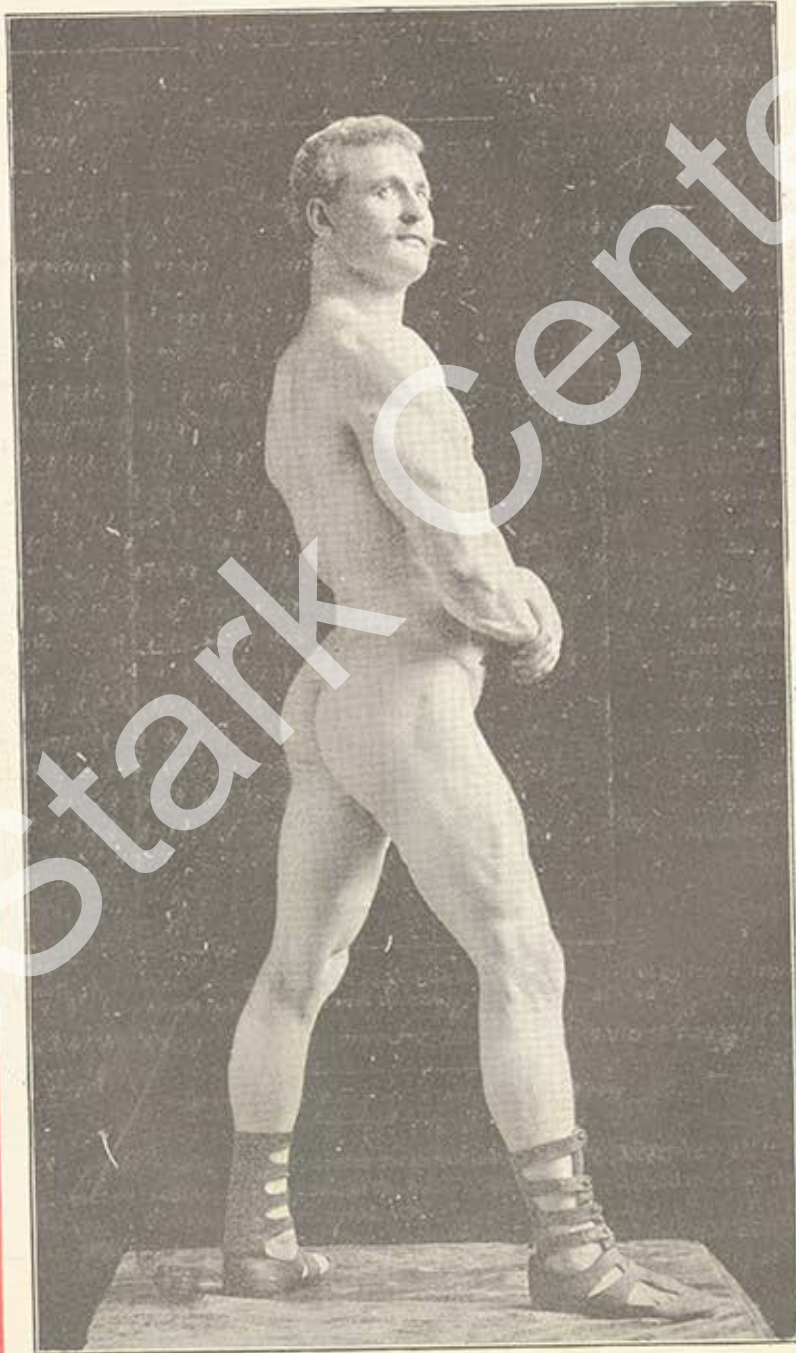


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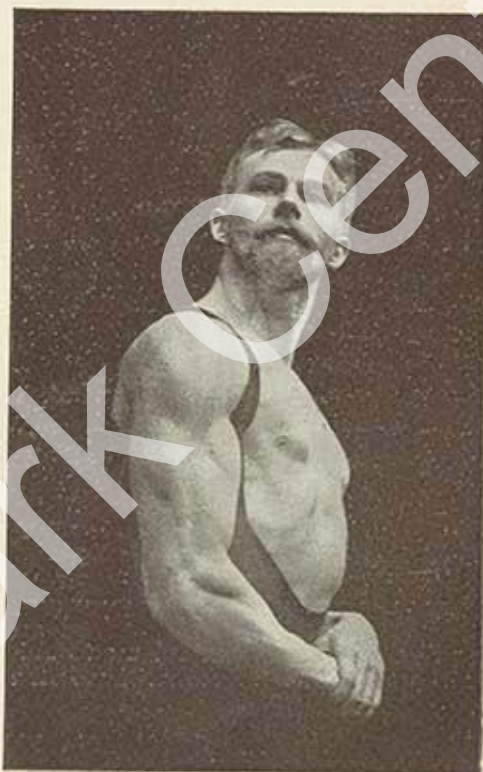
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(Formerly Editor of *Humanity and Health*.)

