

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

DEVOTED TO HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, AND THE CARE OF THE BODY

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No. 2

## THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

**T**HE science of medicine is groping blindly, often fanatically, with all the superstition of the Dark Ages. The mistakes of medical science are plainly apparent to every clear-minded reasoner. You do not need to be an advanced student, there is no need of having any knowledge of the sciences, in order to see the tragic mistakes that are

### THE MURDEROUS SCIENCE OF MEDICINE

being made by those who follow the theories of medicine. The graveyards of this country furnish most terrible testimony to the truth of these statements.

The science of medicine is a superstition. It is a conglomeration of mistakes. It is a chaotic system of guesses. There is nothing scientific about medicine. It is a game of chance, and almost any gambling game can offer ten times more opportunity of winning.

It has been said that no man has the right to tear down any structure if he cannot offer something better in its place. In my attempt to tear down the science of medicine, I am positive that I have something that will replace it in the sphere which it has vainly endeavored to fill. The science of medicine is classed as a healing art. In very many instances if it had been classed as something that would indicate the reverse, it would have been more accurate.

Medicine has not been effective because those who follow the theories of medicine know little or nothing of the cause or the rational cure of that condition called disease. It is the inability of medical men to fully understand disease that has caused the continuance of so-called medical science. Medicine has never cured disease, though it has caused acute complaints to become chronic in thousands of cases.

Let the physicians themselves, some of the greatest representatives of the medical profession, state their own case. Let them condemn themselves out of their own mouths. If you can read what these eminent men of the medical world have to say about their own profession, and then continue to imbibe poison, you must indeed be a fit subject for an asylum for idiots.

John Mason Good, M. C., F. R. S., says: "The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon."

Prof. Valentine Mott, the great surgeon, says: "Of all sciences, medicine is the most uncertain."

Sir Astley Cooper, the famous English surgeon, says: "The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, and improved by murder."

Dr. Abercrombie, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh, says: "Medicine has been called by philosophers the art of conjecturing; the science of guessing."

Prof. Henle, the great German pathologist and teacher, says: "Medical science, at all times, has been a medley of empirically acquired facts and theoretical observations."

Dr. Jacob Bigelow, formerly president of the Massachusetts Medical Society, says: "The premature death of medical men brings with it the humiliating conclusion that medicine is still an ineffectual speculation."

Prof. Alonzo Clark, of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "In their zeal to do good, physicians have done much harm. They have hurried thousands to their graves who would have recovered if left to nature."

Prof. Gregory, of the Edinburgh Medical College, said to his medical class: "Gentlemen, ninety-nine out of every one hundred medical facts are medical lies, and medical doctrines are, for the most part, stark, staring nonsense."

Sir John Forbes, Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and physician to the Queen's household, said: "No systematic or theoretical classification of diseases or therapeutic agents ever yet promulgated is true, or anything like truth, and none can be adopted as a safe guidance in practice."

I WANT the public of this country to wake up. I want them to fully understand their danger. Every human being who has failed to grasp the simple theories that we are trying to spread broadcast is standing on the brink of a precipice. You know not what minute you will lose your balance and fall far below.

ARM YOURSELF WITH KNOWLEDGE It is the duty of every human being to understand himself. He should know something of the body in disease and in health. This is absolutely necessary as a means of self protection, as a means of protecting yourself against the medical pretenses and the medical murders that are everywhere being perpetrated at the present time.

When you are suffering from disease, the body is doing everything it can to right the wrong. It is doing everything it can to "clean house," to rid the functional organism of the surplus poison. It is cleansing the body from foul impurities, and under such circumstances must you allow some fanatical theorist to dose you with poison? You are already trying to rid the body of poison, why add more poison? Why dope the nerves and thus prevent the speedy elimination of the poison?

DISEASE MEANS POISONED BLOOD.

DISEASE MEANS DEFECTIVE ELIMINATION.

The body is never diseased unless it is trying to rid itself of impurities, unless it is endeavoring to bring about a harmonious activity of the functional organism.

Disease is defective elimination. I have said this before, and I would like to say it again thousands of times. I would like to say it so often that it would be engraved upon the human mind so indelibly that it would never be forgotten.

Disease is defective elimination, and when you are attacked by disease you should assist the body in cleansing itself, assist the organism to throw off the poisons that have caused the disease. For instance, if you have rheumatism adopt those means necessary to force the organs to throw out the poison that has caused rheumatism. Stop over-eating, or use those foods which do not create poison. If you have heart trouble, stop overloading your stomach. Heart disease in practically every case is caused by over-eating. If you have digestive disorders, begin right now to eat only that amount of

food needed to nourish the body. Stop using your stomach as a receptacle for every conceivable thing that your abnormal taste might crave. If you are attacked by an acute disease, if you have had typhoid, scarlet or other fevers, pneumonia, severe catarrh, neuralgia, pleurisy and numerous other similar diseases remember that all these complaints simply represent different symptoms of one disease.

You are suffering from defective elimination. The organs that throw out poison are either not doing their work properly, or you have so overloaded your digestive organs that they have been unable to perform their duty.

Now if nearly all acute diseases simply represent the results of defective elimination, then it is natural that the remedy in nearly all cases would be similar in character, and it would probably be worth something to the readers of this magazine to know the remedy to be adopted under these circumstances. Of course, if one were able to correctly diagnose each case, the treatment in minor details might vary, but in nearly all cases the methods I will describe will cure the average acute disease so quickly that the patient will be inclined to think he was never especially sick. Except in cases where the functional organism has been weakened by excessive use of alcohol or prolonged dissipation, by following the methods we are describing a cold should be cured in from one to four days, pleurisy from two to six days, pneumonia from four to eight days, scarlet fever from two to six days, typhoid, scarlet and other fevers from four to ten days, diphtheria from three to seven days, acute rheumatism from three to seven days, appendicitis and other intestinal diseases in from three to seven days. The method that I will describe for treating these complaints is as follows:

- (1) Abstain entirely from all food, liquid or solid.
- (2) Every few minutes while awake, take a drink of water, hot or cold, whichever seems the most pleasant to the taste. Lemon juice can be added to the water if the taste craves it.
- (3) Once each day wrap the entire naked body in hot wet sheets, being careful that the sheet comes in contact with every part of the arms and legs. Cover the body with blankets or comforters, to induce profuse perspiration. Allow patient to perspire freely in this pack from forty to sixty minutes. If the patient has a high fever the sheet should be wet in cold water. Under all other circumstances where this remedy is used the sheet should be placed on the patient as hot as it can be borne.
- (4) If the patient is constipated, which is nearly always the case, the lower bowels must be thoroughly cleansed by injecting from two to four quarts of water, though this should not be repeated if bowels are loose or more than once every two or three days, if constipated. To frequent use of this method weakens the patient.
- (5) Patients must positively not be given food of any character, not even milk or fruit juices, until after the crisis of the disease is passed, which means, of course, a return to normal pulse and normal temperature. Then food in the form of some pure fruit juice like that which comes from the apple or grape can be used in very moderate quantities, one or two glasses daily, and not more. Food beyond this must positively not be given in any case until the patient is able to walk around. Then one or two glasses of milk can be given daily, the amount increasing as strength is gained. The very gravest danger in the treatment of disease is in giving the patient nourishment before it can be digested, for under such circumstances it simply turns into poison and adds to the impurities that the functional organism has been struggling against, and therefore adds to the difficulty of recovery.
- (6) The patient should be encouraged to walk around, even when he is supposed to be seriously ill, if he feels the slightest inclination to walk. He should not be put in bed unless he is actually too weak to sit up. Moderate exercise like walking facilitates the functional activities and shortens the duration of any acute ailment.

I would like some of the readers of this magazine to try these methods. Instead of lying for weeks in bed, in the case of the average patient, the sickness will simply be a matter of days. I dare any medical man who has an open mind to try these methods. If he does, he will secure such startling results that if he followed his conscience and intelligence he will have no further use for drugs.

I want to deliver some sledgehammer blows to the medical superstition. I want to hear of actual cases where these methods have been tried. I want to prove to every intelligent individual that drugging is one of the most monstrous crimes that the race has to deal with at the present time. I want the readers of this magazine to help me smash the theory of medicine into smithereens.

AS will be noted by referring to to an editorial note preceding my article entitled "The Secret of Human Power," it is my intention to evolve from the new methods. I have recently discovered a new science of healing. I intend to call this new science "Physcultopathy." I have given it this name because it is going to include all the

#### A NEW SCIENCE OF HEALING

curative measures that have heretofore been classed as physical culture, though we will add to this all the various ideas of value that have heretofore been termed natural curative methods. I believe there is terrible need for the knowledge that will be classed under physcultopathy. In the previous editorial I have called attention to some of the theories which will be most emphatically advocated in this new science of healing. If you want to be convinced, take the first opportunity that comes your way to try out the treatment that has been suggested for acute diseases. It might be well before giving these methods a trial to secure from your medical adviser an accurate opinion as to the nature and seriousness of the disease you are treating. If you defer your visit to a physician until you are cured, you can realize that no matter how serious the disease may be, the doctor will inform you that you were not very ill, if you were able to effect a cure by some simple means in a few days. If, however, you decide to give these methods a trial, do not try them "half-way." In other words, do not combine them with the use of poisonous drugs. Do not under any circumstances try to combine them with medical methods of any kind. If you do, I want to warn you in advance that the results are liable to be disastrous. For instance, the effects of a drug on one who has been stuffed with various kinds of food, and who was accustomed to take drugs now and then, are entirely different from the effects of the same drug, taken in the same proportions, upon one who is following out natural methods of treatment, as previously described. In fact, even a moderate dose might cause symptoms of a serious nature, and even death. Therefore, when you are treating an illness, decide between medicine and physcultopathy, and do not under any circumstances mix the two.

In the next issue of the magazine, I intend to publish in detail the principles upon which we expect to stand in this new science of healing. The demand for doctors who can treat disease without drugs, who understand the nature and the cure of disease from our standpoint, will unquestionably be many times greater than the supply, for the next generation. Those who are looking for a profession that is not crowded, that offers an avenue for conscientious work, that will everywhere be appreciated financially and otherwise, should carefully consider this new profession. Life and health, and drugs and poison, were never intended to be combined. They belong to separate worlds.

They represent different conditions, and when the human race has annihilated the drug superstition, then much of the weakness, misery and even crime that is seen everywhere today will be left in the far distant past.

We are today a race of semi-invalids. This represents the result of the medical theories, for does not the science of medicine furnish the experts on matters pertaining to health everywhere. It is time for nature to be given a chance. It is time for the normal human body to secure its highest attainable development. The theories of physcultopathy stand for manhood and womanhood in their highest possible degree of perfection. Strength is necessary to the highest degree of health. The development of strength is necessary to womanhood or to manhood, and the profession of the future for men and women who are seeking an outlet for superior energies is that of a physcultopath. It is my intention to found a school for teaching this new science of healing. In addition to the special theories that we advocate and which will be published in detail in the next issue of this magazine, the graduates of this school will be required to take an examination that will be as thorough as that given in any medical school on anatomy, physiology, hygiene, hydrotherapy, massage, diagnosis, pathology, kinesitherapy, fasting and other subjects appertaining to the healing art. I am trying to arrange my plans so that the tuition in this school will be free, so there will be no financial obstacles for those who might desire to prepare themselves for this wonderful profession.,

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**T**H**ERE** is a great deal of talk everywhere at present about war. There is about an equal amount about peace. Now there is no such condition as individual peace. There may be national peace—that is, the nations of the world may be at peace among themselves—but there can be no peace for individual human beings. From birth to

#### THE FIGHTING INSTINCT

death life is a continuous contest. It is a fight that is only ended by death. I believe most firmly in cultivating the fighting instinct, in cultivating within oneself that instinct of self-preservation which means that one must reach out and take every available opportunity to protect oneself. This refers not only to the physical life, but to the mental life, as well. The policy of turning the other cheek when one cheek has already been smitten leads to death and oblivion. The only species of human or animal life that have continued their existence indefinitely have done so largely through their ability to fight. You have a fight on your hands every day of your life. There is a fight going on within you continually between disease and health, between life and death. You have to fight continuously to protect yourself, your home, or those whom you hold most dear. Life is a continuous warfare, and only the best fighters win the highest and greatest rewards. The fighting instinct represents our desire to protect our own. It is not unusual or unnatural. It is a positive necessity. If you do not protect yourself, if you do not fight for yourself and those who depend on you, you will have to bear needless suffering. You will be trampled on and crushed beyond all hope in the strenuous fight for success and happiness and for all those things that are supposed to bring rewards of this character.

*Bernarr Macfadden*



Mr. Heath (on left) and Mr. Guilfoy (on right), Two Sturdy Physical Culturists of Berkeley, California.

# Chest Weight Exercises in Bed

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

A SERIES OF EXERCISES WHICH GIVE ONE THE SAME OR GREATER BENEFIT THAN IS SECURED FROM THE USE OF CHEST WEIGHTS, AND WHICH CAN BE TAKEN IN BED WITHOUT APPARATUS OF ANY KIND



At the beginning of this year we promised to present to our readers a series of dumb-bell exercises that would enable them to develop the muscles throughout the entire body. It was my intention to continue this series of lessons, but I think our readers will appreciate the change I am making. The series of exercises I am presenting, beginning with this number, can be taken before rising from bed in the morning, or after retiring at night.

The movements illustrated by these photographs use the muscles of the upper chest in the same manner as they are brought into play by means of the various exercises that are usually performed with chest-weights. In fact, the name chest-weights very aptly indicates the value of these forms of apparatus. They are especially for developing the chest, as they make use of all the muscles of this particular region.

There is no special need of emphasizing the value of a well-developed chest to the readers of this magazine—they all realize its value. Important organs underlie the chest, and if the muscles surrounding the chest are well-developed, to a very large extent the organs underlying them are strengthened to a corresponding degree. A well-developed chest means good lungs. Good lungs

mean a better quality of blood. A well-developed chest should also mean that the muscles overlying the posterior portion of the chest, that is, the muscles of the back between the shoulders, should be proportionately well developed. These muscles keep the shoulders back, and thus hold the chest in its proper position.

I have been experimenting with the exercises I am presenting in this and succeeding issues for nearly two years. They furnish a most convenient method for a busy man to take his exercise, and no matter how weak or how strong he may be, the exercises can be adapted to his requirements.

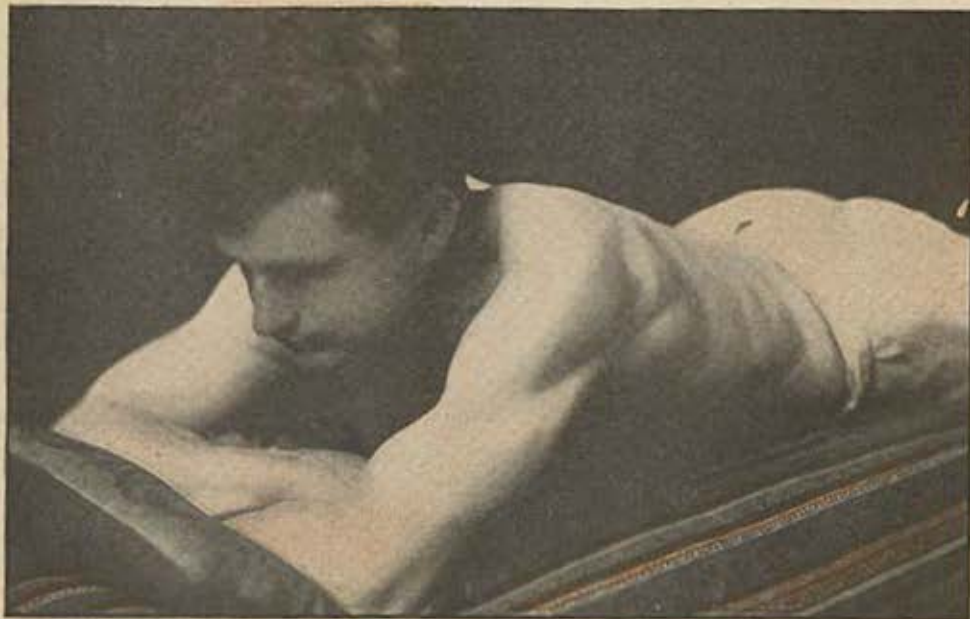
There is perhaps no need of my especially emphasizing the necessity of taking deep-breathing exercises while continuing these movements. It is absolutely necessary, in order to get the best results to draw in a deep full breath very frequently during the exercises, filling the lungs to their greatest capacity. It would be impossible to lay too much stress on the necessity for pure air. Keep your windows wide open at all times, though this suggestion is especially important while exercising. Under such circumstances you need a large amount of oxygen and if the air is full of impurities you cannot expect anything like the benefit from the exercises you would otherwise secure.

When first beginning these exercises, it might be a good plan to begin by taking several deep breathing exercises while lying flat on your back. Follow-

ing this, you can begin the exercises I am illustrating herewith. Every month until this series is completed, I will present two or three additional exer-



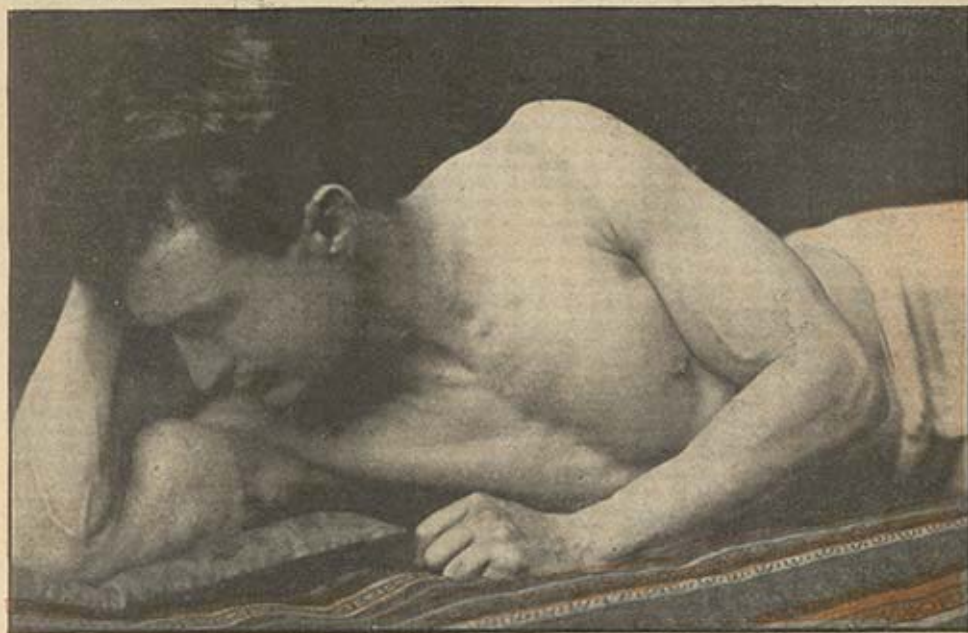
Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, Exercise No. 1. Lie flat on bed, with arms extended as shown in illustration. Now push downward with the elbows, raising the chest as high as you can, as shown in the illustration below.



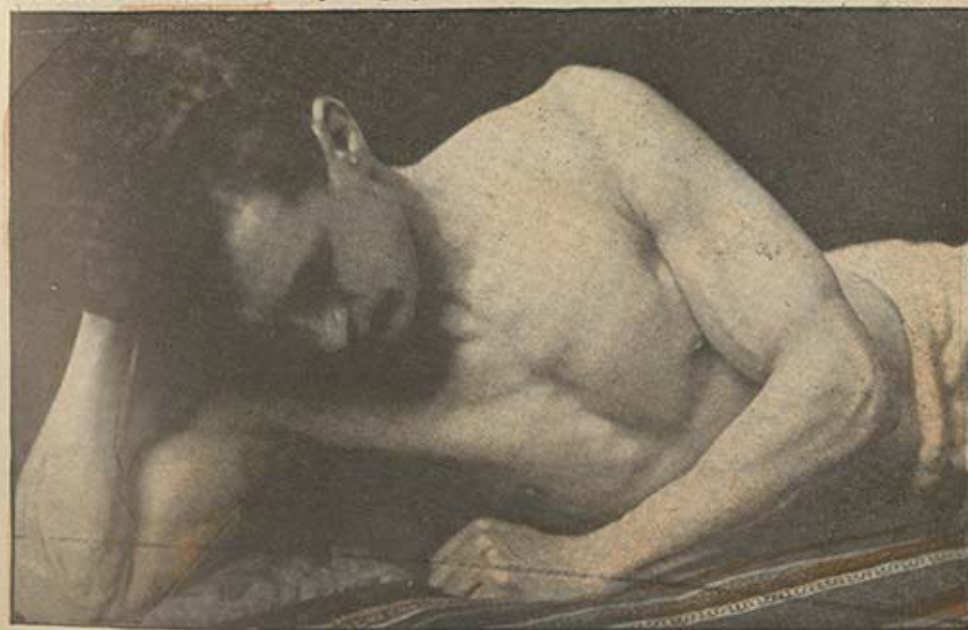


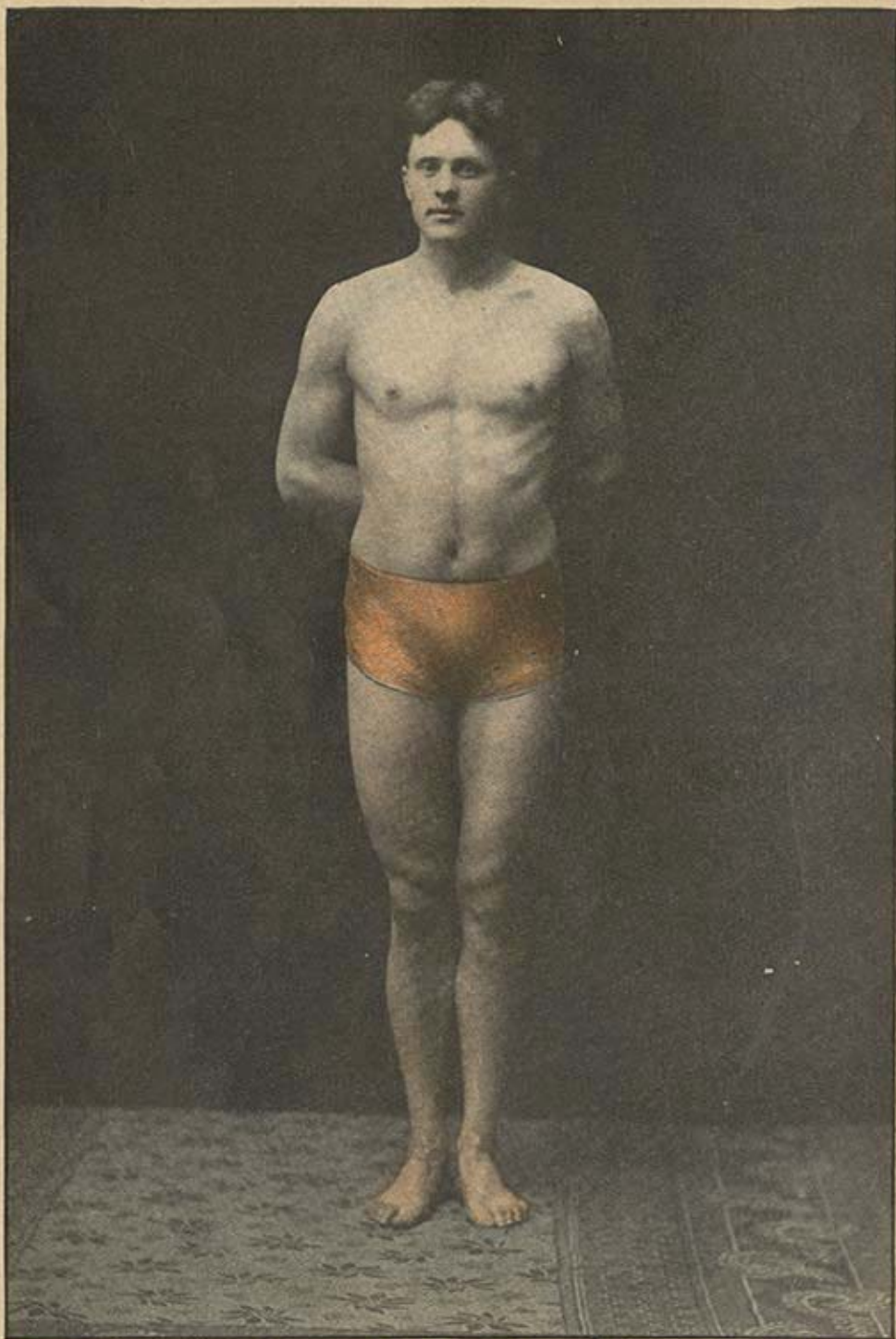
cises that can be taken in this manner. Some of the exercises I am presenting may be a little difficult at first, but you will find your endurance will gradually

increase and at the same time you will notice a very material change in the condition of your muscles around the chest.



Photographs Nos. 3 and 4, Exercise No. 2. Assume the position shown in the above illustration. Now raise the weight of the body by pressing down the right elbow. Do not use the right hand. Take same exercise with position of body reversed. The position of the body when raised is indicated in the photograph below.





Knut Christenson, a student at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota, age 23 years  
(See article on opposite page)

# The Perfect Man Contest

By GEORGE STANDISH

**K**NUT CHRISTENSON, of Northfield, Minnesota, a student of St. Olaf College, has sent us an entry in the prize contest for the most perfectly-developed man, and a reproduction from a photograph of him appears as a frontispiece in this issue. In speaking of himself, Mr. Christenson says he was raised on a farm, and is glad he stayed there the early part of his life. He is of the opinion that he would have been an expensive youngster to keep in a city, considering the large quantities of milk he used to drink. He is one of a large family of boys, five of whom can wear each other's clothes. He states that the sixth is "right there with the goods." He has five sisters who are of medium size. His father is not as large as any of his boys, but is inclined to be stout, and his mother is a fair-sized woman. Up to the age of thirteen he says he was very fat, his weight at that time being 163 pounds, though the heat of summer never troubled him. His father, who has a large farm, found it hard to secure hired men and the subject of this sketch and his brothers were started to work at an early age. He states that he plowed with a walking plow for two weeks each year after he was eight years of age. He says in those times he had a real appetite. He began to do a man's work on the farm in every de-

partment when he was about fourteen. He became interested in physical culture while he was at St. Olaf College. He happened to have a room-mate who, he says, was always reading and "jawing" about physical culture, and this finally aroused his interest. As a result of a moderate amount of athletic work, he is now able to throw the hammer 128 feet, a sixteen-pound shot, 38½ feet, the discus 103 feet, and can run a hundred-yard dash in 11 seconds, quarter mile in 61 seconds.

Mr. Christenson's measurements follow herewith:

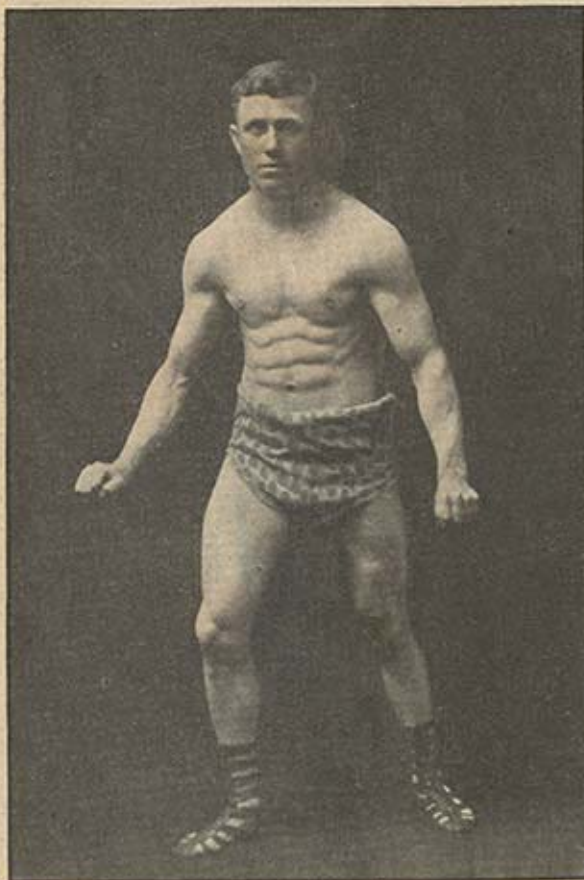
1. Ankle.....	6½ in.
2. Calf.....	16 in.
3. Knee.....	16½ in.
4. Thigh.....	24 in.
5. Hip.....	41 in.
6. Waist.....	35 in.
7. Chest (natural).....	40 in.
8. " (expiration).....	38 in.
9. " (inspiration).....	43 in.
10. Neck.....	16 in.
11. Arm (natural).....	12 in.
12. Arm (flexed).....	13½ in.
13. Elbow.....	11 in.
14. Fore Arm (natural).....	12 in.
15. Fore Arm (flexed).....	14½ in.
16. Wrist.....	7½ in.
Height.....	6 feet 3¼ inches
Age.....	23 years
Weight.....	212

# A Champion Weight-Lifter

By DAVID H. ANDERSON

WE publish herewith photographs of an Australian, Mr. Reg. G. Shorthose, who claims to be the champion weight-lifter of the world in his class. He is a light-weight, though he desires to claim the championship for fourteen stone (140 pounds) or under, and I am of the opinion that our readers in this country will find it very difficult to equal Mr. Shorthose's records.

The following is a clipping from an Australian newspaper giving an account



Reg. G. Shorthose, of Adelaide, Australia

of an exhibition given by Mr. Shorthose.

"As a preliminary lift Mr. Shorthose raised a bar-bell weighing 183 pounds, in a two-handed lift from the floor to his chest, and then at arm's length above his head. Following this a 204½ pound lift was easily accomplished, but on essaying the next weight, 217 pounds, he found the task more difficult, and not until he had tried three times did he achieve his object, and received the congratulations of the audience. His next feat was to lift a bar-bell with one hand

and in 'snatch' fashion raise it above his head. The amateur record for this particular lift, according to Weber, is 126 pounds, and the performer after easily negotiating first 108½ and 119½ pounds, and failing in the attempt to raise 132½ pounds above his head, established a parallel to the existing record, 126 pounds."

A letter received from Mr. Shorthose may be of interest to those readers who know something of weight-lifting, and it follows herewith.

## TO THE EDITOR:

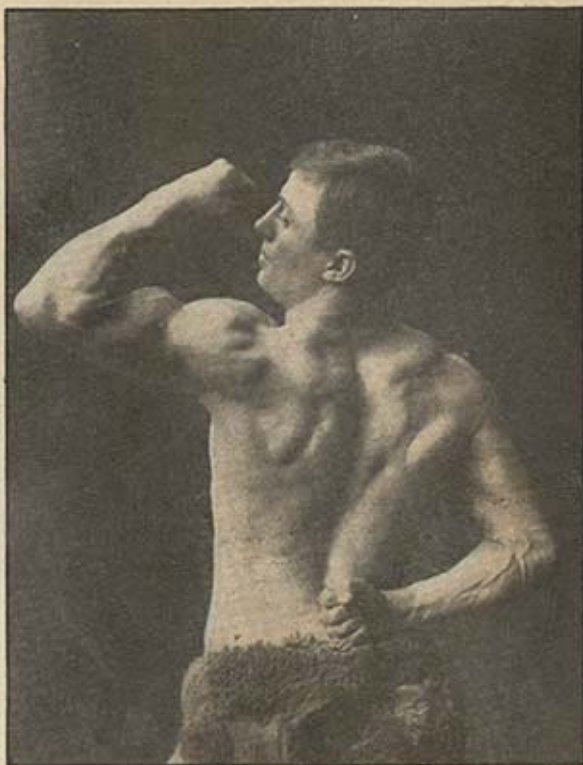
"It is my intention to claim the world's professional record in weight-lifting by a light-weight of 10 stone or under for the following lifts, viz: Double handed clean lift from the ground to the shoulders, jerked above the head and retained—220 pounds; and one hand snatch-lift from the ground to above the head and held—130 pounds.

