remind the reader that Clara Barton, the most devoted and beloved of humanitarians, who organized the Red Cross Society; John Singer Sargent, the foremost portrait painter of this country, if not indeed of the countries abroad; Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the author and poet; Rudyard Kipling, who in view of his marriage with an American girl, may be legitimately included in this list; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is identified with that movement which is vaguely characterized as

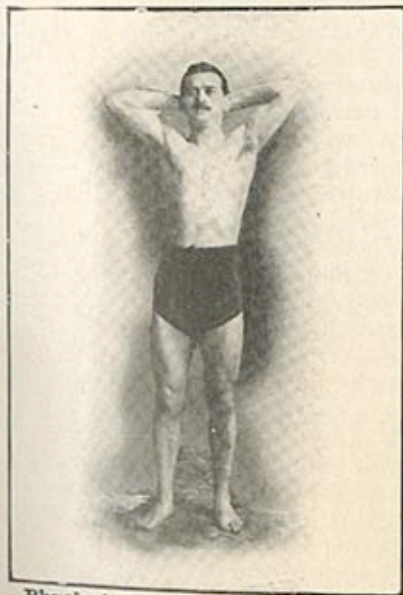
the "Cause of Women," are among such.

And the list might be extended indefinitely. But enough examples have been cited, we think, to show that while "blood does tell," it is the sound, wholesome, virile blood of the common people which has been obtained by hard work, frugal living, and the cultivation of the domestic virtues.

On the other hand, the blood of the idle rich seems to become charged not only with the literal impurities that result from their unhealthy diet, but also with the moral enervating poisons that are bred of their modes of life.

Finally, it will be observed that hardly one of the children of the most prominent living citizens of the United States has reinforced the prestige of the name which he bears. Without doubt, our embryo statesmen, inventors, financiers, divines, authors and warriors are as plentiful as ever, and that in due season these will make themselves manifest. But it is safe to assert that they will be evolved from that great storage-house of national greatness—the obscure, the unknown and the "common" people.

PHARMACIST BELIEVES IN PHYSICAL CULTURE



Physical Development of F. Alvan Luter, Ph. G.

for you to receive a commendatory line from a pharmacist. I am liberal enough to take gracefully the knocks you sometimes deliver to M. D.'s and to those of my profession. Criticism is never harmful, but, on the contrary, a dose of it now and then is the best method to effect needed changes in any pursuit or work.

I send you my photograph because the development that it shows was gained and is maintained under adverse circumstances. My line of business forces me to spend one hundred hours a week indoors and I am occupied in work that demands very little physical effort. Thus to a great extent I am deprived of two of the chief means of acquiring a good physical development. It is by strict attention only to the methods of living advocated in your magazine from month to month that I maintain the development I have acquired.

F. ALVAN LUTER, Ph. G.
San Antonio, Tex.

To the Editor:—I suppose it is not often, and perhaps it is extremely rare,

FIGURES ABOUT ALCOHOL THAT DO NOT LIE

INVESTIGATIONS ON THE PART OF LIFE INSURANCE EXPERTS, EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF SIXTY-ONE YEARS, CONCLUSIVELY PROVE THAT EVEN SO-CALLED MODERATE DRINKERS SHORTEN THEIR LIVES AND CUT THEMSELVES OFF IN THEIR PRIME, WHILE TOTAL ABSTAINERS LIVE LONG AND ARE AT THEIR BEST AT THE HALF-CENTURY MARK

By *J. Walter Smithson*

This article contains some figures that rather startlingly prove that teetotalers live many years longer than even temperate drinkers. We have made a great many statements heretofore in this magazine concerning the effects of the use of alcohol, but these figures place the truth before you in an uncontrovertible light. The use of alcohol shortens life. For over half a century teetotalers in England have been able to buy insurance at a price that enabled them to secure the advantage of this increased longevity. When you buy insurance in this country you have to pay the same price as those who are pouring alcohol down their throats every day of their lives. You are at a disadvantage. Why cannot a Teetotalers' Co-operative Insurance Company be organized in this country? I believe that such an insurance company can be started. In the Editorial Department of this magazine I am appealing to every reader who desires to buy insurance at a reasonable rate, to join me in the organization of such a company.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

CONCLUSIVE evidence that the man who uses alcohol in any form shortens his life by so doing, has been obtained by the British Institute of Actuaries. The cold facts and figures of which the evidence consists were gotten by two life insurance experts, who, on behalf of the Institute, made an investigation that covered a period of sixty-one years and included an inquiry into the lives and deaths of one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons, with the result as told.

In this connection, it must not be forgotten that life insurance companies will not take a risk on habitual drunkards, and that the persons who use alcohol to whom they issue policies, are described in insurance phrase as "non-abstainers of good, average lives." Yet such "good, average lives" are, from a longevity standpoint, very poor lives indeed, as compared with the total abstainers. Data relative to the effects of alcohol upon the human system are common enough. But in most cases they have been secured by individuals who were prejudiced either one way or the other. In this instance, however, the conclusions are not tinctured by sentiment, interest or bigotry. Prosaic dollars and cents are the cause of their

gathering, and hence their value as reliable statistics. It should be added that, although the figures were obtained from English sources, they apply with equal force to America. Messrs. C. W. Scovel and G. P. Donehoo, both officers of English life insurance companies, were the experts who conducted the investigation, the outcome of which was, to use their own words, that: "Total abstainers showed a marked superiority throughout the entire working years of life for both sexes."

These "working years" were computed as extending from the age of twenty to seventy. And within that period it was found that the deaths among the moderate drinkers numbered 57,891, while those of total abstainers only reached 46,966. The general figures for the fifty-year period in question agree in the rough with fragmentary but usually accepted statistics of life insurance corporations in general. But, on analysis, it was found by the investigators that new and surprising facts appeared when the half century was divided into periods and the effects of alcohol on the human system were considered during the different decades of the life of the individual.

For example, between the ages of

twenty and thirty, the deaths of non-abstainers was 11 per cent. more than among abstainers. Between thirty and forty, the excess was 68 per cent., and from the age of forty to fifty—which is regarded by insurance men as the "prime of life"—there were 10,861 deaths among the moderate drinkers, and only 6,246 among the total abstainers, an excess of 74 per cent. in favor of the latter. From fifty to sixty, 42 per cent. more users of alcohol died than did those who did not use it. From sixty to seventy, the ratio was 19 per cent. in favor of the teetotalers. It will be seen by this, then, that alcohol cuts off more men who are, or who should be, in the very hey-day of health and life than it does at any other period of human existence. Just what the ensuing loss to humanity is, may be computed in the way of lives, but certainly not so far as the retardment of the world's progress at large is concerned.

There is another aspect of the question. During the three decades from 30 to 60, which is the period of life when most persons carry life insurance, and when their profits of their payments are being earned and accumulated, it is evident that the total abstainers stand a much better chance of profitable returns on their policies, for the reason that they are much less liable to lapse in payments. Incidentally, they are assuredly saving much more money than the non-abstainers. Or, to put it in another way: Considering what the total abstainer saves in money by not drinking and gains in insurance, it is evident that he is far better off financially than the man who drinks even moderately. If there are any arguments in existence that ought to have weight with the man who has not altogether lost his will power and his manhood through drink, the arguments furnished by the foregoing figures ought to convert him from the error of his ways. Unfortunately, even in the case of a moderate drinker, the tendency of alcohol to weaken will power and render futile praiseworthy resolves, is but too manifest. And this it is that renders alcohol such a curse to humanity. Its effect upon the physical being of a man is bad enough, but, coincidentally, it enfeebles and finally destroys his moral fibre also.

The outcome of the foregoing inquiry

will be a new form of policy issued, not only by American life insurance companies, but by others the civilized world over, offering a much smaller rate to those who are prepared to swear that they are total abstainers. Of course, there are a number of difficulties in the way of issuing non-abstainers' and total abstainers' policies, but these are now being worked out by experts, and there is no doubt but that in the immediate future, the radical revolution in insurance methods alluded to will be duly inaugurated.

It is curious to note in this connection that the current prohibition life-insurance policy in England owed its birth to the insurance system in vogue in Great Britain a half-century ago. Robert Warner, a bell founder of London, who was twenty-six years old, a Quaker and a total abstainer, in 1840 applied for a policy to a life insurance society. At that time the teetotaler was very much more an exception than the rule in Great Britain; in fact, the man who did not use alcohol was looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion, if not actual dislike.

Consequently, the medical advisers of the company to which Mr. Warner made application held that total abstainers were not only subjected to unusual risks of infection, but that the fact that they did not drink alcoholic beverages, implied the ownership of a character so different from that of the average individual on which the insurance statistics of the time were based, that it was impossible to determine the nature of the "risk" in Mr. Warner's case.

The Quaker, however, was a man of parts, and at once set about forming an insurance company of his own. With the assistance of other total abstainers and members of the Society of Friends, he organized the United Kingdom Total Abstinence Life Association, and took out the first policy in it himself.

The corporation flourished. Curiously enough, though, in 1848 a new department was added to it, admitting non-abstainers, but only those who indulged moderately. The name of the company was simultaneously changed to the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution. It is of interest to note how thoroughly the statistics of this corporation, covering a period from 1866 to

1901, coincide with those gathered for the Institute of Actuaries. For example, in the thirty-six years in question, there were 11,241 deaths in the moderate drinkers' division, with claims aggregating \$12,999,635, while the total abstinence division showed only 6,300 deaths, with claims of \$7,243,110.

Now, according to the calculations based on the "probability" figures of the Institute of Actuaries, the deaths should have been 11,727 for the non-abstainers and 8,838 for the total abstainers. So it will be seen that the number of deaths among the "moderate drinkers" was 486 less than had been expected, while there were 2,538 less among the total abstainers, a striking difference in favor of the latter. So thoroughly is the distinction between the two types of "risks" understood in Great Britain nowadays, that the insurance companies there, are glad to pay a 10 per cent. bonus to total abstainers who are accepted by them.

Among the perplexing details that yet have to be worked out by American insurance men in regard to the new policies is how to treat a policy-holder who, when he becomes a patron of a company is a total abstainer, but subsequently turns out to be a moderate or even an immoderate drinker. If many such cases transpired, it would necessarily follow that the calculations of the companies would be very much upset. However, it is believed that this difficulty could be overcome by the insertion of a clause to the effect that a

non-abstainer's policy would become void if he became a drinker. Or, again, the companies have under consideration a plan by which, if a man became addicted to drink after taking out a special non-abstainer's policy, the amount payable at death should be such a sum as if the man had not been a total abstainer in the first instance.

A remarkable fact that has been disclosed by life-insurance investigations in New York is, that the metropolitan Hebrew is, on the average, the most long-lived of all the city's inhabitants, while the New York Irishman is beginning to rank among the most short-lived of our citizens. One of the most prominent of insurance actuaries has recently made the statement that an American Hebrew was by at least 15 per cent. a better "risk" than any other type of citizen. Providing that age and conditions were the same. Also, the average adult New York citizen of German descent is short-lived. It is further stated that the brevity of life which seems to characterize Irish and Germans in this country is not to be attributed to racial weakness, but to the fact that both races are unhappily given to the more or less excessive use of alcoholic liquors.

To sum up: The man who drinks is as surely sapping his vitality and shortening his term of life as that the man who does not drink, is preserving his vigor and living out the days which the Almighty has allotted to him.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CAMPS FOR OUR READERS

Where to spend the vacation period is a problem that confronts a great many persons each spring and summer. Usually at popular resorts difficulty is found in getting decent food. Everything that is served at the table is grease. Furthermore, there is an artificial restraint and a lack of freedom that destroys the healthful pleasure which should be found in a vacation. We have thought over this problem for a long time. We believe we have found a method of helping physi-

cal culturists. We have determined to open up a physical culture camp in connection with our proposed physical culture city. We intend also to open a large camp at the sea shore somewhere along the coast of beautiful Long Island. We will be pleased to have the names of all those who would like to spend their vacation at a physical culture camp, and as soon as definite arrangements are made we will communicate particulars to those interested.



"PUNCH" AND HIS GANG

A "REAL" BOY TELLS OF HIS PRANKS AND GAMES FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF "GROWN-UPS"

By B. R. Childs

(FICTION)

I do not, on the whole, commend some of the pranks and misdeeds performed by the boys that are portrayed in this story. It must be remembered, however, that really healthy boys are possessed of a great fund of physical energy that must find an outlet in some form or other, and it is far more preferable that it take the form of mischief than that it expend itself in habits which destroy the body, which is usually the result when boys are pampered and caused to be physically inactive. If we can solve the means of diverting youthful energy into other channels of youthful sport, such as athletic contests and wholesome games, we have solved the problem of making strong, self-reliant men who are yet free from the ruffianism and coarseness that are frequently developed on the streets.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

IN Chicago, along in the eighties, a cluster of streets gridironed the streets on the West Side, forming a community by itself. Over this region ranged our gang. Any boy from another neighborhood was an alien and an outcast, and if he fell into the hands of our crowd he was lawful prey. It was then we boys used to have great times—anything for fun. We would get up circuses, minstrel shows, and theatre plays in which the minister's son would always be the villain. He had no use for the hero. "The villain is the whole thing," he said to Mike; "he gives the hero a chance to show off. There wouldn't be any heroes if there were no villains."

When we got older we began to read "libraries." Nickel dime novels we used to call them. I would not advise this form of literature for young minds, but at the time of which I am writing we knew little of public libraries where juvenile literature could be obtained of a more select kind, and yet containing adventure and brave deeds in which the youthful imagination delights to revel. We would buy the "libraries" and trade them around. We thought they were fine at the time. They were all about the Wild West, cowboys, Indians, bandits, detectives, etc. The detective stories were the favorites; some of the boys were carried away with them. I remember one time Lonson and the minister's son thought that they would be detectives. Harry Spaulding had a toy printing press, and they had him print them some business cards, which they passed around among the rest of the gang. This is the way they read:

"Lonson and Patton, Detectives.
All kinds of criminal work a specialty."

And then we used to have raids, as we called them. Lonson and I headed the biggest gang on the West Side—and the toughest, too, according to the old grannies of the neighborhood; and all the parents had given their children strict orders to walk wide of us wicked boys. That is why so many wanted to belong.

On the Saturday afternoon following the starting of our club, a whooping, shouting, scurrying throng of imps, over a dozen strong, swarmed over the lawn of our front yards. As we both stepped out of my house, where he had been laying out a "campaign," the whole crowd, led by Mike, gave "three cheers for Punch and Lonson!"

"What are the orders, Punch?" asked Mike, who was second lieutenant.

"We are going to camp out at the Willows," I answered. "Got the grub, Fat?"

"Yes," replied Fatty, who was perspiring under a sack of potatoes slung over his shoulder—the provisions for the "army."

Fatty was sutler for the regiment, and combined the duties of cook, commissary department and pack mule.

"All right. Form fours!" I commanded. There were enough "troops" in the gang to make three columns of fours.

After they had formed under Mike's directions, Lonson and I put ourselves at the head. As commander-in-chief, I was of far too exalted rank to give many personal commands. "General, read the orders of the day," said I.

Lonson unrolled a greasy piece of foolscap and read the line of march, which was a zigzag of streets commencing at Western avenue, then north, then west to the car tracks, finally winding up at the Willows.

"Everybody got a brick?" I next asked.

"You bet!" was the answer.
"All right, then. Forward! March!"

And off we moved up Polk street—all except Fatty, who, being loaded down, had his orders to cut through a vacant lot and go directly to the camp ground, because he could not run fast, even without any baggage, and we expected a chase.

That is where the bricks came in. On the corner of Western avenue was Dingheimer's saloon; and we had it in for old Dingheimer because he had caught Bub Powell one day and given him a beating. The "family entrance" was on Polk street, and as soon as we reached this we halted and clustered about it. No one was in sight to interfere. Tiptoeing up, I pushed the door suddenly open, and a shower of bricks and rocks of all sizes deluged the interior and crashed and rattled over the floor, leaving a scene that Carrie Nation only could duplicate. We turned the corner and scampered up Western avenue lickety-cut. About half a block further on I looked back and saw old Dingheimer in the front doorway, shaking his fists at us. He was purple in the face.

We hollered back and made up faces at him. We knew he did not dare run, because he was afraid of heart failure. He might have caught some of us if he had run directly to the front door in the first place, to cut us off, but he did not have sense enough.

We all cheered wildly over our first victory, and high up, shriller than all the rest, rose the voice of the minister's son. "Hurrah!" he yelled. "The days of the wicked shall be few and full of trouble!"

He was radiant. His father was away that afternoon officiating at the funeral of a parishioner, and in this way he got out of studying his Sunday school lesson for the morrow.

"Gee! I wish some guy would die every week," said he. "O death, where is thy sting!" he yelled. You could hear him half a mile away.

We next met an Italian fruit peddler, beside the car barns on Flournoy street, and we shied mud at him until he gave chase. Dago joined us in the bombard-

ment. He said he was an American as much as the rest of us. The Italian chased us for a block and helped us on our way. Italians were always good chasing, and exciting, for they carried knives.

We next turned into Harrison street. In front of the school was a group of boys playing "mibs." We charged and surrounded them before they could escape.

"What will we do with them?" asked Mike, turning to me.

"Spoil them," said the minister's son.

"Aw, what are you talking about?" said Mike.

"Why, go through them, you ignoramus!" was the answer. "Yea, verily, we will spoil the Egyptians!"

We did go through them, too. We had "snatchings-up," that is, we took all the marbles they had on the ground. We also took what they had in their pockets, along with any other boys' knick-knacks in their possession. Some of them started to cry, and some of the bolder looked as though they wanted to fight; but that was all the good it did. The minister's son was especially busy. He had boldly picked out one of the smallest boys and was making him hand out everything he had.

The other began to blubber. "You've no business helping yourself to my things," he sobbed.

"The Lord helps those that help themselves," said the minister's son. "Isn't that right—huh? Then, shut up!"

We took everything the boys had except money and jack-knives. We did not take those, for that would be stealing.

We then swarmed up Lexington street, sweeping it clear of boys. We met a few of the Lynn School gang, but they saw us first. They fled for their lives. We shouted and yelled; terror brooded over the neighborhood. Near Harvard street a policeman started for us, but we did not wait for him and scuttled down an alley. A dog in a back yard began barking at us, and we encouraged him by pelting him with bricks and tin cans over the back fence, until a man came out of the house and drove us away. As we emerged from the alley we caught a fellow by the name of Ed—at least, that is all the name I ever knew him by. He was about sixteen years of age, and wore

long pants. He was one of those fat-headed easy marks, and was continually put upon, browbeaten and bedeviled by us for that reason. He thought it was an honor. You see, he was always trying to join our gang, and we would not let him. He was ready to lick the dust before Lonson and me. His one ambition in life was to be a tough, but it was not in him.

We all surrounded him.

"Hello, sports!" said he, with a swagger, and winking at me. "How are they coming?"

He wanted to act familiar—as though he was in with us, you know.

"Hello, Ed!" was my greeting, and I gave him a cuff alongside the head.

"Hello, Ed!" said Lonson, shoving him against Mike.

"Hello, Ed!" said Mike, pulling off the victim's hat and flinging it in the ditch.

"Hello, Ed!" chimed in Turner, grabbing him by the hair and nearly pulling it out by the roots.

"Ed's all right; Ed's tough!" I continued, catching him by the nape of the neck and setting him down on the sidewalk with a bang that must have loosened the teeth in his head.

Then the rest took turns rolling him around over the sidewalk and giving him a few kicks, just to show that there were no hard feelings.

He picked himself up, all covered with dust, and smiling a sickly smile. "Aw, gosh, I have had this done to me hundreds of times," said he. "I am on to you kids' jokes—ain't that right, Punch?" and he winked at me knowingly.

Oh, he was tough—as tough as mush!

"He says he hasn't had enough," laughed Dago. "What will we do with him?"

"Tie him up," said the minister's son, who had been taking an active part in the proceedings.

This suggestion met with instant approval. We dragged our unresisting victim into a vacant lot near the corner and proceeded to carry it into effect. I took a broomstick that Smalley had been carrying, and making Ed squat down, passed it under his knees. Then Lonson and I tied his hands under the broomstick with a piece of clothesline, twining the remaining length in and out around his legs and

finishing up with a series of knots that would take a knife to unfasten. We had him tight and fast in a jiffy. He looked like a trussed fowl. We then rolled him into the middle of the walk and left him.

"Good-bye, Ed!" we all sang out.

Just before we went away the minister's son kindly picked his cap out of the ditch for him and set it on his head. The cap was soaked, and the black, muddy water trickled down his face in streams and down the back of his neck. Golly! he looked funny, and we nearly died laughing.

"Gee! you kids are kind o' gay to-day," said he, with a ghastly grin. He was good natured to the last—that was what made it so comical.

Some of the boys told us afterward that at first he tried to work himself loose, but after finding that he could not do it, he started off the way he was. He lived six blocks away, and they said he made the whole distance hopping home on his hams. But I guess that was a lie.

We reached the Chicago & Northwestern tracks and turned south again.

"Yea, verily, we will compass the city round about!" shouted the minister's son. He was yelling out all kinds of stuff now—mostly Sunday school texts. He had a high, raspy voice that would rise, break and then sort of fly in strings. Mike and Dago thought he was crazy. He had daubed rings and streaks on his face with lampblack. He said he was an "Ethiopian." Now that he was off the street he turned himself loose and began to caper about.

"Waugh! Waugh!" he yelled; and he cut a few more capers. "I am uncivilized! Waugh! Waugh! I never read the Bible nor went to Sunday school, and I eat missionaries, and don't have to do anything but run around in the woods with a club and yell. Waugh! Waugh!" and his voice rose to a scream.

He had us laughing all the way down the track.

We soon saw more fun ahead, for there, off to the right of us, were a score or more of young boys dotting the level plain. They were playing baseball. In fact, they were at the very spot where we wanted to camp. We looked for Fatty Pritchard and saw him at the corner of the next block seated on a tie and gazing

gloomily before him at the players. He knew there were doings ahead and did not like it. Having reached him, we halted, and then Lonson and I sternly folded our arms and swept the field with our eagle eyes. A wild cheer went up from the gang, for they knew us of old, and every face except Fatty's shone with the light of battle.

"Form a wedge!" I commanded.

We always charged in a wedge or V-shaped formation. I would form the point or apex; on each side of me and a little behind would come Lonson and Mike, and back of these two the rest were strung out in the order of their fighting ability. Fatty was stuck in the rear between the wings, because he was the wagon train and commissary department and needed to be protected. This idea we got from the minister's son, who had read about it in a book of history. He called it a phalanx, and said the Romans used to employ it in their wars. He also showed us another neat little trick in connection with it, and that was, for me to blow a little trill whistle as a signal to reform about me if the formation should become broken and scattered. It was a great scheme.

"All ready?" I asked.

Lonson saluted. "General, the battle line is now formed," said he.

The minister's son had placed himself in the rear. "Oh, golly! we are going to charge!" he exclaimed. "Be calm, men, be calm! I am calm, all right, darn it!" He was shaking all over.

"Shut up!" I ordered. "Remember, men, we are all Americans," ["You bet!" shouted Mike, Dago and Dutch.] and we never run except toward the enemy. ["Hurrah!" yelled the others.] And now, charge!"

The "enemy" saw us coming, and although they outnumbered us over two to one, about half of them, which included the smaller fry, took to their heels. The rest stood their ground, and there were some pretty big boys among them, a couple of them about seventeen years of age. These latter Lonson and I had picked out for ourselves. In a minute the gang reached them, and then there was a mix-up and a spat of fists. Lonson and I circled around the two big boys like two panthers. Oh, but they were easy! They

had terrific reaches, but they did not know how to handle themselves. Making a rapid feint for the face, I secured an opening to the belly and drove in a vicious straight arm jab that went home and bowled my man over like a ten-pin. Lonson was in his element, being the best boxer in the gang. He dearly loved a scrap, and strung this one out so as to get all the fun that was coming to him. His opponent was helpless; his arms were like windmills; and Lonson proceeded to decorate his features one by one.

Glancing about over the field, I saw that there was no need of my assistance, as the foe were now scurrying in full retreat with the gang at their heels. Mike and Turner especially distinguished themselves, and Dutch and Dago deserve honorable mention. The minister's son had promptly selected the smallest boy he could find and was polishing him off with great valor.

At the sound of my whistle, the warriors came trooping back, flushed with victory and reluctant to stay the slaughter.

"Oh, isn't this a picnic!" panted Mike.

Bub Powell was the only one wounded, having received a black eye. He was proud of it.

"Sun, stand thou still till we soak a few more of them!" yelled the minister's son.

Fatty Pritchard had displayed great coolness during the action by sitting down on top of the provisions, and doing nothing but watch the rest of us wallop the enemy.

Next we foraged for wood, and we soon had a snapping fire, into which Fatty threw the potatoes; and while these were cooking we had games, ran races, wrestled, etc. It was a glorious day for an outing—in the early summer, when Nature was just getting down to business. It was in the full glow of the afternoon, the sun was out hot, there was the cricket's shrill cry, and the hum of the bees; life fairly tingled in the long grass. A lazy breeze swept in from the west, touched with the odor of wild flowers from the meadows beyond.

When the potatoes were done we raked them out of the fire. They were black and charred on the outside, but inside they were as sweet as a nut. They were fine. That is the only way to cook pota-

toes. Ask any boy. We had outdoor appetites to eat them with, besides.

It was growing late now and we began to feel tired, so the line was formed once more and the homeward march begun.

Going back we stopped at Smalley's. He invited us in to have some refreshments. His mother was away at a sewing circle. That is why he did it. Lonson and I boosted Joe in at a side window and then he unlocked the front door for us, and we all clattered in.

You know how it is. It is a hardship for a fellow to have to stay in his own house, but lots of fun to go into some other boy's, especially with a gang. Then there is something doing. There was this time, you bet!