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit suitable for publication in PHYSICAL CULTURE invited.

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B. O. FLOWER,
Editor of "The Coming Age."

THREE FUNDAMENTAL DEMANDS OF HEALTH.

BY B. O. FLOWER, EDITOR OF "THE COMING AGE."

Hygienic culture rather than drug medication will be the gospel of health of the twentieth century. Among the many great revolutions which have marked this most wonderful of all centuries, none has been of greater promise to the race than that which relates to the health of humanity. The reign of calomel, the lancet and the blister gave way before more rational treatment. Homœopathy, even when it did not revolutionize the theory of medication, compelled the regular profession to materially reduce its doses. Eclecticism showed the efficacy of simple herbs to be frequently far greater than the mineral poisons which had been the sheet-anchor of the old school of practice. Hydropathy revolutionized the treatment of fevers, and showed how tens of thousands have been sacrificed through the profession's insane fear of cold water. Electricity, magnetism, ozone, oxygen, suggestion and other subtle remedial agents and methods of cure have one by one contributed toward the revolution in the treatment of disease. This has been greatly accelerated by the increasing intelligence on the part of the profession and the people concerning life and its laws. We are coming to see that health may be enjoyed and disease overcome, in a large proportion of cases, by the right observance of certain basic laws of health. The three which are most fundamental relate to *thought, food and exercise.*

FIRST—Our *thoughts.* No fact in relation to health has been better established during the past fifty years than the power of thought over the body, and without going to the unwarranted extremes of claiming that all disease is the result of thought, it is safe to say that a large proportion of sickness to-day either directly or indirectly is due to our thought. (a) A great number of persons who appear to be suffering with well-defined disease of an organic nature have in reality merely functional disorders, due to mental action, and may be termed pseudo-diseases. In such cases suggestion or mental therapeutics will often accomplish in a day or an hour what drug medication has wholly failed to accomplish. (b) Many diseases are due largely to fear and its attendant effects. A person who harbors fearful, gloomy or depressing thought opens the avenue at every turn to disease. He becomes negative to health, and easily falls a victim to sickness. Hence the cultivation of absolute fearlessness, a brave, cheerful disposition—the harboring of pure thoughts and upward aspirations will be found one of the greatest health preservatives, as well as one of the most important factors in accomplishing cure when ill.

SECOND—*Food.* All our wisest physicians are coming to depend more and more on food and less on drugs. The man who looks to his diet, avoiding what is unhealthy

and the taking of too much food, on the one hand, and neglecting to take sufficient nourishment at regular hours, on the other, observes one of the three fundamental conditions of health. Most of us cater too much to our appetites, regardless of the dictates of reason. We either eat improper food or too much food. This is a crime against Nature, and Nature never suffers a crime to go unpunished. Simplicity and regularity in dieting is a cardinal necessity, if we would enjoy good health and long life. On the other hand, it is very important to eat regularly and take sufficient nourishing food to properly sustain the system in the performance of its functions. It is also of first importance that ample time be given to the meal, and that all measures possible be taken to avoid anything coming up which might prove depressing or occasion anxious thought during eating.

THIRD — *Exercise.* The third great fundamental of health culture

is rational exercise. The money one pays to a thoroughly competent teacher to give him a course of instructions on the proper use of a good exercising machine, dumbbells and Indian clubs, and the cost of these, will prove one of the wisest expenditures of money that can possibly be made, provided the individual has wisdom to regularly and moderately exercise night and morning. The value of systematic exercise, which will call into action all the various muscles of the body, is happily coming to be generally recognized, and the result cannot fail to add immensely to the health and longevity of the people.

These, in brief, are some facts which seem to me fundamental in character, and I believe that everything points to a brighter future for our bodies and minds. The improved health of the oncoming generation will be largely due to THINKING RATIONALLY, EATING RATIONALLY and EXERCISING RATIONALLY.



