

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. XIII.

JANUARY, 1905.

No. 1

## ...CONTENTS...

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

	PAGE.
Frontispiece—The Kick-Off for the Yale-Princeton Game.....	578
A New Method of Building Vital Power..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	579
Learning to Skate..... <i>By Johnnie Nilssen</i> .....	585
Origin and Development of Jiu-Jitsu..... <i>By Yae Kichi Yabe</i> .....	589
Why Japan Wins.....	592
War Canoe Crew Y. M. C. A., Brockville, Ont., Can. (Illustration).....	592
Jumping and High Kicking in Your Room..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	593
Best Developed and Best Preserved Young Old Man in Country.....	596
Do Great Men Transmit Their Greatness to Offspring?..... <i>By Geo. Barton</i> .....	597
Sex Influence Governs Development in Male Children..... <i>By H. R. Gers</i> .....	601
Muscle and Health for Boys..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	603
How Rome Was Destroyed..... <i>By Harold Emery Jones, M.D.</i> .....	605
How Patent Medicine Testimonials are Procured.....	609
Herbert Spencer as a Physical Culturist.....	610
Miscellaneous Paragraphs from Everywhere.....	611
Anti-Vaccination Department.....	613
Ella Wheeler Wilcox an Advocate of Physical Culture.....	615
How to Acquire a Beautiful Voice..... <i>By Adele Peters</i> .....	616
Parliament of Thought.....	618
A New Standard of Manhood..... <i>By E. Regnar</i> .....	620
The Mental Realm.....	622
A Prophecy (Poem).....	624
Question Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	625
Why I Adopted Grass as a Diet..... <i>By Eusobio Santos</i> .....	627
Bernarr Macfadden College.....	630
Theatrical Talk and Tidings..... <i>By H. Mitchell Watchett</i> .....	632
A Delicious New Year Dinner..... <i>By Marguerite Macfadden</i> .....	638
Timely Talks on Current Topics.....	639
Physical Culture Correspondence Club.....	641
The Abandoned Kitchen (Fiction)..... <i>By Mary Wood-Allen, M.D.</i> .....	642
John Scott, Bronzed Tobique Guide (Fiction)..... <i>By Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick</i> .....	647
A Perfect Beauty (Fiction)..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	652
The Athletic World..... <i>By Edward R. Bushnell</i> .....	660
Editorial Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	668
Turn Over a New Leaf on New Year's Day.	
The Curse of Prudishness.	
Transmission of Greatness to Offspring.	
Physiological Explanation for all Divorces.	
Prize Story Announcement.	

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

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

Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postpaid.

With Foreign Postage, \$1.60

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,

29-33 EAST 19TH STREET,

NEW YORK, U. S. A

BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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

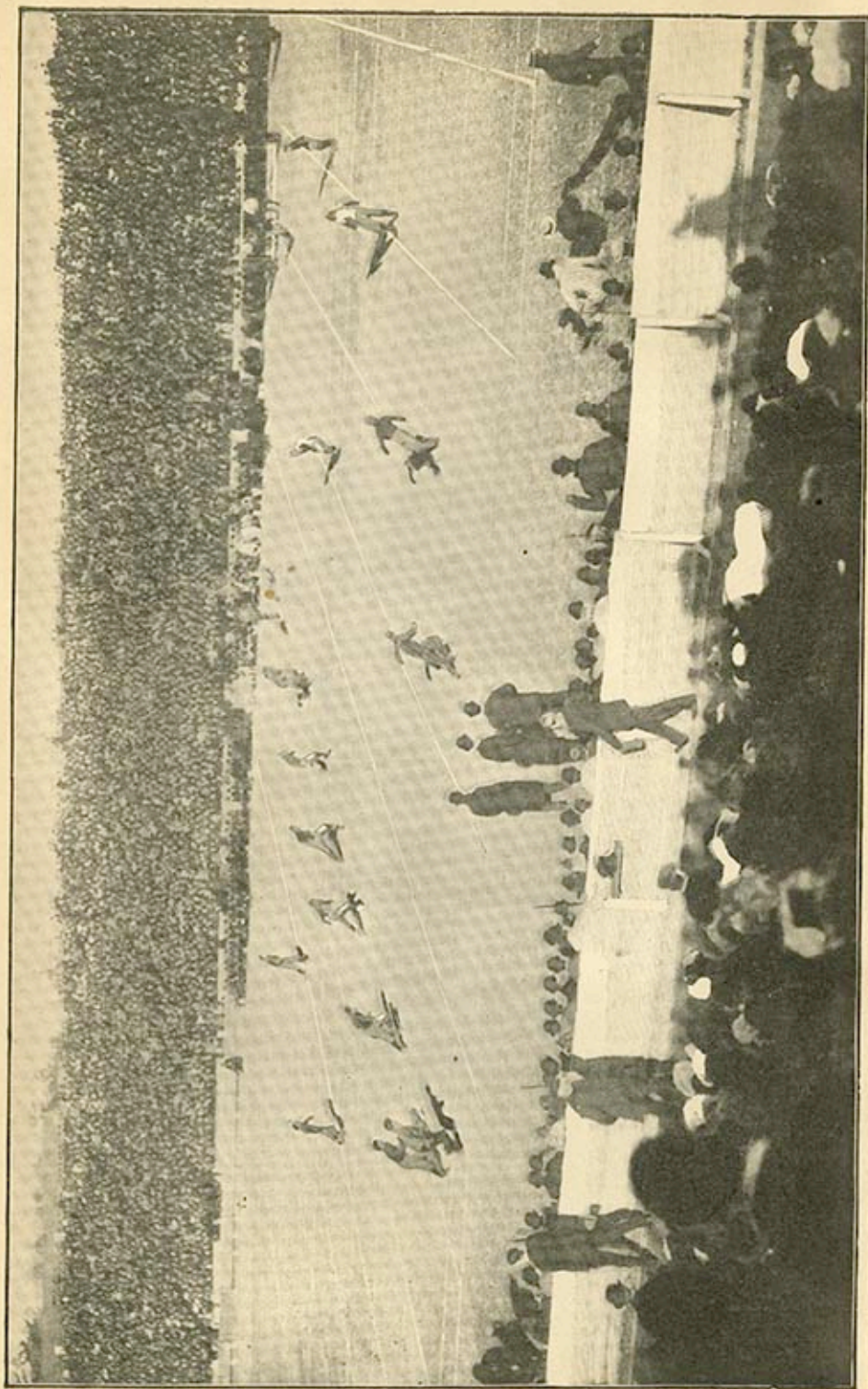
Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

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

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

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

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



The Kick-off for the Yale-Princeton Game of November 12th, When Princeton was Decisively Defeated by the Score of 12 to 0

# A NEW METHOD OF BUILDING VITAL POWER

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

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

FIRST LESSON, SHOWING ONLY THE SIMPLEST MOVEMENTS FOR BEGINNERS

THE system of increasing vital power by means of percussion or striking the body in various ways, that I am presenting in this and following issues of the magazine, is of a graduated nature. The movements

illustrated in this number are comparatively simple. Almost anyone can take them with the assurance of obtaining practically immediate benefit. At first it may be necessary to hold the breath for a short period in order to tense the

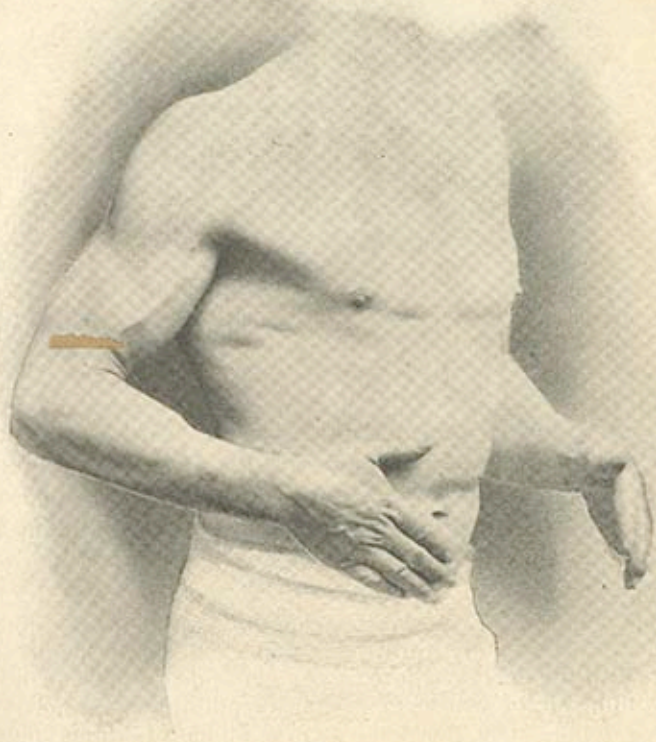


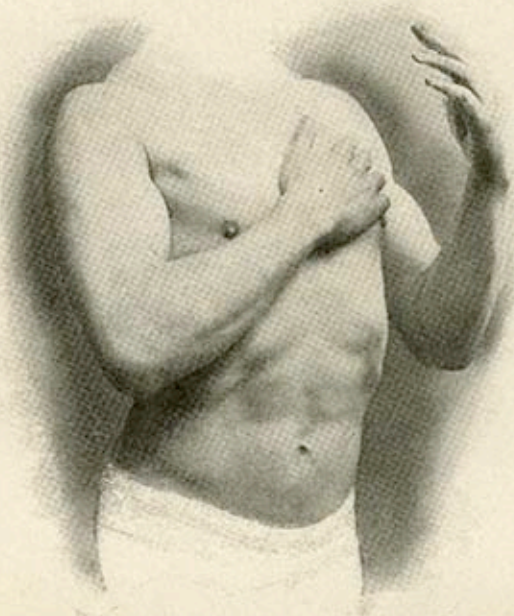
FIGURE No. 1—Illustrating how one should strike the abdomen, beginning at the lowest part and using the open hand. Strike with each hand alternately, working a little further up at each blow until you reach the chest. Be sure and strongly tense muscles before striking.

muscles, which tensing will be found to be necessary when striking the abdomen sharply. After a little practice, however, you will discover that you are able to continue your regular breathing while taking the exercises, and it hardly need be added that during the entire series of exercises, very deep, full and frequent expansions of the chest to its fullest extent are desirable. Deep breathing is to be commended at all times, but is especially necessary during exercises of the character under consideration. For that matter, the exercises themselves are especially inclined to induce deep, full breathing. The golden rule in percussion exercises is to never strike the body so hard as to cause it pain. After giving yourself a thorough treatment of this character there should be a feeling of comfort and exhilaration.

Science tells us that the entire universe is in a state of vibration. Every molecule or

other words, they are in a state of percussion each against each, and this percussion is coincident with their normal condition, or, to put it in another way, with their normal life. For when this vibration falls below a certain rate or proportion there comes that which we call death. This death is not a cessation of motion, but rather a change in the relation of the molecules, or their recombination with other molecules that brings about another form of matter.

Now, unless this healthful vibration or percussion is sustained in a normal fashion, the tendency toward a change or recombination of atoms begins forthwith. In the case of the human body, the initiation of such a change takes the shape of that which we have named disease or, it may be, death. But, as intimated, when death does ensue, the elements that form our bodies appear again in other combinations in the



**FIGURE No. 2**—Showing how to strike the chest. Strike with the open hand, alternating right and left hands, beginning with the lower bony framework of the chest and strike each time a little higher until you reach the shoulders. Go over every part of the chest in this manner, and be careful in the beginning not to strike too hard.

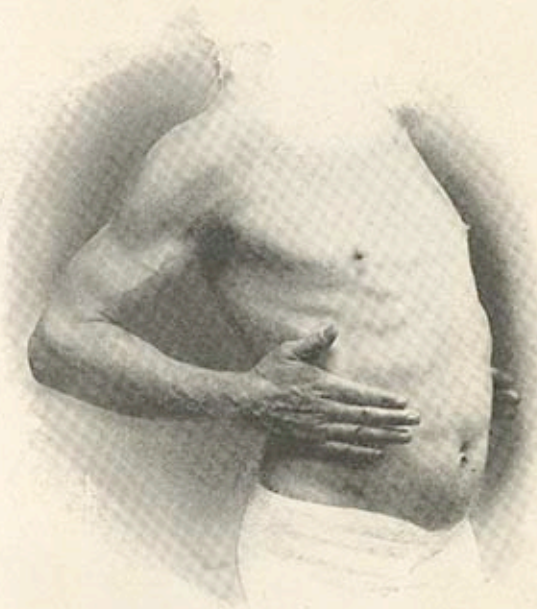
atom of a simple element or a combination of elements is eternally thrilling or pulsating with the energy whose source we know not, but of whose existence we are certain. The gaseous atoms that go to make up the atmosphere, or those of a lump of lead, are all pulsating or swinging pendulum-like, one against the other, unceasingly. In

shape of blades of grass or leaves of trees or perhaps brightly hued flowers. And we shall find that grass or leaves or flowers are nothing more nor less than new aggregations of atoms pulsating with infinite velocity and energy.

You will see, then, the necessity of maintaining a normal vibratory condition of your body. If men or women

could live ideal lives from athletic, hygienic and dietetic standpoints, there would be no need of turning to semi-artificial methods of maintaining a healthful percussion of bodily atoms. As it is, however, the conditions that surround each one of us, to say nothing of the mistakes which we make and the sins which we commit against our physical being, tend to interfere with our individual schemes of natural vibration; and there is no better way of conserving or regaining such vibration than by percussion exercises such as are given in this article.

A normal vibratory condition of our molecules announces itself to us by that glorious something which we call vitality. Now, vitality is life. Life is vitality. They are inseparable. Each is a part of the other for the reason just given. Also your life force, your vital capacity, very accurately indi-



**FIGURE No. 3**—Illustrating method of striking the sides of the abdomen and chest above the hips. Strike the sides alternately with right and left hand. Begin just above the hips and go a little higher each time until you strike the part almost immediately under the arm. Be sure that the muscles are strongly tensed in beginning this exercise. Continue striking all along the sides between the hips and the arm-pits until a feeling of slight discomfort is induced.

cates the length of your life. You will live just as long as your vital organs are capable of maintaining life. The external muscular system not only assists in the enjoyment of life, but is, in addition, a vast aid in the carrying out of one's life's purposes. The power to accomplish comes from within, comes from the great vital organs which are constantly engaged in

the process of making blood, of sending this blood swiftly through the entire organism or in the elimination of the waste and impurities that constantly accumulate in the human body.

Yet, although we know something about the bodily mechanism which life uses, life itself is a great mystery. No one has ever solved the phenomena connected with consciousness. How often the student and thinker will question himself as to his conscious identity: "Who am I? From whence did I come?"

Did my soul inhabit the body of another at some former period? What will be the environments of my future consciousness if I am to have an after life?" All these tremendously important questions come insistently upon us when we pause to consider the wonderful phenomena of life.

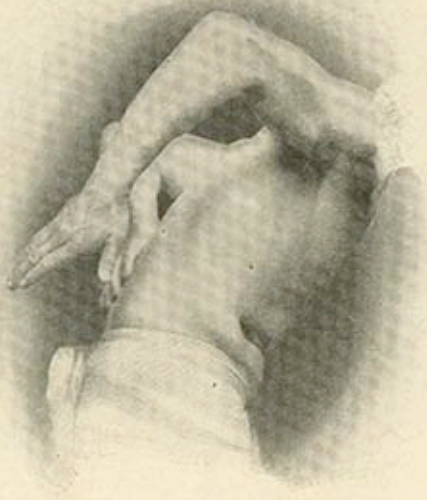
Now, your consciousness and your physical powers depend upon the

proper circulation of the blood, and the circulation of the blood, in turn, depends upon the normal activity of your atomic vibrations. The blood is the life stream. The moment there is stagnation of its circulation in any part, that part soon dies. The mental powers, for instance, the power to think, to deduce conclusions, suffer pain or enjoy happiness,

would all disappear in a few moments if the supply of the blood was suddenly cut off from the brain.

In the electrical world we find a form of battery wherein electricity is stored. This battery, when connected with a machine of an appropriate character, is capable of giving out a certain amount of force, or, in other words, of doing a certain amount of work. Now, the human body is really one of the most marvelous pieces of mechanism connected with an equally marvelous electrical storage battery. The power to think, to move our muscles in accordance with the dictates of our minds, is due to the electrical connection of the body with the center of life and consciousness—the brain.

In every part of the body we have thousands, even millions, of tiny and delicately constructed nerves that are the means of communication with the seat of consciousness. These nerves increase in size as they approach the head, until finally they converge into one great bundle that we call the brain.



**FIGURE No. 4**—Illustrating method of striking the back. Begin just above the hips, and strike with the open hand right and left alternately, and gradually going upward on back as far as you can reach. Repeat the exercise, going back and forth, until there is a slight feeling of discomfort.

These facts are presented for the purpose of proving, even to the non-studious reader, that the manifestation of brain power is simply a species of nervous force. When the nerves are incapable of doing their work properly, are not properly nourished, or are not calm, steady and forceful, and when the brain is also out of order, the nervous man or woman is not capable of per-

forming a superior character of either bodily or mental labor.

Now, the nerves, just as does every other part or organ of the body, depend for their nourishment, indeed for their very life, upon a constant supply of pure, virile blood. They are nourished by this life fluid; their waste material is carried away by it and new nerve cells replace those that have worn out. Indifferent nerves are in every case caused simply by poor nourishment, or, in other words, by being supplied by poor blood.

Now, the special and ultimate object of this percussion method of securing increased vital power is to furnish the entire body with purer blood by increasing the activity of the functional processes through the medium of accelerated vibration. Every blood-making organ in the body is affected by this method. Every organ that takes part in the elimination of impurities is also affected. The action of the organs as a whole is stimulated, and because of this they are strengthened and are thereby able to

perform their work more easily, harmoniously and more thoroughly.

The exercise of the external muscles of the body, as has been repeatedly shown in preceding articles, vastly accelerates the circulation and calls upon the assimilative system for the elements that are needed to build increased strength. The assimilative organs do this by extracting from the blood those

elements that are needed to replace the waste and loss incurred through the use of the muscles. Thus the blood which passes through those parts of the body that have been actively used comes back to the great vital centers deficient in those elements. During the process of digestion there is naturally a call for an increased supply of these elements, and not only the muscles which have been used derive renewed strength from this additional supply of muscle-making material, but pretty nearly every organ in the body is benefited and made stronger also.

There has been a great deal of comment recently about the benefit of mechanical vibration or percussion as a means of accelerating the activities of any part of the body. Unquestionably, under certain conditions, such forms of vibration can be recommended, but my belief is that there is no means of applying vibration that will even approximately approach in benefit that which results from following the method herein recommended. I know there are many athletes and others interested in athlet-



**FIGURE No. 5**—Showing how this method can be used between shoulders and back. Assume position shown in illustration, and strike every part of the back which you can reach in this position with the open hand. Repeat the same exercise with the other hand.

ics who will call attention to the fact that they have on occasions slapped themselves on the chest and abdomen with the open or closed hand and felt that their so doing was beneficial. In fact, for many years I have myself at times tried the method that I am now advancing as a practically new discovery, but up to a somewhat recent period I have never realized the value of percussion so

thoroughly as to give it a systematic trial. Neither had I formulated a graduated system based on a series of experiments and observations which I followed out day after day for a long time. In this connection let me impress upon you that the benefits to be derived from a method of this character will be found to be of slight importance unless it be pursued systematically and thoroughly, day after day until the desired results manifest themselves.

Your food passes into your stomach and the process of absorbing from it the elements that are to be used to nourish the body begins in that organ. It is continued more actively in the small intestines. The resulting life-building combination of nourishing elements then enters the portal circulation with the impure blood that is returning to the heart. That great organ sends it into the lungs. It is returned to the heart and is then pumped throughout the entire body. Imagine, if you can, the vast necessity that exists for strength in the vital organs involved in this process. Life ceases to exist the

moment that the heart stops beating. Without a constant supply of oxygen, the blood would become so filled with impurities and the lungs with carbonic acid gas that death would immediately take place. Just as oxygen is needed for the fires under a boiler to produce the heat that ultimately produces power, so oxygen is needed by the lungs to feed the internal fires that retain life in the body.

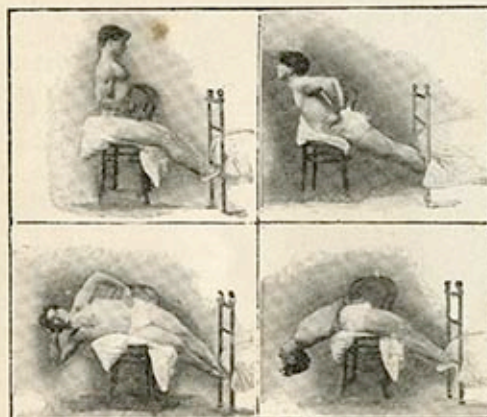
## DAILY REGIME ADVISED

To get the full benefits of any method one must follow instructions accurately. That my students may be able to get the best results from this system, I am giving a daily régime that I advise them to observe faithfully.

First, sleep with your windows wide open. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Remember that oxygen is a food.

Don't loll in bed; rise when your desire for sleep has been satisfied.

Immediately upon arising, take some vigorous exercise for bringing into active use the muscles of your abdominal region. Several movements have been given in this magazine for this purpose, but among the best exercises are those that appeared in a recent issue, and for the benefit of my readers I herewith reproduce them.



Exercises for the Abdominal Region Advised Previous to Beginning Percussion

Now take the lessons in the percussion method of building vitality, as illustrated, in full. Follow these exercises with a dry friction bath, using a rough towel or two bristle brushes.

Next take a cold bath, with a wet towel or sponge; or, if very vigorous, take a cold plunge. Dry thoroughly after this with a moderately rough towel.

If you eat three meals a day, be careful not to eat more than you can digest. If you eat two meals a day, take the first meal in the morning, or noon, whichever is most convenient. Most persons can digest more by eating two meals a day than they can three, though each student must decide for himself which is best in his case.

Have water at hand, and try to acquire the habit of drinking a glass before retiring, one on arising, and one occasionally during the day.

Masticate every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing. If thirsty at meal times, satisfy your thirst, but do not use liquids to assist in swallowing food which you have failed to masticate.

If in the habit of using meat, don't eat too heartily of it; use cereals, peas, beans and vegetables instead.

Sometime during the day you should take a long walk, or, if this is impossible, go on a long tramp of several hours' duration once or twice a week. During the walk acquire the habit of taking several deep-breathing exercises; in fact, whenever in the open air this habit should be persistently followed.

If preferable, the régime advised can be taken before retiring in the evening, instead of the morning, though it will be found of more advantage in the morning, as it wakes you up for the day and gives you a feeling of exhilaration which makes living a permanent pleasure.

Two or three times a week, immediately before retiring, you should take a hot bath, using soap freely, to insure thorough cleanliness.

(To be continued.)

## USED HIS FIST MOST OF THE TIME

"And now, Mrs. Sullivan," said Lawyer Jones, "will you be kind enough to tell the jury whether your husband was in the habit of striking you with impunity?"

"Wid what, sir?"

"With impunity."

"He was, sir, now and then; but he sthruck me ofthener wid his fishst." *Clipped.*

## NOTHING SERIOUS

"Well, madam," queried the doctor, "how are you feeling to-day?"

"Oh, doctor," she replied, "I have such terrible pains all through my body, and I can hardly breathe; I have no appetite and cannot sleep a wink."

"But otherwise," said the M. D., "you feel all right, don't you?"—*Selected.*



# LEARNING TO SKATE

HINTS FOR THE BEGINNER—SECRET OF SKATING WELL LIES IN PERSEVERANCE, PRACTICE AND A PROPER AMOUNT OF PHYSICAL STAMINA

By *Fohnnie Nilssen*

CHAMPION PROFESSIONAL SKATER OF AMERICA

NEVER before in the country's history has skating been so popular as it is to-day. The sport has thousands of devotees in America, and were it a sport that was not confined exclusively to the winter months it is safe to say that it would rank as one of the most constantly popular of recreations.

From a physical culture standpoint, I believe that no form of exercise ever devised can equal skating in the way of the benefits to be derived from it. In the first place, it is a sport practiced when all the conditions of Nature are vitalizing and health-giving. The air is bracing and exhilarating, and the glow of health can always be seen on the cheeks of the skater.

No one ever knew anæmic skaters—they do not exist.

In no other form of athletic sport that I know of, is every muscle of the body brought so constantly into play, so thoroughly, as in this. The arms are exercised as much as the legs, and the latter equally with the trunk—in fact, every part of the human frame derives its due share of benefit from skating.

Skating is an ancient recreation, having been practiced as far back as the time of Henry II., when Fitzstephen, a writer of that period, refers to it as follows:

"When that great fen that washes Moorfields at the north wall of the city is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport on the ice. Some striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; some, better practised to the ice, bind to their feet, bones, such as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron which sometimes they strike against the ice. These men go as swiftly as doth a bird in the air or a bolt



How to Teach a Beginner—He Should Be Held Firmly by the Hands and Supported—Arms Crossed

from a cross-bow. Others, imitating the fashion of the tournament, would start in full career against one another, armed with poles; meet, elevate their poles, attack and strike each other."

These primitive skaters evidently progressed by pushing themselves along by the sharp-pointed stakes alluded to. In the Guildhall Museum in London, Eng-



**How to Stop Quickly**

land, may be seen a number of these bone runners or sliders, as well as the pointed bone heads of the stakes. These were found while excavating at the site of Moorfields.

Improvements on the crude bone runners were made from time to time, and at the close of the eighteenth century a very fair sort of a skate was in existence. Francis Drake, in 1799, it is recorded, starting from Whittlesea, covered the famous Middle and South Levels of Whittlesea Mere or lake, a distance of about fifty miles, without removing his skates. It probably took the resolute Francis a full day, at the very least, to accomplish the fifty-mile feat that "Joe" Donoghue, the famous American skater, did in 1893 in 3 hours, 15 minutes, 59 2-5 seconds.

Donoghue was at his zenith in 1893, when he broke record after record. Many of his records still stand—such as those for 25, 50, 75 and 100 miles. Also thirty other records at intermediate distances were made by him.

The records for short distances and sprints have all been made very recently—most of them during last winter. Morris Wood, now the champion amateur skater of America, broke several short-distance records in Pittsburg on February 5 and 6, 1904. He is a very remark-

able young man, and has a wonderful turn of speed. He reduced the half-mile, mile and five-mile records to these figures, respectively: 1 minute, 17 1-5 seconds; 2 minutes, 41 1-5 seconds; 15 minutes, 14 3-5 seconds.

George Bellefeuille, of Winnepeg, at the same championship contests, broke the three-mile record, skating the distance in 9 minutes, 9 1-5 seconds. He is a very strong skaker, and was a close second to Wood in the mile championship.

I confidently believe that the wonderful records made this past winter will be lowered this season. Wood and Bellefeuille will, I think, do better than ever.

I have often been asked: "How can I learn to skate and skate well?" There is no royal road to learning the art, any more than there is to success in anything else. It is a matter of physical strength, stamina, perseverance, judgment and the skill which will follow on patient practice. Outside of such requisites there are some very simple rules which the beginner would do well to bear in mind. They are as follows:

Learn to put on and take off your own skates.

Do not carry a stick or muff, or any-



**Improper Position—Pushing With Point of Skate Should Never Be Done—Also Bending Over Too Much as Though "Stoop-Shouldered"—Body Should Be Held Erect**

thing else that will impede the free action of your arms.

Do not look down more than is necessary to enable you to avoid cracks or any obstacle you may encounter on the ice.

Concentrate your attention on the poise and sway of the body rather than on the movement of the feet.

Make the side-thrust with the whole length of the blade.

Do not make a scratching thrust with the toe, but keep the skate as near the ice as possible after the thrust.

Keep the feet as near to each other as you can without restraint.

Remain as long as you can on the employed foot.

Avail yourself of every opportunity of following a good skater, keeping close behind him and imitating each movement of his body, arms and legs.

Never throw stones on the surface of a sheet of ice on which you or anyone else are likely to skate.

By bearing the above rules carefully in mind the beginner will find that he will be much benefited thereby.

The ankle of the foot on the ice must be kept quite firm. Attempting to gain the edge of the skate by bending is a common error. There is only one way in which the edge, either side, should be taken, and that is by inclining the whole body in the direction desired. As the



Roll With Left Foot—Correct Position



Body Position For Outer Edge on Right Foot—  
The Left Foot is Brought Out Too Far

legs are raised, so must the arms be, but on opposite sides, so that a leg and arm on the same side are never raised together.

At the beginning of the outside stroke, the knee of the leg employed should be bent a little, and brought to an upright position as the stroke is completed.

In taking the outside stroke the body should be thrown forward easily, the leg unemployed being kept in a direct line with the body. Always keep the eyes looking directly forward. The unemployed foot should be stretched toward the ice, with the toes in a direct line with the leg. The muscular movement of the body must correspond with the movement of the skate, and it should be so regulated that it is practically imperceptible to onlookers. Don't, above all things, be jerky in your movements. Skating should be the most graceful of all exercises, and will be if attention is paid to the oft-repeated injunction not to make movements that look jerky and suggest much exertion.

The "outer edge" or "outside edge" is generally considered by the beginner to be quite hard. One of the illustrations shows just how this should be done. It illustrates the correct position of the outer edge done with the left foot. A good method is to take the beginner's



**Improper "Spread Eagle"—The Skater Should Stand Erect in Executing This Movement—The Illustration Shows the Very Common Error of Bending Over and Watching the Feet as the Movement is Executed**

hands sideways, by holding his right hand with the right and the left with the left, the right hands being the lower. He should walk a dozen steps or so "pigeon-toed." When he has become accustomed to walking in this manner, he should slide a few inches with the foot which is placed in front and gradually bring forward the foot that is behind, so that it in its turn may be placed across and in front of the foot that has just finished the glide. As the right foot is put down with the toe turned in, across and in front of the left, it necessitates its being put down on the outside edge; then, by gently forcing the pupil to the right, he must take a curve to the right and consequently on the outside edge. When the left foot is crossed over, by gently pulling him to the left he must make a similar curve on the outside edge to the left.

An illustration herewith shows how a beginner's hands should be held, and another picture shows the outside edge with the left foot as described.

The "roll," or "Dutch roll," is easy to learn after acquiring the outside edge. The roll is simply the outside edge on either foot successively, but instead of turning the foot over from outside to inside in order to strike, the skater crosses his feet and makes the stroke from the outside of the skate which is behind.

Other figures in skating will be found easy to learn once the pupil has acquired proficiency in the figures I have explained.

The photographs that are published in connection with this article clearly illustrate just how some figures should be executed, and others that show common errors to be avoided. A careful study of these pictures will be a great aid to anyone wishing to learn how to skate.

In conclusion, I want to say this to the beginner: Have confidence in yourself; a tumble or two won't hurt you; don't over-exert yourself in the first lessons; clothe yourself properly and buy a pair of good skates. "Any kind of skates will do to learn" is the most foolish of ideas, and yet a very common one indeed.



**Outer Edge With Left Foot—Correct Position**



# ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF JAPAN'S METHOD OF PHYSICAL CULTURE—JIU-JITSU

By Yae Kichi Yabe

JIU-JITSU means, literally, "The Gentle Art," which was no doubt suggested by the fact that it dispenses with much of physical exertion and resorts to strategy and anatomical knowledge. The name is a very fit one considered from the expert's viewpoint; for the whole secret of the art lies practically in these words: "The rougher may be controlled through gentleness."

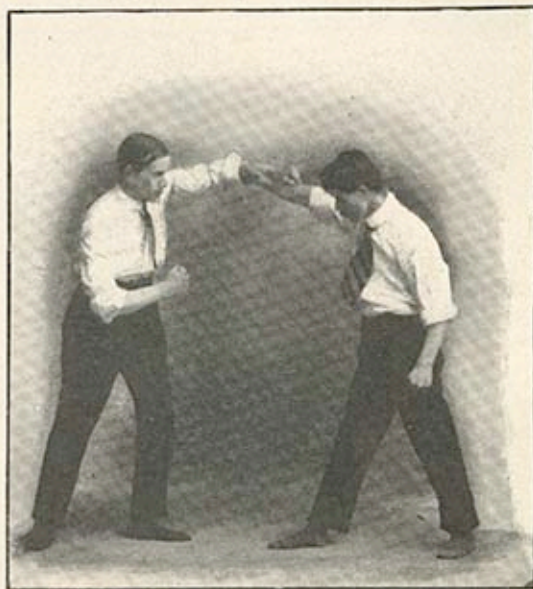
The origin of jiu-jitsu, according to Yamato-koto-hajime, the earliest Japanese chronicle, is connected with a Chinese named Chin-gen-hin (Japanese pronunciation), who, in about 1658, migrated to, and subsequently became a naturalized subject of Japan. It is also told in the chronicle that in China at that time was a weaponless warfare known as

"fist" and "hand-striking," and that Chin taught it to three Samurai of Yedo, now Tokio; the name "Yawara," meaning "gentleness," having originated from these disciples of the Chinese.

According to others, however, the origin of "Yawara" dates back to the coming of Chin-gen-hin. In the diary of the famous Samurai, Miyamoto Musashi, who lived and died before Chin's coming, is found the word "Yawara" used in connection with warfare. The use of the same word occurs not infrequently in writings prior to Chin's coming. The "Yawara" afterward became known as jiu-jitsu.

Again, the methods, which no doubt developed into jiu-jitsu, were practiced under the names of "Iai" and "Toride" by knights contemporary with, or before, the Musashi period. Iai was a method of defense, with or without weapon, against an unforeseen armed attack. It also taught the Samurai how to unsheath

their swords with perfect ease under the most difficult circumstances, such, for instance, as while in a sitting or prostrate position or while being thrown by an antagonist. This art is still practiced by modern Jiu-Jitsuans. Toride was a method of capturing an enemy without injury to him and was chiefly practiced by prison officials whose duties were to arrest law-breakers. No weapon was used except a short iron bar for the ex-



**Applicability of Jiu-Jitsu in Case of First Attack**  
The left thrust is averted by pushing it upward with the right; and the right thrust by pushing it down with the left

clusive purpose of frustrating armed resistance, or averting a blow from a sword, but not for offensive purpose. So-called "submission" processes of jiu-jitsu were chiefly resorted to in Toride. So that the origin of jiu-jitsu is still a moot question. While the theory that it came from China through Chin-gen-hin is more or less authoritative, the fact remains that many forms of combat that we see used in the current system of jiu-jitsu were practiced by the Japanese several centuries prior to the coming of the Chinese. It is, nevertheless, probable that since Chin's period a new aspect has been given to the art by the addition



#### The "Strangling" Hold

This hold is taken by crossing the fore-arms and seizing the collar, so that when the arms are drawn crosswise the fore-arms are pressed under the chin.

of the Chinese "fist" and other methods.

It must not be believed, however, that in any event jiu-jitsu, like a scientific discovery, suddenly sprung from the brain of a certain Samurai, who, as some think, "saw cats playing" and who experienced an astonishing effect from striking a bamboo stick with the edge of the hand held at a certain angle." Jiu-jitsu is the result of slow and gradual growth through centuries of devices and practices. The exponents of practical warfare, with or without weapon, have always been a great factor in the struggle for existence; and this seems to have been particularly true in the case of the Japanese Samurai, the fighting men of that

#### The Defense Against the Attack by the "Strangling" Hold

is ended by a "toss" over back. Lifting for the toss is done mainly by the "haunch" force, which plays an important part in jiu-jitsu practice. The entrapping of the assailant's arm also aids the toss.

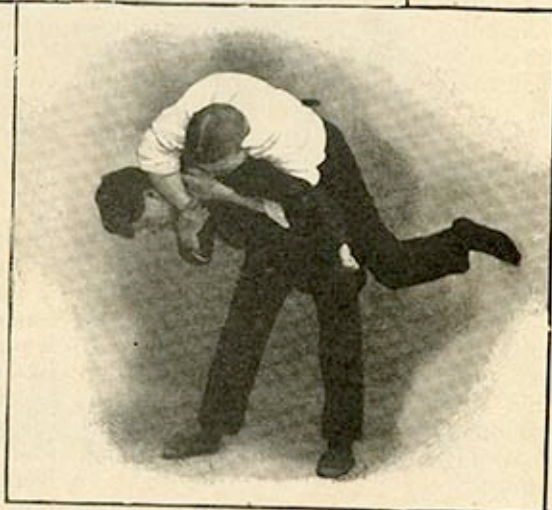
country. Beginning in the racial struggle between the Ainos, the aborigines, and the Yamato race—the present Japanese—nearly 4,000 years ago, right up to the overthrow of the Tokugawa feudal government, thirty-seven years ago, the Japanese islands have been a field of almost ceaseless wars and battles, skirmishes and individual combats. The growth of the martial spirit and the development of the military art has been very tremendous in consequence. The result of them may be seen in the many systems of attack and defense which have had their birth in Japan, but of which only a few of the more important can be named here.