"I should esteem it a great favor if you can inform me of any better lifts than these for a light-weight, and thought that perhaps a notification in

your valuable magazine might give me the information I desire.

"I enclose you cuttings from our daily newspapers, and have thorough authentic certificates as to the lifts, also a declaration from the Inspector of Weights and Measures, Adelaide, Australia, with regard to the scales used for weighing the bells.

"I succeeded in lifting the 220-pound bell on the second attempt, and with a fair amount of ease; the snatch 135-pound gave me a little more trouble, being forced to make three trials at it before I got it. So far my best one-hand bent-press-up from the shoulder is 175 pounds, and 165 all the way one hand. I have been medically examined by several of our best doctors here and declared 'first class.' I have been practicing gymnastics for about 10 years, but only recently took up weight-lifting; in fact it is only during the last few months that I have made such rapid progress. I have been a reader of your magazine for a good many years now, and no doubt you will remember publishing a hand-to-hand balance photo of myself and a friend in *Beauty and Health* a short time ago. I am not a vegetarian but



Splendid Development of Mr. Shorthose's Back

next door to it, eating very little meat.

"Thanking you in anticipation, and wishing you every success in your grand work.

"REG. G. SHORTHOSE."

11 Unity Chambers, Currie St., Adelaide.

## A Defense of the Doctors

TO THE EDITOR:

I am one of your subscribers, and have noticed an article on Appendicitis Frauds in the May issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*. I beg to state that there are many grave errors in the article which convey to the minds of the laity that there is no such a disease as appendicitis, and further that any surgeon who operates upon such a patient is a fraud. All of this is emphatically wrong, and I can prove to you that there is such a disease as appendicitis, which originates in the appendix itself, and if permitted to go on, forms an abscess in the lumen of the appendix, and in the majority of cases, if left alone will burst the wall of the over-distended appendix, thus sending its deadly poisonous contents into the

general peritoneal cavity and causing general peritonitis and later death.

I have operated on several cases of appendicitis and can produce as evidence, appendices which have been perforated by, appendicular abscess, and have actually become gangrenous in character, when found in the body of the patient. The cuts that you have to represent the appendix and adjacent viscera are of the rudest that could be pictured by a grammar school student. I am very sorry to see my profession torn to pieces in such a shameful manner, and if there are some black sheep in it, the better ones should not suffer. I think it my duty to uphold them.

DR. G. J. SWEENEY.

1159 Masonic Av., San Francisco, Cal.



From Stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York City

**A Dangerous Task—Painting the Ball which surmounts a flagpole on top of one of New York City's many tall buildings. Flatiron Building shown in background**

## The Steeplejack's Perilous Occupation

By SYDNEY CUMMINGS

THESE is, perhaps, no known occupation that is more dangerous than that followed by the ordinary steeplejack. To the followers of this occupation, fear must be practically unknown. They climb over dizzy heights with as much nonchalance as an ordinary person travels over a sidewalk.

This is an occupation which demands "nerve." It requires absolute fearlessness, for one must be able to think quickly and clearly at all times. It requires very great strength, for frequently great muscular power is needed to actually save one's life.

The photograph reproduced on opposite page shows a member of this strange craft at work on a flagpole located on one of the many high buildings in New York City. In the background you will see the Flatiron Building, which is famous the world over for its great height and peculiar structure. The Flatiron Building is twenty-two stories in height, and you will note that the workman on the flagpole is at least as high as the building. The steeplejacks require steady nerves; therefore most of them abstain from alcoholic liquors at all times. They are compelled to take the best of care of their bodies, as you must keep the body in superior condition in order to have steady nerves.

There are many moments in the experience of a steeplejack when a cool head is worth as much as life itself. The proper move at the right time is often essential to save the life of one who follows this hazardous method of bread-winning.

The dangerous nature of the calling may be realized from the fact that those who follow it are not accepted as risks by accident, or life-insurance companies. In fact, the employers of steeplejacks are not even granted the privilege of most of those so situated as to be forced to secure insurance on the lives of their employees. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that employers take great pains to select sane and sober men for the work.

The nature of the work pursued by these expert climbers varies in its nature. They not only act as painters and decorators of the pinnacles of spires and flag poles, but also are called into requisition when it becomes necessary to lubricate weather vanes and perform work of a similar nature. They also act as the advance-guards of workmen who repair the ravages wrought by time in the construction of statues, and the damaged masonry of spires and other high sections of buildings. Even works of art are the subject of their attentions at times, as illustrated in the case of the famous statue of Lord Nelson, in Trafalgar Square, London, which has been twice repaired by means of scaffolding erected by the aid of steeplejacks.

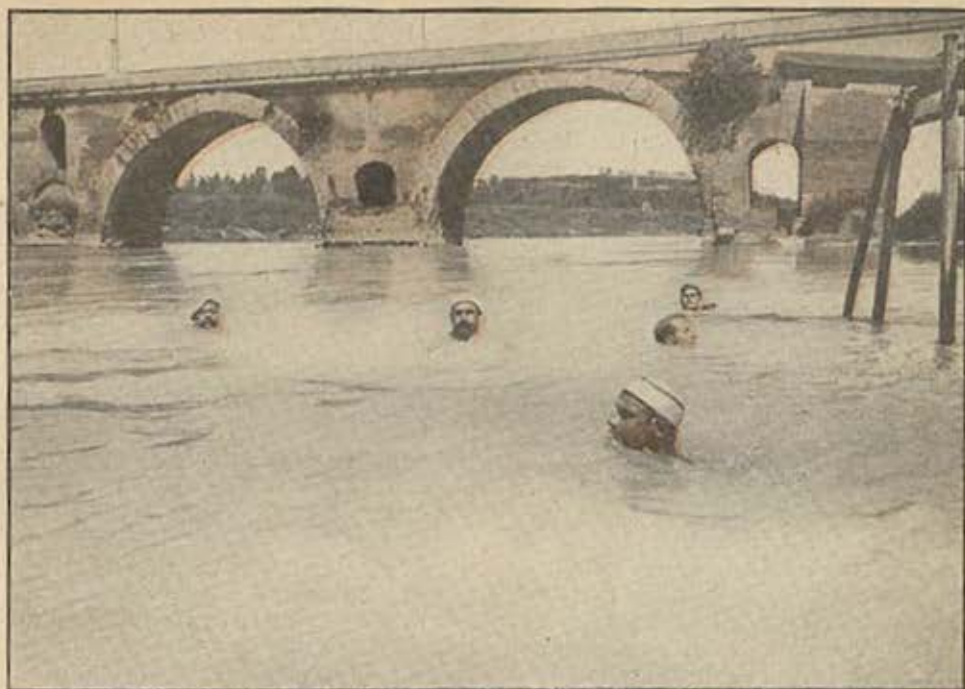
Wind is the most dangerous enemy of the steeplejack, and yet, strange to say, the power that frequently accompanies it—lightning—he considers as one of his best friends. This is because of the fact that lightning frequently causes damage to high structures, which the skillful "Jack" is called upon to repair.



Who Is This Finely Developed Young Man ?

This photograph reached us without a name. It may have been accompanied by a letter, but if such was the case, the letter was in some manner separated from the photo. Readers should always write their names on backs of photos when sending them to us





Some Winter Swimmers. Note the Caps Worn by Some to Keep the Head Warm

## Under-Water Swimming

By REX LEONARD

**A**GAIN has Old Sol returned to the land of the North, and the glorious summer is here, and with it is ushered in the season for sports of all kinds that go a long way in making up the pleasures of life, and affording rest and recreation for body and mind to those who have been confined to the office, the school, and a thousand other places for many weary months. The vacation season is here, and with it we must forget the cares involved by a twentieth century civilized existence.

The beach, the park, the country, will each serve as a lure for the respective classes that have a partiality for one or the other of these places. And at each place will be enjoyed all the pastimes

from the primitive sports of our forefathers to the latest model automobile and airship.

But what is the sport that is embraced by ninety per cent. of our pleasure resorts, that has come down to us from the remotest antiquity as unimproved and unaltered as the sunshine, that serves as a source of pleasure and profit to thousands and thousands every year? It is the mastery of the water—the art of swimming! In this “enlightened” age of the world, however, but a small proportion of our population would be able to swim a mile to save their lives. But the art of swimming is being revived in America and let us hope that before many years have passed away man will become the master of the water that he is of the land.

In this article I shall not attempt to discuss the more common requirements of swimming. These have been so frequently published that it would seem that every educated being must know them by heart. I will make an effort to set before you the "trick" of underwater swimming. It is surprising how many are ignorant of this accomplishment who are otherwise good swimmers. It is a simple and at the same time a comparatively easy trick. The great principle is to overcome the buoyancy of the body and at the same time perform the motions of swimming. Therefore it is absolutely necessary that no downward movements be made, as the pressure on the water by downward strokes will raise the body. On the other hand, the motions must be *upward* so as to force the body *downward*. For this purpose the double breast stroke is far the best, although side-arm strokes and the Australian "crawl"—the latter especially, when in deep water—may be used after the art is mastered. The leg movements must, like the arms, be made sidewise, or in a manner to force the body downward.

In learning it is perhaps best, if the swimmer is a fairly good diver, to first get under water by a dive and while thus under water and assisted by the impetus of the dive, practice the breast stroke and endeavor to remain under water as long as possible. The stroke should be commenced lower than in surface-swimming, so that the motion will be upwards and back, pulling the body downward. The head should also be on a line with the beginning of the stroke and the swimmer in general, strive to keep the upper portion of the body lower than the feet, so the motion itself will tend to force the body lower.

Swimming under water should at first be practiced in comparatively shallow water, so that the swimmer will not be so successful as to get too great a depth. It is a good practice to endeavor to reach bottom at a depth of from five to ten feet at first, as it will show the improvement made by the pupil. When the art is perfected the distance and depth that may be covered is only limited by the ability to hold the breath, and the swimmer is possessed of one of the most valuable of swimming accomplishments.



A Splendid Dive

# The Average Woman

By CHARLES MERRILES

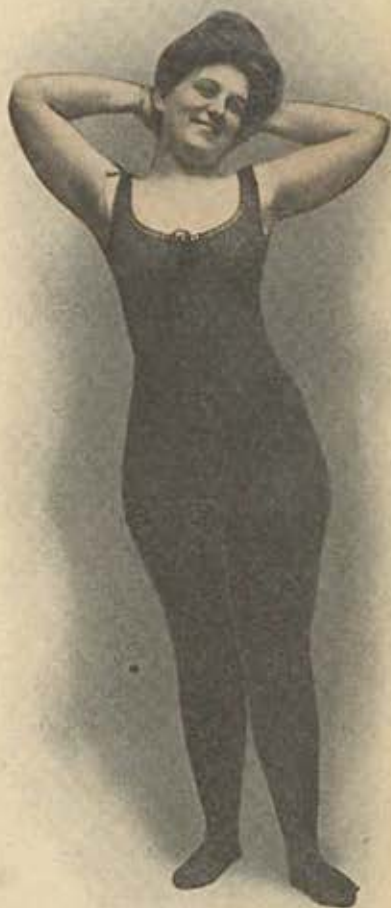
(Continued.)

LAST month I gave you some details of my experiences in hiring the various women who posed for me while I was searching for models for these articles. I had no idea there were so many women who were willing to pose, in most cases, merely for the privilege of showing their figure. The very moderate fee that was offered would hardly be an inducement of importance. The surprising part of my experiences was the fact that most of the applicants seemed to believe they had a very symmetrical figure. Of course, my readers must well understand that a photograph does not by any means show up all the defects in a figure, and a reproduction, if anything, also hides many angular outlines.

There is a very decided difference between manly beauty and womanly beauty from a physical standpoint. The form of a man needs more rugged outlines. It shows more strength than that of a woman. This should be true even if the woman were the stronger of the two. In reality there should not be a great deal of difference in the strength of the man and woman. It is the long clinging skirts, the corsets, and various other costumes that women are forced to wear that has caused them to be termed the weaker sex. Regardless of whether how strong they may be they should not show the same outlines that should be seen in the perfect male figure. In the female figure there is more fatty tissue. The muscles are rarely as clearly outlined as you will find them in a well developed male. Fatty tissue fills in the hollows, rounds out, gives the body of a woman the appearance of symmetry that is rarely seen in a man.

This inclination to deposit fatty tissue with the average woman is often one of the means of making the form ungainly and sometimes actually ugly. An exaggerated specimen of ugliness that

comes from an excessive accumulation of fat is found in the woman whose walk resembles a waddle. This excessive accumulation of fat is brought about entirely by inactive habits, and it is actually impossible for a woman to acquire such an enormous amount of flesh, if



Hips and legs too fat. Vital condition splendid. By reducing superfluous fatty tissue this figure would possess symmetrical and even beautiful outlines



Figure too slight, chest flat, shoulders round. Legs shaped too much like sticks, no rounded curves. Figure the result of careless, inactive habits.

they make active use of all parts of the body. There is a saying that fat is fatal to beauty, but this statement should be slightly changed, for fat to a limited degree is absolutely essential to beauty. It is only when it is accumulated in excessive quantities that it destroys beauty. For instance, if one's body were stripped of fatty tissue, the many hollows and ridges that would appear would indeed be unsightly. Fat is needed to fill in the hollows, to smooth and round out irregular angles, but fatty tissue never accumulates over-abundantly provided every part of the body is used

at regular intervals with sufficient vigor to accelerate the activities of the functional processes.

With this article I am presenting reproductions from five photographs. Two of the figures represent what I would term superior specimens of womanhood. One of these specimens, is cumbered with an abundant supply of fatty tissue. It can be clearly seen that the muscles of the legs have received but little exercise beyond that which is necessary in walking. It is absolutely impossible to possess a beautifully formed leg if the muscles of this part of the body are not



Fairly strong figure. Chest not as full and well developed as it should be. Arms and calves good. Waist too full. Too much fat about hips.



Entire body in miserable condition. Thin almost to stage of emaciation. Chest flat, almost scrawny, with prominent collar bones and deep hollows. The fearful result of bodily neglect clearly shown in this figure

used vigorously. Walking is, of course, an excellent exercise, but it is not sufficient to bring into active use and to round out to the highest degree of symmetry all the muscles of the legs. Walking and running, of course, form a splendid combination, and you might say these two exercises would really develop to the highest degree of perfection the muscles of the upper and lower leg. The best of all exercises, however, for

giving the leg symmetrical proportions is what is termed fancy or stage dancing. There is no better proof of the truth of this statement than the wonderful symmetry that is frequently noted in those who make a profession of dancing. Ballet dancers are noted for the marvelous symmetry of their legs. In fact, there are times when it is clearly seen that they have developed the muscles of this part of the body which is necessary to give their entire figure a harmonious appearance. The legs might be termed over-developed. They are larger than



Strength very clearly portrayed in every outline of this figure. Arms, chest and all parts of body well formed. Fancy dancing exercises would make this figure very nearly perfect

they should be compared to the upper parts of the body.

Fancy dancing, however, really uses all parts of the body provided one takes up those particular dances wherein a combination of those movements is required that bring into active use every part. With a graceful dancer the hands and arms are never idle. They "float" here and there, swinging and turning in harmony with the movements of the other parts of the body. There is, perhaps, no exercise in the world that is so inclined to give woman a beautiful figure and a fine bearing as fancy dancing. It makes her walk gracefully and gives her a certain degree of strength that is noted in every movement. In addition to that, it unquestionably greatly adds to the general vitality, gives the figure a well "set up," finely proportioned appearance that is exceedingly attractive from every standpoint.

The manner in which the average woman neglects her physical condition is indeed shameful. When I realize what they might be and what they are, I am appalled at the waste of womanly beauty that I find everywhere. For instance, take the photographs I am presenting with this article. Not one of these women is by any means as beautifully formed, as fine a specimen of womanhood as they could easily be if they were to give special attention to developing their bodies. I might be

able to make one exception to this statement, but even in her case a very marked improvement could be made in her physical proportions. Fancy dancing, for instance, to which I have just referred, would make a marvelous improvement in her figure. She is strong and well-built, but she is at the same time what you might term heavy and a trifle awkward in movement. She might be termed a draft-horse type. Increased strength would add to her grace of movement, and no matter how large she may be her size will not be noticed. It is ungainly and awkward movements and lack of symmetry that make the body appear large. All of the other reproductions show figures that very badly need physical improvement. Half an hour's daily attention to maintaining the general physical vigor would make a wonderful change in each of these women. Their best friend would hardly know them if they were to make the change that is easily possible and suddenly appear before them thus transformed.

I have some additional pictures which I shall present in the next issue, and I hope that the article also which will accompany them will be of interest. Following this series of articles on The Average Woman I expect to write an article on the average man, illustrating what I have to say with photographs of varicose men taken for the purpose.

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH SURGEONS

TO THE EDITOR.

I don't want to make the impression that I think all operations are wrong, for I do think them necessary in some cases, but I know there are a great many unnecessary operations, and I was the victim of one of them.

I was scared into having an operation for indigestion. At the time I was stout enough to do farm work and weighed 135 pounds. The surgeon frightened me into having it performed and assured me there would be no chance of the operation leaving me in any worse condition. Thirty days after my operation I weighed only 96 pounds and could scarcely walk.

I then went back and asked the surgeon what I must do. He said the only way to escape death was to have another operation at once, which I decided firmly not to have,

but I was finally persuaded to go to the hospital to prepare for the second operation, here I found a copy of your magazine, which strengthened me to carry out my purpose and not have the second operation.

I was almost a shadow for 12 months, but now I weigh 140 pounds and am back at hard work.

That same surgeon came to this town and operated on a boy about six months after performing mine, and in the course of a week he was not doing well at all, so the surgeon came back and performed another operation on him which killed him. Taking the anæsthetic twice and undergoing two operations is enough to kill anyone, and I feel that would have been my fate had I not found your magazine and followed its teaching.

SEYMOUR RUSSELL.

# Living the Radiant Life

Written Especially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

Author of "What the White Race May Learn From the Indian," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "In and Out of the Old Missions," "The Story of Scraggles," "Indian Basketry," "The Indians of the Painted Desert Region," Etc.

## CHAPTER V

### RADIANCES OF FEAR—*Continued.*

WHEN a man strikes out for himself, in thought and action, he does have to be audacious, in the higher sense of the word. He has to dare his fellow-men, dare their criticism, dare their disapproval, dare to shock them, dare to grieve them, perhaps. He has to dare himself, throw down the gauntlet to himself in his struggle to become completely what he believes to be highest and best. It takes a great deal of courage to do all that, a great deal of resolution—an initiative that may seem impudence, a fearlessness that may seem recklessness.

The strength that makes it possible to do this must be a strength like to the divine strength. A strength ordained from the foundation of the earth as a part of man's birth-right, to become a part of himself, when he begins to try of himself to conceive of higher good and to live it. The man who does think only as other men think, dares act as other men act, is as a babe in swaddling clothes, helpless, dependent. One can never be strong until he learns to walk alone, independent of another's hand to cling to or another's strength to steady himself by. One must learn to stand on his own feet, learn to keep his own balance, learn to step by his own volition. If he does not he becomes a cripple. Most lives are as the lives of cripples, and we help to make

them so by our continued trying to force people to cling to us and our ideas, frightening them into believing that they are in great danger if they try to step alone. A little trembling of the legs as one first stands alone is nothing to be alarmed at. A few falls and bumps as we first step out never seriously injure us.

It is only when a life has strength to stand out alone, independent of its fellows, that its soul can take hold of God.

And I fancy that it is only when a life thinks and acts for itself, and allows its fellow men to think and act for themselves, that it is in a condition to really give help and to receive help, really in a state of mind to fulfill the commandment "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

It is one thing to be brave enough to do some thing which is hard to do but which your fellow men will approve of your doing, and an entirely different thing to do something hard but which your fellow men will not approve of your doing. Therefore I want to radiate into actual, living potentiality my belief that life consists in expression and not repression. By many this is taken to be a plea for license and want of self-control. Do not believe it? The expression of evil is not the expression of myself, for I long to do only good, no evil. I *must* be the one to determine what I shall express. And by I, I mean my real self,

—not my lower self, my evil heredity, my evil passions, or whatever it is that seeks to drive away the good from me. I—the real I, the self which is, and which may not appear to the world—want to express all that is in that real self. That means that I must control, slay, kill, drive out all the evil that comes to me and demands that I express it as part of myself. It is not a part of me. I deny that evil can ever be an expression of myself. If I express evil then I am not myself. But I want to have such perfect, such absolute control over not only my own soul, but of its outward expressions that I shall ever and at all times express nothing but that which is good; and that which will be felt to be good by all people. Oh, for fullness of expression of all good; for equal control or destruction of all evil that comes to me and that seeks expression through me.

And yet, as I have said, I alone must determine what I should express. The thinking man and woman make their own standards. These standards, in certain great principles of honor, truth, nobleness, purity, are practically alike, yet most men and women are controlled by fashion, custom, society, rather than their own cool, deliberate judgment. I want to radiate my protest against this state of affairs. I will be my own judge and not place the responsibility for my own moral life upon the judgment of any person, society, clique, class or church. I must be saved by my own belief and life, not by the belief and life of others.

For years I endeavored to "avoid the appearance of evil." When at last, however, I discovered that the "appearance of evil"—the determination of what it was, rested upon the average quality of the minds of the community by which I was surrounded, and not upon right, or truth, or justice, I made up my mind that for me, at least, God had a higher mission. I resolved, therefore, in His Strength fearlessly to radiate a higher conception of things. An evil mind sees evil where none is; a filthy mind sees filth where is only innocence and sweetness. Was I to shape my life and conduct to meet the ideas of those who deem innocence and trustfulness, natural

simplicity and true heartedness as "appearances of evil?" God forbid. Rather by far would I suffer in the judgments of men and women, cruel and untrue though they would be, than forego the life of natural trust, simple uprightness that alone mean *life* to me.

And this is what I desire to radiate. A positive, powerful, healthful, aseptic moral quality that will refuse to allow people to see evil where none exists; that will lead them to prefer to see, to hope for, to believe in, the good rather than the evil in men. Better trust and be deceived, than live a life of horrible mistrust. I know men and women are imperfect, and like myself, composed of good and evil, therefore I am determined to radiate my belief in the good in them rather than radiate my belief in the bad of them.

It is worth while to re-read George Elliot's "Mill on the Floss," to see how poor Maggie Tulliver was misjudged and cruelly treated purely on what people *supposed* was her wrong doing. And I shall never forget the influence the following words had on me when I first read them. I would that the lesson they contain might be burned into the inmost consciousness of every reader of this book. "Even on the supposition that required the utmost stretch of belief—namely, that none of the things said about Miss Tulliver were true—still, since they *had* been said about her, they had cast an odor around her which must cause her to be shrunk from by every woman who had to take care of her own reputation—and of society. To have taken Maggie by the hand and said, 'I will not believe unproved evil of you; my lips shall not utter it; my ears shall be closed against it, I, too, am an erring mortal, liable to stumble, apt to come short of my most earnest efforts, your lot has been harder than mine, your temptation greater; let us help each other to stand and walk without more falling;'—to have done this would have demanded courage, deep pity, self-knowledge, generous trust—would have demanded a mind that tasted no piquancy in evil speaking, that felt no self-exaltation in condemning, that cheated itself with no large words



into the belief that life can have any moral end, any high religion, which excludes the striving after perfect truth, justice, and love towards the individual men and women who come across our own path."

It is my earnest desire that I may radiate this spirit of courage, deep pity, self-knowledge, generous trust and all that follows. And this, not in an abstract or theoretical way, but in the real concrete cases that one meets with in life. I am none too good to associate with the found-out wrong doer if he is striving against his wrong-doing, and, like myself, aiming to be better. I would not look down on any human being because of any sin; though I want to grow to hate sin more and more as the manifestations of the spirit that separates us from the Infinite. I want the sinner to feel that I am one with him, her, in all desire to be free from this evil spirit, to be possessed only by the spirit of truth, purity, and love.

All great victories whether of peace or war have been won by the fearless, the unafraid. We honor the heroes of the pass of Thermophylæ, and the fearless and brave of all nations and all time. Tennyson's Charge of the Light Brigade appeals to our love and respect for the virile, the manly, the courageous, the fearless, and it is the same spirit that thrills us when we read or hear "Curfew shall not ring to-night." To save her lover the shrinking maiden was filled with high born courage and dared to hang on to the bell. Whether we agree with his beliefs or not we admire the bravery of Luther that led him to exclaim: "Were there as many devils in my way as tiles on the house tops yet would I go to Worms." Whether we approve of his ascetic life or not we thrill at the bravery, the simple-hearted daring of Francis of Assisi, who resolutely cast aside his patrimony and dared his father's anger that he might serve God in his own way.

Every advanced thinker, whose life and action spell progress for the race has to be a daring pioneer. He must be an iconoclast; he must be self-contained, self-assured, self-confident. He must stand aloof from his fellows in

the very spirit of the message he brings for he dares—imperfect, weak, even sinful though he be—to be a teacher, a leader of others. And how natural, human it is for those who live with or near him, seeing and knowing as they do, all his foibles, weaknesses, littlenesses, failures, sins, to magnify these things and by them hide the beauty and grandeur of the lesson God has given him to teach the world.

How the press and public have gloated, alas! over the supposed delinquencies and pettinesses of the founder of Christian Science, while, in the early days of her life she was struggling towards that which afterwards became clear to her. All the more honor to her if she has grown out of those things into a beautiful and noble old age. Truth is truth no matter who presents it, and the casting of stones at Mrs. Eddy for what she is said to have been in her earlier years, is, to my mind, a pretty small business. And I am no Christian Scientist, either.

Our poets have given us some wonderfully vivid pictures of the fearless. Perhaps the greatest in all literature is Shelley's "Prometheus." It is worth reading a score of times in order that its spirit of fearlessness might be absorbed. Joaquin Miller's "Columbus" which I have already quoted gives a marvelously vivid picture of the great admiral when even hope had gone from his own heart, when he could not pierce by faith the darkness of his own soul.

"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck and peered through darkness. And oh, that night of all dark nights!"

Yet though it was all darkness to his own soul, and in his own soul, he kept on. His orders were "Sail on!" And his courage and bravery brought him to the light of the new world.

Browning in his "Prospice" opens with the bold and daring interrogative: "Fear death?" and, after showing what there is to fear exclaims as in an ecstasy of fearlessness.

'I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forebore  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me fare like my peers, the heroes of old

In a minute pay, glad, life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold."

I want to radiate the active consciousness even when I am storm-tossed, beaten down by fierce winds, compelled to stay my journey by the sand-laden, hot sicorro of the desert, dashed upon the cruel rocks by tempestuous waves, frozen by the blizzards of the north, that I have nothing to fear, that nothing can harm me save myself, that God is over all and in all. As David called upon mountains, and all hills, fire, and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind to praise Him, fulfilling His word, so would I call. And in calling I would rest and be at peace.

And I want to radiate to others my fearlessness for them. They need not fear though the heavens fall. Many a man fails in the fierce conflict raging in his own soul because he has been taught to fear the fierce judgment of an angry God. I want with all the vehemence of my nature to radiate a spirit that will kill and bury forever such fear in human

souls. Let no one daunt you by such accursed teaching. Under all circumstances, brother, keep your face up!

Look ever to the stars!

If, in the conflict, you lose heart, do not let your face down so be covered by the mud into which you are sinking. Battle on, though you are finally swallowed up—or fear you will be—go down face up and let the last thing your expiring gaze rests upon, be the stars above. Though the mud and mire cover your mouth so that you cannot cry out,

Look up to the stars!

Though it rise higher, and cover your nostrils so that you cease to breathe,

Look up to the stars!

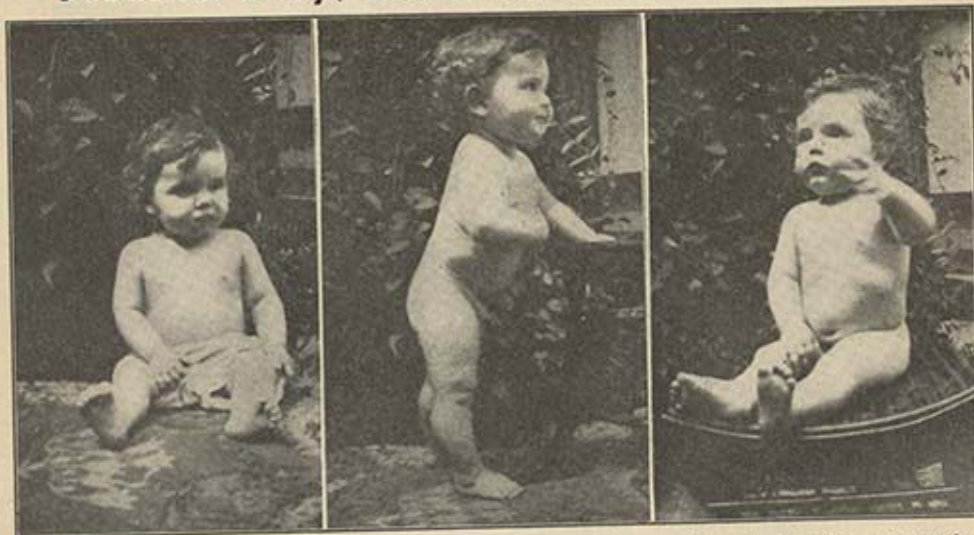
Though it flows into your very eyes,

Look up to the stars!

My word for it, my soul for yours, the God of men will take that last expiring glance of yours and make it the lever that shall pull you out of the mire and set your feet upon the rock and establish your goings, and

PUT A NEW SONG INTO YOUR MOUTH.

## Jerome Day, Jr., Eleven Months Old



TO THE EDITOR:

Am enclosing to you some views of our physical culture baby Jerome, taken when 11 months old, weighing 24 pounds, who has never had an illness to speak of.

His mother and myself have followed the directions of your books (especially the "Baby" book), and magazines for several

years and now enjoy the happiness found in a perfectly healthy and happy son.

If you can use the pictures you are at liberty to do so.

Wishing you continued success in your field of usefulness.

F. JEROME DAY, SR.

50 Rhode Island Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C.

# How I Came to Originate Osteopathy

By ANDREW T. STILL

Many of our readers have heard of the science of Osteopathy. It is the new drugless healing art. It has much that is similar to that which is being advocated in this magazine. Our friends will unquestionably be glad to read the following article by Andrew T. Still, the Father of Osteopathy.—Bernarr Macfadden.

**M**Y FIRST awakening to the principles which today have culminated in the science called "Osteopathy" was made when

I was about ten years old. I was a boy on my father's farm in Macon County, Missouri. I was subject to sick headaches, and while suffering from one of these attacks one day I was instinctively led to make a swing of my father's plow-line between two trees. My head hurt too much to make swinging comfortable. I let the line down to within eight or ten inches of the ground, threw the end of a blanket on it, and lay down on the ground, using the lines for a swinging pillow. To my surprise I soon began to feel easier, and went to sleep. In a little while I got up with headache and fever gone. This discovery interested me, and after that, whenever I felt my headache spells coming on, I would "swing my neck," as I called it.

