

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Published Monthly and Primarily Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to Health, Strength, Vitality, Muscular Development and the Care of the Body. Also to Live and Current Matters of General Interest.

VOLUME XXII

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. 5

Contents

(Copyrighted, 1909, by BERNARR MACFADDEN)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT—BY BERNARR MACFADDEN

The Decline of the Use of Drugs.....	375
The Passing of Two Prominent Men.....	376
Children Working Overtime.....	378
PHYSICAL CULTURE \$1.50 Yearly.....	378
A Serial Story by Upton Sinclair.....	379

LEADING ARTICLES FOR NOVEMBER—

Physical Culture Among the Children of the World.....	By Roswell Duncan	387
How the Great Preserve Health.....	By H. Mitchell Watchett	394
Lacrosse A Strenuous Game.....	By Sidney Cummings	401
What Is Disease?.....	By Bernarr Macfadden	405
The Great Game of Rugby.....	By David R. Jones	431

CONTRIBUTIONS—

Canoeing a Splendid Sport.....	By Livingston Wright	383
Shunning the Haunts of Civilization.....	By Bob Foote	411
Bull-Fighting in Mexico.....	By Theodore von Hemert	415
The Decreasing Birth Rate.....	By Addison Berkeley	422
Christianity in the Kitchen.....	By Harry G. Hedden	425
Style and Sin.....	By Marie J. Blakely	429
A Pious Hypocrite.....	By S. Wardlow Marsden	439
An Old Method of Removing Wrinkles.....	By Charles Merriles	447

DEPARTMENTS—

Menus and Recipes.....	451
Department of Motherhood.....	453
General Question Department.....	455
Virtues of Our Methods Proven.....	457
Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers.....	460

Entered as Second-class Matter at New York, N. Y., Post-Office.

PRICE, \$1 PER YEAR POSTPAID. WITH CANADIAN POSTAGE, \$1.20
WITH FOREIGN POSTAGE OUTSIDE OF CANADA, \$1.50.

BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.

FLATIRON BUILDING

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add to cents for collection charges. Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

We accept no advertisement 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 of it as soon as possible.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. Notify immediately. In ordering changes, give old as well as new address. DATE OF EXPIRATION of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please renew promptly.

THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$1.60 PER PAGE PER INSERTION. HALVES AND QUARTERS PRO RATA. CARDS LESS THAN ONE QUARTER PAGE \$1 PER LINE.

DEEP BREATHING

IS THE IDEAL FORM OF INTERNAL EXERCISE



436 CUBIC INCHES BREATHING CAPACITY

DURING every deep respiration, the vital organs are massaged and exercised. The stomach, liver, intestines, and other abdominal organs, are imparted motion and friction that is of vital import in health. Thus deep breathing promotes the circulation of the blood, aiding in the digestion, absorption, and elimination of food.

In my book, "**Lung and Muscle Culture**," this important feature of respiratory gymnastics is fully explained. **Lung and Muscle Culture** is a 64 page illustrated book on this vital subject. It describes correct and incorrect breathing, with the aid of diagrams, and gives hundreds of points of valuable information. **Lung and Muscle Culture** sent post paid on receipt of ten cents.

Send for my 32 page illustrated book, "**Breathing for Health, Strength and Endurance**." It's free. This interesting booklet describes my system of breathing gymnastics and physiculture. I guarantee, by my method, to develop in anyone, regardless of age or sex, a large, active, breathing capacity. Over 28,000 pupils can attest to the unquestionable truth of my theory, namely, that the foundation of every attempt to develop health, strength, and endurance, should be a scientific course in deep breathing.

My system has been adopted in many of the sanitariums and public schools in this country, and is the only method taught by correspondence to-day in America that has been honored by such recognition.

ADDRESS

P. VON BOECKMANN, R. S.
1684 TERMINAL BUILDING, 103 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

We stand back of our Advertisers—Say "I saw it in Physical Culture."

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

PUBLISHED BY PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., BERNARR MACPADDEN, PRESIDENT,
S. W. HAINES, SECRETARY AND TREASURER, PLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.

Vol. XXII.

November, 1909.

No. 5.

THE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

THE use of drugs in the treatment of disease is declining at the present time at a very rapid rate. Patent medicines particularly are being relegated to the back-ground. Their general consumption will soon be a thing of the past. I hardly think that any of the patent medicine manufacturers will be able to boast in the future, as they have in the past, of spending a million dollars for advertising each year. To be sure, there are many who will still continue to use patent medicines. Faith in the mysterious medical route to health has become so ingrained into them that it will disappear only when they pass into the other world.

THE DECLINE OF THE USE OF DRUGS

Those who are open to reason, however; who are capable of doing a little thinking on their own account, are certain to ultimately refuse to countenance the claims of those who look upon medicine as a remedy for all complaints.

At the Eleventh Annual Conference of the American Hospital Association recently, Dr. Ross declared that fifteen years ago the annual cost of medicine to each patient in the Massachusetts State Hospital was about \$2.00, while last year the cost was only 91 cents. He stated that the cost of drugs in the Buffalo General Hospital had also shown a marked decrease for the past year. "It is difficult to predict," said Doctor Ross, "what the future of medicine in hospitals is going to be. Undoubtedly, drugs will continue to be used, but other agencies or some agency still unknown to us will take their place."

The drugging treatment will be abandoned when its character is understood by the general public. Drugs never have cured, and never will cure a disease. They have simply diverted or perverted symptoms and in most instances they have finally resulted in chronic diseases. It is the prevailing habit to turn to a drug of some kind whenever one is attacked by an acute ailment which ultimately brings about a condition that is manifested in chronic disorders. The habitual use of drugs lowers the vitality, in many cases almost paralyzes the nervous organism, seriously hinders the functional processes, and though one may apparently secure relief by the application of drug methods, in the end one will in practically every instance pay the penalty for this deviation from natural laws. Drugs are poisons pure and simple; they were never supposed to be used by human beings. The body recognizes them as poisons—even their stimulating qualities are the result of the poisonous properties they contain, and every organ that they come in contact with is stimulated to the highest degree for the one single purpose of throwing out the poisons which are inimical to life and health.

Drugs have had their day. Their use will decline with marvellous rapidity within the next few years. The drugging doctor will soon be regarded as a factor of the ignorance and superstition of the past, and a true science of healing will spring into robust life, and in consequence the span of human life will be marvellously lengthened. There is no excuse for dying of acute disease. In most instances, death from even a chronic ailment is inexcusable. Death should not come until the body is actually worn out. When death comes, it might reasonably be termed preventable, in almost every case, and it is the inefficiency of our present methods of healing which makes its occurrence possible.

THE death of E. H. Harriman, the railroad king, reads a lesson of emphatic character to those who are inclined to ignore man's physical equipment. With Harriman railroading was a hobby; it was his pleasure in life as well as his business. He could not have avoided becoming a specialist. Every atom of his energy was devoted to railroading in one or another of its various phases. He must have been possessed of enormous vitality to have continued his efforts to his sixtieth year. To him his work was his pleasure, and his pleasure was his work. This was very definitely shown during the last few days of his life. He could not be turned away from his labors. He persisted in continuing in harness even to life's last moment. He was in love with his work.

THE PASSING OF TWO PROMINENT MEN

All this is very commendable, but he made the terrible mistake, the pitiful mistake, of ignoring his bodily needs. He ignored the machine with which his work was done. The innumerable machines employed by the railroads that were under Harriman's control, were given the best of care, I am satisfied. But the human machine with which Mr. Harriman worked every day throughout his entire life was cared for indifferently. He gave little or no attention to the needs of his body, until it was too late, and he passed away in consequence many years before his time.

One can hardly develop too much interest in his work, but at the same time one cannot acquire too much knowledge of the complicated machine with which he is continuously working. The human body is a marvellous piece of mechanism, and knowledge of its workings is absolutely essential in order to maintain health and strength and life. Many great men make the mistake of ignoring these needs, and the penalty for their sins in many instances involves years of suffering and premature death. Harriman's struggle with disease, the strenuous fight that he put up against its inroads, was magnificent considering the odds against which he was struggling. For a long period it is said that he was compelled to wear a support—somewhat resembling a huge corset—for his spine. The use of such a device indicates the character of the medical advice that Harriman must have followed during a large part of his career. No exponent of the healing art who has a full understanding of his profession would ever make use of a device of this character, for in all cases more effective methods can be used without incurring the intense suffering one strapped up in this extraordinary manner must experience.

On many occasions we have stated in these columns that there are times during acute illness when food is literally poisonous—that it practically turns into poison when it has been introduced into the system. In the description of the treatment followed in the last hours of the life of Governor John G. Johnson, of Minnesota, it was stated in the Chicago "Tribune" that Governor Johnson was given some chicken broth with the hopes of reviving his vital energies, but that his strength noticeably declined a short time thereafter, and death soon ensued. And is it not reasonable to ask whether the patient would have lived had the chicken broth and various other foods which were previously used had not been forced upon an unwilling stomach? Only

in rare cases can one digest food of any character when in this weakened condition, and the most appropriate food when one does possess a certain amount of digestive energy would be warm milk. The forcing of food upon sufferers from acute illness has cost millions of human lives. It would not be a far-fetched statement to say that nearly every death resulting from illness has been hastened by the insanely persisting in stuffing into an unwilling stomach food that it cannot digest. The lower animals who are unhampered by the so-called superior intelligence of man, will refuse to eat when they are ill. The only way to make a sick animal eat is to force food down its throat. An animal is guided by natural instincts. Its instinct tells it that during acute illness food is not needed, that it cannot be digested, and the functional system needs all the energy available for the one especial purpose of curing the disease. But most of those entrusted with the health of humanity believe that one must feed to keep up one's strength, that more strength is needed to combat any disease that may have attacked one. Such fallacious reasoning entirely ignores the fact that the stomach has no energy with which to digest food under these circumstances, and that food forced on to an unwilling stomach simply lies there undigested and fills the body with poisons of all kinds.

If there is one lesson in the physical culture propaganda that might be termed greater than the innumerable truths that can be learned in this science of body-building, it is the importance of avoiding food when it is not needed. It is far better to make a mistake in the opposite direction, that is to feed less than is needed, than to feed more, for when one eats too little the mistake can be remedied later, but when one eats too much the mistake can never be rectified. One simply sacrifices a certain amount of vital energy in attempting to rid the body of this surplus poison. Don't eat unless you are hungry. A keen appetite always indicates that the digestive organs are ready to properly perform their duties. A poor appetite simply indicates that the stomach is protesting against being overworked, and under such circumstances the stomach really needs a rest that it may recuperate and ultimately acquire ability to keenly enjoy and digest the food that may come to it.

WE hear a great deal in these days about child labor, about children being compelled to labor long hours with the resultant stunting of growth and loss of vitality that naturally occurs under such circumstances. There is another phase of child life that is more especially noticeable in boys and girls when they reach higher grades in our public schools. I refer to the usual inclination to load down these students with studies beyond their capacity. Unable to learn their lessons at school, they are often compelled to study far into the night in order to properly prepare their lessons for the next day. The effect of this baneful practice could not be

CHILDREN WORK- ING OVERTIME

properly described. In many instances, these students graduate poor frail physical wrecks, even though they have been working long and diligently with the impression ever before them that they were being educated.

One may reasonably contend that an advocate of education of this character should be confined in the foolish house. If any one of these students were to be asked what was the most important fundamental principle of human life, they would in most instances answer that health and strength would be the first essential, and yet their education has been so diverted by their scholastic studies that in thousands of instances they have actually studied themselves to death. From four to six hours a day is as long a period as any growing boy or girl should be allowed to give to mental work. Any time spent in studying above and beyond this will result in the loss of vitality; and when one understands that the loss of health and strength, and manhood and

womanhood, occurs largely from the memorizing of various subjects that are of little or no importance and which are entirely forgotten within one or two years after graduation, one can then realize the idiocy of the entire proceedings.

Education is all right in its place, but the educational practices that are adopted by many of our so-called schools of learning might very properly have originated in the worst asylum for the insane that could possibly be selected in the entire civilized world.

What is the use of education that does not educate? Of what use are studies that are so infrequently needed during human life that they are entirely forgotten even within a few months? To be sure, many teachers will say that they develop the brain, that they increase the general mental capacity. I am very doubtful, however, of the truth of these conclusions. There are so many things in life that might be termed of inestimable importance, and if one were to devote his entire time to learning these really vital things he would still fall far short of knowing all that is of value to him. Why should time be wasted acquiring a lot of frills that are of little or no use, when this same time can be spent with extraordinary profit?

Edison is said to have stated on one occasion that if one spent his entire life at one particular specialty, in the end he would not have acquired more than one hundredth part of the knowledge that would be obtainable about this single subject. If this statement is reliable, then why should our boys and girls be wasting time that could be spent in gaining an education that would really educate, that would really train them first of all for manhood and womanhood and thereafter for the particular occupation that they might be desirous of following during life?

The educational processes of to-day have apparently been evolved in the minds of those who were merely seeking for some method of occupying the time of boys and girls who had nothing else to do. There ought to be a mighty revolution in our educational methods. If every school book above and beyond the "three R's" were thrown into a huge pile and burned, I am inclined to believe that future generations would gain vastly thereby, for I believe that some practical man would have an opportunity to inject some real intelligence into the additional studies that might be introduced to take the place of those that had been eliminated. The pre-eminent need of the human race of to-day is manhood and womanhood, and every educational method that fails to recognize and emphasize in this important requirement is a fossilized pretense, and should be buried with the ignorance of the past, so deeply in oblivion that it can never again be resurrected.

DON'T forget that PHYSICAL CULTURE will be \$1.50 yearly beginning with the January number. Remittances, however, at the old price of \$1.00 a year will be accepted until December 31st, 1909. We intend to make the magazine fully worth the increased price. Our news-stand patrons, who have been paying \$1.80 a year for some time, will also secure the benefit of the improvements we contemplate.

PHYSICAL CUL-
TURE \$1.50
YEARLY

We will accept as many yearly subscriptions as you care to send us at the old price before the first day of 1910. You can renew your subscription for five years at the present price if you so desire. Then, too, our old offer accepting life subscriptions for \$10.00 is still in existence, and if you want to send us \$10.00, you can secure the PHYSICAL CULTURE Magazine as long as you live. This is a liberal proposition, for readers of PHYSICAL CULTURE are not in the habit of dying, and the advice found in the publication unquestionably tends to materially lengthen the years of life. It is life insurance of the right sort. It does not promise you rewards after you have passed into the great beyond; it promises you rewards here and now. An investment in PHYSICAL CULTURE for life will bring

returns that might reasonably be valued as worth a thousand times the amount invested.

Send us your subscription and those of your friends. We want to build up a monumental subscription list. Help us in the splendid reform work that we are advocating.

BEGINNING with the next issue, a splendid serial story from the pen of Upton Sinclair will appear in **PHYSICAL CULTURE**. Mr. Sinclair is well known to all our readers. He performed a very important service for vegetarianism, when he called attention to the evils of the Chicago packing houses. Every meat eater had reason to at least give momentary consideration to the vegetarian theories. Mr. Sinclair has written an absorbing recital, which has a great deal to say about the greed and avaricious power that one must come in contact with in these modern times, and though a part of his tale may seem fanciful, much material drawn from real life appears in the various phases of the story. It points

**A SERIAL STORY
BY UPTON
SINCLAIR**

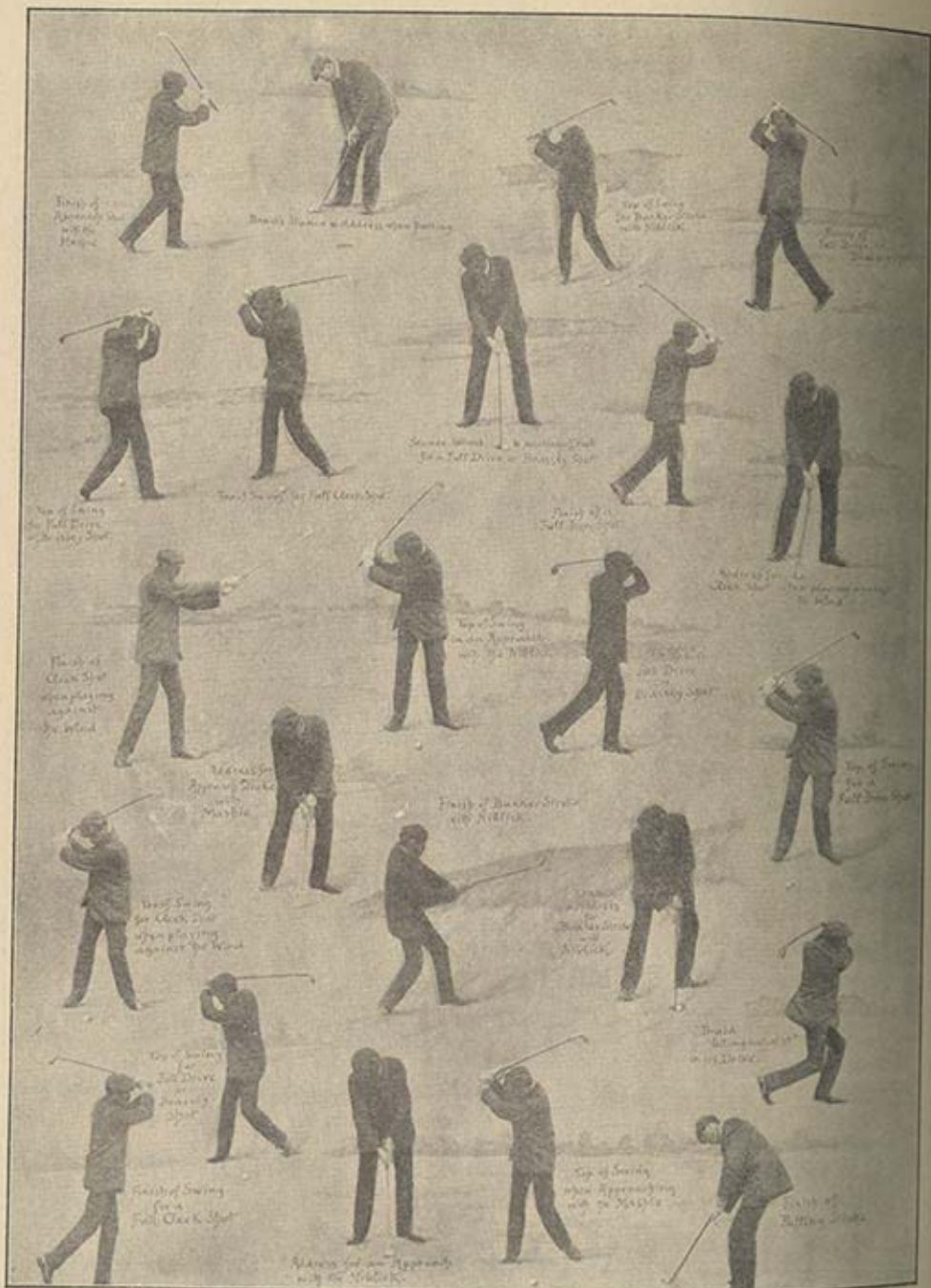
out in a most emphatic manner many of the evils from which we are suffering at the present time, and I am sure our readers will find in it much food for thought.

Bernarr Macfadden

REMOVAL OF EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

Address all mail intended for the Editorial Department to Bernarr Macfadden, the Bernarr Macfadden Healthatorium, 42nd Street and Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

All orders for subscriptions and premiums, and all correspondence of an ordinary business nature, should be addressed to Physical Culture Publishing Company, Flatiron Building, New York City.



An illustrated lesson in scientific golf playing.

Developing a Powerful Physique

The Science of Physcultism

WEIGHT-LIFTING WITHOUT WEIGHTS—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BODILY POWERS THROUGH PHYSCULTISM, THE SCIENCE OF ACQUIRING STRENGTH THROUGH SPINAL DEVELOPMENT

By Bernarr Macfadden

LESSON No. X.

THE various exercises presented in this lesson will furnish a variation from those which have been previously given. I am giving more attention to the feat of strength termed the one-finger chin, because of the interest that has been manifested in this particular feat. Experience demonstrates that it takes but little more strength to chin one's self with one finger than it does with the entire hand. One simply has to sustain the weight of the entire body, and of course at no time is it necessary for you to hold up a greater weight than the body. Therefore, after you acquire sufficient strength to sustain the body with one finger, and can chin yourself with one arm, using one hand only, you can soon perform these feats simultaneously. Double up an ordinary bath towel and hang it from some solid, substantial place, and first practice hanging by two fingers and gradually endeavor to sustain the weight with one finger. You will be amazed at the rapidity with which your strength will increase. Of course, it is first essential that one should be skilled in chinning with both hands before there is any use of attempting to chin with one hand only. As a rule one must be able to chin from fifteen to thirty times with two hands before it is worth while attempting the feat with one hand.

Photograph Number 54 illustrates an exercise which will in a surprisingly short time develop the particular strength essential to performing this feat. Grasp the suspended folded towel with one finger and try to hold up at least part of the weight of the body. Continue your efforts again and again until you are slightly tired. You should repeat this

exercise until thoroughly fatigued at least once or twice each day.

Another exercise is shown in Photograph Number 55. This shows the weight of the body hanging from one finger after the body has been drawn up to what is termed the one finger chin. A good way to practice in order to secure sufficient strength to pull up with one finger is to jump up to the position illustrated and then, after holding the weight for a short period allow the arm to straighten very slowly. This is a strong pull upon the biceps, and will assist materially in building the strength that is essential to perform this particular feat. Remember, however, that there is a possibility of strain when endeavoring to perform a feat so unusual as this, and it is much better to go slowly. Do not attempt any exercise described unless it can be performed without apparent strain.

Photograph Number 56 illustrates the proper position of the body. The spinal column should be maintained at this particular angle as nearly as possible at all times either sitting or standing. If one allows his shoulders and head to sag forward, until the chest assumes a flat appearance, he loses vitality and vigor as a result. Every attempt should be made to keep the body erect, and the spine straight, or as nearly so as possible. A great many people inquire as to whether or not the curve of the spine shown at the small of the back is normal in every way. I most emphatically state that this curve is seen in nearly every very strong man or woman and it is really necessary to give a proper contour to the lines of the body. In fact, it might be stated that it is essential to the possession of

superior strength in the body. Where the spine is too straight, or where there is the slightest tendency to a backward curve, there are always weaknesses that are more or less serious in character. In fact, the hardest cases of spinal curvature to remedy are those that come with a backward or posterior curve.

It is impossible to lay too much stress on the importance of maintaining the proper position of the body at all times. The neck and shoulders constitute the very keystone of man's physique, and upon their proper carriage the proper action of many of the functional organs depend. Only by keeping the chest and shoulders in a correct posture can one be assured of filling the lungs to their full capacity with life-giving oxygen. And only by enabling the important vital organs of the abdomen to assume their proper place in the body can one be assured of the most efficient performance of their functions.

The manner in which the body is carried is important not only from the standpoint of appearance and health, but it also has a most important mental aspect. Those who hang their heads and look below rather than above usually follow throughout their lives the course of their visions. It is the man with eyes to the front, with head well up and shoulders thrown well back, who advances, and conquers and acquires the things of most value to the human race and to himself.

When walking, standing or sitting every endeavor should be made to keep the body properly erect, the shoulders back and down, and if one has the slightest inward curve in the neck, which gives a round-shouldered appearance, the exercises given in the last lesson for forcing back this particular part of the spine should be taken regularly with a view of giving a proper form to this part of the spine.

Exercise Number 57 is plainly illustrated in the reproductions of photographs Numbers 57 and 58. Rest the weight of the body on the end of the table, as shown in photograph 57. Now straighten the body, curving the back as much as possible, and throw head back as shown in photograph Number 58. This is

an excellent movement for using the muscles and ligaments in the small of the back.

Exercise Number 59 is illustrated in photographs Numbers 59 and 60. This is a much more vigorous exercise, using similar muscles to the preceding one. Where one is suffering from pain in the small of the back or kidneys, this one exercise will often give almost immediate relief. The exercise can be begun with Number 59 or Number 60, whichever is most convenient, though many prefer to begin in the position shown in Exercise Number 60. Seated on the floor, with feet on bed, chair, or other piece of furniture of convenient height, with hands far back, bring the central portion of the body as high as you possibly can, throwing the head far back as shown in photograph Number 59. After you become accustomed to this exercise, it is a good plan to maintain this position for a moment or two, the muscles tensed very rigidly. In addition to using the muscles of the small of the back, this exercise brings into vigorous play the large muscles on the back of the hips, and is a splendid movement for making the hips more shapely in appearance.

Photographs 56 to 60 illustrate exercises which are of particular interest and value to members of the fair sex. The movements illustrated by these photographs will not only prove an aid to obtaining a graceful and erect carriage, but they will also assist women to acquire strength of the vital organs, and will supply exercise to the muscles and ligaments of the spinal region. As a rule women stand greatly in need of the physical effects last noted, for the strengthening of the spinal region unquestionably brings about a much improved and better controlled degree of nervous energy.

The next installment of this series will contain a number of particularly valuable exercises, of a nature quite distinctive from those which have been described and illustrated in preceding issues. The movements involved in the forthcoming lesson will be found of particular value to those who are interested not only in acquiring symmetrical development, but in maintaining a proper degree of strength and activity of the functional organism.



A halt in a cool, shady nook.

Canoeing a Splendid Sport

By Livingston Wright

AN INTERESTING AND EXHILARATING EXERCISE, WHICH MAY BE STRONGLY RECOMMENDED FOR UP-BUILDING PHYSICAL ENERGY

I know of few exercises that can be recommended more strongly than canoeing. At times, to be sure, it may be risky, but if one is careful, the danger is hardly worth considering, and the benefits and pleasure that accrue from this charming pastime cannot be easily overestimated.—Bernarr Macfadden.

DANGEROUS, but at the same time comparatively safe. This is the literal truth about the much discussed question of the desirability of canoeing as a sport. The canoe is as sensitive as a watch to conditions. If you use common sense, paddle with a long, steady, regular stroke; do not attempt any eccentric stunts; never try the idiotic feat of changing canoes on the water; keep your wits about you and handle the craft as the North American Indian—the man who invented it—does,

you can enjoy one of the most fascinating and health-giving of pastimes. It is indeed, fairly safe to say that of all outdoor recreations, there are none that supply finer exercise and more refreshing recreation for either sex than a rational indulgence in canoeing.

In England "punting" on the Thames is a most popular sport. Long, shallow scows or punts are propelled over the sluggish Thames by means of long poles, and in good weather thousands at a time may be seen on England's most famous



Preparing for a spin on the river.

waterway. In America, the long, lithe, graceful canoe is the ideal craft of all who love to float gently and placidly along the rippling waters. While the St. Lawrence River in Canada is a noted headquarters for canoeists, the turbulent waters of the North are only for the more expert and venturesome. To handle a canoe in the St. Lawrence rapids requires a skilled and nifty hand. Although many other sections of the country are strong for the canoeing pastime, it is unquestionable that the Charles River, which winds about the City of Boston on the West and South like a huge, glinting serpent, is the canoeing headquarters of the world. The stretch principally favored by the canoeing votaries is between Moody Street Bridge at Waltham, and the town of Dedham, a distance of fifteen miles. There are over 3,000 canoes propelled along this course each season, and they represent, with equipment, boathouses, lunch-stands, and kindred enterprises, a capital of over \$1,000,000. Indeed, in a space of seven miles, adjacent to Norumbega Park and in the Metropolitan Parks district, over 3,000 canoes have been counted in a space of seven miles. This vast development of canoeing on the Charles has all arisen in the past thirty years. There is, in fact, a tradition about "the first man in a canoe"

who, thirty years ago, came down the Charles from Waltham, and every Boston canoe fiend has been trying to find out the identity of that particular individual to add to his stock of paddling lore.

To the uninitiated and the over-timid, the canoe is often regarded as the acme of all that is treacherous and foolhardy. To the careless or venturesomely inexperienced, so it is! But if the tyro will merely obey the injunction to attempt no "smart" tricks and use ordinary judgment, with careful following of certain fundamental principles, he will speedily learn to handle a canoe with a fair degree of expedition, comfort and practical safety.