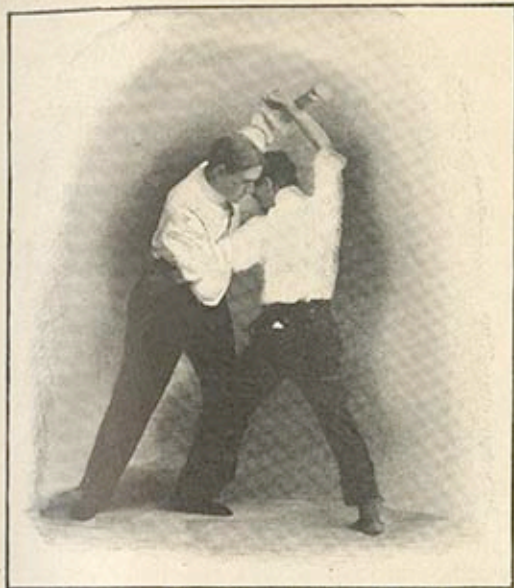
They are ken-jitsu, or "the sword art;" so-jitsu, or "the art of spear;" bo-jitsu, or



#### Wrenching the "Strangling" Hold

The left arm is pushed in between the assailant's arms, which is accompanied by turning back so as to bring the "haunch" force into play. By this movement the left arm of the assailant is entrapped under the defendant's left arm.





#### Applicability of Jiu-Jitsu in Case of First Attack

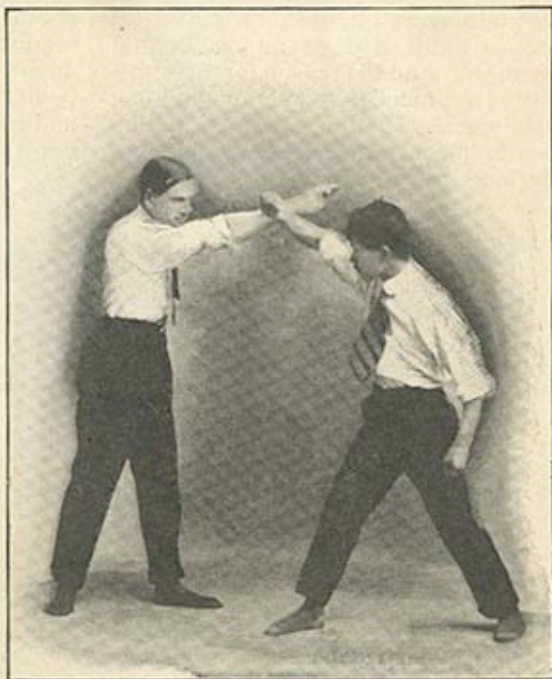
The averting of the thrusts is followed by swiftly striding the left foot to the assailant's side. This enables the defendant to push his head under the assailant's left arm and entrap that arm upon the shoulder. The "shoulder" force is thus brought into play, which comes next in formidableness to that of the "haunch." The defense is accomplished by throwing the assailant aside.

"the art of club;" jiu-jitsu, or "the gentle art," and sumo, or "the contention of strength." Of these, the last two named are weaponless systems.

The predecessor of jiu-jitsu was no doubt sumo. These two systems, however, sprung from a common weaponless method, not unlike the Greco-Roman system, that was practiced by the Japanese since time immemorial. The present Japanese wrestling, or sumo, differs from the ancient wrestling as much as does jiu-jitsu. The sumo method formerly included many processes aiming at a fatality as well as falls, secured by either strategy or strength, while the present form of sumo abstains from all uses of fatal method or strategy and relies upon physical strength alone. Jiu-jitsu, on the other hand, dispenses as much as possible with physical exertion and aims at strategy and mechanical application of force, or, on necessary occasion, at a fatal blow in the form of "vital touch."

It, therefore, is clearly distinguished from sumo, which is purely a contention of strength. The unquestioned superiority of jiu-jitsu method over that of sumo restrains a man in Japan from entering into a sumo contest with the jiu-jitsu method. Indeed, in old times a Samurai considered it below his dignity to resort to jiu-jitsu where ordinary means sufficed; and at present the moral sentiment of the Japanese prohibits the teaching of it to the uneducated classes.

The weaponless warfare from which the present form of Japanese wrestling, or "contention of strength," and jiu-jitsu, or "the art of gentle control," have originated, have, of course, been a great factor in the fortunes of actual combatants. As the battles of the Samurai in old Japan were fought mostly at close quarters with the formidable two-handed sword whose edge was keener than that of a Damascus blade, the wearing of heavy armor for protection became necessary. And as this protection was increased more and more, even the keenest sword failed to inflict disability; and



Averting The Aim of a Fire Arm, which is followed by a grapple. A grapple immediately enables one to apply the jiu-jitsu process.

the final and decisive contest was often the result of a grapple, or "kumi-uchi." He who was so fortunate as to toss or throw his enemy, or effect the "submission" position of jiu-jitsu, generally won the day. The dagger, which was always carried by the Samurai beside his long sword, was chiefly kept for this occasion; and it must have been effectually used in the "submission" position, in which the victor could easily reach unprotected parts of the victim's body. The tossing or throwing should have been equally effective, for the tossed or thrown could not speedily regain his footing on account of the heavy armor he wears.

Kumi-uchi, or "meeting by grapple," involved both mechanical application of force and strength, as well as strategy. It was practiced during the reign of Emperor Ojin down to the Genwa period, an interval of 600 years, that is, from 70 to 670, A.D. This age was characterized by constant wars waged by different

clans and tribes who struggled for one or more territories. After this there prevailed a brief peace; but the impact given to martial spirit manifested itself by constant feuds and raids.

The fact has been often demonstrated that it is not always the stronger that wins in a grappling contest, but that strategy and inventive application of force constitute the predominating victorious influence more than mere strength.

Japanese wrestling has thus come to be studied in the light of mechanical principles and anatomical and physiological laws, till it has developed into a perfect art—jiu-jitsu. The principles of this art may be defined briefly as the "process of turning an enemy's exertion into one's own advantage"—in other words, jiu-jitsu avoids resistance, with strength against strength, that is, it is a method of "achieving ultimate victory by inviting an initial defeat."

#### WHY JAPAN WINS

The Japanese have vastly superior powers of physical endurance. They can march all day and fight that same night; they can fight all day and march that same night. And the reason for this superiority is not racial or temperamental, but physiological. The Japanese are a nation of common-sense livers. They eat sparingly and of food that nourishes the

body, at the same time giving the least possible amount of waste to clog and overtax the organs of elimination. They take regular breathing exercises. And they do not take stimulants. They keep their bodies in such condition that every nerve and muscle is in use all the time and so does not collapse when a slight extra task is put upon it.—*Sat. Evening Post.*



Y. M. C. A. War Canoe Crew, Brockville, Ont., Can., 1904



## JUMPING AND HIGH KICKING IN YOUR ROOM

A SIMPLE ARRANGEMENT THAT WILL ENABLE ONE IN HIS OWN ROOM TO PRACTICE THESE TWO SUPERB EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING STRENGTH, SUPPLENESS, AND THAT ELASTIC QUALITY OF MUSCLE THAT CHARACTERIZES THE TRAINED ATHLETE

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

**H**OW high can you jump? After trying the jumping exercises given in the last number, you might say four or five feet. Now, it may be surprising to many that only a good jumper can jump the height of his own knee.

When you "jump over" a bar four feet high you do not really jump that high. You simply get over by dexterously pulling your feet up under you. The actual center of gravity of the body is not raised many inches, and the jump is made by simply getting your feet and legs up out of the way. In fact, some notably high jumpers, those who can jump over a bar in the neighborhood of six feet high, seem to have the faculty of getting their body in a perfectly horizontal position as they travel over the bar. They really do not raise the center of gravity of the body so

bar as high or higher than their own heads.

The great benefits to be derived from jumping as an exercise were discussed somewhat in my article of last month. While this exercise tends mainly toward a development of the legs, yet it also uses to a limited extent the muscles of the entire body, even including the arms. Especially will it strengthen and make vigorous and elastic the muscles of the abdomen, stomach and back, tending to make the entire body in every way more supple and agile, aiding vastly in giving one that light, buoyant carriage and ease of bearing which denote superior energy and reserve power.

Perhaps about the only way that one really can ascertain how high he jumps—that is, raises his entire body—is to jump



FIGURE 1.—Showing apparatus in position, with hat lowered to the height of the top of the head. Your tape line should be attached to the string at such a point that when the hat just touches the crown of your head the beginning of the measure will just touch the screw eye on the wall, the inches marked thereon running upward, and enabling you to measure accurately any distance to which the hat may be raised above its present position.

high in making the jump, but they cultivate such splendid economy of movement during the leap, in shifting the body from the perpendicular to the horizontal, that they are able to get over a

straight upward and measure by his head the actual distance. To this end, I have devised a very simple arrangement that anyone can get together in a few moments and which will enable you

to practice jumping and also measure the height of the jump. Get a couple of small screw eyes or hooks, fastening one in the ceiling directly over the spot where you intend to practice jumping, and the other in some convenient place in the side of the wall. Take a straw hat, or some other disc-like object which seems to answer the purpose equally well. Pass a string around this, fastening it as shown in the illustration. Suspend the hat from a cord that passes through the screw eye in the ceiling and down toward the one in the side wall. Now stand immediately under the hat and let it down until it just touches the crown of the head. Fasten a dressmaker's tape to the string with the point that marks the beginning of the first inch directly at this screw eye, while the measurements on the tape extend upward from the screw eye as shown in the first illustration, inches counting upward. This will enable you to measure accurately any distance above this point that the hat may be raised, showing you exactly how high you jump or kick. It might be a good plan to attach a string to the lower end or beginning of the tape, passing it down through the screw eye and



FIGURE 2.—Showing apparatus with subject underneath in position for jumping. If he is able to touch the hat with his head he has actually raised his entire body just that many inches in his jump. Try it. Repeat until tired, and you will find that you have created an imperative demand for oxygen in large quantities. You will be compelled to take deep, full, wholesome inhalations of air. You will actually breathe in life.

fastening to a nail in the wall, thus making it more convenient perhaps to raise and lower the hat. Your apparatus is then ready.

Stand directly under the hat and jump straight upward, keeping the body perpendicular and springing from your toes. On alighting, you should remember the instructions given in my article on "Jumping in Your Own Room," published last month; that is, bending the knees as you alight and gradually check-

ing the descending weight until you reach the squatting or sitting position such as was illustrated.

How *high* can you kick? It does not matter how *hard* you kick. If you are known to your friends as a "chronic kicker" I would advise you to begin immediately the practice of *high* kicking, for as a general thing I might say that the more high kicking you do the less you will seem to have occasion to do kicking of the other sort; that is to say, if you do much kicking of the kind advised in this article it will help to build up such exhilarating and superb health and, therefore, so improve your disposition that you will fail to find reasons for "kicking."

Exactly the same apparatus can be used for high kicking that has just been devised for jumping purposes. To measure height of a kick add your own height to the inches registered. There are two kinds of kicks—the straight standing kick and the so-called "hitch kick." Both of these are so well known as to require little description. Remember that the more swing and energy you get into your kick the higher it will go. In doing the standing kick it is usual to

stand on the stronger leg, kicking with the other foot; although I would advise that you vary the usual program by kicking with both feet alternately, kicking several times with the right foot and then several times with the left. Remember to keep the knees straight in order to take advantage of your full length of limb, and straighten out your instep, reaching out as far as possible with the toes.

You should be very careful to keep the



FIGURE 3.—Showing hat and subject in position for standing high kick; about to kick with right foot. After several attempts kick with left foot. Continue until tired.

stationary foot firmly planted on the floor, for, unless you watch yourself, the swing of the kick sometimes will serve to carry the body around and upset you, the bottom foot slipping forward to follow the circle of the kick, and allowing you the pleasant surprise of finding yourself on the back of your neck on the floor with feet floating in the air. Even if you find this amusing and entertaining, remember that in cities where there are apartments underneath, the banging and thumping on the floor incidental to this may be objected to by the tenants below.

The hitch kick is a rather peculiar movement and somewhat difficult to describe. It enables one to kick to a great height, inasmuch as you are able to add your jumping ability to your straight kicking capacity. The hitch kick is done by jumping from one foot and making the kick with that same foot. First, raise the left foot pretty well in front of you and then make a quick, springing jump with the right foot, simultaneously making a "hitch," or in other

words, quickly pulling down the raised left foot and bringing up the right foot high to make the kick. The peculiarity of this movement is that you seem to take advantage of the left foot, which is raised, and used as a sort of leverage to help you kick with the right foot, and at the same time it serves the very important purpose of maintaining the balance while you make the kick. Understand that you first raise the left foot and then by vigorously jerking it downward you counteract the upward tendency of the kick; otherwise you would be upset and might turn a back somersault, or come down on your head.

The hitch kick is done more effectually with a slight run of two or three steps, and space can usually be found for this in your room. Remember at all times to keep your weight on the toes, for if you carry yourself properly in doing these exercises there should be no occasion for jarring the house or disturbing parties on the floor below.



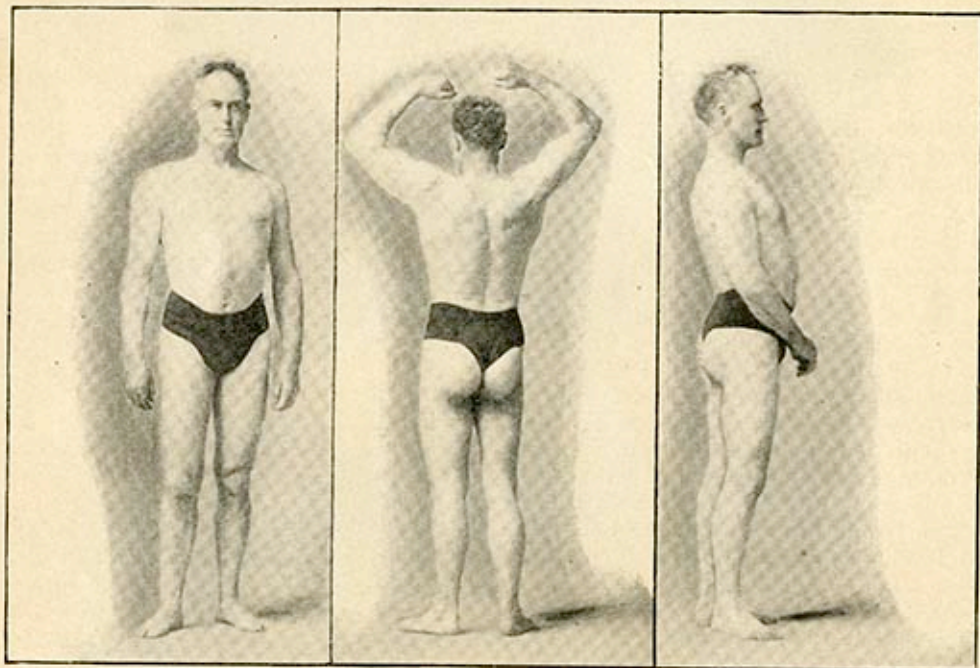
FIGURE 4.—First move in the hitch kick. Make the kick with the right foot, on which you stand, as shown in the illustration, having raised the left foot pretty well up. As you make the jump and kick you should jerk the elevated left foot vigorously downward and kick high with the other. Continue until tired; then kick with other foot.

Kicking is particularly valuable for developing suppleness and pliancy of the body. Truly, muscles that are flexible as well as firm are much more to be desired than the hard, muscle-bound development of weight-lifters and others who train for absolutely nothing but stolid brute strength.

The jumping and kicking exercises suggested herein should be gone through until tired. They are very vigorous in their nature and will only require a few minutes' practice each day to furnish all the activity necessary. You would have a very good régime for developing the entire body in these exercises providing you adopt others at the same time for

more thoroughly bringing into play the muscles of the arms, shoulders, chest, back and upper part of the body generally.

These movements will be particularly valuable as a sort of relief or change from any other "system" that you may be following. Exercises should always be made as enjoyable as possible, and really should be considered in the light of play in order to be of the greatest benefit. If you should not care to adopt these sports as a regular course they would be valuable for occasional use to break the monotony of any regular cut and dried "system" which you may be following.



**Claims He Is the Best Developed and Best Preserved Young Old Man in the Country**

Photographs of Wm. Duncan McKinnie, 52 years young. Mr. McKinnie claims he possesses a physical development that cannot be rivaled by any other person of his age in the United States. He holds physicians' certificates verifying his claims of possessing a perfect and finely preserved body, and offers several hundred dollars to anyone who can rival him in open competition.

# DO GREAT MEN TRANSMIT THEIR GREATNESS TO OFFSPRING?

A REFUTATION OF THE LONG ACCEPTED THEORY THAT GENIUS IN THE FATHER FOREORDAINS INCAPACITY AND FAILURE IN THE SON\*

By George Barton

**A** GLANCE over the notable array of men who are conspicuous in the politics, trade and professions of the New World to-day, warrants the assertion that blood tells. Name counts for little in America; but character and achievement mean much, and it is encouraging to note that the great men of the past who have given an inheritance of good brains, good nerves and good blood to their offspring have not done so in vain. Indeed, the history of this nation is the story of the successful sons of successful men. In other words, brainy and aggressive young Americans have fought their way to success and fame in spite of the handicap of inheriting names made resplendent by their fathers.

It has been the fashion to decry the sons of great men and to endeavor, sneeringly, to create the impression that the genius and success of the father foreordains the imbecility and failure of the sons. It is further alleged

that these young men are not only incapable of making a living for themselves, but that they are also unfitted to spend the money which their fathers have

piled up with such infinite pains and labor. The fathers are charged with the responsibility of this state of affairs because, though they have made money and a name, they have not given a due amount of time, pains or thought to the most important work in the world, which is the rearing of honorable and useful men.

The indictment would be a serious thing indeed if it were borne out by the facts; but, to the credit of both the fathers and the sons, it can be said that the allegations in some instances are grossly exaggerated, and in others entirely untrue. It is not

unreasonable to assert that incapacity and mediocrity are the exceptions and not the rule with this class of men. What might be termed their comparative ill success comes merely from the fact that



Brigadier-General Fred. Grant, Who Has Won for Himself a Name That Reflects Credit Upon Himself and Family

\* See editorial by Bernarr Macfadden in answer to this article.

they are measured, not by their own merits, but by the standard of their father's reputation. American history teems with illustrations of the great sons of great fathers. John Quincy Adams and General Benjamin Harrison both enjoyed the enviable distinction of sitting in the White House chair that had been occupied by their forefathers. But it is not necessary to go back into history to prove the case. The busy, tumultuous world about us furnishes scores of living examples. It is only necessary to take a few cases at random to prove the contention that blood does tell.

General Fred. Grant, now a Brigadier-General in the United States Army stationed in the Department of Texas, is the worthy son of a worthy sire. Graduating from West Point in 1871, he has won for himself a name and a reputation that reflect credit upon himself and his family. His life has been a busy and important one. Diplomacy, politics and soldiering have filled the half century of his life. Learning the ways of diplomacy as United States Minister to the Court of Austria, he afterward came home to take up the peaceful and important and arduous work of a Police Commissioner in New York City. On the breaking out of the war with Cuba, he became Colonel of the 14th New York Volunteer Infantry, and then, by reason of training and merit, obtained the post of Brigadier-General. He served acceptably in Porto Rico, and after that was transferred to the Philippines, being under the com-

mand of the gallant Lawton and occupying with his troops the advanced line in two of the hottest fights that have taken place in our far-away possessions. At Samar, he received the surrender of the last of the insurgent forces, thus paralleling, in an interesting if less important fashion, the historical scene where his distinguished father received the surrender of General Robert E. Lee.

Robert T. Lincoln is another excellent example. He graduated from Harvard

College at the close of the Civil War and subsequently won a competence and local reputation as a member of the Chicago bar. On the election of President Garfield, he was called to assume the post of Secretary of War, and later became United States Ambassador to the Court of Great Britain. But Mr. Lincoln has achieved his greatest success as a business man. Early in his legal career he became connected with the Pullman Palace Car Company, acting as counsel for that corporation. Later on, he assumed the presidency of



Copyright by G. V. Buck

Robert T. Lincoln, the Type of the Successful Business Man

the organization, and has since conducted its affairs with signal success and ability.

Similarly, James R. Garfield, son of another martyred President, has won his spurs. Although he was admitted to the bar only in 1888, he has already won a national reputation as a lawyer. He established a lucrative law practice in the city of Cleveland, and subsequently accepted the position of United States Civil Service Commissioner, resigning it to

become Commissioner of Corporations in the Department of Commerce and Labor. Mr. Garfield has inherited his noted father's love for learning, and is the president of one college and the trustee of another.

In the world of finance J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., the son of the great financier, stands out conspicuously. He is thirty-six years old, stands six feet in his stockings and weighs two hundred pounds. Young Morgan has a chest measurement of forty-eight inches, and is an all-around athlete. He has been spending a great portion of his time abroad; but has recently returned to this country and those who are posted have no hesitation in saying that it is only a question of time when he will settle in New York and shoulder the enormous business interests of his father.

Richard R. Quay, the millionaire son of the late great captain of American politics, is an instance of where the son, while successful, becomes so in a line of endeavor quite apart from that practiced by the father. Young Quay has served two terms as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and has voluntarily retired from politics. He has high genius of another order than that of his father, and it has exhibited itself conspicuously in trade and finance. He established the first tin-plate factory ever erected in this country, and the results have astonished the skeptical ones. He has also become deeply interested in the development of

the trolley system and bids fair to be a multi-millionaire at an age when his father had a reputation known only to the residents of his own State. Frank R. Platt, the son of the United State Senator from New York, resembles young Quay in many respects. He is one of the notably prosperous business men of the metropolis.

An interesting story, setting forth the industry of one generation and the indolence of another, is told about two

Philadelphians—father and son. The father was noted for the slavish manner in which he spent the greater part of a lengthy life, while the son made himself famous by the rapidity with which he was dissipating the fortune that had been piled up by his sire. One day the father remonstrated with the son, saying:

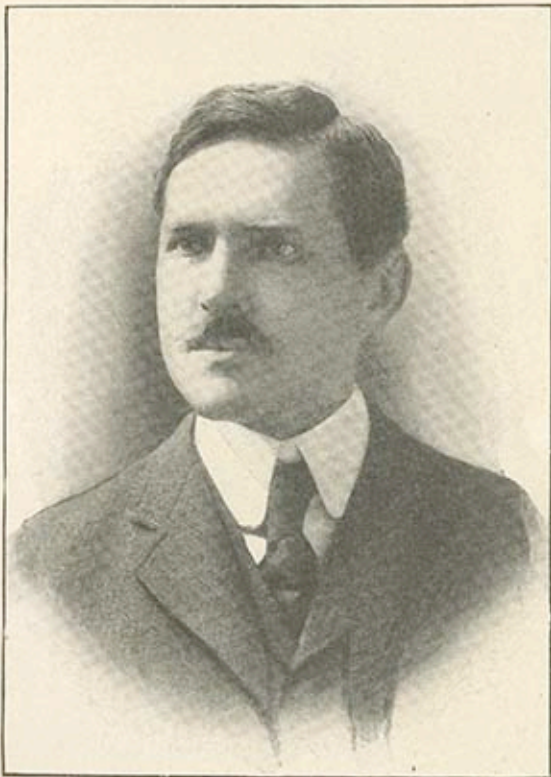
"See here, I can't stand your extravagance any longer. Here I am working every day in the week, trying to earn sufficient money to educate you and keep you in spending money, and still I am unable to keep up with your

pace. What in the world am I going to do?"

The son looked at the father in a quizzical manner for a moment; then stroking his blond mustache with one hand and twirling his cane with the other, he said, airily:

"Well, father, I'm afraid you will have to start in at night work."

The men mentioned in this article, and hundreds of others whose names do not



Copyright by G. V. Buck

James R. Garfield, Who is a Striking Illustration of What Can Be Accomplished By a Great Man's Son

come to mind at the moment, are not built on that order. While appreciating the family name and taking a due amount of pride in the achievements of their fathers, they yet enjoy the exhilaration which comes to every man who is trying to carve out his own niche in the temple of fame. Harry C. New, son of John C. New, the great political chieftain, is winning a reputation which bids fair to be as great as that of his father. A member of the Indiana State Senate for many years, Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General in the National Guard and a notable volunteer during the Spanish-American War, he has made himself felt as a power in the politics of Indiana. He was a delegate to the last two National Republican conventions and is now a member of the Republican National Committee, and as such took a very conspicuous part in the Presidential campaign of last year. Rev. "Tom" Sherman is another example, in a wholly different calling. His father, William Tecumseh Sherman, had mapped out a military career for the young man, and was painfully disappointed when the son chose the paths of peace rather than those of war. But young Sherman was as determined and as iron-nerved as his father, and he did what he conceived to be his duty, in spite of strong opposition.

Rockwood Hoar, by a peculiar coincidence, was nominated for Congress in

one of the districts in Massachusetts just as his father was dying.

Many more names might be cited in law, medicine, politics and trade were it necessary. George J. Gould is probably worth more than his father, Jay Gould, was in his palmy days; John M. Campbell, one of the successful lawyers of the Quaker City, is the worthy son of Judge James Campbell, who was Postmaster-General in the cabinet of President Pierce; Thomas Wanamaker, besides being a

partner in his father's business, is the owner of one of the most successful newspapers in America, and is likely to be quite as well known as his father, the former Postmaster-General; Webb Hayes, the son of the late President Hayes, is numbered among the successful business men of the Buckeye State; Mayor McClellan, of New York, and son of the Civil War hero, has amply upheld the honor of his family name; Peter Cooper Hewitt, grandson of Peter Cooper, the philanthropist, has achieved honors as an inventor and electrician;

Cornelius Vanderbilt is known throughout the country as a practical railroad man, capable of rolling up his sleeves and running a locomotive as well as any engineer on his far-reaching roads.

These are only a few conspicuous examples of the great number that can be brought forward to sustain the contention set forth at the beginning of this article.



The Latest Photograph of the Brilliant and Energetic Young Mayor of New York City, George B. McClellan, Son of General McClellan, the Civil War Hero



# SEX INFLUENCE GOVERNS DEVELOPMENT OF MALE CHILDREN

AN INTERESTING STUDY OF THE POWERFUL INFLUENCE THAT PROCREATIVE INSTINCT EXERTS IN THE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL GROWTH OF A MALE FROM CHILDHOOD TO FULL MATURITY

By *H. R. Gers*

Professor of Chemistry

THE life of the male human is operated by the motive force of two fundamental instincts, nutrition and reproduction; nutrition holding sway in the earlier years, reproduction in the adult stages.

Up to the age of puberty, the food instinct is the chief one. The games and operations a boy engages in voluntarily, are naturally indications of what he would most likely do if he were allowed his own choice at all times. There is fishing, hunting, trapping, nutting, orchard raiding, fighting—all food plays. His appetite is ravenous; he delights in such games as make for digestion, and he feels a consummate contempt for girls. Civilization's modifications of the food instinct show themselves in the form of mock business, trading, the cultivation of pets, and the desire to fight to protect acquired gains of any kind.

After the storm and stress of adolescence a boy's world is completely changed. He has now completed the final stage in his organic evolution, and he is to acquire very rapidly the sensual, emotional and intellectual characteristics of a man. He feels strange, indefinite longings; he is given to day dreaming; he begins to be very careful about his personal appearance; he falls often and violently in love. The instinct to seize upon physical sex ornaments asserts itself with full vigor; his shoes are voluntarily polished; his hair is combed with scrupulous precision; he perfumes his person; he demands better clothing, and begins to notice the charms of flowers and music. He becomes peculiarly sensitive. To him there is but one object in the world, and that, some girl the possession of whom becomes the chief object of his life. If left to himself, the chances are that he will

quit school immediately to become a producer of revenue, so as to lead his ideal to the altar the more quickly. If he is forced to go to school, the teacher's and parent's problems become arduous. To the boy there seems to be little connection between his algebra and his sweetheart; the course he is pursuing seems in no way to further the great ambition of his life. More than this, as soon as it is suspected that he is in love he is ridiculed; he may even be punished for the neglect of more "important" work, and he is ordered unceremoniously to drive such "foolishness" from his mind. He has nowhere a friend to sympathize with him. He begins to think his feelings either absurd or criminal, and as the banishment of his idea is impossible, he learns to develop the social sin of dissimulation. It now becomes imperative that he shall appear different from what he is. Secret desires are cherished, secret thinking grows habitual; life becomes dual. The observant, thoughtful reader will perceive whither all this may lead; he will know whither it does lead in the great majority of cases.

Thus it is, that when, in the matured boy, this most important factor in physical life, this most significant element in social existence, the procreative instinct makes its appearance, it is usually hailed with an ignorant distrust, with a disgusting levity, and with even a barbarous resistance. Has a parent or a teacher ever succeeded in stopping the course of this instinctive tendency by unwise discipline? Has he done anything but distort, pervert, or disease the youth's mentality? Does it seem reasonable that the flood-tide of Nature should be hemmed in at one point without causing great destruction at another?

Here is an emotion fresh from the Author of things! Here is the key-note of all of Nature's developed harmony! Shall we hail its advent as a foolish notion, or shall we undertake to bind that which is infinite? Shall we place ourselves completely out of sympathy with a natural principle so fundamental as this?

There is no better time to secure the very highest interest in school affairs, in morals, in anything, than during this blessed period of first love. We should gain our boy's confidence in advance of the time, and, if possible, help him in the carrying out of the thousand little plans that he makes. He should come to us with his troubles. He should be taught in this connection how necessary it is that he should be mentally attractive; he should be made to see the desirability of securing intellectual ornaments. He should know that there is no short route to his happiness, but that day by day, his duties being well performed, he approaches, gradually but surely, the desired end. Anything that makes for the final possession of his sweetheart will be of intense interest to him, and for it he will make his supreme efforts.

We take advantage of a child's instincts as they appear in natural order, to train him as we wish; why should the method of procedure be changed in this instance? Indeed, his early education is successful in just so far as it is conducted with "child-nature" in view. Teachers are laboring to discover the laws of this "nature," so that they may work with him and not against him. It requires no great fund of psychological information to see where the nature is at this period of development. This mighty influence should be harnessed to the educational wagon and made to operate for good in the expanding soul.

Will the objection be raised that first love is proverbially unstable, and that its shortness of life justifies no serious consideration? It is not necessarily ephemeral; but at any rate, the object at such a time is to make love the natural reward, and the logical outcome of honesty, industry, loyalty and purity. The milk teeth, the acid in the apple, the caterpillar stage of the butterfly, are also ephemeral, but inasmuch as they are neces-

sary at the proper time, Nature spares no pains in aiding them to attain full development. Should it be suggested that this encouragement of an already powerful impulse in children would result only in the entire attention being taken from all else, we should remember that it is because of the present opposition we offer that the attention to other things is largely sacrificed. The contemplation of the laurels at the goal certainly impedes no racer in his course. And finally, should the fearful believe that such a course would lead to immorality, let it be kept in mind that here, too, it is precisely because of the existing condition of things that immorality prevails to such a great extent. The very industry incited by healthy moral love is a factor against viciousness.

It is because of the secret character of the impulse in children that abnormal, unhealthy associations of ideas result. It is with the co-operation of parents, teachers and elders that moral relations in this regard are to be brought about. The seal of parental approval sanctifies the impulse in the child's mind, and the respectful regard in which parents are held makes the boy to feel instinctively and to do imperatively the things he knows to be proper.

Would it not be of profit, then, to give the children during this crucial period of their lives most considerate attention, since in them the main-spring of the organic world is manifesting itself forcibly and irresistibly? Would it not be well to remember that all art, all culture, all uplift, everything desirable, come about as by-products of the instinct to please? We are what we are by reason of what has gone before; details of apparently little value in themselves often have the most vital significance bound up in them. A small peak protruding above the water may seem a trifling impediment to a ship, but beneath the surface is a mountain of consequence, and the ship very wisely sails around it. Men with strong bodies and healthy minds are necessary to society, but they can be of no value unless their attitudes toward the home are right; and these attitudes cannot be right if the impulse back of them—the sex impulse—is maltreated or neglected in any of its stages of development.

# MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

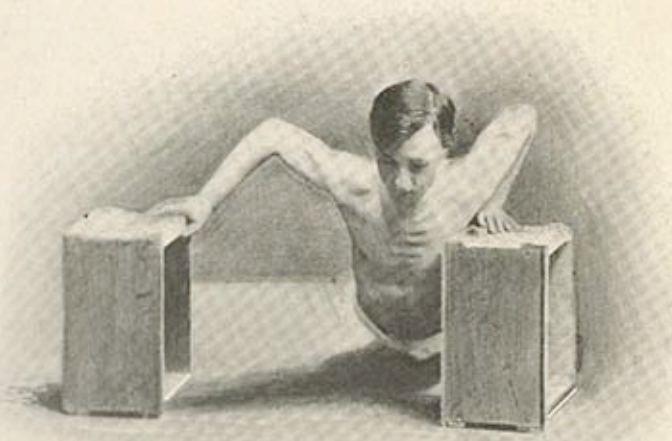
*By Bernarr Macfadden*

I RECEIVE letters from a great many of my boy friends in which they state their weight, height and measurements, and inquire whether or not I consider that their measurements are satisfactory, and if their weight and height are good for their age. I have no doubt that in the course of time I shall receive a great many more similar inquiries from other boys, and will therefore say a few words in reference to the subject in this issue.

To begin with, you must understand that there are no standard measurements for a man, or a woman, or a boy of any stated age. You must realize that dif-

ferent men are built upon somewhat different patterns. While two boys may enjoy equally perfect health, yet one may be tall and the other short, the one active but not very strong, and the other slow but capable of lifting heavy weights. It all depends upon the plan upon which you are constructed.

You will notice that among horses there is the same great diversity of construction, for the animals range all the way from the graceful, slender, lithe race-horse to the heavy, ponderous draft horse of gigantic bones, joints and muscles. Some horses are not built for speed, and could not run very fast no matter how



Place two boxes, such as shown in the illustration, about two or three feet apart. Put one hand on each box, resting your weight on the hands and on the toes, your body held to one side so that your chest touches the box to the left of you. Then shift your body to the other side, without raising yourself, until your chest touches the box at your right. Go back to the first position and repeat the movement, continuing back and forth until tired. Remember that the stomach should not touch the floor; in fact, it would be better to hold the stomach considerably higher than is shown in the illustration.

This is a splendid exercise for expanding the chest and developing and strengthening the arms and shoulders. It may be found difficult to accomplish if you are not strong, but you will soon learn to do it easily. Later, you might practice the same movement while resting the weight of the body on the toes of only one foot, holding the other leg up out of the way. The exercise can also be varied by straightening the arms during each movement, thereby raising the body as high as possible, and then lower it to the other side by bending the elbows. Make the movement slowly and steadily. Two chairs might be used in place of boxes.

hard they tried. They are built on the lines of the elephant, large, massive, and only suitable for exerting their great strength in pulling tremendously heavy loads. At the same time, other horses are comparatively light, built like the antelope or deer, their delicate frames and slender legs fitting them only for speed.

In the same way, some men seem built for a life of light and active work. Others have a stocky, sturdy frame, with heavier bones, and more ponderous muscles, and are seemingly built for laborious work. Nevertheless, even the boy who is constitutionally slender can develop a great deal of vigorous strength as well as activity.