The next incident which gave me cause for thought occurred when I contracted dysentery, or flux, with copious discharges mixed with blood. There were chilly sensations, high fever, backache and cold abdomen. It seemed to me my back would break, the misery was so great. A log was lying in my

father's yard. In the effort to get comfort I threw myself across it on the small of my back and made a few twisting motions, which probably restored the

misplaced bones to their normal position, for soon the pain began to leave, my abdomen began to get warm, the chilly sensation disappeared, and that was the last of the flux.

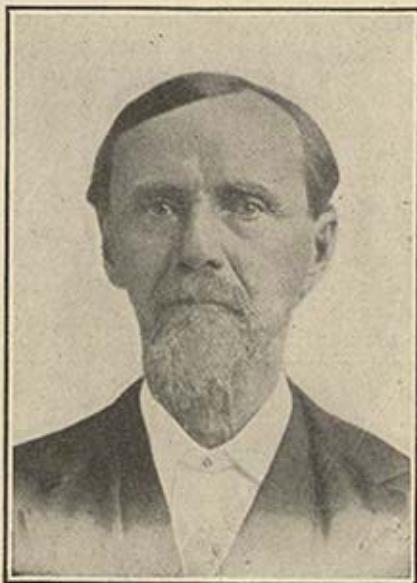
## MILL MACHINERY AROUSED MY INTEREST IN HUMAN MACHINERY

My father, as a pioneer, was a farmer, a mill owner, a minister and a doctor. I studied and practiced medicine with him.

Pioneer life on a Western farm in those days was one in which all the inventive powers one

might possess were given ample chance to show forth. Nearly all the farm machinery had to be made by hand and on the farm. There was very little to buy and less money to buy it with. My father had a grist and saw mill run by water, in the working of which I became very much interested. Later, I bought an interest in a steam sawmill, and took a course of instruction in milling machinery for practical purposes.

As I studied this mill machinery I got my first clear idea of the machinery of



DOCTOR STILL

the human being. My mind invariably associated and compared the machinery of the mill with the machinery of the human being; with the drive-wheels, pinions, cups, arms and shafts of the human, with their forces and supplies, framework, attachment by ligament and muscle, the nerve and blood supply. "How" and "where" the motor nerves receive their power and motion, how the sensory and nutrient nerves act in their functions, their source of supply, their work done in health, in the parts obstructed, parts and principles through which they passed to perform their duties of life—all this study in human mechanics awoke with new vigor within me. I believed that something abnormal could be found which by, tolerating a temporary or permanent suspension of the blood in arteries or veins would produce the effect which was called disease.

With this thought in mind came such questions as: What is disease? What is fever? Is fever an effect, or is it a being as is commonly described by medical authors? I took disease to be an effect, experimenting and proving the position, being sustained each time by Nature's response in the affirmative.

Early in the sixties I took a course of instruction in the Kansas City School of Physicians and Surgeons, studying such branches as were taught in the medical schools of that day. I took up the regular practice of an allopathic physician. I was called a good doctor.

#### "THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND IS MAN"

During all this time I had devoted a large part of my time to the study of anatomy, which attracted me strongly. I read every book on the subject I could get hold of, but my chief source of study was the book of Nature. I found myself more and more believing that "the proper study of mankind is man," and the best methods to pursue it is to dissect and study the body itself. The skinning of wild animals in my youth brought me into contact with muscles, nerves and veins.

The skeletons of the Indians were my next study in bones, and I went on mak-

ing numberless experiments with bones until I became very familiar with the entire bony structure of the human body. Finally, I tried an experiment of my own: I made a picture or chart of the bones of the whole body, then stood blindfolded, or with my back to a table. A bone would be handed to me by an assistant. I would take it in my hands and by the "feel" of it would name it direct where it should be placed on the chart (right or left). I carried this to the extent of even the smallest bones of the hands and feet and those of the spine, until the chart was filled in complete. This I used to do over and over again. For not less than twelve months I studied bones alone, before taking up Descriptive Anatomy, because I wanted to know what a bone is and its use. I became as familiar with every bone as I was with the words "father" and "mother". Of course, all this meant untiring work, and I have hardly expected my students to follow me over the entire length of this portion of my road. Nevertheless, I believe as strongly today as ever that the closer they follow this road, the better for their patients. They must study and know the exact construction of the human body, the exact location of every bone, nerve, fibre, muscle and organ; the origin, the course and flow of all the fluids of the body, the relation of each to the other and the function it is to perform in perpetuating life and health. In addition, they must have ability to enable them to detect the exact location of any and all obstructions to the regular movements of this grand machinery of life, and supplement this ability with skill to remove all such obstructions.

From this study in bones I went on to the study of muscles, ligaments, tissues, arteries, veins, lymphatics and nerves.

I began now to feel that I was irresistibly headed for some road; what road I myself knew not. Of one thing I was certain: I was getting farther away from the use of medicines in the treatment of ills and ails. I was a physician of the old school in name but not in fact.

I carried on my theories: I practiced them wherever I could find people who

would place confidence in me, until the Civil War came on. Then I enlisted and went "to the front."

On resuming my duties as a private citizen after the war I took up again the study and research of my all-absorbing topic: how to cure disease without medicine and on June 22, 1874, there came into my mind the first clear conception of the practical workings of what is now known as the Science of Osteopathy. This day I celebrate as its birthday.

#### ONE OF THE FIRST CASES I TREATED

In the autumn of 1874 I was given a chance to try my ideas on a case of flux. I was walking with a friend, on the streets of Macon, Missouri, in which town I was visiting, when I noticed in advance of us a woman with three children. I called my friend's attention to fresh blood that had dripped along the street for perhaps fifty yards. We caught up with the group and discovered that the woman's little boy, about four years old, was sick. He had only a calico dress on, and, to my wonder and surprise, his legs and feet were covered with blood. A glance was enough to show that the mother was poor. We immediately offered our services to help the boy home. I picked him up and placed my hand on the small of his back. I found it hot, while the abdomen was cold. The neck and the back of the head were also very warm and the face and nose very cold. This set me to reasoning, for up to that time the most I knew of flux was that it was fatal in a great many cases. I had never before asked myself the question: What is flux? I began to reason about the spinal cord, which gives off its motor nerves to the front of the body, its sensory to the back; but that gave no clew to flux. Beginning at the base of the child's brain, I found rigid and loose places in the muscles and ligaments of the whole spine, while the lumbar portion was very much congested and rigid. The thought came to me, like a flash, that there might be a strain, or some partial dislocation of the bones of the spine or ribs, and that by pressure I could push some of the hot to the cold places, and by so doing adjust the bones and set free the nerve and

blood supply to the bowels. On this basis of reasoning I treated the child's spine, and told the mother to report the next day. She came the next morning with the news that her child was well.

There were many cases of flux in the town at that time and shortly after, and the mother telling of my cure of the child brought a number of cases to me. I cured them all by my own method and without drugs. These began to stir up comment, and I soon found myself the object of curiosity and criticism.

#### WHY I STARTED THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF OSTEOPATHY

Another case which I was asked to see brought upon me still further criticism. A young woman was suffering with nervous prostration. All hope had been given up by the doctors, and the family was so told. After a number of medical councils her father came to me and said: "The doctors say my daughter cannot live. Will you step in and look at her?" I found the young woman in bed, and from the twisted manner in which her head lay I suspected a partial dislocation of the neck. On examination I found this to be true—one of the upper bones of her neck was slipped to one side, shutting off, by pressure, the vertebral artery on its way to supply the brain. In four hours after I had carefully adjusted the bones of her neck she was up and out of bed. I went through those interesting yet trying days deaf to criticism and comment. I worked alone, studying, investigating, experimenting.

Gradually people began coming to me in increasing numbers, and soon I found that my practice was beginning to grow beyond the limits of my strength. Several persons, seeing my increasing practice, now began to urge me to teach them a knowledge of the practical workings of my discovery. In the early nineties I concluded to teach others the principles that underlay my drugless work. I realized that I must have help or break down. I had four sons and one daughter able-bodied young people, and the thought came to me to educate them in this science in order that they could assist me in my work.

I employed the best talent that I could find to teach them anatomy, physiology and chemistry, teaching them, myself, the principles and practice of my own science. After my school had been in running order a short time others became interested and asked permission to join, and the class increased in numbers. At the end of the first year I had some students who were able to help me in a way, and in the course of two years I really had assistance. This was the origin of what is known today as the American School of Osteopathy.

With the origination of the school came, of course, the necessity of a name to designate the science, and I choose "Osteopathy." I reasoned that the bone, "osteon," was the starting point from which I was to ascertain the cause of pathological conditions, and I combined the "osteo" with "pathy."

So "Osteopathy," sketched briefly, was launched upon the world.

#### NOW WHAT, REALLY, IS OSTEOPATHY?

Many people naturally ask: What is Osteopathy?

Osteopathy is simply this: The law of human life is absolute, and I believe that God has placed the remedy for every disease within the material house in which the spirit of life dwells. I believe that the Maker of man has deposited in some part or throughout the whole system of the human body drugs in abundance to cure all infirmities: that all the remedies necessary to health are compounded within the human body. They can be administered by adjusting the body in such manner that the remedies may naturally associate themselves together. And I have never failed to find all these remedies. At times some seemed to be out of reach, but by a close study I always found them. So I hold that man should study and use only the drugs that are found in his own drug-store—that is, in his own body.

I do not believe, and I say this only after forty years of close observation and experiments, that there are such diseases as fever—typhoid typhus or lung—rheumatism, scatica, gout, colic, liver disease, croup, or any of the present so-called diseases. They do not exist as

diseases. I hold that, separate or combined, they are only effects of cause, and that, in each case, the cause can be found and does exist in the limited or excited action of the nerves which control the fluids of a part of or of the entire body. My position is that the living blood swarms with health corpuscles which are carried to all parts of the body.

Osteopathy is, then, a science built upon this principle: that man is a machine, needing, when diseased, an expert mechanical engineer to adjust its machinery. It stands for the labor, both mental and physical, of the engineer, or Osteopath, who comes to correct the abnormal conditions of the human body and restore them to the normal. Of course, "normal" does not simply mean a readjustment of bones to a normal position in order that muscles and ligaments may with freedom play in their allotted places. Beyond all this lies the still greater question to be solved: How and when to apply the touch which sets free the chemicals of life as Nature designs?

Osteopathy to me has but one meaning, and that is, that the plan and specifications by which man is constructed and designed shows absolute perfection in all its parts and principles. When a competent anatomist (as the successful Osteopath must be), in treating the human body, follows this plan and specification, the result will be a restoration of physiological functioning from disease to health.

An Osteopath is only a human engineer who should understand all the laws governing the human engine and thereby master disease.

Osteopathy absolutely differs from massage. The definition of "Massage" is *masso*, to knead: shampooing of the body by special manipulations, such as kneading, tapping, stroking, etc. The masseur rubs and kneads the muscles to increase the circulation. The Osteopath never rubs. He takes off any pressure on blood-vessels or nerves by the adjustment of any displacement, whether it be of a bone, cartilage, ligament, tendon, muscle, or even of the fascia which enfolds all structures; also by relaxing any contracture of muscle or ligament due

to displacements, to drafts causing colds, to overwork or nerve exhaustion. The Osteopath knows the various nerve-centres and how to treat them, in order that the vasomotor nerves can act upon the blood-vessels, bringing about in a physiological manner a normal heart-action and freeing up the channels to and from the heart. The Osteopath deals always with causes, has no "rules of action" as such, but applies reason to each case according to the conditions presented, treating no two cases quite alike. He knows from past experiences that the effect seen is produced by a cause with which he must deal in order to give relief.

The Osteopath is a physician. The masseur does not take the responsibility of the full charge of a diseased condition, but works under the direction of a physician, and has to do with effects, applying by rote to the body so much rubbing so much stroking, so much tapping, so much kneading, etc., there being definite rules laid down applicable to general cases.

Osteopathy is a science and art also. It includes a knowledge of anatomy, biology, physiology, psychology, chemistry and pathology. Its therapeutics are independent and original, and as extensive as the entire medical and surgical fields.

### MISUNDERSTOOD

Mr. Misfit (savagely): "Before I married you, was there any doddering idiot gone on you?" Mrs. Misfit: "There

was one." Mr. Misfit: "I wish to goodness you'd married him!" Mrs. Misfit: "I did."—*Exchange.*

## Notes on Long Distance Walking

I have been a reader of your magazine from its first number, and although I have been interested actively in athletics as long as I can remember and never took any stock in doctors and their practices, I never knew how right I was until I read it. I would not miss it now for anything.

Several years ago you published an article on long walks stating what to wear, etc., and mentioning among other things that the U. S. Geological Maps were handy to go by, as all roads and rivers, mountains, etc., were shown, I sent for several of the maps to see what they were, planned a walk with several of my friends and it proved a novelty, so we planned more walks on some of which we induced our girl friends to accompany us.

Our party on several occasions numbered sixteen girls and boys, and as we passed through the country the people would stare at us, thinking, I suppose, we were crazy to walk around in the hot sun.

We have finally decided that the best way to spend Sunday was walking, and very often we start Saturday afternoon, walk until night, sleep where ever we happen to be and continue Sundays.

We have walked out of this city by every road there is, and we now usually take a car or train for some distance and then start walking. We never overdo it, planning our walks so as to cover about seven miles in two hours.

HERMAN J. H. HABER.



Mr. Haber in Walking Costume. He states that leggings are useful in travelling through brush. Cap may be carried in pocket for wear when in cities, if you desire to appear conventional

# Marvelous Curative Value of Fasting

## SEVERAL INSTANCES WHERE FASTING HAS BROUGHT ASTOUNDING RESULTS

If there is a remedy of any kind that can be called a cure-all, it is fasting. There is no other means of curing disease that is so marvelously efficient, and when one really understands the nature of disease, when he realizes that it is simply evidence of the need of internal cleanliness, then the idea of fasting is bound to be impressive.

Fasting cleans the body internally. It rids the body of accumulated filth. It gives the digestive organs a rest. It practically revolutionizes one's entire physical condition, that is, providing the body is diseased. I am presenting with this article the stories of three different experiences with fasting, and in each case this remedy has brought about marvelous results. If these same changes had been brought about through any medicinal means, it would be heralded in newspapers throughout the entire world by telegraph in a few hours. But there is no money in fasting. No one is financially interested in recommending a remedy that has no marketable value. That really accounts for the woeful ignorance of the public everywhere of natural methods of all kinds. The methods that we advocate are so simple, and they bring such quick and satisfactory results, that if a physician should make use of them he would soon permanently lose his patient. His patients would have no further need for the advice of a physician, and when a drug doctor becomes so broad-minded as to accept these theories and so conscientious as to advise them at every opportunity his practice slowly but surely disappears. His patients soon learn how to cure themselves and new patients are cured so quickly that there is but little chance to "run up" a bill against them.—Bernarr Macfadden.

### A RECORD BREAKING FAST OF SEVENTY-FIVE DAYS

THE most remarkable fast that has ever come to my attention is that made by Mrs. Charles Osborne, of Seattle, Washington. This fast was conducted under the direction of Dr. Linda Burfield Hazard, and she has kindly sent me the following particulars:

Mrs. Osborne is a woman of forty-six years of age. The medical history of her case shows constant treatment since the year 1871 for the disease symptom known as Diffuse Psoriasis. At the time that she turned towards natural methods, January 15 last, the patches characteristic of the symptom covered at least one-third of the surface of the skin, and were not confined to any locality but appeared indiscriminately on trunk, arms, and legs. Hands and face were not affected. At this date the conditions were much aggravated, and the sores were exuding serum and were itching intolerably.

In order to enjoy life in previous years, Mrs. O. had discovered through medical attempts at relief that the sores could be dried up and the itching alleviated by mercurial sweat baths. For a week or so after treatment of this kind, the symptoms remained dormant, but only to reappear, angrier and more obstinate.

The general health of the patient seemed excellent, and to this a strong constitution and a robust physique contributed. Perhaps, as often occurs, the outlet that Nature established in this instance was most salutary in so far as the appearance of other disease symptoms was concerned. I know this to be the fact in syphilitic infection, for here all outward evidences of disease are invariably subordinated to the direct blood taint.

When first under observation, Mrs. O. weighed 172 pounds, and her habits were those of a woman in comfortable circumstances, with the idea ingrained that three and even four generous meals per day were necessary for the maintenance of health and strength. She was, however, discouraged and disheartened as to her skin trouble, and as a last resort considered what to her meant a living death, the fast.

After three weeks of dieting, the period of abstinence began on February 15 and continued until April 20 inclusive, a total of seventy-five days. At no time during this interval was any food ingested, and at no time was the patient unable to walk to her physician's office for daily osteopathic manipulation. This was undoubtedly due to the magnificent phy-



sical organization heretofore described, and to the will power that was equal to the supreme test. The case was a most easy one to treat, for with the gradual disappearance of disease, faith grew and opposition died.

The fast was typical and not extraordinary save for its length. The loss in weight was normal and registered 32 pounds on the 75th day, when Mrs. O. balanced the scales at 142. Fasting's chilliness was in evidence until the 20th day; and, while pulse and temperature were both below register in the earlier stages, they reached normal by the sixth week. The enemata brought away solid feces until the 25th day, and thereafter great quantities of yellowish-white mucus.

It was not until about the 30th day of total abstinence that visible improvement in exuding sores became evident to any extent. The itching subsided with the cessation of exudation, and here amelioration was noted by the end of the third week. From the latter part of March until the completion of the fast, the inflamed areas rapidly dried, and healthy skin formed in patches that grew and gradually covered the denuded spots. At this writing (May 27, 1908), Mrs. O's general health is superb, and the sole

remaining signs of former disease are the scarred edges surrounding the later areas, and these are gradually disappearing. The case is an absolute cure, as are all those of naturally treated disease, and at no time during the long period of abstinence was alarm felt as to the outcome either by the patient or by me. In the absence of organic imperfection, there is positively no danger in fasting until Nature calls the halt by evidencing hunger. It is because of ignorance of the physiology and the philosophy of the method that fear enters and disaster results in cases not properly guided.

#### A THIRTY DAYS' FAST BRINGS A PHYSICAL REVOLUTION

TO THE EDITOR:

It would be impossible for me to fully describe what the theories advocated by this magazine have accomplished for me. They have given me a strong, vigorous body. They have helped me to a very large extent to think for myself. I no longer blindly follow the conventional ideas. I learned how to properly clothe myself. I learned the value of a wholesome diet. All these things were worth many times more to me than money. Since I became a physical culturist, I have never known a day's serious illness.

On several occasions I have tried to

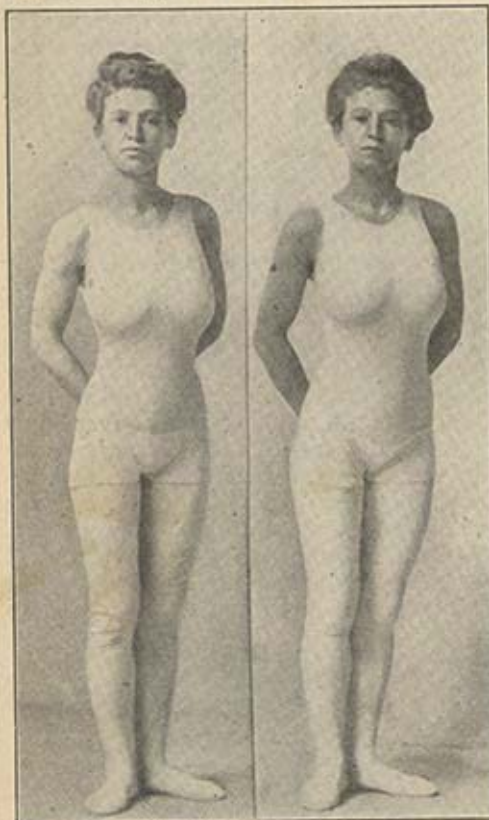


Miss Weinstein at the End of Her Thirty-Day Fast



Miss Weinstein Three Weeks After Completing Her Fast

take a thirty days' fast, but have never succeeded in continuing the fast that long. Heretofore when I tried to fast, I have always been under adverse influences. The average individual, of course harbors the impression that the moment you stop eating there is danger of starving to death, and that you are liable to drop dead at any moment from faintness or hunger. Last spring, however,



The Photo at Left Shows Miss Weinstein at the Completion of Her Thirty-Day Fast: the One on Right, Three Weeks Later

I concluded that I would attempt to fast under proper environment. I therefore went to Battle Creek, and on the first of April I started my thirty days' fast. I lived outdoors as much as I could. I took sun and air baths and every day through the entire period I walked an average of at least ten miles.

I can hardly fairly describe what this

fast did for me. No one can realize what a mighty revolution is brought about in the body by a long fast of this nature until he has tried it himself. Your whole life seems to be transformed. You see everything in a different way. After the first week of my fast all craving for food left me. My breath and tongue cleared and my eyes became very clear. I drank distilled water through the entire period. I breakfasted on the thirty-first day on a glass of apple juice. Very soon after breaking my fast, I began to take all sorts of exercises, and I am now a great deal stronger than I ever was before. Three weeks after my fast, I took a sixty mile bicycle ride in eight hours without a stop. The ride would have been made much quicker but the roads were rough after a rain, and also sandy and hilly.

FANNY WEINSTEIN.

Battle Creek, Mich.

#### CATARRH, EYE TROUBLE AND BILIOUSNESS CURED BY FASTING

TO THE EDITOR:

About a month ago I thought I would try a short fast, as I was suffering from the effects of a cold which had settled in my eyes—as the result of overwork and loss of sleep and a former injury to one eye. I also had some catarrh, which seemed to be loath to quit and a more or less bilious condition.

I made my last meal of apples. Usually in the morning I drank a cup or two of a cereal coffee substitute, without milk or sugar and during the day a drink or two of sweet cider. The third and fourth days I took an enema.

At the end of the 7th day I broke my fast with two or three large canned peaches—unsweetened and about three hours later, before going to bed ate a couple of apples. The next morning I arose at 4 a. m., took your stretching exercises, then, to see whether actual strength had failed or not climbed horizontal bar 15 times, dipped to floor 30 times, and squatted on each leg with the other held up 6 times or fully as much as I can do at any time, and, I did not go to the limit either. Then after a cold sponge bath and a rub

down, I ate two or three apples, then walked a mile and shouldered a 145-pound sack of barley and put it on a horse with comparative ease. At 8 a. m. took a dish of toasted wheat-berries dry, and a cup of milk and cream. At noon I ate a hearty dinner of vegetables, eggs, bread and nuts.

I lost 12 pounds in weight but in 10 days had got it back and 6 pounds more. I also lost the coating off my tongue, and the catarrh in my head, and my eyes got all right. I suffered very little from hunger but felt somewhat faint and lazy most of the time. Drank distilled water and worked on the ranch

and with live stock from four to ten hours a day.

If convenient I would advise one to pick a warmer time of year as one does not keep warm so easily while fasting. Then it is better to be out of doors as much as possible in the fresh air and if one's will power is not very strong or disposition sweet it is not so trying as when one is around where tempting viands are in evidence, and friends frequently urging one to partake lest he starve to death! However it is good discipline if one can resist.

A. O. HUNTLEY.

Cuprum, Wash. Co., Idaho.

## A Physical Culture Camp



The Above Photograph Shows a Group of Physical Culturists at Their Camp on the Shore of Lake Brady, Ohio

The young men shown in the picture are Messrs. J. P. Miller, J. E. Russ, J. Otis Jacobs, Lloyd Arnold, and Ned

Miller. They are all amateur acrobats, professional musicians and ardent adherents of the principles of physical culture.

# Buried Alive

By MILTON WALFORD

THE average individual will be inclined to think that being buried alive would furnish a very startling experience. It is not, however, by any means unpleasant—provided, of course, there is no interference with your breathing capacity. The accompanying reproduction from a photograph shows a young man enjoying the pleasure of a dirt bath. As you will note, he is entirely buried, with the exception of his head.

Many would be quite surprised to

ated in Europe), which have an international fame for the beneficial effects which result from bathing in the mud found at springs located near them. This mud possesses medicinal qualities which are transmitted to the patient, through the pores of the skin, by means of natural absorption. It is a fact worthy of note, however, that visitors to such baths are almost invariably ordered by their physicians to abstain from those foods and drinks which usually cause their ill-health. This en-



PHOTO OF MR. YODER WHILE BURIED ALIVE

learn that the dirt coming in free contact with the skin has tonic properties of very great value. Many ailments can be quickly remedied if the patient is buried in this manner for an hour or two each day. To a certain extent, it has the same influence as a wet-sheet pack. The damp ground accelerates the activity of the pores, and an increased amount of impurities is eliminated from the body.

No doubt many of my readers have heard of the mud bath. This is, of course, similar in its effect to the dirt bath, though it is perhaps more beneficial, on account of the mud clinging to the skin more closely. There are a number of health resorts (most of them situ-

forced abstinence doubtless contributes largely to the good results attributed to the mud-baths.

Although mud and dirt baths are useful in a variety of ailments, being buried alive is especially valuable in nervous trouble. It has a remarkably quieting effect on the nerves. One feels soothed and rested after the experience, and if this remedy is regularly indulged, it is bound to bring about benefits of very great value. The young man who is shown buried in the illustration is Mr. Jacob Yoder, a resident of Physical Culture City, and a partial view of his summer house is shown in the background. This is his favorite treatment.

# A Man Reclaimed—A Soul Saved

By J. EDWARDS MASON

Here is a soul we have saved, and we have also saved the man behind the soul. The soul, it appears to me, needs a clean habitation, it needs a strong foundation. We might be able to find thousands of letters from our readers telling a similar story, but the story of Mr. Mason's experience is so well told that we thought our readers would enjoy reading it.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

"**T**RUTH is stranger than fiction." My own experience illustrates the plasticity of the human mind. Influences are not always potent in proportion to their magnitude: often the small, the gentle, the mild, exert a more subtle power.

Before **PHYSICAL CULTURE** no reading matter seems to have had influence upon my impulses. The Sunday-school novel, with its praiseworthy hero, had not fired me with longings to be "good".

Stories of boys getting drowned on Sunday did not deter me in my pursuit of pleasure, as far as I could, I could go with safety under home discipline. "Jack the Giant-Killer" never worked me up to such a degree of ferocity that I wanted to go forth and slay giants. The yellow-covered dime novel, which I devoured surreptitiously, had not determined me to construct a cave of my own to which I might convey rescued maidens. I read, it seems, impassively, purely for the pleasure of reading. From Uncle Tom's Cabin to Shakespeare, Byron, Browning and Cicero neither chivalry nor attainment awakened any spirit of emulation in my self-satisfied breast. To get the most credit I could for the least effort, and to have as much fun as possible had been the current of my life—avoiding the disagreeable, and shirking the difficult. I was supremely content with myself, notwithstanding an appetite for omnivorous reading, which is supposed to have a direct bearing upon forming a boy's character and influencing his ambitions—but which, in my case, had failed to "strike in."

Hundreds of dollars worth of well chosen books were put before me. Did my father present me with a copy of "Thrift," by Samuel Smiles, I would

read it with keen enjoyment of the reading, subscribing heartily to all its precepts—but straightway squandering my money as before—I could recognize all arguments and warnings, in the abstract, but held myself apart from their application.

I was presumably not more, and probably not less vicious than the average youth with whom I came in contact. Almost any man I met had a smutty story to tell—or a picture in his inside pocket, to gaze upon which only a limited time was permitted, and when I first saw **PHYSICAL CULTURE** it was, no doubt with a secret hope that I might find the pictures more realistic than any I had heretofore had opportunity to study at leisure—"I came to scoff, but I remained to pray."

Up to this time my perceptions of artistic proportions were wholly undeveloped, and would have remained so, because I was sure it was not worth my while to bother with anything like the study of art. My ideas of the female human form were gauged by the fashion-plate, and pompadours, and the "straight front" corset cut considerable figure (?) in the "divinity" thereof. The criterion for manly beauty was a curled moustache, a florid complexion, a rotund abdomen, and fashionable clothes. If a nude picture interested me it was because it was naked and it didn't make much difference what shape a leg had so it was bare enough.

Out of the clear sky came a jolt in the shape of a little five cent magazine which was to pry me loose from this complacently following the line of least resistance, after all the thunderings of the literary swains had passed over unheeded. The drapery of self-sufficiency dropped from me revealing innumerable

defects and deficiencies, which would have been appalling had not hope in the possibilities of improvement sprung up at the same time. *Ignorance is not bliss*—any more than intoxication is joy or opium-dreams rapture. And as these hopes one at a time gradually but surely began to be realized, I first tasted the invigorating draught of manhood's potentialities.

No longer was it a matter of course that I must fall a victim to epidemics and suffer individually and collectively all the ills, alas too common to mankind. No longer did I consider it "perfectly natural" that I was out-of-breath upon the slightest hurried exertion. I wanted to feel good any minute, which is the prerogative of any chipmunk, if he can keep out of a cage (civilization's environments) or a trap (medical restoration).

I believe in pushing a good thing along, and have long been in the habit of forwarding to some musical friend any composition which particularly impressed me.

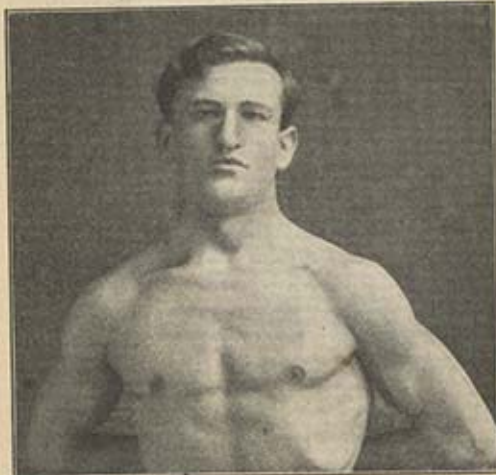
I have spent more money for postage forwarding numerous magazines, with their ponderous pages of advertising matter, than the magazines cost. If they have interested me I like to thrust them upon the notice of some one whom I desire to benefit. For years I have been guilty of forwarding my copies of

PHYSICAL CULTURE, fiction and all, through the mails to a tenderly nurtured and carefully guarded young female relation—believing that no one could habitually read the enthusiastic writings and study the illustrations without becoming imbued with aspirations for what is higher, better, stronger, cleaner, purer.

I don't know if there are others greater and better, but to this publication alone, for no other ever came to my notice, do I attribute my present attitude of reverence for physical culture—body betterment. No other pursuit in life is nobler or more interesting—not even moral improvement. In fact I believe physical culture should become an institution preliminary to all religious revivals and to marriage feasts. Before a man could be empowered to vote upon a National Pure Food Law he should pass examination upon its tenets. Before he may assist in framing ordinances pertaining to municipal purity, he should have proved mastery over his own body and mind.

Assuming that the human conception is correct, and that the Infinite Judge employs material mandates, with what prejudice must he behold the souls which have lately fitted from the neglected and abused bodies which are trembling into premature graves every day.

## A Book-keeper's Experience



TO THE EDITOR:

About two years ago I noticed your magazine on a news-stand, and ever since then I have been a steady reader of your publication, and I am happy of the results I obtained from it. First of all I lost all bad habits and I enjoy the best of health. To make a long story short I will say that when I commenced reading your books I measured 32 inches around my chest, and 32½ inches around my waist. You can imagine what a piece of humanity I was. My measurements now are as follows. Chest, small, 33 in.; chest, natural, 33½ in.; chest expanded, 40 in.; waist 27 in.

My photograph shows what I have gained reading your glorious magazine, and am positive that every individual can be benefited the same way or perhaps more because I do indoor work. My occupation is book-keeper.

Yours for good health and a pure thought.  
ABE G. CAPLON.