The cardinal benefit of learning to canoe is that it induces a desire to learn to swim. Hundreds of these Charles River canoeists, both girls and boys, have become veritable water animals. They can swim like fishes. Often, they will go out in bathing costumes and thrash the frail craft about, upset it a dozen times and play about in the water like happy seals. But these people are experts. They can swim expertly, paddle expertly and are complete generals over a canoe. The Metropolitan Police, of whom there are ten men in constant service in the canoeing territory, often stop the deviltries of the experts for the reason that tyros, not realizing the de-

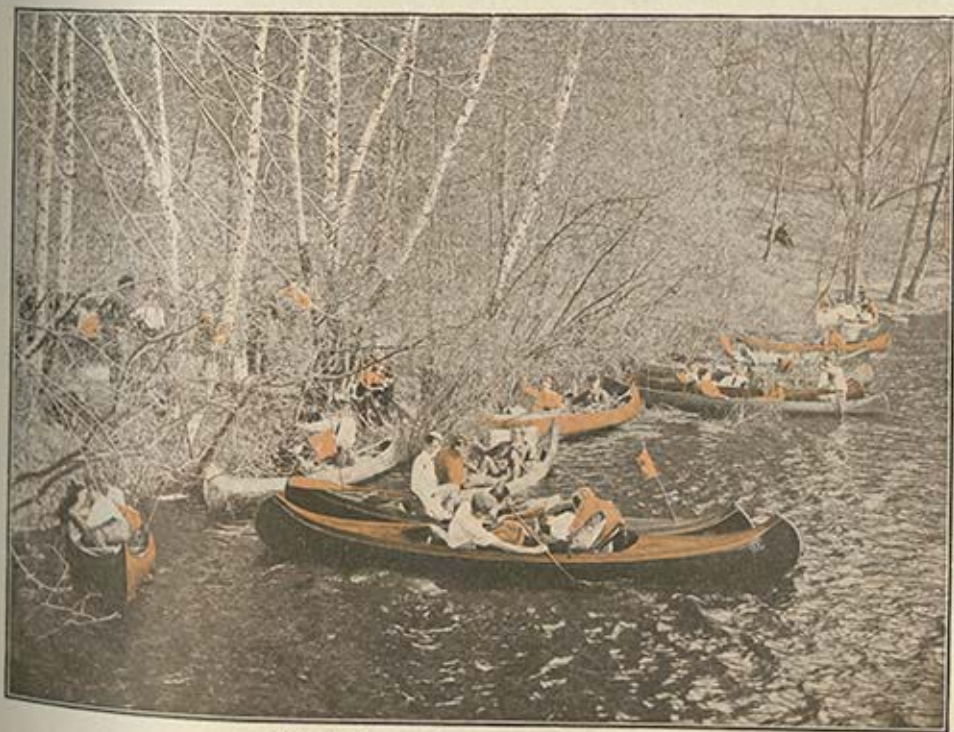
degree of skill required by the picturesque feats of the experts, are tempted to essay the stunts and come to dire results. It should be stated that of the twenty to thirty thousand Charles River canoeists, the majority are ladies and gentlemen in deportment on the water and give the police little trouble, their greatest bother to the police being the danger to beginners when the latter behold what seem like absurdly easy stunts, but really extremely difficult, performed before them. The temptation to the beginner to "go and do likewise" is so strong that the police shut off water capers of the experts whenever they can catch them at it. To "catch them" is not as easy as it would seem. Some of the lads will be in the water, practising the art of righting an upturned canoe and then getting into it, an old Indian trick that is exceedingly difficult. The police shell pokes its nose around a bend and Mr. Expert and Miss Expert will spring into their craft and when the officer glides by they are seen placidly reading their books.

The Indian will always remain the un-

disputed master of canoeing as a fine art. His methods should be followed by all who want to canoe in the best possible manner. The Indian does not sit so far down in the canoe as to strain his abdomen in paddling, nor does he perch himself too high and thus well nigh break his back. No, he merely curls himself into a compact, easy, comfortable pose, paddles with a long, steady but powerful stroke, and the speed with which he can send that frail bark over the water in an emergency is something truly wonderful.

In case of capsizing the Indian method of getting back into the craft and keeping it from shipping water is most ingenious. He grasps it firmly by the gunwale and gives a sudden but powerful jerk. The canoe will turn clear over. At the moment he jerks, he will give a peculiar spring and land astride the gunwale every time.

Those who want to learn the art of canoeing will get along nicely if they will bear in mind that a canoe is wonderfully sensitive to control and that it absolutely refuses to be "fooled with." On the



A fleet of canoes in a picturesque spot.

Charles River, the police say that nine-tenths of the accidents are due to in-gorance or carelessness, and oftimes, both.

When a fleet of canoes, painted in their various colors, blue, red, orange, yellow, etc., many with graphophones playing, are seen on the river of a quiet afternoon or evening, the spectacle is certainly a beautiful one.

In closing, it may be remarked that after trials of many kinds of making, the canvas canoe has come to be regarded as undoubtedly the best. There is a sheathing of cedar and over this is drawn the canvas. This is treated with water-proofing and then painted in any color or design.

Long live canoeing!



An instance where just two is company.

Fiend Worry.

By FRANCES E. BOLTON.

Talk about the fiends that hurry
Round about the haunts of men,
Just to get them in a flurry
'Till they're wretched, 'till they sin,
There's no one so mean as Worry,
Old fiend Worry stalking in.

He will cloud the brightest morning
With a dark cerulean hue;
Steal the freshness from the dawning,
Shade the gladdest day all through;
Joys and hopes take into pawning,
Give you glasses that are blue.

He'll come in with poor self-pity,
With distrust, rebellion, doubt;
Cage you up in farm or city,
Knock and buffet you about;
But have gumption, just be gritty,
Tell old Worry to keep out.

Say, "I will not fret nor flurry,
I will not be sad and blue,
I will not get in a hurry,
I will do what I can do;
But I will not, *will not* worry,
No, I will not for all you.

"I will sing to roof and rafter,
I will have a spirit blest;
I'll have hope and I'll have laughter,
I will do my very best;
I'll put Worry off till after
Every fret has left my breast."



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, New York.

The Czar of Russia takes his wife and daughters for a row in the Neva. This unpublished photograph is the most remarkable portrait extant of the Czar of all the Russias.

Physical Culture Among the Children of the World

SPREADING THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH BUILDING THROUGHOUT THE YOUNGER GENERATIONS OF ALL NATIONS

By Roswell Duncan

The health-building idea is advancing with monumental strides throughout the nations of the world. We are undoubtedly approaching a new era. Men and women are everywhere awakening to the value of a strong body, and though much can be accomplished in an adult, the right place to begin is with growing children. They can be molded into beautiful specimens of human life through proper bodily development. The article which follows gives some interesting information of the methods adopted in various countries.—Bernarr Macfadden.

ONE of the encouraging signs of the times is the spread of the gospel of physical culture among the little ones of the nations. This, for the reason that the fate and the future of a country rest, not so much with the "grown-ups," as with those who are growing up.

The reader will perhaps recall the story of the Grecian king who, feeling that death was hovering over him, ordered his troops to pass in a farewell review before the palace in a room of which he lay. This was done.

First, came the veterans, worn and war-scarred.

"Nay" said the king "These are they who have been. They belong to the days that were; to the glories that have passed."

Then came the pick of the army; young men, strong, brave and lusty.

"Nay" said the king again, "Valiant are they, but even now their strength and glory are waning, and before long, they too, will belong to the things that were."

Next advanced the boys of the nation, sturdy, flushed with health, their eyes bright with the gladness and joy of childhood—lads not yet freed from the palestra.

"Ah!" cried the king, his sunken eyes clearing, "here is the nation's hope, its joy, its assurance. The others have passed or are passing, but these little ones betoken the continuance and the coming of the nation's greatness."

The moral and meaning of the old tale are so obvious that they hardly need explaining. But what stood good of the ancient days, stands equally good in the present; as the children are, so will the nation be. Because of this, the countries of Europe, of America and of the awakened East are to be congratulated on the attention which is now being paid to the inculcation of physical culture methods and principles among their immature citizens. It is not too much to declare that the adoption of these principles in the way indicated, can to a very great extent be traced to their constant reiteration in the pages of this magazine.

The official endorsement, so to speak, of physical culture by the school and municipal authorities of this country, is of comparatively recent date. It is true that for a number of years, so-called physical training was found in the curriculum of our public schools, but it was of a somewhat perfunctory nature. For the

most part, it consisted of calisthenic or some uninteresting mechanical exercise, having no objective and consequently no stimulus. By degrees, however, the uselessness of this kind of thing was made manifest and finally, a radical change was made in the athletic policy of the schools in general and those in the larger communities in particular. The new departure was marked by the coming into existence of such organizations as the Public Schools Boys' Athletic League, with its municipal recognition, its meets and gigantic roll of contestants, its medals and so forth. The Girls' Branch of the League, was also formed, and the enthusiasm manifested by its members was of the "bubbling" sort from the first. In the Eastern portion of the United States in particular, the Leagues and their purposes met with public support from the first. Those who have been fortunate enough to witness a League field event, either in the open or at Madison Square Garden, New York City, will have a vivid recollection of the intense interest exhibited by the thousands of spectators in the efforts of the hundreds of young athletes. Such meetings mark the apotheosis of physical culture.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Japanese schoolgirls playing the "Game of the Two Rings."



From photograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

One of the physical culture classes organized among Chinese children by American missionaries.

In this connection, it may be noted that the instructors of the Girls' League have very wisely recognized the fact that their young charges, in many cases, need sports and exercises of a special sort, suitable for their sex and in line with their natural instincts. The result of this has been the invention of a series of athletics which before were unknown. Thus there are a whole lot of novel games which can be played on roof-playgrounds and yet which afford plenty of "go" and exercise. Then too, many of the new "stunts" are modifications of "folk-dances" of various countries. A girl takes to dancing as naturally as a kitten plays with a ball of yarn and hence the astuteness shown by the instructors in turning this instinct to good athletic account.

In Great Britain, the physical training of children has of late years been fostered by the Government, mainly through the

medium of the public schools. While the British are an athletic people as far as their tastes are concerned, yet, curiously enough, until the recent official action alluded to, but little was done to authoritatively foster the physical well-being of the people. The Boer war is said to have had a good deal to do with the new order of things, the defects in the national stamina being emphasized by that conflict. It is averred that the nation as a whole, is already exhibiting the beneficial results which have arisen from the course in question. Thus, Dr. Wilson G. Ogden, of Birmingham, England, in a paper read before a scientific society of London, states that in the first named town and within the past six years, he has observed a change for the better in the height and chest measurements of some thousands of school children examined by him, and he attributes this to the physical culture now in vogue in the schools.

Virtue, like unto vice, is said to resemble water in that it seeps from the top to the bottom. If this be so, then the Russian nation and, especially its children, should benefit by the example of the Czar. Whatever may be his faults, a distaste for exercise is not among them as the picture given herewith will testify. Among other sports, the Czar is exceedingly fond of rowing and he has taught his children the art of the oars. The photo shows the Ruler of all the Russias on the Neva pulling the bow-sculls of a boat belonging to his yacht, while one of his little girls is deftly handling another pair. In the stern of the craft sits the Empress and another child.

One hardly thinks of Spain as a country in which much attention is paid to athletics. Yet just at present, the physical training of its children is receiving much attention. Nearly every school has its physical director and there are Government officials who see to it that these do their work well and faithfully. It is true that the girls do not get the same amount of attention in this respect as they do in this country, which is to be regretted. The traditions and customs of a nation like Spain are difficult to

overcome, and among them are some ancient and exploded notions regarding the "propriety" of preventing girls from taking part in athletic sports or from mingling too freely with members of the other sex. But physical culture broadens and educates, so that with the spread of its propaganda in the land of the Cids and the Dons, the time will assuredly come when small maidens will enjoy the athletic privileges now monopolized by their trousered rivals.

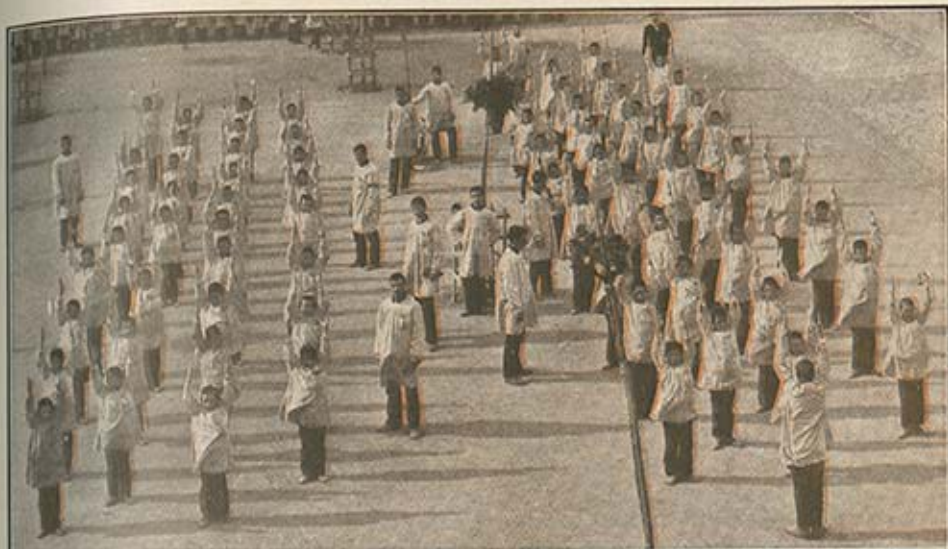
The Spanish school-boy, clad in a loose-fitting blouse and trousers, is given daily a strenuous hour or so of "setting up" exercises. Besides this, hill-climbing (when the neighboring country allows) and cross-country running are encouraged by the instructors. Also, and of late years, military drill has been introduced into the schools with good results, so it is claimed.

Irish school-boys, and for that matter school-girls, have taken kindly to the new order of things, so it is said. It is true that in a good many cases, the physical culture so taught is of a somewhat elementary kind and that the apparatus used is more or less primitive. But the idea and the enthusiasm are there never-



From strength copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

The "setting up exercises" in a Maori Boys' School, just outside Auckland, New Zealand.



From stereograph, copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Spanish schoolboys enjoying athletic exercises. Observe their sensible costume and that of their instructors.

theless, and the modest prizes which are given for physical proficiency are the sources of keen competition among the youngsters.

Stress need hardly be laid on the fact that for many generations, Germany has paid much attention to the bodily training of her youth. The Turn-Verein and its effect on the morals and physiques of the boys and young men of Deutschland is so well-known, that it would be superfluous to dilate upon it. But within very recent years, the physical education of German school girls has been receiving the attention which heretofore has been denied it. As a result all the schools in the big communities, and the majority of the village schools, now have qualified female instructors to teach the youngsters the rudimentary phases of physical culture. With the characteristic good sense of the German people, no small proportion of the girl's exercises are modifications of childish games and pursuits. Also, dancing of the ordinary and "athletic" sort plays a leading part in the total scheme of bodily training.

Sweden has always been famous for the quantity and quality of its athletes. From the times of the Vikings and the Berserkers right down to the present, the Northland has produced men and for that

matter, women, who have been noted for their muscular development and powers of endurance. That these powers have been preserved and fostered, is in a great measure due to the attention which the Swedish public lavishes on athletic affairs, especially those in which its children are concerned. Apart from the gymnastic exercises, which form a portion of the days' daily duties at school, there are a number of physical culture methods in use which are practically unknown outside of that country. For example, once or twice a week, the teachers of the public schools take their pupils on a walk that may cover five or six miles. For it is held in Sweden, and properly so, that walking is one of the most beneficial of athletic pursuits. One of the pictures given with this article, shows a class and its teachers setting out for a trip on "Shank's mare." One of the praiseworthy features of the excursions is the "Nature talks," which the teachers give to their small charges when the country districts and sights and sounds are reached. In other words, they observe the physical culture adage, that body and brain should alike be pleasantly exercised in order that the greatest amount of good may accrue to the boy or girl, who sees and listens.

From Europe to New Zealand would seem to be a far cry in an athletic sense. Yet physical culture, like unto "one touch of Nature," makes the whole world kin. So it is that just now, the juvenile descendants of the war-like Maoris have a good deal athletically in common with the youngsters of the northern portion of Europe and this country. For among the little Maoris physical culture is a factor of a very important kind in their schools, not only as far as the actual good which it accomplishes, but also in regard to its value as a disciplinary force. Speaking of it in its latter aspect, one of the official inspectors used the following passage in his semi-annual report, of 1908, on the native schools in his district: "It is to be noted that the introduction of consistent physical training in the native schools has brought very satisfactory results with it. Teachers report that the portion of the daily session which is devoted to calisthenics and drill is not only anticipated by pupils, but that deprivation of participation in the work is looked upon as severe punishment by the boys. The consensus of teachers' opinion is; that physical culture not only helps in the maintenance of the health

and morals of the pupils, but in addition, it is of great value in the preservation of discipline, in the manner intimated."

Heredity counts, and any legitimate method of using up the restlessness and combative instincts of the descendants of warriors and cannibals is to be encouraged. Hence, all praise should be given to those who had the wisdom to introduce physical culture practices and principles into the Maori schools of New Zealand.

Tropical or semi-tropical countries would not, at first thought, seem to be favorable to the exercise of physical culture. Still, the nations of Central and South America are said to have felt the effects of the physical culture revival. While the schools hardly have the elaborate methods that obtain in the North, yet, the athletic spirit is abroad in the lands in question for all that. Outside of the school houses of say, Columbia, one may see at the close of studies, groups of little ones going through some simple form of athletic exercise watched by an interested and assisting group of teachers. In this country, too, military drill for boys has been introduced into the public schools, with good effect.



From stereograph copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

Rude but well-meaning physical culture exercises of Irish school-children.

Missionary effort is responsible for the introduction of modern physical culture in China and Manchuria, so it is said. At all events, these good people have found that the training of the muscles of the Celestial children has been of material aid in the training of their hearts in religious directions.

The missionary who, above all things, must be a practical man, capable of giving practical expression to his beliefs, knows the value of the sound body as a means of promoting the growth of soul and mind.

Physical education in Japan has for many generations obtained that recognition to which it properly is entitled. From the days of the Samurai when the sword was worshipped and bodily perfection was regarded as the chief of virtues, right up to the present, physical culture in some form or the other has dominated the educational policy as it has dictated the later diplomacy of Nippon. There is little doubt but that the victories of the Japanese arms on the battlefield, were, to a very great extent, due to the training which the "sons of the Mikado" received first, in the gymnasiums and later, in the military es-

tablishments to which they were drafted. When Japan astonished and even alarmed the world by her series of brilliant triumphs over the Russians, the West began to make careful inquiry into the methods which begot such astounding soldiery. The Marquis Ito furnished the reply to these queries in a few words, the significance of which is evident; "Our battles" he has credited with saying: "were won on our playgrounds." And this sentence, pregnant as it is with meaning, should be remembered by every nation.

Just at present, physical culture of the military type, is general in all the schools of Japan, as far as the boys are concerned. But a good deal of attention is now being paid to the bodily development of girls also, the Government having apparently concluded that the coming wives and mothers stand in need of physical soundness quite as much as do their future husbands.

Altogether, the trend of the civilized world is distinctly in the direction of physical culture, and that the result of this on humanity will be for good goes without saying.



From *Physical Education*, copyright by Colver and Underwood, New York.

Small German maids playing a "choosing game" in which there are lots of fun and exercise.



Monograph, copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The Peterhof Fountains, at the summer residence of the Czar of Russia.

How the Great Preserve Health

By H. Mitchell Watchett

PROMINENT PERSONAGES THE WORLD OVER TURNING TO PHYSICAL CULTURE METHODS FOR MAINTAINING MENTAL AND PHYSICAL VIGOR

The great men of the world are of peculiar interest. They stand out over and above the struggling ranks of humanity. By what means have they been able to achieve prominence, this is a question that is frequently heard. No one can question the conclusion that vigorous health, and the great nervous energy that accompanies it, is one of the most important requirements for the attainment of success. How these men have been able to retain this valuable physical asset will undoubtedly prove interesting to our readers.—Bernarr Macfadden.

THE health of those who occupy prominent places in the affairs of humanity, has always been a matter of moment to themselves and those whom they interest, sway, or govern. The reason for this is not hard to recognize. As far as they themselves are concerned, they have learned that a position of responsibility necessitates the possession of bodily well-being, and they take steps to secure it, according to their individual viewpoint. The public also recognizes the need of health on the part of great personages, for the reasons just cited, and, in addition, an indisposition or death is likely to cause complications which are neither good for the individual or the nation. This desire on the part of communities that their rulers or high functionaries should remain in a normal physical condition, is crystallized in forms of speech

whose origin is lost in the mists of history. Thus there is the Oriental expression, "May you live a thousand years," and the Biblical phrase, "O King, live forever;" as well as the Arabian greeting, which still endures, "May your shadow never grow less and your breathing remain with you."

For the same reason, we find that the powers and potentates of olden times had attached to their households, alleged medical men, or, at all events, those who were supposed to have mastered the art of conquering disease. It need hardly be added that, whether known as soothsayers, priests, astrologers or what not, these were fakirs of high or low degree, though sometimes reflecting the spirit and beliefs of the medical "schools" of their times. Some of the arrangements by which they maintained their prestige were curious and not devoid of



Copyright by Paul Sen, N. Y.

Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese diplomat, who is a vegetarian and an advocate of natural living.



The Czar of Russia, who is a great lover of boating of every sort.

a certain grim humor. Thus we have the case of the Maharajah of Bhleet-Raj, a province of Bengal, whose "doctor" was compelled to swallow one-half of the potions which he prescribed for his master. It is safe to say that he, the doctor, took pains to keep the Maharajah in health. One of the Shahs of Persia paid his medi-

cal men a princely income as long as he remained well, but crucified them when he fell ill. In China at the present day a doctor is paid while his patient enjoys good health, but his income is cut off the



King Edward, who has said: "There is more health in a pair of bare knees than there is in a college of physicians."



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Prof. Horace White (left), Andrew Carnegie (center), Prof. Pritchard, of Carnegie Institute (right).

moment that the latter requires the services of the medic-

man. Now while it is possible for the minority to ascertain the direction of the wind by observing the movements of the dust and litter in the streets, yet when the multitude desires similar information, it consults the weather-vanes that are set in lofty places. In a similar manner it is possible to note the drift of the healing art by watching the methods that the celebrities of the day use in order to recover and maintain their health. In this connection it is gratifying to see that in almost all instances, physical culture practices and principles are used to the end in question. The

financier, the diplomat, the great preacher, presidents and kings, who are in the position to obtain the best medical advice of the day, no longer take drugs, coddle themselves, and use other methods of former times, but instead, take to a physical culture life when they feel that their bodily condition is not what it should be. Some instances illustrative of this fact appear in this article.

President Taft is a big man in more senses than one. Only those who have had an opportunity of getting in touch with the manifold daily duties of a President of the United States can obtain a hint of the strain and stress which the position imposes on

the incumbent. It calls for a physical



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

Thomas A. Edison and his youngest son, Theodore, on the lawn of his beautiful home at Llewellyn Park, N. J.



Photograph Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

The late E. H. Harriman at his camp in Texas.

organization of an "iron" nature, and the nerve which is born of such a physique. Perfect health is an essential to the man at the White House, for without it his existence in that historic mansion would be a misery, if not an impossibility. What does the President do in order to obtain this physique? Simply walks, rides, or plays golf—the latter in particular. And in spite of his great weight and the racking duties of his office, he is pronounced physically fit by those whose business it is to look after his health.

Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister, maintains his health and expects to live two hundred years, so he declares, by a combination of vegetarianism, Fletcherism, and teetotalism. He not only practises his beliefs in this regard, but he preaches them also.

King Edward of England is another example of the natural life overcoming the physical drawbacks of the artificial life. If one reflects for a moment on the social demands that are made on a poten-

tate of the King's personal popularity and official standing, it will be admitted that his temptations to violate dietetic and other laws of health are many. Nevertheless, in spite of rumors to the contrary, he enjoys good health considering his age and, perhaps, the excesses of his early youth. This, with but little or no aid from his physicians—instead, he goes in for out-of-door sports and recreations of a varied kind. He rides a good deal, yachts, shoots, races, and plays golf. But his chief delight, as it was that of his late mother, is to hie to Scotland, where, at Balmoral Castle, he dons the kilt, as do his grandsons if they



From a late photograph of John D. Rockefeller. Golf is his favorite game.

happen to be with him, and spends the days among the "bonny heather" and the simple Scotch folk who live near the estate. Contrary to general opinion, the table of the English royal family is of the plainest description. A couple of vegetables, a joint of meat, soup, and a simple dessert, are the rule when the household or any portion of it is dining *en famille*. The King is quoted as declaring that "there is more health in a pair of naked knees than there is in a college of physicians." The allusion is, of course, to the kilt considered as an article of hygienic wear.

The Honorable James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, who has more than attained that span of years allotted to mankind on biblical authority, is another example of the benefits of physical methods applied to a strenuous life. Mr. Bryce is an enthusiastic pedestrian, walking two or three miles every day before breakfast. During the day and whenever his time and official dignity permit him to use his feet instead of his horses and carriage, he does so. It is stated that he has been known, within the past five years, to cover thirty-five miles in a day on "Shank's mare," just as a matter of recreation. For the rest, he is a plain liver, almost to the point of asceticism. Also, he is a crack swimmer and a good horseman. But it is to walking chiefly that he looks for the maintenance of his health.

Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, retains his remarkable health, so he declares, by living the life of a strict vegetarian. Also he is a temperance man in more senses than one, eschewing the use of all alcoholic drinks and practically eliminating tea and coffee from his list of beverages. Furthermore, he is an open-air man of a pronounced type. Those who are tempted to criticize a vegetarian diet on the score of its not furnishing the essential nutrients, are referred to the Senator as a virile proof of the fallacy of their ideas.

The Czar of Russia keeps in good health, so it is said, with the aid of his yachts and small craft. Indeed, so fond is he of the water that if fate had not given him a more or less troubled throne, he would assuredly have been a sailor.

Whether cruising in the North Sea, rowing on the River Neva or floating on the placid waters of the lakes which abound in his country estates, he is equally at home. He is a believer in the adage, "Water to drink, water to bathe with, and water to float on, will make a man live an hundred years." No small proportion of the photographs of this ruler are taken on shipboard or in naval costume.

The Emperor William of Germany is another example of a potentate overcoming the hygienic disadvantages that surround him with the aid of out-door sport and exercise. There is hardly anything in the way of strenuous recreation of the open-air order which the Emperor does not undertake, partly because he loves to do so and partly because he knows the bearing which it has upon his health.

"A sick man is a useless man; and sickness is always the result of an unnatural mode of life," he once said, to a body of medical students, whom he was addressing at Berlin. "Therefore, young gentlemen, remember that doctors should teach reformation rather than administer medicines." This remark seems to be the key-note of his daily existence.

The King of Sweden, whose long, lanky, wiry personality is probably familiar to the reader, through the medium of photographs, is a most enthusiastic tennis-player. The tennis grounds around the royal palace at Stockholm, as well as those of the summer residences of he and his consort, are notable by reason of their perfection. He is said to be an excellent player and spends no small portion of his leisure time with racquet in hand.

The German Crown Prince takes after his father in the matter of love of out-door life. Long tramps in the mountains are his most favored pastimes, and many are the tales told of his encounters with his subjects who are to be, who have met and treated him as one of themselves.

It will hardly be news to relate that some of our American financial potentates, notably John D. Rockefeller, are devotees of the golf links. We present one of the very latest photographs of Mr. Rockefeller, addressing the ball. Only

those who have played the game can understand its charm and realize its health-making qualities. The magnate declares, and those who know him admit, that since he has resorted to sticks, caddy, links, and tees, he has taken a new lease of life.

It is not generally known that Senator Chauncey Depew is also a convert to vegetarianism. Once upon a time, he suffered acutely from chronic rheumatism. Then he stopped eating beef, next mutton, and then fowl. "Now," says the Senator, "I have freedom from pain, I sleep, and have a digestion and clarified vision, such as I never knew when flesh appeared at my table in the usual course."

Mark Twain, the humorist, avers that fasting and billiards keep him a young man when, in a chronological way, he ought to be an old one. His home in Connecticut is fitted with a fine billiard-room. "Here," said he, "I can push the world and its troubles away from me with my cue. If I make a fool of myself, either at the table or away from it, I don't turn to the doctor but abstain totally from food for one, two, or three days. Starvation or fasting, if you prefer the term, has been my doctor for fifteen years, and whenever I have had occasion to call upon it, it has always accomplished a cure."

It is almost unnecessary to repeat the statement that Andrew Carnegie is one of the most enthusiastic golfers known to the amateur world, and that the game is, from his view-point, a cure for worry and a remedy for ill-health. Professor Horace White shares his opinion and so, too, does Professor Pritchard of Carnegie Institute.

Thomas A. Edison keeps fit and in fine fettle by being a disciple of Cornaro, at least to a very great extent. Mr. Edison lives on a diet, which, in point of quantity, would to the average man appear to be extremely scanty. Furthermore, the great inventor follows the teaching of the famous Venetian, by avoiding all mental extremes and living the life of the philosopher.

"Medicine is played out," declares Mr. Edison; "the doctor of the future will not dose us with drugs, but will in-

struct his patients as to the cause and prevention of all maladies. In other words, his function will be to prevent disease and not to try to cure it, as now."

There is no doubt whatever that the life of E. H. Harriman, the financier, was prolonged by methods taught by physical culture. The reader of this article will remember that, some months ago, there came rumors from Europe that Mr. Harriman was in a dangerous, even dying condition. Later, it was flashed across the cables that he was at certain health resorts on the Continent, where cures are effected by natural means. Mr. Harriman waited too long, however, before turning to nature for a restoration of his shattered health.

Professor Harvey W. Wiley, who was recently Chief Chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture and an ardent promoter of the Pure Food Bill, is another man who believes that a proper diet is the chief secret of health. He eats sparingly and takes meat but once a day; also, he eschews tobacco and cultivates a happy temperament. By these means, he maintains the health which is his chiefest characteristic.

It is refreshing to note that the younger men of wealth in this country, are going in for health-breeding recreations, instead of wasting their substance in the riotous living which characterized the gilded youth of a generation or so back. Kingdon Gould is a case in point. His father, George Gould, is also a capital specimen of manly health, preserved by manly means.