The bodies of the trained runner and of the professional wrestler are usually quite different in outline, but both of them are equally beautiful and perfect from an athlete's or an artist's standpoint. Make every effort to develop yourself along your own natural lines. Strengthen all your muscles, strive for all of the rugged manly vigor which you are capable of acquiring, see that your general habits of life are right, avoid tobacco, alcohol, tea, coffee, and all injurious practices, take the utmost care of your general health, and you will grow up into splendid manhood and attain the normal, natural strength and stature which were intended for you by Nature.

Fill out your chest. Carry your head up. Keep your shoulders back. Hold yourself erect. Doing all these will help you to secure a manly figure. Many a man with bowed head, narrow, contract-

ed chest and stooped shoulders would be two or three inches taller if he would only straighten out, if he would only carry himself erect.

Don't droop or stoop. Stand up and look the whole world in the face. Bend not the knee to any man, and this attitude of body will give you more courage and more strength. You cannot hope to grow tall and manly if you allow yourself to slouch along with drooping, rounded shoulders and a listless carriage of the body, or if you neglect to develop the muscles of your entire body to a normal degree.

Play and run and wrestle, breathe the fresh, pure air of glorious out-of-doors, absorb the sunshine, be as active as you can, and do not worry about the result. You will grow up strong, healthy and happy, loved by your friends, and as tall, heavy and strong as Nature intended you to be.

The crisp, bracing air of the present season of the year makes this a specially appropriate time for the development of vigor and strength. Do not coddle yourself too much. You should be out of doors as much as possible. Skating is one of the best exercises in this respect. The exhilarating, nipping winter air will make you move about briskly in order to keep warm. If you do not skate, then you should run and dance, snowball and play until your lungs breathe deeply of the invigorating atmosphere. Every breath taken will be an inspiration of joy and health to you.

## BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Would you kindly advise just how a beginner should start exercising?

A. Beginners who are fairly strong can take considerable exercise the first day, though, if not strong, care must be used to avoid over-exhaustion. You can begin by taking a long walk and perhaps a short run, and then take several of the exercises for using all the various muscles of the body, illustrated in this department. By rubbing down thoroughly after the first exercises you can avoid becoming stiff and sore, though frequently, in beginning, these symptoms will appear, notwithstanding your efforts to avoid them. However, by continuing the exercise this stiffness will soon disappear.

Q. Doctors say I am getting "flat-footed." This has troubled me only recently. The difficulty lies in my heel and

instep only, and while I ride a bicycle all right, I cannot walk without limping.

A. By exercising the ankle in all its various movements, strengthening the cords and muscles that are connected with this part, and bathing the foot in very cold water, you should be quickly benefited.

Q. If a bowl of custard is good to eat, why is not a piece of custard pie? And will any harm come from one piece of pie a day?

A. There is no objection to custard pie if the crust is made of Graham flour and shortened with cream. The only objection to the ordinary custard pie is the usually greasy, indigestible crust. If you eat only one piece of this character each day, and your stomach seems to digest it without the least distress, in all probability no harmful consequences will ensue.



Chariot Racing—One of the Favorite and Strenuous Sports of Ancient Rome

## WHAT DESTROYED ROME

By Harold Emery Jones, M. D.

*In the entire history of the world there is no more impressive object lesson on the relation that exists between the principles of physical culture and national greatness than that furnished by the decline and fall of the Roman Empire. This is shown in that which follows, which is the first of the series of articles on the causes of national decay, promised to our readers in the forecast of our plans for 1905, in last month's issue of this magazine. The Roman, when an athlete and a practical vegetarian, conquered the world. But becoming a carnivorous epicure and a devotee to the sloth and vices that spring from luxury, he was in turn easily conquered. The moral is obvious.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

"THE child being father of the man," a glimpse of the child-life of Rome that gives one a concise and clear idea of the methods used by the ancient Romans in the building of their great empire.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" was the keynote of Roman child education. Immediately after an infant was born, the parents presented it with numerous miniature metal axes, swords, flowers and half moons. These miniatures were threaded on a string and hung around the child's neck, serving a double purpose—a toy to amuse and a charm to avert danger.

As the baby grew, it found toys in plenty. Dolls made of clay and of wax, wagons and carts, board games of all kinds, and balls of every size and variety,

were some of the playthings of the Roman children.

The boy of Rome spun his top in much the same way as the American boy does his to-day. Then he marched around, proudly elevated on stilts, pitched quoits, played marbles, and reveled in hide-and-seek, hare-and-hounds, and even blind man's buff.

As he grew older he was taught manly sports and exercises and was given to understand that his boyhood days were about over and that he stood upon the threshold of manhood. Childhood's games and ideas were now laid aside, and sport taken up for training purposes and for health's sake.

Horseback riding, ball playing, field athletics, fencing, wrestling, the throwing of the discus, and swimming, were merely

preparatory training for the future arduous military life.

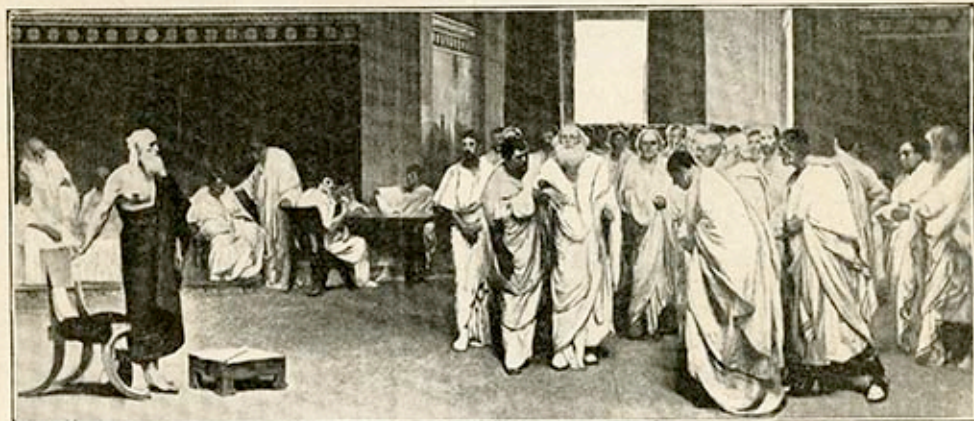
Ball playing before dinner was as important an item on the day's program as was the bath. Field athletics—the prowess of the track—entered largely into the life of Rome's youth. On the campus—Rome's playground—the old and young might be seen any evening practicing their various games. Handball, archery, and gymnasium exercises quickened the young athlete's eye and strengthened his wind and limb.

For the builders of Rome erected their mighty edifice with brawn as well as brain; with both mind and muscle.

The Roman games, at first held in honor of the gods, soon became mere political fêtes, their religious import being

been elbowed out by base professionalism, and professionalism had degenerated into cruelty and brutality. The former active participant had become the idle spectator. The professional athlete—slave and freedman—now battled for spoil and gift, resorting to all tricky devices, stooping to any dishonorable method in order to overcome an opponent.

The public taste for sport became demoralized to the same extent as the players degenerated. The people cried for more excitement; they had wearied of chariot and horse and foot racing. So the gladiator was made to fight his brother in arms; but even this bloody sport grew tiresome. Then wild beasts were brought into the arena—panthers, bears, bulls, lions, even snakes and crocodiles—



A Gathering of Ancient Roman Senators Wearing the Toga, the Full Dress of the Period

completely forgotten. In the beginning these games were "open meetings," so to speak, in which nobles and senators took part, and where the élite of Rome strove for victory. By the end of the republic, the games had so deteriorated that no respectable person took any active part in them. Amateurism had given way to professionalism. Both teams and drivers were furnished by syndicates, which were composed of the vilest of the vile, of the dregs of Roman society, of professional race touts and the like.

Once, citizens of good standing displayed their skill in horsemanship; once, young members of the nobility strove in foot race and wrestling match—the only reward for the victor a laurel crown.

But subsequently, clean amateurism had

and compelled by cruelty to give battle. There was not sufficient gusto and go even to this form of cruel amusement, so man was pitted against beast—and Rome once more applauded.

So bloody and disastrous were these exhibitions that the supply of slaves and freedmen was soon sadly diminished, and threatened to give out. Then prisoners of war were utilized as victims, martyrs to "sport gone mad." But Rome was now unable to make many war prisoners. She was no longer a conqueror, and had to seek further afield for arena material. She established schools for the training of gladiators, and the men who attended them were the scum of the populace.

But to revert for a moment. Extreme simplicity marked the early days of the

republic, especially in the matter of food. The Romans were vegetarians, eating most of their food cold. The little cooked food indulged in was of the plainest kind. Rich and poor partook of a diet which was the same in both quality and quantity. History relates that the conqueror of Pyrrhus was discovered, immediately after his victory, eating his dinner of vegetables out of an earthen bowl. By one writer the Romans were sneered at "as a race of porridge eaters." The majority of the victories of Rome were won by soldiers who lived on grain, ground in their own hand-mills, and cooked on their own camp fires.

But after the conquest of the Greeks all things underwent a change. The di-

Roman of them all" was the pig who could eat and guzzle the most. Disgusting bouts in drinking and eating were the features of Roman feasts, and the poet now voiced his song, not to war and victory, but to the banquet and epicure.

Love for labor and fondness for sport were changed into aversion for work and a liking for lounging. Excess in eating and drinking changed the former wrestler, runner and athlete, lithe of limb, sinewy and muscular, into a paunch-protruding glutton and a blear-eyed drunkard.

The early Roman was a great lover of bathing. He believed in it for decency's sake, and from a health standpoint. Prior to the era of public bath houses each



Roman Women Acting as Gladiators in the Arena—A Feature of the Decline of the Roman Empire

viding line between the classes became more clearly drawn. The rich grew gluttonous and the poor emulated them.

Hitherto, the woman of the house had baked the bread and attended to the cooking. So-called scientific cooking now usurped the domain of the kitchen. Foreign delicacies—indigestible atrocities—were substituted for easily digested, muscle-making grain foods. The number of meals daily was increased from two to three, and hygienic cold dishes were replaced by heated, health-destroying concoctions.

The banquets of the rich developed into orgies as grotesque as they were revolting. Dinners of twenty and twenty-two courses were often served. "The noblest

Roman home boasted of its own bath tub. During the last two or three centuries of the republic public baths came into vogue, and the Roman citizen repaired to them daily, a short time before he took his dinner.

The bath, following the trend of all matters Roman, from a necessity became a luxury, and assisted in bringing about the deterioration of the nation. Four things were now deemed essential for a luxurious bath: an ante-room, warm and cosy; a hot bath, a cold bath, and a rubbing and anointing with oil.

The Stabian Baths at Pompeii conclusively prove that while bathing was brought to the highest point of perfection as far as luxury was concerned, it was

responsible in no small degree for the effeminacy of the Romans at this period of their history.

The original dress of the Roman was both simple and healthful. It was composed of two or three garments. Next to the skin the Romans wore either a loin cloth, or a pair of loose drawers reaching to a point a little above the knee. The garments were made of undyed wool. Over the loin cloth or drawers, a garment called a tunic was worn. It was made of undyed wool also, and was in two pieces, sewed at the sides, which joined the back and front parts together. It extended to the lower third of the calf, and was held in place around the waist by a girdle. The sleeves were short, reaching only to the middle of the upper arm. The garment could be shortened at will, merely by drawing it up through the girdle.

The society garment of the Roman was the toga. At home and at work or play the toga was dispensed with, but social custom demanded its wearing on all other occasions. Made of undyed wool, loose, hanging from the shoulders, restricting no part of the circulation, the toga, while somewhat cumbersome, was a graceful, dignified and hygienic garment.

The footgear of the Romans, once the national sandal, became changed into first the slipper, and then the shoe. Roman feet were strangers to stockings or socks, and were carefully and regularly pedicured, and kept scrupulously clean.

All of the effeminate luxury, this debauchery and indolence spoken of, infected both court and city. The poison emanating from them—slow, insidious, deadly—was instilled into the military life of Rome, paralyzing discipline and blighting health. The Roman soldier degenerated into a physical weakling, wanting in brawn, sinew and muscle; a mental and moral derelict.

From the foundation of Rome until the reign of Emperor Gratian, the infantry wore armor, the weight of which was about sixty pounds. Relaxation in discipline, neglect of exercise, and indulgence in vices of all kinds, rendered the Roman soldier not only unwilling but also unable to be an armor bearer. The mail was now rarely donned, and even

when worn, the cuirass and helmet were laid aside. The short sword was despised as being too heavy; the shield was spurned as an unnecessary impediment. So the soldier went into the fray with head and breast unprotected, affording an excellent target for the arrows of Goth and Hun.

So demoralized had the Roman soldier become that when an edict was issued ordering him to again wear his war helmet and cuirass, he was unable to do so. Enervated by dissipation, rusted by indolence, crippled for want of exercise, he was worthless as a fighter, and useless as a defender.

Poverty, continual danger, fatigue and increasing struggle are essential for the making of strength and courage. Rome became great solely and simply because she practiced simplicity and moderation in her state life. She educated her soldiers by methodically exercising their bodies, by continually training their minds, by feeding them naturally and frugally, by clothing them wisely and hygienically; and Rome did well.

Rome made the best of the material to hand. As Gibbon puts it: "Rome converted the iron which she possessed into strong and serviceable weapons."

But, alas! the Roman "sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." The rugged individuality of manhood was bartered for effete effeminacy. Rome reeked with a disgusting, scented aestheticism, amid which youths and men imitated women, even to the donning of feminine apparel.

The private life of Rome finally became rotten to the core; her public virtues were slowly eaten away by the virulent cancer of hideous vice; her military men had degenerated into mere puppets, paralyzed by prolonged drunkenness, stupefied by greedy gluttony, stultified by carousals, and incapacitated by want of exercise. These things—indolence, love of luxury, neglect of exercise—proved Rome's undoing. Had the Mistress of the world continued to exercise frugality, temperance, moderation, and a love for athletics, the Rome of to-day would probably be an even far greater Rome than she was when at the zenith of her power.



## HOW PATENT MEDICINE TESTIMONIALS ARE PROCURED

SOME INSIDE INFORMATION REGARDING THE METHODS PURSUED BY PROFESSIONAL TESTIMONIAL GATHERERS

ONCE worked for a big proprietary medicine concern in an Eastern State, says a writer in the *Topeka Capitol*. They paid me a fat salary, gave me a room that looked as though it had been fitted up for the president of a trust company, and sent a good-looking stenographer to do my bidding. Admission to my "den" was strictly by card.

I was the advertising writer and the boss testimonial gatherer. A boss testimonial gatherer is a man who induces governors, congressmen, judges, and bishops, and others of the elect, to put their names to testimonials to the virtue of a patent medicine. In cases where diplomacy, suavity, geniality and perseverance are required to land a man, the expert is sent out and told to take his time. He is not expected to account strictly for the money intrusted to his keeping. What the concern wants is a testimonial; it doesn't care for expense.

I didn't know a living thing about writing advertising when I went to work for the Jiles Restorative Herbine Company. I got the job on a fine exhibition of nerve, which was superinduced by the fact that I needed the money. The Jiles people manufactured seven different remedies, although the Restorative Herbine was their *pièce de résistance*. I figured it out once that the seven different remedies which the firm manufactured were, taken collectively, a cure for 166 fatal diseases. Reduced to its simplest form, their proposition was that you simply couldn't die if you had a bottle of each of their seven remedies in the house.

The trick in the testimonial trade is this: The smart testimonial gatherer doesn't allow the victim to write his own testimonial. He interviews him in newspaper style, and composes the testimonial himself, after which the victim signs his name to it.

During my career I landed a United States senator, a governor, several con-

gressmen, and judges of greater or lesser degree, a bishop, and smaller fry world without end. I spent a barrel of money doing it. But I never paid a dollar directly for a testimonial. The best they ever got from me in the way of a direct fee was an order on the local photographer for eleven pictures. I paid the picture man for a dozen, and sent one of them to the house to be used in making a cut for the testimonial.

Judge Ozias Strong was a personage of great candle power in one of the Illinois River counties. The traveling man in that territory "tipped it off" to the house that the judge had derived much benefit from Herbine, and I was sent down to get his signature to the usual document. I made friends with the local druggist, and assured myself that the traveling man's "hunch" was no "pipe." Then I went to see the judge. He was a pompous, dignified gentleman, who habitually wore a silk hat with a sack coat. I broached the Herbine business gently and diplomatically, and the judge shut up like a clam. He denied that he had ever been sick in his life. He assured me that he had never heard of my medicine until I had mentioned it myself, and he expressed in vigorous language his opinion of any man who would allow himself to be caricatured in the newspapers, in the manner in which I suggested. I was stumped, but not disheartened. I had been up against that game before. So I went back to my pharmacist friend for counsel and advice. I made careful inquiry as to whether the judge had any vulnerable weakness, and what his *faës* and foibles were.

"Well," said the pharmacist, "he dearly loves to drink and play poker at another man's expense. He does love a quiet game with trimmings, if the other man is losing. He sits in some nights when we have a little game behind the prescription case."

"Well," said I, "pass the word up to him that there will be a quiet little game behind the prescription case to-night. Intimate that it's a combination to get my money, and insist that he come."

About 11 o'clock that night the judge, the pharmacist, myself, and two other good fellows, took out a stack and started the game off. I bought copiously of bottled goods of a mighty good grade before the game began. I kept it up right along until we quit. I reckon it was the sweetest "wet" function ever given in the town. I had to stay sober, and the cuspidor got the most of mine, but the judge did certainly revel in liquids. I also lost steadily, and the judge won as steadily. I remember distinctly laying down four pretty queens, with upward of \$20 in the center of the table. The judge raked in the pot on a pair of tens. Along about one o'clock he began to mellow up. At three o'clock I had him talking about Herbine enthusiastically. We stopped the game to drink the health of somebody, and I slipped over to a nearby table and wrote a testimonial. He signed it without a murmur. I needed his photograph, but I knew I'd never get his permission to use it after he had sobered up. In fact, I wanted to get out of town without seeing him again. The local photographer had a picture or two of the dignitary in his studio, but he wouldn't talk about giving me one without an order from the judge. I offered to buy, but he was incorruptible. I had the picture in my hand. I fished up a twenty-dollar bill and asked the photog-

rapher to go across the street and buy some good cigars. I haven't seen him from that day to this. I turned in a picture and a testimonial from the judge, and the house O. K.'d an expense bill of \$143.50.

"Send House to Corning to handle big testimonial," wrote in the New York traveling man one week. "Dave Templin, a wealthy capitalist, and one of the most prominent men in this section, has been an invalid for five years. He has tried a dozen specialists, and about all the fakes in the country. He has been confined to his home for over a year. About three months ago he began taking Herbine, and yesterday he was down town attending to business. It's great stuff. Everybody in the country knows him, and everybody knows he hasn't been able to do a stroke of business for three or four years. He's a hard man to handle. I couldn't touch him."

The "Old Man" came in with the letter in his hand. "Draw a hundred from the cashier," he said, "and go to Corning on the first train."

I got to Corning in the middle of the afternoon, after a long and tiresome ride. As I walked into the hotel I noticed a funeral procession coming up the street. "I see you're having a funeral," I observed to the clerk, with the airy facetiousness of a man who is used to hotel clerks.

"Yes," said the clerk, "they're burying David Templin—one of the big men here."

## HERBERT SPENCER AS A PHYSICAL CULTURIST

*The following quotations are taken from the writings of the late Herbert Spencer.*

"Mental power cannot be got from ill-fed brains."

"People are beginning to see the first requisite in life is to be a good animal. The best brain is found of little service if there be not enough vital energy to work it, and hence to obtain the one by sacrificing the source of the other is now considered a folly—a folly which the eventual failure of juvenile prodigies constantly illustrates. Thus we are discovering the wisdom of the saying that one secret in edu-

cation is 'to know how wisely to lose time.'"

"We hear a great deal about 'the vile body,' and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But nature quietly suppresses those who treat disrespectfully one of her highest products, and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish."

"All breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then and not till then will the physical education of the young receive the attention it deserves."



# Miscellaneous Paragraphs From Everywhere

## An Ancient Physical Culture Rhyme

A writer in the *New York Press* calls attention to a verse written in 1607 which runs thus:

Use three Physicians;  
First Dr. Quiet,  
Next Dr. Merry-man  
And Dr. Dyet.

The same writer adds: We are gradually getting around to exercise for health and the pill and lancet are being driven into retirement. Here is what Dryden wrote:

Better to hunt in fields for health un-  
bought  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous  
draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to  
mend.

An excellent and apt quotation.

## The "Autocrat" and Materia Medica

In alluding to the current regard exhibited by the public for physical culture principles, a metropolitan newspaper calls its readers' attention to the fact that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes who, as somebody has aptly remarked, cured more people by his poems than by his prescriptions, once wrote: "I firmly believe that if the whole 'materia medica' could be sunk to the bottom of the sea, it would be all the better for mankind and all the worse for the fishes."

## The Nation Owes Much to Physical Culture

Not so very long ago, says the *New York Herald*, our men were as a rule devoid of adequate muscle and healthy digestion and our women physically frail specimens of hothouse beauty at twenty who speedily collapsed when one of the bedrooms became a nursery.

A great change has been worked in the last decade or so. Nowadays almost

"everybody and his neighbor" go in for outdoor sports, and the result in the bettered health of the people, women as well as men, is apparent on every side and rejoiced in by all except the family doctor and the drug compounder at the corner.

True, there are still some of the typical Americans of our fathers' days—men who tumble out of bed, excitedly swallow their breakfasts in a few gulps and rush on a mad gallop for the street car. But these men have, happily, decreased in number, and the average business man of the present has learned so well the value of muscular exercise that to-day, in New York, training and exercise rooms have been successfully established in the heart of financial and commercial districts. Isn't that a "sign of the times" athletically?

## Brawn Usually Means Brains

There yet remains a prejudice in the minds of a good many excellent but mistaken people in regard to college athletes and colleges that encourage athletics. Such prejudice usually takes the form of a belief that a youth of big muscles can never be a youth of large brains. But an authority on the subject writing in the *London Daily Mail* says convincingly:

"I have spent twelve years at the University of Cambridge, and nine years of this period I have spent in teaching. I have always found that the fool at sports is the fool at books. Conversely, the good athlete is also a good student. The explanation is perfectly simple. A man or woman without brains cannot learn anything. They will be as great fools at games as they are fools at study."

## No Money, No Drugs!

According to Brooklyn newspapers an association of physicians of East New York has been formed to exclude from treatment by its members persons who

make a practice of "hanging up" doctors' bills. Blacklists of such delinquents are to be made and a collector has been hired.

#### Physical Culture at Barnard College

The space given by the metropolitan newspapers to a description of the new gymnasium building at Barnard College is another proof of the public interest in those things that go to the making of sound minds in sound bodies. It is a fact that, to use the words of the *New York World*, "the Barnard girls now have a physical culture building for their exclusive occupancy which is said to be the finest of its kind in the world." The structure, which has been erected at a cost of \$400,000, is the gift of Mrs. Frederick Ferris Thompson, a trustee of Teachers' College. Under its roof are these among other things:

One of the main purposes of the new Department of Physical Education, of which this building will be the home, is the production of trained teachers of physical culture. A dozen courses will be offered, under the direction of Prof. Thomas Dennison Wood of Teachers' College, by a large corps of instructors and assistants. These courses will be open to the students of Barnard College and the women students of Teachers' College.

#### "Whiskey" Is Not Even Whiskey

The publicity given to the recent investigation of alleged whiskey by the Bureau of Chemistry of the Agricultural Department seems to have mightily annoyed some of the manufacturers of the vile decoctions. The investigation has so far developed the fact that nearly all of the "whiskies" used by the public are made up of ingredients that have nothing whatever to do with whiskey proper, these ranging from harmless prune juice to a whole collection of deadly poisons. As one of the bureau's officials put it, "It would be far more appropriate to christen the stuff 'liniment' or 'patent medicine' rather than whiskey."

#### Will We Heed the Warning?

In a report upon physical deterioration in England, Walter C. Hamm, the American Consul at Hull, says: "England is now making a vigorous effort to remedy the physical deterioration of her

working population, which has followed from past mistakes. She will succeed, although it will require a generation or two to restore the lost physical stamina. America could also recover from a similar condition, but it will be better if she is warned by the experience of others and avoids the mistake entirely."

A Parliamentary committee of investigation reported that among the causes of admitted physical deterioration were "overcrowding, pollution of the atmosphere, unhealthful conditions of employment, alcoholism, depletion of rural districts, by the exodus of the best types, alleged diminished rate of reproduction among the better classes, bad and insufficient food and bad conditions attending the life of children."

#### Poisonous Air in the New York Subway

That some action will follow the statements which have appeared in the metropolitan newspapers to the effect that the air in the Subway lacks oxygen and contains poisonous gases to an extent that endangers the public health, seems pretty certain. Already a number of plans to the end of insuring the "Hole in the Ground" a supply of relatively pure air have been suggested and already, too, experts pro and con have joined issues over the question.

Dr. Seibert, in a statement to the press, asserts that the air in the Subway on the day on which he made his tests resembled, as far as its odor was concerned, that of a bedroom whose windows had been closed all night while it was occupied. He made twelve tests of the quantity of oxygen in the Subway atmosphere and all but three showed that it contained less than 13 per cent. of oxygen. The air in the streets during the days of the tests exhibited about 20 per cent. of oxygen. From this data, Dr. Seibert concludes that, "The ventilation of the Subway is insufficient. Persons with weak heart action, fat and old persons and those with weak lungs need oxygen at all times more than others and the lack of it is dangerous to them. Persons who remain continually in the Subway, excepting the ticket choppers at the entrances, are liable to become deficient in blood oxidation in direct proportion to the time that they are compelled to inhale the pauperized air."

# Anti-Vaccination Department

A tribunal where medical blunders and blunderers will be exposed and where cases of crimes, disease, suffering and deaths resulting from vaccination will be filed. Readers are invited to send in short items of news pertinent to this department.

"I believe that the constitutional diseases, such as scrofula, syphilis, consumption and eczema are liable to be conveyed by vaccination. My conclusions are based on both experience and study."

—G. R. HERKIMER, M. D., Dowagiac, Mich.

## UTAH HAS ABOLISHED THE VACCINATION CURSE

The State of Utah has passed an act that will be read with joy by every intelligent and enlightened man in the country. It reads:

"An act to prevent compulsory vaccination and to prevent vaccination being made a condition precedent to entering the public schools of Utah.

"Be it enacted by the Legislature of the State of Utah:

"Section 1. That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any board of health, board of education, or any other public board acting in this State under police regulations, or otherwise, to compel by resolution, order or proceedings of any kind the vaccination of any child, or person of any age; or making vaccination a condition precedent to the attendance at any public or private school in the State of Utah, either as pupil or teacher.

"Section 2. This act shall take effect upon approval."

## ONE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR OFFER

Some time ago the American Anti-Vaccination League offered \$1,000 for a logical, scientific reply to the following questions:

1. Is Cowpox a reality? Proof wanted.
2. What are the chemical constituents of Vaccine Virus?
3. How many kinds of such Virus are there in use?
4. What processes and methods are employed in producing them?
5. Which kind is the best, and why? Give its pedigree.
6. How does any one of them operate to prevent smallpox?
7. Is there extant any proof of such prevention? Cite cases.
8. Virus being poison, can it enter the circulation of the blood without causing injury?
9. Has a doctor or health board the right to administer an organic poison?
10. If death by tetanus (lockjaw) results from vaccination, should the responsibility rest upon the vaccine virus or upon the person administering it?

The society could not get rid of the \$1,000 and is still waiting for some learned M.D. who is in favor of vaccination to carry off the snug reward.

## VACCINATION IN SWITZERLAND

The following valuable statement regarding vaccination is translated from a Switzerland paper and is well worth reading:

"In the year 1834 the law which had made vaccination compulsory was repealed by the voters of Zurich and since that date the rate at which newly born children were vaccinated has gradually decreased from 90 to 11 per cent., a fact which clearly shows that experi-

ence and good sense taught the people of this city to believe less and less in vaccination. When the said law was repealed the doctors predicted that fearful epidemics would be the result of it; however, since that year, when 160 cases of smallpox were recorded for a population of 450,000 (this includes the suburbs and the country district), smallpox has continually fallen off. In 1899 there was one, in 1900 only five, and in 1898, 1901, and 1902 no cases at all at Zurich. Councilor Zuppinger (the author of this article, which has reference to a Council meeting) is therefore of opinion that the Council should not take up a matter which has been condemned by the people, and which consists in injecting into the blood of babies an animal poison, though it may be diluted, germs of disease, the far-reaching importance of which the Council cannot gauge and the responsibility for which they cannot take on themselves. This is the reason why Councilor Zuppinger demanded that the practice of vaccination by officials of the government should be discontinued, since it can be left to doctors who advocate it and to those who believe in their method. The question whether vaccination was harmful in principle was not argued, because it could in no way affect the issue of the bill."

## VACCINATED PERSONS CONTRACT SMALLPOX IN PHILADELPHIA

Philadelphia vaccinated more than any Pennsylvania city and with the usual result. Smallpox kept right on until there were 1,878 hospital cases of smallpox; 901 over 14, vaccinated in infancy; 14 children under 14 all vaccinated; 680 had good marks; 213, poor marks; 631 were unvaccinated, and we learn "these figures illustrate very strikingly the value of vaccination not only in preventing the disease, but likewise in modifying its severity." That is, 67 per cent. were vaccinated, and only 33 per cent. unvaccinated. How plain it is, to be sure.

Then I find that 27 per cent. of the unvaccinated died, while before vaccination was known the death rate was only 18 per cent. Of course it is all right, but I'd like to know who killed this 9.7 per cent.? Did they die just to show the value of vaccination, or is there a "nigger in the woodpile?"—"Vaccination."

## COURT UPHOLDS ACTION OF ANTI-VACCINATOR

The Barberton, O., board of education has been ordered by Judge J. A. Kohler to admit to the public schools of the town the four

children of Charles M. Kiser, in spite of the decision of the board that only vaccinated youngsters should be eligible as pupils. Mr. Kiser's appeal to the courts was made not only on his own behalf, but on behalf also of many Barberton people who are opposed to compulsory vaccination. Mr. Kiser has also begun suit against the board for \$1,000 damages.

#### HANDCUFFED TO BE VACCINATED

Here is a clipping from a Pottstown, Pa., paper: "The Board of Health, accompanied by a policeman, had to take heroic vaccination measures in thickly populated localities in this town. All persons not vaccinated were compelled to submit to it, and those who stubbornly refused were handcuffed until the operation was completed."

#### PURBLIND TERRE HAUTE WANTS COMPULSORY VACCINATION

Terre Haute, Ind., is just recovering physically and mentally from the smallpox epidemic, which, about a month since, swept over it, causing many deaths, much distress, and a general upset of social and business affairs. Naturally, the outbreak brought to the fore the vaccinate-at-any-cost fool. So far, the Indiana legislature has not approved of persons being blood-poisoned against their will, but the indications are that at the next session a bill will be submitted, if not passed, providing that no child shall be educated unless it has been vaccinated. It is worthy of remark that the Terre Haute epidemic began to abate when its health authorities inaugurated some strenuous municipal house-cleaning. In other words, the disappearance of the disease was coincident with the disappearance of that which bred it—clogged gutters, filthy streets, imperfect drainage, poor sewerage, clogged systems and drug-stuffing doctors. But did you ever know a municipality yet that wasn't led by the nose by its doctors because it can't see things right under its nose?

#### WHY VACCINATE FOR SMALLPOX ALONE?

Health Commissioner Greene, of Buffalo, has put himself on record as stating that the law of that city will in the future be, "No vaccination, no education." The commissioner claims that he is acting under the powers of a recent decision of the Court of Appeals, which was to the effect that educational authorities have a right to exclude from public schools all children who have not been vaccinated. To carry this kind of thing to its logical conclusion, Mr. Greene should remember that there is nowadays a lymph or serum for pretty nearly every disease known to humanity. He should therefore order that the doors of the schoolhouses be slammed in the faces of all youngsters who have not been "scrapped" or jabbed or punctured for consumption, lockjaw, diphtheria, pneumonia, ingrowing toe-nails, red hair, or other bodily afflictions. Why discriminate in favor of smallpox?

#### A DUNDERHEADED DEPARTMENT OF "PUBLIC SAFETY"

Director Moore, of the Pittsburg Department of Public Safety, intends—if he can—

to make compulsory vaccination in the Smoky City a reality in reality. To this end, he is to present to the next Pennsylvania legislature a bill which will cause all sorts of dire penalties to be visited on those who refuse to let their children take the chance of dying in the agonies of tetanus in order to bolster up a tottering medical theory.

It will be remembered that Pittsburg has just had a smallpox epidemic of its own, in regard to which Director Moore speaks tearfully thus: "During the epidemic we could not handle the obstreperous persons (anti-vaccinators) until after the great mass of people had been attended to. There is always someone ready to make trouble for the department, and if the law was clearer we could proceed with greater despatch and satisfaction." By which he means that a man should be deprived of the right to protect himself and his children from an assault by medical scallawags armed with what are literally poisoned weapons. In the same breath, however, Director Moore declares "there is no fear of a repetition of a smallpox epidemic because the city is cleaner than it has ever been." There is not a single case of smallpox in it." In other words, Mr. Moore emphasizes the fact that smallpox is a filth disease, that because the city has been cleansed of the filth that bred the epidemic, the latter has disappeared, and that vaccination has nothing whatever to do with smallpox one way or the other.

#### ASSAULTS WITH INTENT TO POISON IN CHICAGO

There are a good many thousand sore arms in Chicago just now, though not by the wish or with the compliance of their owners. A spasm of asinine fright in regard to smallpox having seized on the proprietors of many State street stores as well as on the officials of the Chicago Telephone Company, the result was that forthwith orders were issued to the effect that everybody employed in said establishments and corporations would have, willy-nilly, to bare their arms and be jabbed by vaccine points. This ends the incident for the present, and the future will probably conceal the hundreds of cases of permanent blood-poisoning or other diseases that the victims have incidentally contracted. A few cases of lockjaw may result forthwith, but with the momentary sensation that these will excite, the incident will end.

#### RECORD FROM MONTH TO MONTH OF VACCINATION MURDERS

Died from lockjaw immediately following vaccination, Latitia Gavin, of Pittsfield, Mass.

Ida C. Maynard, Worcester, Mass., age 20 years, died of blood poisoning due to vaccination.

Wm. Taylor, Port Huron, Mich., age 5 years, died of complications due to vaccination.

Holubosky, Chicago, Ill., age 5 years, died from lockjaw due to vaccination.

Ralph Colling, 190 Sorrauren avenue, Toronto, Can., age 9 years, died from tetanus following vaccination.

## ELLA WHEELER WILCOX AS AN ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

URGES EXERCISE, DEEP BREATHING, PROPER MASTICATION AND THE  
USE OF PLENTY OF UNCOOKED FOODS AS A MEANS OF  
REGAINING AND RETAINING PERFECT HEALTH

RECENTLY, in the New York *Evening Journal*, Ella Wheeler Wilcox wrote an interesting article on the subject of health. If the article had been written by one of the editorial staff of this magazine it could not have contained more common sense physical culture than Mrs. Wilcox put into it. The article should appeal especially to our readers, as it shows how closely the leading minds of our country are following the theories and principles of life that are being brought forward in this magazine. The article follows herewith in full:

"While the tendency of the age is toward enlightenment and common sense, yet a large strata of ignorance still exists in minds where one expects to find knowledge and understanding. An educated and intelligent woman spoke of her niece as 'a sufferer from an inherited weak constitution.'

"But your niece has done nothing to make herself strong, and everything to keep herself weak," was urged by her listener.

"Well, of course, one cannot overcome inheritance," the woman replied.

"That idea belongs back with infant damnation and original sin. It is inconsistent with the facts of the age.

"As well might the man born poor say he must die in poverty. So long as a human being is born with mental faculties and will power and reason, health is within his grasp, however he may be handicapped by inheritance from his parents or his former life.

"Despite all the awful conditions which surround the poor in our large cities, there are more ailing people and semi-invalids among the well-to-do classes.

"Inaction kills more human beings than over-action.

"Too much food and too rich food destroy more than starvation.

"Improper breathing—the use of only a few lung cells—brings more destruction to the system than bad air.