Joe brought out a jar full of doughnuts and set it on the floor in the front room. It was empty in an instant. Some of the boys got three or four more than they could eat, and used the remains for missiles until the air was full of flying crumbs. We had a fine time. We spread all over the place. Lonson sat at the piano making an awful racket, banging the bass part with his left hand and running the finger of his right up and down the whole length of the keyboard, playing "high-toned music," as he called it. Some of the boys were in the bedroom watching an exciting pillow fight between Mike and Bub, and Dago and Dutch were wrestling to see which could throw the other on the bed. The minister's son was nosing around the bookcase, and had tumbled a lot of illustrated magazines out on to the floor. All the others were in various states of motion, playing tag around the center table or dodging about among the chairs and knocking some of them over. Joe took Lonson and me out into the pantry, after having us drive back the rest, and got down a jar of jam and gave each of us a spoon. We had a feast. We tried to eat it all, but we could not, and so we called in Mike to help finish it. We could have jollied Joe into giving us everything in the pantry, but we were full, and so we went back into the front room. It was pandemonium. The minister's son was standing on the piano preaching a sermon, while Lonson

played an accompaniment, and they were trying to drown each other out; while several other boys were having a war dance to the music, circling round and round and yelling. In the bedroom the floor was all covered with feathers, the pillow Mike was fighting with having caught on a bedpost and ripped open. He and Bub were trying to stuff it again and mend it with pins. Pretty soon there was a crash. It was the big lamp on the center table. Turner had tripped up against the spread, which was sagging down, and had whisked everything to the floor. I never saw a table cleaned so quickly. There had been a lot of things on it—books, papers, a vase of flowers in water, and the lamp. They all went flying. The two last items were smashed and the oil and water trickled over the carpet.

Joe began to look anxious. "Say, fellows, I guess we had better go now," said he; "me mother's liable to get back any minute."

"We couldn't possibly think of leaving now, Joe," shouted the minister's son. "Golly! I feel at home here—more than I do at home."

The din increased. Joe kept on expostulating, but nobody paid any attention to him, and his voice was lost in the uproar. Nat Hawley had found a basket of young kittens on the back porch, and brought it into the parlor. We were having lots of fun playing with them and passing them around, when the mother came in the front way—Mrs. Smalley, I mean not the old cat. She gave one dive over boys, kittens and crumbs, and pounced on Joe. She grabbed him by the ear and twisted it around until he yelled. Then, with the other hand, she pointed to the door and told us to "git." We got.

We stampeded down the front steps, and as we turned the corner we could hear some wild howls of anguish, also some whacks. We all felt sorry for Joe, because he was a good fellow and would divide up anything he had—or his folks—with the gang. He was our great standby in getting up banquets, for he would always supply what we needed the most.

(To be continued.)

A PERFECT BEAUTY

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

With the Collaboration of BARBARA HOWARD

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

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

IT did not seem a very long time to Grace that she waited while the hackman was getting her trunk, for the bustle and confusion were interesting to her, who had seen so little of it.

Indeed, she was so taken up with the novelty of her situation that, until the man returned, and had thrown her small trunk on the hack, she quite forgot that she had not mailed a post-card she had written on the train to announce to the home folks that she had arrived safely.

Now that she remembered it, she opened the door of the hack to ask her driver where she should find a mail box, and was surprised to have him hastily interpose his bulky person, so that she could not get out if she tried.

"Where you goin'?" he asked, gruffly.

"I want to mail this postal," she answered, wondering at his manner, but taking no specific objection to it, because she assumed, in her ignorance of city ways, that it might be usual with men of his class.

"I'll mail it for you," he said, taking it from her and closing the door.

Half annoyed at his treatment of her, she looked out through the glass in the upper part of the hack door, and saw him, in the dim light of the place, approach a man who stood in the darkest shadow, and give him her card. She was sure she saw the man step away to where he could get the light from one of the electric lamps on the card, and read it. This annoyed her, but she put the feeling away,

saying to herself that there was nothing on the card that might not be read by anyone. Nevertheless, she opened the door again, and said sharply to the driver, when he returned:

"I hope that man will be sure to mail my card when he is through reading it."

"What?" he exclaimed, evidently taken aback by the knowledge that she had seen what had happened; then recovered himself, and said, with a gruff attempt at jocularity: "Oh, that's all right; that feller 'ud read grave-stones, he would. He'll mail it all right."

With which words, and as if to close the conversation, he slammed the door shut, and climbed up into his seat. A sharp blow with his whip set the horse in motion, and the hack rolled away into the mystery of the gay streets of San Francisco.

Grace gave herself up to the delight of the novelty of her surroundings with all the abandon of a child, and made even her natural feeling of loneliness give an added thrill to the sensation she experienced.

She had no notion whatever of what streets she was being taken through, excepting that once she caught the name of Market street on the side of a house. She had heard of Market street, and of Kearney and Montgomery, but, otherwise, San Francisco was as unknown to her as the middle of Africa.

She was surprised, after a while, at the distance they were traversing, and she was sure that they must be on the out-

skirts of the city, since the lights in the streets were now far apart, and the houses scattered.

Once she rapped on the glass in front of her to call the attention of the driver, but he did not seem to hear her, and, feeling a little ashamed of having done it, she fell back in her seat to await their arrival at the house.

And yet twice and three times again her uneasiness asserted itself so far as to cause her to reach out toward the glass, to rap and call the man's attention, so that she might at least ask him how far away the house was; but, aside from all else, he was driving very rapidly now, and she was sure he would not hear her.

Then, at last, he stopped in front of a house that stood quite by itself in the midst of a waste of sand, from what she could see in the darkness.

"Are you sure this is the place?" she asked, opening the door, as he sprang to the sidewalk.

"Oh, yes, miss," he answered, "this is the place all right."

"It seems very lonely," she added, on stepping out and looking around her. "Why, there isn't another house in sight. It must be away out of the city."

"Oh, not so far," he replied, lifting her trunk down; "and you get a fine view here. This way, please! There, you see, they're expectin' you."

The door of the house had opened, and a faint light was shining out from the hall. Excepting for this, the house was quite dark, and seemed utterly deserted.

Grace could not repress a feeling of disquiet, but she was far too brave to give any heed to what seemed an unreasonable sentiment, so she followed the hack driver up the board walk to the house, and up the steps into the hall.

A stalwart, masculine-looking woman stepped out from behind the door into the semi-obscurity of the hall when they entered, and closed the door with a hasty bang that rang through the house.

"Leave the trunk right there," she said, in a hard, abrupt tone.

"Are you Mrs. Sharp?" Grace asked, a sense of repulsion taking possession of her.

"Yes, that's my name, I guess. And you're Grace Harper, eh?"

"Yes. What is the charge?" she asked of the hackman, who was starting to go.

"Oh, that's all fixed."

"Who fixed it?" Grace demanded, in surprise.

"That's all right," the woman said, peremptorily. "I'll tell you about that. You kin go, driver."

The man hurried away without waiting for anything further, and the woman locked and bolted the door after him.

"I'll carry your trunk," the woman said to Grace. "You go on up ahead of me. Your room's the first one at the head of the stairs."

With a feeling of increasing uneasiness which she could not in the least account for, Grace went slowly up the stairs, groping her way to the top because of the darkness.

"I can't see," she said.

"Put out your hand and you will find the door," the woman answered, close behind her with the trunk, which she seemed to carry as if it had been no weight at all.

Annoyed, as well as disquieted now, Grace nevertheless did as the woman bade her and groped her way into an utterly dark room, which had very much the odor of one that had not been recently used.

"Go right on in," the woman said, "and wait till I make a light."

Grace went further into the room, her hands reaching out in search of the furniture, so that she might not stumble over it. She heard the woman put the trunk down, and stood still, waiting for the light; but, instead of light, there came a slam of the door and the sound of bolts being shot.

In an instant Grace understood that she had been made a prisoner, and with a cry and a leap she was groping for the door, when a flood of light illumined the room.

Useless as she knew it to be, Grace continued her way to the door, and tried to pull it open, crying out, "Let me out of here! Let me out!"

"In good time, my dear," a voice answered; and a horror fell upon her, for she recognized the tones of Don Morton's voice. Then she understood fully how she had been tricked. "You shall go out after we have had a satisfactory talk. Satisfactory talk, you understand, my dear."

Grace fell back, and looked up to where the voice came from. She saw a barred opening about six inches square in the upper part of the door; and she saw that it had been uncovered by a slide.

"You?" she cried.

"Yes, your very devoted lover. I simply could not get along without you, my dear, so I got this little nest ready for you, and brought you to it. It isn't what I would like for such a pretty bird, but it will have to serve until you and I understand each other better."

Grace looked steadily at the mocking, sinister face, unable to express the emotions that almost overwhelmed her. She felt how desperate her case must be since this trap had been so deliberately set and so carefully sprung. She glanced around the room, and took in some of its details.

The light that had so suddenly flashed up came from an electric lamp set in the ceiling, and was evidently operated from outside of the room. The room was furnished with a bed, a bureau and washstand and some chairs, and no effort had been made to give it the least air of comfort. It was, evidently, intended for a prison, and looked like it.

"I know that it is not pretty," Don Morton said through the grating, as he saw her eyes glance about the room. "But you shall have the pretty things and plenty of them as soon as you come to terms. And I would advise you to be wise and come to terms very soon. You can't get out of here, enterprising as you are, for, knowing you, I have taken every precaution. Even this door bears testimony to your prowess, being reinforced with sheet iron."

"Coward!" she said, scornfully.

"Not a coward, but a wise man," he answered. "You are a very remarkable young lady, and not one to be treated in an ordinary way; hence the extraordinary precautions I have taken."

"You waste your time in trying to conquer my loathing of you," she said. "And we do not live in the Middle Ages, when a girl can be kidnapped and never heard of again. My father will find me."

"Why not say your lover?"

"No doubt he will. If he should, woe to you, Don Morton!"

"You are thinking that your friends

will set out to look for you as soon as they cease to receive letters from you?"

"Yes."

"But they will receive letters regularly; that is provided for."

"Do you think you can force me to write at your dictation?"

"You shall be forced to do nothing at all, my dear. You are simply to remain here until you come to terms. The letters I speak of will be written by me."

"I think they will know they do not come from me."

"How little you understand my devotion," he answered. "But I mean that you shall understand everything. You see, I have that postal you wrote. Now, don't come to a hasty conclusion; they will not take alarm down there at not hearing from you, for that card was kept so that I might imitate your writing. And in order that you may comprehend how well I can do it, you shall see one of the copies I shall make. Then you will understand how easy it will be for me to send a nice little letter every now and then to keep your good folks at home. I don't mind letting you know that I do not wish them up here looking for you."

His easy, mocking tones filled Grace with a keener sense of her helplessness, and his wicked plot seemed so easy of execution that she began to feel the numbing consciousness of despair.

"What have I done to you that you should persecute me?" she cried with sudden passion.

"Done to me? Nothing, my dear. You are simply the most adorable creature I ever saw, and I can't live without you. Now, listen to me! I am not trifling with you, Grace Harper, but telling the truth; I love you, and will make you the happiest woman in the world if you will give up your foolish opposition and be mine."

"Marry you? Never!"

"Oh, I don't talk of marriage. You may marry that clodhopper Belden if you like, after a while; but I propose that you and I go over to Europe and have a good time for a while. You shall have all that money can buy; and I tell you, it can buy anything. What do you say," he went on, eagerly, "will you go with me? You never dreamed of the gowns and the jewels you shall have. I'll take you to

every capital in Europe; I'll give you the best time ever a girl had. I don't make any pretence to —"

"Decency?" she interrupted, with fiery scorn. "No, you do not. It is a thing you cannot comprehend. You are so utterly base yourself that honesty and truth in man or woman must be beyond your comprehension. Why, if you could offer me all the riches of the earth, I would not barter my womanhood for them. What would they be worth to me if I were the impure wretch your vile imagination has conjured into being?"

"You'll stay here till you do consent to my proposition, and you shall be mine by fair means or foul; nor will I wait long for you to come to terms."

"I am not afraid of you," she answered. "I loathe and despise you more than ever, though that would have seemed impossible a few hours ago; but it was because I did not then know the depths to which it was possible to descend. Do your worst. I shall know how to protect myself."

"You fool!" he cried, furiously, "don't you know that I dare not fail now, after what I have done? Protect yourself? Why, I could overpower you with force, or stifle you with mephitic gases. I prefer to let you yield, and will give you until to-morrow morning to decide to do so. If you refuse, then take the consequences. You would not be the first one who had been conquered."

He slammed the sliding door, and instantly the deadliest of silences fell upon the room, making Grace realize that the door and the walls must have been deadened to make her prison the more complete in its isolation.

She sank down on her trunk, which happened to be the nearest object to her at the moment, and let her head sink between her hands. It was a cruel situation in which she found herself, and it was not strange that for the moment she should be unnerved; but the very sense of her peril roused her to action.

She started to her feet with clenched hands and looked about her. She recalled how her quick wit and resolution had enabled her to escape the snare Don Morton had set before, and she studied her prison now to discover its weak places.

She started toward the windows to ex-

amine them, but a sudden thought made her turn to her trunk and swiftly undo the straps and unlock it. With a trembling hand she searched under the clothes until her hand came upon the object she sought.

"Ah!" she murmured, with a deep sigh of relief, as she drew out a revolver, "I am not helpless with this."

CHAPTER XI.

She put the revolver away in the folds of her gown as quickly as possible, as the sudden thought came to her that she might be seen by some hidden spy. This thought, in fact, caused her to put a sudden check on herself. She must reflect carefully and act wisely.

It was not easy, under such stress, to collect her thoughts and bring her troubled emotions under control, but the dire necessity for doing so enabled her to effect it.

She sat down on one of the chairs, and with her eyes examined the room preparatory to scrutinizing it more closely. There were two windows in the room and two doors. The doors were both covered with sheet iron, newly and even roughly put on, but, manifestly, so secured as to defy such strength as she would be able to exert against them. As for the windows, they were curtained so she could not see how they had been guarded against her enterprise.

It filled her with especial uneasiness that the light was manipulated from outside of the room, suggesting, as it did, the idea that she might also be under surveillance from some hidden peep-hole. She searched the walls and ceiling for such a hole, however, but was unable to discover any. There was, indeed, a spot on the wall beside the door by which she had entered, and she went over to it to see what it might be. It turned out to be a button, by which she could put out her light or turn it on, as she discovered by pressing it.

Having satisfied herself that she was not being spied on, Grace at once began a systematic study of the room, going first to the windows, and finding that they had been covered with iron in such a way as to render escape by them impossible.

It looked to her as if every precaution

had been taken against all possibility of escape for her, and she was almost overcome with despair; but, at the first sinking of her heart, she roused herself, shut her teeth close together, and murmured: "I must not give in. If I do not escape, I shall either die myself or kill that wretch. I must think, think hard."

A faint sound attracted her attention, but she disregarded it, thinking it was the creaking of the boards under her feet, for she had noted that the flooring was somewhat loose and uneven under the carpet, indicating that the house was old. The sound was repeated, however, and she turned her head in time to see a tray slipped into the room through an opening in the door near the floor.

The tray contained a daintily prepared supper, but Grace looked at it suspiciously, dreading any and everything from the scoundrel who had adopted the means he had for capturing her.

She was still looking it over when the little slide in the door through which Don Morton had talked to her was opened, and she saw there the face of the woman who had admitted her to the house.

"I cooked that supper for you," the woman said, "and I promise you it is as good as you'll get anywhere. If you want any kind of wine you may have it."

"I never drink wine," Grace answered, conquering her first impulse to upbraid the woman for her infamy in lending herself to Don Morton's purposes. "What I want is to escape from here. You are a woman; you were a girl once; you may have a daughter now. Won't you help me? I will repay you with all I possess, and with more when I earn it."

The woman laughed scornfully, and her hard features grew harder than before.

"Give me more than my employer, and you shall be free. This is business with me. Take my advice, and make the most of a liberal gentleman. Take him now while he is in a good-natured mood, and you will never be sorry for it. You can't get away from here, and strong and brave as he says you are, you must give in in the end. We can starve you or stifle you into submission when our patience is exhausted. We are prepared for everything."

Grace shuddered as she listened to the cold-blooded infamy of the woman, who seemed not even to comprehend that there could be anything in life beyond the acquisition of the material things of the world. She could not argue with the woman, so complete was her consciousness that she could not reach her understanding.

So she turned away and sat down, as if she had said her last word. The woman lingered at the little opening only long enough to say that she would be back for the tray within an hour, then closed it, and Grace was left alone again.

When the woman returned again, after the expiration of an hour, and found the tray untouched, and just where she had put it, she took it out of the room, and then opened the upper slide in the door and cried indignantly, as if her pride had been touched:

"What's the matter? Doesn't my cooking suit you?"

"I didn't taste it," Grace answered.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, in sudden comprehension, "you are afraid of being drugged. Why didn't you tell me so? You needn't be afraid of that yet. Perhaps that will happen if you don't behave yourself, but we won't do it yet. One thing I can tell you, though, and that is, that when we do make up our mind to stop coaxing you, we won't give you any chance to decide what shall happen. We'll act, and act quick. Take my advice and eat the next meal that is brought you, and that won't be until to-morrow morning, for I don't cook two meals for the prettiest girl that ever lived; and don't you forget it."

Grace said nothing, and the woman shut the slide with an angry bang, and went away. Grace went on thinking. Slowly there had been evolving in her brain a suggestion of a way of escape, but as yet it seemed nothing more than a suggestion.

It had come from the fact that the boards had creaked under her feet. She had begun by thinking of how much care must have been taken in preparing this trap for her; of how they had chosen this house, far away from all others, and how they had fortified it as if against the assaults of a regiment of soldiers; all ex-

cepting the floor, which still betrayed the age of the building.

If the floor were old, if the boards were loose under the carpet, what was under her? Was there an occupied room? She dared not move to investigate, lest by doing so she should put her captors on their guard; so she was obliged to sit there and think and wait, or to pace the creaking floor, while her imagination worked and built up plans of escape.

The time went with tedious slowness, but finally, when her little watch told her that it was 9 o'clock, she felt that she dared pretend that she was going to sleep. She made no pretense of undressing, but put out her light and threw herself on the bed, her eyes wide open, and every sense on the alert.

For quite half an hour she lay there, undisturbed by any sound. Indeed, the silence was horribly oppressive. Finally, she rose softly from the bed and lay on the floor, her ear to the carpet, to learn if she could hear anything from below to help her to a definite conclusion.

Not a sound came to her, however, and she reached out to the edge of the carpet and pulled at it to tear up the tacks by which it was fastened down. They came easily, for the carpet had evidently been newly laid. Grace pulled up a stretch of two or three yards; enough, in fact, to enable her to reach and turn the corner of the room.

She worked with the utmost care, stopping every now and again to listen for any sound at the door, and dreading at any moment to have the light in the ceiling turned on.

Nothing occurred to interrupt her, however, and she was enabled to lay back the carpet in the corner of the room in such a fashion as to permit of an examination of the floor with her hands. She would have given a good deal to be able to study it by the light of the lamp, but did not dare take the risk.

She discovered that the boards were of the old-fashioned, wide sort, and had warped so in the course of time, that she was able to put her fingers between them in many places. She also discovered that there was but one floor, instead of the double flooring, which is common in well-built houses of the present day.

She put her ear to one of the wide cracks, but still could hear nothing from the room underneath. This indicated plainly enough that either the ceiling below had been deadened, or that her enemies had failed to think of the floor as a possible point of attack or escape.

It seemed most likely to her that the floor had been neglected by them. Certainly she hoped with all her heart and soul that such was the case, but she dared do nothing further at the time to determine how far the facts supported her hopes.

She threw the carpet back into place and crept up on the bed again, and there waited for a weary two hours before venturing to investigate any more. She had so much at stake that she could not afford to be careless of any precaution.

But when two hours had gone by she stole from the bed, pulled away the carpet, and then went over to the button in the wall and turned the light on. She had reasoned it out that by that time she would be safe in doing so.

The floor where it was exposed showed itself just as she had imagined it to be, and especially she saw that there were two short lengths, which, if removed, would enable her to reach the ceiling below.

Her own sinewy fingers sufficed to enable her to first start one of the boards, and then, by exerting her whole strength and throwing her weight into the effort, to tear the board away. To remove the other board was then easy enough.

Over and over again as she worked at this, she thanked the kind fortune that had given her the life she had had at home. She wondered what would have happened to one less robust than she was, so situated.

When the boards had been removed, she could see the lath and plaster that formed the ceiling underneath, and to test its thickness she took one of her hat-pins and carefully thrust it through the plaster.

To her relief, the pin penetrated easily. Her heart leaped. She could not guess what might lie below her to interfere with her escape, but, at least, she was doing something, and action seemed almost like progress, as it ever does.

She now put her light out, and returned to open a hole in the ceiling by gradually thrusting the hatpin through in a number of places so close together that at last she could merge them all into one hole. She worked with the utmost care and caution, fearing to be discovered should the room be occupied, but in the end it turned out that the room below was quite dark, and sent up the musty smell of a room that has not been occupied in many months.

If Grace had had the time, she would have devised some means of finishing her work as quietly and stealthily as she had begun it, but assured by the darkness and the musty odor, she determined to prepare everything for letting herself down through the ceiling, and to then make a sudden break in the ceiling and rush her escape, trusting to her agility and to her preparedness for a conflict to enable her to carry out her plan.

She first made a bundle of as many things as she could carry, and then re-locked her trunk, promising herself that if she made good her escape, she would return for what she was obliged to leave. She next tore one of her sheets into three strips and tied them together, fastening one end securely to her bedstead.

Having reached this point, she stood over the hole in the floor with beating heart. Did freedom lie before her or not?

CHAPTER XII.

It was natural enough for Grace to hesitate on the verge of an act which meant so much to her, but she realized that the time now was for swift and continuous action. She turned on the light to enable her to pack her bundle so that she could see just what she was doing.

She tested the ceiling with one foot, pressing down on it with gradually increasing force until she felt that she was on the point of breaking it. The lath seemed old and brittle; she moved her foot over the space she wished to break through, pressing it down at every point until she had the entire space in a condition to give way.

Then she rapidly and almost furiously began to thrust her foot through, not even waiting to know if the falling plaster had disturbed any of the occupants

of the house; and when the hole was large enough she let herself slip through it, clinging to the sheet whose end she had already thrust through the opening.

Her bundle she dragged after her, and in a few moments found herself standing on the floor of the room below in the midst of perfect darkness, excepting for a slight illumination that came through the hole in the ceiling over her head, and which was not enough to enable her to see any of the objects in the room in which she stood.

Her first act was to snatch her revolver and hold it in her hand, ready for any attack which might be made on her if her entrance to the room had been heard.

Not a sound came to her ears, however, and after standing quite still for a while she began to move cautiously across the floor in the direction of the door, for she took it for granted that the door of that room would be in the same place as the door in the one above.

And so it turned out to be. Her hand felt the panels of the door and moved about in search of the knob, her heart throbbing violently as she considered the possibility of the door being locked and fastened on the other side.

But no, she was not to meet with that disappointment after all her courageous struggling; the knob turned stiffly, and the door opened on creaking hinges in response to her pull. She stopped, and the perspiration started out on her forehead. Freedom seemed so near. Would the creaking hinges betray her?

Carefully, slowly she opened the door until it was wide enough to permit her to pass through. A dim light from the hall lamp enabled her to see with sufficient clearness, and now she could hear the murmur of voices, though she could not locate the speakers.

Holding her revolver ready for use in one hand, while her bundle swung in the other, she crept out into the hall and toward the front door, every sense on the alert.

The murmur of voices came from upstairs, but Grace had no assurance that there might not be other persons in the house than those who were talking. She reached the door over the creaking floor

and had begun to shoot the bolt when a thought came to her that made her stop.

"How shall I know which way to go when I am outside?" she asked herself. Somehow the knowledge that there was only the door between her and liberty gave her new assurance. "And I may lose my trunk if I cannot find the house again."

She weighed the matter, but slid the bolt and unlocked the door as she did so. She even opened the door and looked out. A dripping fog had come in from the ocean, and the night was damp and silent. The impulse to run was very strong, but there was a reasoned thought in her brain that found a hearty welcome in her intrepid soul: Why should she run away from these miscreants? It was she who had the advantage now.

She closed the door again and listened. The murmur of voices ran on as before. She crept to the foot of the stairs; then up a few steps; then further. The voices were those of a man and a woman. But were they the only persons in the house?

She made her way up the stairs as softly as possible, but even when the stairs creaked as they did at almost every step, there was no cessation in the murmur of voices. It was plain that no attention was being paid to her; probably her captors were altogether certain that it was impossible for her to get out of her prison.

It was with an odd feeling that she passed the door of her prison and crept along to the door of the adjoining room. The murmur of voices had already become a distinguishable conversation, though she caught no words that meant anything for her.

There was the voice of the woman and the voice of a man. He spoke with a marked Spanish accent, or rather with a native Californian accent, and it seemed to her that she had heard the voice before, but she could not recall where, and there was nothing in what she overheard to aid her recollection.

Her first thought was to suddenly throw open the door and surprise them, but a clever second thought came to her; she would knock first, and so learn, perhaps, whether or not there were others in the house. Accordingly she gave a sharp rap on the door and listened intently.

There was an instant of startled silence, then a sudden bound, and a stifled cry of, "Who can that be?" Then Grace knew that she had only those two to contend against, and her heart leaped high. With a turn of the wrist she threw the door open, remaining herself in the dark hallway.

The woman was the same that had brought her food; the man, to her amazement, was that Miguel Covarrubias whom she had compelled to betray his master. Both of them started forward as the door opened, but Grace cried out, sharply:

"Stop where you are! Up with your hands, Miguel!"

The man, drilled by this time into a wholesome fear of the girl, uttered a violent oath and put up his hands; the woman simply gaped toward the dark hall whence Grace's voice came.

Grace now stepped into sight in the doorway, her revolver levelled at the man, but subtly wavering so that it could cover the woman instantly it became necessary.

"You, woman, go into that corner behind Miguel!" Grace commanded; and when the woman hesitated, added, sharply: "Don't be a fool! Miguel knows me, and knows the danger of angering me. I shoot straight, and shoot to kill, when my life is in danger. Go into the corner!"

The woman, with a scowl which did not altogether hide her expression of wonder and surprise, backed slowly into the corner, and stood there.

"You may lie on your face, Miguel," Grace said to him, and the big man, with another oath, obeyed.

(To be continued.)