The younger Vanderbilts, too, follow on the same lines. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is a fine example of the young manhood of this country, declares that "his yacht is his doctor." Which is an excellent way of putting the situation in a nutshell.

And so the list of notables, who maintain their health by physical culture means could be extended indefinitely. W. J. Bryan, ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, Senator Bailey, General O. O. Howard, David B. Hill, Robert C. Clowrie, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, Professor Chittenden, of Yale, and scores of others could be cited as illustrations.



"Shooting at goal."
Position number one.



Return by "Point."



Shot at goal by "Wing
Attack."

Lacrosse, a Strenuous Game

AN ABSORBING AND STIRRING SPORT OF INDIAN ORIGIN,
WHICH WILL DEVELOP SUPERIOR AGILITY AND STRENGTH

By Sidney Cummings

There is no better game for developing strength, agility, quickness of eye, and all around physical vigor than la-crosse. One should take advantage of every opportunity to play this game. If your muscles do not possess the necessary strength and suppleness you can rest assured that the game will soon develop these desirable characteristics.—Bernarr Macfadden.

LACROSSE is a game which is said to have originated with the Indians, although since it has been taken up by white people—and by colleges particularly—it has been considerably modified, and elaborate rules laid down for the game. It is steadily increasing in popularity with American colleges. Most of them now have varsity teams, and an intercollegiate schedule for the championship is played every year. Literature on lacrosse is sadly lacking, but a very handy little book of rules and points on the game is issued by the American Sports Publishing Company. The author is William C. Schmeisser and it is edited by Roland T. Abercrombie.

Lacrosse is not a particularly hard

game to play, but, as in tennis, the novice must be able to handle his stick well before he can learn much of the game. A stick used by an old player—a second-hand stick if it is in good condition—is better than a new one for a beginner. This is because, like a used tennis racquet, it has been well broken in by use and is not so stiff. In handling the stick, the beginner should always keep the ball close to the broad end of the stick, about a foot from the end, whether throwing or catching the ball, and well up against the frame. Should it be caught in any other position, immediately shift it to the proper position for a throw. This is for the short throw or "tip." When a longer throw is made the ball is shifted lower in the net. Left handed men can play as



Defense-field's run.

well as ordinary right-handed players, by simply reversing the side from which they throw.

Beginners should first try passing the ball from the stick up against a fence or the side of a building. Practice makes perfect, and, as in learning anything else, one has to keep continually at the game to master it. In throwing from the left side, the butt should be grasped with the right hand, with the left well up to the juncture of the net with the frame. Do not place the hands close together, as this gives less control over the stick. Move the arms freely and draw the stick well over the left shoulder, at the same time turning the body to bring the stick well forward while the ball passes out of the stick from the corner next to the frame. The stick should be given a light jerk upward at the same time, as this gives speed to the ball and projects it

more accurately. As the ball leaves the net, draw the butt in slightly toward the body. The body must move with the stick, as this gives greater speed to the ball and insures more accurate throwing. By taking a step forward with the "off" leg, there will be less strain on the back and shoulder muscles.



Going down the "wing."



"Shooting at goal" position number two.

The next thing is to learn how to get the ball from the ground as quickly as possible. Placing the ball about forty-five feet ahead, still holding the stick with the two hands, but lowered instead of raised, the player approaches at a sort of dog trot, bends the knees and scoops up the ball "on the wing." With a beginner the ball will run out, or he may pass over it too

quickly. But he will have to



"Face-off" by centers.



"Ground scuffle."



"A body check."

keep practicing, because when he once gets the ball he will have to throw quickly, and to do this must have it in the correct position for a swift throw. If he reaches for the ball too soon when ap-

proaching it, the ball will bound out, or he will push it away from the stick. A quick bend, scooping it up with a cradling motion, does the trick and then the player is ready for a pass. He should also keep the stick away from a line with his body or he may be taken with a sharp poke that will hurt. Experienced players of course know how to make the approach at speed, so that picking up the ball and passing it are done so quickly that they seem like a single movement. Not only must he attempt to pick up and pass the ball, but he has an opponent who is trying to do the same thing, and the resulting collision of sticks and sometimes bodies is rather a heavy impact at times. The player should never circle

toward the ball; he should drive straight for it, otherwise he loses valuable ground. When the ball is being driven toward him his stick should be dropped almost vertically to

stop it, scooped up to hold it, and brought back for another pass. College stickers oft-times put in a whole season at play practice before they can even make a minor team.

A fundamental rule, and one that obtains in all games where balls are used, is that hammered into the ears of every football player—"Keep your eye on the ball." A player should always keep in motion after he has once caught the ball—in fact when playing toward the ball, if a player waits for the ball his opponent can come up and block his play, and if he steps backward the opponent has a chance to intercept it before it reaches the expectant one. One must keep moving and step toward the ball, passing straight and hard, governing the speed by the distance between the players.

Twelve men comprise a lacrosse team. The position assumed by the player must be such that his left side is always turned toward the goal he is



Catching a "high pass."



Goal!



Goal-keeper "handling" ball.



A "short pass" -
by attack.

goal-keeper. The inside home man of the opposing team lines up against the point man, and so on down, as in football, in a straight line from center to in-home, with the defense placing itself according to the attack. The ball is started from center or "faced-off." The two centers place their sticks back to back on the ground with the ball between them. In beginning each center must draw his stick straight toward himself and the ball goes to the side getting it first on this move. Then he passes to his next man and it goes from one to another, according to the system of play until the ball is lost to the opposite side or is landed for a goal on the opponent's side

Shooting a goal is as important as any



Using the feet.

attacking. The positions are: inside home; outside home; first attack; second attack; third attack; center; third defence; second defence; first defence; cover-point; point;

goal-keeper.

The inside home man of the opposing team lines up against the point man, and so on down, as in football, in a straight line from center to in-home, with the defense placing it-

other part of the practice. It is not sufficient to be able to land it in the six-foot square. The shot should be as accurate as possible, because interference often gives the player little chance to

get an easy goal. He must take a desperate chance and so be able to land it by a narrow margin in a small space. He must be able to shoot the ball in close to the goal post or sides of the goal. Here is where wall or fence practice comes in again, for a player learns to catch the ball on a rebound and shoot in it

again, as he would in a game if he missed the goal and the ball rebounded. The ball comes back so quickly from the wall that he learns to catch it quickly and get in another shot before the goal keeper in play could recover.

The best way for a novice to learn the game is to purchase a book of rules and coaching points and study it carefully, working out each detail by practice as he goes along.

As one becomes more proficient, the fascination of the game increases, and its attendant physical profit will increase.



Ready for a "high shot."



Ready for "low shot."

What is Disease?

AN ATTEMPT TO ANSWER THIS VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION. DETAILS OF THE NATURE AND CHARACTER OF THE VARIOUS SYMPTOMS OF DISEASE

By Bernarr Macfadden

In the series of lectures to be published under the above heading, will be presented a thorough exposition of the fundamental principles upon which Physicultopathy, the new science of healing, is founded. If you become thoroughly familiar with the information found herein, you need never thereafter have the slightest fear of disease. You will know what it is and how to treat it whenever it may appear. This series of lectures has been given in an institution with which I am connected, and I want each reader to feel that I am standing before him and emphasizing each statement that is found herein. These lectures will be weighted with practical and valuable truths. As nearly as possible they are given here just as they were taken down by the stenographer at the time they were delivered.—Bernarr Macfadden.

DISEASE AND THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH

LECTURE II.

THE average individual has but slight conception of the nature of disease. It is a sealed book to him. To him it is a complicated mystery, and the principal object of this lecture is to try to make clear to the layman the character of the various manifestations that appear in the form of disease. If you once fully understand and become thoroughly imbued with the theories that I will present to you in this and in succeeding lectures, you can then fully understand their vast value. I would not give the mental satisfaction that I have experienced again and again because of my knowledge of disease for the greatest fortune in the world. To many such a statement may seem strange, but health and strength are worth more than money, and the mental perturbation that comes to the average individual because of disease very materially adds to the severity of the complaint in every case.

Now what is disease? That is the paramount question. Hippocrates, who is said to be the father of medicine, stated that disease exists merely in the fluids of the body, in other words, in the blood. He stated further that one should not try to change or in any way divert the progress of the disease, that one should let it go on to the end, that under such circumstances it would run its course and the body would finally cure

itself. Turning to allopathy one will find that this school is working on the theory that the proper way to remedy disease is to divert it by creating another disease, and thus the fundamental principles upon which the commonly accepted science of healing is founded seem to be changing materially. In the latest revised edition of Webster's International Dictionary we find the following definition of the theory of allopathy: "That system of medical practice which aims to combat disease by the use of remedies which produce effects different from that produced by the special disease treated." The definition very plainly shows that physicians are groping in the dark, that they regard disease as the manifestation of conditions which must be combatted, when in reality it is the outward symptom created by certain causes which are in practically every instance thoroughly under our control. Allopathy as a science is, however, being discredited more and more everywhere. The fact that you can visit ten or more different allopathic physicians with the same symptoms and be treated with from fifty to one hundred different drugs and for a different disease by every physician, very strikingly indicates that allopathy is bound to become a thing of the past in the province of healing.

The dictionary previously quoted speaks of homeopathy as: "The art of

curing founded on resemblances; the theory and its practice that disease is cured by remedies which produce on a healthy person effects similar to the symptoms of the complaint under which the patient suffers; the remedies being usually administered in minute doses." Apparently the fundamental theories upon which homeopathy is founded are just as misleading and unstable as those advocated by allopathy. It must be admitted, however, that homeopathic physicians in general have made a decided step in advance in getting away from the strong drugs used by the allopathic physician. The minute doses of sugar-pills cannot possibly have the same deleterious effects inevitably produced by the strong drugs used in allopathy.

It may seem presumptuous on my part when I state that all these theories of disease seem childish and even somewhat ridiculous to one who has studied disease from what might be termed a natural standpoint. Disease to these men of medicine seems to be some vast unsolvable mystery that can only be combated by another mystery. Or if they are able to solve the problems presented by disease, they have to create one disease to cure another, or they have to give remedies that produce the special disease that they may be treating in a healthy person in order to expect results. Now to an ordinary intelligent, reasoning mind are not such theories open to ridicule?

Christian Science teaches that disease exists simply in the mind, that the physical manifestation is caused by mental conditions. If you are under the impression that you have a disease, they advise that you simply forget it and the symptoms will disappear. I believe that the Christian Scientists are far in advance of either allopathy or homeopathy. Even advanced students of the two professions mentioned admit that the mind has a marvelous power over the body. Very few are really able to recognize this vast influence, though the cures made by Christian Science, due in my mind entirely to mental influence, have called the attention of every really intelligent and conscientious practitioner to this remarkable influence of mind over matter.

Osteopathy tells us that disease is due to lesions of the bones, that the removal of these defects will in all cases remedy the disease. Unquestionably there may be some truth in these theories, but at the same time, these lesions, to my mind, are not the actual cause of the disease, though in some instances they may be the direct cause. There is no question, however, but that osteopathy as a profession comes more nearly to solving the problems presented by disease than any other of the prominent sciences of healing.

Now, you may ask, what is disease from our standpoint? I would like to answer that question as plainly as possible. I would like to transmit to you the supreme confidence that comes to me when I happen to be attacked by a disease of any kind. I would like everyone to be able to help himself under such circumstances. I would like to see each one avoid that feeling of fear that often ensues when there is a slight pain or any other symptom that indicates disease. One special reason for the pressing need of this mental confidence is the fearful, destructive power possessed by fear itself. When you become possessed of a fear of disease, it has the best of you in the beginning. In fact, fear, the product of ignorance, is a disease in itself. Therefore, if you can eliminate fear when you are attacked by a complaint of any kind, if you can simply say to yourself; "Well, I know the nature of this complaint, it cannot scare me, I know that it is simply a slight symptom, which is the result of natural causes and which will finally disappear." If you can make such a statement to yourself when attacked by a complaint, in other words, if you can eliminate fear, then you will do a great deal in the beginning towards curing your disease.

Disease is functional disturbance. In some cases you might say it is lowered vitality or lessened vital resistance. There is something wrong with the functional organism. Disease has not come upon you because you have been attacked by a germ of some kind, it has not come because you have breathed some extraordinary microbe, it has appeared because you are ready for it, in

most cases because you have deserved it as a penalty for violating Nature's health laws. It has nevertheless come upon you as a friend. It is not an enemy. I would like to especially emphasize that disease is not an enemy. It does not come upon you like a thief of the night, it does not come to injure you. It comes to benefit you. Disease is, therefore, not a bad thing, it is a good thing. This may seem an unusual statement, and yet it is truth and fact. I do not believe that disease is sent upon us merely for the purpose of making us suffer. Disease is literally useful. It serves a beneficent purpose. It really comes in most cases to clean your bodily house.

Of course, there is a radical difference between acute and chronic diseases. The tendency of an acute disease is to continue on to what might be termed a crisis, and then if the results are not fatal it gradually subsides and disappears. A chronic disease, however, is usually preceded by one or more acute attacks. The cause that produces an acute disease continues for an indefinite period, and frequently, as a result, the acute symptoms cease to appear, and in their stead we have a chronic disease which apparently becomes a permanent feature of the bodily manifestations. Now the tendency of an acute disease is always curative. It cleanses the body of the foul poisons which may have accumulated and which have been unable to find an outlet. To a certain extent the same purpose is in many instances performed by a chronic disease, though often in a different form.

There is but slight excuse for death to ensue as the result of an acute disease. Pneumonia, fevers and all the various filth diseases, serve a beneficent purpose. They come to clean the bodily house, and when death ensues as a result of these complaints, it is due to improper treatment. Merely a limited degree of intelligence, therefore, is necessary in the treatment of acute diseases, because as I have said before the tendency is always to go on to a crisis and then gradually recover. This accounts for the success of medical practitioners in the treatment of acute diseases and for their failure in the treatment of chronic troubles. Medical

men are absolutely helpless when they come in contact with a really serious chronic disease.

I am of the opinion there is practically but one disease of any importance. That may seem a broad statement to many. That one disease is manifested in hundreds of different ways. There may appear thousands of symptoms. Medical men have named these various symptoms and they have been classed by them as different diseases, but they are all the result of but one disease, and practically every advocate of natural curative methods believes there is but one really important disease and that disease is produced by the existence of impurities or foreign matter in the blood.

The various organs that have to do with the making of this vital fluid have not properly performed their duties. The blood, therefore, contains elements which must be eliminated, must be thrown out, and when the organs that ordinarily perform this function are unable to rid the blood of this surplus supply, then there is trouble, there is disturbance, inharmony in the functional workings of the various important organs. When these organs are unable to properly perform their duty of eliminating these poisons, then as a means of actually saving your life, as a means of changing the ordinary functional processes for the purpose of ridding the body of these poisons, you have what is called disease. Disease, therefore, comes as a friend. It helps you to rid the body of poisons that the ordinary organs cannot throw out.

You will therefore see that disease is a physical house-cleaning. This refers largely to acute diseases, though chronic diseases to a large extent perform a similar office. This is illustrated very accurately in a chronic running sore which refuses to heal. The pus poisons that are eliminated in this sore cannot be thrown out by the ordinary organs that are supposed to perform this duty, and these poisons seek this particular sore for outlet. As long as the body is encumbered with these extra poisons, this running sore will remain, but as has been proven in hundreds of cases, by simply changing the habits of life, by purifying the body with a view of eliminating these

poisons from the blood, the pus that appears at this point of the body gradually lessens and finally the sore heals entirely, thus proving beyond all possible doubt the accuracy of the theory in this particular case.

You have a fever, for instance. There is an accelerated pulse, a very high temperature, every organ of the body is accelerated to its greatest degree of activity for the purpose of throwing out poisons which if allowed to remain in the body would in many cases cause death. The fever, therefore, comes as a means of saving your life, and death would undoubtedly ensue because of the accumulation of poisons if it were not for the appearance of this symptom. Some outlet must be found for these poisons, and disease is the outlet. When attacked by pneumonia or fever, even a layman should realize that his body is harboring a vast amount of impurities or poisons. They must be eliminated in some way, and the symptoms of such diseases must appear in order to thoroughly effect this purpose.

By all means avoid the idea that disease is a mystery. By all means eliminate from your mentality the principles that are brought into light by the so-called germ theory. If there was anything in the germ theory every inhabitant of our larger cities would cease to live within six months. The average citizen in a city during the day will breathe millions of disease germs. You will often find the air in the New York subway, for instance, so thick with germs you can almost taste them. Now if there was anything in the germ theory, the employees of those various enterprises where thousands of people congregate would soon fall a victim to some serious disease. But there are no manifestations of this nature.

It is our duty to realize that disease is brought upon us by ourselves. Disease is the result of our own misunderstanding of the great health laws. Disease is impure blood. You may ask how we are to trace the various diseases to impure blood. Let us take apoplexy, for instance. How would impure blood cause the symptoms connected with this complaint? Some say it is produced by un-

usual pressure of blood on the brain. How will impure blood produce such a manifestation? Unquestionably the pressure is first of all brought about through the existence of impure blood, and the really serious symptom of the disease, the breaking of a blood-vessel, has been made possible because of the weakened tissue which naturally results from defective elements furnished by the blood. The tissues are too weak to hold the blood pressure. You therefore cannot have apoplexy even unless your blood is impure, unless it fails to contain those elements needed to build the proper tissue.

The blood is the life. It makes your body, it makes every part of your body. There is nothing within the body but what has been placed there by the blood. For instance, you have a manifestation of some disease. One or more of your organs is sore, inflamed. What is the cause? This inflammation must have been brought there by the blood. It could not be brought there in any other manner, and yet when such symptoms appear you often consult a surgeon. He may find the organ slightly misplaced and diseased, and he will frequently advise you to cut it out. Now, how are you to eliminate disease by simply cutting out the organ in which the disease has manifested itself? Disease is really not in the organ itself, it is simply a sign of disease. The disease, I would repeat, is in the blood, therefore the proper way of treating a diseased organ is not to cut it out. The proper way is to remove the impurities from the blood, to make this vital fluid so virile, so full of health and strength that the poisons will be carried away and recovery will then be complete and definite. In the majority of operative cases, the disease for which the knife has been used can be cured quickly simply by purification of the blood. The poison, the inflammation and soreness are caused by the impurities in the blood. There may have been local conditions that would help to produce the inflammation, but if the blood contains proper healing elements, the disease could not possibly become chronic, for the blood would then slowly but surely heal the affected part.

You can go over the almost endless list of diseases which the medical profession have a vast number of books to describe, and you can trace nearly every one of these complicated complaints to practically the same thing, and that is impure blood. If you know the nature of disease you will then become possessed of that confidence which is necessary to eliminate the fear of disease, you are bound to face the various ailments which are apt to attack you, with the mental calmness that is essential to your recovery.

Now, for instance, let us take pneumonia. This disease is nothing more than what might be termed a cold on the lungs. To be sure you must be vitally depleted in order to be attacked by this complaint, though remember you may appear vigorous, you may look healthy, your cheeks may be red, you may be a picture of vital vigor, and yet may not be immune to this disease. Very fleshy men or women, especially meat-eaters, or alcohol drinkers, are liable to be attacked by pneumonia, and it is really more difficult to effect a cure in such persons than when there are less of the ordinary signs that indicate vigorous health. Let me say, right here, however, that fat is not health. Red cheeks are often really a sign of disease rather than of health. It is more difficult to cure a fleshy person of a dangerous disease than it is one of medium weight or even those termed thin. When one is attacked by pneumonia, there are frequently knife-like pains in the chest and excruciating soreness all about this region of the body, and when the disease begins to abate, you eliminate a vast amount of mucus or phlegm from the lungs. Now this vile poison had accumulated in the body, because it could not be thrown out by the ordinary organs, and you have therefore had pneumonia. The disease has appeared simply to throw out these poisons, these foreign elements, which, if they had remained in the body would undoubtedly have caused death. Pneumonia may be said to have intervened and saved your life. These ideas may seem strange to the uninitiated, but not to those who have been considering the theories that have been advocated in

this publication since its inception, and the more one studies the problems presented by disease, the more one is inclined to endorse this view.

Pneumonia is not necessarily a dangerous disease, if treated in the proper manner. Where natural methods are used, pneumonia is rarely followed by death. The percentage of deaths is so small that it is hardly worth considering, although the mortality record from this disease ranges from twenty to thirty per cent. when medical methods are used. A larger part of these deaths are caused solely through improper treatment, through a want of understanding of the nature and cause of disease. The patients die because it is declared that they have to be fed, because a certain amount of nourishment is supposed to be necessary to keep up the strength of the patient. The digestive organs of one who is attacked by pneumonia are not in a condition to assimilate food, and if food is forced into an unwilling stomach, a large amount of poisons is certain to be assimilated from the undigested matter the patient consumes. When you are suffering from a complaint of this character, your entire bodily strength is devoted to the one purpose of cleansing the body. You have not an iota of energy left to digest food, and every mouthful of food given adds to the poison that must be eliminated.

Many other diseases might be taken up and dwelt upon in a similar manner. There are the various signs that appear as the result of skin diseases. These diseases are known by many names, and yet they are simply an outward manifestation of an internal condition. They are brought there by the blood. The disease is not simply superficial, it is actually in the blood. It is a part of the blood. Of course, there are skin diseases that are supposed to be contagious. They are passed from one to another, but as a rule such diseases are brought about by a minute insect, and a better way to cure complaints of this kind is to use some method of destroying the insect. In such cases I believe in the use of a medicine or poison that will kill these insects, just as I would believe in the use of poison to kill lice when necessary. Medi-

cines are useful under such circumstances but I know of no other occasion where they are required.

Health and strength and poison cannot possibly harmonize—they are not related. When you put poison into the body every organ which comes in contact with that poison is excited to the greatest possible degree of activity for the purpose of eliminating it. Take a small quantity of alcohol, or use one of the patent medicines that contain a liberal quantity of this poison. Take a spoonful, and it may cause you to feel temporarily benefited, refreshed. This result, however, is produced simply by a momentary excitement of the internal organs. There is no permanent benefit from a remedy of this kind. One simply makes the various organs work a little bit harder to throw out the poison that you have used, and finally injures the organism by diverting energy and consequent waste of vital vigor. The alcohol, it must be remembered, makes absolutely no change in its transit through the body, and every organ with which it comes in contact is compelled to make an extra effort in order to be rid of the poison.

The body is at all times doing the best it can to maintain health and strength. When you consider the abuse that the average human body endures in this day and age, one might reasonably come to the conclusion that man is the toughest animal upon the face of the earth. We hear much talk about a cat having nine lives, but the ordinary man or woman of to-day surely has ninety-nine. There is no living creature upon the face of the earth that could exist under the conditions that the average human being of to-day endures. Take any wild animal of the forest—even the fiercest, strongest lion, and make him live as a civilized man, eating three meals a day whether he needs them or not, and I venture to say that his great strength will lessen in a short time and he will soon die of one of the various diseases from which we have to suffer.

If you were to visit the average medical man and describe your symptoms, any really valuable information which he may give you, comes not from the medical lore

that he learned from his college, but in every case, from information he has secured from actual experience in his practice. That indicates in an emphatic manner the pitiable need for more accurate knowledge in the science of healing.

I would like to plead with every intelligent individual to secure a more complete understanding of the nature of disease. If you can only understand that disease is brought on by yourself by your own actions, you would at least be relieved of all fear. As I have said before, I do not believe there is any excuse for dying of an acute disease. There may be an occasional exception but they are rare. The drugging system represents a menace to health and life, when struggling from a complaint of this character, that must only be understood to be fully appreciated. Let us take the prevailing habit of using a heart stimulant when every organ of the body is struggling with might and main to maintain life. Who dares to say what may be the result from the use of a stimulant under such circumstances?

The body should be allowed to wear out. The body is at all times trying to save itself, it is trying to do the best it can under any and all circumstances, and if you have the usual fear of disease, if you must have a dose of this and a dose of that every time a pain appears, you are certain at some stage of your career to die of an acute trouble unless you possess marvelous vitality. The time is sure to come when you will take a little too much, when your organs will have been so benumbed or doped from previous and present drugging that their functional processes cannot be properly performed, and then death is bound to ensue. When you have worn out your vitality, when you have lived to the extreme extent of your vital powers, then some important organ gives out and death is upon you; but until you wear out in this manner, until that period appears, there should be vitality enough to keep the organs moving.

My next lecture will be devoted to the cause of disease, and will constitute another step in advance in the study of this important subject, and will materially assist in eliminating the fear of disease.

Shunning the Haunts of Civilization

A SINCERE FADDIST WHO HAS WITHDRAWN FROM
THE WORLD AND HAS "GONE BACK TO NATURE"

By Bob Foote

We hear a great deal of talk about going back to Nature. We sing the praise of localities that are unhampered by the marring hand of civilized man. There are but few of us, however, who have the courage of our convictions. We have grown up under certain environments and to a greater or less extent they seem necessary to our very existence. The experiences of a woman who has torn away the shackles of civilization and has made her home away from the haunts of man furnish most uncommon reading.—Bernarr Macfadden.

IN view of the instability frequently observed in the amateur "faddist," it is reassuring to know that there is one person—a woman at that—who has embraced the most extreme advocates of natural treatment of health, and pluckily set herself apart from the world to follow them to the bitter end—a "sincere faddist" as she might aptly be called.

The home of Mrs. Marie Riedeselle, philosopher and advocate-in-chief of the simple life, is located far up a small canyon in the Sierra Madre range of mountains in Southern California, and from the doorway of her unique dwelling one looks out across the famous San Gabriel Valley, the home of the orange and the race horse. Living quite alone, and miles from her nearest neighbor, in a solitude where she may follow her theories unmolested and uninterrupted, this strange woman is working out a composite philosophy of life which she, with the faith of all enthusiasts, declares to be the only true system of proper conduct of human life.

Her habitation stands before a group of glorious sycamores, where a racing stream dashes out of the wild canyon to the rear and takes its course close by the tent-like home. From the door a view of miles and miles of orchards and grain-fields gladdens the eye, cut here and there by the long white beds of mountain streams and interspersed with numerous little settlements. If the day be a clear one the blue of the Pacific will blend with the blue of the sky at the extreme limit of the vision.

The dwelling of our lady philosopher is a palm-thatched, canvas-sided structure, its timbers obtained from the nearby sycamores. A foundation of stone runs up a few feet from the ground, affording protection from the suddenly borne rivulets of the hill slope. Within is a charming little room—a room attuned to the nature of its sometimes occupant, for the lady of the mountains is seldom long away from her beloved "outdoors." Here she keeps her books and pictures and sometimes



Marie A. Riedeselle in her regulation costume.



Mrs. Reideselle beside her palm-thatched home in the wilds of Rugged Mountains.

converses with her only speaking companion—her piano. The floor is carpeted with fresh pine needles and much of the furniture is framed of pine limbs.

Just what is the substance of Mrs. Riedeselle's philosophy is hard to state, or realize. She herself does not seem to have given it concrete expression.

That she believes in re-incarnation one will construe from some of her statements and that she does not believe in a personal God is quickly apparent.

Her opinions regarding the proper physical life of mankind are easier of comprehension. Mrs. Riedeselle holds that fire was never intended by nature for the cooking of foods and that to eat the flesh of any animal, clean or unclean, is barbarism. She maintains that all the elements necessary to the proper nourishment of healthy humans can be obtained from the products of the earth in their natural state. Her food problem is decidedly simple—she gathers nuts, fruits and vegetables on the valley ranches, these she preserves by drying in the sun and thus her life goes evenly on, with no thought of whether the roast will burn or the cake sink.

Our sincere faddist's sleeping apartment the year around—excepting a few very stormy nights—is a roofless, burlap-sided enclosure near her tent sanctum. Within she places a pile of fragrant pine needles and her bed is made. Not only does this original woman believe in staying as much as possible in the open air,

but she does not consider it necessary to bundle up as for an arctic expedition in order to do so. Her usual garment throughout the whole year is a long robe of fresh, clean burlap, which perfectly shields her and at the same time allows the free circulation of air about her body.

Mrs. Riedeselle has great faith in not only the healing but also the nutritive value of pure water, taken either internally or externally. Every day, sunshine or rain, she bathes in the sparkling stream, using the sun for a towel. Her skin is nearly as dark as that of an Indian.

It is another favorite tenet with this lady reformer that the whole human race is over-fed, a doctrine in which she has hosts of supporters.

As she once expressed it to an astonished listener; "You are drunk. Don't look so surprised, I am drunk too. We are all drunk—on an overplus of food. That is why we sleep so much and so unnecessarily—we sleep off our food jags just as the whiskey drunkard sleeps off his. I was never absolutely sober but once in my life and that was after I had fasted thirty-three days and before I resumed eating." Since that fast she has taken another of forty days. From the frequency and avidity with which Mrs. Riedeselle practices fasting it may be surmised that she holds to the teachings of certain philosophers of India that only after being for a considerable time with-

out other nourishment than that obtained from air and water does the human mind attain its highest plane.

The "canyon lady," as her nearest neighbors call her, is fully alive to her many eccentricities.

After some remarkable and incomprehensible statement she will exclaim to the amazed hearer, "Please don't look at me in that way, as though you thought me insane. Consider a minute. You often meet people so far below you that they cannot understand your conversation. May there not be strata above as well as below your own intellectual plane?"