DEWEY AS A DEVOTEE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY GEORGE RUSKIN PHÆBUS.

No medals for championships, won in athletic contests, on tank, in the boxing arena, or of Admiral George Dewey. There is one reason, however, that the celebrated naval hero is not the pos-



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, U. S. N.

fencing bouts, or trials of physical skill, are to be found among the many trophies signifying victory which are the possessions

of a large number of trophies signifying athletic prowess, and that reason is not that Admiral Dewey is not a trained athlete, but simply

because he has never made an effort to put his athletic abilities in competition with the athletic abilities of others. Had he gone in for athletic competition when a midshipman, when a cadet at Annapolis, and in the younger days of his service in the Navy, there is scarce room to doubt that Dewey would to-day be a very liberal medalholder, if indeed he had not as well a few records to his credit.

The great commander-in-chief of the half-dozen battleships which on that hazy morning in May, eighteen months ago, gave Admiral Montojo's Spanish squadron the most terrific thrashing ever administered to an armada of battleships, has been a thorough believer in and devoted practitioner of athletics and physical culture and training, from his very early youth. Among the thousands who cheered him as he rode at the front of the columns of marching soldiers through the streets and avenues of the Metropolis last month, there was general and unstinted praise for his superb carriage, his clear, healthy complexion, his bright, restless, penetrating glance, his erect, well-rounded and handsome physique. Dewey is over sixty years old, and this spontaneous admiration of his figure and appearance of buoyant health, rather unusual in a man of his years, can only be interpreted to mean that he has lived wisely from the days of his boyhood up to the years which have brought to him his crowning triumphs and glories.

One of the inheritances of the Admiral from his sturdy Vermont parents was a superb constitution and a fine physique. He, appre-

ciating the value of this inheritance, even in very tender years set to work to improve it, and make it of greater value, and he has builded surpassingly well.

One of the first visitors to the Admiral's flagship Olympia, as she lay at her moorings in the Lower Bay on her return from her battles in the Far East and her cruises in the waters of the Mediterranean, was James J. Jeffries, the world's champion pugilist. As Jeffries climbed aboard the Olympia, and offered his brawny hand to the great sea fighter, he remarked, "Admiral, I came down the bay to get a chance to see you, because I wanted to shake the hand of the greatest fighter in the world." Dewey looked Jeffries over for a moment, his bright eyes aglow with admiration as he surveyed the pugilist's superb physical proportions, and answered, "I am glad to see you. None can look at you without admiration for your splendid physical development. You are certainly an excellent representative of the physical man. I would like to see you box. You ought indeed to be a good one. I am very fond of the art of boxing, and was somewhat an adept with the gloves myself when I was a cadet at Annapolis."

Dewey was indeed "somewhat of an adept" with the gloves when he was a student at Annapolis. Modest always, one has to go elsewhere than to the great naval commandant to find out just what that "somewhat" means. His friends and those who were his classmates at the Naval Academy know, and many and interesting are the stories they tell of Dewey and his expertness and agility with the gloves when he was a Naval Cadet. Dewey to-day

stands five feet seven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His chest measurements, forearm, reach and chest expansion, demonstrate that if he should consent to don the padded mittens, and mix it up in a friendly quarrel, he would even to day make it very interesting for any one who might oppose him, for he knows how to box, and those who have felt the strength of his good right arm say that he can deliver a most powerful and convincing blow.

Dewey when he was at Annapolis was rather a slender youth, not having yet developed his present proportions of girth, and then, as now, very modest and retiring in demeanor. His only vanity, if vanity it may be called, was his fondness for a "natty" appearance in dress. More than one of his schoolmates conceived the idea that it would not be extremely difficult to overthrow the Vermont cadet at fisticuffs. Though quiet, Dewey was always a good and a thorough student. He was devoted to gymnastics, but was so methodical and undemonstrative in his method of exercising that none of his fellows realized that he was really doing more work in that line than any of them. As has been stated, the young Vermonter was very partial to handsome clothes. This characteristic remained with him all through his career, and for a time in his younger days in the Navy, after the word became a slang one, that signified partiality to dress, Dewey was called "the dude of the Navy." A big Pennsylvanian in Annapolis taunted the Vermont cadet because of this characteristic, and tried repeatedly to draw him into a trial of boxing, telling his