2300—8th Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

# Hygienic Effect of Automobiling

By H. H. EVERETT

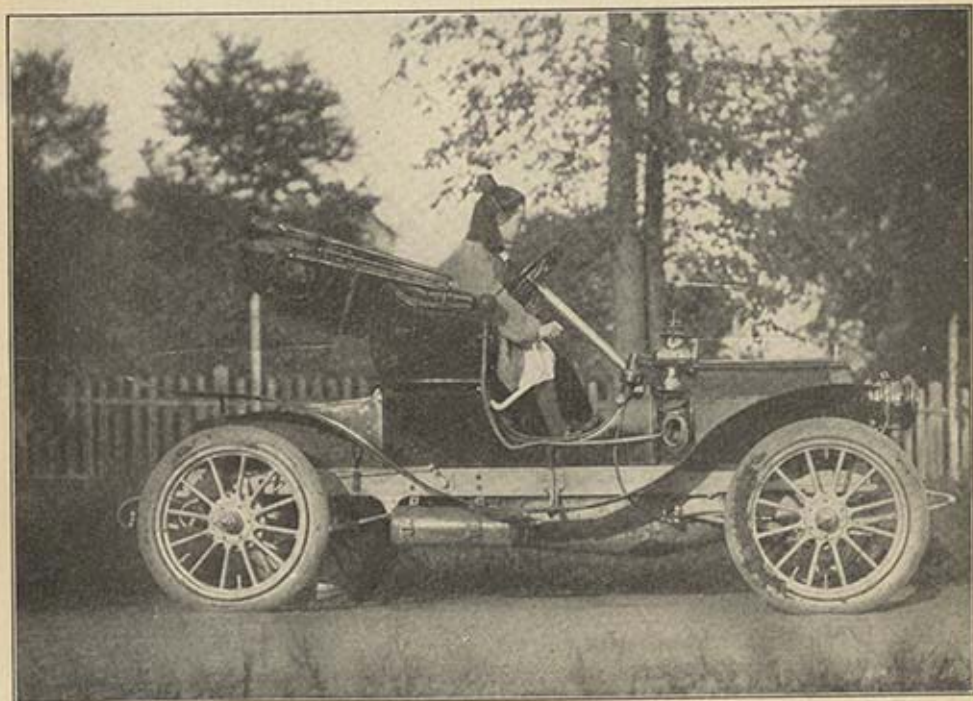
1. It is one of the many means of getting one out of doors.

2. It provides a greater radius of travel than any other independent means of transit and consequently offers a greater range of interest in out doors. Change of scene gives rest and relief.

3. The fact that nothing has ever been

from four to eight degrees cooler than the pedestrian.

5. It is a well-known fact that chauffeurs and those who drive automobiles either as a business or for pleasure are remarkably healthy. Instance, taxicab and electric automobile drivers, as well as chauffeurs for private cars and dem-



Miss Mabel Martin of Plainfield, N. J., who has gained health and strength by automobiling

brought forward against legitimate automobiling (except the possible injury by wind and dust to the eyes, which does not occur when the motorist is properly prepared for motoring by wearing goggles or a veil) by the medical fraternity, is a negative proof of its value as a healthful recreation.

4. In warm weather the motorist is

onstrators for sales-agents or for manufacturers. Racing drivers say that after a race of any length there comes a mental and physical exhilaration unknown after any other form of fast driving, accounted for no doubt (as well as in the case of more rational driving), by the person being outdoors and the stimulation of the circulation due to the natural vibration

of the car traveling over the irregularities of the road.

6. As an example of the value of automobiling, in spite of the hardships of the tour, the writer might recount a personal experience. He acted as an official observer on a non-stop tour from New York to St. Louis, returning to New York, via Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Terre Haute, Ind., Columbus, Ohio, Pittsburg, Philadelphia to New York. This run was to be made without a stop of the motor and in the shortest time possible. He remained in the car, out of the fifteen days and two hours of the trip, nine days and fourteen hours. During the last part of the tour, that from Columbus, Ohio to New York City, he was in the car continuously and without sleep for 129½ hours. For 48 hours of this last mentioned period the only thing he had to eat was two hard boiled eggs. In addition to this, during the 129½ hours there was almost continuous rain, with the result that he was subjected to the worst possible conditions of the weather. In spite of these physical hardships he gained 22 pounds in weight. The driver of this same car whose experiences were identical with the writer's, also gained 6 pounds in weight. After returning to New York from the trip and resuming office work, the writer lost all that he had gained in a little over two weeks. This is merely recounted to illustrate the value of automobiling in spite of unusual and unprecedented hardships. This tour was made as a part of the tour of the American Automobile Association, during the time of the St. Louis Fair, from New York to St. Louis, the only difference being that in the case of this

particular car the run included the return trip to New York.

Another personal experience of the writer's was the Pittsburg endurance run from New York to Pittsburg, 800 miles during almost unprecedented weather conditions, when even the railroads were stalled on account of the unusual quantity of rain that fell during the time of the tour when the writer gained in eight days of the trip, nine pounds.

The experience of the writer in these two unusually severe automobile tours (the first one of which, by the way, was of 3450 2-5 miles in length) is by no means unusual, for he took the trouble to ascertain from others who had made this trip what their experience was with regard to health. The answer was invariably that the motorist felt in far better health than when the trip was started.

A motorist known to the writer, whose infant son was very delicate, conceived the idea that the best means of obtaining fresh air and at the same time a modicum of exercise for the child, would be automobiling, and carried out his idea for a year with the result that the delicacy was supplanted by robust health. (If the name is here required, I will have to ask the permission of the gentleman referred to.)

The photo reproduced herewith is a portrait of Miss Mabel Martin of Plainfield, N. J., whose father taught her to drive an automobile for her health. The girl is ten years old and was anæmic and weak. Mr. Martin is an agent for Atlas automobiles and gave the girl a runabout for herself. She has now run this for nearly a year near her home and has gained greatly in general health and strength.

## Truth Maketh Free

MIRIAM E. OATMAN

While men look on God's holy plan of life  
As a thing low and base, founded on shame,  
A sacrifice for loathsome passions' flame,  
A filthy thing with brutal evil rife;  
While woman is but thought a sate for lust,  
Whose flesh is joined to flesh, not soul to soul  
While base desires rule all, with no control,  
We still must lead low lives, in mire and dust.

While divine Truth is whispered as unclean,  
And high self-knowledge is despised and feared,  
We shall live chained and bound and fettered,  
But when victorious Truth shall reign serene,  
There shall we find the perfect liberty,  
For Truth, and Truth alone, maketh us free.



## Twenty-five Miles in the Rain

THE Rambling Club of Manchester, England, composed of enthusiastic physical culturists, makes a practice of taking long walks nearly every Sunday. Some time ago a number of their members started out on a long walk. They had gone but a short distance when they encountered rain and a high wind. The hardy members of the Club, however, are believers

of nourishment. Under the circumstances, it can be very readily realized that there was no need of an appetizer. The long walk had supplied that in liberal measure.

During the latter part of their walk they had to pass a deep ravine, with a stream on one side and the path on the other. The rain pelted and the wind blew with such force that it was actually



THE RAMBLING CLUB OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

in the value of fresh air, and they did not allow the weather to interfere with their pleasure. Mr. E. Warburton, one of the Club's enthusiastic members, states that throughout the entire walk the rain never ceased, but the party were not depressed.

After they had gone a larger part of the distance, they arrived at a small inn and all sat down for a lunch. As they were nearly all what might be termed food reformers, nuts, fruit and whole-wheat bread furnished the chief articles

difficult for them to keep upon their feet. The rivulets that ordinarily flowed across the paths had grown into large streams, through which they had to wade. Farther on they sank up to their shoe-tops in a bog. Not one of these enthusiastic walkers took cold or felt any bad results from their experience. In fact, each one was convinced that he had been greatly benefited by what would be termed by many persons a very unpleasant and dangerous experience.

# Thriving on Ten Cents Daily

We are living in an age of prodigious waste. To the average individual the statement that one can thrive on ten cents a day would seem ridiculous. Here is the story of a man who has lived and apparently has enjoyed a high degree of health and strength on less than this amount. Read his experience, and then write us of your own, if you think you have a better story to tell.—Bernarr Macfadden.

**D**URING the months of June, July, and August, 1906, and the same months of 1907, I tried a strictly raw food diet. All my experiments were carried on in the Black Hills section of South Dakota, where most things are higher in price than in the country to the east and south of that district. The altitude also is higher, being from 3,434 to 5,500 feet above sea level. During the time I kept an exact account of all foods used and the cost of same, and found that the average cost for two meals per day was \$2.75 per month.

The foods used were pearled barley rice, dried peaches, pears, apricots, prunes, figs, and raisins. These were soaked over night in water (cold) and eaten with raw rolled oats and wheat, a little condensed milk being added sometimes, and lemon juice others. Cucumbers, beets, celery, onions—old and new—cabbage, carrots and potatoes were sliced, and singly or together were soaked in cold salt and water over night, and eaten with olive oil. During this time I worked in a store from 11 to 13 hours a day (being on my feet all the time), went to bed about 8 p. m. and rose at 4.30 to 5 a. m. I enjoyed the best of health during the entire time, my weight remaining practically stationary.

In September I went to a higher part of the Hills, at an elevation of about 5,000 feet, and there I cooked a part of the foods, and used corn meal, navy beans, ruta-bagas, turnips, graham and rye bread. Made a thick soup from the beans and other vegetables, with a few sliced onions added. Olive oil was used

in place of butter on the bread and in the soups. While this diet was fairly satisfactory the time used in cooking was a drawback.

Since that time I have lived for two weeks at one time one soaked whole-wheat, served with salt, olive oil and black figs, and found it entirely satisfactory, the cost being 50 cents per week. Then I tried corn ground in a common meat-cutter, and cooked for 30 minutes after soaking over night in cold water, served with salt, olive oil, and black figs. This is a satisfactory diet for cold weather, but I would not like it in the summer season, the cost was the same as with wheat.

I am sure that anyone who tries to be careful in the selection of their food and who does not want several varieties at a meal can live well either on a raw or partly raw diet, almost anywhere in the United States, at a cost not to exceed \$3.00 per month, and if they have even a very small garden of their own they can reduce the cost and increase the variety of foods very easily.

Tapioca, either flaked or pearled, sago, cracked wheat, or flaked hominy, when soaked over night in warm or cold water, and served with honey or fruit juices make a very palatable dish, for those who like variety.

Now I have given my experience, I would like to hear from others who believe in a sane and less expensive diet, either through the columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE or by letter.

Yours for health,

HARRY O. WIBIRT,

Box 246, Huron, S. D.



## My Confidential Letters to Men

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

Q. I have been a constant reader of your magazine for a number of years and it was through its columns that I first learned of the terrible character of a habit that I was practicing. That was five or six years ago, and although I somehow felt I was doing wrong, the habit took such a hold upon me that I could not break it. I think I can appreciate the deplorable position that so many young men fall into through drink; but I am not sure that this habit is not even worse.

I come from a good Christian family, but parents nowadays never explain these things to their children and they are allowed to suffer the consequence.

I am now twenty-three years of age and in almost perfect health, with this one exception. I seem to be unable to destroy the influences of this habit upon me. Like a young man whose letter you recently published I have been able to free myself of it for several months at a time, only to fall within its grasp and find its power as bad as before.

For the last few years many have wondered why I don't mix more with the fellows instead of staying in reading. I care very little for society and am indifferent towards the fair sex. This is unusual, but I suppose it is occasioned by my deviation from the path of rectitude.

I read a book on confidential subjects sometime ago in which the statement was made: "that vital losses, where the loss does not occur more than once a week, need cause no anxiety."

A. This young man is a victim of errors that might be called universal.

They are made in the home, in the school, in the office—they are everywhere. The cause represents a species of dissipation that begins very early in life of nearly every boy. It would be impossible to fully describe the terrible effects on mind and body of these youthful mistakes. Thousands on thousands of boys, through mistakes of this character so sap their vitality and in every way lessen their general vigor that they never develop into real manhood. Parents and teachers have everywhere neglected this subject, and the appalling results of this criminal attitude stares us in the face in every civilized community.

With the average boy you will find that he is either practicing secret vice, or else he is leading an immoral life in some other way. The results are brought about in practically every instance by parental neglect. Boys can easily be made clean and wholesome and pure from their earliest existence, if parents will give them an opportunity to learn something of themselves to secure the higher view of their physiological mechanism. This young man is simply one of many millions who are struggling against adverse influences. He is fighting against the baser part of his nature. He will have to make up his mind right now as to which is to conquer. Is he to be mastered by his lower self? Is he to follow the dictates of all that is vile and disgusting and destructive to manhood, or is he to rise over and above these demands. He must remember that

first of all, it is his duty to be a man. He should be controlled by the one desire to develop into complete manhood. If he wants to be a superb representative—a man in every sense of the word, in full possession of all the God-given powers which are easily within his reach, the higher self must rule absolutely.

I realize that in order to do this he will have to fight. Anything that is worth having is worth struggling for, and the efforts one makes slowly, but surely, increase his own will-power; adds to his determination; and give strength and stability to his character. If the most of your life has been easy, if you have never come in contact with rough places, you know not the meaning of suffering, and could not possibly comprehend life's most magnificent possibilities. The writer of this letter will have to fight his lower self. He will have to combat the devil within him. In the brain of every human being there is always a contest between good and evil, between one desire and another. You will have to strengthen your will and vow that you will be master of yourself, for your own best good, that you will so guide your footsteps that you will be capable of developing into a man, complete, superb.

And if the attainment of the mastery, if in your struggles to obtain that control of yourself you sometimes fall, don't give up. Rise up anew! Determine to begin anew! Gird up your loins and try again! Keep on trying again! Slowly and surely you will develop a character that will enable you to obtain that mastery of yourself. Then you will begin to reap the rich rewards that come to those who have the will to try again. The strongest man is he who has fought the most battles. He may not win every contest; here and there he may have failed, but in many instances we gain more from failures than from winning. We learn of our defects, we are made to recognize our faults. Sometimes we are able to cast aside a load in the form of egotism, that has formerly handicapped our efforts. The complete mastery of self is a great goal that every man should strive for.

Very few reach it; but few are broad-minded enough to even struggle for such a mastery. But those who fight for this prize and in the end are granted that victory have obtained a mind, and as a rule, a body which will be complete and satisfying from every standpoint.

Q. I expect to be married in a short time. My fiancee is not a physical culturist and she absolutely refuses to discuss matters of this kind. She says that physical culture is for bad-minded people.

A. Your fiancee is apparently one of the conventional kind. She looks upon the body as vulgar. The discussion of the physiological processes of the body no doubt seems obscene to her. What she needs is to come in contact with a great awakening. She has no doubt grown up in a family where prudery reigns supreme. I am very much inclined to think that it might be a mistake for you to consummate this proposed marriage until your fiancee has had an opportunity to secure some education on these all important subjects. Preposterous as is her belief, she considers it bad-minded to carefully train one's self with a view of becoming a good strong, healthy mother, and in this she is only one among millions. Women everywhere have sacrificed their vitality, their womanhood, and in many cases their actual life to the dictates of prudery. They have turned aside from knowledge that is actually divine in its influence, because prudery has shrouded these sacred things in obscenity. If you want your children to have a competent mother; if you want your home to be productive of real lasting happiness, your prospective wife will have to very radically change her views. She will have to realize the necessity of training for motherhood. She no doubt desires to be strong and in good health, she wants to continue young for a great many years; she does not want to be an old, worn-out woman before she reaches middle age. If her desires are of this character, then the knowledge presented by physical culture will be invaluable to her. It will be more than that, it will be absolutely essential to the attainment of these objects.

## Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers

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

### Shaving With Water Alone

TO THE EDITOR:

I am quite sure that those who sing the praises of shaving with oil have not tasted the pleasures of shaving with water. It is the most comfortable shave. Dip your finger in basin of water at hand, and moisten the part of face immediately to be shaved. Rub it in, that is the water. Shave before dressing to keep any stray drops of water off your clothes. I have shaved with clear water a number of years and would not think of returning to oil or soap.

Yours truly,  
E. D. BRINKERHOFF.

### A Fast Twelve Miles Walk

TO THE EDITOR:

On Monday, April 13th, last, leaving Center Square, Lancaster, Pa., I walked square heel and toe to Columbia, Pa., a measured distance of twelve and one-quarter miles in 1 hour and 37 minutes. This was over a good pike, although there were a few hills. These did not bother me much, however, as I did not train for the event and therefore did not try for a record. I do not want to leave anyone under the impression that I did not have to exert myself in this walk, but I wish to say with a little training I could walk it faster. I also hold the Columbia Bridge record over the Susquehanna River from Columbia to Wrightsville, a distance of one and one-fourth miles, which I walked in eight minutes and thirty-eight seconds. Although the winner of a good many short distances walking matches I name these two records because they were made without any training and then I was out of walking condition.

Any one open to a short distance walking match, from one to ten miles can address me,  
Lancaster, Pa. C. G. HUBBELL.

### Physical Culture a "Brain Stirrer"

TO THE EDITOR:

The recent issues of 1908 certainly beat all previous issues as far as food for the brain is

concerned, and I must say that it is worth its weight in gold, if not more.

I and my wife are great lovers of *intellect and intellectual people*, and have always tried to be in their company, but of late we have drifted out of their horizon, and are compelled to live an exiled life. When we receive **PHYSICAL CULTURE** or *Beauty and Health*, they contain those inspirations of intellect which are so dear to us, we are certainly more than thankful to you for the publication of them.

We are, yours for health and success.  
MR. AND MRS. BROWNSTEIN.  
17 Hulbert Ave., Ansonia, Conn.

### Book Agent Says People Prefer Trashy Fiction

TO THE EDITOR:

I am a subscriber to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**—have bought it since 1904 regularly when I am from home—I am a book agent and come in contact, many times daily, with women who are physical wrecks. I used to wonder why they told me so freely their awful condition—but I have ceased to wonder, since I realize that I am probably the only person many of them meet who pays to them, "Don't believe the doctors;" "Don't be operated on;" and "Don't believe there is no hope of cure for you." Only last evening I tore out four pages from *Beauty and Health* for May to send to a girl who is given up by the doctors as a hopeless consumptive. I loan your books and magazines freely to those I meet who will "be bothered" reading them. To my sorrow, I have found out, as an agent, how few people will read anything but trashy fiction. As "an operation" has for many years been the fashionable thing, commonplace (or what they choose to regard as commonplace), sensible, natural treatment with a sure cure at the end has no attraction for the most of them. They profess to think it a fraud—though they should know by very sad experience that the surgeons are.

London, Can.

L. G. TWOHY.

**Being a Real Man**

TO THE EDITOR:

I heartily commend your stand for the development of a real man. We have fellows who call themselves this or that, perhaps lawyers or doctors, but how many can call themselves a *man*? It denotes a higher degree of industry to be a man than does it to be a lawyer or a doctor or something else.

Fredonia, N. Y.

D. PASCHKE.

**Successful Operation and—Death**

TO THE EDITOR:

It is too bad that people can't see through "the hole in a grind-stone," but no, they rather follow blindly in the steps of their ancestors. Even if they do agree with you in your doctrine, they seem to think it is for somebody else beside themselves.

I read your article on Appendicitis Frauds, with much interest, as there was a case here not long ago:

A girl of course helped quite a little about the house during that time and as a consequence wore herself out.

The girl of course helped quite a little about the house during that time and as a consequence wore herself out.

On the day of the funeral she dropped, with a scream, and as she fell, she placed her hand about where the appendix lies.

The doctor was called and of course, the girl had appendicitis although there was no swelling, neither did she have any pain. He called another doctor, a great surgeon, in consultation and the verdict was "an operation right away."

The girl was taken to the hospital and the operation performed, in less than two days the girl was dead. The doctors say that they found the appendix "turned over."

When someone mentioned the case to the girl's mother she said, "What was to be, would be."

Now I am a mechanic and you take anything that is made by a mechanic, be he skilled or unskilled, it has to bear inspection. It shows whether it is done right or not.

But take a doctor, he may say the patient has the colic, and doctor him for it and the patient dies of typhoid fever, or something else. Who is the wiser? The doctor may say that he cured the disease, all right, but that his heart was too weak for him to pull through the effects of the disease.

I read that story "Growing to Manhood in Civilized (?) Society," and will say that it truly portrays life. The story had no bad affect on me, but had the tendency of making me disgusted, more and more as I read, with society as we find it today, and wishing for the light to shine in and purify it.

I fail to see where the justice comes in, in condemning a man, even if he did break a few laws, when his intentions were as pure and noble as I know yours to be.

Why isn't something done to those publications whose object is to encourage all that is evil in a boy or man? It isn't the saving

of mankind, but the almighty dollar that counts.

FRANK S. PARTRIDGE.

New Haven, Conn.

**Sunshine Absorbers!**

TO THE EDITOR:

Isn't that what you men become when you shut out the very sunlight from the life of us who strive to live near to Nature? As I step out from the office at noon to get a little fresh air and to let my thoughts relax in happiness for one hour, I am choked with tobacco-smoke at every step. *Sunshine absorbers* are obstructing the high-ways and by-ways of life—everywhere—every minute!

I am a physical culture girl, and I cannot understand why men who read and believe in the teachings of PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine also continue in their old ways. I know, of course, of readers—a few—but I sometimes wonder how many physical culture men are "facing forward" like Bernarr Macfadden. The world surely needs men who are *convinced*.

And how much nicer it must be to radiate sunshine—to give happiness to the world instead of taking it all; to mingle in the throngs as a Greek god in manhood; to have pure thoughts to give to conversation, elevating some as they journey; in every way to inspire other men to be with them in "getting right with Nature"—and to ever carry that cheery wholesome atmosphere which, taken with broad shoulders and a fine carriage and physique must needs make men and women admire as they pass.

"But that is the ideal," you say. "Men do not care to bother." "It's easier to be careless of the refined feelings of women who are striving to live in ideal air and thoughts."

And we physical culture girls who have perhaps reached, or soon will reach, the quarter-mark in life, look ahead of us down the path of life, and looking, note rows and rows of little houses whose interiors are filled with dictatorial tobacco-smoke and ignorance—and we turn back to the ledgers and typewriters and penholders, and perchance, the shades of the ancient Greeks heard us breathe "tis better thus."

X. Y. Z.

**Another Victim of Youthful Errors**

TO THE EDITOR:

No, not a victim, but a conquerer of this horrible disease who feels that he can give his fellow-fighters some valuable counsel and some much-needed encouragement in their sad, silent, lonely struggle for life.

It seems almost unbelievable, but is nevertheless a fact, that I cannot remember the beginning of the habit. It held me enthralled before my memory made its first record. I cannot remember ever going to sleep, as a child, without first paying tribute to this grisly vice.

Oh! yes. I was "warned," as I grew older. I was told it was a "sin"—that it offended God. Just what a "sin" was, or why I should be particular about the feelings of

some vague "God" who seemed very remote and far away. I didn't bother much to find out. Later on it seemed to me that everything pleasant was a "sin," and that, when I wished to enjoy myself, the best way was to commit some "sin." Bless her old heart! She was even as ignorant as I. God forbid that I should blame my mother.

When I reached the age of puberty, the habit was still no more than a pastime to my way of thinking, but as it grew in force and virulence, I used sometimes to get frightened and to wonder if some harm might not come of it. Oh, for a copy of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* then! What a bitter desperate battle it would have saved me! How much more of a man I would be now!

Groping along in the dark with none but the blind to lead me, I shiver with horror when I look back over the years of my adolescence. Suffice it to say that up to my twenty-fifth year I was a *daily* slave to the habit. The jibes of some of the shrewder of my comrades brought me to a realization of my condition after it was, for the time, too late. I am now 38. Have I conquered the monster? Who knows? I have grown strong in fighting him, but as the blood runs hot in my veins I feel that he will be near me, ready to take advantage of the slightest display of weakness on my part. However, I know this; he can never hold me down again. I may fall, being human but I have fallen and risen so many times that I'll never stay down now.

Brothers of my pitiful clan, all over the world, wherever this letter can reach you, listen to me, for desperately have I earned your attention. *It is never too late.* Looking in the mirror before me after only two years of absolute personal purity, I see a picture of robust, hearty manhood, of which I may be forgiven if I am somewhat proud, for by sheer, desperate, bull-headed determination, I have dragged that same man inch by inch silently and secretly, from the depths of Hell itself, from the grave of both body and soul.

You can do the same. You *must*. There is nothing else to do. Every time you try, whether you fail or not, makes you stronger for the next try.

Learn to be philosophical. Forget failures of the past, of even a moment ago, and keep facing ahead. Like the soldier whose right arm is disabled by a bullet, bind up the wound as best you can and thank God you still have your left to shoot with. See what you can do with the left. Don't blame yourself because you don't seem to have "will power," but look around and try to find some substitute for the will power which the monster has robbed you of temporarily. Lead the healthiest life you can. Get out into the country and breathe deep. Build up and strengthen the rest of your body. Mingle with wholesome, clean-minded men. Fight that shyness which is a part of the disease, and get interested in something that you can give your whole heart and brain to. Find out ways for yourself and try them out. I gave the physicians hundreds of dollars.

Don't you give them a "red." Buy a bicycle instead and go crazy over touring. If you are caught "broke" and far from home, a little starvation will do you good. If you have the right spirit, a little begging of your bread won't hurt you. Be proud, Don't send home for money. There is nothing will purify you like privation. If you have a God of any kind, whether a brazen image or fire, of the sun or anything, humble yourself to Him and pray for help. Not that I think He will wait for the uttered prayer, but the earnest prayer is purifying to the spirit, and manly, besides.

Let everything else be subordinate to the conquering of your vice. Make it the object of your life. Be patient with yourself. Don't expect too much all at once. It is a long, hard fight, but when you look back on it in after years you will see that it was a noble fight, that it has broadened your character and ennobled your spirit, and perhaps you will then give a fleeting thought of kindness and affection to your unknown and nameless comrade who writes this letter, and who is confidently and without fear, preparing to become a Benedict. The hard fought fight is won.

A VICTOR.

#### Physical Culture in Religious Work

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a reader and subscriber to your grand magazine for a number of years, never losing interest, but admiring it more and more as it continues to enter our home. The writer of these few words is a young man active in Christian work, especially among the young people, and your magazine gives me vast inspiration to be of as much help to them as time will allow.

It was by the influence of your writings that caused me to organize the Congregational Athletic Club, of Newport, Kentucky, an organization of young men associated with the Church, who meet during the week for class exercise and athletics, with a result of physical training such as will bring to the front young men of strong and healthy bodies ready for the Master's service. I may be able at some time in the near future to present to you the details and practical results of such an institution in connection with the Church and Sunday-school work.

Edinburg, Ind.

D. K. STEWART.

#### An Open Letter

TO THE EDITOR:

Physical culturists of America, you who are searching for truth along the hard road of experience, you who have visions and hopes of a nobler, stronger, more beautiful race of men to be, the time is now ripe for action. Too long have we stood by, while the saloon was sapping the best blood of our nation. Too long have we remained silent, when we might have warned our friends of the terrible results of gluttony, stimulants, impure air, drugs and tobacco.

To accomplish any work of value, we must get together. Let us have a society in every

city and town of the Union. Join the Sterling Purity League, wear the button of the organization, and help to spread the gospel of good health and clean living. To quote from the Success Magazine:

"All we have is just this minute,

Do it now.

Find your duty and begin it,

Do it now.

Say, 'I will,' and then stick to it,

Choose your purpose and pursue it,

There's but one right way to do it,

Do it now."

Oakland, Calif.

"THE OUTLOOKER."

### Health and Memory

TO THE EDITOR:

Though a regular reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE, I have seen little in regard to the importance of health in the attainment of a reliable memory. Frequently a writer who testifies in your pages to the beneficial results of practice of your theories mentions the fact that he finds his memory improved. But when we consider how valuable this faculty is, in what embarrassing positions at times a faulty memory puts us, and that without memory all past knowledge and experience are useless, we realize that it is one of our most precious possessions, and that we should grasp all means to improve it.

Men have been well aware of this for centuries, and we find Simonides is the first to put forth a memory system in Greece nearly 500 B. C. The systems which are so widely advertised to-day are not far different from that of Simonides. Our modern Mnemonics use the same arbitrary signs, usually numbers, on which to hang memories. But all this is somewhat artificial. We find few who care to take the trouble when going marketing to put celery on 1, potatoes on 2, fish on 3, and then at the market recall 1, which brings celery, and 2, potatoes, and so on. We must admit that association is one of the laws of memory, but we do not like such an artificial way of using it.

However much we may practice such systems of memory training, without health they are of little avail—and yet this is not even mentioned as a factor by many of them. The case of the mountain climber in Switzerland, who forgot his German because of fatigue and could not converse with his guide till he had returned to his hotel for food and rest, well illustrates how much memory is affected by bodily condition. We often hear people say that since their health has gone memory too has weakened, but they do not seem to realize that with increasing health it will return to them again. I do not mean to imply that health is the only requisite. Thurlow Weed strengthened his memory by reviewing each night his acts of the day. Lord Macaulay's remarkable memory was greatly aided by his review at the bottom of each page of what he had just read. Valuable and necessary as attention, repetition, and association are for the attainment of an efficient memory, health

the normal working of our bodily functions—is far above all in importance. Without it a good memory is impossible. Whatever decreases health injures memory; and whatever increases health as surely strengthens memory.

R. S. FICKETT.

### Six Years on Cow's Milk

TO THE EDITOR:

Please let me inform you that I recently celebrated my sixth anniversary on solely fresh cows' milk (no other food of any nature has passed my lips in six years). I am perfectly satisfied and want nothing else. I weigh 180 pounds, stand 5 feet 9 inches, and am 52 years of age.

I abstain from salt, sugar, pepper, vinegar, tobacco, alcohols, coffee, and tea. I drink about one gallon of purified water as a blood purifier daily—I never take any drugs or medicines of any kind, not even for my bowels; have no use for any cathartics, am regular once or twice daily and never had a sick day in the six years past.

Health is wealth, satisfaction, and happiness and manhood. Disease is poverty, dissatisfaction, unhappiness and old age. Health is the reformer of the body. Disease is the defomer of the body.

San Francisco, Cal.

J. H. TODD.

### Physical Culture Doing a Wonderful Work

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a reader of your magazine since 1899. You are doing a wonderful work for the uplifting of the race. You are creating higher ideals of manhood and womanhood. You have directly benefited millions. Myself and family will always owe you a great debt. Your work will stand, and continue to grow to the inestimable benefit of millions yet unborn, when moral misfits, and notorious fakirs of the Comstock type have long been forgotten. We swell up with pride when we speak of our wonderful civilization. But are we civilized? There are a few who are truly civilized; but as a nation we are but learned barbarians. Can we call a nation civilized where many of its public benefactors are punished and imprisoned for attempting to do good? Would civilized people permit vivisection, or the manufacture of foul vaccine virus, and serums, and then compel little children to have their pure blood poisoned by fee-hunting doctors?

In speaking of trusts, most people forget the American medical trust, known as the American Medical Association. But very few doctors are scientists, and they know little of health and how to maintain it. They study mainly the diseased, the unusual, the abnormal. I have several sets of medical examination questions before me, from State Boards, and medical schools (regulars), and I can find but four questions along hygienic lines. I note that most of their chemistry questions are too elementary even for a class in a high school.

Your arrest and sentence is an outrage

San Jose, Calif.

T. S. HEWERDINE.





## THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

### A Minister Lecturing on Physical Culture

TO THE EDITOR:

I am a Presbyterian minister, with a large prairie parish. As a rule the people are in good health, but it is really surprising that with such unique privileges for vitality building, they are so subject to disease. They do not know *how* to live. During the past winter I have delivered several lectures on physical culture, and have introduced your magazine, which I have read for years with pleasure and profit, and have interested the young in healthful exercise.