The past life of Mrs. Riedeselle has been an eventful one, culminating in a seven year sojourn in frozen Alaska, where she practiced her profession. She is an osteopath. Three years ago she left

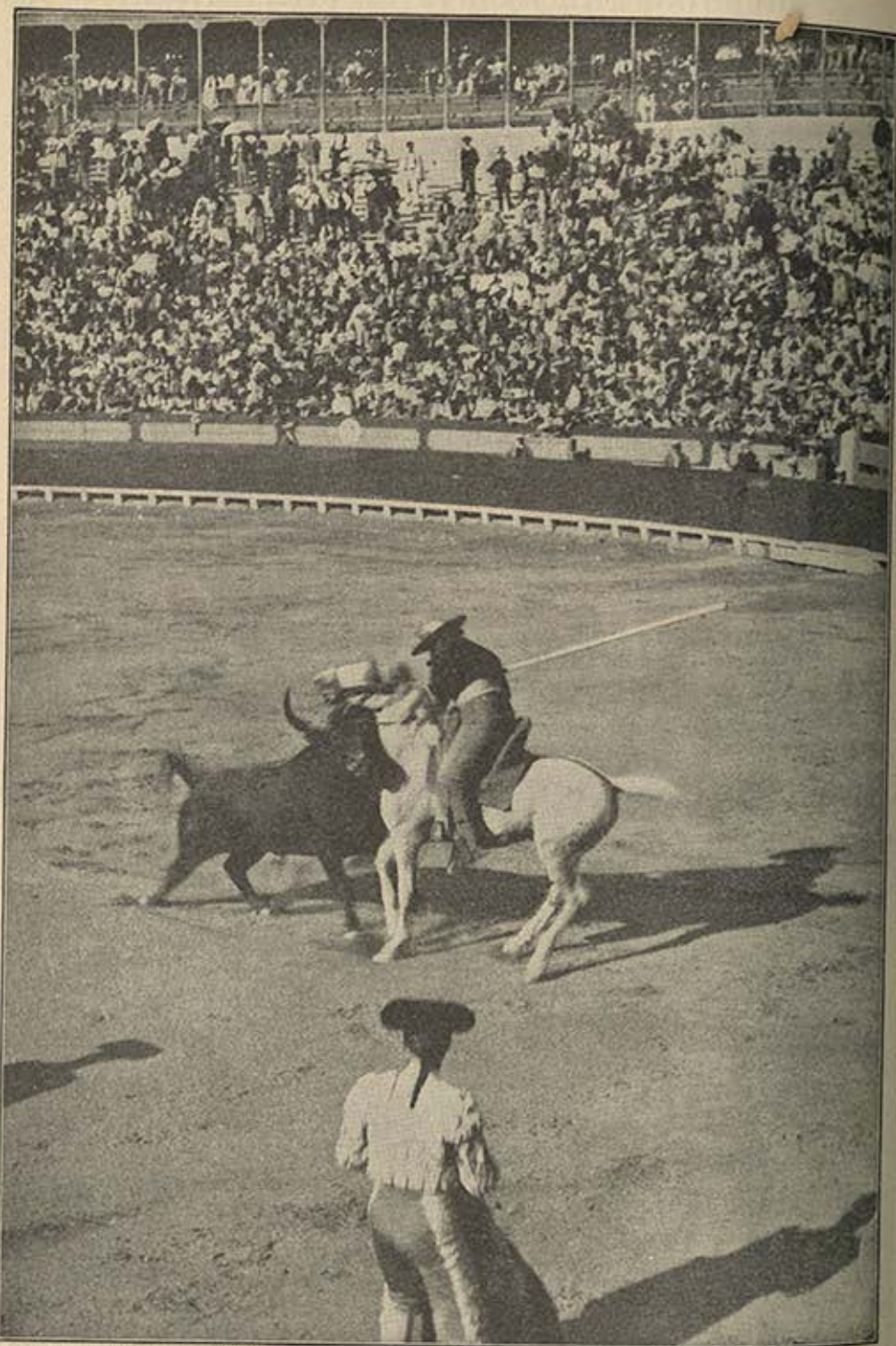
Nome, broken in health and the pronounced victim of a usually incurable disease. To-day by her own system, without drugs, she is a well, strong woman, walking many miles each day; she thinks nothing of a twenty mile tramp, living happy and contented in her solitude—glad to see and make friends, but not disappointed if they do not come.

And thus she intends to continue to live her own life after her own method, one "sincere faddist" who cares nothing for the jeers of the doubting multitude and who, having developed her own rules of conduct from many sources, is not swept along by the constantly changing stream of health creeds—a preacher who practices.

"Insane!"—if you will have it so; but a most remarkable tribute to a very logical insanity.



A glimpse of the interior of the Harvard Gymnasium. The Wand Drill in full progress.



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

One scene of a Bull-fight. The bull's fierce attack on the defenseless horse.

Bull-Fighting in Mexico

By Theodore von Hemert

ONE of the favorite pastimes of the native of Mexico is to go on a sunny Sunday afternoon to the bull-ring and witness a "*corrida de toros*." Such a performance is dearer to the heart of the Mexican than the finest opera or the most succulent dinner. In order to be able to attend the game, the "*aficionado*" will gladly pawn his last shirt or go without food, so strongly is this passion rooted in the Spanish race.

A bull-fight! One who has never witnessed such a spectacle cannot realize the intensity of excitement it produces on the temperament. More stirring to its devotees than whiskey, opium or morphine, it intoxicates them to such a degree that only the sight of blood can appease the tension to which the nervous system has gradually been wrought up to. "*Sangre!*"—blood, and always more blood. The crowd needs see the flow of the warm, red blood of innocent victims, and unless there is plenty of "*sangre*" spilled on the arena, the spectators are dissatisfied and become ugly.

Quite frequently, when the bull-fight appears too dull, not enough horses are gored and not enough blood flows, the public grows angry and loudly demands the reimbursement of the admission price and, were it not that the present bull-ring is built of steel and stone, would destroy it and set fire to the structure. Previously this was often the case, the boards of the wooden arena would be torn off and thrown in the ring, while a match set afire the entire edifice. Managers have learned by experience and they have erected in Mexico City a magnificent building, which can now stand all the whims and fury of the populace.

The horror of a Spanish bull-fight can scarcely be described. The pen is incapable of depicting the horrors of this bloody game which the eyes have witnessed, and the brain cannot conceive adequate expressions to relate the various episodes of this sanguinary drama. But the reader can, with a little imagination, picture to himself all the horrifying

details of the savage sport carried on in the arena, of which the present sketch can only outline the various phases.

The American mind would assume that a spectacle which calls forth so much bloodshed and cruelty, and which awakens the most barbarous instincts of savagery, would rather be favored only by the male element. But Mexican maids do not, by any means, despise such a display of cruelty. On the contrary the stately ladies, society belles and all the smart set are usually present in numbers at every *corrida*. And you can see them, on a sunny afternoon, going to the "Plaza de Toros," in big, red automobiles, aristocratic carriages and stylishly attired in lovely silks and laces; pink hats, with large, white feathers, as though they were going to assist to some classic concert. It is almost beyond belief, but not long ago a young and intelligent society lady of Mexico City assured her admirers that a good bull-fight was the acme of enjoyment: "A bull-fight? Why, it has greater charms for me than theatres, balls or fancy dinners. The theatre is dull, a worn-out and silly affair, and while I do love and appreciate music, the strains of Wagner's operas finally bore me. No, nothing can offer me the emotions of a lively *corrida*. It is the sublime pleasure, and the rest of the worldly amusements fade into insignificance and boredom in comparison to it."

To say that all the Mexican ladies hold similar ideas of this horrid sport would be unfair. There are yet a few sensible and good hearted souls who deplore the unnecessary cruelty and the wanton spilling of the blood of palpitating brutes. But, too weak to raise a voice against the atrocities committed in the bull-ring, for peace's sake, they keep quiet and put up with the existing conditions.

As a rule, the Mexicans have the passion for bull-fights strongly impressed upon them since their most tender age; in fact, prenatal influences have no little to do with this passion for bull-fights and *sangre*. Young mothers are frequently

seen at the ring and girls of seven or eight years actually prefer the excitement of a *corrida de toros* to the simpler joys of the forsaken doll, and, naturally, boys are brought there by their fathers, so that they may become stout-hearted youths.

In the very streets and squares of Mexico City, young urchins play "bull-fight," one of them acting the part of the bull and several others being supposed to be the toreadors. It is a craze that is prevalent all over the country, holding in its spell the upper classes as well as the simple peons.

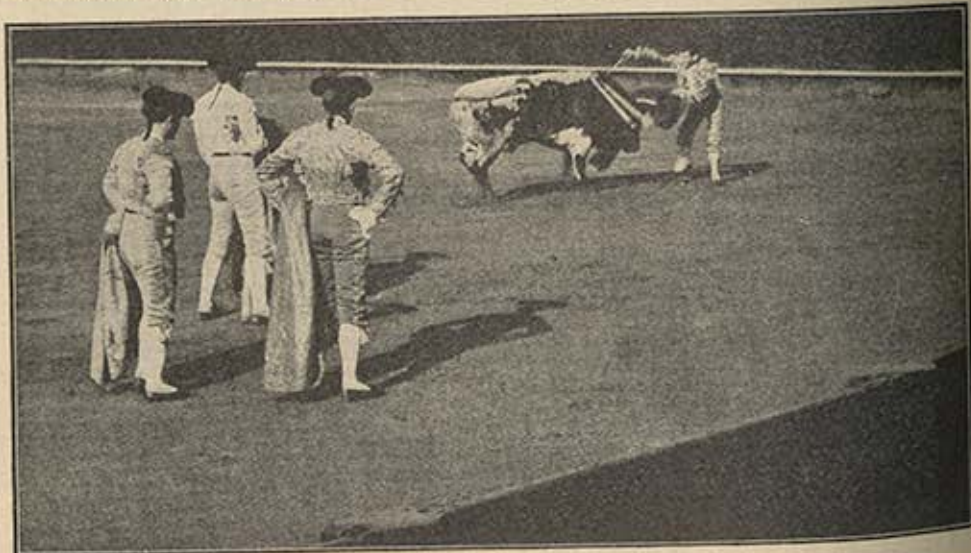
Young, innocent and pretty girls will give you cold chills when, with a flushed face, eyes in which the gleam of steel sparkles, will cry out, in excited tones: "'Bueno.' One horse gored, another horse killed. Good, fine! Three, four, five horses killed. What a valiant bull. 'Bravo toro.'" Or again, speaking of a well known toreador: "Such grace. Ah, how noble and fearless he looks in the ring when he faces the bull. 'Ah, mata divinamente!'"—He kills divinely.

I have once seen an enraged follower of the bull-fights have a driver arrested for whipping his horse. Surely one could not regard such a man as a bad and heartless citizen? And yet, when inside

the bull-ring, he was a real madman.

And sad to say, this craze is not only predominant amid the Mexican element, for foreigners soon grow to like the sport. Americans touring the country or engaged in business in Mexico all go to see bull-fights, some out of bravado and others out of curiosity. Scarcely one of our pretty Yankee girls fails to go to see, at least, one bull-fight when in Old Mexico. They are sick at heart and some actually faint at the sight, but they must be able to tell, when returning home, that they have seen a "real bull-fight." And there they are, the poor, silly creatures, pretty and neatly togged up, as our American sisters usually are, their rosy complexions turned into a ghastly white, on the point of losing consciousness, but not missing one of the four acts of this sad tragedy.

It is astonishing to learn that the Society for Protection of Cruelty to Animals has failed to do anything to stop this barbarous pastime. A long time ago a weak attempt was made to stamp out this curse and ignominy; a blot upon civilization. No good results were, however, obtained and the cause was given up in despair. President Diaz himself, notwithstanding the high prestige he enjoys in his country, would be incapable of stopping it, should he ever dream of such



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York

The "espada" meeting the plunging bull.

a thing, for it would cause a revolution in the country. The fact is, Diaz is personally a follower of bull-fights, an "aficionado" of the bull-ring. Time and education alone may stamp out this last vestige of barbarism from an otherwise civilized nation.

Every city in Old Mexico has its bull-ring, and during the "temporada," the season, from October to March, bull-fights are given twice weekly, the Sunday performance being usually the most followed. At each *corrida* anywhere from six to eight bulls are killed and a good many horses gored and killed. The bull-ring of Mexico City, "El Toreo," is located about half an hour out and is an imposing building of concrete and steel, with a seating capacity of about 40,000 people. The number of people who attend it, on a Sunday afternoon is enormous, and hundreds of carriages, automobiles, street cars, etc., are required to transport the crowd to the "Plaza de Toros." Thirty thousand people are packed in the arena; the ladies in their boxes and the fans all in their respective seats. There are two distinct places, "Sol" and "Sombra." "Sol" is the part of the ring where the sun shines and is usually occupied by the lower classes. "Sombra" is the opposite side of the ring—where shade is found—patronized by the better classes. Three or four bands are playing, but the crowd is nervous and impatient and pays no attention whatever to the lively airs. A constant murmur makes one think of the crater of a volcano, ready to burst and spit fire and destruction all around.

At three o'clock President Diaz enters his box and 30,000 voices acclaim him in prolonged cheers. Immediately after his arrival the show begins. Two "alguacils"—constables—mounted on finely caparisoned horses and clad in traditional costumes, with black cape and plumes, enter the ring and gallop towards the President's box, who, supposedly throws the key to the bull-pen in the arena, giving, thereby, his legal sanction that the fight may begin. Then the *toradors*, "banderilleros," "matadors," "picadors," the mule team and the helpers promenade, preceded by the two *alguacils*, in the arena, and go to salute the

President, while the music plays brilliant Spanish airs and the crowd applaud frantically and shout greetings to their favorites. Clad in red, purple, pink, yellow, green and blue silks, white silk stockings and patent leather shoes, the gold and silver trimmings with which they are decorated shining brightly in the sun, they march proudly along, with a smiling countenance, their bright coats negligently thrown over their shoulder. They offer a beautiful sight, never to be forgotten and which raises the enthusiasm of the mob to its highest pitch.

The fighters take their respective positions, the spectators grow quiet, their attention riveted on the bull-pen's door. A helper opens it gradually, while another man, posted a little higher, is ready to thrust between the bull's shoulders a large bouquet, adorned with bright ribbons, and with a handle terminated in a barbed iron point, so that it will stick between the bull's shoulders. Suddenly the bull's head appears and with a firm hand, the man thrusts the bouquet between the brute's shoulder blades. At the same time the door is cast wide open and the bull bounds in the arena, crazy with pain and blinded by the streams of sunlight, sweeping everything before him. It is at this time that the bull is at the zenith of his powers; he is fresh, has lost no blood yet, and rushes with fury at everything he beholds. But the *toradors* are very careful to keep out of his way and they do this with astounding agility.

The first act of the drama proceeds rapidly. The bull, a splendid black animal, with long and menacing horns, wildly dashes about the arena, pursuing everything within his reach. The *toradors* dodge out of his way with astounding celerity, and when too closely pursued vault over the fence, behind which they are in perfect safety. The game consists in displaying before the bull the "capa"—a Spanish cape, lined with red or purple silk—and upon which the bull pounces with rage. This exercise serves to break the first impetuosity of the bull and to gradually tire him. During this part of the performance no blood is shed and the game is really interesting; the bull's ferocity is awe inspiring. One can-

not help admiring the astounding agility, skill and daring of the *toradors*, which is simply marvellous. The spectator is kept gasping and dazed by their feats of reckless acrobatics. Death threatens them constantly—follows them as do their very shadows; a false step, or the loss of one-tenth of a second in dodging and the bull's horns will tear through their vitals.

The "*veronica*" offers the *toradors* a good game, in which they can display all their grace and agility. It consists in presenting to the bull a red cape. Imagine a strong, active, brave and infuriated bull, rushing with fury against a frail, small man, unarmed, awaiting this onslaught of rage with a firm foot, his red coat carelessly displayed before him. The bull dashes like a whirlwind upon the man and the spectator holds his breath, expecting to see the *torador*

thrown in the air or crushed under the hoofs of the savage beast. Apparently, however, the man is standing in the same place; there he is, erect and unhurt, the bull shooting past him like a cannon ball, his long horns tearing the silk of the bright coat. Sometimes the *torador*, in order to show his skill, wraps the coat around his body and by cleverly sidestepping at the opportune moment, escapes miraculously a certain death.

Ah, but this is a bull who is "smart." See how vicious he is; he stops right in front of the *torador*, his head low, his tail sweeping the air. He is not fooled by the red coat, he plainly sees his enemy and his rage is centered upon the man, not on the treacherous red rag. Galantly the *torador* bends his knee before His Majesty the Bull, he doffs his cap; with a sudden dash the brute rushes upon the man. An anxious cry expires in the



Copyright by Underwood & Underwood, New York.

The favorite amusement for Easter afternoon, in Seville, Spain is a bull-fight. This is always one of the best spectacles of the year and good seats are bought weeks ahead, like tickets for our Thanksgiving matinees.

throat of the spectator, he closes his eyes and when he opens them again there is the *toreador*, smiling and bowing his thanks in response to the prolonged and enthusiastic thunder of applause.

After ten minutes of this sport, the bull is in the full height of his fury, while his first impetuosity has been somewhat tempered. However, everybody has been fully aroused by this time and the spectators, as well as the bull, need see a little bloodshed and the second act of the gory drama is enacted. It is the most heartrending and cruel of the whole game, as innocent and wretched victims are now sacrificed to the god of bull-fights. This is the turn of the *picador* to enter the arena. It requires skilled and stout-hearted men to play this act, which is one of great danger.

These men are mounted on miserable, worn-out animals, which were once horses, but are now only sickening caricatures of that useful and noble servant of man. No sooner has the bull spotted the wretched horse than he dashes upon him with might and main.

The greatest merit of the *picador* consists in bringing the horse unhurt out of the scrap. This, however, is never accomplished. His business consists mainly in pricking the bull between the shoulders with a lance tipped with a sharp point of steel. When the bull rushes upon the horse, it is the business of the *picador* to keep the bull off with his lance, which he digs with force in the bull's back. Such is the impetuosity of the bull's rush, however, that his horns enter deeply in the horse's flanks, throwing man and horse up in the air.

As soon as the first horse has been disabled, a second one is promptly presented to the bull; sometimes as many as eight horses being required to appease the fury of one single bull, and this causes the gallery to shake with frantic applause; the "*aficionados*" are jubilant. Eight horses killed. Good, great, fine! "*Bravo toro!*"

The third act is one of intense excitement, giving an opportunity to the spectators to fully realize the art and skill of the *toreadors*. The "*banderillas*"—short spears, about two-and-a-half feet long, garnished with flowers and

bright ribbons, and with one end provided with a barbed iron point, so that it will stick in the bull's hide—are jabbed into the bull's shoulders. This requires a sure eye and a firm hand. Not every *toreador* can do this successfully and only the masters accomplish this function with grace and skill. It requires real devilry to perform this act, for the *toreador* has to come within an inch of the bull's horns, while running up to successfully plant his *banderillas* in the beast's back. The miscalculation of one step, a few inches too near and the bull's horns rip the awkward *toreador* open.

The "*banderillero*" holds a *banderilla* in each hand, he stands about thirty feet from the bull, he attracts his attention, calling him by raising his arms in the air and standing on tip-toe, stamping his foot on the ground to make the call more effective. This defiance is valiantly accepted by the bull and this strange duel takes place. The other *toreadors* look on and are ready to succor their comrade, should he be too hard pressed. Suddenly the bull lowers his horns, ready to rush to the attack, at the same time the *banderillero*, his two flowery sticks in his hands, runs up to the bull. Just before reaching the bull's horns, the man stops adroitly aside and thrusts his two *banderillas* between the animal's shoulders. The band plays the "*Diana*" in honor of the clever stroke and the gallery applauds the brilliant *banderillero*. The bull tries in vain to deliver himself of the two sticks, which cruelly wound him, but soon more *banderillas*, up to six or eight are planted in his hide.

The preceding three acts and the loss of blood have thoroughly tired the bull. The "*prima espada*," the "*matador*,"—the *toreador* who kills the bull with his sword—comes now forth in this fourth and last act of the tragedy.

He stops before the box of the President, doffs his hat and, with one hand on his heart the other stretched out, he makes the following toast: "To your Excellency, to the persons of your suite, to all the people of Mexico." Then he walks up to the bull, challenges him, presenting him the red flag and playing awhile with the worn out brute. The *espada* aims, meanwhile, to bring him in

a certain position, where the fatal thrust can be effective. When the animal has his head low and his front feet together, ready to rush—when the shoulder blades are separated and the sword can plunge with ease right into the lungs—the *espada* quickly runs up and plunges his blade between the bull's shoulders, down into his lungs.

For a few seconds the bull seems dazed, makes a few steps, then sinks on his knees and lays down, while the "Diana" sounds and a thunder of "bravos" and applause rend the blue sky of Mexico.

The *espada* is greeted with fond names. Women throw kisses at him with the tips of their gloved fingers; they throw to him their parasols, fans, bouquets, their pocketbook. Men lose their heads; down in the arena they hurl their hats, canes, cigars, money, etc., anything that comes within their reach. They would fling themselves in the ring, as a mark of their admiration, were it not for the instinct of self-reservation, which holds them fast on their seats. They get even, however, yelling themselves hoarse, while the *espada* promenades around the arena.

In the meantime the bull has been killed with a final stroke in the back of the head, administered by the "*puntillero*," who has the thankless job to attend to this necessary part of the game. When the *espada* has done clean and good work, the *puntillero* cuts off the bull's right ear and presents it to the hero of this performance.

After a team has drawn the carcass of the bull out of the Plaza, the bugle immediately sounds to announce the sortie of another bull and the drama begins all over again. This will be for the followers of the sport an entirely new game. It will be a different bull, with other physical qualities; there will be new positions, new *peripetias*, everything will influence to make it a new and interesting *corrida*. The four acts are played as before. Anywhere from six to eight bulls are killed in one afternoon, but take a thousand different bulls and you will not find two that will procure the same sport.

One could hardly blame the *toreadors* for the profession they choose. It is one of intense excitement and the financial

returns are indeed princely. Fifty thousand dollars for a season is the ordinary pay for a good *toreador*. This deluge of gold has naturally a strong fascination for the young man to become, some day, a famous bull-fighter. Now and then a *toreador* is injured or killed—but what of that? Every profession has its risks and none is so lucrative as this. And then the glory reaped, the applause of the gallery, everything tends to make bull-fighting a profession greatly ambitioned by the young Mexican "*vaqueros*" or cow-boys, and they are indeed offered inducements galore on the ranch in order to perfect themselves in their art of killing bulls; bull-fights being occasionally put up for them on the ranch with very young bulls for victims.

Many bull-fighters are millionaires and all make a good living. One famous bull-fighter has to his credit the killing of 3,500 bulls during his career and when one considers that he was paid a sum of \$2,000 for each bull killed, it is easy to figure out how much money he made.

The famous *toreadors* come mainly from Spain, but Mexico is not lacking in local stars.

Bull-fighters are the idols of Mexicans and yet no aristocrat would think of associating with a *toreador*. They are applauded and praised, but the sudden outburst of Latin-American enthusiasm after a brilliant *veronica* dies out, like a fire of straw, when the game is over and the Mexican grandee, who, only a few seconds before flung his silk hat and overcoat in the ring, in approval of the *toreador's* artistic work, absolutely refuses to recognize him in the street or other public places.

Very often *toreadors* are killed. Such a fatality just happened a short time ago in Madrid. La Gartijilla, a well-known *toreador*, was suddenly caught unawares by a ferocious bull, which pierced the young man's neck with its long horns, stretching him dead before the horrified audience. And there he laid, the hero of many a bloody battle, young and handsome, clad in beautiful silks richly adorned with golden embroidery, while the author of the tragedy was quickly finished by another *toreador*.

Of course, when the season is over,

Mexicans have recourse to other exciting games. For this purpose they put up a Neronian programme, in which the main attraction consists of a fight between a bull and an African lion.

The bulls that have been killed in the ring find a good purchaser. The Government buys their carcasses and serves the meat to the criminals who happen to be locked up in the jails of Mexico City. And a savoury and healthful dish it must make, when one stops to consider that, before being killed, the bull has undergone much rough treatment, in which he had occasion to grow raving mad—its blood must certainly have turned into poison in the ring. Here we have a splendid field for a scientist to study the effects of poisoned bull meat on the system, and the degeneracy it causes.

It would be an arduous task to attempt the suppression of bull-fights; a blot upon civilization. The apathy of the

greater civilized nations before this outrage to humanity is only a proof of their weakness. However, the interference of any nation in the obnoxious national games of Spain and Mexico would be futile and offer no good results. Education might stamp out this curse. And education does not merely mean book knowledge. Education comes directly from the heart, it means Love. It means sympathy for the helpless and dumb creatures.

The Americans can considerably hasten the time, when bull-fights will be only a memory. As long as managers find it profitable to put up bull-fights, this murdering business will continue, but should they discover that "it doesn't pay," they will soon forsake this horrid game. And then bull-fights will gradually disappear. American gold can do marvels in this respect, by boycotting this brutal sport.

6,000 Miles on Foot by a Traveling Evangelist.

TO THE EDITOR:

After reading a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE, I am led to make a few remarks to help confirm the value of living in obedience to the laws of Nature; which are so often transgressed with sad and fatal results.

My wife and I both made this subject a matter of great study for years and proved by practice one wonderful result to all who allow Nature to have her perfect work done in them.

A few remarks as well as a brief account of outdoor experience in our mission work as traveling evangelists may do good to all, as practical experience is above theory.

Therefore let me say that as a result of studying the laws of Nature we proved that there was but one disease, and one cure. Explanation: An accumulation of foreign matter or impure blood in the system is disease (no matter what names doctors may call the various stages of this disease),—and the removal of this impurity or foreign matter from the system is the cure.

Now a few words in reference to outdoor experience—under religious convictions my wife and myself; entered the field of spiritual labor—to go through Australia on a practical life of faith with two children who each started at three years of age to go with us.

This life of faith necessitated us to often go long distances on foot; sleep out doors, drink water and often eat only dry bread sometimes for a week at a time, often getting wet and cold, and traveling through dense shrubs and rivers; over plains and mountains,

and living practically out of doors with little and sometimes no covering.

Thus we journeyed for about three years from Cooktown to Perth, a distance of about 2,500 miles direct, and about 10,000 miles as we traveled in and out and up and down, covering about 6,000 miles on foot in that time. Yet not one of us laid in bed one day with sickness this last five years; and we mostly caught a touch of a cold, when we slept indoors. Our meals, as a rule were natural food, and only two a day.

Sometimes (with little girl 5 years old) we completed over 20 miles per day for many days. Have seen the power of the laws of Nature when living on very little, and have performed almost impossible feats of endurance under these conditions, which we could never have known only by a practical outdoor experience which we enjoyed with intense satisfaction.

I firmly agree with all you say as regards knowing the laws of nature, and how to be governed by them.

In conclusion you will pardon a few remarks on the spiritual laws. We believe that God rules the laws of Nature; and will show extraordinary skill to all who become obedient to same. Yea even natural miracles may be seen by all willing to deny themselves in order to obey Nature's commands.

Should any of your readers be interested in this experience of ours; and would like to learn more of them; I should be glad to send the details of same to them in personal writings.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A. F. FUTTERER.

The Decreasing Birth Rate

ARE MEN OR WOMEN TO BLAME? PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG ARRAIGNS THE LADIES, WHILE PROMINENT WOMEN PUT THE RESPONSIBILITY ON THE STERNER SEX

By Addison Berkeley

The writer of this article seems to be of the opinion that the fair sex is to blame for the decreasing birthrate. It might be difficult to accurately determine the relative responsibility of either sex for the decline of the race. Any discussion that has for its object the solution of this problem should be of special interest.—Bernarr Macfadden.

WHICH sex is to blame for the appalling decrease in the birthrate of the United States? The official facts and figures having to do with the subject were recently published in *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, but, apart from blaming social conditions and the departure from moral and physical law which such conditions induce, the article made no attempt to place the responsibility for childless homes on either the fathers or mothers of this nation.

Now comes a notable scientist, Professor Henry E. Armstrong, of the London Central Institute, who declares that modernized women and they alone are to blame for the revolt against motherhood. This has resulted in vials of bitter criticism being opened on his head by prominent members of the sex whom he attacks. These latter insist that it is the modern husband who is the cause of feminine barrenness, because of his early excesses or by reason of his not desiring to be "bothered with a family." The dispute as it stands, is both interesting and instructive and the end of it is by no means in sight. The indications are that the trouble stirred up by Professor Armstrong will throw light on several aspects of the matter that have been shrouded in darkness as far as the larger public is concerned.

Professor Armstrong set the pot of dispute boiling at the recent convention of the Winnepeg Convention for the Advancement of Science. During his speech, he scathingly arraigned the leaders of the present woman's equality movement and declared that these and their followers were doing their best to run counter to the wisdom of Man and

the plans of Nature. He declared emphatically that among several evil results of the so-called "higher education" of women was self-induced barrenness, because the cares of a family interfered with the pursuit of intellectual ideals, and that the highly educated girl became sterile because of physiological reasons, due to her abnormally trained intellect. The Professor used language of the plainest in this connection and declared that the situation thus created by the Equalists, was fraught with the greatest peril to the race, which was in danger of gradual extinction. Said he:

"This is the most disquieting feature of the times, this revolt of women against their motherhood, together with their claim to be on an equality with man and to compete with man in every way. There should be no question of equality raised. It is clear that should the struggle continue there can be but one issue: Women must fall, and in falling must carry man with her to destruction.