ALCOHOL, CURSE OF MANKIND

CALLS SALOON THE FOUL BREEDING PLACE OF HARLOTTRY, SHAME,
DISEASE AND DEATH—RUTHLESS DESTROYER OF HEALTH,
CHARACTER, HONOR, HOME AND HAPPINESS

A REMARKABLE philippic from the pen of Walter Walsh, a prominent Scotch writer on temperance subjects, appeared in a recent issue of the *New Voice*, a temperance journal, of which the following are some excellent excerpts:

"As we lift up our eyes on modern life, we are confronted by the spectacle of a power that threatens us far more truly, and with far greater evils, than Carthage menaced Rome—a rival more to be feared, a foe more to be dreaded, an adversary more deserving of death; and that power, that rival, that foe, that adversary, is the drink traffic! The times are distinguished by their growing devotion to the cause of reform and humanity. Men are drawing nearer to the institutions which are established among them, asking why they exist, and what they can contribute to the common good. The times are audacious, not afraid to challenge the most ancient prerogatives, bold to defy privileges which are not found to promote the well-being of the human race. But the liquor trade has grown to be the mightiest enemy that ever warred against society and religion. It is the center of the horrible inferno that welters at the bottom of the civilized world.

"There is no room on the same sunlit, God-created planet for the new reforming spirit and the old drunkard factory. There, on that hand, towers a vast, firmly built, richly endowed iniquity for the manufacture of drunkards; here, on this hand, works the new religious and humanitarian spirit pledged to making the world sweet and clean and right. Animated by that spirit, the Prohibition Cato marches up to the Drink-Carthage, and says:

"You are the pitiless foe of purity, truth, health, virtue, justice; and therefore I am your foe! You are ruining the people I want to save! You and I cannot live in the same world! You are destroy-

ing men, and, therefore, I will destroy you! I doom you, and will shortly damn you!"

"Do you not agree with me, you who read this? Then I demand that you shall refute me! I ask you whether, in your opinion, the sale of intoxicating drinks tends to improve the conditions of life? Whether it reduces the burdens and increases the comforts of society? Whether it makes brighter homes, happier wives, bonnier bairns, ampler tables, fuller pockets, cleaner streets, sweeter morals, purer laws, nobler municipalities, juster parliaments? Who will answer such a fool as you according to your folly? Let the two hundred distilleries, the six thousand breweries, and the one hundred and fifty thousand licensed premises answer! Let the one hundred and eighty millions of pounds—equal to nine hundred millions of dollars—that the people of the United Kingdom spend every year on drink, answer! Let the twenty-one pounds a year for every family, and the four pounds for every individual, answer! Let the stupendous folly of the British people—who spend on intoxicants twice as much as they spend on bread, five times as much as they spend on milk, twelve times as much as they spend on education, and sixty times as much as they spend on Christian missions, answer! Let our immense and crushing taxes chiefly demanded for the up-keep of jails, asylums, poorhouses created by the liquor trade, answer! Let our million paupers, maintained at an annual cost of fourteen millions of pounds a year, answer! Let the ten thousand criminals convicted every year, mostly through drink—and the one lunatic out of every four detained in our asylums through drink—and the seven patients out of every ten lying in our hospitals directly or indirectly through drink, answer! Let the fifth part of the grain crop destroyed every year to make that which is not bread,

answer! Let the ninety millions of pounds of capital invested these last ten years alone in the production of that which, in turn, produces loafers, tramps, vagrants, murderers, thieves—and the labor wasted in turning luscious grape and yellow corn into oceans of poison and mountains of refuse, answer! Let the four millions of those who ought to be purchasers of bread, clothing, fruit, furniture, coals, tools and what not, creators and helpers of the commonwealth, but who, through the action of the liquor trade, are turned into dependents, parasites and creatures kept at the charges of the honest toilers, answer! Let our streets on Saturday nights and our police courts on Monday mornings, answer! Let the bairns answer—the pinched and tattered bairns, the starved and beaten bairns, the dwarfed and crippled bairns, the begging and thieving bairns, the foul-mouthed and obscene bairns, the public-house messenger bairns, the beer-tasting, whiskey-sipping, drunkard bairns, the devil-bairns who might have been angel-bairns, but for the damned drink—and, when you have heard the bairns, consider whether you will not clinch your right hand and say with me—*The drink traffic must be destroyed.*

“Manhood, polluted in birth, tempted every foot of the way—men who, left to themselves, would be men, but who, seduced by drink, drivel down into toppers, gamblers, spongers, imbeciles, or flare up into demoniacs, wife-kickers, child-beaters, madmen—manhood lifts its head out of the gutter and groans to us as we pass—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“Womanhood, outraged and degraded, trapped in her marriage and snared in her maternity—wives prostituted to buy drink, outraged by the harlotries of drink-sodden, lust-maddened husbands; daughters sold to vice by drink-diseased fathers; refined ladies sipping social damnation amid the gilded fineries of the confectioner’s saloon; dehumanized creatures who scream and swear and claw each other in our slums—womanhood uplifts her pitiful voice and shrieks to us—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“Childhood, bred in beer, suckled on gin, fed on profanity—the children driven out to the streets to sleep, to beg, to

steal, to sell their girlish honor for a drink; the children who hawk matches in the bitter hail and sleet, who vend papers when the snow falls inches thick; the children foredoomed to be gutter-sparrows, corner-boys, jailbirds, pimps, prostitutes—childhood clutches at us with thin, unwashed hands (is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?) and wails into our callous ears—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The drunkards, the hundreds of thousands of men and women who are living in a daily purgatory and a nightly hell—the drunkards gather what little breath the bottle has left in them, and shout to us that—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The perished victims, the thousands of human beings, men and women, who every year go straight from drink to death, from the gin-palace to the grave, from their cups to their coffins, from the bar of the publican to the bar of God—the yearly thousands of dead drunkards raise their ghostly hands and write their message on the wandering air—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The lunatics who fill our asylums, whose brains were set on fire by the hell-fluid—the poor madmen raise their horrible and discordant noise, adjuring us that—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The diseased—the countless numbers of the sickly, the malformed, the incapable, who owe their dwarfed manhood and stunted womanhood, their miserable lives and early deaths to the drinking habits of their ancestors—with every agonizing wrench of nerve or limb, the diseased moan to us—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The barkeeper, with poisoned morals and corrupted mind, victim of long hours, horrible atmosphere, uncertain health, shortened life, by the sheer necessities of his position tempted to become a pander and a gambler—the barman raises his trembling hand to arrest our attention, and hoarsely cries—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

“The barmaid, forced to see sights and hear sounds no woman (and, for that matter, no man) should see and hear, constantly allured on to the steep and

slippery path of pleasant but most destructive vices—the barmaid shrieks to us as she sinks beneath the foul sea—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*

“O, my God! What voice is there that cannot be distinguished in this awful chorus of condemnation? What voice does not join in verdict of death to the devilish and colossal power that forever

makes war against our homes, our health, our sanity, our purity, our characters, our souls, our social hopes and public ambitions, our religious enterprises and our prayers for the whole race of man? What voice is there that does not cry aloud to the churches, the parliaments, the journals, the trade unions, the magistracy—*The drink traffic must be destroyed!*”

ANTI-TREATING LEAGUE FORMS TO STRIKE AT ROOT OF DRINK EVIL

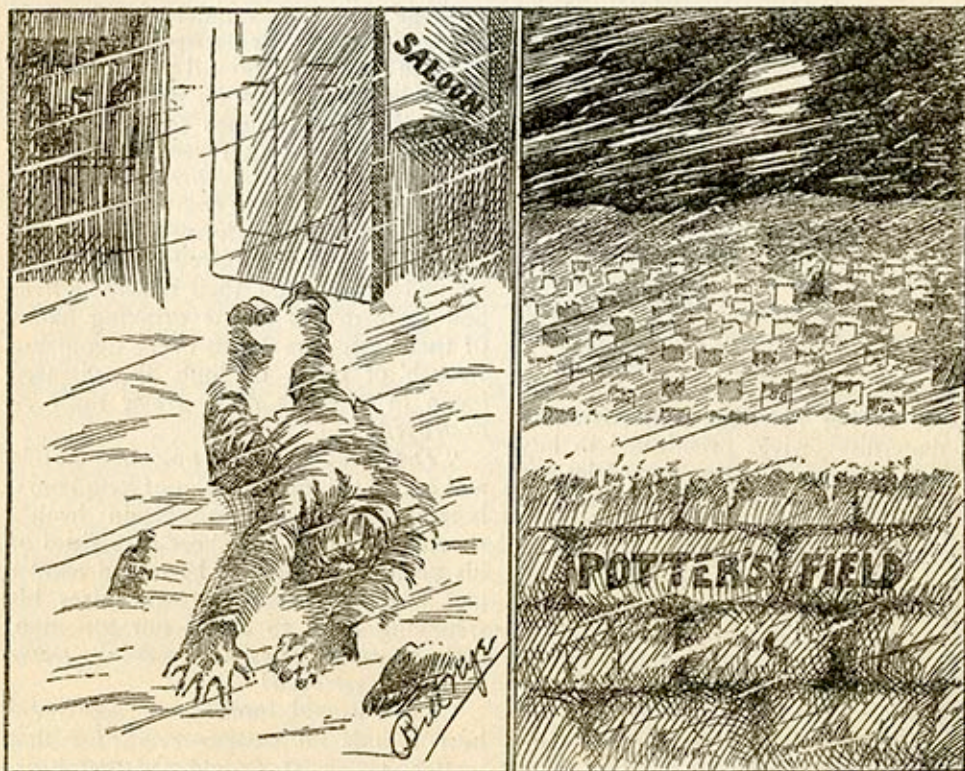
A new league has been formed recently in Chicago, which proposes to fight the drink evil in an original way. The name of this organization is the Anti-Treating League of America. Its founders include among their number lawyers, traveling men, and other professional men, men who know the ways of the world and who realize that if the drinking man is reformed it must be done in a practical manner.

Realizing that the men they wish to reach are led into drunkenness through the treating habit, they decided that if that custom could be rendered unpopular much of the evil would be overcome.

Mr. Arthur B. McCoid, one of the organiz-

ers, and attorney for the League, says: “The time was when there could be no sociability without excessive drinking and treating, but we are going to demonstrate that that day is over. A great part of our efforts will be to influence men that it is possible to be sociable without drinking, and to induce them to pursue other lines of entertainment when gathered together.”

This certainly is a move in the right direction. The treating habit has been the prolific cause of a vast amount of suffering. It has not only started many a bright youth on the downward road, but when he has tried to retrace his steps it has barred the way to reformation.—*Banner of Gold.*



The Pitiable Closing Chapters of a Life That Might Have Ended Better But for the Desolating Curse of Strong Drink—Do Your Nickels Help to Support an Institution that Makes this Possible?

A SERIES OF MOTHERHOOD ARTICLES

MARGUERITE MACFADDEN WILL WRITE A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THIS VITAL SUBJECT—TO APPEAR IN BEAUTY AND HEALTH—OTHER INTERESTING ARTICLES



Byrne Macfadden, Age 7 Days

IN no department of medical science are there more errors that work to the detriment of womankind, than in that department which pertains to motherhood. Mistakes that bring about great suffering are constantly made, and, as a result, the crisis of motherhood is greatly feared by the majority of women.

Mrs. Macfadden had practically none of the very uncomfortable symptoms that usually precede maternity. On the day following the birth of her child, she was sitting up in bed. On the second day thereafter, she was up and about considerable of the time, and subsequently remained in bed but little from thence on. She has been so impressed with the need for knowledge on this subject, which is of such vital importance to every woman, that she has concluded to write a series of articles on motherhood, the first of which will appear in the April number of *Beauty and Health*, which is published on March 15.

Every man who has a wife, or expects to have one, every woman who is a mother or expects to be one, should be intensely interested in these articles. They will dissipate many errors that have tortured mothers in the past. They will treat the subject in a practical manner, giving the whole truth to women, that the latter may reap the rich rewards that are in store for those who obey Nature's laws implicitly.

Beauty and Health for March is rich

in information, terse in subject matter, and uplifting and helpful in character. It is pure and wholesome from cover to cover.

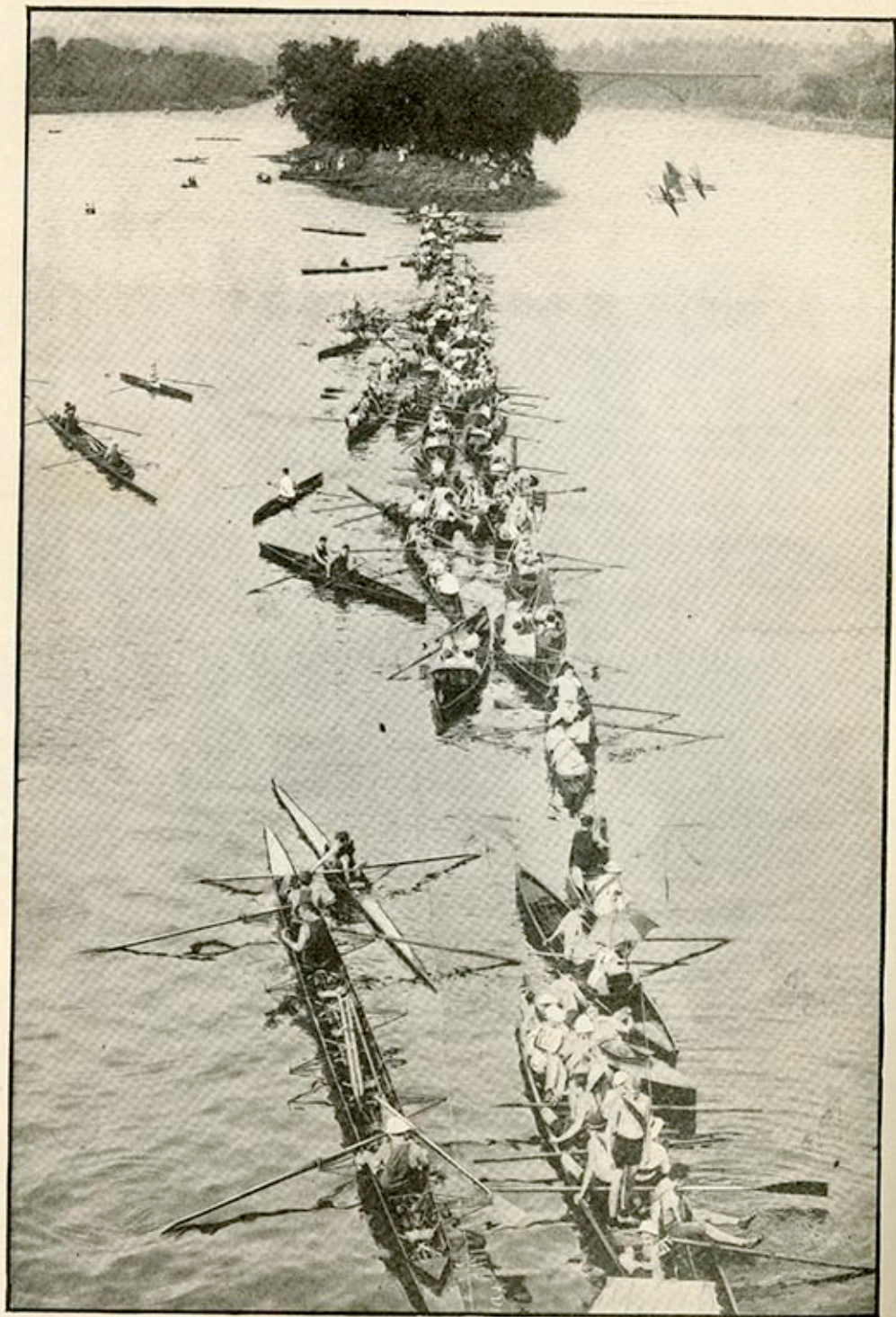
Are you interested in the agitation now going on for a cleaner, purer and more truthful exposition of sexual truth? If so, you should read "Science of Sex Purity," a new department in *Beauty and Health* devoted to sex education in a pure and uplifting manner and aimed at the extermination of all prudery, mock modesty and ignorance with which the subject has hitherto been surrounded. The March issue, just out, contains the third installment, which is given to the consideration of the proper manner of implanting the first seeds of sex truth into the receptive mind of the child.

"The Shrine of Love" is an intensely interesting and permanent department in *Beauty and Health*, conducted on the same educational lines as the above. It is devoted to throwing the light of knowledge and truth on subjects heretofore censored or ignored by the spirit of prudishness that has controlled all so-called popular education on the subjects with which this department deals.

"Needless Suffering in Childbearing" is the title of a strong editorial by Bernarr Macfadden, that appears in this issue. It should be read by every mother and every prospective mother who is interested in physical culture methods and their application to childbearing.

"Exercises for Remedying Weaknesses Peculiar to Women," by Bernarr Macfadden. This is the fourth of a series of valuable articles on how to exercise with no other apparatus than ordinary bedroom furniture.

"Pen Talks with Women on Interesting Topics" is an interesting department in *Beauty and Health*, conducted in a similar vein to "Timely Talks on Current Topics" in *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and just as terse, original, breezy and rich in food for thought as is the last named department.



The Social Side of the "American Henley" Showing the Competing Crews and Their Friends Lined Up Along the Course

Shall we enlarge or reduce the space of this department? Since installing the Athletic World as a permanent feature of the magazine, we have received numerous letters, some commending and some criticising the departure. We want to make this department the best of its kind, but we do not want to encroach upon the other matter of the magazine, unless the interest in the department justifies our doing so. We are crowded each month for space; we want to put our pages to the best use possible. We would like to hear from our readers on this subject.

THE ATHLETIC WORLD

Conducted by Edward R. Bushnell

THE near approach of the spring season in outdoor athletics brings promise of America's most prosperous year in open-air sports. The indoor season now just closing has been a notable one, and has seen its share of broken records, but its outdoor rival should be more important. It will witness exceptionally heavy competition by American athletes on foreign fields. The world's Olympic championship eight-oared crew, the Vesper Boat Club, of Philadelphia, will try to do what no American eight has been able to accomplish—lift the Grand Challenge Cup at the Henley regatta on the Thames. An American polo team will uphold the prestige of the United States in France, while American-built automobiles will contest for the Gordon Bennett Cup in the same country. In the Antipodes, Arthur Duffey, the American and world champion sprinter, will seek and probably succeed in finding new laurels. At home, the prospects for a successful season in all branches of sport were never brighter.

Our American Oarsmen

Once more attention has been directed toward the English Henley regatta and its unfair eligibility code, by the decision of the Vesper eight-oared crew of Philadelphia, and one or two New Yorkers, to try for foreign honors. It is evident that the craze for an American victory on the Thames increases with every obstacle the Henley stewards place in the path of foreign crews. Doubtless it is

something of a distinction to have won at Henley, but it is an honor which has been greatly exaggerated here, and depreciated abroad by the legislation directed against American entries by the English stewards.

The most recent amendment of the English entrance requirements is a blunt request for Americans to remain away from Henley. If our oarsmen cannot be welcomed at Henley and there compete with thorough sportsmen, they should regard it as beneath their dignity to row where discriminations are made, and, above all, where they are not wanted.

With the successful organization of the American Rowing Association, whose regatta, popularly known as the "American Henley," is held annually on the Schuylkill, there should be less incentive for American crews to cross the Atlantic to test their oarsmanship.

The plans of the American stewards include one object, which, if successful, will entitle them to the thanks of every rowing enthusiast in America. This is the merging of the two intercollegiate regattas, now held annually at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and at New London, Conn. The only excuse for two meetings is the persistent refusal of Yale and Harvard to abandon their dual race at New London and join with the other large universities on the Hudson.

Professional Coaching

President Hadley, of Yale, has done the subject of college athletic training a great service by coming out as a strong

advocate of professional coaching. The relative merits of amateur and professional training have been argued with much fervor in the East for several years. Within the last year the discussion has been bordering on the ridiculous, for the colleges concerned, while advocating amateur coaches in theory, made use of the professionals in practice.

Of all the colleges which have been driven to the professional coach to rescue them from successive defeats, Harvard accepts the situation with the poorest grace, half apologizing for the change. Harvard's athletic authorities, however, should comfort themselves, for they are not committing the grievous sin against amateur athletics that they imagine. They are merely adopting the only common-sense solution of a vexing problem. Why should there be any more reason for barring a professional instructor in athletics, than a paid professor in the classroom? College sport needs the supervision

of experts, for the health and athletic morale of the students demand the closest scrutiny obtainable. Furthermore, the undergraduate himself is entitled to the best coaching a university can procure, and experience has proved that this is the professional, and not the amateur, instruction.

Amateur Athletics, Good and Bad

The "pot-hunting" tours of certain American athletes have become such a menace to amateur sport that they

deserve vigorous treatment at the hands of the Amateur Athletic Union. It is time for prompt action when "amateur" athletes, returning from European tours, confess to receiving exorbitant expense money and the secret practice of having valuable prizes, won in the various county meets of England, exchanged for articles of clothing and other wearing apparel.

By the formation of a Public School Athletic Association, and by holding regular meets for the school boys of the city, New York has begun a movement which could be taken up with immense profit in all the principal cities of the country. It is one of the fondest ambitions of every schoolboy to develop athletic prowess, and eventually to become a champion of some kind. It is the duty of the school authorities to recognize this desire and supply some form of competitive exercise for his health and morals during the growing period. Unrestrained

athletics is as bad as none at all, but incalculable good must follow where it is intelligently supervised. As long as New York nourishes the reform, her athletic prestige will be secure.

The University of Michigan has furnished a peculiar but praiseworthy example of intercollegiate athletic virtue by barring from her athletic teams Ralph Rose, the holder of the world's records for the 16 and 24-pound shot put. The offence committed by Rose was that of competing in an outside independent ath-



Charles Courtney, Cornell's Famous Rowing Coach

letic meet, not only without the sanction of his university athletic committee, but in direct violation of its orders.

The Football Rules

The intercollegiate football rules committee is preparing to make its annual amendments to the present code, which has been changed so often that the modern game is hardly recognizable by those who played it two decades ago. The present method of amending the rules is unsatisfactory, because the committee does not know how a change will affect the game until it is tried in the fall. If it is unsatisfactory, the college world must bear with it until the following year, when the committee tries some other innovation. Inasmuch as the committee meets this spring, it would be an experiment worth trying to hold its sessions during the season of spring practice at one of the big Eastern universities. It is well nigh certain that any member of the "Big Six" would be glad to have its squad used by the committee for experimental purposes.

The latest suggestion of Walter Camp for the elucidation of the game is that numbers be attached to the backs of the different players, as in track athletics. This is an innovation worth adopting, for by it the spectators could follow the players with ease by a mere reference to their programs. To those who are unable to distinguish individuals in the confused, whirling mass of arms and legs, such a reform will be a welcome one.

The West and Its Freshmen

Western colleges are now experimenting with a rule to bar all freshmen from participation in athletics until they have been in residence one semester. The provision is being bitterly assailed in some quarters, chiefly because of the fear that its principal effect will be to send many promising freshmen athletes, especially football players, to the Eastern universities, where no such bar exists. It is to be observed that the strongest objectors are the students themselves, while the advocates of the novel rule are faculty members. This of itself will induce the public to look with favor on the new regulation, for if there is anyone who needs

restraint in athletics it is the average undergraduate. Although the rule cannot be made a complete success without the co-operation of the East, the Western universities are to be congratulated on their initiative in curbing too much missionary work among schoolboy athletes.

The Growth of Cricket

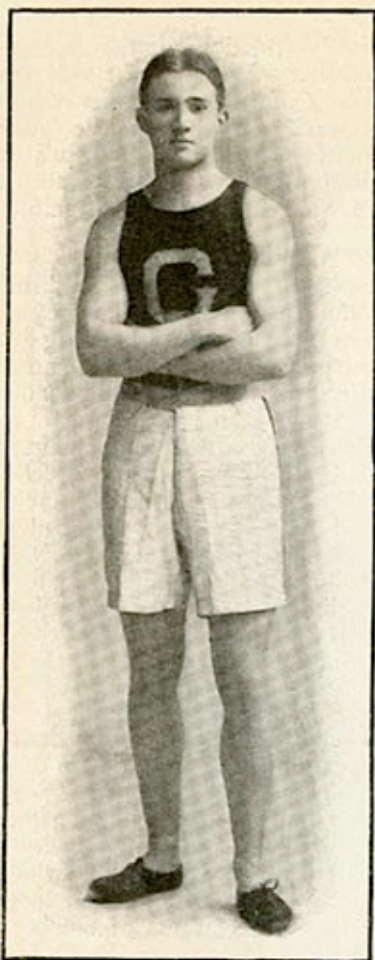
In spite of the frequent ridicule to which the English game of cricket is subjected in this country, it is gaining ground at a surprising rate. Among amateurs with English connections and tendencies it has always been in high favor; but it has now gained a firm foothold in intercollegiate and interscholastic athletic circles. Strong teams are maintained at Harvard, Haverford, and the University of Pennsylvania, while Cornell, the latest addition to the intercollegiate association, has gone into the game with enthusiasm, and there is a prospect that Yale and Princeton will eventually take it up.

Golf Champions and Caddies

Not even the rigors of a Northern winter can kill golf, or keep its devotees within doors. Those who enjoy watching, and those who play the game, are becoming more numerous every year. They play outdoors in rain, wind and snow until the weather, which long ago stopped all other forms of outdoor athletics, drives its patrons South, where, at a score of health and pleasure resorts, it continues to flourish. The success of the Pinehurst, N. C., and of other Southern tourneys, is convincing proof of the game's strong hold here.

A Good Year for Baseball

In spite of its eleventh-hour pretense of desiring a spring series between the New York National League Club and the Boston Americans, to settle the world's baseball championship, the National League took the best means of avoiding interleague contests for both spring and fall by declaring in favor of a 154-game schedule, and thereby compelling the American League, which had previously voted for a 140-game schedule, to accept the longer schedule. The offer from New York to play the series in the spring is nothing more than a loophole to escape the series, if possible;



Arthur Duffey, World's Champion Sprinter,
Who is on An Athletic Tour of Australia
and New Zealand

and the further action of the Nationals in insisting upon 154 games merely reinforces the conviction. The experience of 1904 proved conclusively that, at the end of this long season, a championship series is almost an impossibility, and could only be played in the event of exceptionally fine weather—which is not generally vouchsafed during the middle of October. The Americans have shown that it is out of the question to think of arranging such a series in the Spring, for then the various teams are taking their preliminary practice, and are not prepared to decide such a title. The public wishes to see a championship series, not between the winners of the previous year, but of the present year.

Outside of this undesirable squabble, baseball promises to enjoy a year of great prosperity. There was never a time in the history of the national game when there were so many flourishing leagues in the different parts of the country.