chums what delight it would give him to spoil Dewey's good clothes. Dewey kept shy of him until he concluded that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and one fine morning, the Pennsylvanian and the Vermonter had it out. It took Dewey but a few minutes to put his adversary hors de combat. As he stood looking at his fallen foe, he remarked quietly, "A fellow like you ought to learn to box before he criticises the cut of another one's jacket, and boasts about how he will spoil it. If you will work hard for a year, and try and learn something about handling your hands, I shouldn't wonder if when you talk about other people's clothes you would not find the ground about you less slippery when you try to make good your boasts." After Dewey left Annapolis, his favorite athletic exercise became fencing. He read with great interest the stories of the exploits with the sword of famous soldiers and naval men of former times, and decided that there was no better exercise to which one engaged in his profession could devote himself, and he soon became a master in the art of attack and defence with the rapier. He is to-day recognized as the best swordsman in the Navy, and those who know him most intimately declare that they do not believe his superior as a swordsman is to be found anywhere in the world. He never loses an opportunity to engage at practicing fencing, and to his devotion to this exercise, and his daily practice in calisthenics, which he has never omitted since he entered his class at Annapolis, he accredits much of his splendid health and his superb figure and commanding appearance.

HOW TO STRENGTHEN WEAK EYES.



OR some time I have been searching for accurate information as to the effects of massage and certain exercises on the eyes. I never could believe that the eyes, if properly exercised and cared for, need lose the power of sight to such an extent as to make glasses necessary. Although the information secured so far will not enable me to state positively that the power of vision can be strengthened as can the muscles, still the further I proceed the stronger is my belief that there is no reason or excuse for assisting the eyes with glasses when it is merely a failing of sight from advancing age. The eyes can unquestionably be strengthened, and should be made to perform their duties during life without artificial aid.

When the sight begins to fail from any reason, glasses are the first means adopted to remedy the trouble, and it is like furnishing a crutch to one suffering with a weak limb—the limb grows weaker, and the power of vision declines so rapidly when glasses are used that it is but little time before the eyes are almost useless without them.

Of course it is a well-known fact that the general health influences the condition of the eyes quite materially. When the health begins to

deteriorate the eyes naturally grow weaker, and many by adopting glasses at such times find themselves compelled to depend on their aid for the balance of their lives.

Do not use glasses only as a last resort. Try to build up the general health, and in addition to this take the exercises described by Mr. J. A. Austin, an artist, in the following:

"Very few, no doubt, have ever heard of gymnastics for the eyes; but there are exercises which will rest the eyes and strengthen the muscles to a surprising extent. I do a great deal of painting and drawing—so much that my eyes often become sore and tired. My head will usually begin to ache, and I will become very nervous. About eight years ago a physician told me that I would have to wear glasses, but up to date have been able to see very well without them. The exercises I have been taking for the eyes are similar to those used for the neck.

"(1) Stand in center of the room, look up at the ceiling, then directly in front, then at the floor.

"(2) Turn eyes as far to the right as possible, then to directly in front, then as far to the left as possible.

"(3) Commence at the floor and let your eyes follow an imaginary circle, first to the right and then to the left.

"Take each exercise from twenty to thirty times, or until tired. Be careful that the neck remains rigid. You will find that this not only

rests the eyes, but it will improve the sight. I believe that glasses are like medicine or a stimulant—the more you depend on them the greater slave to their use you become.

“Of course I would not advise any one to throw away his glasses until the eyes are in a condition to see without them; but try these exercises, and gradually accustom the eyes to doing without artificial aid.

The advice given in this communication is good, and if followed

beneficial results will unquestionably result. If in addition to the exercises the eyes are massaged the benefits will be greater. Do not expect favorable results in a day or two, or any great improvement in a month or two. It will take several months of persistent practice to produce any great improvement, but the results will unquestionably be satisfactory if, in addition to massage and the exercise of the eyes, the general health is vastly improved through physical culture.

A DAY WITH PHYSICAL CULTURE INSTITUTES.



It is so pleasant to find people in your line of thought, and who are already converted to your ideals, that I decided to spend an entire day interviewing people devoted to the interests of athletics, physical culture and development.