"Her growing distaste for motherhood is indicative of what will follow when she has attained those ridiculous and unnatural ideals that she is now pursuing."

As has been said, the Professor's drastic criticisms have aroused "advanced women" in all parts of the country. Some of these ladies prefer to treat the Professor's remarks with contempt. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont is a representative of this type. Her reply was:

"The man doesn't know what he is talking about. If I took notice of all the attacks made on the cause I advocate, I wouldn't have time for anything else. So all that you had better say from me

about it is that I think it was a very foolish speech."

On the other hand, there were those who held that Professor Armstrong's philippic called for an answer at length, in which answer women were defended and men blamed for the decreasing birth-rate. Mrs. Clarence Burns, who for long was President of the Little Mother's Association, of New York City, and who is one of the most prominent clubwomen in the metropolis, had this to say in reply to the Winnipeg speech:

"Modern women are marching forward as a huge, organized, irresistible army—of mothers!—in spite of the falsehoods to the contrary. They are evolving. They will make the millennium. But to every sane person, the most disquieting feature of the times' is *not* 'the revolt of women against their motherhood,' but the revolt of men against their fatherhood.

"Revolt of women against motherhood! That's arrant nonsense. Women long to be mothers to-day with as much intensity as in the times of the prophets—yes, and more! For women are beginning to realize that the function of women is something much wider and finer in its scope than any mere physical act. In olden times, the woman was the mother only of the child's body, but the modern woman of America realizes that she is the mother of the child's brain and soul. Far from revolting against motherhood, she glories in it as such a wonderful and sacred thing that it may only be attempted in a spirit of conscious, careful reverence.

"Race suicide is a tremendous peril. But in the great majority of cases I am confident it is not the woman who is responsible for the childless family, but her husband. He doesn't want children around. They cost too much. They make too much noise. They bind him by too many ties. You remember Rudyard Kipling's bitter line, 'He travels fastest who travels alone.'

"Frequently the man by physical excesses before marriage has made himself unfit to be the father of children. Thank heaven, most women nowadays are too wise and too merciful to permit the sins of the fathers to be transmitted to the innocent third and fourth generations.

"Why, there are numbers of women of my acquaintance who love children and would give the world to hear little ones calling them 'mother,' yet who won't marry for fear of handing down some hereditary taint to the innocent unborn. But such women, remaining childless, are not revolting against motherhood. They are keeping true to the highest ideals of motherhood, which put the welfare of the child of the race before all else.

"Compare the attitudes of women and men in the presence of children and it is easy to see how much more contented with motherhood women are than men are with fatherhood. If men had to go through the trouble and suffering their mothers have always accepted, there wouldn't be any more children.

"How many times does one hear of a mother abandoning her children? Not once in ten thousand! And the fathers are doing it every day. I find, in my work in the tenement district, that it is a regular thing for a man after his family reaches a certain size, to run off. And when there is no marriage, how much does the average man think about the poor little baby? Yet only in the most exceptional cases does the girl dream of deserting it.

"As to women's claim to equality with men affecting their position as mothers, this indeed is tending to make a change but a splendid one. If women receive equal opportunities with men, the development of both sexes will be equally fine, and logically the development of the race will be furthered thereby.

"In breeding prize stock it is found that the best results are obtained when both mother and father are fine physical specimens. Now, in breeding prize humans, good brains are quite as essential as a good body. The more intelligent the mother is, the more she is the mental equal of an intelligent man, and the finer the child that springs from their union.

"Take my tenement women again. They prove that there is a difference between women who are real mothers and the women who simply bear children—five sometimes, before they are twenty-one.

"The women who have studied a bit and can reason and understand don't

need much of our help. Their children are well, and well behaved. The other sort—oh, when the baby is sick they hold it in their laps and give it all the sweet soda water it cries for.

"As for any war between men and women, such as Prof. Armstrong hints at, that's too absurd. It's ever so much simpler to smile and say 'please' than to point a pistol. I reckon there won't be any battle, murder, or sudden death between the sexes right away.

"Finally, I see that Prof. Armstrong has dragged the poor, long-suffering college woman into his philippic. There's just one answer to folks who talk about the childlessness of the woman A.B.: 'Give her time. She doesn't marry so early, but she marries in the end. She doesn't marry the first thing in trousers who asks her. Perhaps that's why he assiduously and acidly descants on her inevitable spinsterhood.

"The college woman makes just as good wife and mother as the college man makes a husband and father. Her motto is, 'Slow but sure.' If all these wise gentlemen who are so ready to admonish us poor women of the evil of our ways, and repeat, 'The woman did it, Lord' were to devote a little of their valuable time to telling their own sex a few unpleasantly obvious facts, the human race might be just as well served as it is at present."

A novel remedy for the childless-home evil is proposed by the Rev. D. S. Phelan, editor and priest, of St. Louis. He suggests that the married man who has no offspring shall have no right to vote. He is preparing a Legislative bill that will embody the principle just set forth.

This measure, which the priest says he will submit to the next session at Jefferson City, asks for family suffrage in Missouri for the purpose of encouraging large families. Father Phelan will also submit suggestions relative to women correspondents, prohibiting a divorced husband from marrying the co-respondent in the case.

Should his measure gain the approval of the lawmakers of Missouri, the standards of woman's importance will be materially changed.

"In some States," Father Phelan asserts, "women's suffrage is based on the question of whether they are property owners. A man or woman of property is supposed to have more interest in the welfare of the State than one who has no such stake. But the giving of a new citizen to the Nation offers a greater pledge than does the richest land owner. Political economists could tell us the value in dollars and cents to the Commonwealth of a new-born babe. On this principle, we would have three kinds of suffrage—mankind suffrage, family suffrage, and property suffrage. I would give every family an additional vote for every child born into it. If a couple has ten children, we would give the family twelve votes. In case the couple agreed politically, we would permit the father to cast the whole twelve votes. If the couple were divided on their views of politics, we would give the wife her own vote and the votes of all her daughters, and the husband his own vote and those of all his sons. This would give the women suffragists all they now demand and more, but it would disfranchise the childless. It would encourage large families."

Suggestion for Woman's Dress

TO THE EDITOR:

The article on "Fashions in Forms," appearing in one of the recent numbers of your magazine is certainly great, and should find its way into many homes where I fear PHYSICAL CULTURE is never read.

I find however, that to button a heavy skirt onto a waist is not a success. In that way the skirt cannot be worn loose enough and yet hang evenly. Also it would be quite bulky at the waist, to say nothing of having to be continually mending the button-holes.

When a heavy petticoat is desired, make it as a princess slip, using a lighter firm material for the upper portion, bringing the joining seam well below the hips.

And, let us again introduce the ever useful pocket. Our grandmothers' looked upon them as indispensable, and I see no good reason why we should be deprived of them. Of course, our fashionable sisters scoff at the idea, but I really feel sorry for them—just think of what they are missing!

Goshen, Ind.

(Miss) ANNA FREYBERG.

Christianity in the Kitchen

A FEW INTERESTING CRITICISMS OF OUR DIETETIC HABITS, AND SOME REMARKS ABOUT THE NECESSITY OF LEARNING WHAT TO EAT

Many really conscientious, religious persons are of the opinion that Christianity begins and ends in the church. That there could be such a thing as Christianity in the kitchen, or that the tenets of this faith could advantageously follow one throughout his entire conscious hours, is but little realized. The author of this article believes that Christianity is as important in the kitchen as it is in the church, and his opinions are worthy of careful consideration.—Bernarr Macfadden.

By Wesley Atkins

A GAIN and again, as I have had most kindly tendered me the hospitality of both saints and sinners, the thought has come to me, "We need more Christianity in the kitchen." A short time ago, a number of well-meaning but ignorant and gluttonous friends, who evidently knew about as much about physiology and hygiene as a cat knows about chemistry, very enthusiastically informed me that I needed to learn to eat. Perhaps, therefore, this article is a product of both inspiration and desperation. At any rate, I am writing it for the purpose of doing good; and I hope that it will prove helpful.

I trust that the above explanation of choosing this subject will serve as a satisfactory substitute for an apology.

In discussing the above topic, I may unconsciously violate some of the etiquetteal statutes of the elite; and I therefore humbly beseech in advance your magnanimous pardoning of all my accidental scratching of the furniture of good form. I may say "supper" when I ought to say "dinner," or "dinner" when I ought to say "luncheon;" and I may inadvertently say "tea" in such a way that it will be hard to tell whether I am referring to the Christian beverage imported from pagan China, or to an afternoon gathering of Eves for social pastime or for the solving of domestic, educational, religious, or political problems. I may use the wrong brand of ketchup on my pork; I may shake the pepper-sauce bottle with the wrong hand I may lay my pickles upon the wrong side of my plate; I may use the wrong spoon for my pudding or the wrong fork

for my pie; I may fail to put the sugar into my coffee with the latest twist approved by aesthetic taste; I may make a slight mistake in the manipulation of my wine glass; I may not be quite so artistic as I ought in smoking my after-dinner cigar, in chewing my gum, or even in taking my dyspepsia tablets. Yes, I may make a number of blunders; but I faithfully promise to strive earnestly to be just as careful and considerate as possible. Being assured of your sympathetic interest, I shall now proceed.

Permit me to pause, however, long enough to explain that those godly guardians of my welfare who were so anxious for me to learn to eat were not censuring any of my manners of eating, but the amount of my eating. They nearly worried themselves wrinkly and gray lest I should starve.

For some reason, I do not like fads. I do not like anything in which I can not see any sense; and I can not see any sense in a fad. I do not like the foolishness of making physical culture a fad; I detest the crime of making marriage a fad; I deplore the sin of making religion a fad. I admire sense in religion, in marriage, in physical culture, and in everything else in which sense is possible and to be expected. I admire sense even in nonsense, the nonsense intended to make people laugh, the nonsense which is supposed to contain fun. If it contains pure, wholesome fun, then this nonsense contains also sense; if it contains villainess, however, then it contains neither sense nor genuine fun.

A somewhat cynical friend of mine recently remarked to me, "We do not do

many things because they are reasonable. Nine-tenths of the things we do, we do because they are fashionable, because they are according to custom. In India, instead of nine-tenths, it is nine hundred ninety-nine-thousandths. That is the principal difference between the people of this country and the people of India." Perhaps, in themselves, though surely not in proportion to advertised barbarism and boasted enlightenment, the fashions of the heathen are a trifle more absurd and abominable than are the fashions of the civilized. Nevertheless, however that may be, slavery to style, whether in Borneo or on Broadway, is ridiculous, disgusting, deplorable. The heathen woman of barbarous China deforms her feet for exactly the same reason, or lack of reason, that the Christian woman of cultured America distorts her waist; both are offering sacrifice upon the idolatrous altar of the hideous and repulsive Goddess of fashion.

You are getting anxious, however, to know just what I intend to try to set forth concerning the relation of the Christian religion to culinary science and art. I shall begin by relating a recent experience similar to which I have had very many. I have chosen this particular experience, however, because I feel that it is the most interesting of its kind, and because I believe it is best suited to serve the illustrative purposes for which I am using it.

I spent Sunday in a small town, whither I had been summoned to dispense doctrinal dope for the devout. When I reached there Sunday evening, I immediately received information to the effect that I was expected to deliver that evening a sample address to the elect, and that supper (beg pardon, dinner) would be provided for me after this assembly of the righteous. I never like to address empty seats or empty heads; but I do like to speak upon an empty stomach. So I was not at all disappointed to find that I should not be called upon to insult my stomach with pagan pastry before going into the pulpit to administer spiritual manna for the chosen people.

I was given a skilful hint, also, that a brief speech would be especially pleasing.

I was informed that it was customary to hold a short service on Saturday evening, a sort of double-quick lunch, a formal affair composed principally of wafers and soda-fizz. Appreciating the fact that whatever is not customary is accursed, realizing that the average church member is not able to assimilate religion in large quantities, and not caring to have my supper (I mean dinner) much later than is fashionable in elite circles, I did not object to making my discourse almost as short as the pay of the average preacher; the appreciation of a reformer before he is dead; the brain supply of a dissipated dude; the waist measure of a devitalized queen of ten-miles-a-minute society or of a passion-pandering vaudeville actress; the honor of a patent-medicine pirate, the conscience of a corporation senator, or the virtue of a dazzling Delilah hired by the high-finance Philistines of corruption to entice, caress, bewilder, and render powerless the law-making Samsons at Washington.

After trying to satisfy the sanctified's hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I went home with some of the good brothers and sisters of Israel who were longing for the bounties of the flesh-pots of Egypt. I believe I was really a little hungry myself by the time the call for supper (dinner) was heralded forth. When ushered into the imposing presence of the festal board, which was as heavy-laden as any sinner ever brought to repentance or any saint ever cumbered with care, I was impressed with the thought that those good people surely believed that "man shall not live by bread alone." I have not yet been able, however, either to lead or to force my critical, skeptical mentality into subscribing to the creed that those same pious passengers to Paradise were intelligently striving with all their mind, heart, soul, and strength to heed that eloquent exhortation, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Of course, I do not wish to hold these good people responsible for not being familiar with this Scriptural teaching concerning things commonplace; for I fancy that they had heard far more about the fine points of non-essential doctrines and

dogmas which tend toward strife and sectarian division than they had heard about the sacred truths of highest importance in every-day living. Seemingly, the majority of church members—yes, preachers too—are far less interested in living lives of hygienic activity, healthful self-study, and power-producing self-control, both for their own highest development and for their most worthy service to others, than they are interested in inventing some skilful scheme to obtain Pullman accommodations on the Glory Limited. They are more deeply concerned about loop-holes for escaping hell than they are about laws for cultivating health.

Pardon me for thus allowing myself to wander from the path of simple narration long enough to pick a few alluring flowers in the pasture of moralizing. I shall now return to my text, "They were all astonished." They were astonished Saturday night, and they were again astonished on Sunday.

Had I recklessly expounded an orthodox, heretical theory about some such profound subject as, "Which of his wives did Solomon love best?" or "Shall we wear Prince Albert coats and Parisian gowns in Paradise?" or "While waiting for the trumpet, will our souls repose in feather beds?" I believe that I should not have created greater consternation than I did create through just quietly declining to gormandize myself into a fashionable garbage-box. To these conventionally religious people, my unheard-of-dietary conduct was almost as shocking as the sensual Salome dance would be to Anthony Comstock or honest legislation to Joseph Cannon and his gang.

I had announced with considerable enthusiasm that I intended to speak Sunday evening upon "Love Toward God and Man." Before the arrival of the appointed hour, however, I heard voiced so often that matchless message, "Well, if you lived here, you would have to learn to eat," that I felt strongly inclined to change my subject. This choice morsel of infinite wisdom was offered to me with the frequency of marriage proposals presented to American heiresses by titled libertines from

foreign shores, and with the fervency of a Mohammedan prayer. I confess that I was tempted to speak upon "Daniel and the Dainties of the King," or upon "Esau, his Birthright, his Belly, and his Brains." I managed to generate enough discretion and self-control, however, to refrain from following this enticing call of the tempter.

Of course, at every meal, Jehovah was thanked for his bounties and asked for his blessing upon them. Now, I believe in thanking God for His goodness; but I believe in thanking Him not with the lips alone, but also with the life. I believe in expressing grateful appreciation for food and other blessings; but I do not believe in this miserable mockery which makes the offering of thanks for physical gifts seem like a voicing of gratitude to God for the privilege of serving Satan.

Let no one get the impression that I am seeking to cast any slur upon religion or upon the Church. Be that far from any desire I shall ever have. I believe in religion; but I believe in a religion of sense, and not in a religion of mere sentiment. I believe in the Church of Christ; but I believe in it as an institution for the development of manhood and womanhood, and not as an institution for the entertainment of the sensation-seeking or for the unlovely promulgation of useless dogmas. I do not like to think of the Church as a police force of popes, priests, and prelates, for frightening the poor into subscribing to creeds or submitting to oppression, or as an enterprise of ecclesiastical "captains of industry" for providing eternal fire insurance for the rich, or as a formal and exclusive club for the stylish. I like to think of the Church as an institution of divine love, as an organization for the advancement of truth and the overthrow of error, for the defense of right and the destruction of wrong, for the building of health, happiness, purity, and power, and for the banishing of weakness, impurity, sorrow, and disease, as a universal brotherhood of progress and enlightenment for the blessing of all mankind. I believe in Christianity; but I believe in Christianity as a religion of fruitful faith, of helpful hope, of pure love, of intelligent liv-

ing, of sensible service. I believe in an every-day Christianity, in a Christianity not only of broadcloth and silk but also of overalls and calico, in a Christianity which is not a curtain of concealment, but a window of revelation, in a Christianity which expresses itself in all of life's relationships, in home-building, in business, in politics, in education, in social life, in diet, and in dress, a vital, intelligent Christianity, in evidence at home as well as at church, in the choice preparation, and eating of food as well as in the singing of sacred songs, the quoting of Scripture, the voicing of prayers, and the bestowing of gifts.

A great many pious people would probably prove a far greater blessing to humanity if they would worry less about their wings and work more diligently with their hands and their heads.

Yes, the author of this article needs to learn to eat; we all need to learn to eat. We need to learn the purposes and properties of foods, the nature of the digestive organs, the chemical composition of the body, the needs of the body for food, the relation of both quantity and nature of food to occupation, temperature, temperament, taste, appetite, digestion, assimilation, and the functions and working of all the organs of the body. We need to learn how to keep our taste and our appetite in natural condition, in order that we may have in them faithful servants and safe guides. We need to study the physiology and the hygiene of eating. We need to learn to eat for the highest degree of health, happiness, and usefulness.

We need more Christianity in the kitchen, and in the dining room.

Physical Culture in Family Life



The Collis family of physical culturists; Adeline, nine; Muriel, three; Horace, five.

TO THE EDITOR:

The photograph I am sending you herewith will show you what the physical culture life will do in the home. People often ask us what we feed our children. They always look healthy and strong, full of life and energy. There is nothing like good, sound, wholesome food such as you recommend for health-building, with plenty of sleep, for children. We use whole-wheat bread exclusively, and also use whole-wheat flour for all cakes, pies, puddings, etc. It is far ahead of white flour for the purpose. There is a rich, satisfying, wholesome taste about whole-wheat products that is lacking in the white flour. One should be sure, however, to get real whole-wheat flour, as graham flour is much inferior. We use very little meat, not more than once or twice a week; in fact, we seem to have lost our appetite for meat entirely, although at one time I thought it impossible to do without meat twice a day. May you long live to continue the good work you are doing, Mr. Macfadden.

C. COLLIS.

Morris, Manitoba, Canada.

Style and Sin

By Marie J. Blakely

ONE of the most clever and most effectual covers for crime is custom; one of the most powerful protections for sin is style. Strong statements? Yes; but no more strong than true. It is necessary to state truth strongly, to proclaim it loudly, in order to arouse the stupefied multitudes from their demoralizing complacency. The majority of people are heedlessly drifting down stream, absorbed in the charming scenery along the shore, or in their eating, drinking, and being merry, entirely unmindful of the roaring, deadly cataract a little way beyond. To gain their attention and to warn them of their peril is the task of the reformer.

Custom is a tremendous foe of progress; precedent is a powerful ally of degeneracy. Fashion furnishes food, drink, clothing, and shelter for sin. Habit helps sin to walk, to run, and to grow strong and dangerous. Thus many a monstrous evil becomes so commonplace that only a very few soon recognize it as an evil. The majority either give it no thought whatever, or else, demoralized by selfish indulgence in some sinful pleasure approved by the licentious leaders of conventional society, they look upon this monstrosity as one of the many alluring luxuries of civilization. A great many people, rendered imbeciles and perverts by ignorance and passion, are wont to look upon the most abominable practices as marks of artistic taste and brilliant intellect.

Once in a while, defying unpopularity, poverty, persecution, imprisonment, and danger of death, some daring disturber of the peace of the slumbering public raises his voice in an earnest effort to warn thoughtless humanity against the fatal poison in some sparkling cup of fashionable sin. He is immediately denounced as a fool, a fanatic, a heretic, a dangerous enemy of mankind, a corrupter of morals. Centuries later, perhaps, he will be praised as a hero and as a great benefactor. Such is progress. "The world do move."

Sin is always attractive, alluring. The more attractive it is, the more dangerous. Whatever we may believe or may not believe about the story of Adam and Eve and their temptation, we surely ought to believe that this story presents a true and striking picture of the subtlety of sin. In this picture, we see temptation represented as a serpent. A most excellent representation. The more poisonous a snake, the more beautiful its markings: the more deadly a sin, the more charming its appearance.

There are many human imitators of the snake. As the reptile tries to charm the bird or other prey it seeks, so these serpent-like villains try to hypnotize their victims. They try to make themselves as attractive as possible to those they seek to destroy. The more hellish the crime these skilful villains plan to commit, the more attractive they try to make themselves.

In plotting and perpetrating their devilish deeds, these reptilian reprobates find abundant aid in style and conventionality. They conform to all the prescribed customs of social position, strive to make themselves the personification of polished politeness, adorn their foul bodies with fashionable and perfumed finery, paint their filthy minds with brilliant ideas borrowed from those who think, and clothe their Satanic souls with the raiment of righteousness. Then they set out on their mission of gathering human fuel for hell.

Now, the more conventionalities we establish, the easier we make the work of the skilful criminal. The more we insist upon adherence to style, the more we assist slavery to sin. It is easy to conform to custom; very easy. It is hard to obey the laws of right living; very hard.

When hard pressed, the defender of sin invariably seeks the protection of popular prejudice—race prejudice, political prejudice, fashion prejudice, religious prejudice, or some other kind of prejudice. He fortifies himself behind the bulwarks of chivalry, popularity, polite-

ness, position, wealth, party-loyalty, philanthropy, patriotism, and religiosity. Those who support him, he seeks to hold together; those who oppose him, he strives to divide. To accomplish both of these he employs the same device, prejudice. All through the centuries, the enemies of progress, purity, truth, and righteousness have flourished the lash of fear-producing prejudice with which to drive the ignorant slaves of superstition onward to crime and death. Thus do the selfish, power-seeking Pharisees of external righteousness and internal hellishness compel the custom-cursed rabble to crucify their own Christs of liberty and love, their own Saviors from self-destroying sin.

Custom has never made anything right; but it has opposed a great many things inherently right, and upheld a great number of things inherently wrong. Nothing is right because it is stylish, or wrong because it is not stylish. In fact, style is almost invariably sinful; and sin is almost invariably stylish. A thing is right or wrong, not on account of its relation to conventionality, but on account of its relation to character. A practice may be commended by fashionable society, approved by public opinion, permitted and protected by the State, sanc-

tioned and blessed by the Church, and still be a monstrous crime against mankind, a terrible sin against God. The more customary, the more commonplace, such a practice becomes, the more difficult, dangerous, and desperate is the task of destroying it.

Nothing is right merely because leaders in social, civic, or religious realm claim that it is right, and nothing is wrong merely because such leaders contend that it is wrong; for these leaders have often fervently upheld as right, practices and ideas inevitably wrong, and fiercely opposed as wrong, ideas and practices inevitably right. Neither is anything right or wrong merely because somebody's dogmatic and prejudiced interpretation of the Bible either justifies or condemns; for such interpretations have defended the most abominable crimes yet known, and defiled the purest, most sacred sentiments and relationships yet realized. Whatever helps the development of superior manhood and womanhood is inherently right; whatever hinders that development is inherently wrong.

As long as we cling to custom and conventionality, so long will crime cling to us. As long as we worship style and fashion, so long shall we foster sin. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

Twelve Years a Physical Wreck—Now Mother of a Large Family



A Physical Culture Family, the mother formerly a physical wreck.

TO THE EDITOR:

Considering all you have done for me through the medium of your most excellent publication, I feel that I must write you—that I owe it to you.

For twelve years I was a physical wreck—hoping more for death than for a continuation of the life I was then leading. Accidentally I came across your magazine and since then I have been a devotee of physical culture. My physical and mental faculties now at thirty-six are perhaps keener than at any time of my life. I enclose photo showing me surrounded by my children. The eldest daughter (the one with the hat on), is seventeen. The others all younger and each and every one in splendid health.

MRS. W. W. COWEN

St. Clairsville, Ohio.



A Rugby scrummage.

The Great Game of Rugby

By David R Jones

FOOTBALL, one of the most vigorous and virile of all pastimes, is played in nearly every quarter of the globe, and very extensively in all English speaking countries. "The sun never sets on football soil." Of late the game has made its way into France and other countries where it has hitherto been unknown. That variety of the sport chiefly played in America, however, and popularly known as college football, is a peculiar differentiation from the game as practiced in the British Isles, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Even among these other lands, however, there are varieties of football, including principally Rugby, Gaelic and the so-called Association football—the Rugby game being perhaps the most popular and widely practiced of these. Association football is also played in America, but to an extent so limited that it sinks into insignificance in comparison with the college game. The latter, in the United States, has come to assume nothing short of the character of a national game during the autumn months.

To one familiar with the various branches of the sport, it is easy to see how our own big game has evolved from the general scheme of play practiced in Rugby football, though modern Rugby is itself no longer the same as it was a few decades ago, when Americans borrowed

its central ideas and began to modify them into the game which they have since developed.

The Association football, however, is the same in all countries, and is very, very far from the nature and style of play of Rugby, and especially from that of the American game. Association football is really a true football game, inasmuch as the ball, a perfectly round one, is handled almost entirely by the feet, kicking or dribbling. It cannot be carried; cannot even be touched by the hands or arms, except by the goalkeepers, though it may be bunted with the head or any other part of the body, exclusive of the upper limbs. It is a kicking game throughout, and it not infrequently happens that when a player is unable to reach the ball with his feet, he drives the toe of his boot instead into the shin of a more successful, though in this respect unfortunate opponent. What is known as Gaelic football is very popular in Ireland, and also among the foreign-born Celtic population in America. It is a variation of its own, though similar in many respects to the Association game.

In Rugby, however, while the ultimate aim of each side is to advance the ball to the goal of the opposition, yet it may not only be kicked, but may be carried, or even thrown in a backward direction from one member of the team



Ready for action.

rules and style of play. The ball in both cases is oval in character.

In order that readers may more perfectly grasp the scheme of the original Rugby game, it will perhaps be best to discuss its various features in a comparison with the methods of play practiced in the American game of football, indicating points of similarity and explaining the differences, so that those acquainted with the American game only will be able the more clearly to comprehend the nature of what may be regarded as the parent game. America's college game is also sometimes called Rugby, but this use of the name is hardly justified, because of the differences in style.

Generally speaking, one may say that the dominating idea of the Rugby game is the manipulation of the ball through the activity and skill of the players, rather than by means of their strength. They depend upon good kicking, skillful passing, and clever work in carrying the ball, all this involving team work and good generalship. In the American game, the dominating note is that of violence, intelligently directed. Here we

to another, in order that it may be carried farther forward, it being left to the opposing team to stop the ball or the man carrying it if they can. And this, in the main, is the plan of American football, with some notable differences in the

have the essence of the two styles of play. Rugby demands a vigorous physique and a normal degree of manly strength, but it especially requires activity, skill, judgment and quickness of eye. American football also requires team work and good generalship, and in addition to the always desirable speed and skill of its own peculiar kind, particularly demands strength and weight. The ideal American football team, therefore, should average anything over two hundred and twenty pounds in weight, if possible, and not infrequently teams do actually average more than two hundred pounds.

In Rugby, although there is a certain amount of man-to-man opposition, yet the important thing always is to play the ball and not the man. In the American version of the sport, we play the man rather than the ball, the latter serving chiefly as an excuse for the opposition of the one team against the other. In England the purpose of the team is first, fast and all the time to send the ball beyond the goal. Among our colleges, the successful



Throwing in from "in touch."

team is the one that is able to push the other team off the field, and while this process involves an effort to advance the ball, yet the



Catching the ball for a place-kick.



An attempt to tackle both man and ball, a result especially desirable when one's own goal is in danger.

ball is only incidental, the real struggle being to bore through the mass of resistance offered by the opposing team. It is true that some efforts have recently been made to render the American game more open, to bring about more running and more kicking, but for the most part it holds true to the traditions and methods of what is characteristically American college football.

The Rugby game is unquestionably the more spectacular of the two, owing to the greater amount of open play, running, passing and kicking. The American version is a violent, fiercely energetic, tissue-mashing, bone-crunching game, the chief struggle being carried on in the close scrimmages, and with the efforts of the greater part of the players invisible to the spectators, this situation being relieved only occasionally by flashes of open play. And while requiring strength and placing a premium upon weight, yet it is also a game that will build strength. It is a turbulent, soul-stirring, muscle-straining proposition, and the youth who plays it for any length of time, and survives, will assuredly emerge from the experience with a sound and hardened physique. The game is one, also, that both requires and fosters courage. And if there are occasional accidents, some-

times even fatal, yet one may question whether the game is not worth while even in spite of these? Contrasted with the possible spectacle of a race of utter weaklings, may it not be deemed worth while that an occasional youth should suffer temporary inconvenience through injury, or even be sacrificed entirely, if through the universal practice of such a game we may build hundreds of thousands of stout-hearted, strong-willed, iron-muscled men, the equal of

the Spartans at their best? If objection be made to this upon the ground that young men can develop strength and character without this risk to limb and life, then it must be remembered that a

great many of these young men, were it not for football, would probably not undertake any other means of training that would accomplish the same results.