An Intercollegiate Baseball League

The time is now ripe for the organization of an Intercollegiate Baseball League, and college diplomats will do well to take advantage of the opportunity. The refusal of certain institutions to meet one another on the diamond has nourished much unnecessary animosity. The public demands a reform. If nothing else can move them, the success of the professional baseball leagues should convince the collegians of the wisdom of a similar organization. If the members of the "Big Six" would form such an association, and arrange a schedule which would settle beyond a doubt the championship of the year, the game would flourish in the colleges as never before.

Faults of the Fighters

The sight of so many pugilistic wrecks by the wayside ought to be a warning to more fighters than it is. No championship laurels were ever won or maintained in any branch of athletics by men who persistently dissipated their strength. There are some unthinking followers of pugilists who affect to believe that the shortness of a boxer's reign is due solely to the fierce competition he has to meet. In point of fact, it is due rather to the dissipation which too frequently follows the winning of a championship, and the fancied security which his conceit gives him.

Fight promoters of St. Louis have struck a vigorous blow at one of the evils which has done much to offend the real friends of the sport. So prevalent became the prearranged "fake" bouts that the promoters decided that the only way to prevent their repetition was to discipline the fighters themselves and the referees who permitted such flagrant frauds, by putting them on a black list. Even San Francisco, the only place of importance in the country where 20-round bouts are permitted without police interference, is being shunned, the fighters declaring that with hardly an exception

the "favorite sons" win over their Eastern adversaries.

The arbitrary assignment of weights and classes by the different pugilists begins to border on the ridiculous, making one wonder why a sport which has so many followers should have such poor supervision. The weights for the different championship classes have been tampered with to such an extent that a man who was once recognized as a light-weight now assumes the title of feather-weight, the same absurd division extending to the other classes. A convention of boxing promoters could settle the controversy and earn the thanks of the fighters and their followers.

Popularity of the Auto

Automobiling as a sport never received such wide recognition as it enjoys today. Its popularity is due in a large measure to the perfection which American and European manufacturers have reached in automobile construction. The improvement has made it possible to hold a larger number of successful race meets and endurance tests than the history of the horseless vehicle ever knew. A continuation of the present wise attitude of the American Automobile Association toward the public, and the passage of uniform laws by the different States affecting automobiles, will put this great sport and industry permanently on a high plane.

Wrestling Regaining Its Hold

Those who love wrestling as one of the manliest of sports, may take encouragement from the fact that it is gradually regaining its hold in America, particularly in New York and the Far West.

For two years plans have been in the air for the organization of an intercollegiate Wrestling Association, but faculty consent has, so far, been withheld. In the opinions of the leading university physical directors, wrestling, properly supervised, is one of the best aids for the development of sound constitutions and athletic excellence. It is to be hoped that the sport in general will experience the revival that it deserves and is receiving in the college athletic world.

Water Polo Progress

Water polo is winning its way to the front this year, both in the college and club athletic world, with unprecedented rapidity. It is worthy of the support it gets. Its principal need is an intercollegiate association, with an annual championship tournament. The sport is now popular enough to merit such a recognition.

Professionalism In Hockey

Despite the careful supervision which is being given hockey, it continues to be menaced by the presence of professionals, who do the game incalculable harm by their methods. The professional importation of star players from Canada by certain supposedly amateur teams, in several large cities of the United States, shows little, if any, abatement. The A. A. U. cannot take up the question of professionalism in hockey any too soon.



Walter J. Travis, British Amateur Golf Champion, Winner of Second Annual Mid-Winter Tournament at Pinehurst, N. C.

Inhuman Contests

The attempt to revive six-day walking matches as a winter exhibition in one or two cities should be met with the vigorous disapproval it deserves. The exhibitions are more inhuman, if possible, than the six-day bicycle races, and they result in more injury to the competitors. Walking for the paltry prizes that are offered is not a pleasing sight to spectators, except to those drawn there by morbid curiosity; nor is it sport. The legislatures of the States in which they are proposed would do a favor by legislating them out of existence.

Bowling Grows In Favor

If any evidence were needed as to the popularity of bowling, the immense Congress of Bowlers, in annual convention at Milwaukee, should furnish it in conclusive fashion. Bowling is one of the best games that has been developed for the combination of healthy exercise with the pleasures of competition. Local, State and interstate tournaments have been held throughout the winter months, and the game is now in a more flourishing condition than ever before.

Handball Coming Forward

The game of handball, which has been regarded as an indispensable part of the training of many champion pugilists and other athletes, is now winning a place in American sports on its own merits. Not only is it a splendid form of exercise for busy professional men, but it is likewise a good competitive game.

RECORDS

It is the aim of this department to compile every month the records in various branches of sports as fast as they are made. The records given in this issue comprise those made from December 24 to January 23.

ATHLETICS.

December 31, at New York. Twenty-four-pound shot put for the A. A. U. championship,

won by Ralph Rose, of the Chicago A. A. and University of Michigan, 38 feet 2 3/4 inches (A new world record); second, Richard Sheldon, unattached, 36 feet 7 inches (also breaking the previous world record).

Sixty-yard dash A. A. U. championship. Won by Charles Seitz, Georgetown University; second, Knakel, Columbia University. Time, 6 2-5 seconds.

One thousand-yards run, A. A. U. championship. Won by Charles Bacon, Greater New York Irish A. A.; second, James Lightbody, Chicago A. A. Time, 2 minutes 22 seconds.

BASEBALL.

January 11, at Cincinnati, Ohio. American and National Baseball leagues agree on schedule of 154 games for 1895, at meeting of National Commission.

BASKETBALL.

(For the intercollegiate championship)

January 6, at Ithaca, N. Y. University of Pennsylvania defeats Cornell by score of 29 to 25.

January 12, at Princeton, N. J. Princeton defeats Cornell by score of 29 to 23.

January 19, at Princeton, N. J. Princeton defeated University of Pennsylvania by score of 37 to 35.

January 20, at Ithaca, N. Y. Columbia University defeated Cornell by score of 24 to 17.

January 21, at New Haven, Conn. Yale defeated Princeton by score of 17 to 13.

GOLF.

January 14, at Pinehurst, N. C. Walter J. Travis, of New York, wins second annual midwinter tournament from W. C. Fownes, Jr., of Pittsburg, by 1 up.

HOCKEY.

January 7, at New York. Columbia University defeats Princeton by score of 3 to 1.

January 11, at New York. Princeton defeats Brown by score of 6 to 0.

January 14, at New York. Harvard defeats Columbia by score of 5 to 0.

January 21, at New York. Harvard defeated Princeton by score of 6 to 5.

CHESS.

December 24, at New York. Harvard wins quadrangular chess tournament against Yale, Princeton and Columbia with a total of 8 1/2 points.

December 31, at New York. University of Pennsylvania wins triangular tournament against Cornell and Brown with a total of 5 points.

RACQUET

January 21, at New York. George H. Brooke and R. K. Cassatt, of Philadelphia, defeated Payne Whitney and Milton S. Barger, of New York, in inter-city match by 4 games to 3.

A COMPLEXION COMPLICATION

They were at dinner.

Little Tommy, who is rather of an inquiring turn of mind, had been gazing at his father's somewhat rosy countenance for some time. At last he said:

"Papa, what makes your face and nose so dre'fly red?"

"The east wind, of course," answered papa, rather hastily. "Do not talk so much, Thomas; and pass me the beer."

It was then that a voice came from the other end of the table in sarcastic tones, saying:

"Tommy, dear, pass your papa the 'east wind,' and be careful not to spill it on the clean cloth."—*Clipped.*

INITIAL BOW TO THE PUBLIC OF OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE

WE HAVE A PARDONABLE PRIDE IN CALLING ATTENTION TO THE ATTRACTIVE CONTENTS OF OUR NEW PUBLICATION



Leap-Frog for Girls

THE first issue of *Physique Culture*, Bernarr Macfadden's magazine to make Strong Boys and Beautiful Girls, has just appeared. A great deal of care and attention have been given to make it one of the finest and most attractive magazines of its kind in the world. As has already been stated in these columns, our endeavor is to create a market for a magazine that will bring home to and instil into the hearts of the young people of this country, a greater love of strength and physical wholesomeness. This magazine will stand, among boys, for manliness and for wholesome vigor of muscle, mind and morals; among girls, for health, beauty and purity of life. We want to educate our youth at that period of their lives when their natures are yet susceptible to everything that will make them grow up to be strong and noble men and women. There will be no illustrations given, or subjects treated that might offend those who hold different views than we do on the subjects of propriety and purity.



Exercises for Girls



Lessons In Wrestling

To carry out our object we need the assistance of every reader of this magazine. If you know of a young person who is likely to be interested in our BOYS' & GIRLS' MAGAZINE, send his or her name to us for a sample copy; but a much better way to help the work along will be to send us fifty cents for a year's subscription, or send us three subscriptions and we will give you our club rates of 25 cents per subscription. A glance at the contents, as follows, will give you an idea of the excellent matter appearing in the first number.

Wrestling to Acquire Strength. An article for boys. By Bernarr Macfadden.

Exercises for Boys. By Bernarr Macfadden.

Athletic Training for Boys.

Feats of Strength for Boys to Try.

Monthly Talks on How to Succeed.

Winter Nature Talk.

Some Very Jolly Games.

Exercises for Girls.

A New and Novel Way of Making Soap Bubbles.

Girls Should Play Leap-Frog.

Heart to Heart Talks With Girls. By Marguerite Macfadden.

Editorial Department. By Bernarr Macfadden.



Feats of Strength



Exercises for Boys

Monthly Talks on How to Succeed.

Some Very Jolly Games.

Exercises for Girls.

A New and Novel Way of Making Soap Bubbles.

Girls Should Play Leap-Frog.

Heart to Heart Talks With Girls. By Marguerite Macfadden.

Editorial Department. By Bernarr Macfadden.

New Way of Making Soap Bubbles

WORK RIGHT AT HAND

"It shall be my ambition, father," said a young man who had finished his education and was ready to lift the cares of business from the parental shoulders, "it shall be my ambition and my

motto to keep the family name free from stain." "All right," said the old man. "Tell the office boy to give you the whiting and ammonia, and go and polish the brass door-plate."—*Clipped.*



James K. Hackett in One of the Characteristically Dashing Poses That Have Endearred Him to
Multitudes of Matinee Maidens

THEATRICAL TOPICS AND TIDINGS

GENIUSES OF THE STAGE PROVE IN MANY INSTANCES THE POWER OF PRE-NATAL INFLUENCES—PERCITA WEST A CASE IN POINT—CRITICS VERSUS MANAGERS—DAVID BELASCO AND HIS CREATIVE FACULTIES—LEW FIELD'S THEATRE—THE ACROBATIC COMEDIAN—WHY THE "FAIRY STORY" PLAY FINDS FAVOR WITH THE PUBLIC

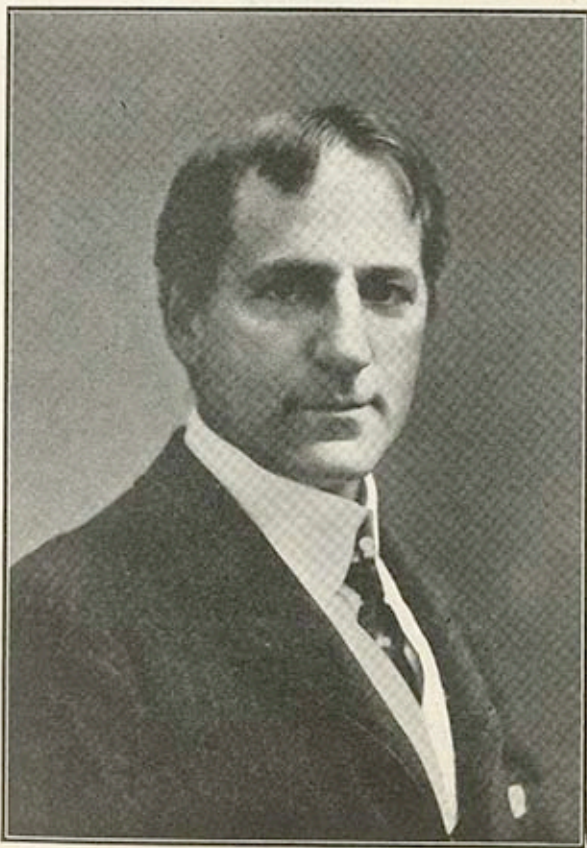
By H. Mitchell Watchet

THE annals of the stage would seem to prove that in almost every instance, the successful actor is a creature apart.

While the mechanics of the theatrical profession, if one may use the term, are essential to success even in the case of genius, yet genius must underlie the mechanics. Nevertheless, and unless genius is, success cannot be. This sounds like a truism, but is not, nevertheless. For there have been purely mechanical reputations before now which had as little in common with genius as the wheels of a clock have with the mind of its maker, and even less, for that matter. The point of all

of which is, that, unless the histrionic aspirant is illuminated with the divine fire in the first instance, no Schools of Acting, or financed yawpings after the unattainable, will suffice. On the other hand, the afflatus proper will not be restrained, and the progress from super

to principal, or from child actor to adult leading man and woman, is as constant as it is inevitable.



Francis Wilson, whose new farcical comedy, "Cousin Billy," is Mirth-Provoking

The advocates of hereditary forces may find pros and cons in their theories in sufficient quantities on the stage. On the whole, it may be said that the successful actors and actresses who have inherited their aptitudes, are about equaled by those whose talents were of a sporadic nature as far as the family trees were concerned. If there is a balance in favor of one side or the other, the probability is that the offspring of theatrical parents possess it. This is not to be wondered

at, considering that the average actor carries his profession into every detail and circumstance of his daily life. The result is, that his children eat and breathe and sleep in a stage atmosphere, and absorb the traditions and methods of their father's art at every pore. In

consequence of which, the infant actor or actress is by no means an artificial product, but, on the contrary, is the logical outcome of given influences and environments.

It would be well for those humanitarians whose tenderness of heart is apt to lead their logic and their judgment astray, to remember this when attempting to suppress the child prodigy of the stage, or, for that matter, of the concert hall.

The case of Percita West is illustrative. Miss West is the youngest leading woman in America. She is in all likelihood the youngest leading woman in the world, and she occupies the position in question in Robert Edson's company. New York playgoers have had a taste of her quality through the production of "Strongheart," at the Hudson Theatre. Likewise, New Yorkers have agreed that the flattering forecast of her dramatic possibilities was entirely warranted. The young actress is the daughter of the late Percy West and Bertine Robinson. Mr. West was at one time, well known as an actor and stage manager, while his wife is still a prominent figure in metropolitan productions. As "Percita," at the age of five, Miss West caused a miniature furore in the theatrical world through the

medium of the marvelous precocity which she displayed in a series of Shakespearean recitals given at the Berkeley Lyceum. But when she was eleven years of age, her father insisted upon her retirement from the stage, so that she might be thoroughly educated. She was therefore placed under the care of Mrs. H. C. De Mille, the wife of the well-known dramatist, who had a girl's school at

Pompton, N. J. From thence she went to Virginia College, where, last spring, she was the valedictorian of her class. Relieved from the strain of her educational duties, Miss West then felt the "calling of the stage" strong upon her. Her acquaintances tried to discourage her from making a re-entry upon the boards, fearing that she would share the experience of many other prodigies by failing dismally. But she would not be persuaded. So it came about that

Henry E. Harris, Mr. Edson's manager, gave her a hearing. In September last she was intrusted with a minor rôle in "Ransom's Folly," and coincidentally was made understudy for the leading woman. A month later, and on the resignation of the actress who was playing the lead, Miss West was called upon at short notice to replace her, with the result that Mr. Harris forthwith



Lew Field as "Hubert" in the Very Funny and Superbly Mounted Musical Comedy, "It Happened In Nordland"



Maude Lillian Berri, the Prince Rudolph of the Pantomime "Humpty Dumpty"

secured control of the young woman's services for a term of years. It should be added that, apart from her genius, a cheery wholesomeness of mind and body is the chief characteristic of Miss West, and she does not hesitate to attribute the greater portion of her success to her faithful observance of physical culture principles. In this regard she is by no means alone among her prominent fellows of her profession.

Recent happenings in the metropolis have once more emphasized the fact that the regard that exists between the manager and the critic is not unlike the affection that obtains between the animals of a so-called "happy family." Circumstances rather than desire, prompt peace in both instances. But there have been known times when the baboon, wor-

ried by the manner in which the fox terrier would persistently nibble at his—the baboon's—tender places, has permitted his temper to assert itself, and the fox terrier had, in consequence, to go to hospital. Without desiring to take sides in the controversy, it is sufficient to say that, on the whole, the manager, taking the year round, gets decidedly the best of the critic—if the managers will consider the amount of free and generally favorable advertising that they obtain through the medium of the man behind the pen, as compared with the quantity of slings and arrows of adverse comment that the latter hands out to him who "presents." Besides that, shutting one's doors on a critic in



Cheridah Simpson, a Shapely and Clever Principal of the "Woodland" Company



Marie Cahill, Who as "Nadine" Has Made a Distinctive Hit in "It Happened in Nordland"

order to punish him, is about as adroit as attempting to pacify a panther with the aid of a red hot rod. Under such circumstances the accepted methods are reversed, and it is the critic who gets the advertising, while the manager is accorded the "black eye" of the business, for the reason that, after all, the public looks upon the critic as its and his own interpreter, and that an interference with his functions is somehow or other a curtailment of its privileges. But nevertheless, and to repeat somewhat of that which was said in a prior issue of this magazine, irresponsible or biased criticism is but too frequent in the metropolis. Also, the impression conveyed by much of the so-called dramatic criticism is, that the manu-

facturers of it are seeking to exploit themselves rather than to reasonably illuminate the production with which they are dealing. A critic, like every other man who is drawing a salary, feels it incumbent upon him to, at intervals, justify his existence. And, when one is possessed of a large vocabulary and a pen with no brake attachment, the desired result is easily accomplished. If the critic only was concerned, the waste of ink and space might be forgiven, but unluckily, there may be involved the weal or the woe of a production which represents months of negotiation and preparation and the expenditure of a good-sized fortune. This being so, the producer, with his nerves a-raw with anxiety and work and keenly cognizant of what suc-



Ida Brook Hunt, the Very Tuneful "Nightingale" of "Woodland"

cess or failure means to himself and others, is apt to resent that which he considers to be an unwarrantable reflection on his play and his professional judgment. Again, if the critics were even approximately in line with each other, one might find reasonable excuse for them in a great many cases in which their screeds appear to be terribly out of kilter with public opinion. But the trouble is, that, if one considers the collective critiques on a given production, mental confusion worse confounded is the result. Not infrequently a new play, on the morning following its production, is both slobbered with fulsome praise or damned with frank totality. It is this luck-and-lottery kind of criticism that so justly exasperates the author and the manager.

Mr. David Belasco has again vindicated his reputation as a master of stagecraft, scenic and light effects. "Adrea," at the Belasco Theatre, with Mrs. Leslie



Fritzi Scheff, Admittedly One of the Most Piquant of Comic Opera Comediennes



Percita West, of Robert Edeson's Company, Who is the Youngest Leading Woman Before the Public, and One of the Cleverest, Also

Carter in the title rôle, is infinitely less notable considered as a play, than as a vehicle for Mr. Belasco's genius on the lines indicated. On the other hand, the star herself is distinctly at her dramatic best in the tragedy, which may be saying much or a little, according to how you consider Mrs. Carter. Heterodoxy it may be—according to the gospel preached by the actress' admirers—but the writer has for long held that Mrs. Leslie Carter is an admirable example of Mr. Belasco's knowledge of mechanics in the way of their productive possibilities. Some of the preceding plays which are identified with the actress' reputation were plays in the actual acceptance of the term.

But Mrs. Carter did not appreciate the chances which they afforded her. Or was it that she was incapable of so doing? On the other hand, and with the delightful inconsistency of her sex, she has in "Adrea" a play of narrow limitations, dramatically speaking, yet she has never before exhibited so much intelligent sympathy with her rôle, or so sincere a power of interpretation—for Mrs. Carter. The fact remains that Mrs. Carter is a finished product of the Belasco workshop, and more than that never can and never will be. Mr. Belasco treats her precisely as he treats the other material with which he works, and in both instances, results are satisfactory from his and from a portion of the public's viewpoint.

Lew Field has, like unto his late associate, found that he can go it alone without meeting disaster. As a consequence, his theatre—a house of exceeding comfort to all the senses, by the way—has already taken unto itself a clientèle which bids fair to be as persistently faithful as was that which for many seasons packed the little music hall on Broadway. In "It Happened in Nordland," Mr. Field was fortunate enough to secure a play that brought instant favor to him and his. This is a great deal where a new place of amusement is concerned. First impressions are the most lasting, and never more so than in an instance such as is alluded to. In securing the collaboration of Julian Mitchell, Mr. Field practically insured a success as instant as it was bound to be lasting. Something has already been said in the columns of this magazine in regard to Mr. Mitchell's exquisite stage "sense," of groupings and color effects. This is irrespective of those other talents of his which go to the making of a great producer. What happened in Nordland is now an old story to New Yorkers, old

as managers count time, but still new in the estimation and regard of playgoers. The only regret that one feels in connection with the show is that Nordland is but a figment of the managerial fancy, which are the kind of regrets that make for success in presentations of this type.

Francis Wilson in "Cousin Billy" has, what he describes as a farcial comedy which is in line with the Wilsonesque humor plans and specifications.

"Cousin Billy" seems to suit the public, which is the main thing after all. As a matter of fact, the buxom, rollicking if at times crow-like humor of the comedian is always as enjoyable, as it is characteristic.

The happiest member of the theatrical profession is he whose reputation is assured and whose art neither invites nor breeds criticism. Such an individual is Mr. Jefferson De Angelis, and when to such a happy condition as that alluded to are conjoined the shekels that accrue from satisfactory patronage, it is safe to assert that an actor man ought to be within measurable distance of the dramatic Nirvana. Yet, considering the countless bruises which must have been acquired, sustained and arnicated by Mr. DeAngelis, one can scarcely grudge him his honors even while they envy his secured position.

The indications are that the spring season of 1905 will be a long one. Many plays now running are of the hot weather type, and besides that, if one can put trust in the statements of the weather sharps, the summer will be as equable as has been the winter. It is understood that the summer resorts close to the metropolis are to be provided with dramatic attractions on a scale and finish such as has hitherto been unknown in connection with watering-place theatricals.

PHYSICAL CULTURE LECTURE BUREAU

We are willing to furnish lecturers on Physical Culture to churches, religious societies, literary societies, clubs, and other bodies. Proficient debaters on the theories and principles we advocate will be furnished also. For further particulars, address LECTURE BUREAU, Physical Culture Publishing Company.

TIMELY TALKS ON CURRENT TOPICS

The Simple Life

Does democracy still reign in the life of America? People who are going about with a well-assorted stock of ill-omened prophecies regarding their country, please read:

In a recent interview, Chas. Wagner, the now famous author of "The Simple Life," describes his visit to the capitol of the greatest democratic country in the world.

The Simple Life
at
Washington

"I was particularly struck," he said, "with the simplicity of the home life of your President. To one accustomed to viewing the pomp and ceremony which surround the rulers of Europe, there seems to be something notable in the entire lack of ostentation in the Roosevelt family. I was surprised at Mr. Roosevelt's habit of inviting to his private dining table those who are doing good work in the world, quite regardless of what their power or social position may be. He looks to the man himself rather than to his appurtenances, and this is a brushing away of the superfluities which is rare in men of his position. In Washington I saw his boys starting to a public school, and one of them did not even bother to wear a hat. This, of course, was a small matter, but it impressed me. In Europe the children of a ruler with not one-tenth of the power of your President, do not go to school at all, much less to a public school. They have a corps of private tutors, and rarely venture into the streets except in elaborate equipages.

"The observance of complete simplicity in his personal and family life by the President of the United States, one of the most powerful rulers on earth, has a

wholesome influence not only upon America, but also upon the world at large."

But Wagner presents another view of our life when, viewing the hurry and rush while standing at the Grand Central Depot in New York, he said:

The Mad
American

"See how the people hurry; see how anxious their expressions are. Many of them are undergoing a nervous strain, and for what?—merely to catch a train.

"It is a symbol of our modern life, this train catching. The train does not often carry them to places where they will be happier or better off, and yet the passengers will strain every nerve, and will sometimes knock each other down to catch it."

The American doesn't care much for dignity. Perhaps he needs some. Perhaps he would go at a slower pace if he was more dignified. Perhaps, if the American business man carried a cane and a high hat, and wore patent-leather shoes he would not find the pleasure that he does in going into the thick of a metropolitan "crush."

In regard to the habit of hurrying noticed by Wagner, the American is literally a madman. He hurries and don't know why he hurries. He hurries home even if he has a wife or mother-in-law who will begin to nag him as soon as he gets inside the door.

Hurries Home
to a Nagging
Wife and
Mother-in-Law

He hurries home to a badly cooked supper. He hurries home to hear the woes and complaints of the day. He hurries home to have the children make a door mat of him. It is no vital matter with him whether he catches a certain train or boat, and yet he rushes, jostles, jams and exhausts himself in an

effort not to miss it. The average American would rather hang to a copper wire by his teeth than to wait four minutes for another train or boat. The greatest satisfaction that you can give him in return for his nickel fare, and what pleases him most, is the privilege of hanging to a strap, standing on someone else's feet, and—liberty to curse the street car company.

The Simple Needs

Perhaps the best part of the book, "The Simple Life," is the chapter that treats of the simple needs of life. Some strikingly good excerpts are quoted herewith:

"Simple and natural life alone can maintain an organism in its fullest vigor.

"What does a man need for his material life in the best possible condition? A healthy diet, simple garments, a salubrious dwelling, and air and movement.

"The more things a man must have for himself, the less will he do for his neighbor, even for those who are attached to him by ties of blood.

"Is it useful, is it favorable to the development of happiness of the individual, to the developments of, and the happiness of society, that man should have a multitude of needs and apply himself to satisfy them?

The Path To Ruin

"The man who lives to eat, to drink, to sleep, to dress, to travel, to give himself, in fact, all that he can give himself, whether he is a parasite lying in the sun, the drunken toiler, the bourgeois, servant of his stomach, the woman absorbed in her toilette, the jovial fellow of low class, or the jolly fellow of mark, or that he be simply the vulgar epicurean, though good fellow, too docile to material needs; that man, we say, is started on the incline of *desire*, and that incline is fatal!