REV. WM. SPIERS MIDDLEMASS,  
Kennedy, Saskatchewan, Canada.

### Cured of Stomach Trouble

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been reading your magazine for about three years, purchasing same from the news-stands, as it is much easier of access this way as I am travelling on the road all the time. I can sincerely say that I consider yours to be one of the grandest works ever undertaken by man, and I do not flatter you when I say that some day after you have passed beyond this world's trials and disappointments there will be a monument erected in honor to the man who so greatly started a plan such as physical culture teaches for the betterment of mankind. I, for one, can attest what PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine did for me, as I cured myself of stomach trouble two years ago by following its advice.

Box 236, Parsons, Kans. C. A. DAND.

### Cured of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Rheumatism and Heart Trouble

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been following physical culture methods for three years. I am forty-nine years of age. Early in life I contracted dyspepsia, constipation and rheumatism. I began to doctor for these troubles in 1882, and I got in a very bad condition from the strong drugs administered to me. My eyes were bloodshot and yellow and my skin looked as though I had yellow jaundice. I was covered

with pimples and was always tired out. From the year 1880 until 1898, I could not hold my arms straight out without pain in the shoulders from rheumatism. For about twenty-five years of my life I never went a year without being knocked-out with sickness of some kind, generally rheumatism or lumbago.

When I first started to practice physical culture, after keeping it up two weeks I was on the point of discontinuing it, as I could see no results. I thought it was a humbug. I finally concluded to try it two weeks longer. I now exercise, take a bath every day and take a sweat bath once a week, and you ought to see my skin now. I can hardly believe my own eyes. I never thought it would get into such a fine condition as it is at present from any treatment. All my life I have had a weak voice. Within the last six months there has been a big change in my voice. It is stronger and clearer than it ever was before in my life. Some time ago I was examined by a physician who told me that one of the valves of my heart leaked. He examined me one month ago and said that the heart is normal, that the defect has disappeared.

No one can appreciate good health so much as one who has been in poor health all his life. Such is my experience through physical culture and I intend to keep in health even if I have to refrain from using many things in the line of eating and drinking of which I am fond.

Treadwell, Alaska. G. R. SMITH.

### Cures Constipation of Twenty Years Standing

TO THE EDITOR:

I am not a subscriber to PHYSICAL CULTURE, but I get it regularly from the news-stands. I can't begin to tell you the good that I have derived from a perusal of its pages, but it certainly has been a Godsend to me, as my general health is not only better but by following its teachings I have been cured of chronic constipation of 20 years' standing. I am trying to return my gratitude by keeping your magazine always in my shop and sending subscriptions when I can get them. May God be with you in your noble work is the wish of your friend.

Louisburg, Kansas. P. J. HENNIGH.

**Loves Physical Culture**

TO THE EDITOR:

I cannot command language strong enough to express my gratefulness to you for the intense interest you manifest towards your subscribers. I am getting to love your magazine more and more. May God bless you, dear sir, with abundant wisdom, strength and stability of purpose to crush the diabolical formalities, ignorance and fashions which are eating out the very life of the so-called civilized world.

You are at liberty to use these feeble lines in magazine if seen fit.

Cristobal, Canal Zone. R. H. THOMPSON.

**Gains Health and Fifteen Pounds of Solid Muscle**

TO THE EDITOR:

I am sending you a photo of myself. I must say a few words in regard to what physical culture has done for me. Four years ago last fall I had an operation performed for appendicitis, which was successful, except that it left a very weak spot and made it very bad for me to do hard work. I just couldn't stand it.

About ten months ago I began to read and study physical culture, and here is the condition I was in last Christmas: My weight was 118 pounds (I am 5 feet 6 inches high). I could hold out in my hand at arms' length only 15 pounds, my limbs and arms seemed to be weak and my muscles would not work freely. When I would try to take a long breath it would only go about half way down and seemed to hurt at that. I started in Christmas and I lived for two weeks on peanuts and water, then I went two weeks on oranges and water, eating from 8 to 18 oranges every day. I then lived for two weeks on bananas and water, practicing with dumb bells every morning for 15 or 20 minutes. For the next two months I ate very little breakfast, not much dinner, and no supper. At the present time my weight is 133 pounds. I can hold at arms' length 24 pounds, and my muscles have grown larger. I can also fill up with deep breaths of fresh air without hurting in the least. I can expand my chest 2½ inches more than I could five months ago. I feel free from all diseases. I believe if we would all study physical culture and try to take care of our health as we look after some other enjoyments of life, we would be better and stronger men and women.

WM. L. MAYNARD.

Box 106, Hudson, Mich.

**Insurance Company Refuses Him—Now One of Their Best Risks**

TO THE EDITOR:

By the blessing of God and through your teachings I have the pleasure of being on earth at this time. About eight years ago I was in such shape that the insurance companies would not accept me and, doctors did me no good, but since following your instructions I have been examined and pronounced one of their best

risks. I have read your publications with pleasure and profit from the first, and have yet to see the first thing objectionable, and see no reason for censure of the story you published which caused these pharisees and scribes to hold up their hands in holy horror. They know the truth, yet are blind to same. I myself have heard the boasting of just such individuals and know it would be sound reason to make the parents realize the care they ought to exercise with their children. Your editorials are pure and good and I know you have waged war on patent medicines, whiskey, and all the vices that the human race have accepted for their standards. I wish the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Colliers'* all good luck in their endeavor to squash the patent medicine fraud, but see no reason why they should take the honor from you and your publications for you are the Moses who tried to deliver us from the bondage of error. You have made the beginning; as a small acorn, and should have your just reward.

Binghamton, N. Y.

J. J. BAUSCH.

**Value of Benefit Received Beyond Description**

TO THE EDITOR:

One year ago, the writer became acquainted with your methods in California, read your magazine eagerly and took up a course in physical culture under some private instructions. I began to pay special attention to my diet, etc., and by careful work I made remarkable progress in developing my body. I am now nineteen years old, and a year ago, before going to California, I was conscious of general physical debility, nervousness and was somewhat hollow-chested. Since then I have gained four inches around my shoulders, and three and one half inches in my chest. I feel as though I had a new lease on life. I shall never be able to tell how I appreciate what physical culture has done for me, and the difference it has made in my health and feelings. I practice it almost every day and would not give it up for anything. I know it will be of untold benefit to me in the future if I continue it, and continue it I shall above all means.

Bound Brook, N. J. ARTHUR K. WHITE.

**Wonderful Gain Made**

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been a reader of your magazine for some two years. I, like a great many others have followed your teaching and may say that I have gained wonderfully both in mind and body.

A short time ago, I became the victim of a habit, in which a great many young men fall, but now I am myself again. Of course my parents told me nothing about the physical laws of nature and so I had to find them out for myself.

You have my permission to publish my short note if you so desire, but please sign it by some other name than my own, as I wish to withhold my name for obvious reasons.

Denver, Colo.

AN EX-SUFFERER.

# Interesting Experiences with The Sand Cure

VARIOUS LETTERS FROM THOSE WHO HAVE TESTED  
THIS SIMPLE METHOD OF CURING HUMAN AILMENTS

Sand a cure for human ailments!—the statement certainly does not appeal to one's intelligence. In fact, the average individual would be inclined to laugh at it. Theoretically it does not sound reasonable, especially when one realizes that some physicians go so far as to maintain that the small branny particles which form part of bread made from whole wheat, are so irritating to the mucous membrane of the interior part of the alimentary canal as to ultimately cause serious injury. However, I want to say that I am not arguing on either side of the question. I am simply searching for facts. I have approached this subject with an open, unbiased mind. If a few teaspoonfuls of sand taken each day will enable the average person to cure various ailments, I think that the knowledge of its value should be spread broadcast. It might put a few doctors out of business, but I am of the opinion that it would be very greatly to the advantage of the human race if many who are now practicing medicine would search for a career that is more fitted to their abilities.

I have never tested the theory of the sand cure, but I am very much inclined to think that I will take the first convenient opportunity of giving this method of cure a thorough trial. I have received a few communications from those who claim to have secured startling results from the use of sand, and I am publishing them herewith for the benefit of our readers.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

## Says Sand Saved His Life

The *Boston Post* recently published the following interview:

"Henry Clarke, an employe of the Providence water department, has just upset the grave warnings of physicians and startled health faddists everywhere by having banished all his bodily ills and renewed his youth at 70 years of age through a diet of common dry sand, which he digs from the ground in his backyard.

"Mr. Clarke has been systematically consuming sand for the past four years at the rate of about four to five ounces per day. He declares that he has thus digested about 700 pounds of this latest health staple.

"When he commenced his strange diet he was broken down and rapidly failing in health.

"Now he is able to walk 12 miles each day, can stand on his head and hasn't a bodily ache or a pain.

"Doctors told him that if he ate his novel cure—all he would be a fit subject for an undertaker and a grave digger within a few days. Henry laughed at the physicians' warnings and kept on putting sand into his system at the regulation rate.

"He eats his diet with and without water. While the *Post* reporter was present Henry drew out a little 16-ounce bag of sand from his overalls pocket and quickly dropped four teaspoonfuls into his mouth. Then he moved the sand about on his tongue until it was well moistened, after which he swallowed it.

"Since he began taking sand each day he says he has gained several pounds in weight, his various physical ailments have departed

like mist before the morning sun and he declares that he feels 25 years younger.

"Prominent physicians told Mr. Clarke that the first dose of sand would require a stomach pump; the second would destroy the lining of any man's stomach, and at the end of the week the sand eater would be the occupant of the most conspicuous vehicle in a funeral procession. Mr. Clarke is now called a human ostrich in Providence.

"He began to eat sand regularly four or five years ago. For a long period before that time he was suffering from a stomach trouble which physicians seemed unable to cure. For five years he says physicians prescribed for him and he spent hundreds of dollars for remedies.

"Finally the sand cure was recommended to him and he began to take several ounces each day. Almost immediately he began to feel better. In a short time he had completely recovered so that he was able to resume his work in the city yard, and has never been troubled since excepting during a short time last winter when he was unable to procure sand to eat.

"I'm not a crank on the sand cure; don't believe that it will cure everything, and if I had a bad spell would consult a doctor at once," said Clarke to the *Post*. "But I wouldn't stop eating sand for anything.

"Sand is great for fever. I know a man who was attacked with the fever. A doctor put him on a couch with a red hot stove at his feet and a bag of cracked ice on his head, gave him six ounces of sand to eat, and in six hours the man was cured and never has had the fever to this day.

"Every kind of sand is good, but the round is the best, and it is a good thing to drink a glass of water with it.

"I can walk 12 miles a day and never notice it. I do not drink or smoke now. I can stand on my head like I could when I was a boy, and sand did it."

#### Sand Cures Bowel Trouble

TO THE EDITOR:

I read the article on the sand cure which you published with considerable interest, and note your request for any experience on the subject. I went to see an old soldier, a neighbor of mine, who had taken the sand cure. He told me that he was very much benefited and nearly cured of an old time stomach and bowel trouble by using a teaspoonful of sand once a day for a month.

Another man thus cured was an old time and prominent citizen of Toledo, Ohio. He was a great sufferer from indigestion. Meeting an old friend one day in a restaurant, the conversation turned to his pet complaint. Said his friend, I will cure you sound and well for one hundred dollars or no pay. It was agreed to, and he was assured he need not take a cent's worth of drugs; that pleased him, for he had been doped with drugs till he was sick of it. He was then told to take a heaping teaspoonful of clean sand once a day half an hour before dinner and in a month report progress. At the time agreed upon he reported himself completely cured and was ready to pay the hundred dollars, but his friend took nothing for it. I have used it myself with excellent results. I have had quite a lot of experience with cases of indigestion and its accompanying complaint, constipation. Ninety-five per cent of all cases can be cured by taking a heaping teaspoonful of sand daily one hour before dinner and only eating one meal a day, at noon for a month, and using a fountain syringe enema.

During the month's treatment he used no meat or white bread. There is nothing medicinal in the sand; all its does is to catch and mingle with the accumulated slime and filth that adheres to the walls of the stomach and intestines and moves on it, in time clearing it out entirely, and when the alimentary wells

are clean and healed you are well, and you will keep well until you outrage your digestion again by improper diet.

Holland, Ohio.

S. W. CLARK.

#### Sand Cures Constipation

TO THE EDITOR:

I tried that sand treatment for a month, taking it twice daily. I had been bothered with constipation for some time, but on the second day I felt relieved, and continued the treatment for the above stated time. Would have continued indefinitely, as I improved considerably during that month, but I ran out of sand. I scoured the country for miles around looking for the proper kind of material but failed to discover any.

I might also state that a young man friend of mine, who suffered considerably from indigestion was cured after using the sand treatment three days. Another lady friend who suffered from constipation was cured in a very short time.

St. Johnsbury, Vt. CHAS. H. PALMER.

#### Sand Cleans Glass Bottles—Why Not Bowels?

TO THE EDITOR:

The writer believes now that man's intestines, in some instances, are in some respects similar to a glass jar or bottle. As a rule these contain only clean mixtures, yet if they do have to be cleaned, it is the task of the good house-wife or others to get them so, and where hot water and soap will not accomplish it, as a last resort, as the writer has observed the "sand cure" does the act, and, presto, the glass is as clean as the day it was made—probably cleaner. Man's intestines are more delicate, perhaps, than the glass, but are able to withstand as much, if not more, wear and tear. The difference between the glass and man's intestines is that nothing goes into the former but what is comparatively clean, while the latter absorbs about all the dirt and filth that is capable of going down the throat, and often, the filthier the dirt, the better it pleases the owner. Therefore, *per se*, if sand cleans the glass, when soap and water will not, then, why not the intestines? The writer will experiment.

Minneapolis.

J. H. PERRY.

## Facts Will Crop Out

Dr. Patton, former president of Princeton University, recently delivered a sermon in New York City, his subject being "Faith." He spoke of the blind faith of the client who puts himself at the mercy of a lawyer in preparing an action for trial and of the confidence of the sick in trusting themselves to the physician. "Here is a case of blind faith," said the

clergyman. "The doctor writes out a prescription. Oftener than not you cannot read it, you don't know what it is. He tells you to take it. 'Yours not to reason why, yours but to do and die.'" A more or less audible smile rippled over the congregation, and the orator flushed for a moment on realizing the double import of the quotation.—*Argonaut*,

# General Question Department

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

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

## Distilled or Boiled Water

Q. Which would be best where it is not possible to secure distilled or filtered water: to drink the water furnished by the ordinary city supply as it comes from the pipes, or to boil it? Boiled water seems to make my kidneys act slowly at times.

A. The reply to this question would of course depend largely upon the character of the water furnished by the city supply. In some cities the water is very good and does not need to be filtered. Of course, where the water has a bad taste and is full of impurities of various kinds, it might be safer to boil it before drinking. Remember, however, when boiling water in this manner, to aerate it before drinking. This is done by simply pouring the water from one vessel to another several times. This will take away the flat, insipid taste that is often noticed when drinking boiled water.

## One Glass of Water Hourly

Q. Is a glass of water, every hour from nine a. m. to twelve, and from two to six p. m., injurious when one is thirsty and on each occasion enjoys drinking the water?

A. One can drink water with benefit at any time, provided there is a desire for it. On nearly every occasion it can be drunk to the limit of this desire without anything otherwise than beneficial results. Where one is positive he is not drinking sufficient water, I even advise that the desire be encouraged by sipping a swallow now and then, keeping it conveniently near, so that one is inclined to drink it whenever there is the least desire for it. This will soon cultivate a thirst for water and thereafter, of course, it can be enjoyed.

## Tuberculosis From Anti-Toxin

Q. Does tuberculosis ever result from the use of anti-toxin? Is there any reason why one who has recovered from tuberculosis cannot follow the profession of nursing?

A. It may be possible that tuberculosis is in some cases induced by the use of anti-

toxin, through its influence on the general vitality. I hardly think it is possible for it to be the direct cause of this disease. There is no reason why one who has had tuberculosis cannot follow the profession of nursing unless the constitution is so weakened that the laborious duties of the nurse are too much of a tax upon the general vitality.

## Osteopathy and Naturopathy

Q. What is the difference between osteopathy and naturopathy? Would you advise one to become an osteopath or a naturopath? On an average does the natural practice doctor make as much as the medical practitioner?

A. Osteopathy maintains that whenever any part of the body is diseased the complaint is caused by a slight displacement of one of the vertebrae of the spinal column, or some other bone or cartilage, and that by manipulating this displaced part and properly replacing it, the disease is soon cured. Naturopaths follow what is termed the natural method of cure for all complaints. They believe in exercise, out door life, regulation of diet, hydrotherapy, and various other drugless methods of relieving human ailments. Competent osteopaths and naturopaths in most cases make a great deal more money than the average medical doctor. The general increase in the practice of natural methods which is everywhere noted at the present time will unquestionably very greatly increase the financial recompense in the near future of those who follow natural methods in treating human ailments.

## Flushing the Colon

Q. Please let me know how much water one should use to flush the colon, and how often should the average person take a treatment of this kind?

A. To thoroughly flush the colon requires from two to four quarts of water, depending altogether on the size of the person. If one follows a satisfactory diet and takes care of himself in every way, there should be no special need of taking a treatment of this character. However, when there is evidence of constipation, it is unquestionably a very efficient remedy and can be highly recommended in every way.

**To Remove Warts**

Q. What is the best remedy to remove warts from my hand? I have over a dozen on my hands and cannot get rid of them though I have tried several different prescriptions.

A. As a rule the adoption of those methods for building up the general health will cause these defects to disappear, though if you will secure about an ounce of carbolic acid, full strength, and touch the dampened end of the cork to the top of each wart once or twice daily they will soon drop off or can be easily removed.

**Care of the Teeth**

Q. Would you recommend the use of tooth-powder and brush for the teeth, or do you consider them injurious? If you do not approve of the brush and powder, what do you substitute to keep the teeth in good order? Will the rubbing of alcohol on the gums strengthen them?

A. I do not recommend the use of a tooth powder unless it is in the nature of a high grade powdered soap. The frequent use of a tooth brush is absolutely essential to keeping the teeth clean while one is following a conventional diet. I do not advise the use of alcohol on the gums, though, immediately after washing the teeth I would in every case advise that the gums be pinched or pressed between the first finger and the thumb very thoroughly. This last mentioned treatment is about the best method that can be recommended for hardening the gums. If after washing the teeth one will rinse the mouth in a fairly strong solution of salt and water, it will materially assist in preserving them.

**Sour Stomach and Gas on Stomach**

Q. My stomach seems to be able to satisfactorily digest every kind of food, but it sours after every meal and is always full of gas. I use great care in the selection of my food and try in each meal to eat those foods which are compatible, to the best of my knowledge. For breakfast I eat uncooked bread or toasted corn flakes and dates and cream. For dinner I eat uncooked bread, honey, English walnuts and raisins. For supper, raw eggs, uncooked bread, some limes, salad, prunes or almonds.

A. I think the cause of your trouble can be explained in one sentence. You are eating beyond your digestive capacity. This may be largely induced by eating too frequently. I think if you will adopt the two-meals-per-day habit, or even the one-meal-a-day regime, that your particular trouble will quickly dis-

appear. Of course, thorough mastication, the free use of water in between meals might be important in your particular case. As a rule, in selecting a diet one should be guided by his appetite, provided he is not overeating.

**Whole-Wheat Flour and Graham Flour**

Q. Will you please tell me the difference between whole wheat flour and Graham flour? I asked a miller and he said they were both the same.

A. Graham flour was originally made many years ago in America by a man named Graham. It usually consists of a mixture of bran and a low grade of white flour. Whole-wheat flour, if it is made of the entire grain of course, contains every part of the wheat-bran and all. Would say, however, that there are several brands of whole-wheat flour on the market that do not contain all parts of the grain, the extreme outer covering, which is but little more than woody fiber being removed. I am of the opinion that the flour makes a more satisfactory food when this woody fiber is a part of the flour. It is inclined to stimulate the peristaltic action of the bowels and on this account brings about a healthful activity of these organs which will in many cases be beneficial in character.

**Movements of the Bowels**

Q. How many times during the day should the bowels move?

A. Once daily is usually sufficient, though in cases where there is an additional movement no harm can result therefrom.

**Irregular Eating**

Q. Is there any harm done to the body by irregular eating? For instance, suppose a person not having a good appetite today would eat but one meal, but tomorrow his appetite being much keener would partake of two meals.

A. Irregular eating of the character mentioned cannot be otherwise than beneficial. When meal-time appears and you do not feel hungry, do not eat. Wait until next meal-time.

**Hot and Cold Baths**

Q. How many hot and cold baths should be taken in a week in order to keep the body in its cleanest and healthiest state?

A. The number of hot baths necessary to keep the external parts of the body clean would depend largely upon your diet. If your diet contains no meat and not much grease in the form of fat, butter, etc., one hot bath weekly would probably suffice. If otherwise two or three baths might be required. Cold baths are not especially cleansing. They are simply a tonic. If you need a stimulus, baths of this character should be taken daily.

# The Secret of Human Power

HOW TO STIMULATE THE NERVOUS CENTERS AND  
THUS INCREASE THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY THAT IS  
CARRIED TO ALL THE ORGANS OF THE BODY

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

ARTICLE III.

I believe that the discovery which I will set forth in this series of articles is so important that it is worthy of a new name of its own. Physical culture is misunderstood by the general public. The average individual considers it merely a series of muscular exercises. The theories advanced in this series of articles are so extraordinarily valuable that I have decided to use them as a basis for a new science of healing, as well as a new science of building extraordinary muscular vigor. As these theories appertain to the healing art, I intend to class them as Physcultopathy. As they appertain to the building of great muscular vigor, I intend to class them under the name of Physcultism. The main theories in Physcultism will be based, first of all, upon my own special method of stimulating the nervous forces, thus giving full emphasis to the extraordinary influence of the nerves in the cure of disease. In order to secure satisfactory nourishment for the nerves in the form of a virile blood supply, every means of increasing the vital energies will be included in this new science of healing. This, as the reader can readily see, will enable me to include as a part of the system, every one of the blood-building and blood-purifying means that are so freely supplied in natural methods.

## DISBELIEVERS IN THE ELECTRICAL THEORY



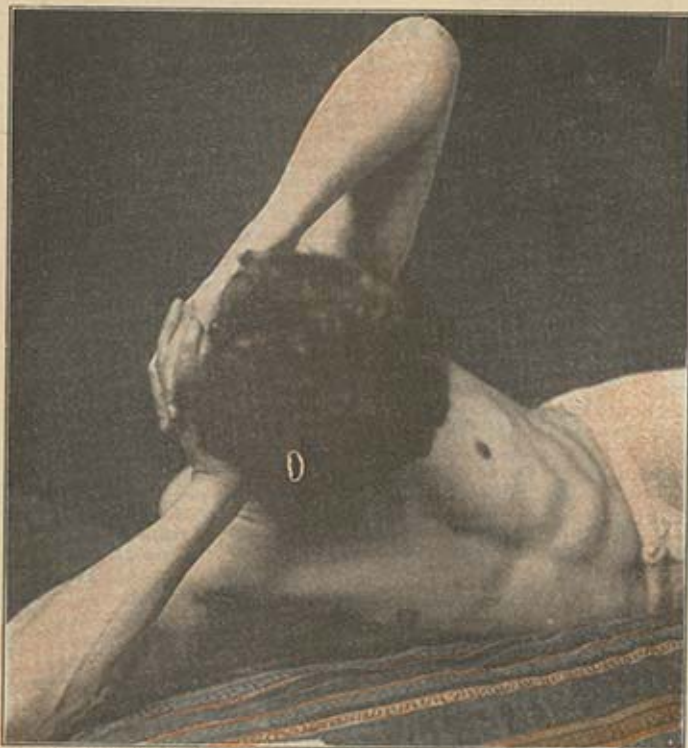
HERE may be some who deny the accuracy of the statement that the source of all human energy is electrical in nature. They may say that it has yet to be proved that the energy that is transmitted to the muscles and various organs of the body is electrical in nature, or can in any sense be called electricity. To those who make a statement of this character I would ask, then: What is the energy that is thus transmitted? Nobody has ever analyzed electricity, no one has ever analyzed human energy. We can call it electricity or we can call it by any other name. Mere names are unimportant. I think we can take it for granted, however, that the actual force that is generated within the human body and which furnishes the energy to perform muscular and mental labor and to maintain the vital processes of the body comes from the nerve centers or the nervous system. Whether or not this force is electrical in nature or is in any way similar to electricity, is of no particular importance.

## STIMULATING THE NERVE CENTERS

If the nervous energy which impels the human machine is located in a definite part of the body, is it not quite plain that the stimulation of this particular part of the body, through various natural methods that are easily within our reach, would accelerate the activities of those particular parts and therefore very materially increase the amount of energy at the disposal of the body? Under those circumstances, we would have a stronger brain, a more powerful muscular system, and would have a very materially increased amount of energy that would be at the disposal of the vital organs themselves.

## HOW TO STIMULATE THE NERVE CENTERS

As stated in a previous issue, we have now come to the very important question: How can this source of human energy be stimulated? Now there are various methods of stimulating the action of the spinal column, and each of the various means that can be used will be plainly illustrated and described in succeeding issues of the magazine. In this issue, however, I wish to specially



Photograph No. 1. Exercise No. 1. Assume position shown in the above photograph, pulling forward vigorously with the arms against the head. Now, while resisting this movement, bring the head back as far as possible (see next photograph).

dwell upon the advantages of stimulating this particular part of the body through the use of those muscles and cords that surround and bind together this very important part of the body.

#### EFFECT OF MUSCULAR EXERCISE

Now what is the effect of muscular exercises on any part of the body? It is to a certain extent necessary, to give some information on this subject that my readers may be able to follow our theories. The exercise of a muscle very greatly increases the supply of blood that is brought to that particular muscle. It not only accelerates the activity of the part used from this standpoint, but it very materially hastens the elimination of dead matter or waste, which is continually being carried to the various depurating organs of the body. Exercise, therefore, of any part strengthens that particular part by in-

creasing the blood supply. It makes the part not only stronger but cleanses it of all impurities by the increased circulation.

#### STIMULATING THE SPINAL CORD

Now the exercise of the muscles surrounding what we term the nerve centers, that is, the spinal column, increases the strength of the muscles themselves. It draws an additional blood supply to the muscles. The spinal column, therefore, has the advantage of the additional supply of blood and of a better supply of blood. In addition to this, the movement of the spinal column in various ways tends to stimulate the nerves located therein. It strengthens the cords and muscular tissues which hold the spinal column so closely in its place and should there

be any slight displacement of any of the cartilages which form this spinal column, the various movements back and forth and in all directions slowly but surely force the displaced cartilage into its proper position. Osteopathy attaches very great importance to the necessity of a straight spine and to a very large extent these theories can be commended.

#### EXERCISES THAT STRAIGHTEN THE SPINE

Now these exercises straighten the spine, give it its proper form, imbue one with a desire to walk erect, and thus all the organs of the body secure the advantage of being in a normal position. The shoulders are held back, as they should be, because when the muscles are properly developed, this is the most comfortable position for the body to assume. Now the exercise of these muscles surrounding the spinal column



unquestionably brings about the very results that we are desirous of obtaining, that is, the storing up of an increased amount of electrical or nervous energy. If one has stored up a large amount of energy, it is, therefore, reasonable to believe that each organ, and in fact every part of the body, will be supplied more freely with this particular energy, that makes the human machine a more perfect device. We become more capable in our work regardless of its character. One is a better business man, a better lawyer, doctor, statesman, and more efficient generally, even if his time is taken up in manual work, through following the theories advocated herein. The human machine is made stronger, and is capable of rendering more efficient service, whether it is necessary for you to call upon your brain or your muscles.

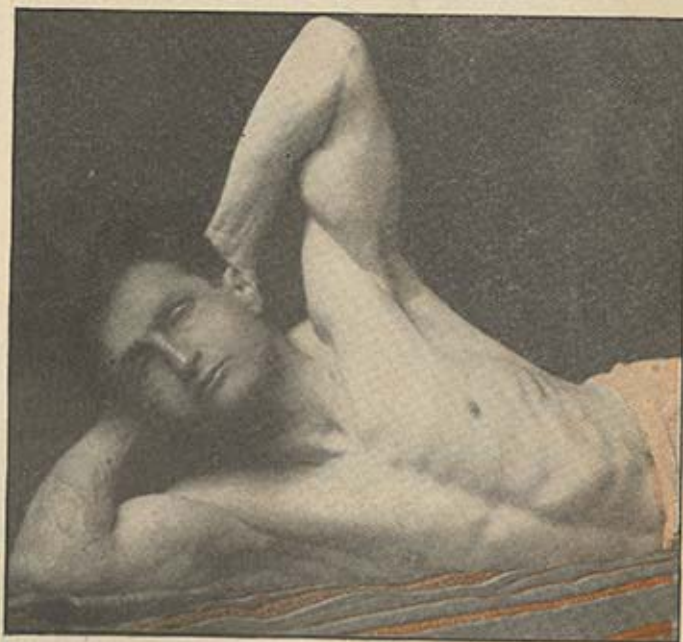
#### ALL THE MUSCLES SHOULD BE USED

Now I do not by any means want to indicate that the exercise of these muscles which force the spinal column to assume a more perfect form is all that is needed. You have to use every muscle of the body at regular intervals if you want to develop them. The development of the muscles of the body will to a certain extent increase the amount of nervous energy that will be finally absorbed. Therefore, if you want to be in possession of a human machine that is as nearly perfect as it can be made, first of all give especial attention to the development of the muscles about the spinal column. Then see that every muscle of the body receives a certain amount of use at regular intervals. It is not especially necessary to take these exercises every day. For instance, if your occu-

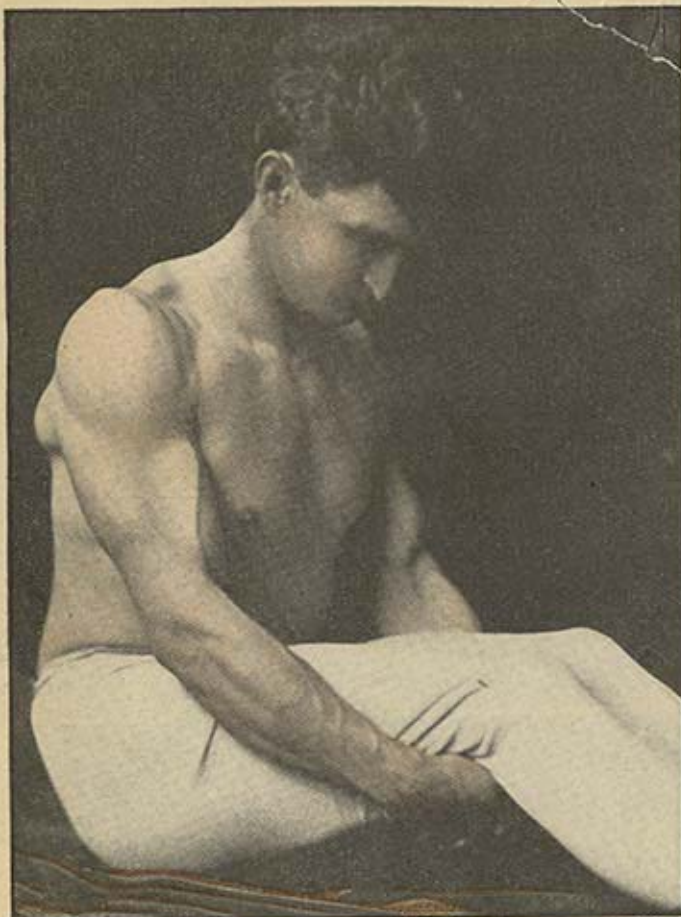
pation should be of such a nature that on two or three mornings or evenings of the week you are unable to take your scheduled exercise, this will work no special harm, though you will find that on the day when you exercise you will feel more capable, you will be better able to perform your duties than you were on the day that you failed to take any exercise.