"However poor you may be, and however hampered by a weak constitution, health is possible for you if you have the perseverance to pursue it. However you are occupied, you can exercise your lungs by continual deep breaths. If you have only money enough to buy the cheapest foods, try living on natural grains and uncooked vegetables for awhile, with milk and raw eggs, and nuts, for variety. I know a man who has brought himself from invalidism to strength by such a diet. He has eaten no cooked food for more than a year. He has gained in weight and strength and good looks, and is perfectly healthy and able to do more work with less fatigue than ever in his life before. He is a long time at his meals, and masticates his food thoroughly. And he has saved a snug bank account by paying nothing to bad cooks for spoiling his digestion. When one stops to think of it, it is surprising to find how many things nature has provided for our appetites which require no cooks to prepare.

"If you are suffering from indigestion, or an inability to assimilate your food, try the raw foods for awhile, and see what comes of it. Of course, you will not enjoy it at first. Cooked foods act as a stimulant often when they do not otherwise benefit the consumer, and in the beginning you will miss them. But as you find your health improving, and your appearance changing for the better, you will become interested in the experiment. It is wiser than turning your system into a drug laboratory and spending all you earn on doctors and drugs.

"Temporary illness comes to almost every one. Continued illness is an evidence of weakness of character, ignorance, or vice.

# THE CULTIVATION OF A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

HOW A VOICE OF DEPTH, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY MAY BE OBTAINED  
BY MASTERING THE SECRET OF CORRECT BREATHING

*By Adele Peters*

EVERY woman wishes that she could sing. Vocal gifts seem somehow or other to be so entirely appropriate to our sex that those of us who do not possess them feel that we are wanting in something that has been associated with woman and her attractions from time immemorial.

Now, there are a great many who believe that they have no "singing voice," when as a matter of fact they are possessed of vocal powers whose existence is not recognized simply because they have never been developed. Furthermore, such development is by no means difficult to encompass, provided always that the pupil is willing to persevere and weary not in well doing.

In order to produce, or rather to develop a voice, the initial requisites are a correct position and proper breathing. It is something about these two that I am going to tell you, the telling being of a necessarily condensed nature.

The position that you have to assume is one which allows of the vocal cords most readily responding to the breath. In order to secure it rest the weight of the body on one foot and use the other foot merely as a prop. To gain ease in maintaining this position, you must practice throwing your weight on one foot and swaying lightly backward and forward until you have transferred the weight to the other foot. While so doing, be careful to keep the shoulders level. The movement springs from and is concentrated in the hips. The arms should hang loosely, but not awkwardly, and in order to have them do so, lift them to a level with the shoulders, the fingers pointing right and left, then permit them to drop downward without any attempt on your part to control their so doing. The head must be held in a straight line with the foot which is bearing the weight of the body. Incidentally, it may be added that the position thus obtained beautifully em-

phasizes those concave and convex curves of the body which are so much in evidence in the statuary of the ancient Greeks—those truest exemplars of grace and loveliness.

As soon as practice enables you to feel comfortable in this position, you may rest assured that the vocal cords are in a form and condition to be played on by the breath as Nature intended. In other words, you are ready to begin to learn how to breathe properly.

An idea of the centralization of the breath can be best obtained by opening the mouth somewhat, extending the tongue and panting like a dog which is exhausted by heat. If you watch yourself carefully while so doing, you will find that the starting point or center of the breathing is in the diaphragm, which is the large circular muscle that separates the chest from the abdomen, forming a sort of movable partition between the two. While it has several functions, the most important of such is that which has to do with respiration.

After practicing the panting for some time, each pant being at first short and quick, begin to cause the pants to be longer and still longer until they become very much drawn out, the diaphragm at this point working easily and slowly. While doing this, however, be very careful to keep the chest perfectly quiet and the shoulders immovable. Inhale as much as you possibly can, but let the exhalation float away, as it were. No force must be used in expiration.

Practice the foregoing until the breath takes as long a time to ooze out of your lungs as it did to fill them. The slower that you can manage to let it exhale continuously and regularly, the more control you are gaining over your breathing. If at any time you are not quite sure that the diaphragm is doing its work properly, begin the panting process over again.

These first stages of voice production



are tedious and difficult, but most important. Remember this if you are tempted to become discouraged. Also, there must be no tremolo motion in the breath, a mere suggestion of a quaver marking a failure in breath control. After taking a good breath and letting it escape as slowly as possible, pant and so get all of the waste breath out of the lungs, for exhausted breath in the latter will cause a false note or word. When you have thoroughly gotten rid of the old breath, take a new and a deep one.

Of course, I need not lay stress on the fact that the corset is the chief cause of improper breathing. Just where the breath should be allowed the most freedom the corset confines it most villainously, and the consequence is that the ribs, instead of being allowed to expand with the incoming force of the breath, are pressed in and the voice suffers in consequence. I have actually seen ribs bent and broken, and, in some instances, pressing on vital organs, all of which was the result of tight lacing. Every "latest" type of corset seems to be worse than its predecessor. One of such not only makes women ridiculous, but positively deforms also. If these abominations were abolished, there would be infinitely more good, resonant speaking and singing voices than there are, instead of the thin, squeakily falsettos that you hear on every hand. It has often been a wonder to me that many women do not die from spontaneous combustion induced by the friction of one organ on the other, due to the deadly squeeze of the corset.

Our diaphragms were given us for respiration purposes, but most women seem to consider them as jelly bags that are made to be squeezed out of shape.

When the breath is allowed to ooze up to the teeth it should not be hindered or strangled in its exit from the mouth. Every part of the body should assist in its expulsion. There should be complete co-operation of all the organs to this end. While the diaphragm is doing its work, the chin should drop gently, the teeth and lips sway apart and the position of the body as already described should be religiously observed.

If ten minutes of practice in proper breathing makes you dizzy, it is a signal for you to stop, for it means that you have not quite succeeded in "placing the breath," or that you are not accustomed to having the diaphragm do its duty. But, after a time, the muscles will rejoice in their freedom, the dizziness and other unpleasant symptoms will disappear, and, apart from all else, you will find yourself much more strong and healthy than you were before you learned to breathe as you should.

It may be added that the mentality of the individual is apt to be reflected in her voice. For example, a light-hearted girl of sunny disposition whose voice is being developed is pretty sure to finally find herself the possessor of a birdlike organ that fills the air with inspiring music. But in any event, when the vocal chords are allowed to act unrestrainedly and when the secret of correct breathing is mastered, a voice of depth and strength and beauty is sure to follow.

## LIQUOR IMPAIRS USEFULNESS OF YOUNG MEN

The Chicago *Record-Herald* editorially thus depicts the difficulties of a great industry:

"The action of the Western Electric Company in posting notices warning its employees against certain immoral practices which tend to impair their usefulness to the company is significant of the growing tendency of employers of labor to fearlessly insist upon adherence to a code of conduct that assures a reasonable efficiency.

Its business is one that offers great

opportunities for young men of good habits and of scientific or mechanical aptitude. But officers of the company have grown alarmed at the prevalence of the gambling fever among the young men. It has been found that this practice, as well as that of cigarette smoking and drinking, greatly impairs the efficiency of the young men and lessens their value to the company.

"With this company it is not a question of morals primarily; it is a business proposition."

## PARLIAMENT OF THOUGHT

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

### Believe Efforts at Reform Useless

To the Editor:—Permit me to address you, and this is no wise critically, on your fight for reform. First let me ask you the question: "Are you an optimist?" You will perhaps answer "yes," because you sincerely think you are. But are you? Do you know the highest belief of the thorough optimist? You see monstrous curses hanging on to humanity vampire-like; tobacco, the saloon dens, corsets, prudery, ignorance, etc. And you are throwing the best years of your life and energy into fighting them, thinking that you can change popular prejudice, discourage saloon habitués and tobacco, and, what is most difficult of all, persuade womankind to give up the piece of steel she wears around her body. Now, Mr. Macfadden, in this large and densely-populated world of ours do you know how effective your reforming is? It is like a rain drop in the ocean. Reformers, fighting along the same lines that you have fought, have lived and passed away, while the corset still exists, the saloon still exists and the imbecilic people who support these vices still exist. Now, this is not to discourage you, but to set you on a line of thinking that I have been following for years and which will prevent your heart from sinking when, after years of time, you find that all your reforming has resulted only in converting a handful of people away from the old life into a better life; that the saloon and the corset and the tobacco evil still exist. Have you ever reflected that there is a great, immutable force or law, work-

ing through humanity for ultimate good? Everything is safe! You and every other reformer could stop reforming to-day and the good would go on just the same. The salvation of humanity does not lie in the turmoil and the fight and the storming of reformers. It lies in the quiet, unseen, slow-moving but sure force that is working its way through all Nature. Everything works for good! We are encircled by a God-law. If we remain within its influence we have peace, calm, health, success and happiness. Every step out of this great, binding influence means so much more *dis-ease*, inharmony, ill-luck, discontent, and poverty. It governs the mind as well as the body. The man who finds everything that he puts his hand to is a failure; the man who finds an unseen something constantly working against him and keeping him down; the man who finds himself sick—all these are out of the invisible circle or force or God-law that circumscribes every living thing.

Let me give you an illustration of how this law is working for good and why evil is only temporary while good is eternal. You fight against the present widespread sexual excess and debauchery in married life, do you not? And your reason for fighting against it is that the offspring will cause us to have an entire race of sexual perverts and nervous wrecks. Hardly that! What does Nature do with the sensualist? Does she not take away from him the power of perpetuation? How long before this weakening becomes *impotent*? He is simply removed from her economy, because he is

not fit to beget the proper kind of offspring. Can married couples who indulge in marital excesses beget children? You, yourself, admit that barrenness is frequently caused by excesses in married life. Why? Because Nature, in almost every instance, makes provision against bringing epileptics, imbeciles and mental or physical weaklings into this world.

What happens to another of Nature's perverts, the married woman who attempts abortion? Is she not eliminated instantly or gradually, with suffering, from the great plan of creation? Sometimes by losing her reason and becoming a mental blank; at other times becoming sterile, infirm, and frequently Nature removes her body and soul in the very attempt.

How long does the prostitute, the woman who barter her body and her soul, retain health and life?

How long does the pervert of manhood, the creature who encourages the prostitute, remain secure? Statistics show that there is hardly a single man who does not become tainted with the severest punishment that Nature is capable of inflicting—venereal disease. The slowly decomposing body of this form of moral leper, seen at times in the wards of hospitals, is the cruellest way of removing him from the body politic, but it is Nature's way.

Is there not a law of "the survival of the fittest"? Does not the clean man, the man with clear brain and clean conscience, stand on top in the struggle of life? The law that disposes of the weak sends the weakling to the bottom. What positions do the cigarette fiends and liquor tipplers and the moral weaklings hold in business? Does Nature permit these weaklings to retain insight, quick-wittedness and power of judgment—or does she destroy them in the degree that they blunt and destroy their moral and spiritual natures? She removes the mental qualities because they would be dangerous things in the hands of moral weaklings.

Yours truly,

G. M. VERRILLE.

#### Unventilated Jails of Country Towns

To the Editor:—I would like to call your attention to one of the greatest dis-

ease-spreading evils in this land, namely, the jail of the small town. These places are generally worse than the famous Black Hole of Calcutta, and if filled in the same proportion would be as fatal. They are dark, ill ventilated, cold, damp, suffocating, and in addition to this the floors are usually covered with straw, sawdust or some kindred stuff that is literally alive with vermin, the fumes of tobacco, and the germs of disease. Many persons confined for a few hours carry away with them skin afflictions that will last them a lifetime. They go out and spread some dread disease of which the health boards cannot guess the origin. Many a poor unemployed boy, "broke" because he has not yet learned the cheating ways of the world, without a place to sleep except the ground (which is a healthful place) has had his life altered for the worse by being thrown into such a jail as a vagabond. G. W. F.

#### One of the Good Things Doctors Don't Prescribe

To the Editor: When I first came across PHYSICAL CULTURE I was in a bad condition, ailing from spinal trouble for several years past. I had received treatment from one of the most eminent doctors, taken enough medicine to float a battleship, and pills enough for ballast, and then was told that I was incurable. By accident I came across a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE, read it, sent for additional numbers, and up to date have not missed an issue. After I took up physical culture I threw away all medicines and pills. In two weeks I felt better, and was gaining in strength and weight. Two months after, I quit doctoring. Later on, when I chanced to meet my doctor, he congratulated me on my improved condition, wanted to know what doctor was treating me, and when I told him Doctor Physical Culture, he patted me on the back and said, "Keep at it; that is one of the good things we doctors don't prescribe." I am to-day a living evidence of what physical culture will do, and in better health than I have been for the past fifteen years. And the doctor said I was incurable!

A. H. EGGERT,

Letter Carrier No. 11.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## SETTING A NEW STANDARD FOR MANHOOD

FALSE EDUCATION AND PRUDERY CAUSE LOWERING OF MANHOOD.  
YOUNG WOMEN ASSIST DEPRECIATION BY EXCUSING LACK OF  
MORAL RECTITUDE AND HIGH HONOR IN MEN THEY MARRY

*By E. Regnar*

**W**HY is it that the average man expects his sister to be a model of virtue, while at the same time he looks upon a great many of the women of his acquaintance as being questionably virtuous?

Why is it that a woman often gives up trying to find a pure man for a husband, while a man will not marry a girl whose reputation is tarnished?

A representative young woman whom I asked a few days ago if she expected to marry a man who had lived an upright life, said to me, "I never entertained any such expectations. I know that there probably are men of that kind, but I hope to be married before I am forty or fifty, and the chances are I would reach that age before I found a man such as you named."

This was a good girl. She is a church member. Her character is beyond suspicion. She will offer the one whom she marries a pure mind and body, and yet she believes that men in general are such moral weaklings that they cannot be pure unless they are fossils or imbeciles.

I believe, indeed I know, that our home education is alone to blame for this state of affairs. If you expect your son to lead a business life you prepare him for it. You tell him all that you know about business methods, and then pay others to teach him that which is beyond your knowledge. Do you teach him that when he goes out in the world he will meet all sorts of persons and conditions? That gradually the veil will be lifted and reveal to his shocked gaze the prevailing corruption and vices of our times, and that at such a period he must stand alone and choose his own path? Do you show him how to distinguish the bad from the good?

Perhaps you are one of the few to teach your son these things, and if so, may God bless you, for you are doing

your share in furthering the world's progress.

Is the amount of vice in the world to be marvelled at when our purest girls do not dare to expect to marry men as pure as themselves; when it is a general belief among all classes that a man with red blood in his veins cannot or will not master his desires, but that he must use them to degrade himself and so lose his confidence in his ability to do what his conscience prompts him to? Is it to be wondered at that the majority of men of twenty-five or so have stopped harboring hopes or building air castles and are settled down to a life of drudgery; that they are devoid of ambition or the wish to make their positions those of happiness and content? No. They have been led to believe that that which is good is not obtainable, and that there is no reason to strive for moral success when it cannot crown their efforts.

It remains to us to see to it that true manhood does not become a fable. There is but one way to do it. Teach your children what to expect in this life, and do not conceal from them that they have passions which when developed will require all their strength of moral habit and cleanliness of soul to control and convert into the great and lasting happiness of married home life.

If you expect to marry, assure yourself that your prospective life companion is one on whom you can depend on to aid you in the work of training the minds of your children as to what will be required of them in order that they may lead a life of happiness, health and prosperity. Because of the lack of such training how many do we see to-day who are convinced that there is no happiness on earth, that humanity is cold and devoid of sympathy; and how often do we hear the remark made about a new-born babe that it would be better if he should

died when young and innocent than to come to know the world as it is, and all because we are not taught as children how to order our minds and bodies.

Let us exile the spirit of prudery that makes our race pale, sickly and weak; that takes away its desire to lead an upright life, and causes every potato hill to appear to be an unsurmountable mountain. Let us believe that nothing which is right is impossible to attain.

Do not leave all this to the next generation. Your ancestors have done this before you, and you know it to your sorrow. Do you not from your heart of hearts wish that you had been given the advan-

tages of the understanding that it is now your power to bestow?

We cannot always shout this from the house-tops. We cannot preach it to our neighbors in its entirety. They would be apt to misunderstand our meaning, or the motives which impelled our speaking. But we can and must see to it that our own lives and the lives of those dear to us are what they should be on the lines indicated.

Let us put our shoulders to the wheel, and prove, not only that ideal morality is possible, but that it is natural, and that all departures from it tend to lower our estimates of ourselves, our brothers, and our Creator.

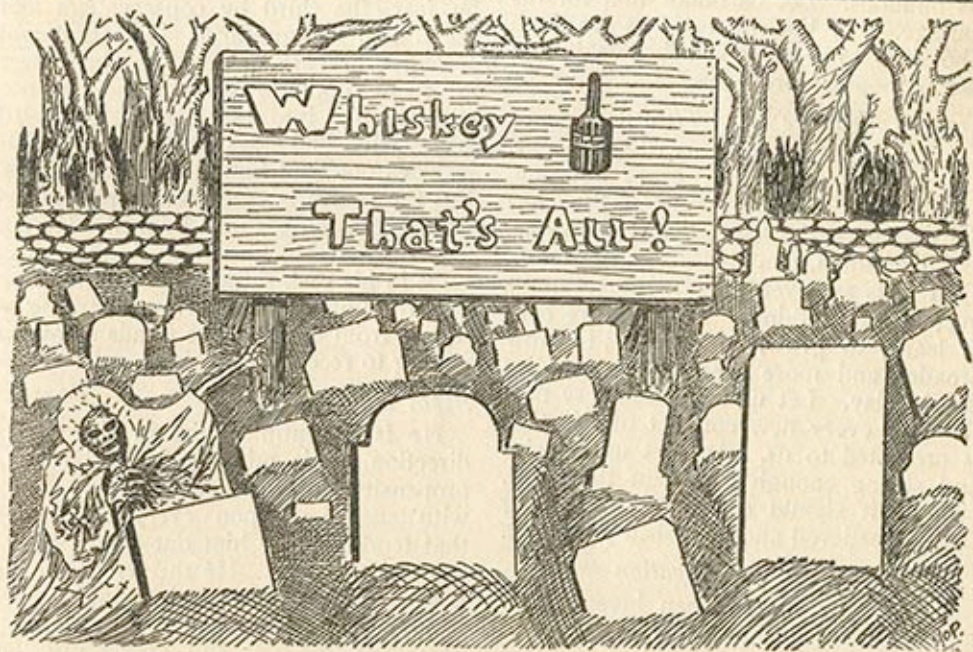
### YOUNG MAN BEGAN WELL

A squire in a certain town had just finished marrying a young couple, and proceeded in a paternal way to give them good, solid advice. Turning to the bridegroom, he said:

"Never spend your money extravagantly, and be saving in every way possible."

The bridegroom listened respectfully, and then remarked:

"Well, Judge, we might as well begin on you," and he proceeded to give the squire fifty cents for tying the knot.—*Saturday Blade*.



# THE MENTAL REALM

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

## PREJUDICE

### *Prejudice Not Worth While*

Don't be prejudiced! It is not worth while. It is unworthy of us as men. Prejudice dries up the soul of a man. It stifles thought. It destroys truth. It does not allow the exercise of reason. It paralyzes mental effort and dwarfs the mind.

Be broad, be tolerant, be fair! Honor the man who presents a new idea. Who blazes a new path for his fellow beings. Who throws light where there is darkness. Who dares to question, dares to doubt. The man who, impelled by the strength of his convictions, says what he feels he must say. Who faces derision, taunts and unpopularity for the sake of his opinions. Let us honor him for his courage. For how many of us are there who dare to express our beliefs in the face of popular prejudice?

### *Love Truth More Than Theory*

Let us love truth more than theory. Let us remember that every religion, every creed, every doctrine of life contains some of the truth, but that no one, or all of them, contains all of the truth. That facts are everything; theories nothing; beliefs nothing. That we are here to learn, to grow, to develop; to grow broader and more free from prejudice day by day. Let us examine every new thought, every new conduct of life that is presented to us. And let us be wise and strong enough to accept the truth, even if it should contradict everything that we believed and cherished yesterday.

### *An Age of Keen Investigation*

This is an age of keen investigation and research. Truth is supplanting blind credulity. Idol destroying is taking the place of idol worship. Facts are ousting beliefs. Old institutions are crumbling and new institutions are being reared on

their ruins. Unserviceable religious dogmas are giving way to a nobler creed of conduct. The art of healing is being displaced by the art of preventing. And the art of killing men by medicines is being abandoned for the art of saving men by the aid of Nature. There is not a pillar of belief that may not be torn from under us to-day. There is not a theory of science but may have its flank turned by some great thinker. There is not a hope, not a religion, not a standard of morals, that is not at the mercy of a new generalization to-morrow.

### *Four Kinds of Bigoted People*

There are four kinds of bigots. The first is governed by sentiment, the second by fear, the third by conservatism and the fourth by ignorance. The first and second types are harmless. Their lives are spent simply in resisting the entrance of a new idea into their heads. The third is assertive and does harm only in that he does not lend himself to progression. But the fourth is aggressively prejudiced and fights progress inch by inch. He not only prevents an idea from finding lodgment in his own thick cranium, but commits the unpardonable crime of trying to stop it from entering the minds of others willing to receive it.

### *Bigot Number One*

He is a sentimentalist in the wrong direction. His mind is indicative of a propensity to fossilization. He looks with suspicion upon every innovation that tends to take him out of the rut of the commonplace. He thrives on worm-eaten thoughts and mouldy opinions. He reverences tradition and pays homage to precedent, hearsay and everything that has the scent of mustiness or the halo of antiquity attached to it. He believes in the sanctity of things. He would rather

let rats run riot in the basement of a church than open it to the merry play of children.

He clings to family customs and beliefs. His favorite song is "The Old Oaken Bucket," and his pet quotation, "Let well enough alone." In cases of sickness he has a host of infallible remedies that his mother used. He keeps a medicine chest in the house. He believes in the time-honored hot grease and flannels for an inflamed throat and if his child dies he bows to the "mysterious ways of Divine Providence."

His mental vision is occupied by a portrait of his grandfather. He votes the ticket his grandfather voted, clings to the same religion, thinks the same thoughts, and brings up this venerable guiding star at every stage of a physical culture discussion. He would call your attention to the fact that his grandfather drank tea and coffee, sipped fire-water, ate salted pork and died at ninety-eight. He will not believe that because of this fact the world has a legion of grandsons who are phlegmatic, brainless, non-progressive, unoriginal, and prejudiced against progress.

#### *Bigot Number Two*

He is prejudiced because he is mentally weak. Superstition governs his mind. He would rather have his eyes full of dust and let prejudice blind him than see things that might ruffle his mind. He does not adopt a new idea because it might disturb his sluggish mental peace. He is afraid to think deeply on religion because religion has inculcated the fear of punishment into his mind. He holds on to his creed, his faith, his teaching because he is afraid to let them go. His mind is too weak to think out a problem of its own. He accepts what others have frightened into him. He is content to live by the teachings of dead ages. He is a prisoner to the past. He is prejudiced in favor of the established. He fears to tear down. He is a coward in small things. He would not innovate a meatless diet because he fears he would lose strength. He would not risk a cold bath because he fears a shock to his nervous system. He would not be sick without a doctor because he fears death, and he would not be cremated because his

mind shrinks from the idea of bodily annihilation.

Like bigot number one he lives, he dies, and green grass grows over his grave. No one was harmed by his living except himself, no one was benefited and the world goes forward toward its magnificent destiny neither helped nor hindered by him.

#### *Bigot Number Three*

He is called the conservative. He follows precedent. He is found chiefly in the professions. He disdains new-fangled notions. He is too dignified to pursue a new idea. He goes through life in his pedantic robes of alleged learning and unchanging opinions. He possesses the knowledge of the ages. He is full of the wisdom of the past. He cannot find room for a new thought. He could not nourish it if it happened to enter his brain. He stands aloof and decries innovations. He has a well-assorted stock of epithets, such as "crank," "faddist," "fakir," etc., which he hurls from a distance at the man who has the courage of new convictions. He scorns the opinion of the layman. He called Columbus the common son of a weaver, "crazy" because Columbus advanced the theory that the world was round. He has been repeating the word every time that an obscure, unknown man has arisen with a new and noble and courageous idea.

#### *Bigot Number Four*

He is the man who goes to make up *Popular Prejudice*. He is the most dangerous of the four. In his ignorance he not only opposes but persecutes. Almost always he is egged on by the conservative who disdains to do this dirty work himself. In the past he has been incited by religion. In the present he is encouraged to ridicule, scoff and oppose by the newspaper and the pulpit.

He has always hounded, tormented and villified a man brave enough to launch an opinion or advocate a cause that was unpalatable to the great mass of the people. By sheer weight of brutal opposition he has crushed the hearts of unnumbered men who have tried to better the world. He stood in the clamoring mob that confronted Pilate and demanded that Christ be delivered over to it to be

crucified. He was a member of the mobs that stoned many of His followers to death. He caused Columbus to be placed in chains. He sat in Fanueil Hall and with cat-calls, hisses and shouts of derision refused Wendell Phillips and Garrison the right to speak against human slavery. He derided the experiments of Samuel Morse to inaugurate a telegraphic system and when, after overcoming difficulties that would have crushed the heart of another less determined man, Morse succeeded in having the wires placed and the system installed, mobs gathered and tore down the poles that had been erected. He stood with the mob on the shores of the Hudson and with shouts of derision made sport of Robert Fulton's trial of his steamboat. He has fought, with the bitterest kind of opposition, every reform, every blessing, every privilege of freedom that he now enjoys.

#### *Can Be Likened to a Dog*

This kind of a prejudiced man meets every new idea like a watch dog in his kennel spying the approach of a stranger. He can be likened to a cur barking at a fast moving car. He snaps, snarls and barks. He tries to dispute the right of way. He tries to stop its progress by getting on the track. He gets bumped and bruised in consequence. And every

time that he does he sets up a new sort of howl.

#### *How to Keep at Peace*

To keep at peace with popular prejudice you must never offer an opinion of your own or present a new idea or think an original thought. You must never utter a note that does not harmonize with the music of the masses. You must not disturb established beliefs. You must not arouse dormant thought of any kind.

If you have an original idea keep your mouth shut regarding it, or put your foot upon it before some one else steps on it for you. If you do not, if you persist in pushing it forward, you will stir up a hornets' nest such as PHYSICAL CULTURE has heretofore stirred up among hide-bound medical societies and organized prudes. You will be stung by taunts, jeers and ridicule. Your idea will be pounced upon and sandbagged as the offspring of a "crank" or "faddist." It will be accorded the same kindness which a strange dog receives from a flying brickbat.

"It is a peculiar and sad fact that in the long, weary upward march of the human race, there was scarcely ever an act proposed for the protection, emancipation or elevation of the masses without the masses howling it down."

---

## A GLORIOUS PROPHECY!

These things shall be:—A loftier race  
Than e'er the world hath known shall  
rise,

With flame of freedom in their souls,  
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong  
To spill no drop of blood, but dare  
All that may plant man's lordship firm,  
O'er earth and fire, and sea and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,  
Unarmed shall live as comrades free,

In every heart and brain shall throb  
The pulse of one fraternity.

Great minds shall rise, with ampler powers,  
A loftier wisdom to impart;

And arts shall bloom of nobler mould  
And mightier music thrill the heart.

Then want and woe, and sin and shame  
No more shall triumph 'neath the skies,  
But every life shall be a song,  
And earth be more like paradise.

—*In New Century Path.*



# QUESTION DEPARTMENT

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

Those interested in the articles which have appeared in the magazine during the past year, giving instructions for the treatment of various diseases, will be pleased to hear that we have adopted a new method of helping those in need of advice of this character.

We have prepared special home treatments for various diseases, giving full detailed instructions, with a daily régime. The price of these instructions is one dollar each, but those who send us one dollar for a subscription to the magazine and five two-cent stamps will receive a special treatment for any common disease they may name, or a coupon entitling them to the privilege of taking advantage of this offer any time during the life of their subscription. This will enable all of our subscribers to secure a treatment for almost nothing. For detailed particulars see advertisement.

Treatments for the following ailments are now ready. Others will be announced as issued:

Headache.	Appendicitis.	Pneumonia and Pleurisy.	Nervous Exhaustion.	Locomotor Ataxia.	Bladder Disease.
Rheumatism.	Stomach Diseases.	Fevers.	Sleeplessness.	Malaria.	Cancer.
Heart Disease.	Liver Complaint.	Gaining Weight.	Skin Diseases.	Colds.	Insanity.
Constipation.	Coughs.	Epilepsy.	Neuralgia.	Catarrh.	Ear Troubles.
Biliousness.	Consumption.		Reducing Weight.	Kidney Disease.	Spermatorrhea.

## Heart Palpitation--Gas in Stomach

Q. After eating I am troubled with bloating and gas in the stomach; my heart flutters and beats as if it were located in the stomach. I have been smoking a great deal, and eat very heavily at each meal. A permanent cure would be appreciated.

A. A remedy for your trouble lies in the removal of the cause, which is undoubtedly heavy eating and smoking.

## Headache Induced By Study

Q. Three years ago I studied too much. At present, if I study or read or use my brain in any way, a headache is induced. Otherwise healthy and strong.

A. The trouble that you mention should hardly remain with you for three years, if your habits of life were as they should be. Take up a thorough system of physical culture and strengthen your body, and thereby your general nervous system, and gradually the trouble you mention should disappear. Very abstemious eating is especially advised.

## Strengthening Weak Eyelids

Q. What can you advise for a weakness of the eyelids that prevents me from opening one eye more than half way?

A. The continued practice, twice a day until tired, of widely opening and tightly closing the eyes should remedy your trouble in time, although general strengthening of the eye by means of the eye bath and other methods will be beneficial.

## Value of Butter and Olive

Q. Cannot secure olive oil easily, and cannot afford it at the price. I could never learn to relish it, anyway. Is good butter equal to olive oil?

A. Good butter is not so valuable a food as olive oil, although I will say that, if you cannot

relish olive oil, and do relish butter, the latter probably would be the most wholesome for you. Food, in order to be properly and easily digested, must be relished.

## Cure of Tape Worm

Q. Would a long fast be injurious for persons troubled with tape worm? What other treatment would you advise?

A. A long fast would be about the best means of remedying a trouble of this nature. It would starve the worm to death, since during the fast you would actually digest what nourishment would remain in its body and the residue would pass through the bowels. Even the ordinary method of curing a trouble of this kind, is to compel the patient to fast two or three days and then give the worm a noxious dose, which is also a strong laxative. A long fast, however, I think would be the more preferable way of remedying the trouble.

## Chilblains on Hands and Feet

Q. Can you recommend any positive cure for chilblains on hands and feet? I have them every winter and the lotions and ointments accomplish absolutely nothing.

A. The recurrence of this trouble indicates a constitutional weakness which sometimes takes patience and considerable time to remedy. About the best means of remedying chilblains is to be careful never to allow any part of the body to become so cold as to nearly or actually freeze. When your hands or feet begin to have the slightest feeling of numbness, the most strenuous efforts should be made to arouse the circulation of these parts. For instance, if your toes are very cold while in the open air, rise up and down on them, or run or walk very fast until they are warmed. If the hands are very cold, the old-fashioned farmer's style of warming them, that is, swinging the arms vigorously across each other and slapping the hands simultaneously upon the back part of the shoulders, will very quickly accelerate the circulation and warm the hands no matter how cold they may be. It will be necessary for

you to build up your circulatory system and general constitution before the trouble can be permanently eradicated.

#### Treatment of Diphtheria

Q. Can diphtheria be treated successfully by diet, fasting and hydropathic means? Or, is medical treatment necessary?

A. Diphtheria can be treated successfully by physical culture methods. The first treatment to be adopted in a trouble of this kind is to thoroughly cleanse the lower bowels by the flushing treatment, introducing from one to three quarts of water, so that the entire colon may be thoroughly cleansed and emptied. The application of alternating hot and cold cloths to the throat and chest is also advised. If, in addition to this, you drink large quantities of water and insure yourself a plentiful supply of pure air to breathe, and abstain from food until all serious symptoms have disappeared, the trouble will be remedied very quickly. Diphtheria is simply a filth disease, and indicates the necessity of ridding the body of a vast accumulation of impurities. A régime of this kind will usually effect a cure in two or three days and there should be no deaths from diphtheria if this treatment is adopted before the disease is advanced too far.

#### Mixed Meal of Fruit and Vegetables

Q. Do vegetables and fruits mix well together at the same meal, or should one be careful to eat them separately?

A. If food is masticated absolutely into a liquid, it is not of very great importance what various things you eat at a meal. Vegetables and fruits mix well together and can be eaten at the same meal if they are appetizing.

#### Heavy Feeling After Meals

Q. What is the cause and cure of the heavy feeling in the stomach that I have after eating, and which remains for a long period after the meal?

A. The heavy feeling that you mention is caused usually by eating too heartily or by deficient mastication. Lessen the quantity of food and masticate it more thoroughly and there will be no uncomfortable feeling.

#### Cause of Redness of Nose

Q. Can a red nose, that is beyond question hereditary, be cured by fasting? I have taken short fasts without success.

A. You are mistaken when you say your trouble is an hereditary one. If such was the case, you would have been born with your nose red. As it always appears after birth, however, it is quite evident that it is caused by some chronic stomach trouble the result of infant over-feeding or improper diet. If you adopt the one meal per day régime and are careful to avoid meats and all stimulating foods and drinks, also remembering to take long walks, and every means of promoting normal functional activity

in every part of the body, the trouble will gradually disappear. A red nose is usually induced by either one of two causes, either too free indulgence in alcoholic liquors or by a stomach disorder.

#### Spring Water and Distilled Water

Q. Is distilled water as good as spring water, or does the water lose some of its good qualities in the process of distillation?

A. Distilled water, if it is aerated, is as good and perhaps better than the usual spring water. The water that is distilled by Nature and falls as rain, if taken from clean roofs into a clean vault, is about the best drinking water that can be secured. It would be well to remember, however, that it is impossible to have pure water like this in cities, where the air is laden with dust, smoke, and other impurities.

#### Soothing Influence of Color

Q. Would you kindly advise what colors are easiest to the eyes, and therefore what colors should a nervous person surround himself with?

A. The color with which Nature chose to clothe the fields and hills and plains is perhaps the easiest color for the eyes. Green tends to soothe and rest the eyes. Tired eyes will always experience a feeling of relief and comfort in gazing at green trees and green grass.

#### Amount of Exercise Necessary

Q. I am compelled to get to work by seven in the morning. Please tell me when to rise and when to retire, and how much exercise to take?

A. You should at least procure eight hours' sleep each night. If your occupation is sedentary, would advise you to take ten or fifteen minutes exercise in the morning, followed by dry friction and cold sponge baths. On such evenings as you have time, say two or three times a week, would advise additional exercise. Sometime during the day, you ought to take a long walk. You can easily arrange your hours to permit taking your sleep, bath and exercise methodically.

#### Drinking Too Much Water

Q. Can one use too much good distilled or spring water? I am very active, and drink perhaps a gallon per day; but not within a couple of hours of any meal time.

A. You can easily drink too much water. You can so gorge your functional system with water that it finds difficulty in performing its work satisfactorily. Exponents of jiu-jitsu, the Japanese system of physical culture, advise that one drink a gallon of water a day, though in ordinary circumstances it seems to me that this would be too much. However, if you are active, and seem to thrive and feel strong while drinking this much water, there can be no objection to it.

## WHY I ADOPTED GRASS AS A DIET

BEING A PERSONAL NARRATION OF THE CAUSES THAT LED EUSEBIO SANTOS TO BECOME THE "GRASS MAN"

*I do not vouch for the claims made in this article. I do not think that an exclusive diet, such as herein described, would be compatible with the highest enjoyment and zest that we receive from a varied dietary. As a remedy for curing certain diseases, experiments might be made and the diet might be given a fair trial. It is a scientific fact that carnivorous animals, when sick, will refuse all meat, but will seek and eat grass. The article is presented solely as an item of news that might be of interest to some of our readers, and from the traditional policy of this magazine to hold its columns open to every new theory of interest that is advanced.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*

THE interest shown in my case by the public and the wish of some scientific men to know how I become a grass-eater have prompted me to present this written account of my herbivorous experiences.