"We have seen people commit suicide because their means have fallen below a certain minimum. They prefer to disappear rather than restrain themselves. Note how this minimum would have been very acceptable to others of less exacting needs, and enviable for people of modest tastes. It seems strange that among fellow men such prodigious differences in needs could be!

"In all degrees we encounter discontent. Why is it met with not only among those whose condition, though modest, is sufficient, but again under shades of difference always more refined, up to opulence and to the summit of social conditions?

Cause of Discontent

"To those who have millions, they lack other millions; to those who have thousands, they lack thousands. Others lack pieces of twenty francs, or a hundred sous. When they have chicken in the pot they want goose; when they have the goose they would have a turkey; and so on. They will never learn how terrible that tendency is. There are too many small ones who would imitate the great, too many toilers who ape the bourgeois, too many of the daughters of the people who try to appear 'ladies,' too many small employees who pretend to be clubmen and sportsmen; and in the class of comfortable ease, and among the rich, too many persons forget that what they possess could be better employed than in giving themselves all sorts of pleasures, only to find, after all, that they never have enough of them. Our needs, from being servants, as they should be, have become a crowd, turbulent and undisciplined, a legion of tyrants on tiptoe. How many men and women have gone nearer and nearer dishonesty for the sole reason that they had too many needs and could not resign themselves to live simply!

"It is an old story that sobriety and temperance are the best guardians of health.

Best Guardian of Health

To him who observes them, they spare him many of those miseries which sadden existence; they assure him health, love of action and intellectual equilibrium. Whether it relates to his food, his clothing, his habitation, simplicity of taste is, besides, a source of independence and security. The more simply you live, the more you safeguard your future. You are less at the mercy of surprises, or contrary chances. An illness or a respite from labor will not suffice to throw you on the pavement. A change of situation, even a notable one, will not unseat you. Having simple tastes, it is less painful to accommodate yourself to the chances of fortune. You will remain a man while losing your position or your revenue, be-

cause the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your furniture, nor your money. You will not act in adversity like a nursling from whom they take his bottle or his rattle."

Readers who desire to read this wholesome book, written by a man who seems to have gotten close to the human heart and its wants and failings, can no doubt make arrangements with the publishers of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to have book sent to them as a premium for the subscription that they send in. Publishers can, and usually do, extend a courtesy of this kind to subscribers, if enough requests are received.

On the Subject of Whiskey

Very little whiskey, if any, sold on the market to-day, can be called whiskey. Aside from the wood alcohol that is frequently used, all kinds of smeary stuff is called into service to give it color, quantity, age, and the taste of "the real thing."

It is pleasant to reflect that in this wholesale adulteration of whiskey the rich snob, whether in his club or in his home, is being poisoned as effectively as is the meanest sot that lies in the gutter. His Scotch and Bourbon, if not adulterated with wood alcohol, is colored, flavored and made into a vomitive drink by adulterating it with stale prune juice, creosote, fusel oil, tobacco juice and burnt sugar.

Wood alcohol, which has become conspicuous owing to its common use in the adulteration of whiskey, is a poisonous fluid product, and is obtained from the distillation of the crude vinegar obtained from wood. When unpurified it has a rank odor, more offensive than rotten eggs, and sufficient to turn the stomach of a seasoned ostrich. After deodorization it is thin and colorless, and resembles very much the grain alcohol in taste and smell.

Under certain conditions wood alcohol is a deadly poison. The intoxication or coma that results from it, is of longer duration than that of the grain poison, and the symptoms are more pronounced. The collapse of heart and nervous system, however, unlike the same conditions pro-

duced by grain alcohol, appear only after a considerable time has passed, hence the poison is more insidious in its workings. Wood alcohol oxidizes only partly within the body, gradually turning into formic acid, which is thrown from the system slowly and with ravaging effects.

Many cases of total and partial blindness have resulted from its use. It attacks the nerves of the eye more directly and more virulently than does grain alcohol, and in severe cases of this kind of poisoning where death does not occur, total blindness almost always results.

Wood alcohol should never be used in rubbing down the body. The feeling of exhilaration that follows its use is a form of intoxication. You can become poisoned with alcohol by way of the skin as effectively as by way of the mouth. Care should be used in buying witch hazel for the same purpose. Within the last sixty days there have been seventy samples of witch hazel purchased from as many wholesale and retail drug stores in seven different cities, all of which were carefully analyzed, with the result that fifty-two showed the presence of wood alcohol or formaldehyde, or both. In other words, fifty-two samples were shown to contain deadly poison, and only eighteen were free from poisonous ingredients. Blindness or sore eyes has often resulted because of this practice of rubbing down with wood alcohol, or witch hazel containing wood alcohol, without victim or doctor knowing the true cause.

There is a business in the heart of Chicago that sends a secret recipe for making whiskey to any distiller or saloon-keeper for the price of 50 cents. *We presume that three-fourths of the distillers and saloon keepers in the United States are in possession of this secret formula.* It is a cheap formula. The ingredients needed to make a gallon of whiskey amount to about thirty cents. A small amount of opium is used in the preparation and about a pint of true whiskey. It cannot be distinguished from the real whiskey, and is just as effective in putting a man to sleep as a dose of wood alcohol.

What Wood Alcohol Is

Whiskey at 30c. a Gallon

**Dr. Wiley's
Statement**

"I am led to believe that 85 per cent. of all whiskey sold in the hotels, restaurants and bars of this country is a cheap imitation. The usual method of producing the imitation whiskey is for the dealer first to purchase a barrel of pure whiskey out of bond. He then buys the necessary amount of alcohol and adulterates it with water. To this are added burnt sugar and prune juice for coloring purposes, and chemical essences to 'ripen,' usually bead oil. All this is then compounded with a small quantity of pure whiskey. It is given the age of the real article, and at once put on sale. The imported Scotch is just as bad. A little creosote for the smoky flavor, a little alcohol, one or two essences, some burnt sugar for coloring, some water, and you have Scotch."

Creosote! Ugh!

Creosote is an oil used for soaking shingles to make them waterproof. It is used for staining woodwork. It is al-

most strong enough to burn a hole through a copper boiler. Think of the insides of a man who has been drinking bead oil, fusel oil and creosote for years!

A bushel of corn or rye yields about four gallons of whiskey. The grower of the grain gets 40 cents, the railroads \$1.00, the Government \$3.00, the manufacturer about \$4.00, and the saloonkeeper about \$6.00 out of the \$14.00 for which it is sold, while the fool drinker gets the refuse, and—delirium tremens.

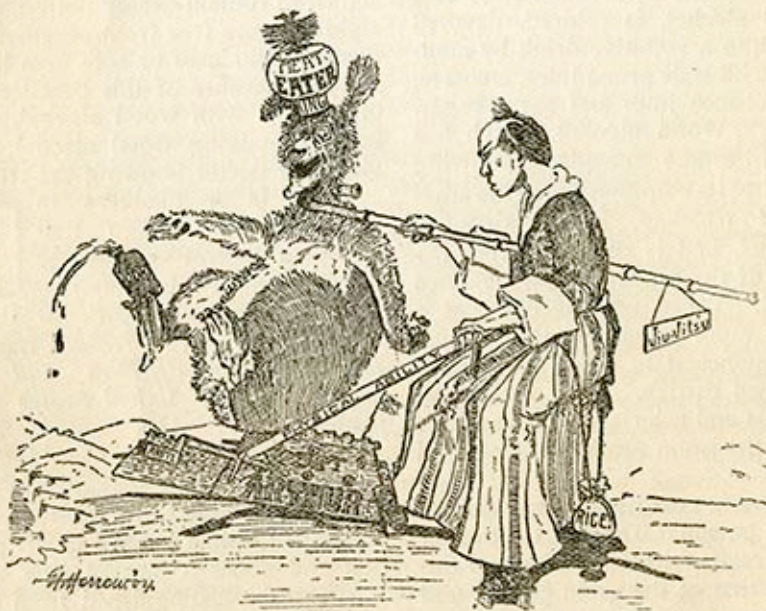
A withered, palsied young man was earnestly looking into a bunghole of a whiskey barrel, as if in search of something he could not find.

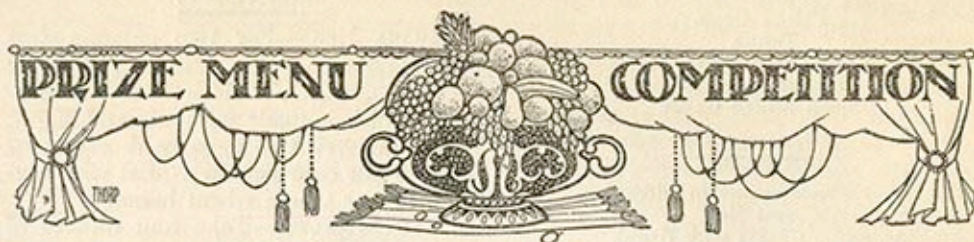
"What are you doing?" asked a man who had been observing him for some time.

"Why, I am seeking my reputation in the place that I lost it," was the mournful answer.

How the
Profits in
Whiskey
Are Divided

Lost Never
To Be
Regained





Three prizes of \$25.00 each are offered for suitable menus. The First prize is for the best weekly menu including cooked and uncooked food. The second prize offered is for least expensive menu for one week. The third prize is for the simplest and best weekly menu that can be followed with advantage by a person living alone in a city or town. Competition for the three prizes will close April 1st, 1905. Menus which do not win prize, but which are published, will be paid for at space rates.

We are desirous of securing menus that are novel and original. We recognize the fact that a great many of our readers are not yet sufficiently well versed in physical culture to accept the broader theories on the food question that we advocate, or else are bound down to conditions that will not permit the adoption of the physical culture diet. In order that the menus may be of use to such it may be stated that meat, oysters, fish, white flour, coffee, tea and other articles of food not advised by this magazine, may be added to the bill of fare. Readers who are familiar with and follow our theories will be able to judge what is worth accepting and what is worth rejecting in the menus that are printed.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

BEST WEEKLY MENU INCLUDING COOKED AND UNCOOKED FOODS

By Mrs. Ella M. Vernon

THE menus that follow are the result of intelligent thought along dietetic lines, and have been followed for a number of years by a family of six, the young men of whom are strong and well-built types of physical manhood, and the daughters strong and in the best of health. The menus have every essential advantage that is required by the ordinary family. First, there is no article of food listed in the menus that is not inexpensive and that cannot be bought at the smallest grocery store. Animal carcass has not been called into aid. There is no reference to fish, oysters, and other scavengers of the ocean. There is no suggestion of lard or other animal grease. The food is served in a hygienic method. It is palatable and tempting. The menus include cooked and uncooked foods. They have the advantage of being novel and very unconventional, and yet extremely simple. And, to conclude, every element of nutrition needed by the body is provided for in the food combinations that these menus represent, especially providing the fat and heat-producing elements needed in a winter diet.

Only two meals are provided for under the heading of each day. There are very few people at the present time who

consume three heavy meals. The great majority are people who go to business in office or workshop, and who eat very little, if any, mid-day lunch. The tendency to-day appears to be to eat the heaviest meal after the hours of physical and mental labor are over, so that the body may have complete relaxation while the digestive process is on. If no breakfast is eaten, the breakfast menu may be used for the mid-day lunch.

The reader must understand that where a number of articles of food are mentioned under the heading of a meal, that they are placed there for greater choice in selecting, and should not be mistaken to mean the eating of all that is mentioned. Recipes follow the menus.

MONDAY.

Breakfast.

Banana Nog.	Bread.
Rye or Whole Wheat Bread and Honey,	
or	
Grape Nuts with Cream.	Mixed Nuts.
Cereal Coffee.	

Dinner.

Cream Barley.	
Creamed Onions and Mashed Potatoes.	
Bread Pudding, with Raisin Sauce or Cream.	
Cereal Coffee.	Hot Lemonade.

TUESDAY.

Breakfast.

Force, with Sprinkling of Seeded Raisins.	
Cream or Milk.	
Rye Bread or Whole Wheat Bread with	
Grape Jelly.	
Cocoa Nog.	

Dinner.

Potato Soup.
Beans.
Marrowed Celery.
Peaches (canned).
Small Mixed Cakes.

WEDNESDAY.*Breakfast.*

Zwieback (soaked in milk).
Cereal Nog.
American Cheese with Bread.

Dinner.

Lentil Soup.
Cheesed Eggs.
Rice-Apple Pudding with Cream.
Walnuts. Cheese Sandwiches.
Hot Lemonade.

THURSDAY.*Breakfast.*

Dates with Cream.
Cream Nog.

Rye or Whole Wheat Bread with Honey.

Dinner.

Pea Soup.
Tomatoes. Fried, mashed or whole Potatoes.
Baked Custard or Raw Custard.
Raisins. Salted Nuts.
Fruits. Cereal Coffee.

FRIDAY.*Breakfast.*

Sliced Apples with Sugar and Cream.
Cream Cheese with Bread.
Cocoa.

Dinner.

Celery Soup.
Peas (canned).
Apple Fritters.
Hot Lemonade. Cake.

SATURDAY.*Breakfast.*

Cream of Wheat
or
Raw Strengthfude with Raisins or Dates,
and Cream.
Cereal Coffee.

Dinner.

Creamed Carrot Soup.
Rice with Chopped Onions,
or
Egg and Onion.
Tapioca-Apricot. Milk.
Apple Pie.

SUNDAY.*Breakfast.*

Raw Oats with Cream and Raisins,
or
Shredded Wheat and Cream.
Dates and Cream.
Cream Nog.

Dinner.

Tomato Soup.
Vegetable Hash.
Rice Patties served with Prunes.
Cereal Coffee. Cake. Fruit.

MONDAY.

BANANA NOG.—For two persons slice four bananas. Add seeded raisins or slices of oranges, if desired, but a satisfactory dish is made without; add sugar. Now beat well two eggs, with cream or milk. Pour over bananas. Eat with buttered rye or whole wheat bread.

CREAM BARLEY.—Take four ounces of pearl barley and a quart of milk. Wash barley carefully and soak in milk for several hours. Add about one quart of mixed vegetable stock of potato, parsnip, onion and white vegetables. Season with pinch of red pepper and salt to taste. Skim well. Cook until barley is of creamy consistency. Soup can be made richer by adding yolks of one or two eggs, and a gill of cream which has been previously combined, gradually mixing with soup.

BREAD PUDDING.—For two persons, soak dry white bread or buns in milk for about three hours to make a soft and thin consistency; add one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of raisins, the rind of half a lemon, and one egg, well beaten. Mix together, and set in oven to bake. Serve with raisin sauce or cream.

RAISIN SAUCE.—Stew thoroughly a handful of raisins. Remove from liquid. Sweeten liquid and thicken slightly with cornstarch. Flavor with lemon. Return raisins to sauce.

TUESDAY.

COCOA NOG.—Add to each cupful of cocoa, after it has been made, part or whole of a beaten egg, and continue to beat in cup while cocoa is being poured into it. Add sugar to sweeten.

POTATO SOUP.—Boil several potatoes, and mash, adding to it hot milk; also add small amount of onion and celery, with pinch of pepper and salt. Sprinkle mint on top of all.

MARROWED CELERY.—Take slices of celery. Fill grooves with American cheese that has been made into a thick paste by working it soft with cream or drop of milk.

WEDNESDAY.

CEREAL NOG.—Prepare cereal coffee in same manner as cocoa, referred to in Cocoa Nog.

CHEESED EGGS.—Take dried American cheese, and grate; sprinkle over scrambled eggs as soon as they have been placed into buttered pan to fry.

RICE-APPLE PUDDING.—Cook in water one-half pound of pearl rice; while cooking, add teaspoonful of butter and pinch of salt; cook until thin. Remove water. Mix with about half the quantity of apples which have been cut in cubes; add one-half cupful of sugar, handful of seedless raisins, and a tiny pinch of cinnamon to flavor. Place in hot oven.

THURSDAY.

BAKED CUSTARD.—Take one yolk to small cup of milk; after milk has been scalded, add it carefully to the beaten yolk. Flavor with vanilla extract. Set the cup in pan of water and bake in hot oven.

RAW CUSTARD.—Beat very lightly the whites of number of eggs to be used, adding one teaspoonful of sugar to every egg. Now beat yolks well, adding a teaspoonful of cream to every egg used; also add pinch of vanilla to flavor; add this to whites, mixing well; sweeten to taste. Place in cups and serve.

SATURDAY.

EGG AND ONION.—Prepare in same manner as Cheesed Eggs, sprinkling finely chopped onion over eggs.

TAPIOCA-APRICOT PUDDING.—Soak or cook dried apricots until soft, and sift. Thicken with instantaneous tapioca. Sweeten with sugar to taste, and serve hot with cream.

SUNDAY.

RICE PATTIES.—Cook slowly in milk one-quarter pound of rice; cook for one and one-half hours, or until rice is very soft. When slightly cool add two well-beaten eggs, mixing well; add small pinch of salt and small amount of sugar. Form into cakes and place into well-buttered pan to fry. Delectable when served with prunes.

SIMPLEST AND BEST MENU FOR ONE PERSON

Submitted by Bertha Cook

MONDAY.

First Meal.

Oranges.

Grape Nuts with Cream.

Egg Toast. Slice and toast Whole Wheat or White Bread; dip into well-beaten egg, sweetened and flavored to taste; cover with cracker crumbs, and brown in oven for few minutes.

Second Meal.

Celery.

Chopped nuts with cream, and pinch of salt, eaten with triscuit or shredded wheat.

Corn-meal Mush and Honey.

Apples.

TUESDAY.

First Meal.

Raw Fruit.

Cream of Wheat.

Graham Buns.

Cheese.

Second Meal.

Nuts.

Baked Sweet Potatoes. Nut Butter.

Slaw made with Lemon Juice.

Baked Apples with Cream.

WEDNESDAY.

First Meal.

Fruit Juice.

Rolled Oats and Nuts.

Raisins (having been soaked half hour).

Bananas.

Second Meal.

Hash. (Equal amounts of nuts, potatoes, cracker crumbs and milk. Nuts and potatoes are to be chopped. Mix and brown in oven.)

Celery.

Cheese and Whole Wheat Bread.

Prunes. (Soak for several hours.)

THURSDAY.

First Meal.

Fresh Fruit, sliced, with Whipped Cream. (Sweeten and flavor to taste.)

Rice. Soak for several hours; cook for ten minutes; add beaten egg and butter.

Raw Wheat (soaked a day or two, changing water two or three times per day) with Cream and Sugar.

Second Meal.

Dried Fruit; soak, chop, and mix with nuts; sweeten and flavor to suit; serve with whipped cream.

Graham Crackers and Cheese.

Canned Peaches.

Cake.

Lemonade.

FRIDAY.*First Meal.*

Grape Juice.
Bananas.
Rolled Oats and Cream.
Peanuts.

Second Meal.

Bean soup, made of canned beans and milk.
Whole Wheat Bread.
Baked Irish Potatoes and Butter.
Celery.
Raw Onion.

SATURDAY.*First Meal.*

Sliced Oranges with Whipped Cream.
Grapenuts with Shredded Cocoanut.
Apples.
English Walnuts.

Second Meal.

Egg Nog.
Toasted Whole Wheat Bread.
Hominy Grits.
Celery and Cabbage Slaw.
Tapioca Dessert.

SUNDAY.*First Meal.*

Oranges.
Oat Pudding.
Cheese.
Graham Buns.
Honey.

Second Meal.

Milk.
Corn Bread.
Mashed Potatoes
Slaw.
Cream Nuts.
Apples.

A BACHELOR'S MENU

Submitted by Mrs. C. Williams

The following is a combination of raw and cooked foods, which might do for a young couple who wished to live very simply, for a bachelor who works during the day, or a woman who does light housekeeping.

The two-meal-a-day plan is followed, the first meal being either breakfast or lunch, the second dinner.

In case one follows the three-meal-per-day plan, it is likely that the noon meal would be had at some restaurant, in which case such a lunch might be had for ten cents, consisting of shredded wheat and milk, or baked apple with cream and glass of milk, rice pudding and glass of milk; or one could take five cents' worth each of dates and nuts.

MONDAY.*First Meal.*

Raw Strengthfude, with cream, mixed with a few dates, a sliced banana, and, if desired, a few raisins.
Milk.

Dinner.

Creamed Peas.
Whole Wheat Bread.
Prunes.
Cocoa.

TUESDAY.*First Meal.*

Sliced Oranges with Sugar.
Figs, Nuts, Apple Juice.

Dinner.

Vegetable Soup.
Cranberry Sauce.
Sponge Cake.
Lemonade.

WEDNESDAY.*First Meal.*

Nuts and Figs.
Grape Juice.

Dinner.

Beans.
Brown Bread.
Stewed Dried Peaches with Cream.
Cereal Coffee.

THURSDAY.*First Meal.*

Raw Rolled Wheat with Fruit and Cream.
Milk.

Dinner.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit with Poached Egg.
Apricots.
Cocoa.

FRIDAY.*First Meal.*

Slice Whole Wheat Bread, and Toast.
Nuts.
Dates.

Dinner.

Potato Soup.
Soft Boiled Egg.
Cereal Coffee.
Fruit Cake.

SATURDAY.*First Meal.*

Apples and Nuts.
Buttermilk.

Dinner.

Creamed Onions on Triscuit.
Apple Sauce with Cream.
Cocoa.

SUNDAY.*First Meal.*

Fried Egg Plant.
Sliced Bananas and Oranges.
Apple Juice.

Dinner.

Lima Beans.
Boiled Potatoes with Cream Gravy.
Whole Wheat Bread.
Stewed Prunes.
Potato Salad.
Grape Juice.

Any of the foregoing dishes can be prepared in a few minutes on an ordinary gas stove. The peas and beans can be purchased in cans (the latter without the pork), and need only be warmed. Lemon juice is a very good substitute for vinegar. Potato salad and brown bread can be gotten at any delicatessen store, at a reasonable price.

In making vegetable soup, butter can be used in place of meat, making the soup delicious and wholesome.

Peaches, prunes and apricots need not be cooked, but can be soaked in cold water until soft; then the sugar may be added. The egg plant has to be boiled a few minutes before frying, then it should be dipped in corn meal, cracker crumbs or flour, and fried in butter. Potato soup is made by slicing the potatoes and boiling until soft; then throw off water and add milk to cover, and season with butter, salt and pepper to suit.

Rolled raw wheat can be bought in packages, and is better and more wholesome used raw than when it is cooked. Eat with cream, dates, strawberries, or other fruit. This dish will be found delicious.

LEAST EXPENSIVE MENU FOR ONE WEEK

Submitted by Clarence Chandler

The teachings of PHYSICAL CULTURE in regard to foods, their preparation, uses, and the benefits derived from following a certain régime have mainly passed through the theoretical stage and are being incorporated into the history of the day. But the spread of radical views is slow, however vital the end sought may be. People who have abused their digestive organs without stint for thirty years will denounce all methods of sudden change, if even suffering from rheumatism, constipation, indigestion, headache, and a few other aches and ills.

The writer well remembers the flutter of fear for the possibly disastrous result of his first experiment with physical culture ideas, the omission of one noon-day meal.

During my studies at college, experiments were made from time to time with various kinds of food, their use and omission; tea, coffee, water; exercise, systematic and unsystematic, always with the intention of determining the best course to pursue with regard to health, and the amount as well as the ease with which work could be accomplished. The result of these experiments, extending over a period of three years, has been a confirmation of the teaching set forth in the pages of this magazine.

The old adage, "plain living and high thinking," go hand in hand, although sadly imposed upon in these days. This principle is recognized and acted upon by a few of the leading intellectual men of the world. Plain living and little thinking is the combination of forces of which the members at the other end of the social ladder are masters; while for a vast army of beings between these extremes the art of thinking is being sacrificed to the art of living.

The preparation, for daily consumption, of good wholesome food, in bountiful quantity, is a very easy problem. Whereas, the average housewife devotes four or five hours a day to this labor, and the scrubbing of pots and pans, the work could easily be done in half that time to the great advantage of the whole household. Recently, for a period of four months, in preparing his own food, with the exception of bread-making and a few insignificant trifles, the writer spent not more than twenty minutes a day. This was not a test case, by any means; it might have been done more quickly.

In these few weeks of which I speak, the principal articles of diet were whole wheat (crushed), dates, nuts and graham bread. The wheat was soaked in warm water a few hours, and then, by the use of a small oil heater kept at the boiling point fifteen to thirty minutes, with salt added to taste. It requires little or no attention during cooking, and possibly could be dispensed with. If va-

riety is wished, a small piece of cheese added during the cooking will make a most palatable dish, or the wheat may be served with syrup, or eaten with milk.

If used for a long period of time, other inexpensive ways will readily be found by the experimenter, to give variety to the taste and added interest to his efforts. On an average, one hour and thirty minutes was taken for the principal meal of the day. Thorough mastication is as important for health and strength as the quality of the food consumed.

The nature of the work performed should be considered in estimating the amount of food required. The writer found that a teacupful of wheat, one pound of dates, a handful of nuts, and one-third of a loaf of bread were sufficient for a day, divided into two or three meals as feelings prompted.