It must be said of the Rugby game, however, and to its credit, that it is lacking in many of the elements of danger associated with the sport in America. And as a means of building ro-



Stopped by a tackle, but getting the ball as many inches forward as possible.



The delivery of a punt.



A struggle for the ball on a line-out.

bust manhood is it perhaps as good. Furthermore, there is neither the opportunity nor the occasion for so much foul play as in the American college game, this frequent practice of deliberate brutality and foul play being the one truly great drawback of the latter, in the writer's opinion. Owing to the very nature of the play, foul tactics may be employed extensively and yet not be detected by anyone except the victim thereof, who will frequently find no other course open to him than retaliation in the same spirit.

But the Rugby game is also rough in spots, even if cleaner, while it also is not lacking in opportunities for the exercise of courage. The American footballist goes forth to battle well protected against the gruelling hardships of the fray, with thickly padded clothes, braces and armor plate for various susceptible parts. He is equipped for a rough time. But the Rugby player is entirely unprotected, the photographs presented here clearly showing the scant nature of his costume, and yet he has tackles to make, falls to experience and sometimes a very rough time in the scrummages and elsewhere,

for there is a great deal of incidental man-to-man opposition in every game.

As for the interest taken in the two games, there really can be no comparison. In spite of its lack of spectacular display, the American game is all absorbing to those who are familiar with it, as the attendance at the big college games will indicate. In England, Wales and Australia, on the other hand, an attendance of from thirty to forty thousand people is not at all an uncommon occurrence.

In the measure of skill required in the two games, it would also be difficult to make a comparison, for in each case the possibilities for clever work in their respective lines are practically unlimited, and the star performers in both instances stand out as popular heroes. Some players there will always be who excel the others, in either style of game, in the one case a premium being placed upon irresistible physical force, and in the other upon exceptional activity and skill. In short, they are two different games, although embracing many points in common.

There are scrummages in both games, although the "scrummage" as Americans know it, and as they term it, is radically different in formation and action than that of the Rugby game. There are similar rules in regard to "off-side" play, with penalization for offences in this respect. There is in both games the passing back of the ball from the scrummage, to be put in play by the backs, these passing it to each other as the action of the play may demand. And in



Past a wing for a clear field.



A tackle that stops a man in his tracks, but is likely to jar the tackler.

both games the ball may be advanced by carrying or by kicking.

But while the American team is an "eleven," the Rugby side consists of fifteen men, though it is sometimes played thirteen a side. And instead of

all the players being bunched in or close to the "scrummage" according to the American fashion, the Rugby men are spread out to cover a large surface of the field, excepting of course, those in the scrummage itself. These words, "scrummage" and "scrummage," are not used interchangeably, but always in reference to the method of the particular game depended upon.

The Rugby spelling uses a "u," and the American style spells with an "i."

In the latter style, every "attack," or offensive play designed to advance the ball by the side having it in possession, is definitely determined in advance, and is made clear to the team through its secret code of signals. It is all cut and dried, and when the signal is called out by the captain, every man knows just what he is to do. In Rugby football, on the contrary, every play is not preconceived or ordered, but in many cases depends upon the inspiration of the moment and upon the opportunities presented during that moment for ad-

vantageous play. This does not mean that the action depends upon individual whim, or that there is no method or plan, for team work is everywhere regarded as the one great essential for successful effort. Neither are the men entirely lacking in the use of signals, for secret signal codes, chiefly using the letters of the alphabet, are employed at some moments of the game by nearly all good teams. The Welsh players are particularly fortunate, for during international contests or other games against teams of different nationality, they have ready-made for them a most perfect secret signal code in the use of their own native tongue. Perhaps nothing more inscrutable or mysterious (some one else might have said barbarous), than this language can be imagined by one who does not understand it and its beauties.

I have said that the action of a play is

not always predetermined or signaled by Rugby players, but this does not imply a lack of understanding or of team work. Some of them claim a sort of telepathic intelligence, through which they seem to understand each other without the use of signals. But whether this may or may not be true, it is certain that all of the backs grasp the

situation and comprehend the play at once. At least, they usually do. It may be intuition, as suggested, or it may be, as seems more likely, that the most obvious and most advantageous plan of play occurs to each and all of



Tackling low, the only effective method.



A flying tackle.



About to receive a running pass.

the members of the team upon the instant.

Each one sees the thing to be done, and he is confident that all his fellows see it just as he does. He acts upon that conviction, just as they all act upon it, and away they go, working in perfect harmony and co-operation.

And when the supposed telepathic apparatus gets out of gear for a moment, it is probably because some one or two may not quite grasp the purpose of their fellows. For the most part, however, men playing on a team, familiar with each other and with the

same methods of play, in time come to understand each other perfectly and to act coherently even without signals. This has been called the "spirit of the side," and is unquestionably a great factor in the success of any team. It has been credited by some as being the chief cause or one of the chief causes of the phenomenal success of the famous New Zealand team which made such a sensational tour through Great Britain three or four years ago.

In the disposition of a Rugby team upon the field, there are usually eight of the men detailed for duty in the scrummage. This varies sometimes, as in the case of the New Zealand teams, in which only seven men are used for this purpose. The scrummage is also called the "pack," a term which is also applied to the act of lining up in place for a scrummage. It is the

business of the scrum men to hold the opposing pack until the ball has been "heeled out" and put into play by the backs, after which they break up and render any further service possible in any part of the field. They are also known as "forwards," in contrast to the names of the half-backs and the others. Of half backs there are two, one of whom, known as the "scrum-half," occupies a position which has some relation to the duties of the quarter-back in the American game. The scrum-half, just back of the pack, gathers the ball as it is heeled out of the scrummage, and transfers it back to the other half, who then will probably determine the character of the play from that time on. In most cases he will find occasion, either at once, or after a short run, to pass the ball back to one of the "three-quarters," of whom there are four, forming a line across the field in the rear of the half-backs. Back of the three-quarters, and completing the membership of the team, is the "full-back," whose especial and sacred duty it

is to defend his goal against attack, though also to render any other service that may come within his power. The

most active and conspicuous members, therefore, are usually the half-backs and three-quarter-backs.

The New Zealand team referred to



Holding the ball for a place-kick.



A punt in the making.

above, used rather a different arrangement of their backs, and with great success, as events proved. With seven men in the pack, the eighth, known as a scrum-wing, performed the service usually attended to by the scrum-half. Accordingly there was only one half-back, behind him, while behind this half in turn were two five-eighth-backs, a line of only three "three-quarters," and the full-back. They accomplished very quick passing, though this may have been the result of their experience in playing together. While the usual pack is arranged in three rows, three in the first, two in the second, and three in the third, the New Zealand men formed their scrummage with a two-three-two order, and claimed to secure just as much pushing power.

One may be sure that after a ball is heeled out of the scrummage and put into action by the backs, the opposition are not idle, for it is as much their purpose to stop the advance of the ball as it is the desire of the possessors to accomplish that result. Whenever possible, the ball is intercepted by the enemy during a pass, but this is seldom, and tackling must be resorted to. But just as one tackles the man carrying the ball, or the instant before, he will contrive if possible to pass it back to the next three-quarter behind him, who will in turn endeavor to carry it forward, pass it back yet again, or perhaps, punt it down the field, as the circumstances demand. In saying that it is passed back, is not meant directly back, but more usually in a sideways direction, though slightly backward, and never in a forward direction.

Such perfection in team work is accomplished that the runner does not need to turn to see his team-mates behind him when compelled to pass the ball to them. They will see to it that they are there, and he takes it for granted. Furthermore, he does not pass the ball directly to the point at which they are located at the instant, but usually a couple of yards in advance of that point, so that they can catch it while running at full speed and lose no time. Passes are usually made with both hands together, a one-handed pass being unreliable. Great

precision and skill in passing is acquired, and it is a sort of unwritten rule that the ball is to be passed and caught while in full speed. The manner of advancing down a field in the face of the opposition is partly suggested by the tactics used in basket ball in America.

Strategy goes a long way in Rugby, as in all sports. It is impossible, however, here to refer to many possible clever maneuvers to delude the other side, because of the limits of this article.

When the ball goes "out of bounds," as we express it in America, it is said to be "in touch," and the play is stopped for the moment, being presently thrown in by a member of the other side. This is called the "line-out," the players taking positions opposite the point at which the ball went in touch, and one player throwing it in.

When the man carrying the ball is too thickly beset with tackling adversaries, and finds no team-mate at hand who can advance the ball better than himself, it is usually good policy to punt, and often to punt in touch. This is a safe manoeuvre, particularly if his own goal is threatened. The full-back, always a strong kicker, most frequently has occasion to punt in touch, and thus place his goal out of danger for the moment. Rugby football is played intelligently for the most part, but sometimes unintelligently, as for instance when the unschooled members of a team waste much energy in passing a ball all across the field without an advance. They have seen the ball passed by other players, perhaps, and go about wildly passing because that seems to be a part of the game, but without any advantage being accomplished through their efforts. A ball should be passed to another only because that other will be in a better position to advance it than the individual relinquishing it.

One of the chief aims of the very best teams is to discourage grandstand work, or attempts at brilliant individual effort. They have learned the best success is possible only by submerging the individual in the team, making it all one harmonious, complete, perfect whole. For it is team-work that wins, animated by the "spirit of the side."

LADIES' ENTRANCE

BY OLIVER ALLSTORM.

Ladies' Entrance (To Hell)

By OLIVER ALLSTORM
AUTHOR OF "WHISKY, THAT'S ALL!"

Copyright by GEORGE NATHANIEL MALSTROM.

"LADIES' ENTRANCE." Ah, yes, you've
all seen the sign.

It leads to the pit of whisky and wine,
It leads to the room with the little closed door,
From which there's no exit for purity more;
An hour for a song, and another for drink,
And some mother's girl is beginning to sink.

"LADIES' ENTRANCE." of course, 'tis the side
door too,

For shame never cared to be open to view,
They slip and they trip in their haste to get in,
Lest someone might see they are sporting with sin;
The shadows are falling, there's no escort now,
Save strangers that drink to the curl on her brow,
Home, mother, and honor are lost in the whirl,
And the river of vice claims some mother's girl.

"LADIES' ENTRANCE." Ah, yes, now boldly
they go

Through the little side entrance so bitter with woe,
Corrupt in their morals and deep in disgrace,
They blush not to enter, nor falter a pace,
Half dead to Life's meaning, half dead to its care,
They drift through wild pleasure into despair.

"LADIES' ENTRANCE." To where? Ah,
finish the sign—

Mark plainly the rest,—to the end of the line,
To the serpent that charms, and passions that
rave,

To torment that plunges one
into the grave.

If live ones would bear, and
if dead ones could tell,
The sign would read on,
"Ladies' Entrance to
Hell."



MALSTROM

A Pious Hypocrite

THE PRETENDED vs. THE REAL CHRISTIAN—THE CLOAK OF RELIGION USED TO SERVE MATERIAL PURPOSES

By S. Wardlow Marsden

EXTRACTS.—Samuel Jonathan Walker has for years received a comfortable income as the chief official of the Society for Moral Promotion. Mr. Walker's daughter Emily meets Charles Warner, a Y. M. C. A. Physical Instructor, and the young people become interested in each other, despite her father's prejudice and enmity against Charles. Horace Horton, a young man whose attentions Emily has tolerated at the behest of her parents, exhibits a strong enmity toward Charles. Emily Walker's father forbids her to acknowledge Charles' acquaintance, on the ground that the young man has proven himself low and vulgar by an exhibition of athletics, and by posing in tight-fitting clothes at the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium. Angered by his daughter's friendship for Charles, Mr. Walker determined to injure the young man's reputation. He hires a detective to pose as a physician, and to visit the Warner home under the pretense of treating Charles' little sister Edna, who is lame. Binwell, the detective, visits the former home of the Warners, and reports to Mr. Walker and Horace Horton that Charles Warner has broken faith with a young woman whom he had promised to marry. Mr. Walker determines to use this information as a means of causing Charles to lose his position with the Y. M. C. A. The Secretary, however, declines to consider Mr. Walker's request, and learns that Charles was justified in refusing to wed the young woman to whom he had been engaged, because of her faithlessness. At the behest of Horace Horton, Binwell causes a pugilistic champion named Murphy to join the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium for the purpose of besting Charles Warner physically. At an athletic exhibition held by the Y. M. C. A., Murphy the pugilist, in the guise of an amateur boxer, and under an assumed name, attempts to lower Charles' colors in a boxing bout, and is soundly trounced for his pains. Charles becomes more popular than ever with the members of the Y. M. C. A. While walking to his home one evening Charles Warner encounters two men who have attacked Horace Horton and Emily Walker, and from whom Horace Horton has fled in fear and terror. Charles fells one of the highwaymen with well directed blows, despite the fact that he is slightly wounded by a revolver shot one of the footpads fires at him. The fallen miscreant's companion takes to his heels. The second highwayman is also enabled to escape through Charles' inability to leave Emily in her terrified state. Emily overhears Horace Horton giving her parents a highly-colored version of the attack, and aroused by his unmanly conduct brands him as a coward. On learning of the part taken by Charles Warner in the rescue of his daughter, Mr. Walker renews his effort to break up the attachment between the young people. Charles and Emily meet frequently by appointment, and their friendship grows and ripens until they become secretly affianced. Mr. Walker astounds Emily and inflicts a shock upon her by reporting to her that Charles Warner's father is a murderer serving a life-sentence in the State Penitentiary. Emily meets Charles and tells him of the statements her father has made concerning the tragedy in the Warner family. Charles explains to her that while his father was guilty of the crime charged against him, it had been committed while he was insane from drunkenness, and Emily is satisfied with Charles' explanation. They are interrupted by Mr. Walker, who takes Emily to her home, warning Charles to cease his attentions to her. Mrs. Walker persuades Emily that a marriage with Charles Warner could only bring evil results to the young man, because Samuel Walker's unrelenting hatred toward him would pursue Charles forever. Emily finally concludes to accede to her mother's request and pay a visit to a summer resort, and to separate herself from Charles Warner. She writes a short note to Charles announcing her action, but giving no explanation, and he is much surprised to learn of Emily's decision to break their engagement. Emily later repents of her decision and sends Charles a letter explaining her action. He discovers her whereabouts from the letter's postmark, and seeks Emily at the city to which she has been persuaded to travel. Emily meets Charles, and renews her promise to become his wife. He addresses to her many letters in a confidential vein, some of them containing information and advice concerning the marital duties which he and Emily anticipate assuming. Charles is unexpectedly confronted by an officer who holds a warrant for his arrest.

NINTH INSTALLMENT.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN a dazed state of mind, Charles hurriedly glanced over the warrant handed him by the officer. What could it all mean, and what possible reason could be given for his arrest? The warrant did not enlighten him further than as to the charge which had been made against him. He had been arrested for sending obscene literature through the mail.

"Why, officer, you are sure you haven't made a mistake?" he asked, as he turned to the dignified personage who was silently awaiting him.

"There is no mistake. You are the physical director here, aren't you?"

"Yes, but upon what evidence is my arrest founded? I cannot imagine how a charge of this nature could be brought against me."

"You are not guilty, then?"

"Certainly, I am not guilty."

"Well, I have nothing to say about that, I am simply a United States Marshal, and my duty is to arrest you in accordance with my instructions."

"There is nothing else to do, then, but to accompany you, I suppose."

"That would simplify the matter considerably."

"I'll go with you at once, but I want to see the Y. M. C. A. general secretary first; I suppose you have no objections?"

"Not the least, though I'll accompany you."

It was impossible for Charles to reason clearly in this emergency. He was dumfounded, dazed; but he realized that now, as never before, the friendship of the secretary would be tested. He was arrested for a crime. He had no idea of the source of the evidence used to effect

his arrest. He was completely in the dark. He opened the door of the secretary's private office and the marshal followed him. Mr. Wilder looked up in surprise.

"Why, Charles, what is the matter?"

"This officer has a warrant for my arrest," pointing in the Marshal's direction.

"Warrant for your arrest? Why, Charles, you are jesting."

"I certainly am not jesting. The Marshal has the warrant."

"Why, what can this mean, officer? Mr. Warner has been with us for a long while, and he is highly respected by everyone who knows him."

"I don't know, Mr. Wilder, I am simply performing my duty. I was sent here to make the arrest. I know nothing more about the matter."

"The warrant states that I am charged with sending obscene literature through the mail" said Charles.

"Obscene literature?" exclaimed the secretary in surprise.

"That's the charge," replied Charles.

"And you know nothing about it?"

"I'm as innocent as a babe unborn of the occasion for such a charge."

"It is certainly amazing," exclaimed the secretary. But I suppose the easiest way is the best, and, you had better accompany the officer. I will go with you and ascertain the nature of the charge and will of course see that you are bailed out at once."

It would be difficult to describe the swiftly rushing thoughts that flashed through Charles's mind as he hurried along towards the jail. He remembered his father's fate. His father was a convict, and still serving his sentence. Was he also to be branded in the same way? For the time being, all thoughts of Emily were driven from his mind, but as he neared his destination her radiant features seemed to him as though she were at his side.

What would Emily think? What excuse could he make to her for this new disgrace? Surely she would not consider him guilty. As the realization of his position came to his mind, he felt more keenly than ever the stigma of his dilemma. He could have hardly asked for

more considerate treatment from the marshal who arrested him, but the peculiarly unpleasant position of being a prisoner was borne in upon him as he was turned over to the officials of the jail by the officer who had him in charge.

There was a court-room in the same building, and after the secretary had interviewed an attorney with whom he had some acquaintance, it was arranged that Charles would appear before the judge and be immediately released on bail. It was not especially difficult to secure bail. The secretary attended to these details for him, and as Charles went out of the court-room into the open air, a free man, at least temporarily, a feeling of relief crept over him that it would be hard to describe. The details of the charge were fully explained to the attorney who had his case in charge, and he learned that the cause of Charles' arrest was one of the letters that he had sent to Emily for the purpose of giving her more definite details pertaining to the responsibilities that come with home life.

Charles felt much relieved at this information. Surely Emily would not blame him, and he cared more about her censure than he did for all the rest of the world. No doubt one or more of these letters had in some manner passed into the hands of her father, and it was unquestionably he who had caused his arrest. Would this man's enmity ever cease—is there nothing that will appease his narrow malignant nature? Charles asked himself. Surely there is a time coming when Mr. Walker will turn away from his vindictive course. These, and many similar thoughts came to him as he resumed the duties interrupted a few hours previously by his arrest.

It was impossible for Charles to realize the serious nature of the situation that was now presented to him. The secretary of the Association had assisted him; he had been the means of securing bail for him. That evening the local newspapers made the most of the sensation, and the next morning Charles began to understand the character of the charge that had been made against him. A short time after he appeared at his desk that morning, the secretary came into

his office. Charles had never before seen him so perturbed. It was quite evident that he had gone through a severe ordeal.

"Charles, it's too bad," he began after greeting him.

"Why, what is the trouble, Mr. Wilder?"

"It almost breaks my heart to tell you. I received at least a dozen telegrams this morning from fellow-secretaries of the Y. M. C. A. I received a special delivery letter from one of my superiors. Several of the directors of this Association called on me last night and with hardly a dissenting voice they have practically ordered me—"

"Go on, Mr. Wilder, I am able to bear it, what is it?"

"Well, they want me to dispense with your services."

"All right," said Charles in a choking voice. "I'll go."

"If it was my business I'd stick to you to the end. I know you are not guilty of the crime, but as these men say you have been accused of a serious offense and the Association cannot stand by you until you have vindicated yourself."

"Vindicated myself? Why, Mr. Wilder, you know the nature of my so-called crime, you know all the details."

"I know I do, but the other officers and workers of the Y. M. C. A. do not know."

"But you can explain it to them."

"Yes, I can explain and explain to them, but they either will not or cannot understand. They maintain that you should not have the moral support of the Association."

"Why, what is the object of the Y. M. C. A., if it is not to give moral support to those who may need it?"

"Yes, that's true, but before the law you stand condemned."

"Not yet, I have not been convicted."

"Yes, but the government has charged you with a crime, and if I stand by you and retain you in your position, Charles, we will both be discharged."

"Oh, I see. I would not ask you to retain me. I'll go at once."

"I suppose that's the best way out of it," said Mr. Wilder, with tears in his eyes. "It is outrageously unjust. As

men, the officials of this Association ought to be morally strong enough to stand by those whom we know to be in the right, but we are all afraid to move in any unusual direction. We are deathly afraid of public opinion. I detest that spirit, but I must admit that to a certain extent I have followed it and the Association as a body clings to it with unusual persistency."

Charles made no reply, but clasped the hand the secretary extended to him. There were tears in the eyes of both men as they stood there for a moment, though not a word was exchanged as they parted. As Charles went out the door he realized that at last he was discharged, and that Samuel Jonathan Walker was unquestionably at least indirectly to blame for it. He ground his teeth in rising wrath as he recalled the persistency of the man, but his anger quickly abated as Emily's fair face appeared before him. He had been receiving daily letters from her, and on that particular morning he had been buoyed with new courage as he read the letter which she had penned to him the previous day. It was warmly affectionate, and in his present trouble he yearned for the privilege of seeing her. He wanted to tell her of his present difficulties. He wanted to unburden himself to her. He wanted her to see the situation in all its details. The sensational reports that had appeared in the papers on the previous evening were exceedingly unjust to him. Apparently the reporters had not possessed the details of the charge and they had called upon their imaginations, with the result that he appeared in an exceedingly unfavorable light. Charles realized that Emily would probably see some of these reports. He wanted to be near her and to secure an opportunity of giving her the real truth.

Charles had at first refrained from saying anything to his mother about his new trouble, but he felt that it was his duty to be frank with her. The next morning he gave his mother the full details. She was brave, as she had always been, but she had experienced many severe trials during her life, and now that she had recently felt that her sorrows were over, it was indeed hard to calmly bear the present difficulties.

"Will our troubles never end, Charles?" she asked as the tears welled up in her eyes. Will we always have to endure injustice? Must we continually bear trials that are undeserved?"

"No, no, mother. Never mind, we will bear up until the end. Don't cry, don't worry, there are better times in store for us."

"I hope so, my boy, but sometimes it seems that they are a long time coming."

"But they are coming. I'll make them come."

Charles was strongly desirous of seeing Emily. It had been his intention to make the trip that morning, but it was quite apparent to him that his every step was watched and he knew that any move of that nature would be immediately reported to his enemy, Mr. Walker, and it would be impossible for him to secure an opportunity to see Emily.

The next morning his daily letter from Emily did not come. This was the cause of much anxiety to him. Why did she not write? Had she seen the newspaper reports and could she have formed an unfavorable opinion of him? Many questions of this nature occurred to him as he chafed under the self-restraint that he was forced to maintain at this time. He went out for a long walk, as was his usual habit, and he had not gone far before it was plain to him that his every movement was being watched. What could he do to avoid this new annoyance? Must he be followed continually like a suspected criminal? He tried to avoid pursuit of the sleuths who were on his track but in nearly every instance they would turn up in some unexpected manner. Becoming tired of this continued annoyance, he finally started on a long run in the country and he had not gone very far before he realized that at last he had shaken off his pursuers—at least they were not athletic enough to follow a good runner, and he felt much relieved at this discovery.

Another day passed, and no letter from Emily. Another, and another, and still no word from her. Charles passed the Walker home, hoping to see some sign of life, but apparently the family was still absent. Becoming desperate in his de-

sire for information of some kind, he made a special endeavor to elude the ynx-like eyes of the detectives, who were now continually in his shadow, by a long run through the suburbs and immediately thereafter he boarded a train for the purpose of discovering for himself the cause of Emily's silence. When he arrived at the resort his heart was fluttering with strange delight. At last, he thought, he would see Emily, and there would be an opportunity to give her a full explanation. The crowds that he found there on his previous visit were no longer in evidence. The fall was approaching, and many visitors had returned home.

Before he had been in the town an hour it was again quite plain to him that his every footstep was being dogged by hired sleuths. He was angry. On one occasion he turned with the avowed object of giving one of these persistent fellows a sound thrashing, but the man quickly disappeared as he saw him coming in his direction. Then, too, Charles realized that conduct of that nature would not be to his advantage. Such violence would no doubt cause him additional trouble and would be of no ultimate benefit. He remained in the resort several days. In spite of his endeavor to elude his pursuers they seemed to be ever near at hand and he did not see Emily during the entire period. Her parents had evidently compelled her to remain at home or else they were aware of his location at all times and were careful to manage her movements so that she would not be seen by him.

Charles felt the disappointment keenly. It was indeed hard to bear. At least he wanted to be trusted by Emily. He wanted her to understand the situation, even if the public announcements of his disgrace were garbled and distorted. He boarded the train for home with a sad and heavy heart. He hoped that in the meantime some communication might have been received from Emily, but he was again disappointed. Not a word had come from her. He visited the lawyer who had his case in hand and carefully went over its various details with him. He came away with renewed confidence as far as the case was concerned, but day

after day, week after week went by and the situation remained unchanged.

The Walkers had apparently returned home. He haunted the park in the neighborhood of their home for days, but he never saw Emily. Evidently her parents had not brought her home or else they had managed in some way to keep her in seclusion. Charles felt the disgrace of the situation keenly. Here he was branded as a criminal when his only offence consisted of giving vitally important advice to the girl whom he had looked upon as his future wife.

The day of the trial was finally at hand. The court-room was crowded. Charles watched in a dazed sort of a way the selection of the jury which was to decide the merits of the case. He studied the faces of these men as they took their places in the jury-box. Could he expect justice from them? Were they to be guided by prejudice or were they really and truly enlightened men who would strive to the best of their ability to render a just verdict? These questions occurred to him as he carefully scrutinized the features of each man. His attorney seemed to be thoroughly familiar with the details of his case. He had carefully studied the law on the subject and felt that he had prepared a defense that would be effective.

"But, Mr. Joyce," Charles had said to his counsel, "I don't see that a defense is required. I am not guilty of a crime. Surely the law does not consider it criminal to write a letter containing good, sound advice to my intended wife?"

"Yes, it looks very well from your standpoint, but the law is very plain. It doesn't consider motive. Your motives, no doubt, were commendable. The law states that it is a criminal offense to send obscene literature of any kind through the mail, and many men might consider your remarks obscene."

"To be sure, they would seem obscene to a man whose mind was reeking with obscenity, but surely you don't feel that I am to be judged by men of that character?"

"I hardly know. I should think the evidence would be given fair consideration, and that the verdict will be a just one."

"Yes, but am I to be judged in accordance with the impressions that will be made upon the judge and jury by the statements that I have made in this letter intended for my future wife?"

"Probably they will take your intentions into consideration, but at the same time you will be judged largely by the impression conveyed to the jury by your own written words."

"Surely a strange law," said Charles. "Its object may be commendable, but it was certainly not made to apply to cases of this kind."

"I don't think it was so intended myself, but it has been applied to you and we will have to do the best we can to make a satisfactory defense."

The jury was finally selected. The case was called. The prosecution produced their witnesses, the most prominent of whom was Samuel Walker. He told how Charles had continually pursued his daughter, how he had warned him and tried in every way to keep him away from Emily, and finally how he had found Charles' letter to her. The prosecuting attorney brought out through him that Charles was the son of a murderer who was then serving time. He was careful also to bring out the previous engagement of Charles, how he had apparently jilted this young woman and had afterwards been sued for breach of promise. It was plain to Charles and also to his counsel that this evidence had strongly prejudiced the judge and jury against him. At this juncture Charles held a whispered conference with his attorney and insisted that he be allowed to go on the stand and defend himself, that the truth in relation to the statements made by Walker be brought to light.

"No, no, what is the use?" replied his attorney, "we have a good technical defense. If you testify they might bring out a lot of information that they will use against you. Let me conduct the trial in my own way, and I am satisfied that you will have a better chance for a satisfactory verdict than if you were to go on the stand and clearly explain your version of the affair."

Charles was keenly disappointed. He hardly knew what to say. He felt the

sting of the accusation that had been made against him, and personally felt that it was his duty to make the truth known. He finally allowed the attorney to have his way. The defense made by his attorney was purely of a technical nature. He tried to throw doubt on the evidence to the effect that he had mailed or written the offending letter. He took advantage of every technicality in connection with the prosecution, and when the case was closed Charles was dissatisfied. He felt somehow that he had been placed in a wrong light; that the efforts of his attorney had made both judge and jury believe that in his own heart he felt he was guilty, and that he was skulking behind every technicality that was afforded by the law.

In summing up the case before the jury, the prosecuting attorney became dramatic. "Here is this man" said he, pointing towards Charles, "pursuing the daughter of one of our most estimable citizens. After repeated warnings he has still continued his pursuit. And what is this man's record? This convict's son, this son of a murderer."

Charles winced, and his eyes flashed with dangerous fire as these words were flung at him.