My first visit was at Dr. Savage's "Physical Development and Remedial Institute." The doctor is a good illustration personally of his theories, possessing good health, a good physique and sprightly manner, being a wholesome, energetic man. He arranged for me to see Miss Carter, who has been associated with him some ten years, having charge of the orthopedic and neurotic cases. She has devoted herself unremittingly to this

work, and though she says her health is perfect, if she were my patient I should prescribe a whole year's rest, spent mostly on the ocean. She is very enthusiastic over her work, and was communicative and most interesting in her details. She rather pleased me by saying that nervous affections were as common among men as women, previous and general opinion to the contrary.

Her experience reaches both sexes and all classes of nerve affections, hence she is capable of giving a more correct verdict than a general practitioner of medicine.

Orthopedic cases are her especial delight; that as a rule they have very poor assimilation, few natural desires, and generally indifferent as to what they should eat. In fact, indifference to all foods, with scarcely a desire to eat, is one of the things that they have to conquer.

Dr. Savage makes diet a strong point, as well as exercise, regulating the regimen and requiring the patients to have open windows to breathe properly by night and day, but more especially at night, as then the repair is chiefly effected. While we sleep nature builds and rebuilds.

Plenty of sunshine, good, wholesome food, and above all, *rest*.

Relaxation as a science is taught at this institution.

Half an hour's sleep at midday, or one hour's reclining is absolutely imperative, and there is no appeal. You must sleep thirty minutes or rest sixty, until your system is trained to a normal condition in which Nature demands the rest and you respond without a protest.

Miss Carter grew soulful in her enthusiastic praise of rest.

She especially commends early retiring as well as a nap at midday; says all normally constituted people require it.

There are hosts of abnormal individuals who never sleep till twelve nor after five or six.

Miss Carter hopes to live in her present form for two hundred years, and as her longevity is good on both sides of her family, and she really desires it, the probabilities are that she may do so. She is a natural teacher, and loves her teaching, and her pupils are deeply attached to her.

She thinks most people sleep under too heavy bedding and too much, and in too cold rooms, consequently they exclude the fresh air, whereas a good fire and the windows open, with one blanket, would afford an ideal atmosphere for health.

The writer of this article has always slept that way, and awakens in the morning like a bird, is refreshed and benefited by a night's repose with a superabundance of pure air the year around and never more than one blanket in winter and sheet in summer, and a good fire in cold weather, and cold sponge bath on rising, every morning, winter and summer.

Miss Carter has made an especial study of temperaments in their relation to disease and its cure. She laughingly said, "I constantly grapple with *Americanitis* which has progressed into a popular disease."

THE NEW YORK SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

The æsthetic in physical culture has been attained by Genevieve Stebbins, whose life work is to train others in the art of expression, symmetry and grace.

She was the only pupil of Steele MacKaye to whom he transferred his pupils in the Delsarte system. Her enthusiasm and energy are untiring, and she is eminently qualified by nature for her work. The regard her pupils have for her amounts to reverence.

It is inspiring to talk with them, or read their expressions of gratitude and admiration for her system and the personal application she has made of it in their cases.

Each girl is an individual study. Mrs. Stebbins embraces in her own personality the requirements for success. She is the embodiment of health and wholesomeness.

She radiates cheerfulness, hope and success.

She is a combination of sanguine and encephalic temperaments, high-

ly organized, of peculiarly fine nerve fibre, highly developed on the spiritual and moral as well as mental and physical planes, and possesses the intuitional sense that is requisite in a teacher of the ideals she represents. She is very natural in her manner, entirely devoid of any artificiality, but gives you the sense of being in the presence of a master mind.

One who has wrought out for herself her beliefs and made them practical, and in our conversation of over two hours everything from her lips was a demonstration of the useful application to the everyday life of her ideals. I had meant to spend half an hour with her, and two hours found me still interested and unwilling to leave her presence. She really charmed me so completely that my soul has gone out to her ever since our interview. She became a teacher in 1878, though really a pupil of MacKaye he entrusted his scholars to her. Her tastes had led her toward these studies when quite a child, and she had been a pupil of Prof. Monroe's, of the Boston School of Oratory, Prof. Monroe having formed the School of Oratory when Dean of the Boston University, and through him Mrs. Stebbins made the acquaintance of Steele MacKaye, who inspired her more completely to devote her whole time to this ennobling life work. She has also studied in Paris, under the great Regnier, and she is a student every day, and will be one eternally in whatever sphere she may reside.

Her voice is magnetic and very sweet; her manner is reassuring and helpful; her knowledge does not oppress but encourages you, and

you feel that with her help you can accomplish all that is possible.