#### LARGE NECKS INDICATE PHYSICAL POWER

In proof of the accuracy of the theories herewith contained, that is, that the development of the muscles around the spine tend to increase physical efficiency of the entire body, I will call the attention of the reader to men and women who have a large development of the muscles about the neck. You will rarely find a man with a broad, thick neck who is not strong, who does not possess a large amount of nervous and general physical energy. Exactly the same statement can be made of the opposite sex.



Photograph No. 2. Exercise No. 1 (continued). While bringing the head back, be sure to resist the movement all the time with the strength of the arms. Repeat the exercise several times until the muscles of neck are thoroughly tired. This gives the muscles at the back of the neck, partially surrounding the upper part of the spinal column, very vigorous exercise.



Photograph No. 3. Exercise No. 2. Assume position shown in above photograph, interlacing fingers under the knees of both legs. Now raise upward, throwing the head up and back, and pulling strongly (see next photograph).

The woman with the large, thick, well developed neck, is usually a strong specimen of womanhood. It does not always indicate that these persons have given this particular part of the body a large amount of exercise. They may merely have inherited great vitality and the large neck has been one of the signs that indicate their general physical condition.

#### PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS ALWAYS POWERFUL MEN

Among the professional wrestlers you will find some of the strongest men of the world. They are powerful, hardy specimens of human efficiency from a physical standpoint. It might be al-

lowable to say that nearly every athlete of this type is as strong as an oak and as hardy as an oak tree. In practically every case they have been made so by their favorite exercise. Wrestlers use nearly all the muscles of the body, but they use more especially the muscles of the neck and back. A wrestler, therefore, has all the advantages of what might be termed an extraordinary amount of exercise for these particular parts of the body that surround and protect the nerve centers represented by the spinal column. Their great physical strength, in my opinion, is almost entirely due to the continual stimulation of the spinal column induced by the practice of their favorite exercise.

#### VALUABLE EXERCISES PRESENTED

Now there are a very large number of exercises which can be used to bring into active use these particular parts of the body. I am present-

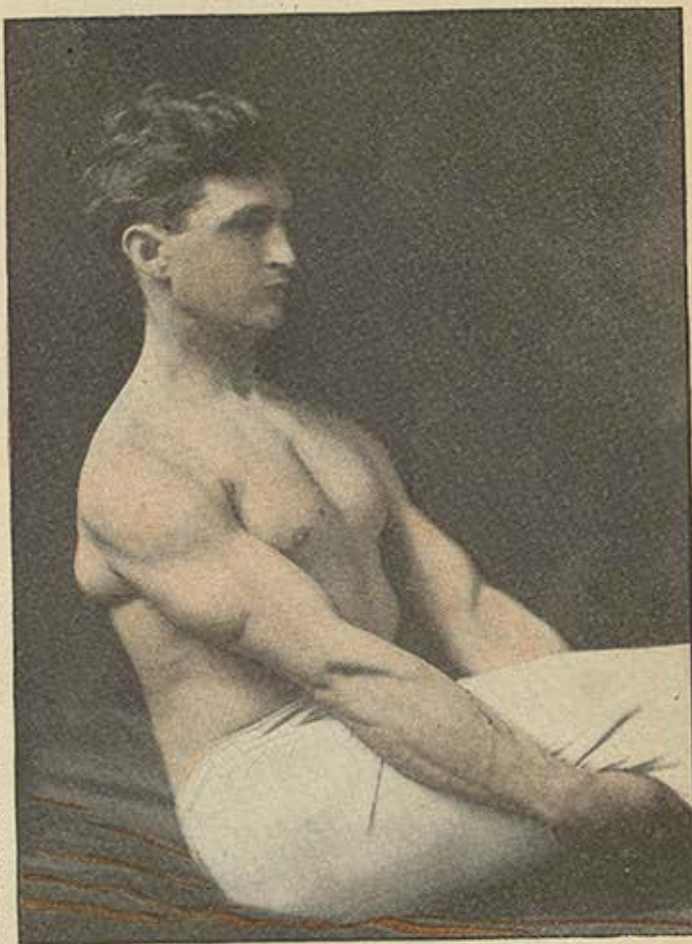
ing two very efficient exercises in this issue of the magazine. I will present many others in succeeding issues. I want every reader to give these suggestions a trial. Of course, for a while, the muscles about the neck and back may be sore from unaccustomed use that you may give them, but do not allow this to bother you. Continue your efforts. From time to time measure your strength, carefully noting your condition and if you do not make a very radical change for the better—mentally, muscularly and functionally—it will be a great surprise to me. Men who are strong can follow this advice and they will actually be amazed at the increase

of strength. Those who are weak can easily grow into strong men if they follow the suggestions made in this series of articles.

#### THIS THEORY APPLICABLE TO WEAK OR STRONG

The theory is applicable to the weak or to the strong, to the sick or the well, for in every case, the strength of the body, the health that one possesses, comes from nervous energy. To be sure, in the treatment of the sick one cannot very well use the exercises that I am presenting, for instance, in this issue, but there are other means of stimulating the nervous centers besides exercise, and I will go into particulars in reference to these various means in a future issue of the magazine. Every man, woman and child can be benefited by following the suggestions I will make in these articles, that is provided they consider increased mental efficiency and added physical power of advantage. Every sufferer from chronic disease is in many cases a continued victim of his particular ailment, because of the need of more nervous energy. He is not supplied with a sufficient amount of electrical force to maintain a proper activity of the vital organs of the body. The more nervous energy they are supplied, the more satisfactorily these organs do their work. They begin to make better blood, and purer

blood means the absorption of an increased amount of nervous energy and the entire body, under these beneficial influences is within a short time literally transformed into a new being with new life, health and all the pleasing possessions which make our existence here on earth above and beyond the prosaic and monotonous.



Photograph No. 4. Exercise No. 2 (continued). Be careful to keep the fingers interlaced and lift as strongly as you can. Resume former position and repeat the exercise until the muscles of the "small of the back" are thoroughly fatigued. This exercise brings into very active use the muscles of this part of the back mentioned. These muscles lie very close to the spinal column. Everyone realizes the value of a strong back. It seems to be absolutely necessary to a strong physique or to the possession of those physical characteristics that go with a high degree of nervous vigor.



A UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER LIFE-SAVING CREW

A Group of Sturdy Young Men Who Will Undoubtedly Save Many Lives From the Briny Deep This Summer



Rambling Club of the Glasgow Health Culture Society

## The Progress of Health Culture in Scotland

By JESSIE CRAWFORD

About eight years ago I gave two lectures in Glasgow, Scotland. As the result of these lectures a society of enthusiastic physical culturists was formed. It had a small beginning, but it has grown with marvellous strides. One of the members briefly tells the story of the results of their efforts. Nearly every community could support a society of a similar size, if those who are interested in this great work would "get together" and arouse the interest necessary.—Bernarr Macfadden.

THE spark which resulted in the foundation of the Glasgow Health Culture Society, which shall yet be a guiding light in Bonnie Scotland, was the result of a lecture delivered by Bernarr Macfadden in Glasgow at the beginning of the twentieth century. Some young men were so impressed by the lecturer's ideas that they took up the subject and studied it thoroughly. They experimented bravely. They met regularly, exchanged ideas, debated and stated experiences, with the result that they found that they had laid hold of a new, living truth. Feeling sure that the world around them was thirsting and would eagerly come to drink at their fountain, they rented a hall, and,

through the media of the newspapers, sent forth a welcome to all.

But of the individuals composing their world, some were hopelessly shackled by the belief that having lost health it was impossible to regain it unless the afflicted one took a bottle of something, and the more gruesome the contents of that bottle, the more efficacious it was likely to be; and some were sure that to miss a meal was a "tempting of Providence"—whatever that may mean—and fasting, suicide; and yet others meekly submitted to ill health as a cross which was divinely sent, and which was to be borne with patient resignation.

Some natures hold on to beliefs as a dog does to a bone, snarling at all who



Ladies' Exercise Class of the Society  
(Only half the class appear in this photo)

approach too near to it. They act as if holding an opinion for a number of years transformed it into a cherished friend, whom one stands by whether he is right or wrong; whereas a belief is really a nurse, who is discarded as soon as one has grown beyond the need for it. It has taken years of self-denying work to induce the people to listen with open understanding to this gospel of physical salvation. But the clearing of the ground, the ploughing and the sowing have borne good fruit at last. The unrecognized labors of others have made good soil, each has helped according to his or her capacity, and the result of patience and enthusiasm is manifest in a membership which tops all societies in Great Britain; numbering at present over 360, and still steadily growing.

Our energies expend themselves fruitfully in many channels—in fortnightly lectures, to which our leading and most broad-minded ministers, medical men and physical exercise experts freely give their services and set before us, for our assimilation, strong intellectual food. It is not uncommon for late comers to find standing room only in our bright, well-ventilated hall, and it has happened that some have had to go away disappointed because it was impossible

to pack in any more auditors. This year our first Summer Session, the success of which has been phenomenal, was inaugurated by an attractive and varied programme. The members seem to come in close touch with each other at these summer fortnightly meetings. They are lighter and more informal than the winter lectures.

The library consists of nearly 300 carefully chosen volumes. The range of the books is wide, but none failing to inculcate sound health principles and a high moral purpose is given shelf-room. It is unique. There is no other such valuable collection of Health Culture literature in the United Kingdom and before next winter it will be largely added to.

The ladies—who trekked in while the Glasgow Health Culture Society was yet in its infancy—share in all the work by reading papers, taking the chair, assisting at the library and bookstall, and in other activities.

The physical culture classes, where Swedish gymnastics are practiced, are very well attended. The effect each exercise has on the particular muscles involved is briefly explained, so that the mental powers are concentrated, and the maximum results obtained with

the minimum expenditure of time. Vital capacity is lung capacity, so the practice of deep, smooth breathing is made the first consideration: next, the correct poise of the body, and the cultivation of grace and freedom of action. One of the chief aims is to bring the body under the control of the mind, and allow the individuality of each to express itself naturally and truthfully. Owing to the difficulty of getting all the members at the photographer's on a Saturday afternoon, the accompanying photograph shows less than half the ladies class.

Swimming classes are held three nights a week in Corporation Baths, where almost one hundred members, under the direction of experts, are learning and practicing swimming and life-saving. In the cold, wintry month of March, some of the lady members formed a morning class and met at 7 a. m. in Whitevale Gymnasium. An hour's drill under a competent instructor, was followed by a swim in the pond, and by 9 a. m. they were seated on office stools or standing behind counters, feeling fresh and fit. The ladies in the summer physical culture class are being taught the art of self-defence according to jiu-jitsu methods.

When Bernarr Macfadden was lecturing in Glasgow in November, 1906, he remarked on the beautiful and varied scenery with which we are so fortunate as to be surrounded. The horizon in 'the airts' is restfully bounded by hills, and after the heavy rains, which refresh each sweet green growing thing, these are bathed in the lambent light. The glamour of the hills is indefinable, their charm is as subtle as a rare odor, and permeates each fibre, bringing strength and steadfastness, and a sure sense of being cradled in the everlasting arms. Whimpling burns and winding rivers, now placid and calm, now brawling and turbulent, tumbling wildly over falls in their hurry to reach the insatiable sea, enliven the landscape everywhere. Sylvan glens and lochs fringed with graceful larches, so tender in their loveliness, delight the eye. Our Saturday afternoon rambles have brought within the ken of many who have travelled far and spent much in search of scene, the fact that satisfying delights lie just at their doors.

Magic squares or carpet are out of date, but, instead, you mount an electric car, close your eyes, and when you open them, you find a merry crowd of folk awaiting you, ready to do whatever will



Some of the Members of the Men's Class

add to the enjoyment of the company. These rambles have taken place fortnightly since the beginning of February. Each one has been better attended than the preceding one; no higher praise can be given. In May last, 120 G. H. C. S. Ramblers saw the Clyde Valley in her bridal array of fruit blossom. Main roads which are befouled by the evil-smelling, shrieking, microbe-raising motor-cars, we avoid, and make use of all available rights of way and by-paths and pass through private estate when permission can be obtained.

A cycle club is in process of formation. There is talk of a camera club and a junior section. Camping out during week-ends and holiday times is being arranged. Mountain-climbing parties are assembling themselves together,

though, as ladies' skirts impede them so in stiff climbs, it seems as though the sexes must each go separately on their expeditions. A fortune awaits the man or the woman who will devise a graceful, feminine-looking costume which affords perfect freedom of action to the lower limbs.

The prospects for the coming winter are rosy. To accommodate the numbers who desire to become wholesome and shapely under safe guidance, three large gymnasia have been engaged. A principal instructor, who is second to none in the city for knowledge of his subject and power to impart has been secured. Further well-organized propaganda will be carried out there. We are but in the beginning of things.

### LINGUISTIC

Once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Mediterranee, called back:

"Au reservoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"Tanks!"

—Selected.



FIND THE REASON WHY HE DOESN'T BELIEVE IN PHYSICAL CULTURE?



THE "BEAUTY-FOOL" GIRL





Photo by Graflex Camera

Athletes in Training

## Track and Field Athletics

By JAY BEE

THE EXERCISE SECURED IN THE VARIOUS SPORTS OF  
GREAT VALUE IN BUILDING UP A FINE PHYSIQUE

THE season is at hand when outdoor sports reach the height of their popularity, and sturdy athletes, the country over, vie with their opponents in attempts to shatter existing records. The average individual considers the heat of the summer months enervating, but it is nevertheless true that some of the world's best records—particularly in the sprints—have been made in mid-summer. This, however, may have occurred in spite of the heat, rather than because of it. This is apparently proven by the fact that other record-breaking achievements have been made during severe rainstorms—on well-drained cinder-tracks, of course. Surely the rain would hardly be looked upon as an ally to the ambitious athlete!

The Olympic Games at London have

increased public interest on athletic events to a great extent. At the time this magazine reaches our readers, this notable athletic event will have become a matter of history. It is certain, however, that the gathering of athletes from all parts of the world for the purpose of testing the mettle of their manhood will have resulted in not only causing the general public to take a greater interest in public sports when engaging in the role of spectator, but will also promote a fondness for exercise on the part of the average individual, whether or not he considers himself an athlete.

Track and field athletics have become deservedly popular with sportsmen during the last generation. Though the credit for their inception as a form of athletic meet is to be ascribed to England, within recent years America has



Photograph by Grafex Camera

#### College Men Out for a Cross Country Run

followed close at the heels of the older nation in respect to public interest in the meets, and the younger country is far in the lead in her possession of champion performers in certain lines—notably

the sprints, the jumps, and throwing the weights.

In looking into the direct effects of the performance of the events which usually constitute a track and field meet,



Martin J. Sheridan, the Famous All-around Athlete of the I. A. A. C., Who Was a Member of the American Team in the Olympic Games of 1908

one finds that when a fair proportion of each of the exercises is indulged in, one may reasonably expect to be rewarded with a splendid all-around development. Ample illustration of this fact is found in the case of those athletes who have won distinction as all-around performers. A notable instance of the truth of this statement is seen in the lithe and strong physique of Martin J. Sheridan, whose photograph appears with this article.

To further analyze the effects of the various branches of exercise constituting the program of a track and field meet, we find that the sprints—which include the 100- and 220-yard dashes—have a tendency to promote quickness and alertness on the part of the performer, and are also said to demand a greater extent of concentration than any other form of sport. The hurdle races demand similar qualities, together with considerable endurance, for the task of surmounting the hurdles without loss of momentum, particularly near the end of a race, calls upon the performer to put forth his fullest energies time after time.

The distance-runs demand fleetness of foot and great stamina, and increase the breathing capacity, as well as improve the heart action. When one is sufficiently strong to indulge in them, they may be depended upon for general constitutional improvement.

The high and broad jumps have a tendency to make the muscles respond promptly to the call of the will, and also encourage surety and confidence in situations which might cause a loss of confidence and self-control when the ordinary individual is confronted by them. The pole-vault is attended with similar results. It is a fact-worthy of note that a man can, with practice, so perfect himself in the latter exercise as to be able to surmount an obstacle twice his own height, with the aid of a mere stick of timber, no larger than his wrist.

Putting the 16-pound shot, to properly benefit the performer, should be performed an equal number of times by both arms. The 16-pound hammer is perhaps a more useful apparatus for all-around development, as it uses the muscles of almost the entire upper body.

The 56-pound weight involves the possession of more strength than is possessed by the average individual, and can only be recommended to those who have the weight and strength to handle it with ease.



Matt McGrath, N. Y. A. C., who Competed in the Weight Throwing Events at the Olympic Games

Remember that regular athletic grounds are not necessary for the performance of track and field sports. They may be performed with equal benefit and pleasure in any convenient open space.



A SUN BATH ON A COUNTRY ROAD.



THREE DEEP, A FASCINATING GAME.



ALL READY FOR AN OUTING.



THE LONG WALK, CLASS AT REST.

Patients and visitors to the Bernarr Macfadden Sanatorium, at Battle Creek, engaged in wholesome recreation.

# Healthy Doctor Eats Millions of Germs

By Homer D. Bowers, B. S., D. O.



HOSE in sound health need not fear typhoid germs, according to evidence brought out at a London hearing recently, in which a claim for damages was made against the local council for contaminating the water supply.

Dr. Thres, one of the greatest English experts in typhoid, was a witness. The bacillus, he said, is so minute that a drop of water may contain a population equaling that of the entire world.

"I've swallowed millions," he remarked cheerfully.

"How did you like them?" inquired the Judge. "I'm curious."

"I enjoyed the pleasure of anticipation for three weeks," said the doctor, "but after that I felt happy."

"It was an accident, however," he continued. "I was testing water said to contain typhoid bacilli. The weather was hot and one day I swallowed a glass of water at a gulp. Too late I discovered that it was a glass into which I had put the typhoid germs. Had my health been such as to have made me a good subject I would have suffered. As it was, I felt no ill effects whatever."

It is with the utmost nonchalance that the physicians of the old school verify osteopathy—when it suits their purpose—but let an osteopath set forth the claims of the science and it will be condemned at once. It was necessary in this case, however, that someone should be secured who could speak with authority—bear testimony that would be of some weight—in this trial.

It is evident that Dr. Thres has a normal anatomy, for no one can enjoy "sound health" when their anatomy is abnormal. Abnormality in anatomical structure is a disease producer. The function of the organs of the body is dependent upon the proper adjustment of

the vertebrae of the spinal column or "back bone," save when one or more organs rebels, because of some drastic drug.

Typhoid fever begins in "Peyer's patches" (little glands in the lower part of the small intestines). It is not the typhoid bacillus that acts as first cause of the disease; it is only the exciting cause; and it could not have any ill effect, could not even gain a foothold were it not for a weakness in the spine at the area that controls the bowels—an "osteopathic lesion" if you please—which acts as the first or predisposing cause. Correct that and the course of the disease will be cut short, as inevitably as that water will run down hill, no matter how many million germs are present. Osteopaths do not claim that the typhoid bacillus is harmless, but that it cannot have any serious bad effects if there is no longer a lesion deranging the nerve force and blood supply to the tissues thereabout; a proof that normal anatomy is an absolute necessity. Osteopaths—and their patients—just as this doctor says, have "swallowed millions" without any adverse results.

Here, too, is a good point from C. S. Carr, M.D., of Columbus, Ohio, "Diphtheritic germs are to be found in the throat of every child, typhoid fever germs in the alimentary canal of every man and woman." Warm, rich blood in rapid flow is the best germicide in existence anyway. Then think of the millions of money set aside by the world's so-called philanthropists for medical research for microbe destroyers. In view of all that it is interesting to note the following from a recent issue of the Columbus Medical Journal.

In the autobiography of Andrew D. White appears a significant paragraph: "Count Muenster, who was selected by the German Emperor as the head of a delegation to the first Peace

Conference at The Hague, to represent Germany, in a conversation with Andrew D. White, said that bacteria, microbes and disease germs were 'all a modern humbug.' Such a statement coming from one of the leading scholars of Germany, where research and bacteriology is carried to its highest degree of perfection, is certainly very remarkable."

The Count is one of the Emperor's

advisers; an ignorant person would not be selected for such an important position. The Count surely knows something about the development of medical science and its results in his own country.

Osteopaths have long contended that these bacteriologists were "humbug" hunters, yet they live at their ease drawing their princely salaries from their pet millionaires.

## A Sunday School Physical Culture Class

TO THE EDITOR:

I have been reading your literature for several years and have become deeply interested in this great cause. As a result I have been very greatly benefited in many ways and with the consent of our vicar and help of my friends we formed a physical culture class in

joyed. At the close of each season we hold an exhibition. We have a skipping competition for the girls and a two-mile race for boys under fifteen years of age. We always have an excellent attendance at these exhibitions and they are keenly appreciated.

I hope that this may encourage those who



connection with our Sunday school, the members being composed of about thirty young men and fifty children, ages from eight to fifteen. We use in our exercises dumb-bells, Indian clubs, free movements, skipping, marching, deep breathing exercises, jumping, and a little hand wrestling, which are greatly en-

feel interested in physical culture to form a similar class. Our expenses are very low, being self-supporting after allowing for prizes for the competition and race mentioned.

ALBERT MOSS,

862 Rochdale Road, Slattocks, Castleton, Manchester, Eng.



THE AUTHOR

# Confession of a Divorced Man

By Horace Kingsley

**BRIEF SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.**—The author of this story became very much enamored with Grace Winston, a young woman in his home town. He learned that she was engaged to another man and he decided to go to New York City. After being there for about a year he met a young actress who attracted him. Some information was given to him, about her that was not to her advantage. He tried to destroy her influence over him and concluded to break the acquaintance with her, but was unable to do so. She finally convinced him that the statements he had heard regarding her were false. A character whom the author calls "Slim Jim" plots to injure him in his employer's eyes. A Mr. Perkins, who is in the same office and boards in the same house becomes angered at him. Because of Perkins' attitude the author examines his books and finds there evidence of his dishonesty. Perkins is arrested, but vows that he will have vengeance. Edith Maxwell, the actress, has been annoyed by a man named Morgan, who was formerly her attorney. She asks the author to protect her. He easily bests Morgan, who swears vengeance and keeps the officers on his track, but the author avoids arrest. One night he is awakened and finds the house in which he lives in flames. After hurrying out he is not able to find Miss Maxwell. He rushes back to save her, but nearly loses his own life in the attempt. Miss Maxwell was found the next morning. She had been visiting friends the previous night and this accounted for the author's inability to find her. He visits Miss Maxwell quite frequently and they finally become engaged. Miss Maxwell goes on a visit to her sister, and the author, feeling the need of a vacation, goes to a resort near New York. While waiting for the train he meets an old friend of his home town, who informs him that Grace Winston had married, but that her husband had turned out to be a drunkard.

## FOURTH INSTALLMENT

MY conversation with George Benson reminded me in a most emphatic manner of my former sweetheart, Grace Winston. As the train rushed along my memory went back to the days that now seemed so long ago. It was hard for me to realize that Grace was married, and it seemed much harder for me to believe that she was the wife of a drunkard. I could see her fair face before me; her brown eyes which seemed so expressive. Her well-rounded oval countenance, gave her an appearance of splendid health, which, when associated with the actual beauty of her features, added very greatly to her attractiveness. She was certainly a beautiful girl. And how terrible to think that she had actually "thrown" herself away! She had been the belle of the town. She could have had her choice of many young men, and yet she had selected for her husband a man who was now a drunkard. I could not help dwelling upon these saddening thoughts, and for the time being, they entirely eliminated from my mind the personal problems that had seemed so important during the last few days.

I will not enter into the details of my

experience during my vacation. Before leaving, I had written to Mr. Wicks and informed him of my decision, stating at the same time that if he could not fill my place, to telegraph me and I would immediately return. I remained away two weeks. I received several letters from Edith that were warmly affectionate, and which to a certain extent quieted my fears as to her fidelity. Two days previous to the time I had decided on returning I received a letter from Edith in which she stated that she would meet me on my arrival.

She said that she had tried to shorten her visit, but her sister insisted so strongly on her remaining that she found this impossible.

Edith met me at the train on my return. The moment I saw her I realized that her visit had at least been a benefit to her, for she was certainly more handsome than ever. She greeted me affectionately.

"Why, Horace, you are looking splendid," she said.

"Yes, I'm feeling much better, and I can say the same for you. Your vacation has improved you." No doubt I plainly expressed my feelings as I looked her over. She told me of the

fine time she had had at her sister's, and I gave her the particulars of my vacation that I thought would be of interest to her.

"When did you reach town?" I asked of her.

"Just three hours previous to the arrival of your train."

"Are you stopping at the same place?"

"Yes. I have arranged to remain here."

We went into the restaurant connected with the station, and had dinner, after which I accompanied her home, arriving there about half past eight. We found both of the Misses Werner gone for the evening.

"That's splendid, Horace," said Edith. "We can have the place all to ourselves" she remarked when she discovered their absence.

"Yes, it's fine," I replied, and embraced her affectionately, as she came toward me with outstretched arms.

I had resigned myself to the inevitable. There had been moments when I was still doubtful, but I concluded that I would have to take the risk. There was no question but that I had a strong affection for Edith, and if I was absolutely certain at all times she would make a true wife there would have been no hesitation on my part.

We enjoyed to the fullest extent the pleasures that are allowable to engaged couples. It was happiness to be with her—to see her smile, and to read the love so plainly expressed in her liquid eyes. For the time being she made me forget my old-time love.

"When are we to be married?" I said, as I saw the hour approaching when the Werners would probably be home.

"What do you say, Horace?"

"Any time suits me," I declared.

"I can say the same," she replied, her lovely eyes looking into mine.

"Well, this is Sunday, suppose we make it one week from day."

"My, but you're in a hurry. We can't arrange for a wedding in one week."

"But why have a wedding? I hate weddings—they are so solemn."

"I did not like to say so, but I fully

agree with you. I have a great distaste for the ceremonies connected with the ordinary wedding. But suppose we elope." She said laughingly.

"How can we elope? We have no one to run away from."

"Very true, but a marriage is so much more romantic when it is not set for any definite date."

"Well, suppose we get married right away, tomorrow."

"Why not make it now, tonight?" She replied in jesting tones.

"What! Do you mean it?" I asked.

"Surely! There is no one to interfere, and if you agree we shall have it so."

"Ah! That's splendid," I replied, returning her eager caresses.

We were married that night. We could not find a minister, but we discovered a public official who could perform the ceremony. It was easily done. She agreed to love, honor, and obey me as long as life would last. I assented to a similar query made to me with the word obey deleted. How indefinite is one's understanding of the meaning of the marriage vows. We promised to love and honor as long as life shall last. What an impossible undertaking under certain circumstances!

Even if we had the strongest wills in the world it would be impossible to compel us to love when no love exists. The love between man and woman depends upon mutual attraction and upon absolute fidelity to each other. You agree to honor a person all your life. Can you disregard your own nature? Can you compel yourself to render honor when your conscience and intelligence dictates otherwise? Can you extend respect when your sense of justice and decency is outraged again and again?

When I look back at it now it seems such a farce. There I was making an agreement that was to bind me during my entire life and at the time I did not have the faintest conception of its serious nature. The wording of a marriage ceremony should be changed. If I were to have my way I would say that one should promise to honor as long as the partner in this agreement deserves to be honored and loved.



Edith was beautiful that night. She was all excitement, her eyes were as bright as stars, her cheeks were flushed: I never saw her lips so brilliantly red. I really believe that at the time she meant to be a true wife to me. Although, as an actress, she could feign emotion when she did not feel it, one cannot pretend all through life.

There is not the least doubt of her being in love with me at the time. She was probably tired of the stage, of the frivolities and pretense that she had found there, and to a certain extent she might have been disgusted with the morals of most of the men and women with whom she came in contact. She recognized in me a man who was earnest and conscientious. Life to me was something else besides a game. I had high ideals. I wanted to be something, and above all I was searching for a woman whom I could trust implicitly, and to whom I could give a fidelity as strong and as unwavering as a human character could make it.

I was happy for a time, and Edith was also happy. We drank to the full of the cup that is passed to the lips of those who taste of marital bliss. For a while we were satisfied with each other. I will not tell of the misunderstandings, of the little quarrels that we had now and then. They were not important, they came and were gone like a spring shower.

I went back to my duties and was royally welcomed by Mr. Wicks. He was glad to see me. Morgan had disappeared. I learned that two or three days after I left town he had sent two officers to my boarding-house to have me arrested. A few days before I returned, however, he got into serious trouble himself and disappeared from the city. This accounted for his lack of activity. I felt that at the time that this would be the last I would ever hear of him, but he was again to turn up in my life and in a way that proved to be exceedingly unpleasant.

Mrs. Malcolm and her daughter were much surprised when I announced my marriage the next day. Although they fully understood that there was a strong attraction between Edith and me, I am

inclined to think that they were under the impression that it was not so serious as to end in marriage.

"I wish you all the luck in the world," Mrs. Malcolm said, after I had told her the news. There was a suspicion of tears in her eyes at the time.

"I am sure that I appreciate your good wishes," I replied. "I have been in your home for so long a time I will miss you both," turning to Mary.

"Why, Mr. Kingsley, how did it happen so suddenly?" said Mary.

"Well, Edith doesn't like a long-drawn out affair and I have similar opinions."

"You certainly surprised us. You might have given your friends a chance to hear about it in advance?" said Mary.

"It's better for you to hear about it after it is over," I replied.

I had come for my "belongings." I wanted Edith to go with me, but she had grown to dislike both Mrs. Malcolm and her daughter, and she did not want to accompany me. I tried hard to dissuade her and she finally said she would go if I insisted, but I did not like to assume that attitude.

I had a long talk with both Mrs. Malcolm and her daughter before leaving. I felt somehow that I would see but little of them thereafter, that I was leaving a home that was perhaps a good deal more comfortable than the one I would find in my new environment. I promised to visit them often, though I knew that this would be difficult, with Edith feeling toward the Malcolms as she did.

Edith and I rented a small apartment of our own. For a while it was a happy little home. I think it was about three months after our marriage that I received my first severe shock. As I have said before, I am a home-loving man; I never cared very much for the so-called pleasures that are supposed to come from constant theatre-going or mingling nightly with those who are always seeking social diversion. I had dreamed of finding complete happiness—everything that one's heart could desire, in my home life.

For a while Edith seemed to agree

with me. It was a few months after we were married when I first discovered signs of discontentment on her part. We were discussing a play that was the talk of the city at that time.

"Suppose we go tomorrow night, Horace."

"Why, Edith, we were out last night until twelve o'clock, why can't we stay at home for two or three nights at least?"

"But you always want to stay at home; I like to get out and see something of life." There was irritation in her tones.

"I want to do everything I can to make you happy, Edith, but I would rather be here with you than any place on earth."

"Yes, I know, but I think we ought to go out more. This is monotonous, staying at home so much."

"Monotonous! Why, Edith, you can't mean that!" I said, looking at her searchingly.

"Yes, I do mean it, Horace."

Her eyes were turned away from me. Her attitude and expression were unusual.

"You are not tired of me, are you?" I asked.

"Well, no, not tired, but I was accustomed to a life that was filled with excitement at all times, before I married you, and it is hard to settle down like this all at once."

"Yes, maybe that's true," I answered, in tones in which there must have been a trace of sadness. "I don't believe you love our home as well as I do."

"Maybe I don't, Horace."