Estimated by the week we have:

Wheat	\$0.07
Dates35
Bread15
Nuts and cheese.....	.05
Total	\$0.62

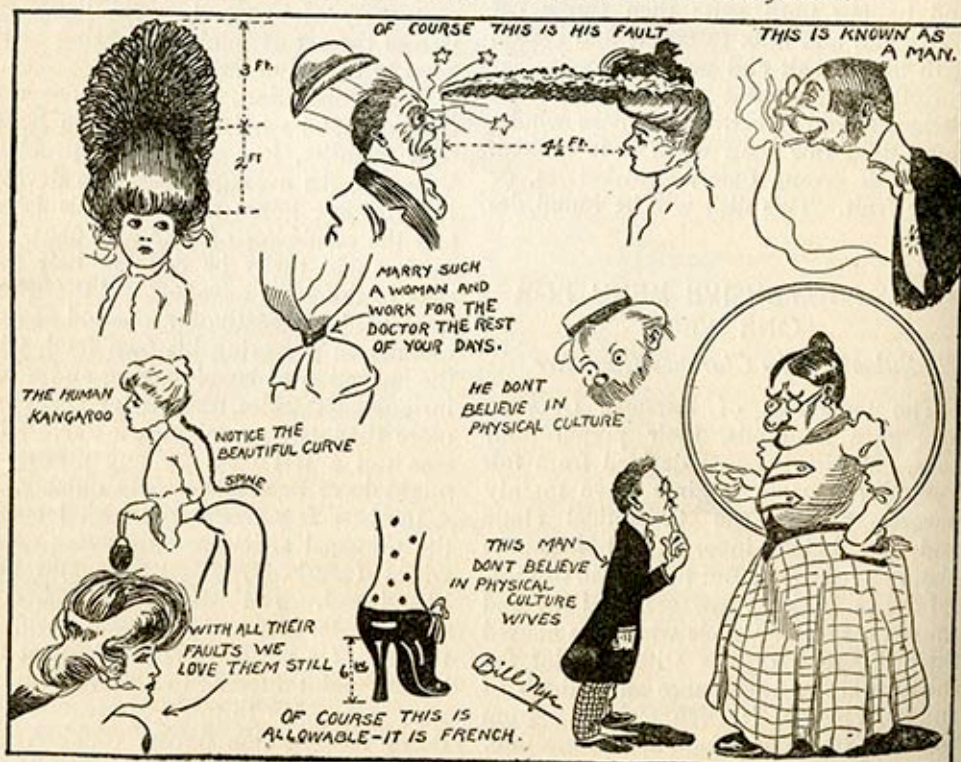
While this bill-o'-fare may not appear attractive on paper, I believe on trial it will be found to be so by anyone having a normal and unperverted appetite.

One hour a day was used at the gymnasium in vigorous work at the chest weights, dumb-bells, handball, running, etc., thirteen hours devoted to study. There was no change in weight nor any loss of zest for mental labor during this period. Incidentally, as the result of adhering to this régime, a stubborn case of constipation was arrested, nor has there been a return of those symptoms during the six months since the conclusion of the experiments.

THE TROUBLESOME TONGUE

Doctor (politely, but looking at his watch with visible impatience)—Pardon me, madam, but my time is not my own! You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail;

and now, perhaps, you will kindly—er—ah"—Husband (not so considerate)—Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more. He wants to look at it.—*Everywhere.*



Cartoonist Nye's Idea of Present-Day Fads and Fashions

PARLIAMENT OF THOUGHT

If, at any time, there are any statements in PHYSICAL CULTURE that you believe to be erroneous or misleading, or any subject discussed regarding which you take issue or upon which you can throw additional light, write to us, addressing letters to this department. We intend to make this a parliament for free discussion. Problems that you would like to see debated, interesting personal experiences, criticisms, reminiscences, odd happenings, etc., are invited. We shall not be able to publish all letters, but will use those of greatest interest to the majority of readers. For every letter published we will present the writer, as a mark of our appreciation, with a subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE or BEAUTY AND HEALTH, to be sent to the writer or to any friend the writer may designate.—BENNAE MACFADDEN.

IMPROVEMENT OF HUMANITY DUE TO GREAT REFORMERS

To the Editor:—Your kind indulgence, while I cross rapiers with the incomparable Mr. G. M. Verrille, anent his expressed belief in the uselessness of reform. His article appeared in the January issue of "Physical Culture." Analyzing his remarks we arrive at the following conclusions:

You are not an optimist, because you are a reformer. Inaction is the essence of optimism. If all efforts at reformation ceased, the salvation of humanity would still be accomplished. This salvation would be brought about by the operation of an immutable force known as God-law. God-law and "the survival of the fittest" are one. In opposition to Mr. Verrille, and for the consideration of your readers, I would state:

That a study of history reveals the fact, that humanity as a whole has improved, physically, mentally and spiritually. This improvement has been due to a series of great reformers. The reformer is the medium through which God speaks His thought. Every written, every spoken word, manifestation as they are of the living thought, constitutes a force undying and never ending in its power for good. This mysterious God-law, this immutable force, exploited by the talented Mr. Verrille, is nothing more than the invincible power of thought, finding its most impressive expression through the medium of great reformers. The thinking man cannot deny, that were all efforts at reform to cease, and vice be permitted to go uncensored and unchecked, the world would inevitably revert to its primordial savagery and barbarism. Inaction is not the essence of optimism. The optimist is a man of action. Activity is the religion of the reformer. The reformer is the advance-guard of progress. He is an exponent of the power that built the universe. He is thought in action. Mr. G. M. Verrille, I salute you.

JAS. H. CARDEN.

Fruitvale, California.

NOTHING EVER ACCOMPLISHED EXCEPT THROUGH EFFORT

To the Editor:—We all note with much regret the article by Mr. G. M. Verrille in the last issue of "Physical Culture." It is indeed surprising to learn that a single reader of your magazine would condemn, in such a general way, the views and teachings that you are giving to the world.

In questioning your optimism, Mr. Verrille infers that it is necessary to sit down on the "stool of do nothing," and wait for that "immutable force or law," which he mentions,

to work out our destiny for us. He further asserts that if every reformer would stand back and let the wicked and vicious have their sway, the good would go on just the same. We have had examples of this giving back, in every age of history down to the present time, and we have also noted the terrible results.

In order to be an optimist one does not have to content himself by thinking and preaching that "everything is working together for good." He must be up and doing some of the good work himself. We agree that the world is progressing morally, as well as in other ways, and that the ultimate end will be complete harmony, but it is absurd to say that tobacco, the saloon den, prudery, ignorance, etc., are contributing anything for the good of this great work of evolution.

For the young man or young woman just launched out into the world, to appreciate the value of right living, we must also show them examples of wrong living. It is well to look on both sides of life in the proper light, and this is just the idea our editor is carrying out.

Statistically speaking, Mr. Verrille is greatly in error when he says that after years of time have passed, you will find that all your reforming has resulted only in converting a handful of people. We know that you have already turned thousands—soon to be millions—from the old rut of conventional wrong living into the right path. We are all aware of the physical culture wave sweeping the country. Nearly every newspaper and magazine of worth are now lending assistance in some way. Even the doctor will now admit that physical culture is a good thing, however anxious he may be to prescribe his worthless concoctions for the sake of a few paltry dollars. And all this great change is the result of the one thing—effort. Cease our efforts of reformation in this direction, and our country will soon revert to heathenism.

Go on, Mr. Macfadden. We physical culturists will stand back of you. Nothing has ever been accomplished except through effort, and we are not going to stand idle and say, "Whatever is, is right."

Yours truly,

T. M. PANKEY.

ONE OF MOST PERNICIOUS DOCTRINES EVER PROMULGATED

To the Editor:—Permit me to reply to the remarks of G. M. Verrille.

This doctrine of "immutable laws working through humanity for ultimate good," this

let things run along in any old way they will come out all right in the end, is one of the most pernicious doctrines ever promulgated. It is altruism gone mad, and the logical termination of this leaving everything for nature to cure means, if carried out, the more or less speedy wiping out of humanity. Let us look into this. Is it not the bulk of humanity to-day who are indulging in those excesses which we say leads to degeneracy? And from statistics nature would seem to postpone her killing-cure in these individual degenerates just about long enough for them to bring into the world a greater number of degenerates than she is kind enough to kill off. Then our social hodge-podge called civilization seems for the most part to be run by, and for, just these degenerates. So that one who tries to live up to the ideal of manhood is likely to be rewarded, according to the age in which he happens to live, either by crucifixion, burning, imprisonment, or be black-listed out of existence. And his offspring seeing the rewards of the just, rather than suffer these enormities, prefer always to fall back in the old rut, and go with the crowd. But in spite of these adverse conditions, there seem to be yet a few human beings born healthy into the world. And one or two of these growing up seem to have sufficient intelligence to see how things are going, and sufficient courage, in spite of former examples, to say to the rising generation: "My dear children, you all wish to be happy. You are all made for happiness, but you are made so marvelously complex that if you are not trained in childhood and early youth in the most careful manner, by the most intelligent and liberal-minded members of the community, the chances are ninety-nine to a hundred that you will go wrong. Your very health will be the cause of your undoing if you are allowed to grow up in ignorance. It is not the cold-blooded, the phlegmatic child who is mostly like to become immoral but, rather, the robust girl or boy who is allowed to grow up in entire ignorance of the wonderful and beautiful bodies entrusted to their care, who are most likely to indulge in those excesses which terminate in degeneration. And, seeing this, and having some bitter experiences myself in early youth from just this ignorance, I am now determined to devote the remainder of my life to help bring about better conditions." But lo! at this stage, up steps the cold-water man who does not seem to have taken time to think out the results of his opportunism, and exclaims: "No! Rather leave it all to nature and her heroic method of cure." But civilizations have gone out of existence many times in the past through just this leaving it all to nature. And there is reason to believe that nature is trying her hand at her favorite cure on our present make-shift civilization. So that if the few remaining men in existence do not get their coats off like our noble editor and plant themselves, with him, in the breach and say: "To Hades with all nature that shall conflict with matured human reason," our present civilization is likely, in not a great while, to follow the rest and become a matter of history.

Mr. Verrille is afraid that Mr. Macfadden might feel bitter when he discovers he has been able to lead only a handful to new life. But we do not find that any right-minded man ever regrets the little good he has been enabled to achieve in his life. And I do not think that Mr. Macfadden has any reason to

be discouraged with his handful, with all the cold water that Mr. Verrille is trying to pour down his spine. But, rather, if Mr. Verrille and those like him—who, I have generally observed, are comfortably taken care of by those peculiar accidents in our present social arrangements, where rewards are often in the inverse ratio to merit—would, instead of lazily letting nature take her course, bestir themselves and try to gather in just such handfuls as the editor of "Physical Culture" is doing, they would soon have the world along with them.

Albany, N. Y.

E. A. NORRIS.

CHRIST HIMSELF THE GREATEST REFORMER

To the Editor:—Having read the long and interesting letter of Mr. G. M. Verrille in the January issue of "Physical Culture," may I be permitted to write a short letter in answer? He says that "everything is safe." So were Rome, Greece and Persia safe at one time. But what caused their downfall? The same things that our "civilization" to-day is facing—sexual excesses and debauchery. He writes of the "quiet, unseen . . . force . . . in all nature," the "God-law." Truly, reformers have lived, preached and died for hundreds of years, yet does not God Himself direct and accomplish His grand schemes among men through human agencies?

Think over this, and you will find that reformers are all right. Was not Christ Himself the great Reformer? Where would we be to-day had not this Reformer lived, preached and died for we poor, misguided human beings? Yours respectfully,

ARTHUR K. RUPP.

Shiremanstown, Pa.

ONE HANDFUL OF PERSONS WILL CONVERT ANOTHER HANDFUL

To the Editor:—As you make your "Parliament of Thought" a means of open discussion, will you permit me to disagree with a writer in the January number. Under the heading, "Believes Efforts at Reform Useless," G. M. V. assumes an attitude that is, to say the least, unusual in readers of this magazine.

In the first place he claims that "you are throwing the best years of your life into fighting certain evils, thinking that you can change "popular prejudice." From the bottom of my heart I beg of you to continue to think so. You are changing it, you can change it, and through your books and your magazines you have changed the opinions of many and been the means of bringing health and happiness undreamed, just because you have dared to teach men and women to obey the laws of nature. I speak now only of those whom I know personally, so I know whereof I speak.

The writer goes on to say: "You and every other reformer could stop reforming to-day, and the world would go on just the same." Of course it would, but, oh, the horror of it! The misery! the ignorance! the crime!

"The salvation of humanity does not lie in the turmoil and the fight and the storming of reformers." Is not such a statement an attempt to change "popular prejudice?"

"It lies in the unseen, slow moving, but sure force that is working its way through all nature." Granted. But what is this force, this God-law? It is the law of nature, and from time immemorial God has interpreted His laws through man to man, and on till time is no more. God will continue to reform

mankind, through mankind. It is nature's law, that he to whom she has revealed her secrets shall in turn reveal them to his fellowmen, for the universal welfare, and worthless, indeed, is he who falls in this, his highest duty.

The heart of all civilized humanity would deny a claim that reformers have worked in vain.

Reformers die, of course. Who does not? The reformers of old are long dead, and we are happy in the knowledge that they came to spread. It may have been "a drop in the ocean then," but we can hardly believe that now. If the wicked die, the evil that they did while living goes on and on through the ages, and how much more so the good of reformers.

It is not enough for us to believe in "the survival of the fittest" or the destruction of the "unfit." Our work is to make all fit. If the unfit die early, they live long enough to drag someone else down with them. We dare not stand idly by, believing that good will conquer by and by. It will! But never, unless we make it. We are God's agents. We must teach men God's laws and help them to obey them.

What if your reforming had "converted only a handful of people from the old life into a better life?" Will not that handful convert another handful, and so on and on? The good will live because it is good. What if you should die! Your work will not cease, for you are training hundreds to do your work. The uplifting of mankind out of the "old rut" of ignorance and habit is a work that is noble and deserving of the highest reward. Its training is for knowledge, and the extension of knowledge and the work is too far advanced to be influenced by narrowmindedness. Keep it up. Your work is among those who are eager to learn, and, having acquired a higher knowledge, rest not content until they have passed the good work along. We are working with you.

Yours for the good of mankind,
Brooklyn, N. Y. F. A. F.

SAVORS OF FATALISTIC CREED

To the Editor:—I was interested by Mr. G. M. Verrille's communication in the "Parliament of Thought." I do not wish in any way to show disrespect for his superior wisdom and knowledge, for doubtless he is years my senior, and of far broader experience. However, his letter seems to be extremely narrow and pessimistic. To me it savors strongly of the fatalistic creeds in which one is saved and one is damned without will or choice on the part of blessed or cursed. In it he speaks only of the work you have not accomplished, and says not a word of the wonders you have done.

Mr. Verrille seems to imply that you are wasting your manhood and strength. (You do, or ought to, receive very satisfactory compensation for the work you do.) What nobler work would he have you do, which he would not consider such a waste? He writes to warn you against discouragement at the time when, as he says, you come to the realization that you have not converted the world. Suppose your work is only a drop in the ocean; suppose you convert only a handful of people, are you not repaid a thousandfold? Is not your work its own reward, its own joy and happiness?

Just because nature punishes those who violate her God-given laws, shall we refuse to teach the people what those laws are?

Shall we not do everything in our power to prevent the people from breaking those laws, and to teach them to avoid the punishment by obeying the laws? "I, the Lord, thy God, am a jealous God, and visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations —." Shall we refuse to teach the third and fourth generations to propitiate their fathers' sins simply because their woes are nature's punishment for the sins of others? Shall we not warn and teach our little children and young folk, simply because nature will punish them after they have sinned? One evil person may work havoc with hundreds of children who are untaught.

I am the offspring of corsets and disease. I was born ill-shapen and weak. For twenty-one years my body has dragged itself along under its burden till two years ago I began a new life. I began in a small way to take care of my body in the manner prescribed in your magazine. Although, being weak of will as well as of body, I have not thoroughly and faithfully followed your teachings, I have grown from weakness into health and strength. In two years I have increased in weight thirty pounds. "It isn't fat, either." And, whereas, two years ago I could barely lift a hundred-pound bag of meal from the ground, I can now put it on my shoulder and carry it all over the farm. I can thoroughly endorse all your teachings.

According to Mr. Verrille's theory, it seems you should not have published "Physical Culture," and I should be condemned to drag out a miserable existence through all the years to come, suffering for the sins of others, sins which I had no power to prevent, no voice to control. But, thank God, through the blessing of your work I am able to overcome the evils imposed upon me, and live a joyous life, while those who come after me shall be born to health and strength, instead of misery.

And now, remember, that whatever may be your hopes or fears, whatever your joys or sorrows, whatever your success or failure, you have stanch, loving friends, among whom I proudly name myself. ROY C. BEALE.

Concord Junction, Mass.

[We have been deluged with letters emphatically opposing Mr. G. M. Verrille's view of reform printed in the January "Parliament of Thought." Many of them, while they would make excellent reading, had to be omitted from this column owing to the limited amount of space; but we have forwarded all of the letters to Mr. Verrille with the request that he give us a scholarly answer defending his views. This will close the discussion. We thank our readers for the responsive interest that has been shown.—EDITH.]

AN ANSWER TO DR. R. M. V.

To the Editor:—Dr. R. M. V. in December's "Physical Culture" objects strenuously to the policy of this magazine in shaking the confidence of the people in doctors. He speaks of mental therapeutics, and says thousands have been cured by their belief in the doctor and the thing given—often a little "colored water," etc. This may be quite true where there was really nothing wrong with the patient except his mental attitude. But we cannot quote any severe cases having been cured by mere belief. If "colored water" was the only dope used to fool the public, no great objections could be made, except from a financial standpoint. But such is not the case—on the contrary, the most vile and vicious poisons are constantly administered

with the terrible effects that any one who has taken them can testify to.

This doctor thinks no one but the doctors themselves have a right to reform the condition of things; that their methods are no one's business but theirs, etc. He also says that if they did try to change their ways they could not hold their practice long. By which statements we can see that this doctor at least does not intend to do so. Now, the health of the people is everybody's business. You cannot be weak or sick without influencing others. Observe the effect of the hollow consumptive cough in a public place. The unhappiness in the home of an invalid, the misery caused by the blunders of a weakling, and the sacrifices on the part of the well for the sick everywhere. Blind faith in anything is dangerous. The people are being taught. Loving faith in doctors will cause no calamity. Brains will begin to work and shortly the importance of "an ounce of prevention" will be appreciated. When the majority of people feel this way, the doctors will be obliged to abandon their drugs or their profession. MRS. C. E. WILLIAMS.

New York City.

BELIEVES MENTAL THERAPEUTICS NEVER CURED REAL AILMENT

To the Editor:—In the December issue a letter appears written by Dr. R. V. M., in which he states that you are wrong in shaking the almost, but not quite, popular belief in medicine. Now the only argument he puts forth is his "mental therapeutics."

Is not that a very poor argument? For nearly four years I did not know what it was to have a well day, and in that period of time I took enough medicine to float a small sized man-of-war. Now, in spite of my firm belief in medicine, I grew steadily worse. I also know of numerous other cases with a similar effect.

I firmly believe that mental therapeutics and medicine or colored water never cured anyone who had any real ailment. If it can, why did it not cure me, who at that time had a firm belief in medicine?

Why does it not cure others who believe in it to-day as firmly as I did.

As to his kicking about you taking up the work of reform, and wanting you to leave it to the profession, I would say that it is the duty of every conscientious man who knows the truth to enlighten the ignorant on the subject of medicine. If it were left entirely to the profession the reformation would be a long time in coming.

In conclusion, the M. D. uses that old saw: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Now, I can't remember of being very blissful during that period of "mental therapeutics," in spite of my ignorance; but, on the contrary, come much nearer to that state by being the least bit wiser.

Only on one point do I agree with him, and that is the credulous state of people in general as regards medicine.

Now, does the illustrious M. D. think it very creditable on his own part or on that of his colleagues to impose on the credulity of

mankind in order to live? Would it not be more manly to tell them the truth?

A man who knows the truth and withholds it is, in my opinion, committing a crime against mankind. Yours truly,
Toronto, Ont. FRANCIS MURRAY.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE BOARDING HOUSE

To the Editor:—There is a latent demand for physical culture boarding houses, where all the (dis) comforts of home could be avoided. This is proved by the great response that has followed Mr. Macfadden's suggestion of a physical culture city.

A physical culture boarding house would cost no more than does the ordinary establishment.

Physical culturists are especially desirable boarders and lodgers, in many ways. They do not care for a high temperature indoors, and are fond of being outdoors. So many physical culturists have given up the use of cooked food, that no great amount of cooking would be necessary. They are of the reading public, generally mental workers and, necessarily, people who have an upward tendency—a desire for improvement. They are not likely to become seriously ill.

An ordinary dwelling, well chosen, would answer the purpose. Of course, the greater the number of rooms, the more cheaply and excellently the enterprise could be conducted, and the greater would be the attraction. To make success doubly sure, it might be well to establish the first house in the city as near as possible to both the business section and the park or lake, or other natural spot.

A shower bath would be extremely desirable for both tenants and proprietor; to the tenants because of its convenience and hygienic excellence, and to the proprietor because it can be used more quickly than can a tub. No gymnasium would be necessary. Many windows would be desirable, so that even in summer a draft could be obtained in each room, for to the successful physical culturist a draft upon the skin is Heaven's own caress. J. G. HARDING.

FARM HANDS HAVE GOOD OCCUPATION

To the Editor:—I would like to say, in reply to Alfred S. Ayer in the December "Physical Culture" in reference to farming, that his experience in country life and mine differ somewhat. Competent farm hands here receive \$20 to \$25 a month, board and washing, sometimes the keep of their horse to hay or pasture included. They rise at 5.30 a. m., breakfast at 6.30, dinner at 11.30 to 12 m., supper at 5 p. m. With from one-half to one hour's milking after supper, he completes his labors for the day.

The greatest fault I find with rural life is that some people seem to think that country folk are too green to burn.

The farmers in this vicinity have the R. F. D., local grange, local and long-distance telephone, and, in almost every respect, as many conveniences as can be found in the larger cities. Yours for nature,

Bliss, N. Y.

MARTIN NELSON.



MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS

FROM EVERYWHERE

AMERICANS BECOMING NATION OF VEGETARIANS

There has been an enormous increase in the demand for fruits and nuts, eggs, milk, butter and cheese, and for proprietary cereal foods of late, says the *Dallas (Texas) News*. Fifty years ago the only cereal food known, besides the products of wheat and rye flour and cornmeal, was oatmeal, and that was imported and was rare and costly. Now, no breakfast table is without some form of mush or grits.

A thorough investigation of the subject shows that Americans eat 36 per cent. less meat per capita than fifty years ago. But we eat more wheat, eggs and cheese. In 1880 our consumption of eggs was 920 dozen for each 100 persons. Now it is 1,700 dozen for each 100. We eat seventeen dozen apiece, and the hen has assumed an important place in economics. In 1850 we consumed 430 bushels of wheat for each 100 persons. Now the consumption is 623 bushels for the same number. Corn and potatoes show a similar increase, while in forty years the consumption of oats as human food has increased fourfold.

One of the most notable changes of diet is that in favor of fruits. They are used the year around. They are fine, either fresh from the tree or cooked, and are kept dried, evaporated, canned or preserved the year around. There is no more wholesome or palatable dish for the supper table than a properly selected and prepared dish of stewed peaches or apples. The banana has gained continually for the last twenty years. Our bananas now cost us \$8,000,000 a year.

ANOTHER PATENT MEDICINE MURDER

If you give a man a poison and he dies, you are accused of murder and may be

made to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. But if you sell him a poison in a neat little box or packet, and he loses his life because of it, you go scot free. The ordinary citizen kills at his peril. The patent medicine man slaughters as he pleases and goes scot free. For example: Oscar McKinley, a merchant, of Brad-dock, Pa., died recently as the result of a dose of headache medicine. McKinley for several months had been afflicted with severe headaches, and had been in the habit of taking liberal doses of medicine for relief. The powders were bought at a drug store in the vicinity of his residence, after which he retired to his room. He failed to appear for supper at the usual time, and his wife found him lying on the bed in an unconscious condition. A physician was summoned, but he worked in vain on the patient, who died at 4 o'clock the following morning.

ARE WE BECOMING INDIANS?

The question as to whether we are reverting to the aboriginal Indian type is thus touched on by a writer in the *El-dorado (Kan.) Republican*, who has a liking for good, sonorous, scientific words and a sense of humor: "Ethnologists, craniologists, archæologists and others who think they know, but don't, say everything moves in cycles, everything goes round and round in the same old way. Everything that has been is and will be again. And there is a lot of truth in it. Old-fashioned sorrel tops are getting scarce in this country. But few blondes are left, except the drug store ones. The people take to going bareheaded, like the Indians, while wearing but few clothes.

"It's coming to be a great fad to live outdoors, in tents, and sleep on the ground, like the Indians, while half the people put

in half their time 'scalping' their neighbors. The white buck of to-day is content to let his squaw do all the work, while the analogy is complete in the fact that she is willing to do it. The American Indian should be considered autochthonous; the North American continent, the home of Adam and Eve, and that the present white race will get back to original conditions is not denied by scientific doctors of the various and sundry ologies. The people of to-day are pigeon-toed, use grunts for words and sentences, gamble, drink firewater to excess, have the dolichocephalic head of the Patagonian, horse's mane hair, slight beard, deep-set eyes, high cheek bones, long aquiline noses, all going to prove the primordial unity."

A VENERABLE BICYCLIST

Henry Maunder, over eighty-one years old, of Painesville, O., spends most of his time riding a wheel. Maunder took up the wheel when he was seventy-seven, and he is an expert now. He says wheeling is restful to him, and that he has ridden over 18,000 miles since he began. He says he can easily ride 100 miles over good roads in a day. Maunder is a graceful rider, and executes many tricks on a wheel. Also, he is a staunch adherent to physical culture principles.

THE PREJUDICE AGAINST WEAKNESS

There is such an inherent love for wholeness, such a longing for perfection in man, that we instinctively shrink from and have a prejudice against deficiency, incompleteness, or half-development. We are so constituted that we admire strength, or robustness, and, while we may pity weakness, we can never admire it, says *Success*. Health is the everlasting fact, the truth of being which is implanted in our ideal, and any departure from this normal, standard ideal may excite sympathy, pity or regret, but never admiration.

A great German physician used to say that there is something in man which is never sick, never out of harmony, never abnormal, and never dies. We have a conviction that, as we were made in the image of our Creator, absolute perfection is possible to us, and that any departure from this is a weakness, a sin, or perhaps a crime. There is nothing else so inspir-

ing as the contemplation of absolute perfection.

Strength and vigor give confidence. They are proofs of ability to achieve, to accomplish, to do things. We admire evidence of reserve power, which makes one equal to any emergency. We are so made up that we cannot help respecting force, power, energy, completeness, wholeness, and symmetry.

We admire people who do great things easily, while we have but a poor opinion of the weaker person who does the same thing with a great outlay of strength and energy.

A TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT FOR EVIL DOERS

In a humorous, but none the less striking, manner, a writer in the *London Lady* calls attention to the idiotic manner in which the average female clothes herself by suggesting that male law-breakers be sentenced to wear for one month the clothing of fashionable women, and compelled in this clothing to keep on their feet all day. It is prophesied that, after having endured such a sentence one day, they would cheerfully welcome imprisonment, the treadmill, anything. Any way of drawing attention to the discomfort of most feminine garments is a good way. It is perfectly incredible what some women will endure for the sake of their appearance. They carry the theory that it is necessary to suffer in order to be attractive to an extreme bordering on martyrdom. Shoes that hurt the feet, hats that press heavily on the head, assisted by an undue weight of hairpins when an elaborate coiffure is adopted, corsets which, even when not actively uncomfortable from being too tight, are passively disagreeable from their heat, a number of garments which provoke anxiety and irritation from their very numerousness, and in hot weather are fraudulently cool to look at, but hot in every other respect.

Poor woman! she must endure all this and more if she would look "her best." Men can have garments which are much more comfortable than they look, and yet be smart and well set-up. Feminine clothes which spell comfort always seem to imply sloppiness and unbecomingness, if not downright untidiness. Why?

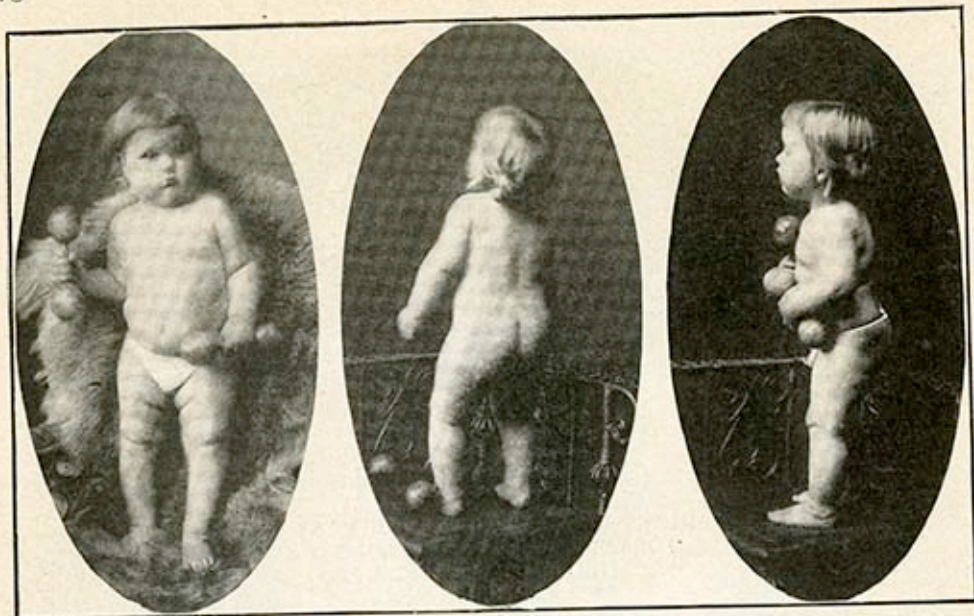


We are offering a number of prizes for the best formed physical culture baby. The first prize is a solid gold and beautifully wrought medal with name of baby winner inscribed. The second prize is a physical culture library, consisting of choice of any five of our books published. The third prize is a choice of any three of our books published. We will also give ten consolation prizes, to be a choice of any of the books in the Physical Culture Library, or a year's subscription to "Physical Culture," or two years' subscription to "Beauty and Health." Competition is open to all mothers who are readers of the magazine and who are rearing their babies by means of physical culture methods. Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description, together with measurements, age, weight and name. Photographs should be taken in a standing position and different views of same child are desirable. Do not fail to put name and address on back of each photo sent. Contest has been extended to May 1st, 1906. Address, "Prize Baby" Department.

WE present herewith several more candidates for the prizes which we offer for the best formed physical culture babies. As stated last month, the methods used in rearing these healthy, happy little men and women have, in many respects, differed radically from the traditional ideas of how a baby should be cared for. The physical culture mothers of these children have replaced blind conventionality with common sense. It will be admitted that their action in so doing has been fully justified by the results in the form of children possessing exceptional health, strength and cheerful dispositions.

The wisdom of giving physical culture exercises to an infant of tender age has been questioned and even condemned by a few, on the ground that a healthy, normal baby will of its own accord take sufficient voluntary exercise to satisfy all requirements, and any additional exercise will as a natural consequence tax its strength too much. This contention may have some foundation in the case of a strong child who is almost always

exceedingly active when not asleep, and will, if its clothing is not too tight, kick and twist and turn and flourish its little arms in every conceivable direction. And while such a child would not be injured by any special exercise that its parents might wish to give it, it is probably true that it is not really in any great need of such assistance. But it is not likely that such a course would overwork the muscles of its little body, as feared by a recent contributor to this magazine, since, under the circumstances, the child would probably not take so much voluntary exercise as when left alone. At the same time, if a child is not strong and active, it would be of the most decided advantage for the parents to promote a more vigorous circulation and strengthen the bodily tissues of the little one by gentle massage, and a few light movements which would bring into play its arms and legs. In any event, well-defined systematic exercises given by its parents would prove a far more valuable training than the aimless, spontaneous movements of an infant.

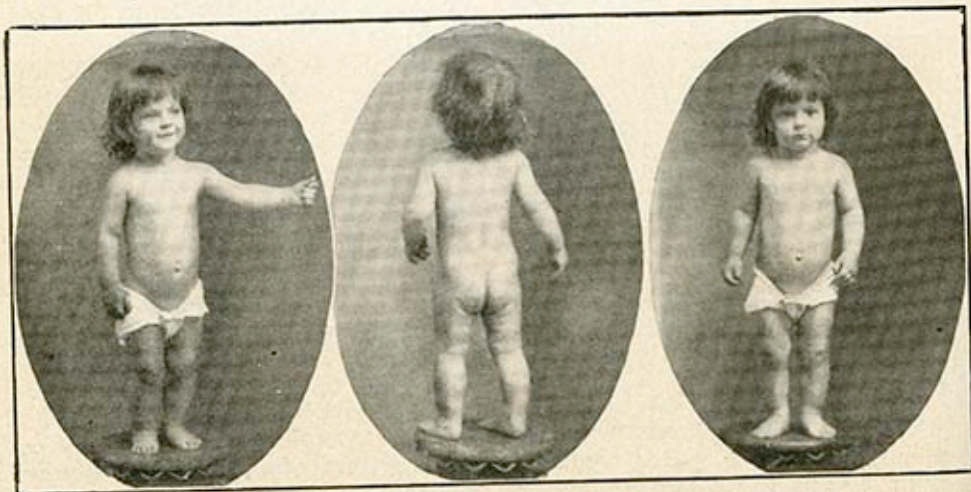


Ira Steele Jones, Vancouver, B. C. Age, 18 Months; Weight, 40 Pounds

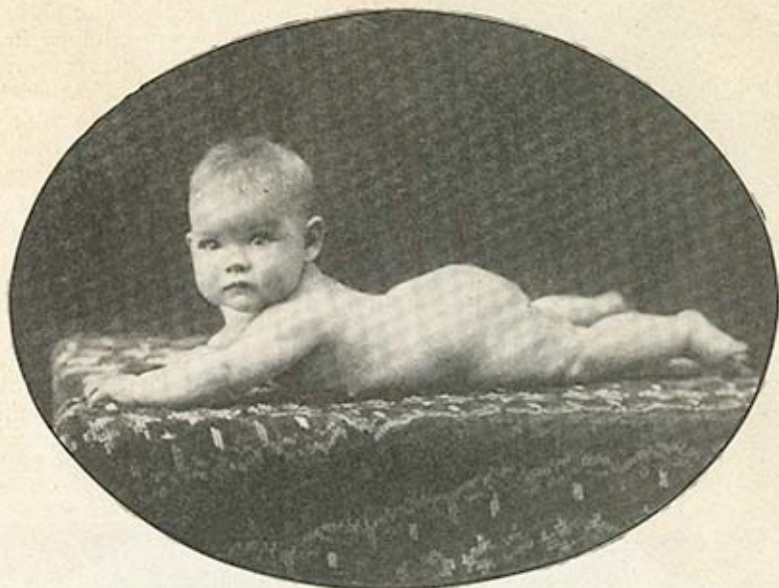
It is, of course, to be understood that there must be nothing strenuous about any exercises that may be given to a child, and that in every case, the movements should take the form of play. In fact, under right conditions, there is nothing the child should enjoy more than its daily exercise. And as it grows older it will come to demand it as a necessary part of the routine of the day, growing up into splendid, robust manhood, or superb, vigorous womanhood, and attaining a degree of health, strength

and vitality which is not realized at present except by a very small per centage of our population.

Master Robert Gaynor Jones, of Boston, is a veritable infant giant, and while his age places him in the "baby" class, yet his splendid little body would do credit to a child a year or two older. He is only seventeen months of age, weighs $42\frac{1}{2}$ pounds and is 33 inches tall. His shoulders measure $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches across and his manly little chest $21\frac{1}{2}$ inches around. His parents, Mr. and



James Covington Allmon, Bellefontaine, O. Age, 17 Months; Weight, 27 Pounds; Height, 31 Inches



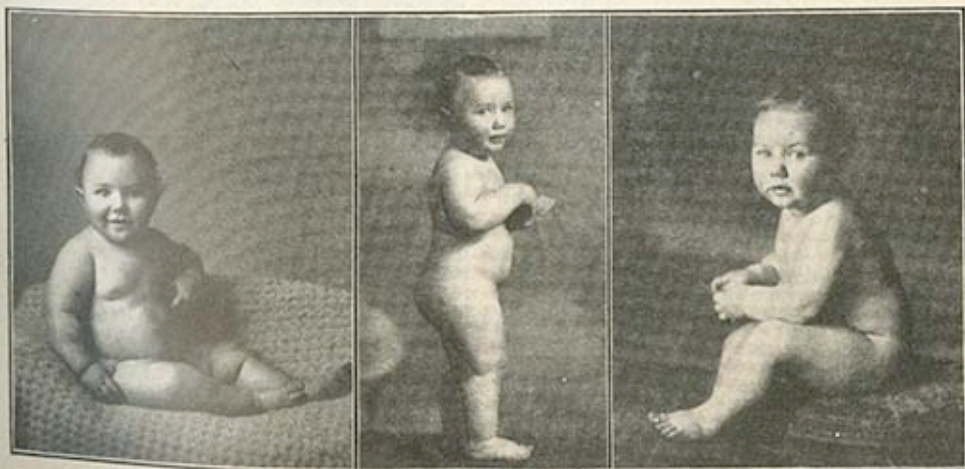
Grace May Dickinson, Woburn, Mass. Age, 6 Months; Weight, 22 Pounds

Mrs. Robert E. Jones, attribute his robust health and phenomenal growth to the fact that he is always out-of-doors.

Little Ira Steele Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Jones, is an exceptionally vigorous youngster, and is by far the largest baby of his age in Vancouver, B. C. At the age of eighteen months he has attained a height of 33 inches and a weight of 40 pounds. His chest measures 24 inches and his biceps nine. The child has spent one-third of its young life living in a tent, and has never yet had a cold or sickness of any sort.

Little A. F. Skene Reinhold, son of Dr. Aug. F. Reinhold, is a San Francisco physical culturist, and a creature of perpetual motion. He has not been given any exercises by his parents, for he has always been too busy with those of his own. He is a little over two years old, weighs 41 pounds and is three feet three inches tall. He has had a cold bath each morning since the fifth day of his birth and has had not one sick moment. He lived on mother's milk for one year, and since then on fruits, vegetables and nuts.

Miss Grace Dickinson is the daughter



Erdls Bernarr Fox-Smith. Age, 1 Year; Weight, 34 Pounds; Height, 30 Inches



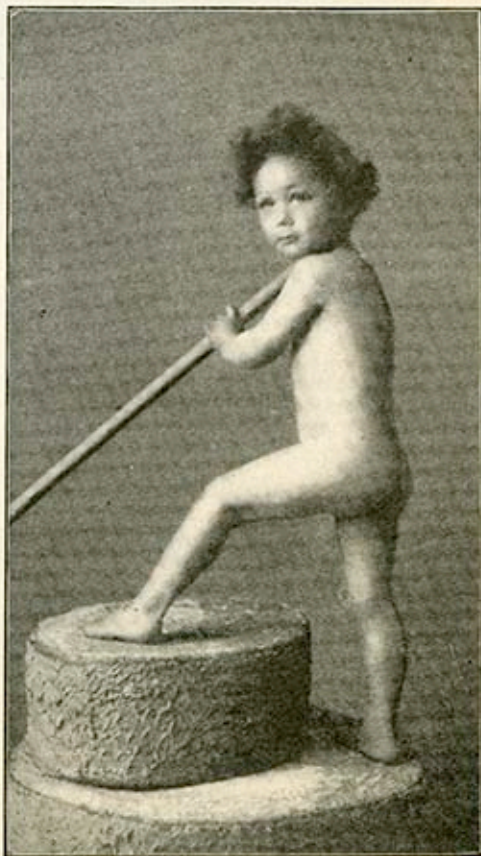
Robert Gaynor Jones, Holmes St., Norfolk Downs, Mass. Age, 20 Months; Weight, 45 Pounds; Height, 36 Inches

of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Dickinson, 8 Hart Place, Woburn, Mass., and is just six months old. At this age the little lady weighs 22 pounds, and is as strong, healthy and happy a baby as one might wish to see. Thanks to pre-natal training, she has been blessed with an excellent start in life. She has a daily cold bath, followed by a rub down of olive oil and then a long nap out-of-doors in her carriage.

Baby Merlin Hayford Mickel (see frontispiece), is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Mickel, 939 Mt. Vernon Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia. He has been with his parents for fifteen months, is 30 inches tall, and weighs 31 pounds.

He is another out-of-door child and has never been sick or unhappy in his life. His mother, who has never worn corsets, is a confirmed physical culturist, having taken long walks and exercise daily up to the day of the baby's arrival.

Master James Covington Allmon, aged seventeen months, weighs 27 pounds, height 31 inches, lives in Bellefontaine, Ohio, and is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Allmon. Aside from pre-natal influences, this boy's physical training began at the age of six weeks. He learned the secret of pedestrianism very early in life and at ten months of age could walk up a flight of stairs all by himself. So active and aggressive is he that strangers doubt his age and gaze in wonder at his little stunts.



A. F. Skene Reinhold. Age, 29 Months; Weight, 41 Pounds; Height, 3 Feet 3 Inches

HEALTH TALK FOR MARCH

By Bernarr Macfadden

FRICTION BATHS INSTEAD OF COLD-WATER BATHS

IT is difficult for many people to become accustomed to cold baths, and there are times when even those who are used to the rigorous régime of which these baths form a part, find that they do not seem especially pleasant. This fact has frequently brought inquiries to us as to whether a dry friction bath cannot satisfactorily take the place of the cold bath. It is argued that the dry friction of the skin accelerates the circulation, opens the pores, brushes off the dry particles of impurities that may have gathered on the skin, and in a number of ways effects the like purposes of a cold bath.

There is much truth in this line of argument. Unquestionably the dry friction bath, as a means of exciting the exterior circulation, can hardly be improved upon. If you do not feel like taking a cold bath, if the shock which it gives to the system is not particularly pleasant, the dry friction bath makes a very satisfactory substitute.

When you use it in this manner, however, it will be found of greater advantage if you use two soft bristle brushes instead of the rough towel. No matter how rough the towel you may have been in the habit of using is, it will not be nearly as effective as the soft bristle brushes.

A POSITION TO INFLUENCE SLEEP

It may come as a surprise to many people to know the very great influence that certain positions have in inducing sleep. The positions for sleeping previously illustrated in this magazine can, of course, be recommended under ordinary circumstances. But if one is inclined to be sleepless, and does not care to use the methods of inducing slumber advised in my recent article on the cure of insomnia, a very simple method can be adopted instead, which often has a surprising influence in bringing slumber to tired eyes and brain.

Sleeplessness, as is well known, is, in

many cases, caused by a surplus amount of blood in the brain. The activity of the brain cannot be suppressed. Now, if at such times you simply place both hands up and behind the head, as far as you can conveniently reach without discomfort, an additional quantity of blood will be required for the arms, and will be withdrawn from the head. Try this suggestion at any time that you find it difficult to sleep, and you will be surprised at the satisfactory results.

HONEY FOR COUGHS

If you are treating a cough, you should not forget the value of honey as a means of remedying the continued irritation which is sometimes responsible for the trouble. Of course, when a certain amount of phlegm is raised, the cough is performing a beneficent purpose, and should not be stopped. But if much of your cough is the result of a local irritation, and does not seem to bring results of the nature alluded to, the frequent use of honey can be advised. Strained honey should be used, though it is very difficult to secure it pure. On this account I would advise that you use comb honey in every case. Keep the honey close at hand, and whenever the inclination to cough transpires, take a spoonful of it. In case you cough at night, place the honey by your bed side and make use of it whenever required.

THE INTERNAL BATH FOR REMEDYING ACUTE DISEASES

In the treatment of all acute diseases, the first means that should be adopted is the cleansing of the great sewer of the body. By far the larger part of the refuse and impurities that are eliminated from the body pass out through the colon. In nearly all acute diseases this important organ becomes more or less clogged. This symptom is called constipation. But the clogging is liable to lead to almost any disease. Nearly every acute disease is accompanied by symptoms of this character. Of course, regular action of the

bowels should be had at all times, and usually this indicates that the sewer is being properly kept open, but this is not true in every case. The bowels may appear to be regular, and still one may be somewhat constipated.

If, in acute diseases, one would immediately resort to the internal bath, that is to say, the thorough flushing of the colon with about two quarts of water, in a great number of cases their development would be immediately arrested. No matter what the disease may be, this one method of cleansing the body's most important sewer will open an avenue for ridding the system of the impurities which cause the manifestation of the malady.

QUICK CHANGES IN THE WEATHER

The average individual is frequently much alarmed by sudden changes in the weather, and, if a cold is acquired at that particular time, he almost immediately concludes that it is to be credited to the atmospheric change.

Changes in the weather are of but little importance to one who takes perfect care of his body. If you possess that rugged physique that comes from following a proper physical culture régime, you need not bother for a moment about the changing of the weather.

It might also be well to note that never is there an out-of-doors change in temperature so sudden or so great as that which takes place when you pass from an ordinary heated room out into the winter atmosphere. If colds and serious diseases were produced by sudden changes, they would certainly be more likely to follow a change of this character than the changes in the weather which are so common in March.

COLDS CAUSED BY OVER-EATING

It would be well to note during this season of the year, when colds are so general, that they are usually brought on by eating beyond your digestive capacity. Colds and over-worked digestive organs usually go together. Those who keep the body in a perfect physical condition and possess a perfectly adjusted nervous system, do not know what it is to catch cold. Whatever colds such persons may have, do not come from exposure. Two or three meals, during which food is eaten

beyond the digestive capacity, will bring on a cold. This does not indicate weakness. It indicates strength. It shows the perfect adjustment of the nervous system. Even a small amount of impurities in the blood are able to seek immediate outlet. They do not wait for some serious disease to arouse the system to its duty of ridding itself of this foreign matter. And if you live a sufficiently active life and breathe pure air, you will never have a cold unless you overeat.

DEEP BREATHING IN COLD WEATHER

When the air is raw, cold and penetrating, deep breathing exercises are just as beneficial as at other times. Cold air is always more exhilarating in its effects upon the body than when of a moderate temperature. Deep breathing exercises during the winter period, unquestionably bring more benefit than during the summer season. There is no danger of the air being too cold at any time. There is no danger of its being too damp. Provided one lives where the air is not contaminated much with dust and smoke and foul gases, it is always beneficial if taken in deep draughts.

Damp air is not, of course, as exhilarating as air that is dry and crisp, but damp air has no harmful qualities at any time, as the average individual would have you think. The only difference between damp air and dry air is that damp air contains a surplus amount of moisture. I would be pleased to have any one explain to me how moisture can harm the inner surface of the lungs. There is just one way in which damp air can affect the body, and that is, that the perspiration may not evaporate from the skin as readily in moist weather as during dry. But, if you are dressed properly, even this should be of practically no consequence to you.

HOT WATER BOTTLES FOR OUT-OF-DOOR SLEEPERS

In a recent issue of this magazine, in answer to a consumptive's query about keeping warm while sleeping out-of-doors, I suggested that whenever it is impossible to maintain warmth in the open air, one should take his bed inside the house. It would be well to note, however, that by the use of hot-water bottles

one can keep warm out-of-doors in the coldest kind of weather, no matter how poor the circulation might be. A hot-water bottle placed at the feet will enable one to maintain warmth with a very moderate amount of covering during the coldest nights. Of course, coddling of this nature is not to be advised unless actually necessary to maintain the warmth of the body. But it is certainly better to use hot-water bottles than to sleep all night with cold, uncomfortable feet.

For those who would like to take up out-of-door sleeping, and fear to try it

because of their inability to maintain warmth, I would advise that they use the hot-water bottle. As a rule, it will keep warm throughout the entire night, and while fasting, or when, for any special cause, one's vitality is much depleted and the circulation is very poor, the hot-water bottle can be used with considerable advantage.

If you do not have the rubber device that is ordinarily used for this purpose, any large bottle can be filled with hot water, securely corked, and so serve the purpose admirably.

Bernarr Macfadden will Lecture and Pose at Toronto, Montreal, Pittsburg and New York City

TORONTO Massey Hall, Sunday afternoon, February 26th, at 3 o'clock. Lecture under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League.

TORONTO Association Hall, Monday evening, February 27th, 8:15 P. M. Lecture to men only, on Superb Manhood. Classical poses by Mr. Macfadden.

MONTREAL Karn Hall, 236 $\frac{1}{2}$ St. Catherine's Street, March 2d, 8:15 P. M. Lecture and classical posing at the General Public Meeting of the Physical Culture Society of Montreal. Every enthusiast should attend this meeting and help launch the new society.

MONTREAL Karn Hall, March 3d, 8:15 P. M. Classical poses and lecture to men only on Superb Manhood.

PITTSBURG Arrangements are being made by the Pittsburg Physical Culture Society for a lecture and classical posing at the Allegheny Carnegie Hall, sometime in April. Definite notice of this will be given in the April issue.

NEW YORK CITY Webster Hall, 119-125 East 11th Street, Friday, April 7th, 8:15 P. M. Classical posing and lecture, "The Cause and Cure of Weakness." Friday, April 14th, 8:15 P. M. Classical posing and lecture, "Superb Power of Manhood" (for men only).



Branches of Proposed International Society of Physical Culture

We give herewith names or secretaries of the local societies so far organized as a result of Bernarr Macfadden's lecture tour through the United States and Canada. All readers who are interested in the movement for the confederation of physical culturists and physical culture societies and who desire to join, are requested to send name and address to secretary of society nearest their locality. Readers who wish to organize societies in localities not mentioned below, or who wish to become members of such societies if organized, are kindly requested to communicate with the Editor.

MANHATTAN, N. Y.—Caledonian Hall, 54th St. and 7th Ave.; secretary, Mr. G. E. Harley, 984 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Miss C. E. Markwell, 493 12th St.

TORONTO, CAN.—Mr. Walter R. Hilton, 234 Simcoe St.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Mr. W. E. Sheldrick, 1510 Farmers' Bank Building.

MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CAN.—Mr. Leo. Poupore, 344 Wood Ave., Westmount.

CLEVELAND, O.—Mrs. L. J. Romey, 251 Erie St.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Jerome Jennings, First National Bank Building.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mr. Edgar C. Perkins, 802 So. 4th St.

A STORM VENTILATOR

A SIMPLE ARRANGEMENT FOR SUPPLYING YOUR SLEEPING ROOM WITH PERFECT VENTILATION IN STORMY WEATHER

By T. H. Flood

ONE great difficulty which confronts nearly all physical culturists is the question of how to have the windows open during stormy weather without having rain and snow blowing into the room, spoiling the rugs and carpets or other furnishings.

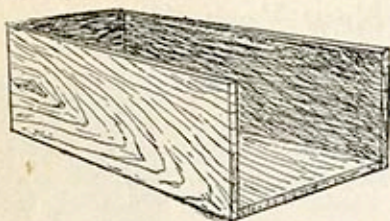


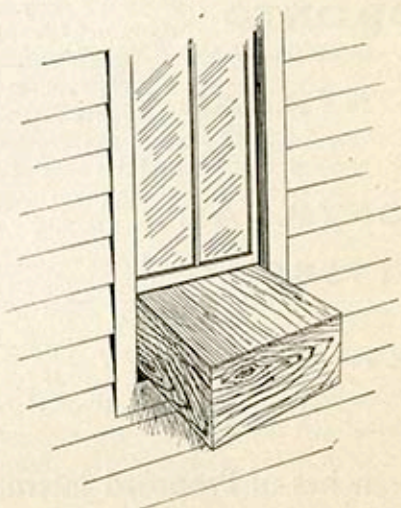
Illustration of Box Ready for Use

This caused the writer a great deal of trouble at first, until he set about to find a way to overcome the difficulty, which can be done with the following very simple device.

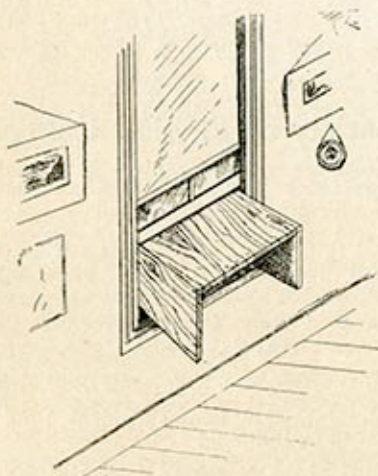
Procure a few half-inch boards (matched preferred), measure your window and build a box with one end and

one side open, having it fit closely to the sides of the window frame. It can be made almost any height you choose, from one to three feet, though eighteen inches is very satisfactory. Place the open side of the box downward and set in window with the open end in your room. It can be painted or covered with oil cloth to make it look better if you choose, though this is not necessary.

By setting this box pretty well out as shown in the second illustration you get



Exterior View of Ventilator in Position



Interior View of Ventilator in Position

as good a supply of air through your room as if the window was opened that wide, while the snow, rain and hail may beat against the top and sides of the box without in the least disturbing the interior. By drawing the box farther into the room you can diminish the opening and lessen the current of air admitted into the room. Of course, in fair weather the box can be removed entirely, leaving the plain open window.