The New York School of Expression should be endowed by the Government, and become a general benefaction under which thousands of superior men and women might be evolved. She has lectured extensively before societies, schools and general audiences. Her particular aim through her school is to establish other teachers all over the world, who shall perfect themselves and the system, until as apostles of health and wisdom they shall impart to unborn generations that knowledge that shall redeem mankind from groveling into diviner mortals; she believes that in education, especially practical education, lies the hope of the future.

Her life is an exceedingly active and busy one, yet she looks the personification of ease, luxury and repose.

She was born in the sunny land of flowers—the State of California, that has contributed so many broad and noble men and women, and who partake of the richness of the soil and freedom of the atmosphere and altitude of its grand old mountains. Mountain air is inspiring. You have to breathe deeply, and doubtless Genevieve Stebbins contracted the habit of acquiring the power to inhale deeply and inspiration and aspiration became factors that moulded her life.

THE MECHANICO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE

ZANDER SYSTEM.

What a contrast from the school of expression in beauty and grace to the Zander, where all sorts of

curvatures and deformities of whatsoever nature are treated and remedied.

Its medical director, Dr. Carl Fallien, proved to be an old friend of mine when he was a medical student, and I spent a very profitable time in investigating all the machinery and trying the power of all the machines.

Dr. Fallien is a devotee of the Swedish cure in all its ramifications, and has the most unbounded faith in the virtue of the Zander system.

I tried all the machines, expanding, vibrating, camel riding, flexion, extension, climbing and reduction. The vibratory movement was exceedingly pleasant; it sent a thrill all through you as if every nerve had been accelerated and its power increased.

There was one that squeezed the arm, "arm friction movement," and I am quite sure that even a paralyzed nerve should have responded to such a grip. Not a death grip, but a life one. These treatments are all designated after a careful medical examination by the physician, who prescribes different movements for the various maladies found in individuals sent by physicians or independent enough to act upon their own judgment. For the Zander treatment can apply to healthy people to keep them so, as well as to restore them if sick. It requires skilled knowledge to direct sick people, lest by ignorance on their part they fail to receive the full benefit.

I insisted upon running the gamut of the entire institution, and,

being a physician, I assumed the responsibility of results.

The circular abdomen and hip roller is used for reduction of these parts by men and women for abdominal and hip reduction when burdened with too much adipose on these parts. It fully succeeds in this direction, the doctor tells me.

Dr. Fallien paid the high compliment to women, "that they were much more indefatigable than men in their efforts to get well or to reduce flesh." You see, whatever women do, they put their whole soul into it, and hence it is more effectively done.

There is no success in anything unless you do put your whole soul and desire into it, and expectancy as well. Soul expansion and soul expression is what we need in life. Some of these days we shall stop putting the cart before the horse, and will recognize that the soul is superior to the body, just as the body is more important than the clothes.

We shall realize the possession of our own soul, and recognize that of our brothers and sisters. Everything must be esoteric before it can be exoteric.

Judicious exercise is always refreshing, and after two hours spent with the Mechanico or Zander machinery, I departed, feeling renewed in youth and strength. We do not wonder that women of wealth and leisure have taken up physical culture and that they are becoming more and more interested in it.

We predict therefrom a nobler womanhood, better children, and in time a higher civilization.

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

The following is a continuation from last issue and is in answer to numerous inquiries received from my readers.



EARLY to bed and early to rise" is undoubtedly a good maxim to follow, but early rising is certainly not conducive to health if one is not "early to bed." From seven to nine hours of sleep are necessary if vigorous health is to be acquired and retained. Of course the amount of sleep needed is determined largely by the character of the individual. Those of a phlegmatic temperament do not need so much sleep as nervous, energetic persons. The more energy expended during the day, the more rest is needed to repair the waste. Many disobey this necessity without immediate apparent injury, but the penalty for this infraction of Nature's laws will be paid ultimately in every case.

I usually endeavor to sleep at least eight hours, and nothing so completely influences adversely my energies as the repeated neglect to secure this.

My first precaution before retiring is to adopt means that will insure thorough ventilation. The windows are so arranged that a liberal quantity of air will have free passage both above and below, and the transom over the door is

always opened. To one accustomed to breathe air purified by thorough ventilation, the breathing over and over again of enclosed air is most painful; though strange as it may seem, one can so inure the lungs to this poisoned enclosed air that the effects of fresh, pure air is as unpleasant as clear spring water would be to a confirmed whisky toper.