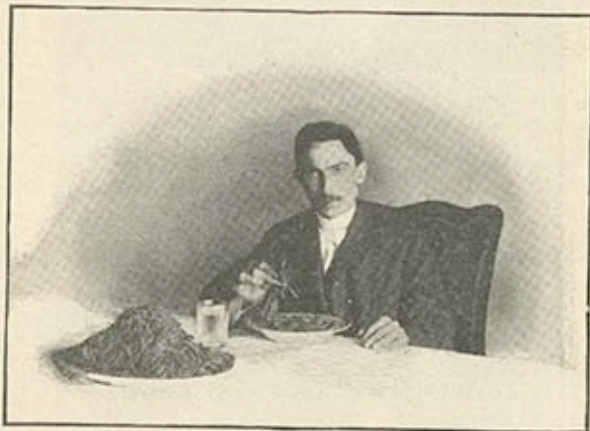
I was born in Laredo, Spain, in the year 1879, and was brought to Havana, Cuba, in 1891.

After nine years spent in that city, I went to Pinar del Rio, where I obtained employment in a dry goods store. I was then rather thin, but healthy, and could eat everything that was brought to the table. One day a big fire broke out in the store; frightened by the flames and drenched by the water, I was seized with a fever. I partially recovered, but headache and loss of appetite followed, and continued. While in Havana one day I went to see the abattoir with two friends. The sight of the killing of so many lambs, pigs and oxen, the flesh and blood scattered over the miserable and repulsive place, impressed me very much. My sympathy for these helpless animals, who harmed no one and yet were ruthlessly slaughtered to cater to our depraved appetites, caused me to vow then and there that I

would never touch a piece of animal carcass again as long as I lived.

When I returned to Pinar del Rio I started to live on vegetables, bread, milk, fruits and nuts. At the same time I was continuing the use of medicines and drugs to cure my headache and stomach

trouble. With all the drugs that I took, day by day, I not only remained sick, but grew much worse. My friends were disposed to fear the worst from my symptoms, my weight being only eighty-one pounds. I myself became alarmed to such an ex-



Eusebio Santos Enjoying His Simple Dinner of Grass

tent that I determined, as a last resort, to leave the country.

On the 15th day of January, 1903, I therefore sailed from Havana for America. During the journey I was shivering from cold, and my sufferings from my lack of appetite made me believe that my end was to take place on the ocean. But at last I arrived at New Orleans, more dead than alive.

I was pale, enervated and devoid of ambition. After hearing the story of my sufferings a friend of mine in New Orleans advised me to go to the hospital. I told him that I was tired of medicines, that they had broken my health, wrecked

my stomach, and that I wanted to be cured by other means, or die.

About that time I began to walk out into the country. The solitude of the place, the pleasant weather, the sight of a stream of clear running water, the wind running in waves over the grasses and carrying its sweet odors with it, all seemed to invite me to stop and rest, and breathe deeply of the air and beauties of the place.

I used to watch the cattle peacefully browsing and I was impressed with the fact that these animals lived only on a diet of grass and yet were perfectly healthy and strong. A strange melancholy and bitterness oppressed my heart. I exclaimed, "Why have my health and strength deserted me? Did I not come to this world to live, too? If meat and animal substances are an evil to my stomach; if medicines and drugs do not agree with me, why does not Nature provide nourishment suitable to the functions and development of my system?"

Without thinking of what I was doing, I took some blades of grass and began following the example the cattle set before me.

Next day I was no better, but a strong desire to go to the same place brought me there. I then ate more grass, staying always near the cattle. When I got up the second day a good appetite seemed to be awakening and my headache was disappearing. I tried not to eat anything but grass, and at night I had a sound sleep. The third day I felt so well in every respect and so happy, that I determined to live on grass only.

For this purpose I went out of the city day after day, halting in the meadows and experimenting with the various sorts of grasses.

Ever since then I have fed myself with grass for two reasons: First, to restore my health; in this regard I am entirely satisfied. My stomach troubles are gone, the headache also, I have always a good appetite, I sleep well, my brain is strong and clear, and my weight is 140 pounds and still increasing. Sometime I may again eat vegetables, fruits, milk, and bread, but never meat, which I now loathe, as every normal human being should loathe it.

I know there are skeptics who think that I am not truthful when I say that I live on grass alone. But if any one of such has money to wager, I have only to say that I will stay in a designated place where nothing else can be given to me but grass and fresh water under surveillance for a month, two months, or three months, according to the amount of the forfeit,



Picking a Supply of Grass for the Day's Meal

which may be called for and which I am ready to cover.

To scientists or doctors I say: "Come and experiment with me; I will submit voluntarily myself to any tests in behalf of medical science."

Again, I wish to set forth the true circumstances of my case, and so encourage others who may be afflicted as I was, to obtain the relief that I did in the same way.

The first kind of grass that I ate was June grass. Following the example of the cattle, I also ate other kinds, but in order to ascertain the qualities of each I

resolved to eat them separately in the order that follows.

First. June grass (*Poa Pratensis*). During five days the strength of my body was perfectly maintained with this grass alone. I recommend it for its good flavor and rich nutritive qualities.

Second. White clover (*Trifolium Repens*). The taste is more palatable than the first, but less rich in elements needed to sustain life. I spent four days with the white clover, and my appetite was never better.

Third. Perennial Rye (*Lolium Perenne*). When it is three to six inches high it tastes exactly the same as a chestnut. Two days of experiment with this gave me entire satisfaction.

Fourth. Sheep's Fescue (*Festuca Ovina*). Very sweet when tender, but the effects experienced after the first day were enough to let me know that it possessed laxative qualities.

After these four experiments I recognized the advantage of eating the grasses mixed just as cattle do. Still, the combination of the first two is excellent and keeps the body healthy and strong. If I had to select just one kind, that first mentioned, together with fresh water, would be good enough for me.

These grasses I find in the public parks where I go every morning to gather my supply for the day. When the grasses are picked in places exposed to sunshine and the dew, they are tender; when taken under the shade of trees they are hard and cause thirst; when dried by the sunshine they maintain all their excellent properties, and are also tender.

The Sweet Vernal (*Antroxantum Odoratum*), which is so common, is extremely

sweet, but not appetizing, because during mastication it becomes a spongy mass of threads that is very difficult to swallow.

There is a kind of short-stalked meadow grass four inches high; the strongest pepper is not to be compared with the flavor of its round leaves.

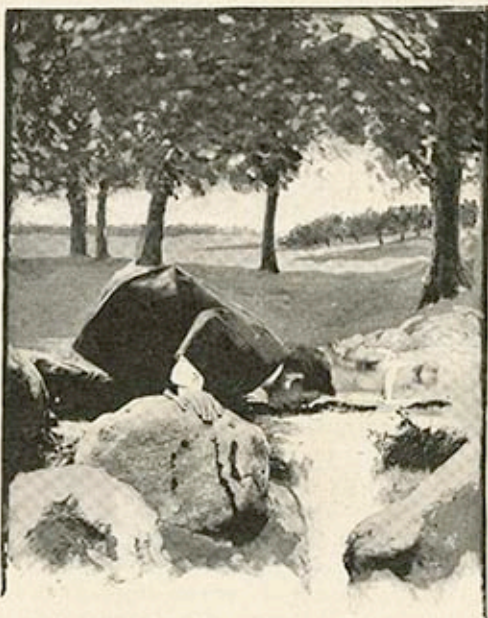
Another kind of grass is very much like Tape Rush, having three-edged leaves, and is from one to two feet high. Its taste is very disagreeable and, furthermore, it is poisonous; a little bite taken from the top of the leaves troubled my stomach for a whole day.

These experiences lead me to believe that stomachs like mine, when suffering

from dyspepsia, may renew their supply of gastric juices by selected digestible grasses. Their nutritive and laxative qualities explain the benefits derived from their use. They insure a good appetite, sound sleep, quiet nerves, free functions, etc.

The difficulty of masticating the grasses, which certainly calls for strong teeth, and the reluctance to swallow the chewed mass, I am overcoming by cutting them in fine threads.

The grass-eating principle may be regarded as a beneficial idea in many respects. In my own case I have restored my health and increased the weight and strength of my body. I do not feel mental or physical promptings which tend to evil. I think that grass as a food is not only a prophylactic and a cure for certain affections of the stomach, but a remedy also for a predisposition to crime in certain people. There is no doubt that wrongful and harmful desires are the result of vitiated blood caused by a meat diet, and that they may be subdued by a careful treatment of grass or vegetarian diet.



Satisfies His Thirst From Some Clear, Sparkling Stream

# BERNARR MACFADDEN COLLEGE

OUR INSTITUTION FOR SUPPLYING THE WORLD WITH  
COMPETENT PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTRUCTORS

OUR readers will be pleased to learn that we have chosen the building for our Physical Culture College, and are now able to enter more fully into the details of the enterprise than has been possible before. Of the location we shall say at this time only that it is an ideal one, being in the very heart of the metropolis, and at what may be termed the very center of the local car lines, thus enabling students to reach it from any part of the city or its suburbs, at the least expense and with the least loss of time.

The intention is to be ready for the reception of students early in January. The exact date and all other particulars relating to the college will be stated in the prospectus, which will be mailed to any applicant. It is most desirable that all who wish to enter the college should take steps to that end as soon as possible, the present prospect being that the college will be crowded to the limit of its capacity.

There has been an increasing demand for teachers of physical culture methods ever since we began our agitation on the subject; and it has seemed that we were expected to provide the teachers because we had not only pointed out the need of them, but had really created such need.

There are already in existence a few teachers competent for the task, but they represent a fraction of the number called for. The demand is so great, however, and the remuneration so generous that would-be teachers have importuned us to provide the means of their acquiring the needed knowledge. So, just as the need for teachers grew out of our propaganda, so the college is the logical outcome of the demand for teachers.

We have found that the call for teachers ranges from those who can teach the simpler movements, with or without movable apparatus, to those who understand physical culture in its entirety; from muscle development to curative methods. We shall, therefore, provide courses in ac-

cordance with our knowledge of the needs of students who would fit themselves for the various grades of teachers. We urge all prospective students, however, to enter for the full course, when possible.

In order to afford the opportunities for practical teaching to the student body, the gymnasiums attached to the college will be opened to the general public in the usual way, so as to provide classes for practice teaching.

A great deal of anxiety has been shown in regard to the qualifications of applicants for admission to the college, and it may be said that a high-school diploma will always be accepted as sufficient evidence of fitness; but, in the nature of things, there can be no definite set of qualifications laid down. The better and more general the student's previous training, the better he will be prepared to benefit by the college courses.

Another question which frequently comes up in this connection is, how much credit will be given students on any previous training. We can only say that we are so interested in supplying the demand for teachers that we will do everything, consistent with that thoroughness which is to be the paramount feature of our work, in order to expedite the graduation of our students. Credit will be given for all knowledge gained elsewhere, the points credited being in accordance with our system of allowance.

The curriculum will embrace many subjects not hitherto considered as related to physical culture, but now recognized as essential to a proper knowledge of it in the case of one who would essay to teach it. A partial list of these subjects is here given in order to afford an idea of the thoroughness of the curriculum. It should be understood, however, that there will be several sub-divisions under each head:

Theory and Practice of Physical Education; Anatomy; Physiology; Hygiene;

Preparatory and Fundamental Studies; Theory and Practice of Curative Methods; Pedagogics, etc.

The field covered by even the above enumerated subjects is far too large to be described in detail here, but an example may be given of the first subject, the Theory and Practice of Physical Education. Under this head are gathered muscular exercises for external development, which include athletic exercises and training; analysis of exercises to learn their value, either in development or as remedial agents; philosophy of exercise; light and heavy gymnastics; gymnastic games; antagonistic exercises; individual accomplishments. A pamphlet describing the courses in detail will be mailed to all those desiring it.

As it is the intention to make a diploma from the Bernarr Macfadden College synonymous with a guarantee of highest excellence, the lecturers and instructors will be chosen from the leaders in their various specialties.

The full course will be completed in two terms of twenty weeks each. A special course will be arranged for such students as may have already perfected themselves in any of the branches and need only a certain number of courses to complete the total sum of points required. Partial courses will also be arranged for those who do not wish to work for a degree, but only to perfect their knowledge along special lines.

The courses will be technically characterized as full, partial and special. As has been said, it is considered desirable that as many as possible should take the full course. This applies even to those who may be able to obtain credit for work already done, for the courses will be most carefully adapted to fit into each other, so as to make a logical sequence of practice and theory. It will thus be seen that the study of a subject under other conditions, and not directed by the underlying principle of the college, may not have been of such thoroughness, or may not have covered some of the ground necessary to insure the preparation for the courses that depend upon and follow it in orderly and logical sequence.

The full course, then, is for those who wish to work for a degree; the partial course for such as have had previous

study or practice, and wish to let credit for them apply to the number of points required for graduation; while the special course will, technically, be for those students who do not aim to teach, but only to acquire knowledge for personal use. A special course may be taken in one or more subjects.

The fee for a full course will be \$200; for a partial course, \$100; and for a special course the fee will depend upon the number and character of the courses taken.

In order to make the attendance as large as possible during the first term, students will be accepted at half the regular rate, that is \$50 for partial course, and \$100 for the full course.

We are also arranging for a night course for students who may be employed during the day. This course will require four terms of twenty weeks each, taking students just twice as long to graduate as it would were they able to give their entire time to the work.

It is our earnest desire to allow as many as possible to enjoy the advantages of the college, and we will, therefore, not only make this reduction for the first term, but will try to find employment for those who wish to work their way through college. In this connection it may be said that there will be employment for a considerable number of students in the Macfadden restaurants; employment of a particularly desirable kind, both as to the character of the work and as to the hours devoted to it. Regard will be had to the exigencies of this work in the arrangement of the schedule.

The expense of living in New York will depend altogether upon the needs of the student. If he is satisfied with a small room, it can be secured in Brooklyn, or on the outskirts of New York, for a price ranging from \$1.50 to \$3.00 per week. If students are willing to "double up," their expense in this way might be reduced to \$1.00 a week. Their food can be secured at the Physical Culture Restaurants, and at some of these restaurants a large bowl of soup with bread is served for five cents, and one can secure a fairly hearty meal for fifteen or twenty cents. Two of these meals daily would furnish sufficient nourishment for maintenance of good health.

# THEATRICAL TALK AND TIDINGS

THE SEASON JUST ENDED WAS CHARACTERIZED BY FEW FAILURES AND USUALLY CLEAN AND WHOLESOME PRODUCTIONS—FORECAST OF COMING THEATRICAL EVENTS

By H. Mitchell Watchett

THE theatrical season of 1904 was, on the whole, of a satisfactory nature from a managerial point of view. Failures there were, as is inevitable in a profession which, notwithstanding its many years of experience in gauging the taste of the public, often fails in so doing. However, the fiascos in question were neither so frequent nor so disastrous as those which marked the close of the season of 1903 and the beginning of last Spring. The miscarriages of managerial judgment were characterized by sudden and sharp demises, which was well for the playgoer and perhaps for the box offices.

Another aspect of the season just closed, was the comparatively clean nature of the plays presented. This was in direct and sharp contrast to many of the productions of the preceding year, which were concoctions of sheer and silly nastiness. It is true that last Fall witnessed the presentation of some plays, that apparently paid on account of their pruriency, such as "Letty" and the French abominations which Rejane, with questionable taste, chose as the vehicles for the exploitation of her unquestionable genius. But these, happily, were in the minority. It is also satisfactory to note that "Letty," during her New England tour, was given a reception that may have accounted for the illness of her star, Mr. William Faver-

sham, who was threatened with pneumonia, induced by a chill. New England people are traditionally prudish, but with all their faults they retain a sense of decency—a legacy from their Puritan forbears—which was manifested in the instance in question. A feature of the appearance of "Letty" on the road was the request of the head of a New England woman's college that the students should refrain from attending performances of the play. According to

press reports, a hundred of the girls, however, went to the theatre in a body. It is a curious and a regrettable fact, that a play whose characteristics are dirt and indecency invariably attracts big audiences of young women. Those who are conversant with metropolitan theatrical affairs need not be reminded of the crowds of matinee girls that attend the presentations of plays of the *risque* sort. The more obvious the innuendoes of the lines of such plays, or the more pruriently thrilling their situations, the more numerous are the young women who swell the re-

ceipts of the box office. It would be manifestly unfair to explain the phenomenon by endorsing Pope's cynical assertion that "Every woman is at heart a rake."

It is probably due to the curiosity that springs from the mystery with which we



Vecsey, the Boy Violinist, Who Has Created a Furore in Europe and Will Soon Appear in This Country



surround sexual questions and affairs. Curiosity is a manifestation of the everlasting yearning for knowledge, and if such yearning cannot be gratified in a legitimate fashion, it is pretty certain that it will obtain that which it desires through channels of a questionable sort. As in real life, so on the stage, the relation of the sexes will always be the main motive of human affairs, but the demonstration of this motive can take place in ways commendable or by methods repulsive.

That the stage, under proper conditions, is as valuable a promoter of morals as is the pulpit, is an assertion as ancient as it is true. That its influence for good can be allied to its power of amusing is also a venerable and accepted axiom. And in no regard could it better fulfill its possibilities on the lines indicated than by emphasizing the evils which spring from the false modesty which obtains in connection with sexual questions in these days of

ours. A play which would exploit the wrongs bred by prudery, would not only have a novel theme—novel so far as the stage is concerned—but would be of the utmost moral value by teaching a much needed lesson to the multitude. It is a singular fact that, of the uncounted complexities which arise from the relation of man and woman, this particular one which has to do with the mistakes and unhappiness that are the outcome of prudery seems to have

been absolutely overlooked by the playwright, or, at the best, it is made the minor motive in a play in which it should be the major factor.

The fierce white light of publicity nowadays reveals to outsiders the minutest details of the private and professional lives of actors and actresses. Nevertheless, the people in front of the footlights do not seem to realize that the people behind them owe no small portion of their success and popularity to the fact

that Thespians, as a class, are ardent physical culturists. Life on the stage is no less strenuous physically than it is mentally. If there is any profession which calls for a sound mind in a sound body more emphatically than that of the stage, we have yet to know it. It is for this reason that the successful actor has, in self defense, to be a physical culturist. True it is, there are some actors who maintain the old and bad traditions that are associated in the minds of



Mrs. Fiske, Whose Manhattan Theatre Appearances Are Invariably Satisfying in an Artistic Sense

some with theatrical people. But these are very much in the minority, and are becoming fewer with the passing of the years. The mentality of an actor must of necessity be alert and vigorous. His physical being must match his mind in this regard. He knows that, in a sense, his intellectual ego is but a reflex of his fleshy personality, and so he sees to it that the latter is possessed of those qualities which are essential to his professional well-being. Hence, the actor is

temperate in most things. He bathes frequently, not only for the sake of cleanliness, but for health. He fences, uses gymnastic appliances, is a devotee of calisthenics, a frequenter of gymnasiums, and walks, swims, wrestles and boxes. He knows and takes advantage of percussion exercises and massage. He sleeps much, and his diet is the outcome of much experience and consideration, and is often of a vegetarian type. He is, for all practical purposes, an athlete of the physical culture brand. Also what stands good for men of the stage in this regard is equally true of its women. It is safe to make the assertion that if physical culture ever stood in need of advocates or defenders, which happily it does not, such would be found in abundance among the wearers of the sock and buskin.

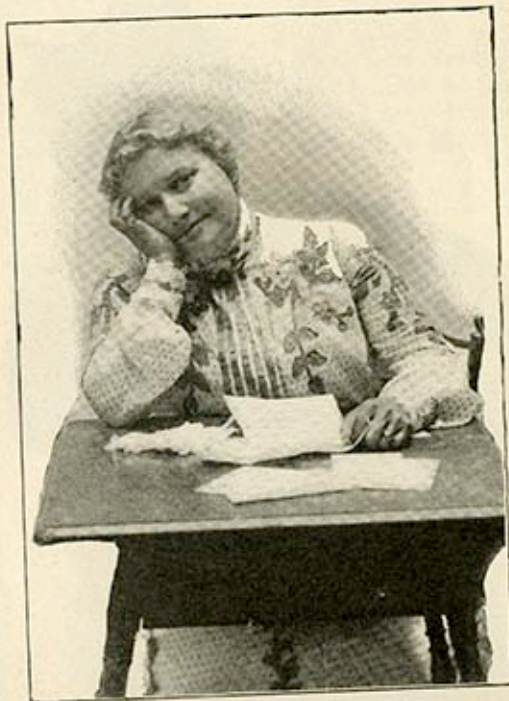
In one of its recent issues, this magazine, in dealing with actors as physical culturists, called attention to the fact that the social status now enjoyed by the actor is in a great measure the outcome of his cleanly, moral life, which is, in turn, both the blossom and fruit of physical culture.

The situation emphasizes the fact that physical culture stands for much more than the mere development of muscle and the harmonious working of the bodily functions. The majority of criminologists aver that crime and vice of all kinds are simply the results of misdirected natural forces or desires. This being so, it follows that if such forces can be properly directed, evil would cease to exist. Now, the end and aim of physical culture is to attain an ideal harmony between mind and

body by giving to the former a properly developed and healthful physical vehicle through which to work. With the securing of a normal mind and body there can be no abnormal desires or actions; or, in other words, no misdirected energies or powers. The physical culturist is, therefore, not only free of clogging passion, but, in addition, he has the faculty of concentrating himself upon a given object. This is the reason that the physical culture actor usually secures the eye, ear and regard of his public.

The past season was not productive of

any hitherto obscured professional luminaries; although there were entrances into stardom by several actors and actresses who have been known favorably to the metropolitan play-going public as leading men and women for a long time. An exception to the rule in question was perhaps to be found in the instance of Fritz Scheff, who "made good" in a sudden, although not altogether unexpected fashion, in a Broadway comedy early in the season. Miss Scheff's success was of a legitimate sort, and was not heralded by those methods that are



May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back" at the Bijou Theatre

mistakenly supposed to aid in the popularizing of an actor or actress. The public as well as the press is becoming cognizant of the ways and wiles of the press agent, and is often inclined to resent an attempt to make it believe that a tramp turtle is terrapin. But, as intimated, the first taste of Miss Scheff's quality assured the palate of her public that the initial promises regarding her were founded on truth.

Perhaps the most gratifying, if not, indeed, the most notable success of the

theatrical year was made by David Warfield in the Belasco production of "The Music Master." It was gratifying in the sense that it confirmed the beliefs of Mr. Warfield's friends that his preceding success in "The Auctioneer" was not of the fluky sort; and it was notable by reason of its developing the fact that he is an actor not only of acceptable talent, but of unmistakable genius. Mr. Belasco has achieved managerial success mainly by reason of his capacity for fitting his stars with entirely appropriate plays; and his cleverness in this regard was never more in evidence than in the case of Mr. Warfield and "The Music Master." The hit made by Marie Dressler at the premiere at Weber & Ziegfeld's Music Hall, not only outlived the occasion, but has increased in substance with each successive performance. Some there be who are inclined to criticise the actress, not on account of her stature or her opulent personality, but on the score of her methods which, to put it mildly, are at times somewhat strenuous. However, she acts in "Higgledy Piggledy" as an excellent foil for the dainty deliciousness of Anna Held, who has again proved that

the favor accorded her by the New York public rests on a more solid foundation than the publicity that has been given to her beauty. Incidentally, the little music hall under its new management has given a quietus to the croakers who averred that its glories had passed with the dissolution of the firm of Weber & Field. It is somewhat late in the day to remark that "Higgledy Piggledy" is one of those productions that cannot be criticised and defies description. It is about as solid as a charlotte russe, and as tasty. Pretty girls, gorge-

ous costumes, glowing scenery and airy fairy singing and dancing are the things dominant in "Higgledy Piggledy," and there you are.

One of the most picturesque and sentimental features of the season was the appearance of that dear old lady and sterling actress, Mrs. Gilbert, as a metropolitan star. It is to be regretted that she did not secure a better play for such a memorable occasion of her professionally eventful life than she did. But its gloomily stupid lines and situations nevertheless failed to dim the luster

of the actress' talents or rob her of the popularity which is so legitimately hers. This grand old woman of the stage is another practical exposition of the power of the principles which underlie physical culture. The writer once said to her: "Mrs. Gilbert, what is the secret of a long and successful life?" "Temperance in all things, my dear," was the reply, "especially in eating and drinking." And truer words never fell from her lips on the stage or off it.

The announced permanent retirement of Joseph Jefferson from the stage marks the removal of a theatrical landmark that we had come to regard as im-

movable. Mr. Jefferson's place in the histrionic world will not be easily filled, if at all. There are some who will declare that he was not, strictly speaking, a great actor; but whether these are or are not right in their estimate of him, the fact remains that he has had a hold on the hearts and fancies of the people that was not equaled by any other actor of his generation. He will, for all time, be associated with memories of "Rip" and "Bob Acres," which two rôles adapted themselves admirably to his methods and his personality. Apart from all else, the



Edna May Spooner, a Star of the Spooner Stock Company

professional passing of the veteran marks the disappearance of a type that is identified with the early struggles for recognition of the American born and bred actor and the American stage.

Allusion has been made to the type of play selected by Rejane for her last American engagement. The brilliancy of the lines and the ingenuity of the situations of the pieces were as unmistakable as was their filth. The clean and candid discussion of sexual questions is always to be commended; but not the ventilation of dirty questions for dirt's sake. There are a

good many unsolved problems of humanity—not the least curious of which is why that otherwise decent men or women will listen to language and applaud actions and suggestions when they come from over the footlights that they would resent as deadly insults were they heard or witnessed in the privacy of their homes.

France has a good many things to answer for, including the digestions ruined by the cookery which is identified with her name. But her sins in this respect are as naught compared with those of the moral, or rather immoral, dishes that she sends us. The smell and taste of many of her dramatic entrées are alike nauseating. For the rest, Rejane has amply vindicated her popularity and her professional reputation.

Mrs. Fiske's art shows no signs of diminution or decay. The clientèle of the Manhattan Theater is a sort of permanent proposition, which, in spite of the fact that it yields a ready allegiance to the actress, is nevertheless discreet and discriminating. Consequently, it does

not hesitate to express its opinion of those periods of Repressed Art (with capitals) which Mrs. Fiske is somewhat addicted to, by according them decidedly repressed applause. A notable instance of her tendency in this direction was exhibited in her recent production of "Hedda Gabler," where, after tensing her audience up to a most apparent climax, she suddenly coiled herself in her mental shell, as it were. Nevertheless, and as intimated, nothing can detract from the totalized beauty of her work. Also, her productions are invariably well staged and

mounted. She is one of the very few real stars in the dramatic firmament.

Theatrical affairs give point to the fact that this is distinctively an age of specialists. The successful actor or manager is he who has strongly characterized methods. Julian Mitchell is a striking instance of this. He is a specialist in stage coloring and grouping, and, with one exception, each of the productions that he has had to deal with since he became disassociated with the late firm of Weber & Field has been a success mainly through his work on the lines indicated. Unlike

the majority of semi-spectacular plays, his productions have seasons that are by no means brief. Hence it is, that "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland" are still before the public, while others of the pieces with which he is identified are doing well.

Lillian Russell, whose popularity seems to be as perennial as her beauty, is to star in a new comic opera entitled "Lady Teazle." The Casino, the scene of so many of Miss Russell's triumphs, will witness the première of the production.



Lorena Atwood as "Mrs. Viddal" in Kyrle Bellew's "Raffles" Company

Those who know the actress intimately, know also that she is an enthusiastic physical culturist and that she attributes the marvelous preservation of her physical charms and voice, to say nothing of of her personal magnetism, to the way in which she religiously exercises and diets herself.

Vecsey, the boy violinist, who has created a furore in Europe, will appear in New York with the New Year, under the management of Mr. Daniel Frohman. He is, outside of his extraordinary command of his instrument, interesting by reason of his physical gifts. He is a notable physical culture product. Barely twelve years of age, he is strong enough to knock down a fair-sized man. His strength, the size and hardness of his muscles, and his physical vigor and alertness are in turn of a remarkable nature. He will appear in thirty concerts in this country, receiving for each one of them the respectable sum of \$1,500, so it is said. Some of his admirers describe his art as dazzling.

Robert Edson will appear at the Hudson Theatre on January 30, under the direction of Henry B. Harris, in a new drama of American life by William C. DeMille, entitled "Strongheart," in which he will play the rôle of a college-bred Indian. The scenes of the play are laid at Columbia Varsity on the eve of a football game, which plays an important part in the development of the plot. The author is the son of the late Henry C. DeMille, and is a professor of literature at Columbia.

One of the most important and, artistically speaking, gratifying events of the dramatic season was the appearance of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in a number of Shakesperian productions. While the first-named of the twin stars gave his usual convincing and finished performances, yet Miss Marlowe certainly out-classed him in artistic breadth and expression. This sterling actress seems to have attained, or is nearing, the zenith of her powers.

One of the late productions of the year, which was much anticipated, was that of "Sunday," at the Hudson Theatre, in which Miss Ethel Barrymore was the central figure. The play was somewhat crude and developed certain anachorisms,

but Miss Barrymore saved it by sheer strength of her work and sympathy. Since its initial presentation the piece has been greatly improved and is well worth witnessing.

Yet another of the notably successful pieces offered to metropolitan amusement seekers was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in which Mabel Talliferro played the part of Lovey Mary in a most satisfactory manner.

Among other of the plays that survived up to the holidays were: "The Sho-Gun," at Wallack's; "The Duke of Killiecrankie," with John Drew as the Duke, at the Empire; Edna May in "The Schoolgirl," at the Herald Square; and "The College Widow," at the Garden Theatre.

Other very-late-in-the-season productions included Louis Mann in "The Second Fiddle," at the Criterion; the London pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," at the New Amsterdam; "Woodland," at the New York; "David Garrick," with Charles Wyndham in the title rôle, at the Lyceum; Henry Miller, as "Joseph Entangled," at the Garrick; "Little Johnnie Jones," with George M. Cohen, at the Liberty; "The Baroness Fiddlesticks," at the Casino; "A China Doll," at the Majestic; May Irwin, plump and jolly as ever, in "Mrs. Black is Back," at the Bijou; Nat. C. Goodwin, in "The Usurper," at the Knickerbocker; and Nance O'Neil in a jolly comedy at Daly's.

The season of Grand Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House was inaugurated most auspiciously musically and most brilliantly socially.

From a business no less than an artistic standpoint, the position held by Mrs. Spooner and her stock companies in Brooklyn is distinctly interesting. She came to the City of Churches only a few years ago, and, with the assistance of her two daughters, Cecil Spooner and Edna May Spooner, formed a stock company which gave well-staged and well-played presentations at "popular" prices. When she was compelled to give up the lease of the Park Theatre, her company moved into the Bijou Theatre, and for a couple of years or more, at each of the twelve performances per week, the house has been packed to the door.

# A DELICIOUS NEW YEAR DINNER

By Marguerite Macfadden

## MENU.

Celery and Nuts.	Queen Olives.
Cheesed Dates.	
Purée of Beans.	
Lobster Triscuit.	
Egg Nut Pie.	
Parsnip Croquettes.	
Boiled Rice.	
Cabbage, Celery, and Nut Salad.	
Cheesed Saltines.	
Charlotte Russe.	
Nuts, Figs, Raisins.	
Sweet Cider.	Grape Juice.

**RELISHES.—CELERY AND NUTS.**—Wash and scrape your celery, letting it drain dry in colander. Put half a cupful of pecans and the same quantity of walnuts through your nut mill; mix thoroughly, and fill your sticks of celery with the nut meat. Then set on ice, so that they may be thoroughly chilled when served.

**CHEESED DATES.**—Remove the stones from your dates, and in their stead put fresh cream cheese, and serve.

**SOUP.—PUREE OF BEANS.**—Put to soak over night two cupfuls of dried lima beans. In the morning place them over a slow fire in water enough to cover, together with one large onion and half a teaspoonful of salt. Boil until tender. When done, remove from fire, and press through a colander or wire sieve. To each two cupfuls of the strained pulp add one cupful of milk. Add a dash of white pepper and a tiny piece of butter; heat, and serve.

Grated triscuit is a pleasant addition to this soup.

**LOBSTER TRISCUIT.**—This has been added to the menu for those who feel that they cannot do without meat at their meals. Mince finely the contents of

a small tin of lobster; to this add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a pinch of pepper and salt, and two saltine crackers, grated finely. Mix thoroughly, and fry in one teaspoonful of olive oil. Serve on hot triscuits, and pour over all a cream sauce.

**EGG NUT PIE.**—Pie crust: Mix and sift one and a half cupfuls of white flour with the same quantity of whole-wheat flour. Moisten with one cupful of rich cream and a little salt. Roll this dough quite thin, and line your patty tins (or one large pie tin, if so desired), brush over the crust with white of egg to keep crisp. For the contents, mix through your nut mill one cupful of pecans, walnuts and Brazil nuts, one cupful of cracker crumbs, one onion that has been already browned in a little butter and minced finely, and one tablespoonful of cream. Fill your pie crust with alternate layers of this mixture and hard boiled eggs, sliced thin; cover with a light layer of the crust, and brown in a quick oven.

**PARSNIP CROQUETTES.**—Boil your parsnips in salted water until tender; mash, and season with butter, salt, and a little pepper. Add a beaten egg and two tablespoonfuls of grated crackers, preferably unsweetened graham crackers or shredded wheat, to each cupful of parsnip. Form into croquettes and cook in a wire basket, immersed in olive oil.

Boiled rice, prepared as usual.

**SALAD.—CABBAGE, CELERY AND NUTS.**—Cut into very fine shreds half a cabbage, with an equal amount of celery, and one cupful of hickory nuts; mix well, and serve with a French dressing.

With your salad serve saltine crackers, with a sprinkling of grated cheese, slightly toasted.

**DESSERT.—CHARLOTTE RUSSE.**—Line your dish with lady fingers, or thin slices of sponge cake, and fill inside with cream, sweetened and flavored, whipped to a stiff froth, and ornamented with tiny flecks of red currant jelly.

**NUTS, FIGS, RAISINS.**

**SWEET CIDER, GRAPE JUICE.**

## TIMELY TALKS ON CURRENT TOPICS

### Patent Medicine Man III

A SHORT time ago an article appeared in this magazine exposing a patent medicine manufacturer in Ft. Wayne, Ind., Dr. James W. Kidd by name. Kidd advertised widely in the secular journals that he possessed a secret "Elixir of Life" with which it was possible to cure "every disease that flesh is heir to."

A few days ago an item referring to the doctor appeared in a Ft. Wayne newspaper. It read:

"Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Kidd left last night for Canada on a trip for the benefit of Dr. Kidd's health."

### A Case That No "Elixir" Can Relieve

It may be that the case of Dr. Kidd is a form of ill health that cannot be diagnosed physically. A case that no "elixir" can relieve, not even his own secret formula. Mental perturbation! Who knows? A continual procession of the souls of once sick and disheartened men and women who gambled their last hope and their last \$3.00 for an "elixir" that could never, never help them in the least.

### The Patent Medicine Ladder

Sooner or later every patent medicine man must take a journey. Not to Canada, but—to illustrate the moral with an old story—to the gate where St. Peter stands. There he finds a large ladder reaching up to the skies, its top being out of sight. He is handed a huge piece of chalk, and on each rung, as he climbs heavenward, he is instructed to write the name of some victim who was gullible enough to send a postal money order for an electric belt or a bottle of disguised alcohol. A patent medicine manufacturer had a disturbing dream that he was one

of the men climbing the ladder. After a short time he saw himself coming down again. As he neared the foot of the ladder he heard St. Peter call out: "Hello, Ft. Wayne! What are you coming down for?" And he heard himself answer: "For more chalk!"

### Peace on Earth

When? There are various paths pointed out for the attainment of this, the hope of humanity. Peace will be on earth when socialism reigns and the coupon scheme is a reality, says the socialist. When governments are abolished, says the anarchist. When single-tax government prevails, say the disciples of the late Henry George. When prohibition is universal, says the prohibitionist. When Dowie is recognized as the Restorer, says the Zionist. When everybody is a mild-mannered vegetarian, says the man who follows this cause. When we are normal human beings, declares the physical culturist. For perfectly normal bodies would mean perfect health, and perfect general health would mean universal happiness.