"His previous life shows that he had been pursuing women. The records of the court in which he was formerly tried very clearly indicate his character. Here he was, engaged to a very estimable girl, and without a sign of an excuse he threw her aside, and in order to clear her own good name she was compelled to bring a suit for breach of promise against him. And this is the man who is pursuing Miss Walker. This is the man who pretends that he is desirous of marrying her. The defense has tried to show that the letter that he has written to this young woman was for worthy purposes; that he desired to enlighten her on delicate subjects that have to do with the responsibilities of home life. But what does such a man care for home life? What does a man who jilts a girl care for marriage? I think, gentlemen of the jury, you will agree with me that his purposes were dishonorable and that this communication had but one purpose, and that purpose is clearly betrayed by his

written words. The letter is obscene, it is worse than obscene; and, gentlemen of the jury, I leave it to you whether or not this man shall be declared guilty in the eyes of the law."

The prosecuting attorney's words were weighted with emotion as he concluded his long harangue to judge and jury. It was plain to see that his argument had had considerable effect. He had not failed to use what influence he could on the jury by inquiring what would be their verdict if the virtue and honor of their own daughters had been at stake."

Charles distinctly realized that the summing up by his attorney was weak. There was no strength to his appeal. Instinctively Charles felt that his case was being handled by a man who did not seem to believe in his own innocence, and as the words of the judge finally conveyed to the jury that the case was at last in their hands he sank back in his seat with the impression that he was to be declared guilty for a crime that he had never knowingly or willingly committed. He saw by the glances that came in his direction now and then from the judge and different members of the jury that his plea had been viewed unfavorably. Samuel Walker sat but a short distance from him, and his face was wreathed in smiles. His expression almost seemed to say, "At last I am having an opportunity to brand this man as he richly deserves. At last I am able to relieve myself of his impertinent attentions to my daughter." He sat there, glowing with pleased delight while the prosecuting attorney was severely arraigning Charles. He fairly beamed on the judge and the jury as the case was finally closed.

The court-room was large. There were several hundred spectators, apparently intensely interested in the details of the trial. Many friends of Charles' were there, and on two or three occasions there were angry interruptions. Then Charles was being scathingly arraigned. In a distant corner of the court-room sat a young woman who had remained unnoticed throughout the trial. She sat there like a statue, apparently drinking in every detail. She wore a black veil over her face and her features could not clearly be seen, but it was apparent from

her general attitude that every detail of the trial was of absorbing interest to her.

As the judge began his speech to the jury she arose and began to force her way through the crowd towards the gate opening into the space reserved for the court and counsel. After considerable trouble, she managed to reach the railing. She said a few words to the man on guard there. He motioned to Mr. Joyce, who had been defending Charles. He came quickly towards her and had a whispered conference with her. The expression of his face changed in an instant. He hurried back to the spot he had vacated. The judge in monotonous tones was explaining the law to the jury.

"Your Honor," he interrupted.

"The case has been closed, sit down."

"I know, your honor, but—"

"No 'buts,' I tell you, the case has been closed. Sit down!"

"Your honor, I insist, new evidence—"

"New evidence! Your evidence is all in, you have said so yourself."

"But I have a new witness, your honor, that will change the entire aspect of this case" pointing towards the young woman who was still standing at the gate.

"A new witness? Who is she?"

"Mrs. Charles Warner."

"Mrs. Charles Warner? What do you mean? You have already stated that this man was unmarried."

"I thought he was until this moment, your honor. Mrs. Charles Warner desires to be a witness, and I am convinced that her evidence will clear an innocent man of this terrible charge."

"Does the prosecution object to the presentation of this new evidence?" questioned the judge, turning to the prosecuting attorney.

"I do, most emphatically."

"Why?" asked the judge.

"The evidence has been presented and the case has been closed. Why should new evidence be allowed?"

"There is no reason for allowing new evidence except to serve the purpose of rendering a just decision."

And, your honor, it is absolutely essential that this new evidence be presented in order to secure a just decision in this case," interrupted Charles' attorney.

"I will allow the evidence. Bring on your witness."

As this discussion continued the features of Samuel Walker would have been a splendid study for an emotional actor. His beaming smile disappeared. As he looked toward the figure that stood at the gateway, his face became flushed and then turned pale. He was on the point of rushing towards the young woman when on second thought he restrained himself. His eyesight was not of the best, but he thought he recognized something familiar about the figure and the hidden features of the veiled young woman.

As the judge stated he would allow the presentation of the new evidence, Mr. Joyce quickly appeared at the gate and escorted the young woman to the witness stand. As she took her seat she raised her veil. A hoarse, inarticulate cry escaped the lips of Samuel Walker as he saw her features. He rushed towards her.

"My daughter! That's my daughter!", he almost yelled, struggling in the hands of three or four men who restrained him and slowly pushed him back into the seat he had vacated.

"Order! Order!" shouted the judge, pounding with his gavel to emphasize his command.

"But, your honor!" shouted Mr. Walker, rising from his seat.

"Order, I tell you!" the judge commanded glaring at Mr. Walker angrily.

Emily, for it was she, sat very placidly viewing the violent scene before her. She looked down at Charles and smiled. It was the same radiant and winning expression he had so dearly treasured, and as Charles gazed up into her eyes a feeling of relief swept over him.

But what could she gain by pretending to be his wife? What could be her object? He was bewildered and amazed at the astounding scene, but as one thought followed another with lightning rapidity there came upon him a great light and he saw that the girl whom he loved was after all true as steel. He realized that she had been present during the entire trial and that she felt as he had that he was sure to be declared guilty and that she was now in the witness

stand ready to perjure herself, ready to say that she was already his wife to save him from the disgrace that was apparently before him.

His eyes for a moment were suffused with tears as he realized the sacrifice she was making in his behalf. In answer to the first query put to her, she said her name was Mrs. Charles Warner. Fortunately, she was not questioned as to when they had been married, as the defending attorney hinted that the marriage had been performed that day. She answered various questions. When questioned as to her view of the communication that had been sent to her and which had been termed obscene, she assured him that particular letter, together with many others, had given her a liberal education on a subject which had been previously a hidden book to her; that she firmly believed that had is not been for the high ideals she had acquired from Charles' correspondence she would have looked upon motherhood and the various responsibilities connected with wifehood in the same vulgar way as did many others; that the very words which the prosecuting attorney had construed as obscene were an inspiration to her that might almost be termed divine.

Her words were a revelation to judge and jury. They apparently had need of higher ideals and of the divine principles that have to do with purity of body and mind. It was difficult to keep Samuel Walker in his chair while the evidence of the witness was being rendered. He interrupted her at frequent intervals, and was only finally silenced by the judge threatening to have him put out of the court-room. As the witness was excused, the judge's expression changed. He looked carefully over the jury.

"In the light of this new evidence, I

THE END.

Fruit Fluff.

Beat the whites of three eggs until stiff; add one and one-half cups of strawberries mashed up, and one half cup of confectioner's sugar. Beat whole together for ten or fifteen minutes and serve immediately, or after standing near ice.

hardly think it is worth while for the jury to retire. It seems to me that the innocence of the witness has been established. If there is no dissenting voice, I will immediately declare the defendant innocent of the crime charged. Has the prosecuting attorney anything to say?"

"No objection can be made to your decision" was the reply.

"This being so," continued the judge "the charge against the defendant is therefore dismissed" as he looked down on Charles, who was standing there holding the hand that Emily had extended to him as she neared his side.

Charles thanked both judge and jury in a few well chosen words, and turning quickly left the court-room with Emily by his side. Samuel Walker started to follow but was again restrained.

"Why did you do it?" asked Charles, as they went down the steps of the building that he felt he would hold a distinct place in his mind if he lived a thousand years.

"Because I loved you," Emily replied, smiling radiantly into his face. "I did not know until I attended the trial that the charge was based on a letter you had sent me.

"And you kept quiet all this time."

"I could not help it. I was watched every moment. I wrote you several letters."

"I have not received a single letter."

"Then they were intercepted and destroyed."

"You said you were my wife. Let us make it true in reality, right now." Charles said.

"I have no reason for objecting" was her reply, and in less than one hour thereafter the evidence of the fair witness who had won his freedom was not only a matter of record but of fact as well.

Raspberries, cherries or some other fruit may be substituted. This dish is easily prepared, and wholesome, for it must be insalivated to be swallowed, and is very delicious.—*Maurice T. Price, Newaygo, Michigan.*

An Old Method of Removing Wrinkles

EXPERIMENTS WITH A METAL FACE MASK APPARATUS
ENTLY PRODUCTIVE OF REMARKABLE RESULTS

By Charles Merriles

Here is an idea that complexion specialists will find well worth investigation. While the price of the device recommended is somewhat prohibitive, it nevertheless suggests a method of removing wrinkles that certainly appeals to one's common sense, and the description of the appliance should be of unusual interest.—Bernarr Macfadden.

IN a previous contribution by the author, which contained suggestions for removing wrinkles, attention was called to the value of accelerating the circulation of the blood to the affected parts, and it was also stated that any rational method that was used with this end in view could be recommended.

Massage or any other mechanical means that would to a certain extent be inclined to smooth out the skin was referred to in favorable terms, and the ordinary face mask was also recommended. However, the mechanical device described in this article will probably be even more effective in removing wrinkles, especially if close attention is given to the suggestions previously given for improving the circulation in the defective parts.

Our readers are doubtless more or less familiar with Mr. Sanford Bennett's remarkable rejuvenation at a time of life at which it is generally supposed that a man should be prepar-

ing for death. In Mr. Bennett's various experiments with a view of eliminating the marks of age, he chanced upon the idea of a metal face mask. It appealed to his sound judgment. It seemed to him that some device which would actually smooth out the lines in the face for a considerable

period during sleep would be certain to bring effective results. He experimented with the mask and was really amazed at the results he attained. To a great extent, of course, his rejuvenation has been due to the series of exercises that he has been taking for a number of years, but at the same time the youthful appearance of his features is due in a measure to the use of this metal face mask, with which I understand he experimented for some time.

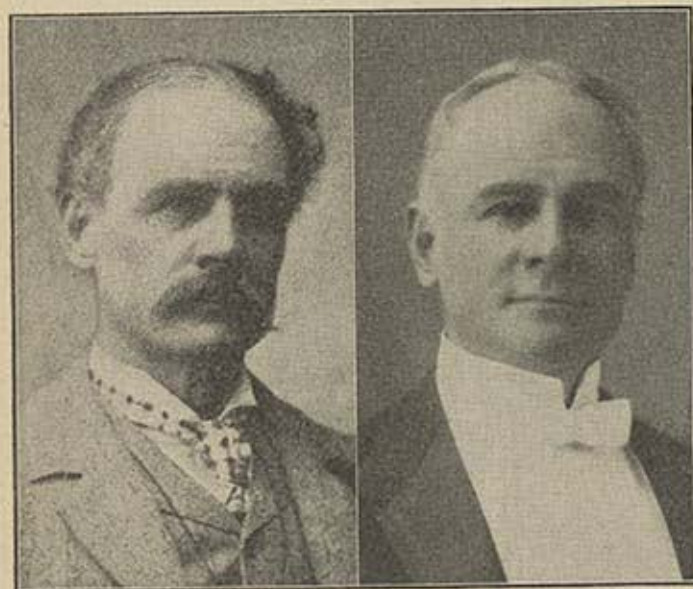
The illustrations shown herewith accurately portray the astounding change that has been made in the face of Mr. Bennett. At fifty years of age he looked like an old man, as you



From a painting of Ninon de Lenclos, a famous French beauty, as she appeared at the age of seventy. An astounding example of youth retained to old age.

will note from the comparison-photographs which we have reproduced, and as he states himself, since that period he has been continually growing younger. Nineteen years afterwards, at the age of sixty-nine, his photograph would indicate that he is now ten to twenty years younger than he appeared to be in the photograph reproduced at fifty.

The astounding change that Mr. Bennett has made in his body would almost make one believe that the dream of Ponce de Leon has at last come true, and that youth can be renewed and rejuvenated, not by some mysterious pro-



Sanford Bennett when fifty years of age (at the left), and nineteen years later (at the right), at sixty-nine years of age. A remarkable exemplification of the possibilities in returning to youth through natural methods.

cess, but simply through the influence of the various methods that can be used for keeping the body alive and awake in every part.

Now the mechanical face mask utilized by Mr. Bennett, actually presses out the wrinkles just as an iron would press out wrinkles in a piece of wearing apparel. It is purely a mechanical process. This face mask is first of all made to snugly fit the contour of the features. A plaster cast, is made in the same manner as a death mask is taken, and then the metal

mask is made from this. Where wrinkles have appeared, the mask is so contrived that a very moderate pressure will be exerted over these particular parts, and naturally the wrinkles disappear. The mask should be worn each night until the defects are no longer in evidence.

This idea is not entirely new, as Mr. Bennett states. He secured an inkling of this theory from a famous French beauty, Ninon de Lenclos, by name, who lived in the seventeenth century.

From youth to old age, this woman was noted, not only in her own city and nation but also throughout all Europe. She was bright, graceful, and attractive in her girlhood, beautiful, brilliant, and entrancing in her maturity, witty, charming, and still beautiful in her old age. She possessed remarkable beauty of face and form, exceptional brilliancy of intellect, an excellent education, unusual skill in music and dancing, a wonderful fund of lively wit, an abundance of wealth, and a dazzling display of polished politeness. In fact, she had every qualification for an absolute sovereign in the realm of fashionable society.

The most wonderful thing about this famous woman was the marvellous preservation of her youthful beauty of face, even until the time of her death, which occurred when she was ninety years old. An accompanying reproduction from a painting shows the youthful appearance of her face at the age of seventy. The absence of wrinkles is especially interesting. How unfortunate that she did not live long enough to write a testimonial concerning the longevity-producing powers of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey!

It is said that this ability to seem never to grow old belonged not only to Ninon de Lenclos, but also to a few of



The metal face mask complete.

her most intimate friends. After her death, someone disclosed the secret. Early in her life, she began wearing a face mask for the prevention of wrinkles. This mask, she had herself devised. It was made of gold, moulded upon a plaster mask of her features. It was made in two parts, connected by hinges, the upper half covering the forehead and the lower half the remainder of the face. Although this mask, made before electroplating was known, must have been a cumbersome and ill-fitting affair, nevertheless was employed with remarkable skill and success in keeping her face free from wrinkles and blemishes of every kind. All through life, her skin remained smooth, soft, and clear.

Mr. Bennett's first idea was to use an electric current, with the mask, but

fitting the skin closely in every contour of the face, as it does, causes a contact vibration which renders further stimulation unnecessary. This contact vibration and the partial exclusion of air stimulates the sweat and oil glands to greater activity and also increases the flow of blood in the capillaries of the face. In addition, there is a bleaching tendency, similar to the bleaching qualities of gloves. Women who have practiced wearing gloves during sleep can appreciate this feature. This bleaching effect is increased by the use of a specially prepared face cream. The device is very light, weighing from six to eight ounces. It can be easily and quickly attached or detached, and can be worn with very little inconvenience, as will be noted in illustrations.

Taken altogether, the use of this appliance seems to be founded on a most logical principle. It should be remem-



As you will appear when wearing face mask.



How the mask is fastened behind the head.

bered, however, that little can be expected from the use of such a device, unless every possible precaution is taken to enable the tissues to secure proper sustenance from the blood stream. Without a proper supply of those elements which are absolutely needed to replace worn-out and effete material, it is utterly impossible to secure the round and plump outlines characteristic of health and youth, no matter how simple or how complicated may be the methods that one adopts. If we were able to secure the full details of the means employed by Ninon de Lenclos and her contemporaries for preserving the bloom of youth, we would be almost certain to discover that they overlooked no measures for constitutional upbuilding.

The mask has never been manufactured for sale, as it is too expensive for mercantile purposes. The cost of a mask made to properly fit the contour of the features is, so we understand, one hundred dollars or more, therefore it is a luxury that but few can afford.

Pickles and Paradise

THE following is a very interesting bit of reading, and is similar to a great many news items observed in the public press:

GIVES LUNCH IN CHURCH.

PASTOR FINDS THAT PLAN INCREASES ATTENDANCE.

As an inducement to members of his congregation to come to church, and to hold a number of young women to whom he had previously delivered a special talk on "Character Building," Rev. Ross F. Wicks, pastor of the Congregational Church, at Norwalk, arranged to have lunch served in the parlors of the church from 6:15 to 7 o'clock this evening. The plan worked admirably, for the church could not hold those who wished to attend the evening service.

The lunch was served by the young women of the church, and consisted of coffee, sandwiches, pickles, and cake.

Praise the Lord for pickles; thank the Lord for cake and coffee; sing joyful songs of gratitude unto the Lord for sandwiches, especially pork sandwiches.

Evidently, the majority of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness desire plenty of pork, pie, and pickles along with their salvation soup. Generally, too, they are fond of cake and coffee to

accompany their ice cream of character building. It matters not what goes into the stomach; the important thing is to keep the soul as white as snow, as stainless as the stars, as pure as the azure blue or the perfume of sweet flowers. Life here below must not be studied; only the life above is worthy of our thought. Life is at best uncertain; death is sure to come.

Coffee and cake build characters; sandwiches (swine sandwiches), insure salvation; pickles lead to perfect peace. Grant us an abundance of all these priceless blessings, now and forever. When we reach the pearly portals, may we find some pickles there. When within the walls of jasper, pork sandwiches may we share. When we journey through the golden streets, and view the glassy lake, may our hearts overflow with joy—our stomachs with coffee and cake. We are led on, on, ever on, by the sublime and glorious hope that there are pickles in Paradise.

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled"—with coffee, sandwiches, pickles, and cake.

Menus and Recipes for Three Days

These menus are selected from the daily bills-of-fare served at the Bernarr Macfadden Sanatorium, at Battle Creek, Mich. As from 250 to 400 people are served at each meal at this famous Mecca for Physical Culturists, it will be realized that the menus cover a wide scope of health building foods. Readers will please note that all the foods embraced in the Menus, as well as the products represented on our advertising pages, are given our endorsement as of first quality, and as fully complying with the Pure Food Law.—Bernarr Macfadden.

FIRST DAY.

Breakfast.

Oranges	Peaches	Bananas	Plums	Cherries	Ripe Olives
Corn Flakes	Peanut Butter	Grape Nuts	Raw Shelled Peanuts		
	Raw Wheat Flakes		Raw Oat Flakes		
Cream of Rolled Oats			Shredded Cabbage with Raw Beets		
Buttered Cabbage	Mashed Rutabagas and Potatoes		Green Onions		
	Sliced Tomatoes		Corn Bread		
Apple Sauce	Grated Carrots and Cheese		Raw Apple Dessert		

Dinner.

	Brown Onion Soup				
Sandwiched Tomatoes	Hungarian Carrots		Shredded Celery		
Potatoes a la Hollandaise	Radishes		Poinsetta Salad		
Grated Sweet Potatoes with Nuts			Apple Charlotte with Cream		
Soaked Barley with Fruit			American Cheese		
Figs	Dates	Hawaiian Pineapple	Mixed Nuts		
Lettuce	Eggs to Order	Young or Spanish Onions	Radishes		
Educator Crackers	Bran Biscuit	Triscuit	Entire Wheat Bread		
Milk	Sumik	Postum	Cocoa	Apple Tea	Grape Coffee
	Fruit Juice			Buttermilk	Date Coffee

SECOND DAY.

Breakfast.

Oranges	Peaches	Bananas	Plums	Cherries	Ripe Olives
Corn Flakes	Peanut Butter	Grape Nuts	Raw Shelled Peanuts		
	Raw Wheat Flakes		Raw Oat Flakes		
Cream of Tomatoes with Rice			Shredded Cabbage with Dressing		
Bavarian Cabbage with Caraway Seed			Potatoes, au Gratin		
Grated Sweet Potatoes with Cocoanut			Sandwiched Tomatoes		
Fresh Peach Sauce	Sliced Peaches and Cream		Radishes		

Dinner.

	Puree Jackson			Tonic Combination	
Baked and Buttered Hubbard Squash				Green Onions	
Stuffed Green Peppers			Nuttid Cottage Cheese		
Celery Salad and Sliced Tomatoes			Celery Salad on Sliced Tomatoes		
Compote of Concord Grapes with Rice			Grape Fruit		
American Cheese	Figs	Dates	Hawaiian Pineapple	Mixed Nuts	
Lettuce	Eggs to Order	Young or Spanish Onions	Radishes		
Educator Crackers	Bran Biscuit	Triscuit	Entire Wheat Bread		
Milk	Sumik	Postum	Cocoa	Apple Tea	Grape Coffee
	Fruit Juice			Buttermilk	Date Coffee

THIRD DAY.

Breakfast.

Oranges Peaches Bananas Plums Cherries Ripe Olives
 Corn Flakes Peanut Butter Grape Nuts Raw Shelled Peanuts
 Raw Wheat Flakes Raw Oat Flake
 Cream of Kidney Beans
 Sweet Corn on Cob Potatoes, a la Maitre d'Hotel Sliced Tomatoes
 Fairmont Salad on Lettuce Leaves Curled and Iced Celery Radishes
 Cottage Cheese Corn Bread Cantaloupes

Dinner.

Cream of Beets with Tapioca Walnut Croquettes with Tomato Sauce
 Baked Egg Plant, a la Vinaigrette Salad au Cresson
 Tomatoes and Parsley Salad au Cresson Green Onions
 Minced Cabbage with Grated Peanuts Soaked Barley with Dates
 Bermuda Pudding with Orange Sauce
 American Cheese
 Figs Dates Raisins Mixed Nuts
 Lettuce Eggs to Order Young or Spanish Onions Radishes
 Uncooked Wheat Bread Bran Biscuit Triscuit Entire Wheat Bread
 Milk Sumik Postum Cocoa Apple Tea Grape Coffee Date Coffee
 Welch Grape Juice
 Buttermilk

Cream of Rolled Oats.

One and one-half quarts rich milk slightly warmed; cook one half cup rolled oats in one cup water. When cooked add to milk and bring to boiling point. Season with salt and butter to taste.

Salad au Cresson.

Pick leaves from stalks of nice green cress and put in ice water to become crisp. Mince one small onion and add to the crisp cress leaves and serve on sliced tomatoes dressed with mayonnaise dressing.

Stuffed Green Peppers.

Take seeds from peppers and soak in salt water. Boil rice enough to fill peppers and when rice is done add grated cheese to taste, placing rice in pepper shells. Put on buttered pan and bake until shells are tender. Serve with tomato sauce.

Apple Charlotte.

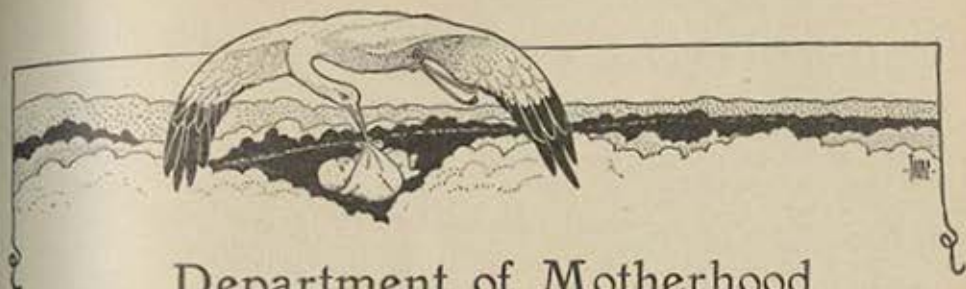
Butter a baking pan and cover with a layer of sliced tart apples; sprinkle with sugar and Post Toasties and add another layer of all except toasties. Pour water over all, and add a sprinkling of toasties and melted butter; place in oven and bake until apples are tender. Serve with whipped cream.

Sandwiched Tomatoes.

Mix equal parts of chopped walnuts, grated cheese and parsley together and put between slices of tomatoes and dress with olive oil and lemon juice. Garnish with parsley.

Nutted Cottage Cheese.

Mix cottage cheese and peanut butter together in proportions of two parts cheese to one of nut butter. Form into balls and roll in grated cocoanut and then serve.



Department of Motherhood

THE TRAINING OF THE INTUITION

By Marion Malcolm

IN the first article of this series, "What a Mother Should Know of Herself," I endeavored to set forth the importance of considering motherhood as beautiful, pure, and sacred, and as the highest calling in life. In presenting this theme, I sought to emphasize the importance of seeking and teaching wholesome knowledge concerning the purposes and principles of the sexual nature. In this article, I shall try to present some helpful thoughts concerning a subject which every woman ought to consider as worthy of the most careful study.

Fortunate is the girl whose mother teaches her in an intelligent manner the physiological facts she ought to know concerning herself as a girl, as a woman, and as a probable mother. Fortunate the mother who thus teaches her daughter the most sacred truths humanity has ever learned. Such a daughter will escape the blighting experiences which ignorance invites into the life of the average woman. Such a mother will be spared the remorse which tears the heart of her whose failure to perform this sacred duty of safeguarding her child with pure knowledge has dragged her daughter into sin. Such a mother and such a daughter will have happiness which the ignorant and careless never know.

How to teach these things is a question which perplexes many a mother who is not prudish, who realizes the danger of ignorance and the value of knowledge, and who earnestly desires to teach her daughter the beautiful truths of woman-

hood. To such a mother, I trust that these few simple and humble suggestions will prove especially helpful.

Many people have terribly erroneous ideas about teaching. They imagine that teaching consists in cramming the mind with information, sought and unsought. They confuse teaching with giving information through talking or books, and learning with getting information through reading or listening. So it happens that earnest, well-meaning people waste a vast amount of time and energy in preaching or in striving to impart mere information to those who are not ready to receive it, or capable of using it if they do receive it. There is too much feeding, forced feeding, of the mind, and too little training, sensible training, of the faculties which Nature has given us to guide us in our search for the knowledge we ought to have, and to "lead us in the paths of righteousness."

As the normal body seeks and assimilates the food it needs, so the normal mind seeks and assimilates the knowledge it requires. The important thing is to give both body and mind such careful training that they will be always in normal condition, and to provide them with the necessary food at the proper time.

It is true that some enthusiastic advocates of special ideas often carry their discussion of their favorite topics to a morbid degree, thus offending the finer sensibilities of those they are seeking to teach, and also lessening the efficiency of their own efforts. A mistake of this kind is especially unfortunate in dealing with

the subject of sex. The more sacred the theme, the greater should be the care in handling it.

To the woman desiring to learn truth accurately and safely, or to teach truth carefully and effectually, a keen, well trained intuition is of wonderful value. The woman who has such an intuition, normal and highly developed, possesses a priceless treasure. There are times in the trying experiences of life when it is necessary to make a vital decision quickly, when there is not time to summon the aid of laborious logic, when a mistake would cost life or something equally dear. Then it is that a sharp intuition, a deeply sensitive nature attuned to truth, is worth more than everything else. Furthermore, even when there is time to weigh a question carefully in the scales of logic, there is danger of a serious mistake which only sad experience can correct. Merely because a thing is logical, it does not necessarily follow that it is true, wholesome, useful. Merely because a thing seems to be illogical, it does not necessarily follow that it is false, harmful, or useless. Things are not always as they seem to be. Reason deals with uncertain items of evidence; intuition feels what is right, and what is wrong. One of the tremendous errors in our educational system of to-day, and one of the most cruel crimes of custom against woman, is the suppressing and perverting of normal instincts through subordinating them to boasted logic, and to man's conceited and selfish ideas.

To be sure, experience and observation have much to do with the development of the intuition. Nevertheless, living in harmony with Nature's laws of health, keeping the body and the mind pure, strong, and active, and relying upon the deepest sensibilities, will marvelously help a woman to grasp the great principles of right living, without either passing through bitter and blighting experiences or accepting ideas as true

merely because some prominent person advocates them or because they seem reasonable. In fact, the normal woman will subject ideas concerning vital questions to the test of her womanly instinct.

Now, the mother who possesses this keen intuition, guarded by right living and thinking, developed by careful, natural use, and not crushed or sullied by custom or lust, will find herself well-equipped for that noblest profession of bringing up children and helping them to develop into strong, pure, useful men and women. She will be able to understand her children, and to cause them to understand her.

We ought to try to develop in both girls and boys this innate sense of discerning truth. Although Nature has endowed woman with a superior sensitiveness, Nature has also planted in the inner self of man the seed of divine instinct, which man ought to mature into a fruitful tree of knowledge and power. The life of the average man is so abominably abnormal that he does not have a sufficiently keen instinct either to appreciate or understand a normal, wholesome woman. A fully developed man, however, noble and pure and sensitive to sacred truths, will admire beautiful, instinctive woman, and will trust her intuition implicitly.

Much of our present-day education is out of harmony with Nature's laws of development. We need to train our children and ourselves in such a way as to help natural growth of the whole being. Such training will help the development of intuition; and intuition will help us to follow such training. Every mother ought to know herself, as a woman, as a wife, as a mother. Every mother ought to know the laws Nature intends her to know. Then she will be able to understand her children, and to make them feel the sweet and sacred truths which are a part of her motherhood.

A NEW PHYSICAL CULTURE STUDIO

Thomas Dain-Allen, M.D., a graduate of the Physical Culture Training School, at Chicago, Ill., has begun his professional career at 221

Hickory street, Warren, Pa., and is open for engagements to prescribe physical culture treatment and remedial exercises.

General Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

Our friends will please note that only those questions which we consider of general interest can be answered in this department. As we can only devote a small portion of the magazine to matters of this kind, it is impossible for us to answer all the queries received. Where the letters, however, do not require lengthy replies, the editor usually finds time to answer by mail. Where an answer of this kind is required, please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Changing Climate for Health

Q. What effect, if any, has a change of climate on one's health?

A. A great deal has been said about the value of change of climate, but I would like especially to emphasize right here that the principal value of the changes in climate that are usually so highly recommended comes with the adoption of new habits of life. For instance, a business man is much worried with the responsibilities that surround him. A change of climate is advised. He goes to another climate, changes his habits, and secures great benefit therefrom, and the improvement is credited entirely to the change of climate. There is no especial need for changing climate in the treatment of any disease, provided one is securing pure air. The confined air of cities is, of course, baneful, and a change to the country can always be of advantage, though beyond this there is not much value through the so-called change of climate. Of course, localities where a large amount of sunlight can be secured are sometimes more beneficial when one is endeavoring to remedy lung troubles. Too much dampness and a continually cloudy atmosphere are a disadvantage in this particular trouble.

Remedy for Deafness

Q. Can anything be done to effect a cure of deafness and ear noises?

A. Where deafness or the symptoms mentioned have been produced by catarrhal condition, methods recommended for increasing the general vitality can in nearly all cases be depended upon for bringing about a change that will be beneficial in character. The ear noises in deafness have been brought about through the changing of the tissues that is taking place, or has already been made in the tissues brought about by catarrhal or other inflammation. As a rule in order to affect a disease of this kind a short or long fast is essential. In many cases, however, a mere change of your habits of life will bring about favorable results.

Removing Tonsils

Q. I am desirous of knowing whether one having catarrh in the throat could be

benefited by having his tonsils removed. Would a gargle be of any benefit?

A. A symptom such as you mention simply indicates a constitutional condition that can be remedied only by improving the general quality of the blood. There are various poisons in the blood which are seeking an outlet when catarrhal symptoms of the nature you describe appear. If you will put yourself through a régime such as we have described again and again in this publication, cleansing the body of impurities and building up the vitality in every way, you will soon find the symptoms of your trouble will disappear. Removal of the tonsils will in no way cure your disease. If the tonsils are removed, you will still have the disease to remedy, though it may appear in a different form. A gargle is of temporary benefit, as it will at least cleanse the affected parts for the time being, though what you need is internal rather than external cleansing.

Do Athletes Die Young?

Q. What truth is there in the statement made by some people that athletes die of consumption? Is it true that some develop their external muscles at the expense of the internal organs?

A. The statement that athletes die young is not borne out by the facts. Some athletes die young, it is true. They die not because of the athletics but because of the excesses in which they have indulged. It might be well to note that the more perfectly you develop your physical organism, the more delicately acute becomes the nervous organism, and mistakes that you may make dietetically or otherwise are sometimes more noticeable where the body is in perfect condition than when one is doped with drugs and excessive food. Athletes who have trained for many years and then suddenly change their habits entirely, avoiding exercise absolutely, are certainly liable to consumption and to many other diseases, if they are heavy feeders and indulge freely in alcohol and various other excesses. Habits of this nature are the real cause of the early death of athletes. It might be possible to exercise the external muscles to such an extent that they would be a drain upon the internal organs. You can wear out the human machine the same as you can any other machine. If you over-

work your muscles you will wear them out much earlier than if you were using them more carefully and temperately. There are but few instances, however, where the internal organs have been weakened through the excessive use of the external muscular system. As a rule the opposite condition represents the truth.

Loose Teeth

Q. My teeth are very loose. What causes this condition?

A. It would be difficult to accurately decide the exact cause of the symptom referred to, not knowing more of your diet and habits of life. If you are in the habit of eating mushy food and swallowing it hurriedly, without mastication, that would to a large extent cause the teeth to become loose. If you are in the habit of eating a great deal of white bread and other white flour products and not sufficient other foods, your teeth would be starved. They would not be securing the nourishment necessary for their sustenance. In such cases, they would easily grow loose and in some cases they have been known to become a mere shell. The remedy in your case is free use of the teeth in thoroughly masticating your food, and furnishing yourself freely with those foods that feed the teeth. The elements of nourishment contained in the bran found in whole wheat, but removed from white flour can be especially recommended and white flour products should never be used if any other food can be secured.

A Fast Causing a Headache

Q. Every time I take a fast, after missing about three meals I have a bursting headache which leaves me very weak.

A. A symptom of this character is not especially unusual. Headaches very frequently occur after one has missed two or three meals. Their severity, of course, depends largely upon the conditions. The occurrence of the symptom is not usually difficult to explain. Unquestionably where headache occurs part of the food eaten at previous meals has remained undigested and a change takes place through fermentation or otherwise which causes the absorbent glands of the assimilative organs to take up poisons which are thrown into the circulation. These poisons or impurities circulating through the blood are the direct cause of the headache. When the headache occurs it really shows the need of a fast. If your food is not digesting properly it is a very accurate indication that you should either fast altogether or eat much less than has been your habit. As a rule the drinking of hot water freely will remedy the symptom, though where it is not promptly remedied it is a good plan to at least continue the fast until symptoms of this particular kind have entirely disappeared.

Cause and Cure of Mal-Assimilation

Q. I am troubled with mal-assimilation. What is the cause and cure?

A. A book of considerable size would be necessary to describe in detail the cause and cure of mal-assimilation. In nearly all cases it is brought about through excessive feeding or the use of improper foods. About the best remedy that can be recommended off hand is a brief fast followed by a diet which can be assimilated. Perhaps the very best diet for this particular disorder under these circumstances is the exclusive milk diet, which has frequently been referred to in this department. This diet is, of course, easily assimilated and when it is taken following a fast it is really amazing how fast the system absorbs it.

Night Sweats

Q. What can I do for night sweats? I frequently have to get out of bed and rub myself with a towel and put on dry night clothes.

A. Night sweats usually indicate a devitalized condition. In most cases they can only be remedied by the building of more vitality, but remember that if one is careful to avoid the use of too much covering at night symptoms of this character are likely to disappear. As a rule is you will use barely enough covering when retiring to keep the body warm, night-sweats will not appear. Keep extra bed-clothing at the foot of the bed, and should you get cold during the night an additional covering can be pulled up, though one should use at all times only as much covering as necessary. Long walks, deep breathing and dry friction baths can be especially recommended, though the following of the general instructions for increasing the health and vitality of the body will in nearly all cases remedy the symptoms by adding to the health and strength of the body.

Worry and Nervous Debility

Q. Will continued worry produce nervous debility and lead to chronic disease?

A. The influence of worry very emphatically proves the importance of a hopeful and contented attitude. On many occasions we have referred, in these columns, to the power of the mind over the body, and where one can through will power or in other ways entirely eliminate worry from his daily life, it will be to his advantage in every conceivable way. Of course, worry is to a certain extent an accompaniment of functional disturbances. An attack of indigestion, for instance, will often bring on melancholy or worry. As a rule when one's functions are working smoothly, he is mentally satisfied and life is pleasing to him. Worry, however, acts and reacts upon the body. Bodily weakness and disease cause worry and worry adds to the difficulties produced by them. Sickness in many cases is also largely imaginary and where such is the case a mere change of the mental attitude will quickly bring a cure and even where the cause is more deep-seated, a determination to avoid worry will be of very great advantage.



THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

Physical Culture Cures Stomach Trouble— Saves Life

TO THE EDITOR:

A few words for physical culture and what it will do for stomach trouble, and of hot and cold water as important remedies. I shall write these few words through the influence of a friend, one Dennis Riordan. And perhaps they may help some one else find the road to recovery as did the writer. I was a constant sufferer for seven to nine years. I was run down in flesh and had a bad complexion and also an offensive breath at all times and was troubled every night with cramps in the muscles of my body when I would try to sleep. As for eating I could eat nothing whatever without the most severe misery in my stomach from one meal to the next. I took all kinds of patent medicines that I ever heard of and also doctored with several different doctors and I will say that the only doctor that ever did help me didn't use poisonous drugs on me but used a hot water stomach pump. It's a hard dose to take, although it helped me when I was using his treatment. But at last I was persuaded by a friend who was a physical culturist to throw away all medicines and drugs and try physical culture, hot and cold baths on the outside and hot water on the inside and as I had given up all hopes I told him I would try it. By the third day I had become so delighted with my own treatment that I walked out on the end of the waste dump of a mining tunnel and threw all liquids, powders and every thing that belonged with them as far as my hand could send them.

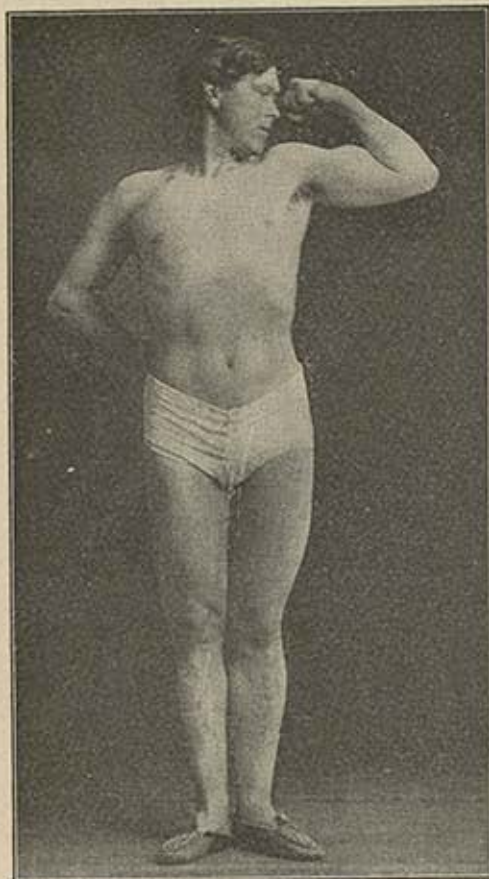
I next began to try something that I had never tried before and that is to live without eating or as nearly so as possible. I began by fasting three days, which is not long, but the results were wonderful. Both morning and night I would take physical culture movements, usually taking the greatest amount of exercise immediately on arising from bed in the morning. I also took a hot bath first and finished up with a cold one. This I found to be of great benefit to the circulation of the blood, and also the nervous system. On arising from bed in the morning I would drink all the hot water my stomach would hold and would put in this water one-half teaspoonful of salt, which I consider assists in cutting loose the mucus which forms in the weakened stomach and must be cleaned out before health can be restored. I would take nothing whatever in the way of food into my stomach until 12 o'clock,

and then a very light meal of toasted brown bread with very little butter and sometimes a soft boiled egg, and drink nothing at all when eating, nor for one hour before and one hour after eating.

I will say in conclusion that to-day I can eat



J. L. Elam, Jr., of Walla Walla, Washington. A fine specimen of vigorous childhood, who, his father says, "has been brought up along the lines advocated in "Physical Culture."



C. A. Bowen, of Clayton, Washington, a splendidly developed young man.

anything I want and as long as I use my stomach at all reasonably I never have a pain. I eat two meals per day, leaving off breakfast, and I claim that two good meals per day are enough for any man, I care not what his work may be. I lived on one light meal per day for almost six months while shoeing horses, which is undoubtedly hard work. Another thing I would say to one and all: Use sparingly of sweets and pastry in any form, also of lard or hog's fat.

B. G. JACKSON.

Globe, Arizona, Gila County.

Formerly a Dyspeptic—Walked Thirty-six Miles in One Day

TO THE EDITOR:

Four years ago (until the summer of 1908), I had been somewhat sick of dyspepsia. I saw several doctors and took their medicines but never could feel well entirely.

A friend of mine loaned me one of your magazines and although I found their advice very cheering, I was too lazy to follow them, on account of being quite weak, and not having

been accustomed to any kind of exercise. At last, on the 16th of September, 1908, I made up my mind and began to follow your advice, and very soon began to feel much better. Eleven months have elapsed, and now I am proud to say that I feel like another man. Last Sunday I walked thirty-six miles and enjoyed the journey very much. I have not taken coffee, beer, or smoked cigarettes during these eleven months. I wish that all my countrymen who understand English, would receive your magazine and follow your methods.

V. G. HERRERA.

Saltillo, Agosto.

Gained Benefit from Following Our Theories

TO THE EDITOR:

I have taken great pleasure in reading and following the theories given in the PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine, and have derived great benefit both to health and strength by so doing. I am enclosing you photograph and measurements.

Chest, expanded.....	41.8 inches
Waist.....	32.2 "
Hips.....	39.2 "
Neck.....	15.5 "
Upper arm, flexed.....	14.7 "
Forearm, flexed.....	12.3 "
Thigh.....	24.3 "
Calf.....	15.8 "
Weight.....	176 pounds
Age.....	30 years
Height.....	5 feet 8½ inches

Clayton, Wash.

C. A. BOWEN.

A Wreck Reclaimed—A Hunchback Cured

TO THE EDITOR:

It is now about two years since I first became acquainted with your magazine. I happened to find it among some old papers that my brother had sent home. I was at that time a slave to many health-destroying habits, such as smoking, chewing, drinking coffee, and especially one which I am almost ashamed to mention here, and which was more than any one of the other ones, slowly, but surely, sapping my health and strength away from me. I got interested in the copy of your magazine I had found, and accidentally happened to run across an article in the same number about the folly of youthful errors, and this set me thinking; for mind you, I had never stopped to think or had the least idea that I was ruining my own body by the practice of this vice.

When I became conscious of the evil effects of this vice I made up my mind to quit it. But this was easier said than done. I tried, time and time again, but fell back into the habit again, and it simply seemed impossible to quit it. At this time I was not a subscriber to your magazine, and had nobody to encourage me, my mother was dead—otherwise I might have opened my heart to her. My father I did not dare to speak to, as I did not expect any understanding or sympathy from him in this matter, and so at last I lost all hope and courage and made up my mind that life was not worth

living any more. I was a physical wreck. Many were the nights when I lay awake, praying and sobbing for help and strength.

Just at this period my younger brother happened to get interested in physical culture and subscribed for your magazine. In this way I had a chance to again read some about health and the right way of living. I got new hope again and thought that there might be hope for me too. My brother also sent for a book on the subject of building up manhood. After reading this book I again started out to fight my old habits with renewed hope and courage, and tried to follow your teachings. I did not conquer right away, but I gradually built up my general health by following your advice as close as it was possible under the circumstances. In this way my mind grew clearer and my will grew stronger and I was better prepared to fight this Nemesis. With all the new hope and strength I had I felt like a new man. Although I had to work against the prejudice of my father and the prudery of the whole community, I started to build up my system again.

It was not until about four months ago, though, that I really got to practice physical culture as it really and truly ought to be practiced. Since that time I have been exercising and bathing regularly, and I think that you will note from my picture that it has not been without results. And I now really hope and believe that I am over my old habits for good, although I always will be on the lookout for them.

Many are the young boys I have talked to about this matter and warned against abusing their own bodies, which God has given them, not to degrade and abuse, but to glorify Him, and I believe and hope my efforts have not been in vain.

Next to God I have you to thank for my present good health and being saved from a miserable life and probably an early death. I admire you for all the good you do, and have done for me. Really, there is not one man in the world that I honor, respect and admire as much as you. And I earnestly hope and wish that you may live long and have all the good luck you deserve in your noble work, in spreading light and happiness into so many suffering and despairing hearts.

One important thing I forgot to mention was that before I started to follow your teachings I was hunchbacked and my chest was very flat and shoulders round and hanging forward so I could never get a coat that would fit me. As you will note from my picture, I have cured myself of this entirely. Just by following a special system of exercises given in an older copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Warren, Minn.

BEN JOHNSON.

An Editor Commends Us

TO THE EDITOR:

We (my wife and I, and our four children), have just finished reading the splendid editorials in a late number of PHYSICAL CULTURE, and I want to tell you how much we

appreciate the splendid little periodical, and particularly your editorials. That on "Jesting at Human Tragedies," "Pitiful Ignorance, the Cause of this Age," and "Washington's Marriage Law," in the current issue were simply superb, and should be read by every parent especially, and by all others who aspire to cleaner living, and a purer national life.

The magazine is doing untold good. It preaches monthly the most powerful and practical of sermons—more forceful than are preached by the great majority of ministers, and I say this as a church man, who believes in the church and her mission. We eagerly read every line each month, advertisements and all, but derive most enjoyment from your editorials. May your life be spared for many years, and may PHYSICAL CULTURE prosper as it so justly merits.

Your well-wisher,

A. E. SMITH.

Editor of the Mount Carmel Register.

Swelling in Throat Cured

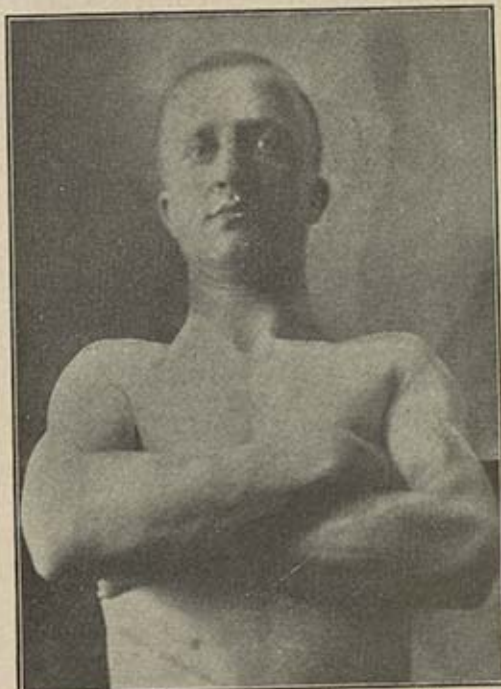
TO THE EDITOR:

I have had a large swelling in my throat for three years. Six months ago I started taking exercises for the throat and chest, and today I haven't a sign of the swelling.

Bernarr Macfadden has saved us many dollars in doctor's bills, and have a great deal to thank him for.

MRS. WM. SAMPSON.

Hedley, B. C., Canada.



Ben Johnson, of Warren, Minn. A former hunchbacked physical wreck, now a strong well-formed athlete.

Comment, Counsel and Criticism by Our Readers

If, at any time, there are any statements in **PHYSICAL CULTURE** that you believe to be erroneous or misleading, or any subject discussed regarding which you take issue or upon which 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 greater interest to the majority of readers. For every letter published we will present the writer, as a mark of our appreciation, with a subscription to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**, to be sent to the writer or to any friend the writer may designate. For the convenience of our office, kindly write us after the publication of your communication, giving name and full address of the person to whom you wish subscription to be sent.—Bernarr Macfadden.

The Washington Marriage Law

TO THE EDITOR:

A few facts in regard to the "Marriage Law" in Washington: The examination for the most part is filling out blanks provided for that purpose, and perhaps a superficial "looking over" by "a duly licensed physician of repute," who only "soaks" you from \$25.00 to \$35.00 for the examination.

In Washington the licenses cost about \$35.00 on an average and from \$8.00 to \$55.00 in extreme cases. The license alone is \$5.00 the preacher or judge, \$5.00; total, \$45.00. Instead of looking with suspicion, as you should, on any law hatched by the politicians and doctors, you seem to in this case take for granted that the operation of the new "law" will be productive of superb specimens of manhood and womanhood in time to come, but consider that large numbers are going to other places to marry so the "law" won't operate in their cases. The business men figure they are losing thousands of dollars per month, all due to the new "law," so we may look for amendments and modifications to remove the sting.
B. McC.

Bananas Should Be Picked Green

TO THE EDITOR:

I have eaten native bananas in Mexico, Hawaii, the East and the West Indies and think the banana is a peculiar product; for to the best of my knowledge bananas will not ripen on the plant. My first experience resulted in a day's search for ripe bananas, finding plenty of green ones on nearly every plant, occasionally a bunch of shriveled ones, but no ripe ones, nor any approaching a yellow color. On my asking the natives the reason of this seemingly miscarriage of nature, was told that they will not ripen on the plant; that sunlight will shrivel them, turning a dark brown color. They must be cut when properly developed and hung up in a dark place to ripen, with a good circulation of air around them, although they will ripen in any cool, dark place, such as a corner of a hut, etc.

I was greatly interested in this phenomenon and found the conditions similar in each of the above countries, finding ripe bananas in the

majority of houses, but never on the plants. They were ripened identically in each section of the country and are stored away in some isolated part of the house, outbuilding, etc. Not all bananas are yellow when ripe, the Lacatan, for instance, being a deep green, varying from a square to a hexagonal cross section. I have seen great warehouses full of bananas awaiting shipment, and was told by the exporters that they would keep indefinitely if securely cased in a heavy case made of banana leaves, which would exclude the air; that they could not ripen without first coming into contact with fresh air. On their arrival at their destination they should be unpacked and hung up in a dark room (a cellar is an ideal place), with a good circulation of air, when it would take from two to three weeks for them to become ripe, which I have seen done in this country, the lights in the cellar being turned on when entering and turned off when leaving.

Deming, N. M.

G. A. ROLAND.

Ripened Bananas Best

TO THE EDITOR:

In a recent issue of your magazine I saw an article about bananas by Dr. W. J. Brand. Now to prove that a banana which ripened or at least matured on the tree is better than one picked before maturity, go to the dock in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore or New Orleans and eat a banana which is so ripe that it drops off the stem when it comes out of the ship, then eat one which was ripened by artificial means.

This mature fruit is sold to the push-cart peddlers because they can go out and sell it immediately at a low price. The greener or more immature fruit is shipped to the interior cities. The farther into the interior it goes the greener and more immature it is when shipped. Hence the farther away from the seaport you are the less mature and in my estimation the poorer your bananas are. In my travels I have often noticed how much plumper and of how much better quality the bananas are in the large cities, which I have mentioned, than they are in the interior cities. This is from a common sense standpoint, not perhaps as scientific as Dr. Brand's, yet facts.

The same rule I have noticed applies to oranges and some other fruits, if they are shipped from a long distance. For instance, the first oranges from California, in the Fall may look ripe and yellow but they may have been gathered while green and immature and ripened by artificial heat and are sour and practically unfit to eat. Later in the season when the fruit is allowed to ripen on the trees it is sweet and delicious. Some fruits like strawberries will never change color if picked and shipped while green. A strawberry (of which there are thousands of carloads shipped from this section to Northern markets every spring), picked green will not turn red, but will decay while green. All fruit should be matured—not necessarily dead ripe when picked—to be fit for food, no matter how far it is to be shipped.

Conway, So. Car.

R. O. HANSON.

Real Race Suicide

TO THE EDITOR:

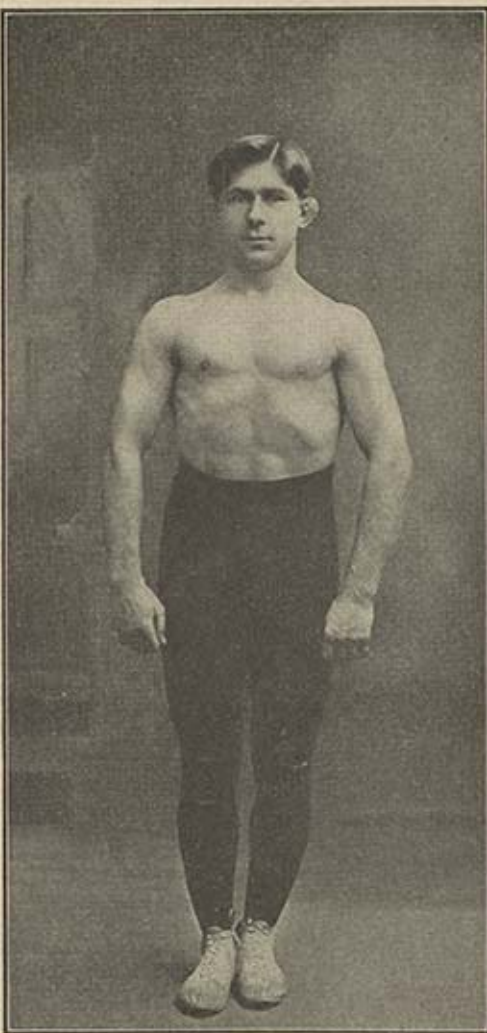
In a late issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, Mr. Sidney Cummings presents an article on "America's Decreasing Birth Rate," which deserves further consideration. The editorial note of introduction assures us that the basic facts of the article have been taken from census reports. There is no doubt of this. The note proceeds, "It appears to me that the conclusions set forth herein should be of startling interest." But this does not necessarily follow. Mr. Cummings based his argument on undisputed authority; but that does not vouch for his conclusions. It is with these conclusions that I wish to deal.

That the "native American" stock is diminishing and that the increase of population is furnished by immigrants, no well informed person will deny, and Mr. Cummings might easily have found more startling statistics than he presented. For instance, the census for 1900 shows that for New England the death rate among whites of native parentage exceeded the birth rate by 1.5 per thousand, while among whites of foreign parentage the birth rate exceeded the death rate by 44.5 per thousand.

Mr. Cummings concludes that were it not for immigration we should be less of a nation numerically, and would continue on the downward road. Hence he welcomes the immigrant as a solution of his problem. He says, "In view of the figures from Washington we need have no fear of this unrestricted immigration. So far from its being liable to overwhelm us, the fact is that if it were stopped to-morrow the birth rate would begin to fall immediately and the United States of America would set in the road which leads to final extinction." If I were to deny this, and furthermore assert that if the tide of immigration should set out, we still should continue to grow, I suppose Mr. Cummings would smile. But let us see. When the swarms of emigrants began leaving Europe, hope was expressed that over-crowding and consequent evils would be abated. But the hope was not fulfilled. Europe is as badly

crowded as ever. Emigration was followed by an increased birth rate among the stay-at-homes that more than made up for the loss.

Again we know that among the newly landed immigrants the birth rate exceeds that which is normal "at home." In the early history of America the birth rate was very high. About the time that immigrants began to pour in, the rate among the native Americans began to fall. May it not be that one is a cause of the other? Let us consult some authorities. Gen. Francis A. Walker, late president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was superintendent of the censuses of



Kid Bisson, of Fall River, Massachusetts, claims to be the champion special weight (125 lbs.) wrestler of America. He desires to issue a challenge to Max Brenton, of Havelock, Iowa, whose photograph appeared in the September number of this magazine.

1870 and 1880. He maintained that had there been no immigration during the last seventy years, the population would be no less than it now is—that it would have been furnished by a high birth rate among native stock. (See "Discussions in Economics and Statistics, Vol. II., pp. 417-426, F. A. Walker.)

Prof. Commons (on page 277, Vol. XV., "Industrial Commission Reports"), says: "It is a hasty assumption which holds that immigration during the Nineteenth Century has increased the total population of the United States."

Robert Hunter in his "Poverty" (a book every physical culturist should read), takes up this subject on pages 208-516. He shows: (1.) Emigration from Europe has not decreased the population there; but that it has



Karl Mann, the celebrated German vegetarian athlete, who broke the lifting record at Yale University while here on a visit recently. The 125 mile road race that attracted so much attention several years ago, in which the vegetarians proved to be far superior to the meat eaters, was won by Mr. Mann. His diet at that time is said to have consisted mostly of raw foods.

been followed by high birth-rate, which has more than filled the gap. (The only exception is in case of Ireland, where other causes have been active.) (2.) Immigration into the United States has brought to the native laborers more intense competition and less economic security. Native parents were not willing to raise sons and daughters, who must sink to a lower level to compete with the new arrivals. (3.) To the immigrant, the relative prosperity and fancied liberty and security were great incentives to "be fruitful and multiply." (4.) As a result of this check on the native stock and the spur to the newcomer, the latter has, as Walker says, "usurped" the place of the former.

So, what seemed absurd at first, turns out to be the real explanation. Immigration is the cause; decrease of native stock, the result. We have invited alien races here; and they, once here, have proceeded to produce the children that would have been ours, had we kept the aliens out. This is real race suicide. This makes the question of immigration loom much larger than ever before.

Many, to-day, love children so much that they fear to have any—knowing they could not properly care for them. Abolish poverty, establish economic security and the same "human nature" that makes one shrink the responsibility now, will make him and her welcome the blessings of parenthood.

Hudson, Mass. WILLIAM E. DIXSON.

Dr. Rodermund's Theories Attacked TO THE EDITOR:

I have before me the September issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and note that one M. J. Rodermund, also M.D. (would be glad to learn of what college; also if his ancestors did not spell the name "Rothermund"—a distinctly German surname), has the audacity, presumption and gall to discount and belittle the more recent advances in medical science. Among sane students of medical science this man Rodermund would be classed as an ignoramus of the first water, and it is regrettable that such utter rubbish from his pen should be accepted by your staff as worthy copy for enlightening the public.

His statements bearing on specific germs are absolutely ludicrous, and indictment number nine is as contradictory as it could possibly be. Very few regular practitioners take any notice of the patent medicine bosh into which class Rodermund's literature falls; it's a pity he was ever let loose with an "M.D." for such a man is eligible only for the county asylum. I am a town and country doctor; who speaks, reads and writes German; who has spent one and a half years in Berlin and Vienna; who has travelled much in America; who does his own microscopic and surgical work; who is son of Chief Astronomer, Dr. Otto J. Klotz, Dominion Obs., Ottawa; whose brothers are a noted surgeon and a noted pathologist; and who is German to the core (with no Americanization of name). Yours truly,

Lanark, Ont.

J. E. KLOTZ.