I do not believe in having iron-bound rules to live by. I follow each day the dictates of my own intelligence and feelings. If everything is done by rule, after awhile the mind is liable to think by rule—liable to fall into a narrow groove from which it may never be able to emerge.

I usually retire sometime between ten and twelve. I rise in the morning when my desire for sleep has been thoroughly satisfied, at times ranging from seven to nine o'clock. Immediately on rising I usually begin to exercise, taking deep breathing and those movements that tend to expand the chest and use all the muscles that surround the great vital organs. I vary my exercise a great deal, as it is much more interesting under these circumstances. In the morning I will continue the exercise, usually from five to twenty minutes, and conclude on most occasions with a series of jumping exercises, similar to that of jumping a rope, combined at times with the more difficult feats of jumping over tables

and high-back chairs. I would advise the new beginner to skip this part of the exercise at least until he has little by little been able to acquire the strength and agility necessary in performing these feats. I believe most thoroughly in the efficacy of air baths, and these exercises are usually taken without clothing. Immediately after the exercise I have two soft-bristle brushes which I use for friction of the skin. With one in each hand I go all over the body until the entire surface is pink from the acceleration of the circulation to the surface by this means. Then, no matter how cold the weather may be, the body is in such a glow of warmth that a cold bath is really most thoroughly enjoyed, and of course is productive of decided benefits. After this bath, I sometimes stand without clothes near an open window, in what most persons would call a draught, even in weather sufficiently cold for the average person to wear an overcoat, and perform the troublesome process of shaving. When one begins to fear fresh air, he has taken the first step towards invalidism and the grave. Numerous complaints are provoked or actually caused by neglecting to observe this necessity for "clean" air, for air becomes dirty, foul and poisonous, as well as our wearing apparel, though the "dirt" cannot be seen any more than the presence of gas can be detected by the sight alone.

Sometimes I will take breakfast before starting on the day's duties; at other times I will wait an hour or two. I let my appetite guide me entirely. I never eat if food cannot be thoroughly enjoyed. I have

cultivated a natural desire for wholesome, nutritious foods, and in my diet largely follow the craving of my appetite. The appetite under these conditions, if not debased and deadened by alcoholic liquors and tobacco, usually calls for that food most needed at the time to nourish the body. I am a most thorough believer in variety at the table. This adds to the enjoyment of the food, and any normal means that will accomplish this object assists digestion quite materially.

For breakfast I find that acid fruits, oranges, apples, peaches, stewed or raw; breakfast foods, cereals of different kinds; eggs, graham gems, and foods of a like character, give sufficient variety. I am not what one would call a "heavy eater," though breakfast is usually a much-relished meal.

I rarely eat more than two meals per day. I have followed this rule for more than ten years, though I never deny myself the third meal if it is desired. My experience has taught me that, in my own case, food is more enjoyed and nourishes the body more on two meals per day than three. When three or four meals are eaten the tendency is to over-eat, and the stomach does not secure sufficient rest, and much of the energy that might be used in other ways is wasted in the process of digesting foods that are not needed to nourish the body. A most striking proof of this conclusion was furnished me at a time when I was meeting professional wrestlers in contests of strength and skill requiring most violent and often greatly prolonged physical efforts. I found after much experimenting that my strength, and

especially my endurance, was much greater under the two-meal diet than the three, and I am fully convinced that the violent physical contests that I won from many an athlete of reputation were due to my superior endurance, developed as much by my habits of diet as by the system of training I followed.

During the day, if a desire for fruit of any kind exists, I usually satisfy it, but I rarely eat any solid food until dinner, at about six or seven. If one's business or professional duties could be so arranged that this meal could be taken earlier, it would probably be better, though it is difficult for a busy person to do this.

My second and last meal is usually very liberal in quantity, and consists of soup, fish, meats, vegetables, dessert, etc., etc. About the same as the regular conventional American dinner, though I, of course, avoid all those foods that are deficient in nourishment and difficult of digestion, and I never, under any circumstances, use a food, no matter how much it may be lauded for its nourishing qualities, if the appetite does not crave and enjoy it. Congenial company at this meal is especially to be desired, and digestion is unquestionably greatly assisted if it can be obtained. Try to avoid everything that will irritate or excite the mind at meal times. Such unsatisfactory conditions very often entirely stop the process of digestion.