The craving for stimulants and narcotics—tea, coffee, tobacco, opium, medicines, and the alcohol against which the prohibitionist wars—is the result of an impoverished nervous system. Acquire a well-poised, self-possessed nervous system, and the abnormal wish for these things is removed.

The "blues," melancholia, morbidity, and suicidal tendencies, are the result of impoverished brain cells.

Pessimism and misanthropy are caused by diseases of the liver. Bad temper is due to poisoned blood setting up what is practically inflammation of the nerves. Abnormal passion is caused by over-eating, alcohol, constipation, and a stimulating diet. Brutality and lack of gentleness

are caused by gross foods. Therefore, the physical culturist claims that temperance, cheerfulness, gentleness, kindness and optimism result in the same degree that perfect health is cultivated and acquired. And these qualities are essential before we can hope for peace on earth.

### The Path That Christ Pointed Out

The path that the Son of Man pointed out to humanity is embodied in His supreme command to men:

"Love ye one another."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox enlarges on this sentiment beautifully in one of her poems:

"So many gods, so many creeds,  
So many paths that wind and wind;  
When just the art of being kind  
Is all this sad world needs."

### The Danger of Playing Santa Claus

A clever incident, and possibly true, is related to illustrate some of the risks incurred by those who play the part of Santa Claus. The story runs thus:

Childish minds probably never devised a more colossal scheme than that one which two little boys living near Binghamton originated, and to a considerable extent carried out. These boys had been taught, like so many other boys, that a fur-clad individual named Santa Claus is the purveyor of all Christmas presents, and that in the course of a single night he traverses the whole world, distributing the gifts which he has somehow accumulated during the year. Unlike the majority of boys beyond the infantile age, these Broome County youngsters seem to have believed this ancient yarn, and, believing, they determined, in a way sadly characteristic of a monopolistic era, that they would get not only the presents allotted to themselves in the regular division, but also all the other presents intended for children everywhere.

### Set a Trap for the Old Man

A bear trap that had lain for uncounted years with other rubbish in their father's barn was selected as the means of accomplishing this distinctly fiendish purpose. In the early dusk of the day before

Christmas the trap was dragged to a spot which Santa Claus would have to cross in entering the house, and there it was set, and skillfully, or at any rate effectually, concealed from casual observation. Then the boys retired to await events. The events came. Early that evening agonized cries, mingled with language distinctly incongruous with saintliness, startled the relatives who had gathered to participate in the Christmas festivities, and hurried investigation disclosed, firmly caught in the aged but still vigorous bear trap, an individual whose garments proclaimed to the delighted boys that their great scheme had been a complete and glorious success. Their visions of innumerable toys and mountains of candy lasted only a moment, however, and when they realized, as they were soon compelled to do, that they had captured, not Santa Claus, but an estimable cousin of theirs, who had assumed the rôle—and whose leg the trap had broken—gloomy anticipations, to say nothing of a gloomier skepticism toward all pretty legends, took possession of their minds.

### Some Christmas Don'ts

Don't give something you can't afford, and a friend don't want—a present that is a pleasure for ten minutes and a surfeit for ten years.

Don't try to find the price mark on the present you receive, or make a shrewd guess at the possible cost. A gift means something more than dollars and cents.

Don't, if you are a woman, buy a necktie for a man that will make him feel a bigger guy than he already thinks he is.

Don't mark off each present you receive against each present that you gave to find out whether you gained or lost by the Christmas swapping.

Don't, in sending Christmas cards, write your name on the back of them. Your so doing will greatly inconvenience those persons who use the cards sent them for the purpose of passing on the "Merry Christmas" spirit to other people.

Don't make the mistake of sending a cradle to a bachelor, or a cigar case to an elderly spinster.

Don't discriminate against your poor friends or relatives. Remember that the essence of present-giving is love, and again love!



## PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

NON-MEMBERS ARE PERMITTED TO CORRESPOND WITH CLUB MEMBERS

THE Physical Culture Correspondence Club has been organized to permit Physical Culturists imbued with the ideals set forth in this magazine to correspond and exchange ideas.

We expect to conduct this Correspondence Club in strict conformity with the high standard set by our magazine throughout its pages.

The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

All members will be provided with a number.

Letters of all club members to other members, whom they have addressed by number, will be readdressed and forwarded free of charge.

Non-members can correspond with those whose personalities appear in the magazine, though ten cents will be charged for every letter forwarded.

Members who enroll immediately will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities, not to exceed forty (40) words in length. The advertising rate of this magazine is \$1.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that members who take the opportunity will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner.

Make your personality brief. Your replies will be more satisfactory if you give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

### INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

Put in lower left-hand corner the number of the person to whom you wish letter addressed; in upper left-hand corner put your own number.

If you are not a member of the club, use only the number of the person to whom you wish the letter forwarded.

Enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 19th Street, New York.

If you are a member of the Correspondence Club, this letter will be forwarded without charge; if not a member, enclose ten cents for forwarding charges. We are not responsible for the non-answering of letters. Our responsibility ceases as soon as we have forwarded the letter to the member indicated.

A copy of all personalities that have appeared in the magazine can be had in pamphlet form by sending ten cents to this department.

144. American bachelor, 48, book lover owning large collection, lover of nature, devoted to open window sleeping, open-air life and hatless existence; solicits correspondence with young men of athletic build and habit, fond of literature and wholesome life.

266. A young lady, Southerner, dark brown hair, gray eyes, fair complexion, age 22, fond of outdoor and home life. Would enjoy hearing from physical culture young men.

267. I am a physical culture girl from Virginia. Seventeen years of age, dark hair and gray eyes, fond of music, nature and all things beautiful. Would like to correspond with anyone who cares to write.

268. A tall, rosy dimpled, brunette, primary teacher of the Corn State. Age 29 years; weight 146 pounds; Protestant; vegetarian; loves nature, good literature and bicycling. Anxious to enlarge acquaintance among physical culture enthusiasts.

269. A healthy Canadian, 5 feet 10 inches high, weighs 165 pounds; fair, with dark blue eyes. Lover of music, literature and outdoor sports, quite an amateur of hockey, baseball and ice boating. Refined manners and tastes. Correspondence solicited especially to the furthering of physical culture ideals.

272. A bachelor, 45 years old, salesman with a good income. Light blue eyes, dark hair, weight 210 pounds. Enthusiastic physical culturist. No breakfast, fond of walking, boating, swimming. Desires correspondence with brunette young lady of similar tastes.

274. Healthy refined man, 5 feet 9 inches, 31. Architect; does not use tobacco or alcohol. Kind and thoughtful, yet firm and broad-minded; 140 pounds and single; not an athlete, but an all-round man, physically and mentally.

275. Western gentleman, 28, height 5 feet 10, weight 165. Newspaper man, fond of literature, politics, home. Total abstainer. Good permanent position; believer in and benefited by physical culture. Correspondence wanted with physical culture enthusiasts of suitable age and tastes. Protestant.

278. I am 34 years of age; height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 155 pounds; dark brown hair; dark blue eyes. Teacher of shorthand and typewriting, expert penman and a fair violinist. Desire to correspond with refined persons musically inclined; pianists preferred. Must be educated up to the Macfadden standard of physical culture.

279. Thorough musician, vegetarian, nonconformist, eyes and hair brown, tall, weight 147 pounds, age 36; would like to correspond with musically inclined per-right living.

280. Would like to correspond with physical culturists over 40 who do not think that physical culture is for younger people alone. Physical development is greatly influenced by the spiritual attitude. I am a lady of 47, devoted to physical culture and metaphysics.

281. A tall, dark, well-built young man of 26 would like to correspond with physical culture girls living within 50 miles of New York. Fond of music,

fun and all good things worthy of the name. Never known to be cranky.

282. A young Western student preparing to become a physical culture physician desires correspondence with women and men interested in natural methods of nursing and treating sick and injured. Chief exercises, cross country running and mountain climbing.

287. Massachusetts stenographer, 31 years, 5 feet 4½ inches, light hair, dark blue eyes, slender, well-educated and refined, desires to correspond with refined, educated business or professional man in good circumstances.

288. German physical culturist and Nature doctor for 30 years, would like to correspond with someone who would be interested in opening a sanitarium in the famous Pine Belt of New Jersey.

291. An American bachelor, 34, height 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145 pounds. Believes in raw food and natural living. Does not use intoxicants. Correspondence with either sex. Residence, Kansas City, Mo.

292. Healthy American mechanic, age 30, height 5 feet 6 inches, weight 155, brown hair, blue eyes; lives on raw food entirely. Very fond of fresh air and all sports. Would be pleased to correspond with lady of same tastes. Brown hair and eyes preferred.

294. Young man, 18, Middle West, height 5 feet 11 inches, light complexion, good health; interested in physical culture; would like to correspond with physical culturists of same age.

295. Gentleman, literal crank in rational living, 175 pounds, 6 feet, 39 years, has some sense and is looking for more, and also for some congenial souls; brown eyes, no moustache, good teeth and is quite passable even when cold, tired and hungry.

296. Teacher in large Western High School; passion for outdoor life, highest ideals; and for the useful on scientific lines. Wrecked by overwork, was regenerated by physical culture life. Medium in height, weight, build, complexion. Bachelor, 32. Correspondence solicited from others interested in practical and educational application of physical culture ideas to both sexes.

297. Pacific Coast farmer, age 50, blond, 5 feet 8 inches, weight 145, in prime health, cheerful disposition, lover of nature, music and literature; a student of New Thought and physical culture. Would like to correspond with physical culture readers for mutual improvement and help.

298. Young bachelor, occupation tool maker, age 32, height 5 feet 8½ inches, weight 150; sincerely believes in physical culture; desires to correspond with young widow with one child or more; must be a physical culturist, healthy, weight about 140, age between 20 and 28, who is fond of literature, music and home.

299. Physical culturist, 26, dark, medium height and weight; consistent believer in safe and sane physical culture principles, plain living and high thinking; desires acquaintance with readers of this magazine in Western Pennsylvania.

# THE ABANDONED KITCHEN

A GLIMPSE OF KITCHEN SLAVERY FOUND IN MANY HOMES

By *Mary Wood-Allen, M. D.*

## FICTION

“GOOD-BY, dear; I hate to leave you this way, but there’s a big sale on to-day, and it would be risking my situation to stay away.”

Phyllis smiled wanly from her pillow, and there was a little quaver in her voice, as she tried to answer bravely, “Don’t think about me, Dick; I’ll be all right.”

“It will be a long, lonely day for you,” replied Richard Hale, stooping to kiss his wife’s pale face as he spoke; “it’s bad enough to have you lie here so many long weeks, even if you have some one to take care of you, but for you to be left alone—I declare, I can’t forgive Norah for deserting us just now.”

“But her mother is dying, dear, and I am getting well, you know. She really couldn’t do anything else but leave, and we’ll have another girl soon.”

“I hope so, but that doesn’t make it any easier for you, little woman. I wish I could leave you something better to eat than some ham, a cold potato and a few bits of toast, but that was all I could find.”

“You forget the milk, dear,” replied Phyllis, cheerily. “As long as I have plenty of milk I’ll get along.”

“You’re a brave girl,” said Richard, fondly; “but I must run for my train. I’ll bring a girl with me to-night,” this last over his shoulder as he hurried from the room.

It was indeed a long and lonely day, and Phyllis was very glad when she heard her husband’s returning footsteps. She listened for other footsteps with his, and the sound of voices, but the stillness was unbroken save by the entering latch-key, and his feet ascending the stairs. Even as she greeted his anxious face with her own reassuring smile, her glance traveled beyond him, only to encounter the blank wall opposite the door.

“No girl to-day, little woman,” said Richard, rather ruefully. “There wasn’t one who would come so far out of town. Better luck to-morrow,” he added, hopefully. “How have you been all the ‘long, long, dreary day?’ Has it ‘passed in tears away?’ No? That’s a brave darling. And now what can I get you to eat? I bought some things on my way home, but I’m not sure that they are suitable for an invalid. Tell me, dear, what would you like?”

“I guess it will be what I can get,” answered the invalid. “I really haven’t an idea what there is, nor where anything is. Just get something for yourself and bring me some more milk.”

Phyllis listened with an amused smile to the sounds that came up to her from the kitchen; Richard’s footsteps, now hurried, as if impelled by anxiety, now slow, as if impeded by bewilderment; the clang of stove lids; the crash of falling tinware; the slamming of cupboard doors; and then an odor of frying meat mingled with the smell of something burning.

“Poor boy!” she sighed, “he’s having a hard time of it.”

His appearance a few moments later justified her apprehensions. His coat was off, his hair ruffled into a most aggressive pompadour, one smudge adorned his nose and another stretched across his shirt front. He deposited the tray upon the table, and blew upon the fingers of his right hand.

“Have you hurt yourself, dear?” asked Phyllis, anxiously.

“Only a burn,” replied Richard. “How do you manage not to burn yourself?”

“I don’t manage,” laughed Phyllis, “only I don’t always mention it.”

Richard’s face flushed as he took up the thin white hand that lay upon the

counterpane, and kissed it. "I'm afraid I haven't realized all that these dear little hands have been doing. I wish that they might never be burned or cut any more." Then he added, after a pause, "I wish I could serve you more worthily. I used to laugh at Joe when he pattered around in the kitchen after mother; I thought it beneath the dignity of a man to *cook*. But I'd have given a month's salary to-night if I could have prepared a decent meal for you."

Phyllis tried to raise herself to see the contents of the tray, and Richard propped her up with pillows and drew the table near.

"What will you have, madam?" he asked, quizzically, surveying the alleged meal.

Phyllis laughed as her gaze followed his. "What have you?" she queried.

"Sausage, bread, doughnuts, olives, and—fried leather," indicating a tough-looking substance that originally might have been an egg; "and stewed hay," he added, pointing to the teapot.

As Phyllis sipped a little of the bitter decoction, and nibbled at the burnt toast, Richard exclaimed, "What a pity it is that young men are not taught how to be care for a sick wife, but are left to believe that they have done all that is necessary if they pay for a hired girl! And I can't even furnish the girl! Still, I may be more successful to-morrow."

And when the morrow came there began a procession of girls, coming and going, and leaving a train of disorder and desolation behind them. This continued for weeks, during which time Phyllis slowly grew stronger, but found that every attempt to assume the duties of a cook brought her back to her bed again.

"I think it's the heat," she sighed. "If we could only get along without eating I could manage all the rest easily enough."

Boarding was out of the question, as there was neither hotel, restaurant nor boarding house near. Richard, under Phyllis' instructions, grew more expert, but the meals were still sorry affairs, and the state of the kitchen was deplorable.

One afternoon Richard threw a letter into Phyllis' lap, with the exclamation, "You see that it never rains but it pours."

The wife opened the letter and read:

DEAR COUSIN RICHARD:

You can't hide your Phyllis from me any longer, for I am coming to see her. I shall reach you about as soon as this letter, but tell Phyllis I won't make her a bit of trouble. You know I was always a faddist, and I've a new fad now. I live on uncooked food, and will bring my provender with me—all but milk and eggs, which, no doubt, can be easily procured. You must be glad to see me, for I am

Ever your loving cousin,

KATE.

Cousin Kate! The paragon; Richard's ideal! Phyllis' heart sank within her. If there had been time she would have asked Richard to write her postponing the visit.

"Well," said Phyllis, looking up at her husband with an anxious face, "what shall we do?"

"There's nothing to do but to 'grin and bear it,'" replied Richard, "for there she is now;" and he started at a swift pace down the walk.

Following him with her eyes, Phyllis saw getting out from the cab at the gate, a lady, tall, elegantly dressed, and altogether of an imposing appearance. Phyllis thought of the distracted-looking kitchen, of her own physical weakness, and trembled.

The stranger greeted Richard warmly, and together they came up the walk, chatting volubly.

"And this is Phyllis," said Cousin Kate, as Richard introduced them, and in a moment Phyllis' slight figure was engulfed in a close embrace.

"I did not know you had been ill, child," said the cousin, as she released Phyllis and looked affectionately at her, "or I would not have intruded myself on you just now. But maybe I can be of some use to you, nevertheless."

"Ill isn't the worst of it," said Phyllis, with an embarrassed laugh. "We have no maid."

"Good!" exclaimed Cousin Kate, heartily; "then I can surely be of help to you, and I'll soon have your cheeks plumper and rosier than they are now—only, I warn you, I'll not do any cooking. I abjure kitchens; they are the bane of civilization, and I am just now working for their abolition."

Little Mrs. Hall looked politely incredulous, while Richard exclaimed: "So you have reached the point where you

do not believe that 'civilized man cannot live without cooks?'"

Cousin Kate laughed. "I'm not so sure about men," she said, "but woman can; and if man can't, he can go to the restaurant. Don't imagine I have come to quarter myself on you indefinitely, though," she exclaimed, as an express wagon drew up with an immense trunk. "I do not forage off the country," she continued, laughingly; "for I carry my commissary stores with me. Half that trunk is filled with good things to eat—for you and me," this with an affectionate glance at Phyllis; "for I am going to look after you now," this with an encouraging pat on the girl's thin shoulder.

Somehow there was helpfulness in her very touch and a whole world of cheer in her voice; and Phyllis already felt as if her sky was brightening because of the sunshine of Cousin Kate's presence.

The visitor was as good as her word. She would not allow Phyllis to get up to breakfast. "I'll get something for Dick," she declared, in answer to Phyllis' timid protest.

"But you said that you would not go into the kitchen," said Phyllis.

"Oh, I'll get him something that can be cooked in the chafing dish, and I'm quite sure it will be as good as anything he could cook for himself on the biggest kitchen range possible."

After Dick had gone to his work, a tray of dainties was brought to Phyllis, who was still in bed. There was a dish of fresh berries, a glass of rich milk, a saucer of toasted wheat flakes, a granose biscuit, and one or two other equally delicious combinations that had not caused the beautiful summer morning to be desecrated by the smell of smoke, while a fresh flower upon the tray smiled a blithe greeting.

At noon a glass of egnog—without alcohol in any form—or one of milk, with a graham or oatmeal cracker, constituted lunch; and Cousin Kate's chiefest efforts were concentrated on the evening meal, which Richard would share with them. But the preparation thereof included no weary hours of broiling in a heated kitchen. Kate availed herself of the work of others, and of that of the sun, whose vivifying rays had brought to perfection so

many luscious fruits. So that the table looked, as Richard said, "as if we were giving a party," glowing as it was with fresh and exquisitely tinted fruits and garlanded with flowers.

There were many things on the table new and strange to Phyllis and Richard, which provoked several inquiries and some cautious tasting, usually with the result that the new article was received into favor forthwith.

"What is this?" Richard asked, bending a critical glance upon a platter of delicate disks garnished with lemon.

"Nuttolene," concisely answered Cousin Kate.

"And nuttolene is—?" continued the questioner.

"A food," was the terse reply.

"Precisely; but made of what?"

"Of nuts; and nuts are made of sunshine, and pure air, and the hidden treasures of the earth, and are good for man to eat when set before him, and—"

"And ask no questions for conscience' sake," laughed Phyllis.

But Richard was not to be thus silenced. "What is this?" touching delicately the indicated dish with a spoon.

"Baked beans."

"Aha! I have caught you. Baked beans need a fire."

"To be sure; and so do crackers, and nuttose, and protose, and all the good things you have learned to like; but the fire has not been applied in our kitchen. They are cold now."

"But they are good," asserted Phyllis, flavoring her plateful with a bit of lemon juice.

"Most emphatically good," assented Richard; "but you can't buy stewed prunes," he continued.

"These are not stewed; they are only soaked over night in cold water; and that is a good way to prepare all dried fruits. You retain all the richness and freshness of their flavor, instead of sending it off in steam."

"It is really astonishing," said Richard, after a period of munching, "how many truly delicious things you can serve without using your kitchen. This fruit salad, now, is of the very best. Phyllis, if I'd only known how, I could have prepared better meals for you."

Phyllis laughed. "This getting meals

without a fire is certainly a wonderful invention. I like it, especially as I don't have to burn my fingers or toil over a hot stove until I nearly faint. I really dread going back to the old way."

"Why go back?" asked Cousin Kate.

"Oh, we couldn't live this way in the winter," asserted Phyllis.

"Just as well as now," declared Kate. "Apples can be had in abundance; oranges, nuts and lemons are always available; figs, dates and raisins furnish most delicious sweets; and you have learned that there are many things put up by others which can be eaten and enjoyed without reheating."

"That's true," said Richard. "Tomatoes, green peas, and even corn."

"There are several ways of using uncooked eggs; and salads of nuts, apples and celery are most satisfactory with the uncooked oil dressing which Phyllis has learned to make so well."

"But bread! How about bread?" asked Phyllis.

"Why, haven't you already learned how all-sufficient are oatmeal and graham crackers, cream sticks, zweiback, and biscuits? And if the worst comes, you could eat my sun-dried bread, which so reminds Richard of the wheat-chewing days of his youth. Then, as a concession to depraved tastes already acquired, you could sometimes boil an egg, or make a cup of chocolate in the chafing dish."

"I suppose we'd have to forego all pies, puddings, and shortcakes," sighed Richard.

"I'll show you a good substitute," said Cousin Kate.

The next day she announced a strawberry shortcake for dessert. It was simply a layer of the crushed berries placed between two layers of wheat flakes, was eaten with cream, and voted delicious. The next day a pudding graced the table. Upon inquiry its method of manufacture was divulged: A few pieces of bread, free of crusts, were fitted into a pudding dish; a can of cherries was poured into the hollow space, and well sugared, and a covering of crustless bread fitted over all; then a plate was pressed close down upon this bread top and a weight put on to hold all firmly down, and the whole was left to stand and soak over night.

"Fine! Fine!" was the verdict of both Richard and Phyllis.

"I like this way of living," said Richard. "You ladies seem to be always at leisure. Phyllis' fingers are as they should be, and she does not come to the table so heated and flurried that she has no appetite."

"It's perfectly lovely," declared Phyllis. "I have time to play the piano, to read, to work in my garden, or do just nothing. And see how fat I'm getting!"

"I've some sad news to tell you, that I fear will change all this for a little while," said Richard. "Uncle Silas writes that he is going to Colorado for his health with his two youngest sons, who are getting to be dyspeptics like himself. And he is coming here to stay a week to break his journey, he says."

Phyllis looked distressed, but Cousin Kate spoke up with encouraging promptness: "I had made up my mind that I could leave you in a day or two, but in view of this emergency I shall be obliged to stay. I know just how it would be if Uncle Silas told Phyllis that he needed beefsteak and beef tea, and all the rest of the things with which he torments his stomach. She'd think she must get them. I wouldn't; so I'll stay and protect her."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed Richard and Phyllis together. "You are indeed good!"

Uncle Silas came; a tall, lean, sallow man, filled with aches and pains, and complaining of weather, dust and noises, until the air seemed filled with wriggling microbes of worry and weariness. But Kate was unmoved, saying, coolly: "Well, you'll soon be in Colorado, or out of this troublesome world, if you'll just be patient for a little while."

Uncle Silas, when he sat down to dinner that evening, sniffed at the viands placed before him, and asserted that he needed beefsteak and nourishing food.

But this did not trouble Cousin Kate. "Oh, beefsteak," she declared, "is nearly seventy-five per cent. water. If you want nourishing food, take eggs, nuts, beans," and she deluged him with tables of food values until he had to metaphorically swim for his very life.

The boys were at first inclined to follow their father's example, but when they realized that they could eat freely of fruit,

dates, figs, nuts and raisins, the things that had come sparingly into their lives as luxuries, they changed their tune.

"Jiminy crickets!" exclaimed Laddie, as he received his second large saucer of blackberries; "never had so many good things to eat in my life. I'd like to live this way always."

"I understand your feelings," said Richard. "I can remember when I thought if I could have all the figs and raisins that I wanted, I'd be the happiest boy in the world—and I never did have enough until Cousin Kate came and showed us that we ought to have them every day, that is if we are willing to exchange them for dead flesh and the kitchen."

Uncle Silas gave an inarticulate grunt of disapproval, but the boys evidently agreed with Cousin Richard.

As the days went by, the personal appearance of the boys indicated that their digestive apparatus approved of the new diet. Even Uncle Silas had less dyspepsia, for not particularly enjoying the strange dishes, he ate sparingly, and suffered less. When he left, he graciously declared that the rest, fine air and pure water had done him good, even if he could not have his needful beefsteak—this last with an aggrieved look at Cousin Kate, who smiled cheerily in response.

And now came the day for Kate's departure. Her last words were: "Don't go back to the kitchen, Phyllis."

\* \* \* \* \*

"What do you say, Richard?" asked Phyllis, as they returned to their home, after seeing their visitor off on the train. "Shall we abandon the kitchen?"

"I'm agreeable," responded Richard; "though it does seem too bad to have so much invested in a range and kitchen utensils and not use them."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," declared Phyllis. "We'll turn the kitchen into a

workshop. The table can be a work bench; you can get a lathe and a jig-saw, I'll get out my set of wood-carving tools, and invest in some implements for pyrography, and we'll *make* things. We can use the range to warm the room and heat the glue pot. Won't it be lovely to be able to make our own furniture and Christmas presents for our friends?"

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later Phyllis sat in her cheerful dining room, waiting for Richard. The table was glowing with all the sweetness and beauty of Nature's own artistic cookery. She was busy with embroidery, and thinking how delightful it was to work with fingers that did not, by reason of their roughness, invite the silk to cling and hinder. In the parlor the piano stood open, and loaded with music that was evidently in constant use. There were no odors of cookery to assail the olfactories that entered filled with the perfume of gardens and greeneries; no ghosts of dead dinners lurked in passageways or sprang from dark closets, and Phyllis looked the very embodiment of peace and health.

Later Richard and the little wife stood in the workshop—their abandoned kitchen—and looked with admiring eyes upon a carved bookcase, the product of their joint skill.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Phyllis. "It is the visible embodiment of the dishes that I haven't washed and the dinners I haven't cooked."

Richard kissed the small, firm hand that lay upon his shoulder, saying tenderly, "I'd rather have you as you are, so well, so happy, so free from kitchen slavery, than have all the cooked dinners that ever worried the mind of woman or the stomach of man."

"Do you know, dear," smiled Phyllis, "I believe we have found the solution of the great domestic problem."

And Richard nodded approvingly.

#### WARNING FOR ALL VEGETARIANS

"You don't buy so much meat as you did in the summer," remarked a butcher to a lad who had brought him a small order. "No," responded the lad, "and it's because father has become a vegetarian." "Well, my lad," came the grave

retort, "you give your dad warning for me that, as a rule, vegetarians come to a violent end. Take a bullock—'e's a vegetarian. Wot's the result? Why, 'e's cut off sudden, in his very prime!"—*Vegetarian*.

# JOHN SCOTT, THE BRONZED TOBIQUE GUIDE

HOW SELF-MASTERY OVER A WEAKNESS WAS WON IN THE  
DEPTH OF A NORTHERN WOOD

*By Dr. E. S. Kirkpatrick*

## FICTION

JACK HASTINGS and I were college chums. I hardly know why it was so, for he always had a host of friends and an abundance of money, while I had neither. It must have been due to the law that "like repels and unlike attracts." He was the most good-natured, dissipated and indolent fellow I ever knew; and how it was that he ever acquired sufficient energy to induce him to study medicine I often wondered, but did not discover the reason for a long time.

Jack was an orphan, and, to his knowledge, did not have a relative in the world. No young man would desire to be left alone in the world, without friends or money; but it is worse for one to be left when young with a fortune to waste in dissipation; and to be petted and flattered by society, without having a will strong enough or a head level enough to withstand the temptations that surround him.

When Jack was twenty-two years of age he suddenly awoke to the fact that he had fallen in love. Up to that time, after leaving school, his only occupation had been that of "killing time," and in the carrying out of this lofty ideal he one day accepted an invitation from a friend to attend the closing exercises of a young ladies' college, in the course of which he received a shock that aroused him as nothing had ever done before.

The valedictorian, Ruth Burnside—a young lady with noble purpose shining from her face—was impressing on her classmates the necessity, in order to make life worth living, of an earnest striving after the noblest and highest ideals; and that they alone, whether they were rich or poor, were true to themselves and to their Creator who strove to carry out some noble aim in life.

The words of the speaker made a deep impression on Jack, and her sweet face

appealed to him as none other had ever done before.

To a young man like himself, handsome, rich and petted by society, it was not a difficult matter to number her among his friends, and before many weeks had passed they were on very friendly terms.

Indeed, on the part of Jack, the feeling was very much deeper than that of mere friendship. His love for her absorbed his whole being and, as far as his indolent nature would allow, he threw his whole soul into the battle for the prize he so earnestly coveted.

Ruth read Jack as easily as she would read an open book. She knew that he had within him latent powers that could make him a force in the world if they could be developed; but she feared that, with his dissipation and indolence, he would never achieve anything worthy of his manhood. For his money she cared not at all; and she almost wished that he could be thrown on his own resources and be compelled of necessity to make some effort on his own behalf.

As he told me afterward, it was with the hope that he would please her thereby that he came to Philadelphia to study medicine. Poor Jack, how often I would envy one moment, and the next moment pity him. He seemed to have so much to live for, and yet he accomplished so little. I never saw a fellow so thoroughly in love; and I often thought it strange, when he was so absorbed by that passion, that he did not apply himself to some purpose, for her sake if not his own.

How often I pleaded with him, for Ruth's sake, to be a man! I had met her during a vacation which I spent with him in New York, and I thought that any fellow who had the prospect of winning the love of such a girl as she was would

sacrifice instantly every selfish indulgence in order to make himself worthy of her.

He apparently cared no more for medicine than medicine cared for him; and yet in some way he managed to pass his examinations for the first three years. The fourth year—his final year—he failed—failed completely. I knew that it could not be otherwise, and I had tried in every possible way to get him to study, but without success.

Jack did not think he would fail. He knew it was purely by good luck that he got through the first three years, and thought that it would not desert him at the last, and that was all he desired. To have a diploma to show to Ruth was all he thought she would require of him, and having that she would never know how little he really knew.

I left Jack at this time and came to New Brunswick to settle down, and did not see him again for two years. I heard from him frequently, however, and he seemed to be completely discouraged. He went back to college and, after putting in another year, got his diploma; but I knew from the way he wrote that Ruth was sadly disappointed in him.

Something over two years from the time that I had said good-bye to Jack in Philadelphia, I received a letter from him that will explain his case better than any words of mine. It ran as follows:

"Dear Old Friend—Have you any specific in your North Country for a young old man? I am not much better now than a bottled baby, and the once robust Jack is a complete wreck. Ruth has gone; health has gone; hope has gone; and with it any fragments of ambition that I ever possessed. I must get away soon or be carried away by the undertaker. Do you take the hint?"

"Yours, as ever,

"JACK HASTINGS."

To this I replied in this manner:

"My Dear Jack—Your hint is not a hard one to grasp. I know of a specific that will wean my bottled baby in very short order. You are just the fellow I want. Come with me for a few weeks to the finest camping grounds in the world, and if I do not shake your dry bones into some semblance of renewed youth, I will at least see that you have a respectable funeral. Come at once.

Sincerely yours,

"\_\_\_\_\_."

I met Jack in St. John and, while I expected to find him sickly looking, I was hardly prepared for the change in him that I beheld. He spoke truly when

he said that he was an old man, and my first thought was to hurry him away to a hospital, as I feared that he would not last a week. I remembered, though, that I had promised to cure him, and to put him in a hospital would cure him too completely as far as this world was concerned; so I decided to run the risk and get him away to the woods as quickly as possible.

During the journey by rail Jack showed very little interest in anything. He lay back in his seat and seemed too weak and listless to speak or to move. I could almost imagine that he was saying to himself: "You have promised to cure me; now let me see you do it."

I did not expect to cure him, but I hoped at least to be instrumental in bringing it about, and the first encouraging signs began to develop when we got nicely started on our drive. The bracing air, the beautiful scenery as we followed the Tobique River, and the glowing accounts of the place where we were to encamp, caused Jack for the first time to forget himself, and he was soon engaged in an earnest discussion with the Indian. Five miles up the stream we went ashore and pitched our tent for the night.

We cooked supper on an oil stove, and it would do anyone good to see the way that Jack ate. I became rather uneasy at last, and ordered him to stop, as I was afraid he would hurt himself. It was almost the first bite he had tasted since we had left St. John. We went early to bed, tired and sleepy from our long day's ride, and that night we slept—slept in the true sense of the word. Jack told me in the morning that he never knew before what sleep really meant.

After a good, hearty breakfast we broke camp, and carrying everything with us but the canoe—for which the guide was to return—we started on a two-mile tramp over an old lumber road to our final objective point. We rested frequently along the way, but ere long arrived at our journey's end, and pitched our tent by the shore of the beautiful Lake Wisiwongannah.

It would require the pen of a master to describe adequately the beauty of that spot.

I watched Jack as he gazed in speechless admiration on the scene before him; and when, after a time, he came over to



where I was standing and, grasping my hand, said, with a voice trembling with emotion, "You have saved my life." I felt that I was justified in the risk I had taken and had no more cause to worry over the outcome of our trip as far as Jack was concerned.

Many, many were our happy experiences during the days that followed. We enjoyed roaming through the woods, trying to study the habits of the different animals and birds and taking photographs of them, instead of indulging in the wanton sacrifice of life which is commonly called sport.

Those three weeks made a man of Jack, and the first cloud I saw on his face appeared when I informed him that it was time to be thinking of going home.

"Home!" said he. "That word may be all right for you to use, but I have no home to go to, and this is the most ideal home to me that my imagination ever pictured. Nobody cares when I return, or if I never do, so why could I not remain here for a while longer at least? I have been thinking of this matter seriously, though I have said nothing about it, and I am going to stay. I am not strong enough yet to leave here and face again the world and its temptations. There is an enemy within me that is striving strongly for the mastery and it must be overcome. To go out now would be a victory for my enemy, and I am going to stay here until I fight it out. The plan I have formed is this: I will remain here as long as my provisions hold out, and then I will take myself away to a lumber camp and get some employment to occupy my attention during the winter. When spring comes I will return here and build a comfortable log cabin, and perhaps I may be able to benefit some other discouraged mortal as I have been myself."

When, one bright morning, the guide and I left for home, Jack accompanied us for the two-mile tramp through the woods. No one would recognize Jack, even in that short time, as being the same person who had gone in here but three weeks before. The hollows in his cheeks were gone; his eyes danced with health and hope and his step was as elastic as that of a schoolboy.

We parted at noon on that day—I to go back to my daily toil and Jack to roam

at will close to the heart of Mother Nature.

I had thought of Ruth many times since Jack had left New York, and I knew that Jack did so constantly, though he never mentioned her name to me. When he had been away from there for about a year, out of pure curiosity I wrote and asked her if she could give me any tidings of my old friend, as I had not seen him for a long time, and thought that she might know something about him.

She wrote back immediately, saying that she had thought often of writing and asking me the same question, as she had not the slightest idea where he was. She told me also that she had had a great deal of trouble during the past year; that her father had been sick for some months and that everything had gone wrong with them. She charged me to let her know if I ever heard from Jack, but not to let him know that she had inquired for him.

Ruth—I mused after reading her letter—evidently had not forgotten Jack, and it might be that a part of the trouble she had had during the past year had been due to the fact that she was mourning for him. I tried to make myself think so, anyway, as I knew that if she still cared for Jack in any measure, as I knew he still cared for her, the situation would present an opportunity for the accomplishing of a little missionary work of a very delightful nature.

I had heard from Jack many times during the summer and was already looking forward to my trip this season, when I hoped to spend a few weeks with him in his cabin by the Wisiwonganah.

After finishing his home he had written me to send him a great many things to furnish and beautify it. One would have thought, from the list he sent, that he was furnishing a house on Fifth avenue, rather than a log hut fifty miles from civilization.

I wrote to Ruth again, and urged her in the strongest possible manner to bring her father to New Brunswick on a trip for his health. I told her that nothing in the world would tend more to make him a well man than would a few weeks spent in our northern climate, and that, if they would agree to come, I would find them comfortable quarters either in a hotel or with a private family.

When Ruth wrote me that they would take my advice and come, the news was too good to keep and, as I could not write to Jack, I decided to go and see him at once and learn what effect the news would have on him. I wondered how much he would care, and if he would come to see her when she was so near.