"Well, dear," said I, in affectionate tones, turning towards her. "Some day you will love it, some day the musical voices of little ones will add to its charm and its beauty."

"What makes you talk so, Horace? What's the use of my deceiving you, I cannot and I won't assume the responsibilities of motherhood."

"Why, Edith, you don't mean that."

"Yes, I do, and you might just as well know it now."

I stood there bewildered, I hardly knew what to say. I was shocked beyond words. She knew very well my opinion on these subjects. She knew

I was looking forward to the time when our home would be blessed with the coming of new life, a new soul. She must have known that her words were to me like a thunder-bolt. I said no more, I had nothing more to say. I simply felt that she had deceived me, she had entrapped me into a bargain in which she did not intend to do her part. To me a woman who refused to assume the responsibilities of motherhood was an abnormality. She was the product of the vilest sort of prudery. I had been at least mildly happy in my married life up to this time, but there was but very little for me in my home after that. I went to business in the morning and went through my daily duties mechanically. I soon saw that the affection that had previously existed between us was slowly disappearing. I felt, however, that I was tied for life, that I would have to make the best of it, that I would have to live my life in accordance with the marriage contract. There were moments when I chafed under the environments in which I found myself. There were moments when even a fierce hatred sprung up within me against Edith. It seemed like an fearful load that I had assumed, that I would have to carry all through life. She seemed like a dead thing that was hanging to me, that would hamper me to the end. Even then I did not think of a divorce. Divorce was such a terrible thing; it branded a man and a woman with disgrace. How could I turn to such means to liberate me from the chains that bound me.

At times Edith would try to be her old affectionate self; but there was but little reciprocation on my part, I would try at times to bring back my old ardor the zest which formerly, for moments, would at times really make life seem blissful, but it was impossible. It seemed to me that she had destroyed my soul. She had struck me a blow from which I could never completely recover. The pain would always be present. I wanted a home; I wanted children; I wanted all that would make up the sweetness and beauty of home-life. It seemed to me that my trust had been outraged, and it was quite clear that never at anytime

had she been in accord with me in my ideas of home life.

I think we had been married about six months when I received the first hint as to the possibilities of the existence of conditions, which to a certain extent awakened me from my lethargy. My position at the office had been changed. I had been advanced and my duties required me to visit various departments. Slim Jim was still working for the firm. I had not seen Perkins since the time I saw him and the former earnestly engaged in conversation. My duties required me to maintain a certain oversight over the work performed by Slim Jim in his department, and his animosity had apparently subsided, or else he was careful not to show it.

One day while passing the office in which he was located I heard my name mentioned, and I stopped to listen.

"Yes, he's got his foot in it this time," I heard Slim Jim say.

"Why, is she such a bad woman?" one of his assistants remarked.

"Bad! Why if you had seen her last night you would have thought so."

"You simply saw her in a public restaurant. How do you know anything about her?"

"Well, her actions."

I stood there for a moment dazed. I was first inclined to go into the room and force an explanation from Slim Jim and his assistant. From their previous references I knew that they were talking of my wife, and I knew also she had been away from home the previous night until a late hour. She explained to me that she had been up to the Werners and I took it for granted she told me the truth. I would like to have been able to have gone in and branded those men as liars, but I was ashamed. Somehow, I felt in my heart that their statements were true. Incident after incident flashed over my mind in a moment which seemed to verify the fearful suspicion awakened within me.

I was of but little value to the business the rest of that day. You can easily imagine my mental condition. If I had trusted my wife, I should have im-

mediately resented Slim Jim's remarks, but I was suspicious of her of late and this encouraged me to really believe that there was a possibility of the statements I had heard being true. I know that this is a terrible confession to make, but it is the cold, bare, naked truth.

I finally concluded that I would face her with her apparent falsehood of the previous evening and then, if Slim Jim's remarks proved to be untrue, I would make him apologize, or take the consequences. When I arrived home that night Edith was not here. I wondered if she was off for another good time, but she appeared in a few minutes after my arrival, and said that she had merely been to the store around the corner. She soon noticed a difference in my attitude, for there are few of the characteristics of an actor about me. I show my feelings; I could not avoid it.

"What are you angry about tonight?" she finally asked.

"I'm not angry, but I heard some remarks applied to you today that I would like very much to resent."

"Well, why didn't you resent them?"

"I thought they might be true."

"Now, Horace, what are you talking about?"

"You said that you spent last night at the Werner's."

"Yes, what of it?"

"Well, I have reason to believe that you were not there."

"You have reason to believe—now, what are you talking about?"

"You were seen at a restaurant, having a splendid time and acting in such a manner as to create suspicion as to your fidelity to me."

"Now, Horace, that is foolish talk; to be sure I was at a restaurant; I was with Miss Aggie Werner," she replied.

"You were also with two gentlemen, were you not?"

"Yes, but there is nothing wrong in that."

"You may not think so, but I'm of the opinion that if you desired to go out to dinner with Miss Werner and two gentlemen I should also have been invited."

"Ah, you would not have gone, you want to stick at home all the time."

"It might be better if you thought a little more of your home," I replied.

"Ah, you are always prating about home," she said in cynical tones.

I don't care to give the reader further details of our conversation on that night. We had about the worst quarrel that had ever marred our relations. I was sincerely ashamed of myself afterwards for my part of the affair. If I had followed my own inclination then and there I would have left the place and never entered it again. I am sincerely of the opinion that whatever good there may have been in my character previously it was being gradually undermined by my associations with Edith. She had no ideals. Her principal object in life seemed to be to secure the greatest amount of enjoyment attainable. For a while she hid from me these characteristics, but now there was no deceit and it was quite plain that the one object of her life was to seek pleasure of the particular kind that appealed to her. I fully understood already that my marriage was a failure; that I could expect little or no real home life, and that happiness of even the most moderate degree was entirely out of the question. Though we managed to "get along" fairly amicably, previous to the quarrel to which I have just referred, at very frequent intervals after this our relations were very unpleasant. I am ashamed to admit it, but we quarrelled again and again. I learned of several occasions where she had deceived me outright. She would pretend that she was visiting a certain friend, and I would learn afterwards that she had been at other places. I finally determined that it would be better to let her have her own way, let her come and go when she chose, and ask her no questions as to her whereabouts.

You can readily imagine my feelings towards her when I came to this conclusion. At heart she had already ceased to be my wife, except in name only. What love I had had for her practically ceased to exist. There were times when I actually hated myself for continuing to live in the same house with her, but somehow I feared the results of separation. I had promised to love

and honor as long as life lasts. Again and again when this part of the marriage ceremony came to my mind, I laughed aloud in cynical protest. I fully realized my entire inability to keep my part of that agreement, and the fact that I was supposed to extend affection under the circumstances at times aroused within me a fierce hatred towards Edith. How could I love her? How could I honor her? She deserved neither. For that matter there was but a minute atom of respect remaining within me for her.

But with it all, I had no absolute evidence that would be of the slightest value in any court; it would all be classed as mere suspicion, but within my heart and soul I knew I was being fooled; that she was pretending to be a wife to me and that instead she was seeking her own abnormal ideas of pleasure.

She was still handsome, as nothing seemed to worry her. She did not seem to care about anything but her own selfish desires. One night I came home, and as she was not about, I proceeded to prepare my evening meal. I had about finished it when she arrived. I noticed that she seemed a little brighter than usual, something had occurred that apparently pleased her. She made no apologies for her neglect, as it was not at all unusual.

"What do you think," she said as she was removing her hat and gloves, "I have had an offer to go back on the stage."

"Have you decided to take it," I asked?

"What do you think about it?" she inquired.

"I don't see that I figure in it at all. If you want to go on the stage that's your business, not mine," I answered.

"You are certainly indifferent."

"I don't see why I should be otherwise."

"Well, I'm going to consider it. And why should I not take the offer? Your salary is not very large, and what I could earn would be of great assistance to us."

"My salary isn't large, but it has always kept us comfortable and I don't see any reason of your going on the stage for financial reasons."

"Maybe not, but it will give me more freedom. I will have money of my own to spend."

"You have always had what you needed, haven't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

The conversation continued for some time and some unpleasant things were said, but there was no actual quarrel. She finally decided to accept the proposition and I was really glad that she did. I had my evenings at home to myself. I enjoyed the quiet of being alone. It was really a pleasant experience, for a change. Before this time, if she was out, I never knew where she was; now I could at least depend on her being at the theatre. For the first three nights after she began her duties I called at the theatre to see her home.

"You need not come to-morrow night, I can get home by myself," she remarked on the third evening as we were walking homeward.

"I can come, unless you prefer that I would not," I repeated.

She made an evasive reply, but I very clearly understood that she did not want me. I was glad to stay at home. I had come as a duty. She was my wife. I was somehow ashamed to have her come home by herself or depend on some of the "hangers-on" of the theatre for an escort.

I remained at home thereafter. No human tongue or pen could ever depict the mortal torture that I had to endure at about this period. At times I would be able to develop a "don't-care" attitude. I would try to "harden" my conscience and my feelings. I would try so smother my better nature. But now and then it would creep in upon me in spite of all I could do. In my lonely so-called "home," I would often sit for hours thinking of my blasted hopes—of my ruined life. Everything seemed dark and dreary and hopeless. There was no future, nothing in life that was attractive. I enwrapped myself in the business in which I was engaged, but it was but a profitless task. What cared I for money with no one to help me spend or enjoy it?"

Oh, dear reader, may your paths never lead you into the pitfalls of a

similar experience. My spirit, my very life seemed to be crushed beyond all hope. Yes, I'll admit it, I often cried like a child. No, not like a child, for when the soul of a man is so rent that he has to give way to tears, it is no childish emotions that stirs him. It is an upheaval that racks every fibre of his being.

I know that you may think that I was weak, that I should have restrained my feelings, but one tires of continual restraint. There always comes a time when he is forced off his guard, and there suddenly rushes upon him the full realization of his position, of his loss, and great sobs that rend one from head to foot—seem to come as a relief. They open the tightly-closed cell-springs of human misery. They relieve the strain. Many a time, in the quietude of my wretched home, I had to thus give vent to my feelings. It is said to be unmanly to cry. It is a woman's weakness. But at this period of my life I had not acquired self-control. I had not learned to stoically bear suffering or disappointment.

I thought I was worldly and knowing at that time, but I was an innocent fool. For awhile I would refrain from retiring or at least lie awake until my wife arrived, but the time of her appearance gradually became later, or I might more properly say earlier, for there were nights when she did not arrive home until the early morning hours. I finally concluded I would learn where she went after leaving the theatre, and I concluded to act the part of a detective and follow her.

I went to the theatre, and a few minutes before the conclusion of the performance, I placed myself a considerable distance from the stage door by which she would leave. I had waited but a few minutes when Edith and Aggie Werner came out together. They were a gay couple. They talked and laughed as though life to them was one glad sweet song. I followed behind them on the opposite side of the street. I could not hear their conversation, but they seemed in high spirits.

I had not followed far when I saw them stop and shake hands with two

men. There was only a faint light where they met them and I could not secure a view of their features. I drew closer and as all four started slowly along I thought the figure of one of the men looked strongly like Morgan's. I continued to lessen the distance between us. They were nearing a part of the street that was brilliantly lighted. I drew still closer. The street was not by any means crowded, but there was a sufficient number about to hide me even should they turn and look back.

Immediately in front of us was a large restaurant. The electric lights from this place made the street like day. Though by now I was only a few steps behind, still I could not see who was

with my wife and Miss Werner because of the people who obstructed my view.

I noted that many were entering this restaurant. As I drew nearer I saw Miss Werner pass into the door. Behind her was my wife and by her side spick and span in a shiny silk hat, smiling and satisfied looking was—it is hard for me to write the name, for I detested the name and its owner.

For a moment I stood there like one struck dumb. I could not believe my own eyes. Was I dreaming? I struck myself lightly on the cheek. I wanted to arouse myself. No, I was not asleep. I was not dreaming. The man beside my wife who had just entered that restaurant was Morgan, my old enemy!

(To be Continued.)

### PIE THREE TIMES A DAY

#### TO THE EDITOR:

In a late number of your magazine, I read a letter from J. B. Rees, in which he told about the hygienic, or rather unhygienic, conditions in which he claimed the farmers of North Dakota live, and which is so far from the truth as the North Pole is from the planet Mars. I have lived in North Dakota for sixteen years and know what I am talking about. First, Mr. Rees claims the climate of North Dakota is rigorous. Now I am the weather observer at this point and have the records for the last fourteen years to prove from and the coldest it has ever been is not more than 38° below zero.

He says sarcastic things about farmers who, he says exclude every particle of air that they can, and make their houses practically air-proof. He makes me smile—the idea of excluding the air from the ordinary Dakota house. The first houses were built out here in a hurry to afford shelter, and you can imagine a hastily built house, the knot holes, cracks and the doors of which never fit so there is always a large crack under the door. When a North Dakota wind comes across our broad prairies at the rate of ninety miles an hour it goes right through everything, and the warmest place is on top of the stove. But

nearly all the farmers, after a few years, construct modern residences, with plumbing and all, and Mr. Rees' assertion that they are unacquainted with washing is a gross libel, for when a farmer can have an artesian well dug for \$5.00, which provides him water night and day without even the trouble of pumping it, he isn't apt to go dirty. Mr. Rees' assertion that they are inveterate smokers is unfounded, as I know by experience. His assertion that all they eat is beans and white bread, with strong coffee is another fabrication, for I have been in farmers' homes and know they live well and have pie three times a day regularly and oyster stew every Sunday. This is a fine country. You can stand out on the prairie and stretch as much as you wish without danger of crowding anyone; you can breathe the pure, crisp, fresh air, and feel that life is worth living as the blood courses through your arteries and you don't the "smile that won't come off."

In conclusion I wish to say I have great faith in physical culture, having proved it by practical demonstration. I have found that the young people will adopt it twice as quick as the older folks who have gotten into a rut and don't care to get out.

Forman, N. D. ALLAN J. MALTBY.

# Our Coming War With Japan

By COLONEL JAMES FOSTER MILLIKEN

The article which follow is from the pen of Col. James Foster Milliken, a well-known student of military history and authority on military affairs. The author was one of the twelve United States army officers selected by the Khedive of Egypt to reorganize the Egyptian regular army, some years ago. At the close of this article, I am presenting several letters which I feel will be interesting to my readers. Though some may feel that the subject discussed in this department is not within the province of physical culture, when they realize the tremendous importance of a high degree of physical strength in the individuals who are to take an active part in a war, I am inclined to think that they will change their opinion. Though the agitation of theories advocated in this magazine is important in any phase of human endeavor it is unquestionably of the greatest value in preparing for war, in which the highest degree of nervous and physical excellence really represents the capacity which must be depended upon to do effective work.—Bernarr Macfadden.

A FAMOUS French diplomat once remarked that "Treaties were used for the purpose of hiding the intentions of the contracting nations." The cynical frankness of the statement will hardly be questioned by the student of history. Experience has shown that as long as a treaty does not seriously interfere with the interests of one or both of the parties to it, it is likely to stand. But the moment that a matter arises by which the presumed interests are jeopardized by the treaty, the latter is likely to be coolly ignored on the ground of its having outlived its usefulness, or that its premises are not in order in the presence of the "new conditions."

There is a term used in pugilism which is very appropriate in this connection. It is "stalling," and it means so covering up the vulnerable parts of the face and body by the hands and arms, that the opponent finds it practically impossible to land a telling blow. When the "stall" has worked its purpose and the boxer is ready for fight again, the latter renews the combat forthwith. The same thing stands good of the treaty. If a nation is exhausted, financially and in other ways, and there is apparent trouble brewing with another country, it is obviously the duty of the diplomats of the former to ward off that which impends by means of a treaty—usually of the arbitration sort. In other words, the threatened nation

"stalls." And when such a country is Japan, outsiders may be pretty well assured that this "stalling" period—every moment of it—is being industriously used in preparations for the next "round."

The facts of the case are so plain, so it seems to me, that I can hardly understand one attempting to deny them. Japan holds—and who shall blame her?—that she has the first call on the trade of the Eastern Pacific coast. She sees in this country, her inevitable rival. Likewise, she is, for the time being, financially impotent by reason of her gigantic struggle with Russia. The only thing to be done under the circumstances, is to defer the certain struggle with the United States of America by means, which bear upon them the impress of trust and friendship.

So an arbitration treaty is formulated between the two countries, duly signed, there are congratulations all around because of the "passing of the war cloud," the American fleet is invited to visit Japan, the mouths of Japanese officials are filled with soft words and pleasant sentences, and the Japanese diplomats do not dare look each other in the eye for fear of smiling. Meantime, faintly but certainly, one catches the sound of the making of war supplies throughout the length and breadth of Japan, there are still more war material factories being rushed to

completion all over that country; forts are being constructed wherever their necessity becomes apparent, and—we smile idiotically at all this, while we hug the arbitration treaty to our deluded bosoms. Normally, an Occidental diplomat lacks in that subtle something that distinguishes his Oriental confrère. But where the future of an Oriental country is concerned, then it is that the tact, the smoothness and the cleverness of the man with the yellow skin are seen at their best—that is, by those who are familiar with him and his. The truth is, that when it comes to sheer braininess, to subtle wile, the Caucasian is not the equal of the Japanese. This fact will be made apparent in the long run in connection with our latest treaty. Every day of grace that Japan can now secure, means an addition to her fighting strength in the future. Hence the employment of the best of Japanese diplomacy in securing the acceptance of the arbitration treaty by the United States.

I have said that the teaching of history is to the effect that treaties of all kind are void in the presence of national need. It might be added that international law is equally ignored or nearly so, under similar circumstances. Let me give a few instances of both.

Certain and vital articles of the treaty which was drawn up between Russia and the four powers opposing her, at the close of the Crimean War, were totally ignored during the late conflict between the first named nation and Japan. France, too, repeatedly shut her eyes to the laws of neutrality in favor of her quasi-ally. As a result, the unfortunate Russian fleet was enabled to continue the journey which came to such a disastrous conclusion in the Sea of Japan. Other countries, too, who befriended Russia followed the lead of France, only ceasing therefrom when there came an ominous growl from the north of Europe.

During the Franco-Prussian war, the neutrality rights of Belgium were set aside by both combatants. But little Belgium being unable to do anything but protest, was ignored altogether.

It is certain that during the Boer war, Portugese territory in South Africa, was used as a sort of secondary base and port by the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. It will be remembered that the matter resulted in a veiled threat of war on Portugal by Great Britain, but that fact did not prevent Kruger from using the territory as a means of escape to Europe.

During the last war between Turkey and Russia, there was a sudden rending of standing treaties, and simultaneously a whole lot of minor provinces outside the nominal theatre of war, were used and in some cases actually occupied, by the combatants. Neutrality rights went by the board in the presence of the necessities of the two big countries.

Violations of international law in the time of war, have always been and always will be, attractive to the daring or the adventurous. The risks are large, perhaps, but the gain on a successful venture is enormous. When war arises there is an appeal to the greed of the individual who is willing to assume the incidental risks of breaking such laws. Yet, so it would seem, millions of well-meaning, if mistaken people of this country are relying on treaties and laws of the description named, to stand in the way of Japan obtaining those things to which she undoubtedly deems she has a natural and perfect right. This betrays an innocence of the ways of the older nations which is positively touching or asininely complaisant, I hardly know which. The truth is, that the recently signed treaty with Japan is good just as long as Japan desires. When it has outlived its usefulness from a Japanese point of view, it will be the easiest matter in the world to find some excuse for its abrogation. And such time will be when she is quite prepared to dispute the Occidental trade with this country, even at the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth.

I have alluded to the feverish martial preparations which are among the features of Japanese life of to-day and of which Captain Hobson spoke in one of his recent speeches in Congress. But a peculiarly disquieting rumor is in circulation in some quarters regarding the



following matter, to which I have seen no reference in the public press. It is to the effect that Japan, on the basis of exhaustive experiments, is now making noiseless rifles and revolvers, patterned after the recent invention of the younger Maxim. It is further added that the Japanese weapons have many improvements on the originals.

I can quite believe this rumor. There is no international understanding forbidding or restricting the making of these terrible weapons. Their mechanism and the principle involved are readily obtained by anyone from the filed drawings and descriptions in the Patent Offices of several countries. A few so-called improvements, will enable any interested individual to obtain a new patent, and I will not insult the reader's intelligence by suggesting that when that same individual is in reality a representative of his government, his way will be cleared of the usual difficulties.

An Army equipped with such rifles would have a tremendous advantage over its opponents. As it is, the smokeless powder of to-day and the obscure flash which accompanies its discharge, makes the location of an attacking enemy a difficult matter. It is only by the sound of firing that one side can determine the whereabouts of the other. If this sound be eliminated, then, the attacking force is rendered invisible, until such times as it has done irreparable damage to the attacked. This is saying nothing about the wiping out of scouts, pickets and small detached parties which act as the "eyes" of an army. And without these "eyes" an army is practically blind.

Japan with an ideal soldiery, is nevertheless so weak in resources, that she necessarily *must* take advantage of every thing in her power. It is scarcely likely then that she will let slip the terrific possibilities of the noiseless weapons. Apart from all else, the cost of converting the ordinary rifle to one of the smokeless type, is so I am informed, comparatively small, a fact which obviously recommends it to the country in question.

I am no alarmist, but it appears to me that this is a time which calls for the

most careful and thoughtful consideration on the part of the truly patriotic American. Instead of relying on our past deeds and our bygone victories, we must consider things and affairs as they are, especially when our prospective adversary is such a clever, and resourceful nation as Japan.

#### Australia Fears Japan

TO THE EDITOR:

While the conclusion arrived at in your article, in *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine, of the need of preparation for war is essentially sound, the general tone of your article is unnecessarily alarming. Although war with Japan in these days of keen competition for commercial supremacy, and its natural offspring, lust of empire, cannot be counted amongst the improbabilities; is it yet so certain and imminent as your article would portend?

On what grounds do you base your forecast of a conflict? In the first place: you say, that Japan has one of the most perfectly organized secret services, and that her agents have been in this country to ascertain in detail our defects. Now this may be perfectly true but is it a sure sign of war? All countries have secret services employed in worming out the secrets of the other powers, but does this mean that they all have sinister designs one against the other? Does it not rather mean that they wish to be possessed of the best information obtainable of the standing of other powers lest a dispute should arise which would make an appeal to the dread arbitrament of war inevitable?

The agents of Japan have been as actively employed in securing the secrets of her ally, Great Britain, as they have those of the United States, and it has been said that to obtain the most thorough and accurate survey of the Australian coasts it is necessary to go to Japan. Now if the activities of Japan's secret service can be urged as an argument to prove that war with this country is certain within the next five years, surely the same argument can be advanced to prove that Great Britain will also be at war with Japan in the same limited time.

If Japan has determined on war with these two countries within five years' time she has mapped out for herself a stupendous task. You say that Hawaii and especially the Philippines are splendid prizes which Japan unquestionably believes can be easily won, but there is a much greater prize for Japan in the Pacific which you make no mention of, namely, Australia, and the attitude of the Australians indicates that they entertain the same fear for their country which you possess for the future of the Philippines. Again, you say that Japan holds that the trade of the Pacific is hers by right of birth, blood and position, but it surely is unnecessary to point

out what a goodly part of that trade belongs to England, a country which is much more vulnerable in the East than this country is. So it is obvious that, whatever argument is advanced to prove war with this country to be inevitable, it also can be advanced with more telling effect to prove that England will be involved in war with Japan in the near future. You are right when you say that if Japan entertained belligerent designs against us it would be her policy to show a courteous front to us in order to conceal her real intentions. She would not herald her projects from the housetops, but on the other hand supposing she was genuinely sincere, how else could she act? Would it be necessary for her to adopt the reverse behavior—a hostile attitude—to convince us of the sincerity of her protestations of friendship. Japan is ambitious, imperialistic, her people are as courageous as our own; they are our equal, if not superior, in physique and vitality, and they are more skilled in the art of war, naval and military than we. But we have one great advantage over them which they are not blind to, and that is, the advantage of wealth. Japan is a poor country, while this is one of the richest, and the credit of Japan in Europe was considerably weakened before she concluded the war with Russia.

This is really the most important phase of the question: How would Japan be financed for a long war with this country? The sympathy of the whole Caucasian race would be with us in a conflict; they would feel that we were fighting not only our own but their battles, and England's colonies would force the mother-country at least to desert her ally, if they did not compel her to take sides with us. The money question then is the crux of the whole situation and Japan's course will be determined by this. But although war cannot be counted upon as a certainty the country should always be prepared for eventualities. An armed nation while commercial jealousies exist, is a guarantee of peace, and the policy of the big stick is profound wisdom.

Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS R. FIELD.

#### Financial Profit the Basis of War

TO THE EDITOR:

I have read with great interest your editorial, and the subsequent correspondence on the question of war with Japan, and though this matter is not strictly within the province of PHYSICAL CULTURE, yet, holding the opinions you do in connection therewith, you are to be complimented for giving voice to them in no uncertain manner. So far, you all seem agreed on one point, viz.: that the basic cause of such a war is economic. This is good. I was afraid we should be hearing much about our "inborn patriotism," "sterling Americanism," "honor of the republic," and other similar nonsense. Previously, all appeals to the public in time of war have been based on these ideas of "patriotism," etc., and in our schools and colleges, we have ever been taught that wars generally were the result of oppression and injustice on the one

hand, and righteous rebellion on the other.

But, fortunately, the general intelligence is now such that these reasons are no longer accepted, as witness the present case, in which the true cause is acknowledged to be economic. Probably when the time comes, if ever it does, the usual cant of "patriotism" will be sung by the press. But he who runs and reads will know for a surety that the real cause is one of trade.

All this is in harmony with the materialist interpretation of history, as promulgated by Engels and Marx, two great authorities on political economy and sociology. Simply put, this means that the manner in which a country produces and distributes its material necessities (food, clothing, etc.), forms the basis of all social, political and religious life. This being so, and it is so, it is easy to see how the present system of competition and monopoly in trade, with its ever increasing demand for new markets, must inevitably lead to dispute and ultimate recourse to arms by the great manufacturing countries. As we know that, under present conditions, the only people who benefit thereby are the owners of capital and the machinery of production, so we know that a war having as its aim an increased market will benefit them only, and not the great mass of people who toil diligently and laboriously day by day simply to provide themselves with the means of a bare subsistence.

Why, then, should the workers of this country and Japan engage in bloody combat simply to provide increased profits and dividends for a few already rich idlers? Why should they shed their blood and leave thousands of widows and children for such a sordid, contemptible human end?

You, sir, are advocating cure, I sir, advocate prevention. There are, perhaps, worse things than war. The present social system which annually kills and maims thousands of workers by its railroads, steel plants, mines, etc., and which condemns thousands of women to a life of prostitution—this, perhaps, is worse than war. But in the present case, as I have pointed out, the stake is not the honor and welfare of the nation, but simply a matter of increased profits for a few capitalists. I suggest, therefore, instead of advocating an enlarged army, and the adoption of physical culture by it to make itself as fit as possible, that you point out the real cause of this possible war—competition and monopoly on the industrial and economic field—with a view to replacing it by a system of peaceful co-operation, in which all men, women and children shall be provided plentifully with the necessities of life, and, further shall have access to all the realms of art, science, literature, and all that makes life worth living.

Only under such conditions, is human happiness possible. With you, I firmly believe that the basis of happiness is perfect health. Without a fully developed body and brain, a man cannot drink in the sweetness of life in all its bountiful and glorious entirety.

How, I ask can the dwellers in the slums and tenements, the workers in vile factories

and dangerous mines, and in unsanitary offices and stores, develop themselves from the physical culture or any other humane standpoint? So long as profits and interest are demanded, so long will those who produce them be regarded and treated as so much live stock, so many cogs and wheels in the vast workshop of the world. One wonders how long the workers are going to submit to this, and how long earnest reformers like yourself are going to remain outside the only movement that can free the people from the curse of modern capitalism. I venture to assert that the great majority of your readers are socialists or have imbibed to some extent the socialist ideal of a strong, free, clean and wholesome manhood and womanhood. Will you not, therefore, with your great energy and power lead them in this fight? It is the only way to attain physical culture ideal. It is the only way to prevent this coming war. It is the only way to restore happiness, beauty and health to this land and to all the world.

JOHN C. YEEVAN,

Chicago. Pres. Chicago Phys. Cult. Club.

#### Thinks Our War Department Should Be Towed Out to Sea and Sunk

TO THE EDITOR:

I have taken PHYSICAL CULTURE since its inception, and have found same, despite some features that occasionally appeared therein, and which I considered distinctly out of place in a magazine such as yours, admirable otherwise and living fully up to its avowed aims—the physical, mental, and moral betterment of man.

With many others of your readers I distinctly disapprove, to use a very mild term, of the series of articles, which you have dignified into a department, under the caption "Our Coming War with Japan."

I will not go so far as to say that a war with Japan is not within the range of things possible, but I do believe that it is safe to say that under present conditions such war is hardly probable, at least for many years to come.

To conduct a modern war against a first-class power requires an expenditure of over a million dollars a day. Such being the case, war is a luxury that only the richest nations can afford. Japan is by no means a rich nation. Her people are in the main very poor, and at that are taxed to the very limit, her resources are exceedingly slender, and her ability to borrow sufficient money to carry on a long war with a rich country like the United States is not of the brightest.

As a nation Japan is well-nigh bankrupt, with an outstanding national debt of \$1,300,000,000, due to her wars and her commercial ambitions, a staggering total for a country like Japan, she is not in a position to borrow much more. As it is she finds it all but impossible to raise enough, by taxes and otherwise, to raise sufficient means to meet her current expenses and pay the interest on her present outstanding debt.

In conclusion, I wish to call your attention

to the fact that a general arbitration treaty has recently been affected between the United States and Japan. According to your interesting editorial in the June number of PHYSICAL CULTURE, this should be proof positive that neither Japan nor the United States desires a war with the other. Such being the case, if you can manage to have your war department towed far out to sea and there sunk some few thousand fathoms deep, you will thereby benefit your magazine and please many of your readers.

Washington, D. C.

SAMUEL STERNE.

#### Permanent Peace Through Arbitration

TO THE EDITOR:

Your editorial urging a treaty with Japan seemed rather belated in the June edition, for on May 20th we were rejoicing in the signing of an arbitration treaty with Japan equal in scope to those we have made with European nations. It could doubtless have been made vastly broader in scope had we proposed it.

Your attitude towards our danger seems to me to ignore some of the most important methods of solution of the problem. One is that the United States has only to secure the mutual agreement of the Powers to preserve the autonomy of the Philippines when we grant them the independence which Secretary Taft has definitely promised, and the question of danger in the Pacific would end. This agreement, which none could refuse to sign, would permit us to lower our navy one half, as naval officers have repeatedly admitted. The neutralization of Switzerland, Belgium and Luxembourg years ago, the recent neutralization of Norway and Honduras, point the way to the most potent preventive of trouble which the world has ever found. It will be enormously used in the future. The Philippines have been a colossal burden and expense to us; Congress has refused to do them justice as regards tariff; our people know little and care less about them. The natives want independence, and if their autonomy is guaranteed, we can well afford, as Secretary Taft suggests, to spend a few million dollars in furthering their education after we lay down our army and navy expenses, considering that we have never yet taken from our treasury one dollar for their education.

"The best way to secure peace," you say, "is prepare for war." When the United States and Great Britain, in 1817, agreed to demolish forts and withdraw battleships between ourselves and British America, they insured peace on 3000 miles of frontier from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Had they instead spent hundreds of millions in short-lived armaments which must have been renewed every twenty years, we should have had frequent friction and probably an outbreak of hostilities when Cleveland's message over the Venezuelan question startled our nation.