MORE COMMENTS ON JIU-JITSU

GROWING WARMER—FURTHER VIEWS REGARDING IT—DECLARED BY
SOME EXPERTS TO BE BRUTAL AND REPULSIVE, WHILE OTHERS
AVER IT HAS MUCH TO RECOMMEND IT AND MAY, BEFORE
LONG, GREATLY MODIFY WESTERN METHODS
OF WRESTLING

By Charles P. Berkeley

THE controversy over Jiu-Jitsu seems to be spreading. The exponents of such "man-to-man" athletics as boxing, wrestling, will, so it would seem, before long be divided into two camps, one of which will declare that Jiu-Jitsu is not many degrees removed from a fraud, and the other that it fully vindicates the almost incredible claims that have been made for it by its admirers. There are, in addition, those who think that Jiu-Jitsu is as it is represented to be, but that it is brutal and should be banned by all who admire manly athletics. One of the features of the argument is the earnestness of the disputants. In fact, it is a long time since a question involving a sport or exercise was productive of so much vehement language.

In last month's issue of this magazine were published a number of special interviews with famous wrestlers regarding Jiu-Jitsu and, incidental thereto, it was then briefly stated that Tom Jenkins did not think much of the Japanese sport. Jenkins now tells at length why he takes this view of Jiu-Jitsu thus:

"When it comes down to a fine point, you will find that Jiu-Jitsu is nothing more or less than a combination of the old Cornish style of collar-and-elbow wrestling with rough-and-tumble fighting. This is not an opinion of mine only, but I have made a careful investigation of the Japanese system with the assistance of one of the best native teachers of the art. He explained to me carefully and thoroughly, the principles of Jiu-Jitsu, besides giving me lessons in the fundamental grips and holds, and I reached the conclusion that I have already spoken of, in consequence.

"I have no hesitation in declaring that the so-called 'new holds' exploited by the Japanese have been in use among American and English wrestlers for many years, but their brutal and unfair nature

was so well recognized that they have been barred by all reputable wrestlers. I repeat that there isn't a hold in the entire category that they use and teach, that hasn't been used in English schools of wrestling from time immemorial. Let nobody believe that Jiu-Jitsu is going to revolutionize American wrestling. From the standpoint of exhibition exercise there is nothing in it. There is no struggle whatever, and all there is to it is to bend your opponent's arms, legs or neck until the bones break. You first get your bone-breaking hold on a man and then hold on like a bulldog until your opponent taps the mat and admits defeat. Then the doctor arrives with his splints.

"Of course, the bone-breaking processes depend entirely on your ability to get the hold. Therein lies the weakness of Jiu-Jitsu. If you don't get your hold the other man will get his hold on you if he is a Jiu-Jitsu man, and if he isn't, well, you'll probably find out something about American wrestling or the American fist."

Max Muller, the catch-as-catch-can wrestler, holds different views in regard to Jiu-Jitsu, however. He asserts that it is well worthy of being classed with legitimate and wholesome sports. He said:

"It is quite true that there is a good deal of resemblance between Cornish wrestling and Jiu-Jitsu; but, on the other hand, the latter has a lot of things in it that are quite new and very ingenious, no matter what people may say. The mistake is in classifying Jiu-Jitsu with a sport pure and proper. Most people seem to insist upon doing this, and hence the blunders regarding it. It is really nothing more or less than a system of attack and defence which is meant for business and nothing else. You may just as well run down firearms and bayonets for not being fit for sport as you may Jiu-Jitsu. But there are lots of things in Jiu-

Jitsu that are very admirable, nevertheless. In the first place, it teaches you to be cool and quick, and to have the utmost confidence in yourself. The whole secret of the art is 'to get there first,' and a man can only do that when he has got a steady eye and hand and the nerves behind them. If for nothing else, Jiu-Jitsu is to be recommended because it teaches you to think and act with lightning-like rapidity. Then, too, many of the Jiu-Jitsu tricks, if they are smoothed down and changed a bit, could be used in legitimate wrestling."

On the other hand, Professor James Willard, of the Willard Institute of Physical Culture of Baltimore, does not hesitate to characterize Jiu-Jitsu as "not only worthless, but dangerous to use." He is also outspoken in his criticism of the United States Government for its having adopted Jiu-Jitsu at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Mr. Willard speaks with some authority, because he is a student, not only of the American arts of self-defence, but of Jiu-Jitsu and "La savate," the French method of using the feet for offensive and defensive purposes.

After a severe arraignment of Jiu-Jitsu, on the score of brutality, he declares: "Any man who has a fair knowledge of boxing can easily defend himself against the Japanese attack," and goes on to say that Jiu-Jitsu is a most brutal system, for its aim is to break arms, dislocate joints and disfigure one in the worst manner. He says: "The Jiu-Jitsuan breaks the bones in any part of the body on which he secures a hold. If he gets a hold on the throat he will choke the wind out of you or dislocate the larynx, which will paralyze the vocal chords, and the victim will be speechless for weeks. Or if he gets a hold on the face his fingers are stuck into the eyes, which are pushed from their sockets. Now, this may seem very good to one who might be held up in a dark street by a murderous highwayman, but to the average man of decent instincts it is repulsive to a degree."

"The American system of defence and attack—by which I mean boxing—teaches one to be quick, graceful, strong, honorable, brave and merciful. The object the American has in his defence, is to punish his assailant as rapidly as pos-

sible and do him as little injury as possible. The American keeps both hands free. He uses them for attacking and defensive purposes, and he can escape lots of punishment by the aid of his feet by jumping forward or backward. This makes him graceful in movement, and it is possible to strike very fast and hard with the hands if one knows how to throw his weight into the blow; and when he lands on a vital part—which is the chin, ear, bridge of the nose or pit of the stomach—he renders his opponent helpless long enough to call for help, but never injures or disfigures him. To give you an idea of how hard and fast a man or woman can strike the different blows, I will refer you to the world's records in the 'Art of Scientific Bag-Punching,' which I made by striking the bag 360 blows a minute and with a striking force of 150 pounds to each blow.

"So it is easy to understand how impossible it is for a man using the Japanese defence to bring it into effect on an opponent capable of striking blows with such speed and force, and it is not impossible for others to accomplish this remarkable hitting power, for I have been knocked down a number of times by young lady pupils, and it is a surprise that more ladies do not learn the art of self-defence. A blow from a delicate hand of the fair sex will hurt a man more than a blow from the strong hand of a man. It is the nervous shock that does the harm, and not the sting. I am not opposed to Americans being progressive and I am not jealous of any method of defence, but I cannot see that America can accomplish anything by studying the Japanese Jiu-Jitsu."

H. Irving Hancock, the author of several works on Jiu-Jitsu and Japanese physical training, was asked what he thought of Professor Willard's statements and the criticisms on Jiu-Jitsu by well-known wrestlers that have already appeared in this magazine. Mr. Hancock's reply was as follows:

"First of all, let me deal with Professor Willard. His statements regarding Jiu-Jitsu are bound to cause amusement to one who is really able to compare boxing and the Japanese art. While I am willing to extend to our Baltimore friend

the justice of saying that he may have been misquoted, yet in the absence of any definite information on that point I must speak of his assertions as they have been given to me. Professor Willard, then, is quoted as declaring that he has studied the Japanese art, and proceeds at once to prove that he has done nothing of the kind. He asserts that is willing to meet any Japanese exponent of the art without regard to his opponent's size, weight or strength. If he had really learned anything about Jiu-Jitsu, he would know that size, weight and strength have nothing whatever to do with a man's chances at the game. It is skill alone that counts.

"Tani, whom none of the expert boxers or wrestlers dared to meet after they had witnessed an exhibition of his methods, weighed 108 pounds when he electrified London with his skill and dismayed her professional fighters. Higashi, who recently defeated 'Ajax,' the strong man of the New York Police Department at Headquarters, weighs 110 pounds. There isn't a boxer in America who can overcome Higashi. The athletes of the New York Police Department, some of whom have world-wide reputations, were summoned to meet Higashi, but after 'Ajax' had been defeated three times, Chief Inspector Cortright declared that he was satisfied that no man in the room stood any chance whatever against 110-pound Higashi.

"Professor Willard describes some of the tricks of Jiu-Jitsu as he conceives them. The assumption is fair that he has been reading up on the subject and that he has tried some of the tricks with a friend, but he has 'got it all wrong.' He may retort that he has read some of my books. If he does, I must beg him to give them another and more careful reading.

"He also claims to be able to hit the bag 360 times in a minute. That will not dismay any Japanese who is a half-way adept. A Jiu-Jitsu trick is used so quickly that even an adept, looking on, is not sure which one of the tricks was employed.

"Professor Willard is reported to have declared that Jiu-Jitsu is brutal and that it will demoralize the students of our Naval Academy and so injure them

physically that many of them will be unfitted for their after careers. Jiu-Jitsu is taught to the officers and men of the Japanese Navy, and the Russian admirals would have preferred to contest with men who had been even more severely crippled. Evidently, Professor Willard is not aware of the fact that our President is a Jiu-Jitsu adept of some years' standing and that it was at the President's own request that his old teacher, Yamashita, was sent to Annapolis. Mr. Roosevelt has declared it to be his opinion that Jiu-Jitsu is worth more to a man, both for physical training and for self-defence, than all that is known to American athletics. Many people will prefer the President's view to that of the Baltimore gentleman, for the former is an adept both in American and Japanese athletics, while Professor Willard is not an adept in more than one of the two.

"Yamashita will teach our naval cadets the Kano Jiu-Jitsu, or Jiudo, which is the official system of the Japanese Government and is infinitely superior to all the older and now obsolete schools-of Jiu-Jitsu. It is to be admitted that the description of some of the Kano work has a brutal sound, but the fact is that out of Professor Kano's four thousand Japanese pupils in a year not one man was permanently injured. Can the same be said for our prize-ring?

"Jiu-Jitsu is not suited to the comprehension of any one who makes a cursory reading of the art. It requires patience and time to master Jiu-Jitsu. Many physical directors in this country are bitterly opposed to its introduction here, as it must needs supplant much of our present training. But within a year or two Professor Willard will grin very sheepishly if any one shows him a copy of the interview with him that now lies before me. There are many physical trainers who are stupid enough to try to oppose the adoption of Jiu-Jitsu here. They are descendants of the same men who scoffed at Fulton and Stephenson. That which I have said of the Baltimore man applies equally to the other opponents of the Japanese art, whose unwise and groundless statements regarding it have already appeared in PHYSICAL CULTURE. Ignorance of what Jiu-Jitsu really is prompted those statements."

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

Those interested in the articles which have appeared in the magazine during the past year, giving instructions for the treatment of various diseases, will be pleased to hear that we have adopted a new method of helping those in need of advice of this character.

We have prepared special home treatments for all of the common diseases, giving full detailed instructions, with a daily régime. The price of these instructions is one dollar each, but those who send us one dollar for a subscription to the magazine and five two-cent stamps will receive a special treatment for any common disease they may name, or a coupon entitling them to the privilege of taking advantage of this offer any time during the life of their subscription. This will enable all of our subscribers to secure a treatment for almost nothing.

Possibility of Over-Development

Q. In taking up physical culture, is there any danger of over-development for a boy of seventeen years?

A. Over-development is a possibility at any age, though it is so unlikely as not to warrant the use of the term "danger." Naturally, in physical culture as in everything else, a certain degree of intelligence must be used and one should know within what limits he ought to confine his efforts. Exercise must never be carried to the point of utter exhaustion, but, on the contrary, should always be a source of pleasure. If you feel fresh and strong after your exercise each day, there is not the least chance that you are over-doing it.

Use of Soap on the Hair

Q. Would you advise washing the scalp every day with good castile soap, in the case of itching and great dryness?

A. The general information given in my book on Hair Culture should be sufficient in your case, although I would say that washing your hair with soap every day would be likely to abstract all the natural oil from it and that, therefore, the practice is not to be recommended. Ordinarily, it should be sufficient to use soap in washing the hair about once a week, or with even less frequency.

Eating Fruit Between Meals

Q. Is there any harm in eating fruit between meals? Is it advisable to eat an orange or lemon immediately before a meal to improve one's appetite? Will one sleep better because of eating apples or other fruit immediately before retiring?

A. There should be no occasion for trying to stimulate an appetite at any time or by any means other than by good, vigorous work or exercise. Under normal conditions, you will unquestionably have an appetite if your body is in need of food. Fruit can be highly recommended as an important part of a healthy, natural diet, but for the most part, it is advisable that it be eaten at your regular meal hour. There should be absolutely no occasion for eating any of the so-called heavy fruits between meals, such as dates, figs, bananas, etc. But if you are following a two-meal-per-day plan and have a craving for any special kind of light fresh fruit, it would do no harm to satisfy it. The same is true when going to bed. In the case of a rather heavy diet, or one which includes much meat, eggs and milk,

fruit juices are of great assistance in aiding in the work of digestion, and perhaps under such conditions a little fruit on going to bed will help to settle and cleanse the stomach. Fruits are a natural food, and I would especially recommend that they be used in place of vinegar, and instead of the various stimulating and unnatural beverages so commonly in use.

Bread and Milk

Q. Would you kindly state the value of a mixture of bread and milk as a food? Is it not a combination which has been highly recommended for invalids?

A. The value of milk as a complete, satisfying food cannot be questioned. In fact, one could subsist fairly well upon it alone, if necessary. If you refer to white bread in this connection, I could not advise your suggested combination, for white flour is far from being a satisfactory food. Whole wheat bread, served in a bowl of milk, would be very wholesome and nutritious, and the only objection that could be made to this, is that it does not call for a thorough mastication of the food. It would be very much better to eat the bread dry, chewing it well and mixing it thoroughly with the saliva, after which, the milk should be taken very slowly, sipping it and masticating it well before swallowing. This method will likewise strengthen and preserve the teeth.

Heart Trouble

Q. My father, aged sixty-two years, and generally strong, is troubled with pain in heart after meals and after climbing hills. Can you advise treatment? He is taking drugs, but can find no relief through them.

A. First of all, I would advise that the patient immediately discontinue the use of all drugs, for heart stimulants are always distinctly dangerous and may help some day to carry him off. Great care should also be used not to overtax his functional strength by heavy feeding. I would refer you, however, for specific, detailed instructions to my general discussion of the treatment of heart diseases referred to in the note at the head of this column.

Comparative Expense of Raw Food

Q. How does the expense of living on uncooked food compare with that of the orthodox way of living? My wife would

like to adopt the raw food diet, but feels that we could not afford to do so.

A. Anyone accustomed to supplying a family with cooked food could certainly afford a raw food menu. Of course, in adopting the uncooked diet, as in the case of cooked food, one can either spend considerable money or live very cheaply, depending upon the inclination and taste of the individual concerned. However, when we consider the value of the fuel and time spent in cooking and preparing the "orthodox" bill of fare, there can be little question as to which plan is the cheaper. At a pinch a family might live on a very trifling daily expense on raw or cooked food. One can subsist very satisfactorily upon a cooked diet of peas, beans, oatmeal, whole wheat bread, potatoes, prunes and other dried fruits and cheap vegetables, with very little expense, while at the same time there is hardly any limit to the amount that might be spent for extravagant and fancy vegetarian dishes. But most things that we eat cooked can be eaten uncooked at less expense. Nuts are among the most expensive articles in the list of raw foods, but they are very rich and should not be used in any very great quantities, as it is considered that four or five ounces of nut meats, used with plenty of fruit and vegetables, is a sufficient daily ration for an adult person. Dates, while very rich and satisfying, are comparatively cheap and make a splendid dessert. On the whole, the expense incurred by the average family through the medium of the daily meat bill, is far in excess of anything which might be included in an uncooked diet. You should get some good suggestions from the prize competition menus which you will see in this and subsequent issues of this magazine.

How to Remove Worms

Q. Will you kindly advise me how to remove worms?

A. It would first be in order to give some attention to ascertaining the cause of your trouble, if possible. While many authorities consider that bodily parasites are taken into the stomach with our food in the form of eggs, yet it is more than likely that they are also the result of a disordered condition of the alimentary canal, consequent on overfeeding and the excessive use of meats. A person with perfect digestion, who keeps his alimentary tract in a clean and wholesome condition, would not be troubled in this way, and where worms are found, here, as elsewhere, they only serve as scavengers. I would advise, first of all, that you thoroughly cleanse the lower bowels by the colon flushing treatment, after which drink freely of pure water, fast absolutely for several days until the stomach and bowels are completely emptied, and finally adopt the two-meal-per-day diet.

Cracking of Knee Joint

Q. What will stop the cracking and grating of my knee joint when I raise it, as in climbing stairways?

A. The symptom you mention is not infrequently the result of lack of exercise. A good amount of physical activity, especially walking and running, would probably remedy the trouble. Possibly your digestive and assimilative system is not in good order, and so supply an insuffi-

cient amount of lubricating matter to the joints, in which case the remedy is apparent, namely, to strengthen your functional and digestive system. The use of olive oil with your foods will be found to be of some assistance.

Gas in Stomach

Q. Kindly give the cause and cure of gas in the stomach after eating?

A. Your trouble may be due either to the nature of the food eaten, to overeating, eating too fast, or perhaps all three. Probably the latter two conditions will be found to be responsible in nearly every case. Lack of exercise, involving a stagnant condition of the blood and a lessening of one's general functional energy, may also contribute to the causes of your distress. Take a short fast, thereby giving your digestive system a thorough rest and cleansing, after which eat only two meals per day; avoid stuffing; use due care in the selection of your diet, and, above all, take pains to thoroughly chew every morsel of food you eat. Some authorities believe that complete and absolute mastication will in itself cure almost any digestive ailment. At any rate, every mouthful should be reduced to an absolute liquid before being swallowed.

Development of Great Strength

Q. One physical culture authority states that it is impossible to develop great strength except by heavy weight lifting, and that all strong men have acquired their strength in this way. Is this true?

A. While the statement is true in part, yet in most cases it is possible to acquire strength by other means. However, it is to be doubted if such an abnormal development as that possessed by "strong men" is to be desired, for the methods used in cultivating such phenomenal strength consume an excessive amount of vitality and perhaps shorten life. Heavy weights call for the exercise of a great deal of mental determination and will power, and it is because of this mental effort that great strength is developed. An equal amount of will power exerted in some other method of exercise would unquestionably produce equal results. The system of "resisting exercises," which I presented in this magazine throughout the year 1903, can be especially recommended, supplying every opportunity for the development of strength and muscular tissue and obviating the risk and liability of straining or overworking.

What to do for Toothache

Q. Is there any natural remedy for toothache?

A. The application of hot wet cloths is often effective. Biting the teeth together hard, or chewing hard upon a piece of wood with the aching teeth, thereby practically giving them a form of vigorous massage, will very often drive away the pain. By placing the thumb and forefinger in the mouth, you can pinch and massage the gums themselves, and in that way frequently obtain relief. In biting or massage be very gentle at first, as the parts are sensitive, but as you continue, the tenderness will gradually disappear and you can finally administer quite a vigorous treatment in this way.

Editorial Department

We are leading a reform that aims for a cleaner, stronger and nobler manhood and womanhood. We are trying to annihilate the greatest curses that are now degrading humanity: PRUDISHNESS, CORSETS, MUSCULAR INACTIVITY, GLUTTONY, DRUGS, ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

This magazine is not published for financial gain. The editor believes that there are objects in life that give far more satisfying rewards than money. He is leading a reform that is of more value to humanity, that gives him more calm content than any financial return could yield him, no matter how great it might be. To prove that he is in earnest, that this magazine is not published for financial profit, he makes the standing offer, that he will place the property necessary to the continued existence of this publication where he can never gain financial profit by it and will still continue his work as editor, provided one or several persons will guarantee him a permanent income that will suffice for the living expenses of him and those who depend on him, during life.

THE insurance companies in this country offer no financial inducements to a teetotaler. He has to pay the same rate as the man who drinks his cocktails every morning and imbibes vast quantities of beer during the day. He, the abstainer, is compelled to pay the heavy losses that must accrue to the companies who insure the non-abstainer.

Among PHYSICAL CULTURE readers, there are a large number of abstainers who carry heavy insurance. They are paying a heavy price for it. Why can we not "get together" and form an insurance company of our own?

The Rate of Insurance for Teetotalers Should Be Less Than for Alcohol Samplers

It is a well-known fact that the dues in co-operative insurance companies are much less than in the regular companies. But the loss for a co-operative insurance company, in which teetotalers only are accepted as members, should be diminished from twenty-five to fifty per cent. In proof of this, we call your earnest attention to the convincing facts and figures given in an article dealing with this subject, which appears in this issue of our magazine. The laws governing insurance companies are very strict. To found an insurance company of the regular kind you have to deposit a very large sum of money with the State authorities—nearly half a million dollars. It is out of the question to even think of our starting a company of this character, but it is a comparatively simple matter to inaugurate a co-operative insurance association, wherein each member is assessed his share of the losses, whenever there are any. All we need to do in starting an insurance company of this character is to have two hundred applicants for insurance that shall aggregate not less than \$400,000.

The law also requires that before such a company can begin business, at least two per cent. of the amount of insurance in force must have been paid into the treasury as a reserve fund. The individual members in the organization of the company will, therefore, be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount of insurance which they may desire. For instance, if \$1,000.00 worth of insurance is desired, \$20.00 will have to be deposited; if \$2,000.00 worth of insurance is required, a deposit of \$40.00 will be necessary; and for \$5,000.00 worth of insurance, a deposit of \$100.00. This amount would simply be a deposit and would be credited against future assessments.

I have prepared an application blank, and would like to hear from those who may be interested in forming a co-operative insurance company of this character, wherein every member is practically a stockholder.

When replying, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope and this blank, and further information about the proposed company will be forwarded you forthwith. I am willing to give my services and influence free of charge for a stated period to the end of furthering the organization and welfare of such a company.

If Physical Culture Societies would have a branch organization which included this co-operative insurance, it would undoubtedly be greatly to their advantage.

All physical culturists who believe in living right and living long should get together and insure themselves. To do so will cost them just about a half, or one-third, of the rate of insurance in the average non-abstainers company.



IT is reported in one of the newspapers that a New York philanthropist and student of social problems has offered \$1000.00 for a happy married man.

He is a bachelor. He is sceptical as to the possibility of marital happiness. He has good reason perhaps for this scepticism.

We have statistics for nearly everything that affects humanity except matrimony.

**\$1000.00 Offered for a
Happy Married Man**

It is perhaps fortunate that we have not reliable information as to the average percentage of those who enjoy marital happiness. In my recent book entitled, *MARRIAGE A LIFE-LONG HONEYMOON*, the following appears:

"An old English paper, descanting on the relation of connubial bliss, says that in the City of London the runaway wives for one year were 1,132; runaway husbands, 2,348; married persons legally divorced, 4,175; living in open warfare, 17,345; living in private misunderstanding, 13,275; mutually indifferent, 55,340; recorded as happy, 3,175; nearly happy, 127; perfectly happy, 13."

It would be interesting to know whether the percentage of those who enjoy happiness while in the marital state has increased since this information was secured.

Away down in the inner recesses of the soul of the average married man of today, there is unquestionably a yearning for the privileges and the freedom of bachelorhood. The average married man will of course deny that such a desire exists, unless you happen to be of his intimates. But the fact remains. This is indeed deplorable. It brings about more misery than any other condition against which human beings are compelled to contend. It is a question which at the present time, and in fact at all times, is of the utmost importance to intelligent men and women.

As our readers are no doubt plainly aware, we have maintained again and again that this unhappy condition is easily avoidable. We have maintained that marital happiness is natural, and that marital unhappiness is abnormal and the result of plainly ascertainable causes. If we could by one stroke enable every man and wife to avoid marital miseries, the world would vastly gain thereby from every other standpoint. There is no influence that so mars the perfecting of the human soul as marital infelicity. It demoralizes, degrades and literally dries up the best that there is in human nature.

As every intelligent reader will admit, such a result as we mention cannot be achieved on the instant. It is a matter of education; an education that must permeate every youth and maid until they thoroughly understand the natural relations of man and woman in the state of matrimony. The problem, therefore, is, how may this education be most quickly and favorably promulgated? The science of fatherhood and motherhood should be taught in every school as soon as the minds of boys

and girls are able to receive and understand its importance. Such a reform I realize will be difficult to inaugurate and execute. Prudes stand in the way of it, and fanatically upbraid you with "indecenty" when such a subject is even mentioned.

But there is one means of assisting to bring about this reform which I believe every intelligent reader will emphatically endorse. It is so simple, so plainly advantageous, that many will wonder why it has not been carried out before. My suggestion can be carried out with the aid of the various State legislative bodies, and requires that each State pass a law compelling every minister of the gospel and every official authorized to perform the marriage ceremony, to give every man after the marriage ceremony a pamphlet containing in the plainest possible language the natural laws that govern the relations of man and woman in the marriage state. This circular may be ever so brief, but it should contain some very strong warnings against marital intemperance and should give the couple plain instructions that will be of value in maintaining their health and happiness in their extreme intensity and aid them in bringing into the world the finest and most beautifully developed children.

I am now having a bill drafted which can be presented to the various legislative bodies of the States of the Union. I will send copies of this bill free of charge to anyone who can influence legislation on this subject, upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

The great financial question of our day may be of ever so much importance to the community, but there is no problem before the public that has a tittle of the importance of this that we are discussing. Help along this movement by influencing the passage of a law which will compel the State to enlighten those who enter the marital relations as to the responsibility and possibilities of marriage.



MANY of my enthusiastic readers have been so impressed with the value of our magazine, and have been able to receive so much benefit from following the plain advice contained therein, that they have expressed a desire to help our work in every possible way within their power.

For such persons we have organized a One-Hundred-Year Physical Culture League.

A life membership in the league will entitle you to:

- 1.—A copy of the magazine each month for a period of 99 years.
- 2.—Privilege of purchasing all books published by Physical Culture Publishing Co., at a twenty per cent. reduction from advertised price.
- 3.—A bronze button, which will be insignia of membership.

**One-Hundred-Year Physical
Culture League Organized**

The cost of life-membership will be \$10.00; no further dues or assessments, no liabilities are involved. Your duties will consist of living up to your own physical culture ideals as nearly as possible.

Now, I should like every enthusiast of this character to become a life member.

If you live for ten years you will get your money back. If you live for fifty years you will get your money back five times over. I want to see how many really enthusiastic subscribers we have on our list. The additional advantage that will accrue to all members holding a life certificate will be the privilege of procuring all books that we publish, or will publish in the future, not more than one of each title, at the discount mentioned.

In this manner you not only help us in the physical culture work, but you benefit yourself, and a mutual advantage is gained.

Bernarr Macfadden