Jack, of course, did not expect me so soon, and when, after a two days' journey, I came in sight of his house I saw him lounging in an easy chair by the open door, intent on a book that he was reading. Flinging away the book as I came up, he ran to meet me, crying out: "You sinner, how dare you give me such a shock as this?"

"I am not sure yet," I said, "who is receiving the shock, for if you say you are Jack Hastings I will try to believe it, although it will be against reason for me to think so."

It was hard, indeed, to believe that this was Jack. Jack, as I knew him, was a smooth-faced, dissipated-looking boy. The man I now beheld was a full-bearded, bronzed, rugged woodsman, dressed in a rough homespun suit. His hair and beard were long and slightly tinged with gray, but I knew by the brightness of his face that he had fought his battle well and won. There is no enemy in life harder to conquer than one's self; and there is no hero more noble than he who becomes his own master.

He led me to the house and compelled me to go in and lie down and rest, and as I gazed around the room in admiration of the wonders he had wrought I felt that I would like to stay there with him forever.

The house was not large. It consisted of but three rooms with a veranda entirely surrounding it, but the taste he had shown in its furnishings made it a palace in miniature. Beautiful rugs covered the floors and beautiful paintings the walls. The finest of curtains were on the windows and draperies over the doors. Books by the dozen covered the tables and everything betokened rest and peace.

"Do you know," asked Jack, smiling at the eagerness with which I was gazing at everything, "that it is not considered good manners to stare so at your neighbor's goods when you enter his house? One would think that you had been brought

up in the woods and had never seen anything before."

"Excuse me," I answered, "but I guess I am at the wrong place. I was looking for a boy named Jack Hastings, who had a shanty somewhere near here, as I thought, but evidently I have mistaken the place."

"This is the place, all right," said he, "but you will search in vain for the boy whom you knew, as he no longer exists. Do you think you will mourn much for him—for the worthless, drunken creature who caused you and her so much trouble? He, I trust, is dead; but in his place I hope there lives a better man—sadder, perhaps, but wiser."

A lump rose in my throat as Jack was speaking, and I could not trust myself to speak; so after a moment he continued:

"I owe it all to you; but I wish the new man could have been born sooner. What is there for him in life now? Oh, to think of my blind folly in letting the only prize in life that I coveted slip from my grasp! I could accomplish anything now, if I had her by my side; but it is too late now."

"I am not so sure of that," I said. "I have a slight reason to hope that Ruth is foolish enough to yet care for you." And then I told him of the letter I had written, and of the reply she had made. I told him that I had come to take him home with me to meet her.

Jack could hardly believe it possible that I meant what I said; but, when I convinced him finally that I was serious, this gray-bearded man acted quite like a baby. I did not want a scene, so I told him that he would better be thinking of trying to improve his appearance, or Ruth would take him for a tramp.

We talked well on into the night, and Jack said that he would not decide as to what he would do until the next day.

In the morning, after we had had breakfast, he told me that he wanted me to go back alone and meet Ruth and her father, and try to induce them to come up and spend a week or two in the woods. He told me to tell them anything I liked in order to get them to come, but not to mention his name. He would be nothing more to them than a hired guide, and with his present appearance Ruth could not possibly recognize him.

I thought the idea a foolish one, but he urged me so strongly to try to carry out his plan that finally I consented. I left for home that day, and he came with me as far as Plaster Rock, where he was to remain until we came, and have everything in readiness to make the trip from there a pleasant one. I promised to telegraph him if we were coming, and left him under the assumed name of John Scott, the guide.

On a beautiful, golden day, about a week from the time that I parted with Jack at Plaster Rock, two canoes might have been seen making their way up the stream toward the cabin in the woods. In the stern of one, poling the frail bark along with a master's hand, stood a bronzed and bearded guide. To his fair companion, reclining in the bow on a couch of downy cushions, he seemed a strange enigma; but she could not but admire the rugged outlines of his form as he shot the bark forward with tireless ease, and her gaze was drawn irresistibly to his face, which, in spite of its wonted expressionless calm, revealed a face of no common character.

The other canoe contained two men. One was poling with all the strength that he possessed in order to keep pace with the leading canoe. In the bow of the bark was an old and worn-out man, who seemed too feeble to be able to reach the end of his journey, but whose face frequently lighted up when the beauties of the passing scenery were pointed out to him. Ere long the cabin by the Wisiwonganah was reached.

During the evening, as he found that his identity was not likely to be discovered, Jack gradually threw off his reserve and became more talkative; and we all listened with rapt attention to the many things of interest he had to tell of the woods and its varied inhabitants. I could not help watching Ruth, whose eyes but rarely left his face, even when he was not talking, and I sometimes feared that she had guessed who he was.

When Jack showed Mr. Burnside, who retired early, to his room, Ruth came over to where I was sitting and, looking earnestly into my face, said: "Tell me, does not he," pointing to the room to which Jack had gone, "remind you of someone?"

"Yes, he does, and I wondered if you would notice it; but he is a very different man from Jack—a sadder and wiser man than Jack ever was. You will find him to be one of the most beautiful characters whom you ever met. He is like Jack in some respects and perhaps that is why I love him."

"Do you know him well?" inquired Ruth, after a few moments of silence. "Will you tell me about his past? Why should such a man bury himself here—so far from his fellow-men? Will you tell me?"

"Perhaps he will tell you himself," said I. "I am not at liberty to do so. I can only say that his chief aim in life is to be a blessing to those who suffer, or to those who are beaten in the battle of life. This high aim was born in him through suffering."

"I, too, have suffered," said Ruth, softly.

With the ending of her words the door through which Jack had passed to show Ruth's father to his room was quietly opened and we saw, standing in rugged outline against the light—not John Scott, the guide, but the guide transformed into Jack Hastings! The long gray beard and moustache were gone; his hair was neatly combed; the homespun suit had been exchanged for one such as he had worn in the days gone by; and the only change from the Jack of old was in the nobler features and more rugged manhood. All this I saw at a glance. I looked at Ruth. She was sitting as one transfixed. Then, suddenly, a cry escaped her lips, and I saw her fly to his extended arms. A mist came over my eyes. I walked away and left them alone in that moment of intense joy and exaltation of two souls reunited.

#### KNOWS WHAT IT'S MADE OF!

"Have a wee nip, friend?" asked the hospitable passenger with the flask.

"No, I thank you," replied the stranger.

"Don't drink whiskey, eh?"

"No; I make it."

—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

#### ANOTHER BREAKFAST FOOD JOKE.

"Try one of our new sofas," said the man in the furniture shop; "they're very healthy. Every one is stuffed with a new breakfast food."

—*The Moon.*

# A PERFECT BEAUTY

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

With the Collaboration of BARBARA HOWARD

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

## CHAPTER VI.

THREE weeks passed before Grace recurred to the subject of her beauty to her father. It was on a Sunday morning, and she had just returned from the distant post-office with the mail.

It may be said that Mrs. Harper had, during the three weeks just past, been moved to wonder more than once by discovering Grace studying herself in the various mirrors in the house. Once she came upon her standing quite nude in front of the largest mirror, trying with all her might to obtain a sight of her whole person. The mirror, however, had been quite inadequate to the purpose, and Grace had given up the effort.

It was so unlike Grace to give any consideration to her personal appearance that Mrs. Harper was rendered extremely uneasy by seeing her exhibit so much vanity; and if she refrained from speaking to Grace about it, she could not keep from mentioning it to Mr. Harper.

He, however, laughed at the notion of Grace becoming vain, and so Mrs. Harper watched Grace with a puzzled frown, wondering what it could be, if not vanity, that made her glance into a mirror every time she passed one. On the Sunday in question, however, the truth came out.

Grace gave her father his mail, and waited patiently until he had read it, meanwhile studying some printed matter which she held in her hands as she sat waiting.

"Are you through, father?" she asked

when she saw him lay aside the last letter.

"Yes, my dear."

"And can you give me a little time? I want to talk to you about something important."

"You look serious enough to have the weight of the nation on your mind," he said, laughingly. "Well, what is it?"

"Perhaps you'd like to have me leave you alone with your father," said Mrs. Harper, her mind running on a possible love affair.

"No; I'd rather you'd stay, because you may be able to help me. You see," Grace went on, looking gravely from one to the other of her parents, "I want to know whether or not I am beautiful."

"Ah!" murmured Mrs. Harper, looking I-told-you-sos at her husband.

"Now what in the world," cried Mr. Harper, some scorn and some distress in his expression, "can have set you thinking about such a foolish matter as that? I would have supposed you were above vanity, Grace."

"Vanity!" repeated Grace, with uplifted eyebrows, "I never thought of that. Oh, I don't think I'm vain, father. As for its being a foolish matter, I don't quite agree with you. After all, you know, beauty is the finest and completest expression of utility."

"Metaphysics," said Mr. Harper, with a short laugh of amusement; for Grace had a fashion of reducing things to their primitive elements which was very entertaining to him.

"No, not metaphysics, but just plain

common sense. If you make a plow that will do its work better than any other plow that was ever made, you may be sure it will be the most beautiful plow ever seen."

"I am ready to agree with that so far as plows are concerned," her father replied, still smiling.

"And I don't see what plows have to do with Grace's new-born vanity," said Mrs. Harper.

"Don't call it vanity, mother, for it is born of a desire for dollars and cents, as you will see presently; but before we come to that I want to convince father that I am right in regarding utility as the ultimate test of beauty."

"I'm convinced," he laughed. "You are the best and the most useful girl I ever knew anything about; therefore, you are the most beautiful."

"You can't laugh me out of this in that way," she insisted, seriously. "What I am getting at is this: beauty is a good thing to have, because it is an indication of one's fitness for life. Everybody ought to be beautiful; and I assure you that if I am not beautiful I am going to try to make myself so."

"Well," said her mother, in that tone of repressed exasperation so natural in one who feels herself swirling around on the outer edge of comprehension, "I don't see how you can talk of making yourself beautiful. If you are not born so you might as well give up thinking about it."

"I don't agree with you, mother. What do you think, father? Am I beautiful? Of course, I want a truthful answer. There isn't any vanity in this, but just a plain question of money. Look at me carefully, and say whether I am beautiful or not." She stood up and gravely turned around. "Of course, Will says that I am, but——"

"You don't mean to say that you asked him such a question?" cried her mother, in dismay.

"No, I didn't think of doing so; he told me that I was beautiful when he asked me to marry him."

"Asked you? And you are going to——"

"No, mother, I haven't time to marry anybody. What do you say, father? Am I beautiful?"

"Well," replied Mr. Harper, undecided

whether to laugh or not, "you have a good nose and certainly fine eyes. Your mouth is a little large, maybe, but well——"

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of beauty," interposed Grace, scornfully, "but beauty of body."

"Oh!" he ejaculated. "Yes, I fancy you have a very good body. But, for mercy's sake, do tell me what you mean by all this talk of beauty and money. If I know what your questions are based on I can answer more intelligently. As it is, I find myself becoming more and more mystified."

"Yes, of course," said Grace. "How foolish of me! Well, it's this: I have been thinking and dreaming of nothing else but how to pay off that mortgage. I am just as sure as I can be of anything that when it comes due again you will have not only the interest but the principal to pay."

"But——"

"Yes, I know, there doesn't seem to be any connection between my beauty and the mortgage; but wait. If you had a thousand dollars you could get along all right, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I could easily borrow the remainder from the savings bank. But——"

"Never mind the buts until I am through. Do you remember my asking you, about three weeks ago, if you thought me beautiful?"

"Yes."

"Well, I had never thought of such a thing before, and was really very much disgusted with Will when he told me I was so; and angry enough with Don Morton when he had the impudence to say it also. I had always wanted to be as much like a man as possible, so as to be of use to you just as if I had been a son, don't you see?"

"Very silly of you, Grace," said Mrs. Harper.

"So it was, mother, but I didn't know it then. Now I know that it is possible to be as useful as a toy while being perfectly beautiful as a girl, because the really beautiful woman is not of the namby-pamby, useless, over-dressed type. The question is whether I am beautiful at the same time that I am useful."

"You are wandering again, Grace," said her father.

"So I am, but this is a new idea to me,

and a very interesting one. But to get back: It happened that night that I got hold of a magazine of physical culture in which there was an offer of a prize of one thousand dollars to the most beautiful woman."

"My dear Grace!" cried her mother, in a shocked tone.

"Yes, I knew it would give you a turn, mother. But wait until I am through. Keep your thoughts on that mortgage, on the possibility of our being turned out of house and home if we don't get the money, and then think of that thousand-dollar prize."

"Go on, Grace," said her father, quietly.

"Well, I would never have given the matter a second thought, only, to tell the truth, Don Morton and his father had seemed to look less at my face than at my body, so that I was quite sure that when they said I was beautiful they meant I had a beautiful form."

"Brutes!" muttered her father, while his rugged face set itself in hard lines of bitter determination.

"Pshaw! don't mind them," Grace said, contemptuously; "think of the thousand dollars and the lifted mortgage. You see"—she held out the papers she held in her hand—"I would never have had the notion of sending for the terms of the competition if it had not been for those wretches. But as it was, I did send for them, and here they are. Read them!"

She gave them to her father, who took them but did not read at once. "Tell me about it briefly," he said.

"Well, in the first place, it isn't one of those dreadful beauty shows that you've heard about, but an incident in a great scheme to make people understand and respect their bodies. There is to be a man's prize and a woman's prize, and the competitors are to come from all over the world."

"And you believe, Grace," said her mother, in a grieved tone, "that you are beautiful enough to bear comparison with selected beauties from all over the world? If that isn't vanity, I don't know what you call it."

"Well, mother, dear, you might call it a strong desire to get a thousand dollars to help my dear father and you."

"Yes," said Mr. Harper, gravely, "you must acquit our girl of vanity. She is doing this out of the purest, truest love for us."

Grace flushed, and swallowed a little lump that rose in her throat, and gave her father such a look of affection as repaid him for his clear judgment.

"I hope you're right," she said in a low tone. "I don't know the first thing about beauty, and so I can't do a thing about this until you tell me what you think. If you think it worth while, I must have a photograph taken; then I shall have to go to San Francisco to compete there. If I should be so lucky as to win there, I shall have to go to New York and compete with those who have been successful in the other cities."

Mr. Harper began to read the conditions governing the contest, and the other matter which Grace had given him. Mrs. Harper sat thinking. Suddenly an idea came to her that made her cry out all at once:

"How are they going to decide which one has the most beautiful body?"

"By comparison," Grace answered, calmly.

"By comparison of what?"

"Bodies. It is all explained in there," pointing to the papers her father was reading.

"Nude bodies?" demanded Mrs. Harper.

"We wear tights, I think."

"Not much difference. H'm! Of course the judges are women?"

"I don't know what they will be at San Francisco. In New York the decision will be by ballot. The contestant who receives the most votes at the exhibition will receive the prize."

"Contest in public?"

"I suppose so. I don't see how else there could be any voting."

"In tights?"

"I suppose so."

"Showing your whole—whole figure?"

"I think so."

"I shall never consent to it, Grace. How can you—how can you even contemplate such a thing? The immodesty, the indecency—oh! the whole affair is so shocking—"

"Please wait until father has read and

understands everything, won't you, mother, dear?"

"What will Will Belden say to such a thing?"

"Will Belden has no more to do with it than our shepherd dog."

"You are a strange girl, Grace."

"Now, mother, dear," said Grace, coaxingly putting her arm about her mother, "don't take it this way. You know I shall do nothing that you and father do not approve of. All I ask of you is to read about it, discuss it with us, and make up your mind afterward. You will do that, won't you?"

"I suppose I shall have to. But I assure you that nothing in this world can ever make me change my opinion of the things you would be called upon to do in order to compete for this prize. I have never liked your way of wearing men's clothes, anyhow."

"I couldn't have helped father if I hadn't," answered Grace, patiently. "And I have always done all the work I could in the house. You know father could not afford to hire help."

"It's very unfortunate, I'm sure," said Mrs. Harper, weakly.

"Well, father?" queried Grace, as her father looked up.

"I haven't read carefully, but I think I understand."

"Well?"

"It will entail a very radical departure from conservative views on such matters. What do you think, yourself? How do you believe that you will like being on inspection before judges, even in tights? You know it is most likely that they will be men."

"I've thought of that," she answered; "but I remember that you have always taught me that my body was not a shameful thing. I know that it is not my body, but the use I make of it, that counts. I have thought about being looked at, but why should I care, excepting that I am not used to it? If I am beautiful to the eye, I don't believe anyone will consider anything but my beauty. Anyhow, if I am pure I must be content with that; I cannot analyze the feelings and motives of others. Having my clothes on did not save me from the impure thoughts of the Mortons; and showing the outlines of my form will not affect the thoughts of

pure men. In any case, I must find my well-being in my own purity."

"Very well said, Grace."

"You do not uphold her in her wish to compete?" cried Mrs. Harper.

"Grace has her own life to live, mother," he answered. "You and I must do our duty by telling her how we see this matter, and then she must be left to decide for herself. If she were trying to obtain this money just for me, I would have to view the matter differently, but the farm will be hers some day, and what she does for it now she will be doing for herself; so all we have to do is to advise, not to try to control her."

"But you will advise her against doing this?"

"I shall tell her all that I think is necessary for her to comprehend that which she is contemplating doing."

"Well," said Mrs. Harper, driven to her last hope, "we don't know that she is beautiful enough, anyhow; and I don't know how we are going to find out."

"How shall we discover?" Grace asked her father.

"By taking measurements."

"But how shall we know what the correct measurements are?"

"Ah! there is the difficulty. I have somewhere the old Greek ideal of womanly beauty, but that may not conform to the ideal which these people have in view. I think that you have hit upon the correct notion in saying that the useful is the test of the beautiful. If an athletic type of woman is desired, then perhaps you will have a chance."

"Oh, father! will you measure me now?"

"Yes, I will find the book that has the proportions in, and we will compare yours with those that are laid down in it."

"There is the photograph yet," said Mrs. Harper, suggesting the next difficulty, and yet, in her secret heart, beginning to take an interest in the affair. "Surely you will never let any of those town photographers take you."

"We can borrow a camera, so far as that is concerned," said Mr. Harper, as he went out of the room.

"Oh, mother, dear," said Grace, cajolingly, "you do hope that I shall turn out to be beautiful, don't you?"

"I don't care how beautiful you are;

it's the thought of so many men looking at you."

"But, mother," said Grace, as, after a hunt in a cupboard, she found a pair of short, tightly-fitting swimming trunks, such as are used by boys, and began to undress to be measured, "don't you know that most persons would think it awful for my father to see me even partially naked?"

"Most persons have very nasty ideas about such things. Nudity isn't improper; it is the attitude that people take toward it that is wrong."

"But why won't the same argument apply to all men as well as to father?"

"All men are not as pure-minded as your father."

"You don't know until you've given them a chance, mother." She threw off her last garment, drew on the trunks, and stretched herself with the joy one always feels in getting rid of the trammels of clothing.

Mrs. Harper looked with delight on the lithe, well-rounded body of her daughter, and exclaimed involuntarily:

"You certainly ought to get the prize. I don't believe there's a more beautiful body in the world; that is," she added, hastily, "I don't know anything about it."

Grace laughed, and hugged her mother, declaring that the matter was settled since so good a judge had pronounced her perfect. And not only did Mrs. Harper protest in vain, but being in the minority, and being very proud of her daughter, she was very glad to gradually come over to Grace's view; so that when Mr. Harper returned with his book he found that the only question that needed to be settled was whether or not Grace seemed to have sufficient beauty of form to warrant her in undergoing the test of comparison with the thousands who might and probably would offer themselves in competition.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was decided that Grace was beautiful.

And the odd thing was that the more Mrs. Harper thought about it, the more pleased was she with the notion of her daughter being pronounced the most beautiful woman in the world. And she never entertained a doubt that that would happen, except when Grace begged her to

remember that probably some of the other contestants might be provided with equally sanguine mothers.

At first it was decided that there was no need of Will Belden knowing anything about the matter; but by the time Grace had been photographed in a set of tights borrowed from a traveling show, and a letter had been received from San Francisco acknowledging the receipt of the picture and assuring Grace that she had all the appearance of being a promising applicant, they had become so used to the idea that it had lost its first semblance of daring, if not a shocking departure from the usual.

Then an unexpected thing happened which put it out of their power to use their judgment in regard to Will; but, at any rate, not until Grace had made up her mind that she would tell him everything. The magazine offering the prize published her picture and name under it.

Grace gasped when she saw it, though if she had given the matter proper consideration she would have known that that was precisely what would happen. Mrs. Harper was speechless, but the horror on her face betrayed what she was unable to say, which was: "Everybody will know all about it now."

Mr. Harper looked grave for a while, then shrugged his shoulders. "It serves us right, my dear," he said to Grace. "We were going about this as if it was something we were ashamed of. Now we are out in the open, and will have to justify ourselves."

"Our friends!" moaned Mrs. Harper.

"H'm! I don't care," ejaculated Grace, defiantly.

"Oh, yes, we all care," said her father. "Let us try to make our friends understand how we look at the matter; and then, if they do not approve, it need not matter to us."

As a fact, Grace was not much concerned about what her friends thought, and she did not know how much she cared about what Will thought until she met him two days later, as she was crossing the farm to bring in some stray sheep.

She caught her breath, and even glanced about as if looking for some avenue of escape, which was quite unlike her usual, courageous way of meeting difficulties. Then she became defiant, and



said to herself that it was none of his business, anyhow.

She rode toward him, rigid, and on the defensive. If he went too far she would tell him how little of his concern it was, whatever she might choose to do.

"Good morning, Will!" she said, with a sort of aggressive indifference.

"Good morning, Grace! Where're you going?"

"After some stray sheep. Did you want to see father?"

"No; you know I didn't. I came over to see you. You are not angry with me for what I said to you the other day?"

"Of course not."

"May I ride with you after the sheep?"

"Certainly, if you want to."

He brought his horse around and took his place by her side; and so they rode on together for some time without exchanging a word. When he could stand the silence no longer, he said in a troubled tone:

"Is anything the matter, Grace?"

"What did you come over to talk about? Has that magazine in your pocket anything to do with it?" She had seen the magazine in his side pocket.

"Why, I suppose it has."

"Well," she said, sharply, pulling her mare back on its haunches quite unconsciously in her anger, "I presume you know that when I want to discuss my business with you I will invite you to a conference."

"But, Grace!" he protested, humbly.

"Yes," she retorted quickly, "I know just exactly all the old conventional arguments that come easily to the lips, but convention never did rule me, and I hope never will; common sense is a good enough guide for me."

"But, Grace!" he protested again.

"If my father," she broke in, warmly, "approves of what I do, it doesn't make the least little bit of difference to me who disapproves. Not because he is my father, but because he has more sense than any other man I ever knew."

"You know I agree with you about your father, Grace. I always go to him for advice when I can."

"Well, then!" she said in a challenging tone.

"But I don't see, Grace, why you pitch

into me in this way. I didn't come over here to criticise anything you had done, or to express any disapproval. I saw your picture in the magazine, read that you were going to compete for the prize, and came over to talk about it just as we always have talked about things that interested each other until I was so misguided as to let you know that I loved you. Since then, it seems, I can do nothing right, and have even forfeited the few privileges I had before."

"Forgive me, Will. I thought maybe you didn't approve. As for your telling me that the other day, why I didn't mean to let it make any difference. Honest, I was going to tell you about the competition, forgetting that my picture would be in the magazine, and that that would let the murder out."

"Oh, yes, everybody knows about it now."

"I don't care what they think, Will. I talked it over with father and mother, and we did what suited us."

"Why," said Will, hesitatingly, "I suppose there will be some who will criticise you adversely, just as they would if you joined the church or signed the temperance pledge, but I don't see why I mightn't tell you that all with whom I've had any talk about the matter say they think you are sure to win."

"They don't call me immodest, or anything like that?"

"No, indeed. Of course, some of the girls admit they never could have done it, but I assure you I haven't heard one word of disapproval."

"Not even your mother?"

"Not even mother. Of course, you know, she wouldn't have let a daughter of hers do it; but you see you have been different from other girls all along, and nobody expects you to do the conventional thing."

"What a fool I am, Will. Do you know I had my war paint on, and was all ready for a pitched battle with you over this thing? I thought you were going to try to dissuade me, and bring up the conventional arguments about immodesty and all that, and would try to scare me by saying how all our friends condemned me for going into the competition."

"No," he answered, slowly, "I had no

such thought in my mind. I suppose you have educated us by being so free and so different from other girls, and at the same time by being so pure and so simple and fine. Why, there isn't a girl I know who is jealous of you for all that you are such a beauty."

"Say, Will," she cried, with a merry laugh, "do you know it was your telling me that I was beautiful the other day that gave me this idea? I give you my word I had never dreamed of such a thing before. I knew I was stronger and more active than most girls——"

"Any girls," he interjected.

"Yes, any girls we know, I suppose; but that I was beautiful never occurred to me until you told me so, and afterward Don Morton."

"Don Morton!" he cried, in a tone of pain.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of him, of all men, Will. I hate him, despise him, loathe him."

A few moments of silence followed this emphatic declaration; then Will said: "I suppose your father will go with you to San Francisco?"

"No; he could not afford it, and could not take the time."

"Your mother, then?"

"No. I'm going alone."

"I was afraid of that. I wish you'd let me go with you."

"You? Well, folks might talk then."

"Not if we were married, Grace. Forgive me for bringing the subject up again, but the circumstances excuse it. You don't know what a big city like that is. And suppose you win there, then you'll have to go to New York; and you know what its reputation is."

"Pshaw! It isn't what San Francisco is, or what New York is; it is what I am. I'm not afraid to go alone, Will. Anyhow, I won't marry you for your protection. If ever I marry at all, it will be because I love the man, and for nothing else. Besides, it would be a nice thing for me to be afraid of going away from home alone."

"I think I may have business to take me to San Francisco," he said, a little sullenly; "you can't prevent my going there."

"If you go when I do, I won't recognize you; that you may be assured of.

I wish, Will, you would understand that I am going to do this thing alone. I have no patience with the old-fashioned notion that a girl just has to be the easy prey of any man who happens to take a fancy to her. I can take care of myself."

"Well," he sighed, "I admire your courage, and I love you dearly. I don't want to croak, and I hope with all my heart that you will never have the least trouble; but I am afraid you will find out, as other girls have done, that society is constituted for weak and foolish women who depend altogether on men for protection and for opinions; and that society resents having girls think they can take care of themselves, and think for themselves, and makes it very easy for men to prey on self-reliant women. You've got to be on your guard against every man you meet, for the minute he finds that you are trying to stand alone he will look upon you as legitimate game."

"You certainly have a horrid opinion of your own sex."

"That's the way we are brought up, Grace. It's all very well out here in the open country for you to be athletic and independent. We all know you, and love you; but it won't be so in the city. You ask your father; he'll tell you I am right. Say, Grace, dear, will you let him decide whether you shall be my wife or not?"

"No, I will not. That is one of the things I will decide without anybody's help."

"All right," he sighed, dolefully, "I'll try not to revert to this again; but I want you to know now, and to remember it, that it will never make any difference to me what troubles you have, I shall go right on loving you, and will go to you wherever you are if you will only call on me. Will you promise to let me know if you ever need me?"

"That means to send you word when I have made a dead failure of myself. But I don't mean to contemplate any such result of my experiment. Besides, I may not be the winner in San Francisco, and may be coming back home in a very little while, minus my car fare, to let me know what a fool I was to think myself beautiful."

"When do you go?" he asked, after a long silence.

"In two weeks."

"Some of the boys and girls want to give you a dance before you go. You won't object to that, will you?"

"You bet I won't."

"Well," he said, trying hard to seem cheerful, "we are all so sure that you will win the prize that we want to have a good farewell jollification so as to have something to remember you by all the long time you will be gone. As for me, Grace, don't forget what I've said, but don't remember me as a prophet of evil. I hope you'll win the thousand dollars, and come back with it to pay off the mortgage."

"Thank you, Will, and shake hands."

The farewell dance developed into the greatest event the neighborhood had ever known; everybody was preparing for it and talking about it. Grace pretty nearly forgot the competition in her interest in the jollification; and quite forgot Don Morton until one day an odd thing happened that very sharply brought him back to her.

She was riding over to see one of her girl friends to talk about the dance, when she was met by a little native Californian girl who told her in a breathless way that her little brother had fallen over a cliff in Three-Mile Canyon, and begged her piteously to go to his rescue while she ran home to her father.

With the assurance that she would do everything in her power, Grace dug her heels into her horse's sides, and in less than ten minutes was at the scene of the accident. As she leaped off her horse and tied the animal to a tree, Don Morton stepped from behind a great rock and accosted her.

"Forgive the trick, Grace. I'm the little boy," he said.

The recollection of the way he had had her abducted on the previous occasion was so fresh in her memory that without a word she swiftly untied her mare and was for leaping on its back, when he said:

"You have no need to fear me, now, Grace. I am very sorry for the way I acted before. I knew you would not see me if I asked you to do so, and I was afraid to go to your house for fear your father might use violence."

"I am not afraid of you," she answered, curtly, "and you need have no fear of father. He knows nothing of what happened. But you'd better be careful he does not."

"I want to apologize for what I did, Grace. I want to say that I regret the wrong I did you, and that I am ready to make it right by marrying you."

"Marry!" she cried, scornfully; "why I would not marry you under any conceivable circumstances. Marry a man who would do what you have done? You must be out of your head."

Before he could make any response a clatter of hoofs fell upon their ears, and Grace, imagining she was going to be attacked by some of his scoundrels, leaped on her horse and made ready her rifle. In a moment a party of young people, acquaintances of hers, swept by at a gallop, nodding to her, and looking with obvious surprise from her to Don Morton.

When they had gone by he dropped his air of humility, which he had worn until then, and burst into a sardonic laugh.

"Do you know what they will think?" he said. And when Grace only looked wonderingly at him, he went on: "They will think you have met me here by appointment; and to meet Don Morton, I am sorry to say, is not a certificate of character for a young lady."

"You scoundrel!" she cried, in sudden, fierce passion, as she realized that what he had said was true. "And you plotted this! Oh, you cur! But it will not serve your purpose. I shall explain to everybody how it came about, and the world shall know of your conduct to me the other day."

"Too late, my dear," he answered, with a wicked laugh of triumph; "that is all prepared for. You will see when you reach home. Make up your mind, my beauty, that when Don Morton takes a fancy to a girl it will save her a lot of trouble to yield without unnecessary struggling. So good-bye for the present, and prepare yourself for a surprise when you reach home."

He darted into a path leading down the canyon, and was gone, leaving Grace with a feeling of undefined terror in her heart.

(To be continued.)

# THE ATHLETIC WORLD

Conducted by Edward R. Bushnell

*The universal demand on the part of the American public that there shall be some publication which can be looked to for a reliable compendium, complete in every respect, of the records of all sports, and shall be at the same time an absolutely honest and expertly informing guide upon all forms of competitive exercise, has led to the establishment, in these pages, of the Department of the Athletic World. The readers who have studied closely the conduct of this magazine need no assurance that the Department will fearlessly advocate every new development in sport which is healthful, honest and fair, and will as fearlessly expose and condemn whatever is injurious, dishonest or unfair. It will have my constant, personal direction; it will have the resources of an unparalleled organization for the assembling of the earliest and most secret, reliable news; and it will be illustrated with the latest photographs of the leaders in the world of athletics.*

*Mr. Bushnell, University of Pennsylvania, 1901, is the most widely experienced athletic editor in the United States, not only by reason of years of service in active journalism, but because he is himself the holder of a distinguished record. His knowledge of athletic work is not limited to the United States, although he captained his cross-country team here. He was a member and point winner of the famous track team which won the majority of events at the English Amateur Athletic Union Championship in London in 1900, and at the hotly contested Olympic Games of the Paris Exposition.*

—BERNARD MACFADDEN.

**T**HE year of 1905 in the world of sports is full of unusually bright promises. Enough records and brilliant achievements were made on all athletic fields last year to promise an even more notable season in the immediate future.

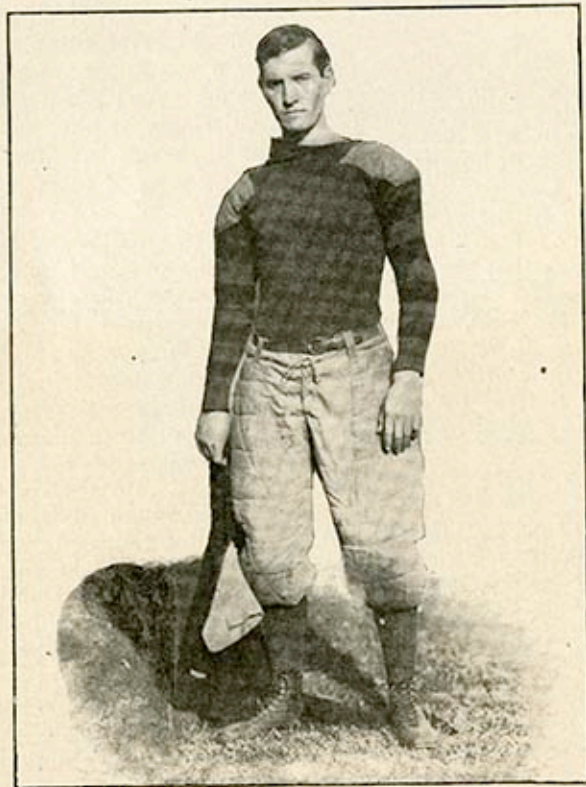
The close of 1904 brought various topics strongly to the fore. Football has once more run its course—and with fewer serious and fatal accidents than the sport has known in recent years. For once, the Rules Committee may congratulate itself on reforming the game where it really needed reformation. A regrettable feature of football, which will soon call for the attention of the authorities, is the gambling mania among undergraduates, the product of

excessive loyalty to their teams. Jiu-Jitsu, the Japanese art of self-defence, continues to increase its popularity in America, and has now been regularly adopted at New York University. Two more golf champions, H. Chandler Egan, of national and intercollegiate fame,

and Miss Georgianna Bishop, the women's title holder, have been temporarily deposed.

## University Gymnastics

The betterment of the species, physically as well as mentally, never received so much attention from the leading universities of the country as at present. Happily, the time has passed when the cultivation of the mind was alone the final aim of university Faculties. The development of the student's physique through sensi-



Vincent Stevenson, the Great New Quarterback of the University of Pennsylvania

ble and scientific instruction in athletics has taken a prominent place in our curricula, and there is now hardly a university or college in the country which does not make some form of athletics compulsory.

The new idea has found its full expression in the construction of splendidly equipped gymnasiums for students of both sexes and the engagement of the ablest physical instructors that the country affords. The University of Pennsylvania, with its magnificent \$525,000 gymnasium, and Barnard College, with its \$400,000 physical culture buildings, are the latest converts to the new doctrine. The physical instructors of both institutions have been given positions of honor on the Faculties. The growth of the physical culture idea among the universities of the land will do an immense amount of good by the upbuilding of student manhood and womanhood.

#### Football's Surprises

A year of upsets and surprises is the best characterization for the football season of 1904. In the East, especially, the experts who professed to know how

the games of the "Big Six" would or should result were repeatedly compelled to confess themselves baffled and bewildered by the returns. For the first time in the history of the game every member of this sextette, with the exception of the University of Pennsylvania, had been defeated before November 1. First, Princeton fell a victim to Annapolis; then Columbia to Amherst and Pennsylvania; and next, in succession, Yale

to West Point, Cornell to Princeton, and Harvard, for the first time in six years, to Pennsylvania.

In the Middle West two institutions stood head and shoulders above their fellows. They were the Universities of Michigan and Minnesota. The unfortunate arrangement of Minnesota's schedule, which did not include games with Michigan and Chicago, destroyed the claims of Minnesota to the Western championship. By unanimous consent, however, Michigan has the best right to the distinction. Chicago, Illinois, Northwestern and Wisconsin, each had unusually strong teams, all of about the same strength.