Another point to observe is that the last man to give sound advice is the person whom you quote whose own professional interests are concerned. Few physicians treat their

own families in serious cases and no judges try cases in which they are concerned. The military man, whose whole mind is focussed on the technicalities of war, is the last man to understand the psychology or the statesmanship demanded in estimating danger or defence. If a tailor is not the man to consult as to whether you need a coat and an architect is the last man to consult as to whether you can afford or need a new house, surely the men who are to get their sole chance of glory or promotion through war are the last class of men qualified to give advice as to when and against whom their country needs defence. Their whole thought is of the abnormal conditions of war. The statesman, the normal business man, and international lawyer, are the persons who best know the conditions which make for war or peace. The military man is simply to attend to execution when war is once declared. The writings of most naval men from Captain Mahan down are full of fallacies which show that their training in logic and interpretation of human nature and history is as defective as their bravery and scientific knowledge are effective. You say: "A strong navy insures peace." I hold that it insures only a diversion of labor and taxes from the defence against ignorance, disease, poverty and corruption which in every year destroy vastly more life and property than all our six past years of foreign warfare combined. Let it be remembered that we have fought only six years with foreign powers, since the Revolution.

The peace of all the South American states can be secured without the building of another ship, by an agreement for mutual defence by all if any one nation were attacked. Our peace can be secured without another ship, by signing treaties with France and England, with whom we have been at peace for nearly a century, to arbitrate every question with each other and, if anyone of the three is attacked by a nation which refuses to arbitrate, the other two in the compact to proclaim non-intercourse with the attacking power. This would cost heavily for reimbursement of the merchants in the two countries, if it were ever put in practice. But if this agreement were made known and every nation welcomed into this league of mutual defence by peaceful means, it would never have to be put in practice for a single week any more than the force of the militia is ever required to enforce the decisions of our Supreme Court. *Mutual agreement with the resort to non-intercourse as the ultimate force, is mightier to keep our peace than the creation of a navy equal to that of all the navies of Europe.*

The timidity and hysteria evinced by scare-mongers who have been urging the four battle-ships, is based on ignorance of human nature and facts, and failure to appreciate wherein lies our true greatness and power.

Boston, Mass.

L. A. MEAD.

#### War A Likely Event

A letter from which the following is an

extract recently appeared in the Indianapolis Star:

"The United States is building the Panama Canal. It will take several years to complete it, and if completed by the United States will enable our navy and merchantmen to reach either coast in half the time it now consumes. This alliance does not propose that the canal shall be finished by the United States, if it can be prevented, all of which we shall see in the near future.

"We have heard it preached time and again that the two great English-speaking nations, in case of trouble, would stand shoulder to shoulder. Do not believe that for a moment. That is simply nonsense.

"The spectacle of England forming an absolute alliance, defensive and offensive, with Japan speaks for itself. A friend of mine, recently from Japan, tells me the ship yards and gun factories are working night and day.

"What are all these war preparations for? Certainly not against the Chinese, for the Japs are enlisting large bodies of these people into their ranks and teaching them the use of firearms and military tactics. The cloven foot of this alliance sticks out very plainly. It is solely in preparation for a big war, to be precipitated against the United States, and that very soon.

"In the month of August, 1906, I was with a party of Americans at the port of Manzanillo on the southwest coast of Mexico, where we saw a number of well-dressed Japs. They were not looking for hard work. I have seen a number of them, farther up the Pacific slope during the month of February, this year. Why are so many of these Japs visiting Mexico? You can see many Chinamen there also, but the latter are at work. The Japs would tell you they are looking for work—what kind? Are they taking coast surveys?

"From Salina Cruz, Mexico, in the Gulf of Tehuantepec to Guymas, Mexico, in the Gulf of California, the distance is a fraction over 2,300 miles. The whole length of this coast is an unprotected sea front, where Japan could treat the neutrality laws with perfect contempt, and land 500,000 men without hardly any molestation. What would they care for the 30,000 Mexican infantry, inefficiently drilled? China and Korea can testify to the violation of neutrality laws on the part of Japan.

"When a wise man builds a house he does not wait until it burns down to take out an insurance policy, especially when he knows he has pleasant faced enemies around him who would destroy his habitations, if able. The more warships we have the better insurance, however costly, for it could not begin to exceed the cost of a defeat. In this alliance, offensive and defensive, England is in duty bound to furnish Japan all the financial and military aid at her command. England on the Atlantic and Japan on the Pacific, Mexico and Canada—to land troops, do you see the picture?"

JAMES H. LOWES.

# The Greatness of Our Nation

By HARRY G. HEDDEN

This article was written by a minister. It may be noted that he is awake and alive—that he has a mind of his own, and is not afraid to talk plainly. There is an appalling need for more men of this kind, for it will take sledge-hammer blows to awaken a nation that is so doped with liquor and tobacco.—Bernarr Macfadden.

WE, the people of this great nation of liberty, glorious America, and of this great age of enlightenment, the marvelous twentieth century, are indeed a great people. Yea, verily, we are *The People*; and wisdom will depart hence with us. We have superb educational institutions and profound scholars; we have majestic laws and mighty statesmen; we have wonderful military prowess and sublime patriotism; we have vast territorial possessions; we have immense wealth; we have unparelled commercial prosperity; we have genius and culture; we have luxury, refinement, and social splendor; we have every great, grand, glorious thing every nation of every age has ever had, and many times as much more. Yes, we are truly a wonderful people. The tremendous weight of our massive accumulation of knowledge and wealth almost unbalances the universe; the dazzling splendor of our brilliant achievements nearly outshines the sun.

Such are we, in our balloonish imagination. In reality, we are a puffed up set of pitiable puppets. We are a monstrous deception; we are principally paint, pads, and patent-medicine. Instead of true manhood and womanhood, and real worth, we have an abundance of suitable substitutions and indistinguishable imitations, put up in powder, tablet, and liquid forms, for internal, external, and eternal (and infernal) use. We are most faithfully following the famous motto of the druggist, and the Devil, "Something Just As Good." Let us awake from our stupor of conceited complacency, bigoted ignorance, and luxurious lust, and get out of this foul, dark dungeon of degeneracy, out under the clear sky of truth and reason,

out in the life-giving sunlight of liberty and health, out into the fresh air of virtue and valor, out by the sparkling waters of purity and power.

Of what value, pray, are the things of which we boast so much? Of what worth were they to Egypt, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Rome? The things we are wont to praise the most fluently, those nations possessed at the time of their downfall; yes, largely to these very things, those nations owed their downfall. What have we, anyway? What are we? What have we done? With our splendor, we have sin and shame; with our refinement, rottenness; with our luxury, licentiousness; with our genius and our culture, greed and crime; with our prosperity, oppression; with our wealth, weakness; with our military glory, intemperance and immorality; with our patriotism, political party-rotism; with our legislation, lawlessness; with our statesmanship, treason; with our education, degeneracy, disease, and ignorance.

We bluster about our civilization, but we have social customs more abominable than barbarism has ever produced. We eulogize our enlightenment; but we are miserable victims of the grossest ignorance. We glory in our liberty; but we are slaves of passion, prejudice, prudery, stupidity, superstition, and sin.

Although we are living in a Christian civilization, we bow low before the pagan gods and goddesses of greed, appetite, position, pleasure, fame, and fashion, and sacrifice upon their vile altars time, thought, money, health, happiness, and honor. Although we have a multitude of schools, and a great host of scientific scholars and skilled physicians, yet, on account of ignorance of the natural laws of health and life, two million of us die every year and thousands of us

are constantly sick. In the last fifty years, the increase or drunkenness in this country has been five times as great as the increase of our population, and the increase of crime and insanity ten times the increase of our population. Whither are we drifting? On the Fourth of July, we fill the atmosphere with the noise and smoke of the fireworks of freedom. On election day, we permit beer-bloated brewers to drape a throne of liquor-kegs with our glorious banner of liberty and democracy; and we bow before that throne and confess our eternal allegiance to some boodling, bloody political tyrant. Liberty! Patriotism!

How long shall such monstrous mockery endure? How long are we going to sing as national airs, "The Liberty of the Saloon," "The Wisdom of Weakness," "Our Duty to the Dollar," etc.? How long are we going to float Freedom's flag over slavery and anarchy? How long are we going to sentence to the penitentiary such noble men as Bernarr Macfadden, for striving to uplift us through teaching us the truth, and at the same time praise and protect such imps of perdition as culprit quacks, patent-medicine pirates, pillaging politicians, and lawless, murderous liquor dealers? How long are we going to continue to compel people to be vaccinated to prevent their getting smallpox and giving it to other people, and at the same time permit syphilitic lepers of licentiousness to spread their venereal

infection unrestrained? How long are we going to allow vultures of error and falsehood to befoul the atmosphere of reason with garbage of decayed brain matter? How long are we going to permit prudes to teach us piety? How long are we going to allow drug-doped, whiskey-soaked, lust-enslaved, gluttonous, corset-crippled weaklings, degenerates, harlots, and libertines to set up for us our standards of beauty, manners, and morals? How long are we going to preach righteousness and purity, and at the same time protect, with a plea for "necessary evils," devilish dens of sensuality and sin? How much longer are we going to sing about mansions in Heaven, and vote for hovels of Hell? Justice, freedom, enlightenment, Christianity! Where are they?

I am not a pessimist; I am an optimist. I believe we are coming to realize our deplorable condition, and that we are going to strive earnestly to change that condition. I believe that we are turning rway from error to truth, away from the worship of mammon to the worship of God. We are coming to realize, as we ought to have realized long ago, that it is not vastness, but virtue, that makes a nation truly great; not riches, but righteousness; not luxury, but liberty; not money, but manhood; not conquest, but character; not commerce but Christianity.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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## From Another World

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

By George Williamson



GEORGE WILLIAMSON

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

### FOURTH INSTALLMENT

I REFERRED in one of my previous articles to your drinking habits, and I want to speak of them again. This time I am not going to talk about alcoholic liquors. I am going to talk about other "drinkables." Let me take, for instance, your ice water habit. Now I am accustomed to drink water in its ordinary state, as far as temperature is concerned. I could not drink ice water when I came here, and I cannot enjoy drinking it now; and what is more, I don't intend to learn how. I think the drinking of it is one of the most idiotic practices that I have ever come in contact with. Ice water is certainly not fit for human consumption. It never was intended to be consumed as you use it. To be sure, there are some occasions when I may have to drink the stuff; either that or go thirsty. When my throat is parching with thirst, I can drink even ice water. Everywhere I go I find it extremely difficult to secure drinking water that is not ice cold. Take your travelling coaches; in every one there is a tank of ice water. The water tastes of the metal. It is cold enough, as a rule, to freeze your internal anatomy.

Go into a restaurant. The first thing they set before you is a glass of ice water. A man tires after a while of instructing waiters to bring in water without ice.

Go into a hotel, call up a boy and tell him you want some drinking water. It

comes up to you with a frigid temperature—in many cases more ice than water. Now all this is indeed irritating. You don't have to deal with this in foreign countries. For instance, in England they use little ice; of course the climate in the summer is not so hot as it is here. You have the ice water habit so firmly fixed upon you that the water is iced at all times of the year, in hotels, restaurants, travelling coaches, and everywhere. If I did not know you so well I would be inclined to think that you were an extraordinary hot-blooded people and that you considered it necessary to cool off at frequent intervals by the ice water process. You are, however, a long way from being hot-blooded. I have met a few who were as cold as a clammy snake.

Wherever I go, of course, I insist upon getting water without ice and will not drink any other kind if I can possibly avoid it. I am not such a fool as to force into my stomach the direct product of an ice house. Of course, I am looked upon as peculiar, I suppose; in many hotels and restaurants that I have visited my sanity has been questioned, simply because I would not drink ice water. Ah, you are a narrow minded lot—that is the conventional rabble—those who do not think beyond their nose, or look higher than their toes.

I believe in the drinking habit, and always like water, but I like it pure, and at a normal temperature. In

nearly all of the cities of England I think they have the most delicious water I have ever tasted. It reminds me of the water we have in my own country. The water that we use is nothing more than rain, caught on clean roofs and stored in clean vaults; it is as clear as crystal, entirely tasteless and can not be improved upon, because it has been distilled by nature. The processes you have for distilling water can not in any way be compared to nature's great plan. It is distilled and aerated far up in the clouds, and when you catch this water clean and free from taint, it's drinking water *par excellence*.

The way you all "guzzle" ice water on hot days is amazing to me. I do not see how your people live through it. They must have stomachs of cast iron, with steel intestines. I have seen men sit down to a meal and while eating get rid of from two to four glasses of ice-water. If they had two cents' worth of brains they would know that this ice-water very materially lowers the temperature of the stomach and thereby very greatly interferes with the digestive processes. Ah, it is awful to see the way your people waste their lives. You have absolutely no consideration for your actual bodily needs or that which tends to build the highest degree of physical excellence.

Now, I am fond of what you term unfermented fruit juices, of all kinds. I like the juice of the grape and the apple, the peach, and of all other juicy fruits, but what do I find here? Absolutely nothing but fermented drinks, alcoholic beverages, all these delicious fruits turned into alcohol, turned into a fiery liquid that is not fit for any human stomach to consume. Of course, occasionally I can find a satisfactory grade of grape juice in the drug store. At rare intervals only can I get a glass of unfermented apple juice in what you call saloons, but they do not keep a regular supply of these drinkables. In fact cider is looked upon in most places as a cheap drink. For instance, if you go into a saloon and ask for cider, as a rule, the bar-tender will turn up his nose and tell you in a very condescend-

ing manner that they do not keep it, but if you look around and see what he does keep, you will find nothing but poisons.

I have often heard in your country a reference to "rot-gut whiskey." I think the same phrase might be applied to every alcoholic drink that you use, for if anything on earth will tend to tear down and bring on that condition of decay, that is called "rotten," it is the drinks so freely supplied here, at your bars in your saloons.

Fruit juices of all kinds form admirable drinks to quench one's thirst. They are rich in nourishment, and they have a wholesome effect upon the entire organism. Why is it when a man wants to lead a healthful life he has such extraordinary difficulty in securing that which is needed to follow a régime that tends toward health in every direction. I really do not see how you can be blamed very much for the dietetic habits I find everywhere. You simply do not know any better. "Ma and pa" ate meat and white bread and pie, and "fried-things." In most cases they lived to a good old age, and you take it for granted that what was good enough for them is good enough for you.

Now I want to say right here that there is nothing too good for me. I want the best there is going. It makes no difference what any of my parents or my relatives may have had, I want to know that what I get is right from my point of view. I want my own understanding to be convinced that it is right. I do not believe in the guessing business. I believe in knowing. I am like some of those chaps that you see who come from Missouri, I want to be shown.

Your eating and drinking habits everywhere are abominable. You absolutely live to eat. With most of you, eating appears to be your principle pleasure in life. In every event of any importance the stomach must be satisfied, you cannot go to a social gathering, without coming in contact with some kind of eatables. No one seems to be able to have any pleasure unless eating is a part of it.

I am inclined to think that there are



some of your people that I have met that are all stomach; their capacity would at least give one this idea. They are capable of eating three to five meals with one or two lunches between each meal. It might more properly be said that such men eat only one meal per day, and that meal lasts all day. On one occasion while I was in New York, just to satisfy my curiosity I attended a beefsteak dinner. I tried some of the stuff but I could not eat very much of it. It did not look or taste good to me, but the way some of the guests 'put away' that meat was amazing to me. Everyone seemed to have come there for the particular purpose of seeing how much meat he could possibly eat, for the one who ate the most meat received a prize. I was under the impression that a pound or two of meat would be about the capacity of the average human stomach, but on this occasion many of the guests there were able to eat from three to four pounds and the winner of the contest ate thirteen and one-half pounds of beefsteak at one sitting, and after it was all through he seemed to be able to walk and talk! He certainly must have had a digestion equal to an ostrich. He was not such a big man either, though his stomach gives evidence of having more than usual capacity.

Go into the average restaurant and watch the patrons. Note the things they eat and how they eat them. If you are gifted with an ordinary amount of intelligence and have studied even to a small extent, the subject of dietetics you will be astonished at the inclination of nearly all people to entirely ignore every known dietetic rule. But few of your people know what it is to have a really healthy, wholesome appetite. Of course I am speaking of adults. Children, before they are "broken in" to your erroneous ways, unquestionably have the right sort of an appetite. But the average grown person eats merely, as a rule, to fill up a cavity. They have a feeling of emptiness about the stomach. I would hardly call it hunger, because hunger in all cases denotes ability to enjoy good wholesome food, but how many of your people enjoy a meal without salt or pepper or sauce of some kind

to give piquancy or taste to your food? All that indicates an abnormal appetite. When one is really hungry his food can be enjoyed without a biting condiment of any kind. Note for instance, the sauces that you often see used on your meats. Why, some of them are so strong they would almost bite your head off. I put a drop of one of these sauces on my tongue one day and for a moment I felt as though it would burn a hole clear through, and this is the stuff that is eaten everywhere. In some of your restaurants you will find it on every table. This fiery liquid must be added to the food before the food tastes good. How any one can imagine that health or even a satisfactory degree of physical wholesomeness can accompany dietetic habits of this character is beyond my comprehension!

And then you are always in a hurry. You hurry all through life. You hurry your life itself. You go through life at a race-horse speed. You believe in living at a high tension, and this means that you wear out your body in half the time it would be capable of maintaining life. Your express trains give one a very fair sample of the rate you are living. It is rush, rush everywhere. I have ridden on some of your fast trains, and I must admit to a certain extent I enjoyed the experience, but on more than one occasion I have stood at some small station and watched the express trains come through. They are indeed an interesting study. You see them in the far distance, slowly they come into view. As they draw near you can perceive the enormous speed of their approach, and then roaring, crushing, and crashing they speed by. You note the passengers as they sit there reading, or gazing contentedly out of the windows. But on every occasion when the train passed me at such a fearful speed I hardly refrained from saying, as I noted the contentment of the passengers "What a lot of fools you are!" Suppose that rushing train should come in contact with a defective rail! In fact a thousand other things might happen that would bring a fearful catastrophe in the form of bruised and mangled bodies, and all because of your desire for hurry; all because of your insane idea of rush, rush!

Ah, I believe in quiet, and calmness, and contentment. I do not like your terrifying speed, your straining efforts to spur on the ambitions. Ambition of this kind burns out one's life. You cannot spur a jaded horse without suffering the penalty. You cannot work a man to death and expect him to remain a man. He will soon come to wreck and ruin, and when you gaze at the wreckage, you are not able to learn anything from the experience even then. I do not believe in so much excitement.

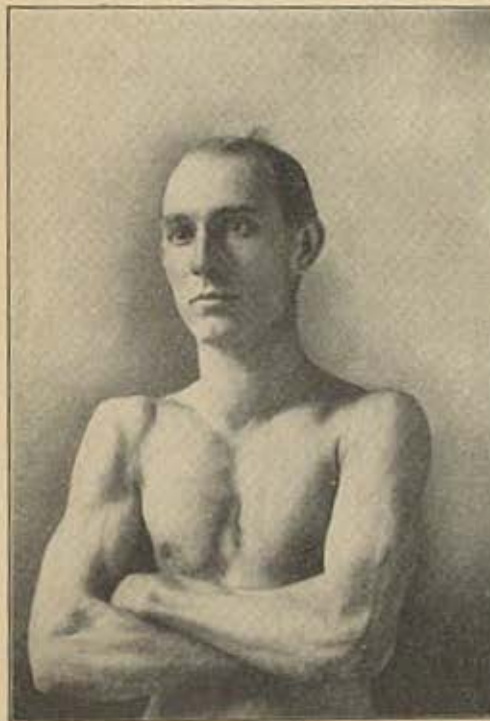
It sways the real pleasures in life. You have many blase people—people who have been through everything, who have tried everything and worn out their souls and bodies in their endeavors to enjoy life. And then they develop a sort of calm feeling of superiority over the other common human beings who have not been so foolish as they.

There are no pleasures in life that are so real, so satisfying as those one secures from childish play. Think of the joy of childish games! Think of the bene-

ficial results of this wholesome fun. No matter how old we may grow, how much experience we may have, we should still be able to find pleasure in those simple games that we played as a child. But you all drift away from childhood so quickly; you rush into boyhood and girlhood; you grow into manhood and womanhood at such a terrifying gait and then you go through the balance of life at a race-horse or lightning-express speed. I cannot comprehend you. It seems to me that you ought to use your reasoning powers occasionally, and if you would try to think over these things you could not possibly avoid making some changes in your lives, because you would then learn of your mistakes. You must learn that the results, financially and physically, are disastrous in character.

Some day you will wake up. The time will come, no doubt, when these things will assume their true importance, and for your own good I hope that that day will soon come.

*(To be Continued)*



#### GAINS FIFTEEN POUNDS OF SOLID MUSCLE

We are presenting on this page a reproduction of a portrait of Mr. William L. Maynard, of Hudson, Michigan. Mr. Maynard, a comparatively short time ago, was an emaciated weakling, but he has gained 15 pounds of solid muscle and was restored to robust health by following the methods of living advocated in this magazine.

This notable improvement in the physique and general health of Mr. Maynard is another illustration of the benefits of following the rules laid down by physical culture. However poor your health may be, and however your body may have deteriorated as a result of the ravages of disease, there is yet opportunity for improvement.

No one need be a physical weakling. If you will determine to energetically persevere in your attempt to gain your health and strength, and will give natural methods of living a fair trial you can be assured of being rewarded by the acquisition of vitality and strength.

# Reflections of a Corset Advertisement Girl

By W. LIVINGSTON LARNED



In me you see a strange decree  
Set forth by Fashion at her worst;  
I'm culled from freak Society  
And down our printed page rehearsed.  
There never was a time—nor place  
But what they kept me at my pace;  
Deformed, and twisted, fair of face  
And yet by Laws of God accursed.

In me you see the tragic side  
Of those who have no thoughts sublime  
But who, with all their petty pride  
Destroy the grace of ancient time.

You ask me if I'm not in pain,  
If all this lacing is a gain,  
The shape a mockery—insane—  
I freely grant that 'tis a crime.

In me you see the agony  
Of form divine gone deadly wrong;  
Sane people stop and laugh at me,  
And class me where I well belong,  
A vagrant derelict of clay  
Somewhat like Woman, in a way,  
But cramped and tortured to obey  
The freaks of Fashion and the throng.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

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View of the National League Base Ball Park, during the Annual Field Meet at the Cincinnati Public Schools. Over a thousand public school athletes contested at this meet. More than 17,000 school children were there to cheer their school representatives

# Remarkable Results of a Milk Diet

By CARL YORGENSEN

**A** MILK diet is capable of bringing about a change in the human, physical organism more quickly than any other diet known. It does not build solid tissue, as does other foods; in fact, it is inclined to make one phlegmatic and lazy, but it adds tissue

exclusive milk diet. I mean by that, that they used nothing else but milk for food. No solid food of any kind was taken. One of the patients had been living on nothing else but milk for seven weeks, and he has succeeded in making the largest gain, having in-



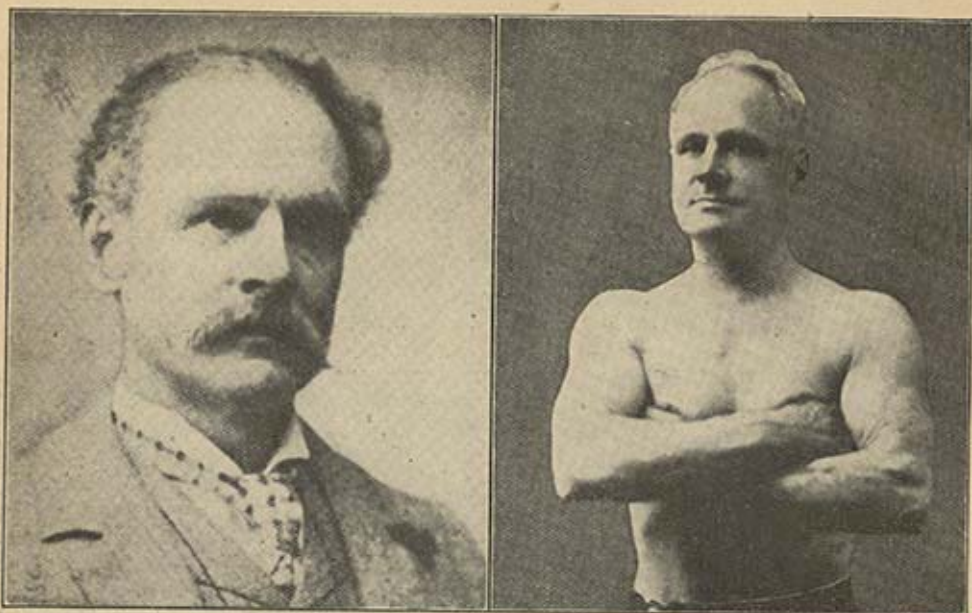
with remarkable rapidity, and though in some instances it may be soft, flabby flesh, if the diet is changed in a proper manner it soon assumes a firmness and hardness that really makes it permanent in character.

We are presenting herewith a very remarkable picture to prove the value of milk as an exclusive diet for various complaints. Every person appearing in the accompanying photograph at the time it was taken was living on an

increased his weight thirty-two pounds. Six of the patients made a total gain of 113 pounds, one of these patients only having been on milk for a week. The gains by the six patients were as follows:

Four weeks.....	15 pounds
Four weeks.....	16 "
Three weeks.....	16 "
Three weeks.....	26 "
One week.....	8 "
Seven weeks.....	32 "

Three patients made no gains of importance.



Sanford Bennett at fifty, tired, worn-out, and partially bald, and the same man eighteen years later (68), young, alert, strong and robust—all brought about by his systematic exercise

## Remarkable Recovery of Health

By SANFORD BENNETT

### THE STORY OF AN OLD BODY MADE YOUNG

**A**T the age of fifty the author of this article was physically an old man, worn out, rheumatic, a chronic dyspeptic, and partially bald, with other minor ailments characteristic of age. Eighteen years later, or at the age of sixty-eight, these indications of physical decay have disappeared. Believing that the simple methods by which this unprecedented instance of physical rejuvenation in advanced years has been obtained, I present this story of an old body made young—why it has been possible in my case and why it is possible to anyone who will follow systematically and persistently the methods I practice. The photographs which accompany this article will verify my claim to physical rejuvenation at almost "three score years and ten."

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In all ages mankind has endeavored to restore to the aged human body by medicinal means the elasticity and vitality characteristic of youth. This has been the disappointed dream of the early alchemist. It is even now the faint doubting hope of science, but as years roll on, with the precedent of countless millions of failures and not one authenticated success, that faint hope is becoming more dim, the doubt increasing; yet still we blunder on along the same old mistaken lines, implicitly believing in the virtues of any much advertised medicinal preparation and as gullible now as when Ponce de Leon claimed to have discovered the "Fountain of Youth." It is all very illogical, for if any medicinal preparation or elixir had ever restored the conditions of physical youth to an aged body and materially

prolonged life, the fame of that preparation would never die, and years would but add to its fame. The absolute certainty is that you cannot rejuvenate the old human body by any medicine, elixir or health food yet brought before the world. The question at once arises: Is it possible by any other means to accomplish this? Can the lost elasticity, vitality and strength of youth be restored to a human body which has passed, say the half century limit? Unhesitatingly, from my own experience, I answer yes, and to prove the truth of this statement present herewith a series of photographs showing my present physical condition in this, the sixty-eighth year of my life, with a photograph taken at the age of fifty. There has been a steady improvement during the past eighteen years and I now possess a muscular development, strength and elasticity of body such as I never had in the best days of my early manhood, and this condition is due to a system of alternate contractions and relaxations of all of the large muscles of the body, practiced *seriatim* while lying in bed in the early morning and before I rise. By this simple method alone I have recovered from chronic rheumatism, dyspepsia and other minor ailments, and have absolutely accomplished the rejuvenation of a body, which at the age of fifty presented all the indications of physical age.

Mine is not an exceptional case, as I can state with absolute certainty that the same results can be obtained by any one who will faithfully and persistently practice the simple system of exercises which I have devised, and by which I have obtained this success, without physicians, medicines or expense. To know how to become physically young and to remain so, it is well to know why we become old.

The human body is composed of billions of cells or molecules (I prefer the latter term; Webster's definition being: "a minute particle"), and these billions of minute particles in the aggregate form our bodies. They come into being from the liquids we drink, the air we breathe, and the food we take into the stomach. These materials are then con-

verted by the marvelous process of digestion and assimilation into cellular or molecular life.

Each infinitesimal cell has a life of its own as distinct from the cell surrounding it as each person is distinct from all others. These cells come into being, live their brief lives and then die, even as we all must die, and having become dead matter should be eliminated from the system, if not they will clog up the arterial or piping system of the body. Under these conditions the muscles and organs are not properly supplied with blood and material for repairs; consequently they will deteriorate and exhibit indications of what we know as age. A body so encumbered with dead cells and clogging matter could not be healthy and elastic. I would practically be an old body even though the years were those of youth.

On the other hand, if the arterial and venous system, with its vast network of capillaries, can be kept clear of such deposits, the walls would remain in the elastic condition characteristic of youth. The heart would pump the blood through those elastic arteries and capillaries without difficulty. The muscles and organs being properly nourished and supplied with material for repairs, would retain their vigor, and the body present the appearance of youth even at an advanced age, and this is the condition which I have accomplished at almost "three score years and ten."

The real cause of old age is this waste-clogging matter. It may be termed the débris or ashes resulting from the process of life and it cannot be eliminated from the system by any lymph, serum, elixir, or any medicinal preparation yet brought before the world. The process of cleansing these arteries, whether the largest artery or most microscopic capillary, can only be effected through alternate contractions and relaxations of the muscles, that being Nature's method of cleansing the body of impurities. It cannot be accomplished by any other means. Cease muscular activity and you commence to die; saturate the system with medicine; stuff yourself with so-called health foods; diet as you please;

you will not succeed unless this dead clogging matter, the true cause of old age, is eliminated.

The secret of health, strength, elasticity of body and longevity is therefore simply muscular activity. The reason is this: when a muscle is contracted, any worn out dead matter which may have deposited at that point is forced out into the glandular and venous system, from whence it is carried off by the excretions of the body. When that muscle is relaxed the action of the heart forces a fresh supply of blood and tissue building material to that muscle and with it that mysterious power, the vital principle, hence growth. Any muscle so exercised, that is, alternately contracted and relaxed, increases in size, strength and elasticity, and any adjacent gland or organ shares in the improvement. This law applying to all parts of the body. Every large muscle of the body can be systematically cleared of dead cells and other clogging matter by this process.

For the encouragement of those who feel they are too old to try, remember that I did not commence these experiments until I reached the age of fifty and that I was then physically an old

man. That my case is not one of physical preservation, but rather of physical acquisition. My hereditary antecedents were unfavorable and from childhood up I was always delicate, inheriting the condition of my father, who died of consumption at the age of forty-two. I am not of a long-lived family, and at fifty there was no promise that I could ever obtain the health, muscularity, strength and elasticity of body which I now possess, and I repeat that the same success is possible to any one who will faithfully and persistently practice the methods by which it has been obtained.

These alternate contractions and relaxations are really a kind of muscle pumping exercise, with the beneficial effects as stated. If practiced systematically and persistently, they will call into action every large muscle of the body, bringing to you the greatest riches the world can offer—health, strength and bodily elasticity—without expense, with less exertion, and under more comfortable circumstances than any system of physical culture yet presented to the world. This is the secret of a long life and the only possible "Fountain of Youth."



Physical Culture that is financially as well as physically profitable