Football coaches, the country over, have been inexcusably slow in utilizing the quarterback run, a play first introduced by the new rules of 1903, and perfected and rendered far more powerful by the amendment to the code of 1904. Permitting the quarterback, or the first man to receive the ball from the snapback, to run with it, presents more opportunities for spectacular, ground gaining plays to a team than anything that the Rules Committee has



Warren E. Schutt, Formerly of Cornell University  
Now Making a Record as a Distance  
Runner at Oxford University

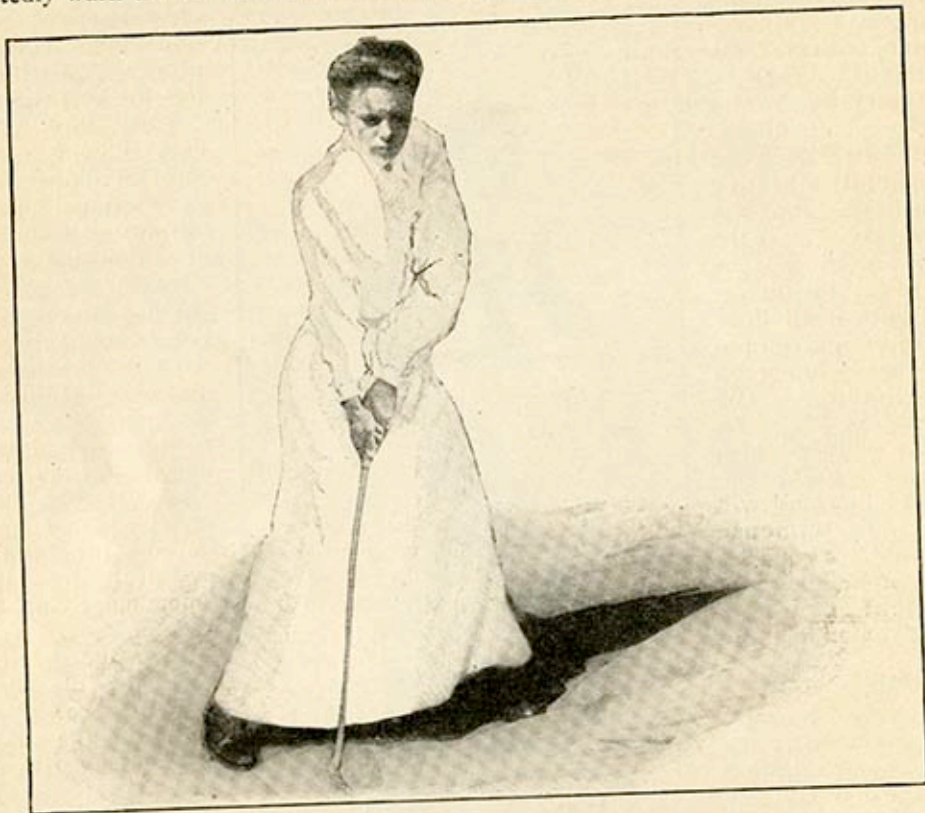
given the colleges in many years. Why, with all the variations and speed in attack possible with that play, so many coaches cling to close, dangerous and dull mass formations, is indeed a mystery. The University of Pennsylvania in the East, and Chicago in the West, furnish shining examples of the worth of the play. To this play, developed to its highest point of efficiency and operated by the most sensational quarterback of the year in the

vigorous person of V. M. Stevenson, Pennsylvania largely owed her victory over Harvard.

Football officials, in all of the big games, have complained against an extraordinary amount of unnecessary roughness among the players. So aggravated was the offense that hardly a championship contest passed in which the officials did not find it necessary either to repeatedly warn the contestants or to make

rivalry. Good morals should be cultivated as patiently on the gridiron as in the classroom. There is no room in college sport for the unsportsmanlike ambition to win at any cost. Sport for sport's sake should have precedence over the mere idea to win.

Lovers of football unanimously regret the failure to arrange intersection games between the East and West. Just at the moment when congratulations were be-



Miss Georgianna Bishop, Woman American Golf Champion

an example of some by retiring them to the side lines. Obnoxious as exhibitions of temper are, the officials themselves contributed their part to the evil. If the players were notoriously rough, the majority of the officials were inexcusably lax. Proper punishment has been provided for every one of the offenses charged to the players; the application of the penalties would have eliminated the evils on the spot.

The primary aim of intercollegiate athletics should be to develop gentlemanly

ing exchanged over the opportunity to see the great Michigan eleven lock horns with Columbia, in New York on Thanksgiving Day, came word that the negotiations had failed. For the last four years the University of Michigan has had remarkable teams which her followers have declared to be the equals, if not the superiors, of anything the East possessed. So persistent have been the claims that it is unfortunate that the Westerners could not induce an Eastern team to play them. It is to be hoped that the Michi-

gan managers will have better success in their negotiations for a game in 1905.

Spectacular football ruled the day when Harvard was defeated by Pennsylvania at Cambridge, on October 29. For six years the Quakers had lost in succession to Harvard and the followers of the game expected the 1904 slaughter to be easier than its predecessors. But, with one leap, the Pennsylvanians jumped from mediocrity to the front rank; and, with the most versatile attack a Pennsylvania team ever showed, they completely outplayed Harvard, by a score of 11 to 0. There was no possibility of crediting the victory to a fluke; friend and foe alike applauded Pennsylvania in the renewal of her youth.

After the brilliant series of victories which Princeton won on the gridiron in 1903, the Tigers closed a disappointing year on November 12 by losing to Yale, 12 to 0. The game lacked nearly all the elements which had made the Harvard-Pennsylvania contest so spectacular. A very wet field may have had something to do with the fact that both teams employed little else but straight, old-fashioned football. Yale had an unusually strong attack in Captain Hogan, Bloomer and Leavenworth, who were too much for the lighter, inexperienced Tigers. Princeton had, at different times, given evidence of a very strong running game which the wet field rendered useless. Otherwise there might have been a different tale to tell.

Columbia University also brought its season to an early close, on November 12, with a victory over Cornell, 12 to 6. After losing by overwhelming scores to Amherst, Pennsylvania and Yale, the Columbians were about to call their season a failure. Their unexpected triumph over Cornell gave them renewed hope for the coming year.

The need of an intercollegiate association, for the regulation of football schedules, has never been more apparent than during the season past. An unseemly public discussion over a championship which no team actually won, could be avoided if the "Big Six" would forget their petty quarrels of the past and play all honorable rivals. Of course, it would be impossible for any one team to play

each of its five rivals in one short season. But if they could be paired off against each other during the early part of the season, the winners of the first part of the series could work down to the finals until all doubt about the championship would be eliminated. The silly strife which certain leaders of the intercollegiate world have maintained is not worthy of college athletes.

#### University Athletics

Harvard University deserves congratulation, and not censure, for its courage in departing from England's medieval discrimination between amateur and professional athletes. Heretofore, it has been an iron-clad rule in all universities that any student who has ever played on a semi-professional or "Summer" baseball team, or who, before entering college, had accepted any remuneration—no matter how trifling—above his ordinary expenses incurred in competition, was barred absolutely from intercollegiate athletics. In other words, he was shunned as a man who had committed an unpardonable sin.

Harvard has amended this rule by providing that, at the discretion of the Athletic Committee, an exception may be made in the case of such students who commit offenses against amateur athletics before the age of 19 years, after they have served two years of probation in the university without taking part in athletics. The A. A. U. has stepped into the controversy and threatens to retaliate if Harvard enforces its new rule.

Harvard should be upheld for showing other universities the way to reform. It is high time American colleges were learning that England's definitions of an amateur and a professional do not fit the conditions in American college life. In this country athletics should not be conducted for the "gentleman," but for the common student. If a youth is qualified morally and intellectually to sit in the class room, he has just as much right to represent his university on the athletic field. Complex eligibility rules, instead of being a blessing to college athletics, are a detriment. No bona fide student should be barred from athletics. Instead of "letting down the bars," as Harvard's action has been contemptuously referred

to, her committee has merely started the reform of a code which still contains many evils.

#### University Coaches

Harvard University has finally abandoned its contention that the professional athletic coach degrades college sports. Like the fine-drawn distinction between amateur and professional athletes, the conception of the ideal coach was a legacy from England. There have been few things more inconsistent than the demand for amateur rowing coaches, about which most of the furor has been raised. When a student matriculates at a university he has a right to the services of the best athletic instructors in the field, as well as the best teachers in the class room. The fact that one coach is paid and another is not, has absolutely no bearing on the ethics of the sport. There is not a single college of the "Big Six", which does not have a professional coach for its track and baseball teams. In view of the obvious conditions, why should anyone attempt to draw a distinction between the coaching staff of two different sports? Since athletics are becoming compulsory at many institutions, why should there be a demand for amateurs on the athletic field any more than in the class room? If an amateur can obtain better results than a professional, let him be engaged; but let him not be engaged merely because he is an amateur.

#### More Distance Running

England's distance runners will soon have to take second place as compared with the American product, as their hurdlers, sprinters and jumpers have already done, if the universities of this country continue their efforts to develop cross-country running. It is a sport which has flourished in England for generations, and is the explanation of the fact that Britain's distance runners lead the world.

Cross-country running had its intercollegiate origin in the United States in 1899, and has maintained its popularity to a remarkable degree. Not only is the intercollegiate championship meeting, held every fall, growing in public interest, but athletic clubs in many of the large

cities of the East, together with innumerable high schools and academies everywhere, have caught the spirit of the sport and are holding weekly runs. The excellent results from cross-country running, conducted and encouraged thus, will soon begin to tell, and far more distance records will be held by American athletes.

One of the best examples of what cross-country running will do for a young man is seen in W. E. Schutt, Cornell University's intercollegiate cross-country and two-mile champion, now a student at Oxford University, England, where he won the Rhodes Scholarship from New York State. It was cross-country running that developed all of Schutt's marvelous strength and speed. He has already shown his caliber in England by winning the half and mile runs in Oxford's freshman games. By the time he has become acclimated he should develop into one of England's foremost distance runners.

On November 20, John J. Daly, the champion distance runner of Ireland, defeated John Joyce, the American champion, at Celtic Park, New York, in a five-mile invitation race. Time, 26.42 2-5.

#### College Gambling

Of all the large universities of the country, only Michigan has had the courage to grapple with the gambling evil among undergraduates. This is a feature of modern college life which should make those responsible for the moral welfare of their students shudder. Hardly a great football game is played, hardly any other athletic contest is held, in which thousands of dollars are not wagered by undergraduates on the outcome. So widespread has become the evil that the average student is made to feel that he is lacking in loyalty to his college if he does not show a readiness to wager his money on the success of his teams.

With the exception of self-respecting Michigan, the worst feature of the case is the fact that it attracts hardly more than passing comment from the presidents and faculties of our great universities. President Angell, of Michigan, last year saw the trend of the iniquity, and almost eliminated it from that institution



by threatening expulsion to any student detected laying wagers on Michigan's athletic teams.

But how about the Eastern universities, which pose as the leaders in mental, moral and physical culture? To their shame it should be said that the fact that \$75,000 was wagered on the Yale-Princeton football game of 1903, and presumably a like amount on the same contest and other big games in 1904, drew forth no protest from those in authority. So long as college presidents are content to remain inactive, this great evil of taking another man's money and giving him nothing in return will flourish in our universities, the very places where it should be combated. There is enough gambling going on in the world without permitting a false notion of loyalty to one's college to nourish this almost criminal folly. Surely a university should be the last place in the world to foster the gambler's ends.

#### **Boxing: Some Small Business**

The followers of boxing get little but disappointment from the representatives of the prize ring nowadays. For nearly a year they have been waiting patiently for a meeting between "Young Corbett" and James Britt, to settle the question of which is the feather-weight or light-weight champion of the world. Ever since the unsatisfactory 20-round battle fought in San Francisco, last spring, ending in a decision for Britt, the two have been promising each other a return fight, but all the public has seen of it has been the unseemly controversy the two pugilists have conducted in the newspapers. It is by such conduct that the fighters have brought their sport into disrepute. No sooner does a pugilist win a championship by hook or crook than he declines to defend his title until convinced that he has made all the money he can from the title itself, without proving his right to hold it. Then he reluctantly climbs back into the ring to repeat the process.

After steadfastly refusing to fight a negro for more than three years, James Britt, though solely for the sake of the purse, swallowed his scruples, and on October 31 engaged in a 20-round bout with Joe Gans, the negro holder of the world's light-weight championship. The fight

was a disappointment, ending in the fifth round, when the referee awarded the decision to Gans because of the repeated fouls committed by Britt, who threw science and sportsmanship to the winds and fought like a madman. Britt plainly outclassed his dusky opponent. But for his fouls he would probably have won. As the battle ended, the hardened followers of the ring were its most severe critics. Many of them openly charged it with being a "fake" contest. Certainly the bout did boxing no good. Again, the six-round "go" between Tommy Ryan and Jack Root at Philadelphia, on November 24, on which no decision was given, was characterized by nearly everybody as a flagrant fake. And so it goes.

#### **Wrestling and Its Decadence**

Another sport which in recent years has been falling more and more into disrepute is wrestling. Its original sponsors, who patronized it because of the great good it did to the physique as an exercise, have been forced to abandon it because of the tactics of its professional representatives. So little reliance can be placed in the honesty of the competitors, that the patronage has fallen off very largely at exhibitions in this country, although it is enjoying more prosperity in England.

Suggestions have been made for the organization of an intercollegiate association to decide the intercollegiate championship, but thus far the college authorities have withheld their sanction—and wisely—on account of the condition of the sport among the professionals. College students should not let their mania for an intercollegiate organization in every sport under the heavens run away with their judgment.

#### **Jiu-Jitsu Still Forging Ahead**

The rapid spread of Jiu-Jitsu—the Japanese art of self-defence—has attracted much attention, and deservedly so. Starting with its introduction at Harvard University under a Japanese instructor, it has been taken up in many athletic clubs, with New York University the latest convert to the new sport—*not*, at least, in America. The large number of Japanese students attending American univer-

sities has had more to do than many persons imagine with the introduction of the exercise here. At several colleges of note, stories are told of the part Japanese freshmen have taken in their class rushes—how, by their knowledge of the art of Jiu-Jitsu they have been able to discomfit their opponents and lead their classes to victory.

There is good reason for the popularity of Jiu-Jitsu, and the time ought not to be far distant when Americans can use it to as good advantage as the Japanese pioneers. The proper understanding of the muscle and nerve centers of the body, and the acquisition of the knowledge of how to make pressure of them most effective, is the basis of the new style of combat. The same knowledge of how to disable an opponent will teach the contestant how to give his own muscles the proper play to enable him to receive without injury the same punishment he is capable of administering. It is not too much to expect that, in a short time, we shall see public contests in Jiu-Jitsu taking the place of some sports which the venality of professionals has about ruined.

#### **Swimming as a Compulsory Exercise**

That every man and woman should know how to swim has long been the contention of advocates of physical development. They will, therefore, be pleased with the innovation introduced at the University of Pennsylvania by the new physical director, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie. Not content with making some form of athletics of gymnastics compulsory, Dr. McKenzie has decreed that every student who takes the gymnastic courses must also learn to swim a required distance of several hundred yards before his course is finished. If a provision of this kind could be made and enforced elsewhere, it would result not only in an improvement of the general physique, but would be the means of saving hundreds of lives which are sacrificed annually through ignorance of the art of swimming.

The introduction of swimming and kindred sports in so many universities is sure to result in a general elevation of the standard of swimming in America. As it is, the college men have been fur-

nishing most of the swimming championships and prominent water polo teams of the country. A distinct advance may be looked for in swimming records during the coming year.

#### **Golf's Unreliable Champions**

The instability of championship honors in the golf world was never better illustrated than during the last few months. Beginning with the men's national championship in September, Walter J. Travis, several times America's title holder, and but a few months before the winner of the international championship at Sandwich, England, was ignominiously shoved aside by the younger golfers, H. Chandler Egan, a Harvard student, finally securing his title. But Egan, just to show the uncertainties of a champion's life, lost in turn to Mr. Lyons, a Canadian, at the Olympic tournament at the St. Louis Exposition, and then in October was deposed from his intercollegiate title by White, one of his team mates at Harvard. In the woman's golf world, Miss Georgianna Bishop, after scoring a notable triumph at the National Tournament held at Philadelphia on October 15, lost to Miss Pauline Mackey, of Boston, in the open tournament during the week following, at New Haven.

Next to the easy manner in which golf champions win and lose their titles, the year has shown a remarkable development on the part of the college golfers. In three years the colleges have supplied two out of three national champions, in Louis N. James, of Princeton, and Egan, of Harvard, while their representatives have scored innumerable triumphs in local and district tournaments. Harvard University won both the team and individual championships in the annual intercollegiate tournament held in October.

#### **Automobile Tournament**

America's uncontrollable fever for record-breaking automobile performances will be gratified to the extreme limit at the third international tournament, set for the latter part of this month, over the Daytona-Ormond beach of the Florida coast. With a course fifty miles in length, as smooth as glass, and no one to kill but the reckless drivers themselves, the freak

racing machines will be at their best, and it is a safe prediction that new records will be established for nearly every distance attempted.

Those who are interested in the future of automobile racing cannot but be pleased with the performances of Barney Oldfield, who, although he did not take part in the Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island, October 8, has since then shown his superiority over the best automobile drivers of Europe. He proved his right to be classed as the premier driver of the world when he defeated Théry, the winner of the Gordon Bennett Cup, at the Brighton Beach track. Oldfield now holds nearly every record from 1 to 20 miles, and he is going after more.

### RECORDS

It is the aim of this department to compile every month the records in various branches of sports as fast as they are made. The records given in this issue comprise those made from October 18 to November 19.

### FOOTBALL.

The following are the football scores of the principal teams East and West, covering the period from October 18 to November 19:

#### Yale.

West Point, West Point, Oct. 22.....	6-11
Columbia, New York, Oct. 29.....	34-0
Brown, New Haven, Nov. 5.....	22-0
Princeton, Princeton, Nov. 12.....	12-0
Harvard, New Haven.....	12-0

#### Pennsylvania.

Columbia, Philadelphia, Oct. 22.....	16-0
Harvard, Cambridge, Oct. 29.....	11-0
Lafayette, Philadelphia, Nov. 5.....	23-0
Carlisle, Philadelphia, Nov. 12.....	18-0

#### Harvard.

Carlisle, Cambridge, Oct. 22.....	12-0
Pennsylvania, Cambridge, Oct. 29.....	0-11
Dartmouth, Cambridge, Nov. 5.....	0-0
Holy Cross, Cambridge, Nov. 12.....	28-5
Yale, New Haven.....	0-12

#### Princeton.

Lehigh, Princeton, Oct. 22.....	60-0
Cornell, Ithaca, Oct. 29.....	18-6
West Point, West Point, Nov. 5.....	12-6
Yale, Princeton, Nov. 12.....	0-12

#### Cornell.

Franklin and Marshall, Ithaca, Oct. 22..	36-5
Princeton, Ithaca, Oct. 29.....	6-15
Lehigh, Ithaca, Nov. 5.....	50-5
Columbia, New York, Nov. 12.....	6-12

#### Columbia.

U. of Pa., Philadelphia, Oct. 22.....	0-16
Yale, New York, Oct. 29.....	0-34
Cornell, New York, Nov. 12.....	12-6

#### West Point.

Yale, West Point, Oct. 22.....	11-6
Williams, West Point, Oct. 29.....	16-0
Princeton, West Point, Nov. 5.....	6-12
N. Y. U., West Point, Nov. 12.....	41-0

#### Carlisle Indians.

Harvard, Cambridge, Oct. 22.....	0-12
Virginia, Norfolk, Oct. 29.....	14-6
Ursinus, Carlisle, Nov. 5.....	28-0
Penn., Philadelphia, Nov. 12.....	0-18

#### Annapolis.

Dickinson, Annapolis, Oct. 22.....	0-0
Swarthmore, Annapolis, Oct. 29.....	0-9
State College, Annapolis, Nov. 5.....	20-9
U. of V., Annapolis, Nov. 12.....	5-0

#### Lafayette.

Bloomsburg, Easton, Oct. 15.....	33-0
Swarthmore, Easton, Oct. 22.....	4-0
Manhattan, Easton, Oct. 29.....	54-0
Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Nov. 5.....	0-22

#### Lehigh.

Princeton, Princeton, Oct. 22.....	0-60
Dickinson, South Bethlehem, Oct. 29....	0-6
Cornell, Ithaca, Nov. 5.....	5-50
Syracuse, Syracuse, Nov. 12.....	4-30

#### Amherst.

Brown, Providence, Oct. 22.....	5-0
Holy Cross, Amherst, Nov. 5.....	40-6
Dartmouth, Hanover, Nov. 12.....	4-15
Williams, Amherst, Nov. 16.....	22-6

#### Dartmouth.

Holy Cross, Worcester, Oct. 22.....	5-0
Wesleyan, Middletown, Oct. 29.....	33-4
Harvard, Cambridge, Nov. 5.....	0-0
Amherst, Hanover, Nov. 12.....	15-4

#### Michigan.

Amer. Med. College, Ann Arbor, Oct. 19.....	72-0
West Virginia, Ann Arbor, Oct. 22.....	130-0
Wisconsin, Madison, Oct. 29.....	28-0
Drake, Ann Arbor, Nov. 5.....	36-4
Chicago, Ann Arbor, Nov. 12.....	22-12

#### Chicago.

Iowa, Chicago, Oct. 15.....	39-0
Northwestern, Chicago, Oct. 22.....	32-0
Illinois, Chicago, Oct. 29.....	6-6
Texas, Chicago, Nov. 5.....	68-0
Michigan, Ann Arbor, Nov. 12.....	12-22

#### Minnesota.

Grinnell, Minneapolis, Oct. 22.....	146-0
Nebraska, Minneapolis, Oct. 29.....	16-12
Lawrence, Minneapolis, Nov. 5.....	69-0
Wisconsin, Minneapolis, Nov. 12.....	28-0

#### Wisconsin.

Drake, Madison, Oct. 22.....	85-0
Michigan, Madison, Oct. 29.....	0-28
Beloit, Madison, Nov. 5.....	36-0
Minnesota, Minneapolis, Nov. 12.....	0-28

### COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

Nov. 11. At Philadelphia. Cornell University won dual cross country run from University of Pennsylvania by score of 12 to 28, the smaller score winning. Captain Newman, of Cornell, was the first to finish, covering the course of 4 miles and 500 yards in 27 minutes 38 seconds.

### BOXING.

October 29. At San Francisco. Joe Gans, of Baltimore, won from James Britt, of San Francisco, in five rounds on a foul. Fight was for light-weight championship of the world.

### GOLF.

Oct. 19. At Hamilton, Mass. Harvard University won the intercollegiate team golf championship by beating Yale, in the final round, 13 1-3 to 7.

Oct. 22. At Hamilton, Mass. A. L. White, of Harvard, won the intercollegiate individual golf championship by beating H. C. Egan, of Harvard, by 2 up.

Oct. 29. At New York. Metropolitan Golf Association, New York won annual match from Philadelphia Golf Association by score of 65 to 30.

### AUTOMOBILING.

Oct. 29. At Empire City Track, New York. Barney Oldfield won four-cornered international ten-mile race, defeating Paul Sartori, Bernin and Thery, and setting a new world record of 9.12 3-5 for distance.

### MARKSMANSHIP.

Nov. 12. At Princeton, N. J. Princeton University won intercollegiate shooting championship by score of 191 out of a possible 250. Harvard was second with 190; Yale third with 171, and Pennsylvania fourth with 170.

# Editorial Department

**T**HE policy of this magazine will be directed, as it has been directed in the past, to the cultivation of a cleaner, purer and nobler manhood and womanhood. We will continue to stand unalterably opposed to

- |                        |            |
|------------------------|------------|
| 1. PRUDISHNESS         | 5. DRUGS   |
| 2. CORSETS             | 6. ALCOHOL |
| 3. MUSCULAR INACTIVITY | 7. TOBACCO |
| 4. GLUTTONY            |            |

We are working and will continue to work for the complete annihilation of these evils which curse humanity in every civilized community.



**N**EW Year's Day is the time to make new resolutions. It is a good time to have a plain talk with yourself. It is the time to ask yourself some pertinent questions. What have you done in the past? What do you want to accomplish in the future?

Success, happiness, and all the possessions that are essential in their acquirement assume great importance every day. But New Year's Day they assume a still greater importance. It is a period when we are wont to look backward or gaze into the misty, unknown future. It is a time for us to learn lessons from past experiences and to make new resolutions

*Turn Over a New Leaf  
On New Year's Day*

that will help us to become the masters of our future careers.

**DON'T BE A CIPHER IN TO-DAY'S BUSY WORLD!** Be something, somebody! Do something that is of importance. Every man wants to succeed in his endeavors, and success, in the fullest meaning of the word, is only achieved by constant, persistent efforts. The constant dripping of water at one point will wear away the hardest stone. Constant efforts with a view of accomplishing a certain result cannot fail. Success is bound to come. Don't be discouraged if life does not seem to have yielded everything that you desired in the past. Struggle on, strive on. Continue your endeavors, for ultimately the rewards that you seek will begin to show signs of appearing. Thoroughly imbue yourself with the belief that nothing is impossible. Whatever human being has achieved before can be achieved again. Start the New Year with a determination to be a man from every conceivable standpoint. Start with the determination to lead a clean, wholesome life. Do you want increased mental power and capacity? Do you want increased physical forces? All this is easily within your reach.

Remember tha' no reasonable achievement is impossible to a determined man to a man who vows such and such shall be so, and who goes to work day by day to make it so.

Whatever may be your sphere of endeavor, wholesome, vigorous manhood will be of vast aid to you. **DON'T WASTE YOUR VITAL FORCE. DON'T**

**SQUANDER YOUR MANHOOD IN RIOTOUS EXCESSES.** Don't trade a thousand dollars worth of health for a dollar bill, or for a few moments of riotous pleasure.

Learn to put yourself at your true value. Learn to realize the value of strong, vigorous manhood, which can be maintained on to the end of life. If you are strong, then glory in your strength, and as your vitality thrills your every nerve with surplus power, learn the importance of conserving it on to the end of life.

Weakness, sickness and physical decay bring the greatest misfortune that can come to a human being. If you are weak, if you have been struggling for strength, if you are disappointed and feel that there is but little for you in the future, arise on New Year's Day with renewed hope. Gird your loins with new courage and increased determination. Vow with irresistible emphasis that health shall be yours. Lay out a plan of living and follow it fearlessly, continuously, and with the goal that you desire to reach, clearly before you.

Life is one long, continuous athletic contest. We are all struggling for the prizes that are offered, and he who keeps himself in the best condition, he who resists the temptations that lead to physical ruin and mental decay, will draw the best of these prizes.

An athlete trains vigorously for one contest; but the successful man should always be in prime condition, should always be fit to fight the battle of life. Important problems are presented to us every day. Our success and our happiness depend upon how intelligently we solve them.

I hope that every one of my readers will be stronger and better prepared for life's duties and responsibilities in 1905 than ever before. And I wish one and all a Happy and a Successful New Year.

## THE CURSE OF PRUDISHNESS

*It Has Originated All Impurity in Connection With a Clean Human Body, by Creating and Fostering Indecent Conceptions of It*

**F**ROM whence comes the vulgar conception of the human body? Who created, fostered and perpetuated the idea that the body is indecent? Who imbues the average child with the idea that the human body is nasty and unclean and unfit to be seen.

Has not all this perversion, this nastiness originated with, and is it not perpetuated by, prudes—men and women so thoroughly imbued with mental nastiness that they cannot avoid infecting others?

- (1) Has originated all impurity in connection with a clean human body, by creating and fostering indecent conceptions of it.
- (2) Has cursed millions while yet in the mother's womb by suppressing all knowledge of pre-natal influence.
- (3) Indelibly impresses the unfolding mind of a child with a depraved conception of the human body.
- (4) Makes liars and hypocrites of parents when explaining to children the divine mystery of human life.
- (5) Excites the prurient curiosity of children, and from vile companions they learn the divine truths of life most depravely distorted.
- (6) Promotes demoralizing habits that curtail the vital strength, and destroy the purity of the body.
- (7) So fosters the idea of the indecency of the human body that girls avoid knowledge of the simplest human functions.
- (8) Is almost the sole cause of the continued existence of the corset curse.
- (9) Through the natural attraction that is found in mystery, has caused the sex instinct of young men and women to be abnormally developed.
- (10) Has in many cases starved and crushed the female sex instinct and thereby womanhood and womanly health.
- (11) Has surrounded the most divine relations of human life with the vilest indecency.
- (12) Has caused men and women to look upon marriage as a field for the grossest excesses.
- (13) Has created a standard of marital duties that "dies up" love and makes of marriage a harrowing existence.
- (14) Is the principal cause of reversed love which leads to marital misery and ultimate divorce.
- (15) Has, by suppressing knowledge of sex, furnished houses of prostitution with thousands and perhaps millions of victims.
- (16) Is almost the sole cause of the sexual perversion which feeds weakness, promotes crime, fosters national physical decay and leads to permanent oblivion.

### WHY SHOULD WE BELITTLE AND DECRY THE BODY?

Study the wonderful workings of your body. Realize for an instant what a marvelous piece of mechanism it is. This is a mechanical age. The advance in the world of mechanics is greater at the present time than man ever dreamed of in the past. At the recent World's Fair there were many remarkable inventions, many mechanical devices that seemed to possess almost human power. And yet, marvelous as they are, no one of them is one-hundredth part as wonderful as the body which each one of my readers possesses. The mechanism of your body, the phenomena of its workings are a mystery to the most brilliant scientist, and will probably always remain a mystery. And yet there are human beings who decry this wonderful piece of mechanism, who call it vulgar and nasty and low.

Poor fools! They know nothing of the human body. They cannot realize or fathom its wonders, for if they did, their prudish conceptions would quickly disappear. **PRUDES HAVE CREATED HUMAN NASTINESS.** Prudes have perpetuated human nastiness. They alone are to blame for the vulgar jests, the indecent language that is so freely indulged in by young men and boys.

**IT IS THE ATTITUDE OF THE PRUDES THAT HAS MADE THE WORLD UNCLEAN,** that has made the body nasty. The filth of their minds contaminates every growing boy and girl. They won't allow them to grow up clean and strong and pure. They have filled their minds with dirt and indecency, and as a consequence the more so-called civilization we have, the greater the immoralities, the more divorces, and the more adultery are there found among us.

Sexual nastiness, sexual perversion, excesses and abnormalities travel hand in hand with the prude. They are a part of the prude. They are his children, for he creates them by his indecent conception of the most wonderful work of the Higher Power, which is the human body.



**I**T should be understood that the editor is not responsible for the opinions of those who contribute to the columns of this magazine. The writer of the article, "Do Great Men Transmit Their Greatness to Offspring?" published in this issue, draws conclusions which are radically opposed to my own views on the subject.

Of course, I am pleased to note that some of the sons of successful men have been successful also. Success is gratifying to behold, no matter where it is met with. But I believe that, as a general thing, the sons of rich and successful men are worthless and incapable, being made so by the very nature of their

#### *Transmission of Greatness to Offspring*

surroundings. I contend that, to be successful, one must start from the bottom and work his way upward and, through the qualities and powers born of a life of strife, struggle and indomitable effort, ultimately gain the goal of success. It requires exertion and contention to develop strength of mind or body. Success is the reward of the pertinacity of the individual—of the undaunted determination of the human will. Our strenuous President—who is an excellent example of one born amid luxurious circumstances overcoming their enervating influences—asserts that there can be no progress or achievement without unceasing strife.

If the sons of prominent men have been successful, it has not been due to the

fact that they had fathers who had succeeded, but to the efforts which they themselves have put forth in their chosen line of work, to the conscientious way in which they have endeavored to achieve a definite purpose. In most instances their aims have been made possible of attainment by reason of splendid physical and nervous energies. Just these same qualities led to success in the case of their fathers, who, it should be noticed, in most cases came from obscure parents characterized by no especially marked mental abilities, but invariably the owners of sound physical physiques.

Usually, when one undertakes to name successful men, he speaks of the great captains of industry, individuals of gigantic wealth whose lives have been devoted to the promotion of business schemes by which they may add more millions to their many millions. In this way a grossly perverted idea of the true meaning of success has been instilled into the minds of the unthinking public. Such an estimate of success is greatly aided by the novels and dramas in which the totality of happiness for the hero and heroine is obtained when they are supplied with vast wealth and the luxuries incidental thereto. Even periodicals allegedly devoted to the uplifting of humanity preach this gospel of greed. But wealth has little in common with true success or real happiness. Health is of paramount value in this life, and without it no one can be called successful. Unless one has been able to thoroughly develop all the inherent good qualities of his character, or to realize his capacities to the fullest, he is unsuccessful also.

What we call "fate" is merely the conditions or environment with which we have to cope in daily life. We can overcome these and so "master our fate," or succumb to them just as we happen to be powerful or weak. What we call "destiny" only represents the things which we are capable of doing when we attain our highest development. Success, therefore, is interlinked with our self-development and the fulfillment of the purposes for which we were created. It means the evolution of one's personality, character and bodily condition on the lines of perfection infinitely more than it does the mere accumulation of wealth.

And why attempt to discourage the man whose parents are not enumerated among the "successful?" It may be that, in the true sense of the term, his parents have attained success—that they founded a home, trained their children to live honorable lives and have done their duty to themselves and their neighbors. In any event, it is well to remember that, while the sons of famous men are sometimes successful, the sons of the greatest failures in life are not infrequently successful also.

To accept as truth the theory that "blood will tell" would be to shut the door of hope on all those who did not have a distinguished ancestry or possess capable parents. If it were invariably true that "like produces like," we would be compelled to practically abandon all hope of the progress of the race. We should, like the Chinese, be brought to a standstill. But the doctrine of "like father, like son" is untenable in a democratic nation, and if it were carried to its logical conclusion, we would have to accept the old-time ridiculous dogma of the "Divine Right of Kings." The fact that the members of a given family almost always greatly differ from each other, and that among a number of mediocre children there should be one, as is often the case, who is possessed of unusual qualities of heart and brain, would seem to prove that these "blood will tell" enthusiasts have still a great deal to learn about the subject of heredity and of the elements that go to the making of a successful career.

**I**T is really amusing to read the long superficial articles that frequently appear in the daily papers as to the cause of divorce. How the writers of these articles do skim over the surface! How they struggle in their search for practical conclusions! They may write column after column on the subject, and in the end they have said nothing.

To find out the cause of divorce you must know something of physiology. A man and a woman are attracted to each other. This physical attraction is, in many instances, strengthened by intellectual affinity, but the basis of the attraction between a man and a woman is nevertheless of a physical nature.

### *A Physiological Explanation for All Divorces*

Among monogamous savages there is no divorce and there is no adultery, and there is no prostitution. The old American Indians, before they were infected and demoralized by the whites, lived under perfect monogamous conditions. They did not know the meaning of divorce, and an adulterer was disgraced and driven out of the tribe. A man and a woman living together as man and wife, under proper physiological conditions, always find that their love for each other increases. It is physiologically impossible for it to decrease under normal conditions.

Why do theological divines continue to skim over the surface on this important subject? Why do they not get at the root of the evil? Why can they not realize that there is a physiological explanation of every unhappy marriage? So-called differences in temperament and other superficial characteristics that go to make a man and woman uncongenial, are of but comparatively little importance if marriage is conducted under a proper physiological regime.

It is to be hoped that there will be a little education on this subject sometime in the near future. It is to be hoped that everyone interested in lessening divorce will trace this marital unhappiness to its true cause, and, after having traced it, will do something to the end of spreading broadcast that knowledge which is essential to protect one's self against the mistakes and excesses and abnormalities that always bring about marital unhappiness.



**W**E herewith announce winners in the prize-story contest which ended with the December issue. Great difficulty was experienced in awarding prizes, owing to the exceptional merit which a great many of the stories possessed.

The final decision resulted in a lack of agreement between the three awarding judges regarding the best among three differently chosen stories. In justice to each of the authors, whose story was in dispute, we have concluded to divide the original prize of \$100 into three parts, to be awarded to the following contestants:

### *Prize-Story Announcement*

Adeline Champney, General Delivery, Cleveland, Ohio, "The Splash of Blood-Red Color on the Stair." Published in July PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Henrietta Lee Coulling, Oswego, N. Y., "A Tale of the Latin Quarter." Published in June PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Maravene Kennedy, Los Angeles, Cal., "A Weighty Matter." Published in November PHYSICAL CULTURE.

*Bernard Macfadden*