At this point allow me to warn my readers against extremes in diet. If you have any rash radical changes with which you desire to experiment, "try them on a dog first." It is far safer. This advice

is given from personal experience. Eat good, wholesome, nourishing food, avoid highly seasoned, fancy dishes, but do not go to extremes in any dietetic "hobbies" that may occur to you.

Before retiring I usually take similar exercises to those of the morning, though they are continued longer. I never make work of my exercise. If it becomes monotonous, I rest for a few days or change to other methods. As I have explained in a previous article, to attain the highest degree of physical health from exercise, it is merely necessary to regularly use the entire muscular system, being careful not to strain or to continue any one exercise to exhaustion. Any method or methods which accomplish this object will produce satisfactory results. If one has sufficient knowledge of anatomy, a system of exercise can easily be devised which will use every muscle of the body without the necessity for a device of any character. A wall apparatus is unquestionably of advantage, both as a means of securing greater variety and for strengthening the chest, and especially so for those who are not familiar with the necessary movements.

Answers to Questions.

Question: Can a muscle, developed by heavy weights, be quickened in action by exercising with light weights?

Answer: Yes; though it will take some time to bring about the desired results. I would advise that, in addition to exercise with light

weight, a great many free movements be used. The effect of exercise with a rubber device is similar to that of free movement, as the rubber resistance adapts itself to the movements, no matter how quick.

Question: What is your opinion of the relative food value of peanut butter as compared with beef and mutton? Also, whether it is advisable to follow the non-starch diet, as advocated by the Densmores of Garfield-tea fame, discarding all breadstuffs, cereals and vegetables, and confining the diet to fruits and nuts or meats?

Answer: Peanut butter if rightly made is unquestionably rich in nourishment, and if thoroughly masticated and enjoyed when eaten will furnish more and better nourishment for the tissues of the body than meat of any kind. When any one starts to revolutionize the diet of civilized man, before accepting his theories as worthy of a trial, ascertain the effects of this diet on those who are following it. If they look as though they were "half dead," shun it, but if otherwise, experiment carefully until you are satisfied the effects are beneficial in your case. This will save much suffering, as dietetic cranks usually look as though they had "one foot in the grave." As to the non-starch diet, there are many diseased conditions where it is advisable to adopt it, but for those in ordinary health to shun such food as is made from whole wheat flour would be idiotic. Wheat is a perfect food, though the white bread now made from it is about the poorest food on the American table, and if any other kind of bread can be obtained avoid

eating it. Although fruit and nuts are undoubtedly of great value as a part of one's diet, the body will be better nourished if vegetables, cereals and nutritious breads are made a part of it.

Question: Do you think physical exercise is a cure for excessive nervousness?

Answer: Physical exercise, though of great assistance in alleviating this trouble, is not all-sufficient. Care should be exercised in diet. Cold sitz baths should be taken after exercise. Much walking should constitute a part of the exercise, and many full, deep breaths should be inhaled, expanding the chest to its fullest capacity, during these walks. Use great caution never to exercise to exhaustion. The feeling of fatigue should have disappeared fifteen minutes after the exercise.

Question: My system is being drained by night losses, as a result of youthful folly. Can I be cured?

Answer: Five minutes exercise in the morning; fifteen minutes in the evening; cold sitz bath after each for the first two weeks. Walk a great deal in the open air. Eat nourishing, wholesome food—avoid highly-seasoned or fancy dishes. Keep the mind in a normal, natural condition, and avoid sensual subjects. Have an object in life and work to attain it.

Question: I have poor control of my fingers—have suffered with writers' cramp. What would you advise?

Answer: Exercise all the muscles that move them in the different ways, back and forth and from side to side, working with each finger individually. A wrist machine would be a valuable aid to recovery.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FOOTBALL.

To each person sending us the correct names of the football players whose photographs accompany this article before Nov. 15 we will present free six months' subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE.



OUR newspapers and magazines have given space to numerous articles both favoring and condemning

football. Notwithstanding the prejudice that many of the writers of these articles appear to have against the game, they cannot deny that it develops manly traits. It makes men—strong, hardy, wholesome men. Cowardice disappears under the effects of such rigorous training.

Some say the game is too rough. It is rough! But it is not one-half as rough or as intense as the "battle of life" that each participant must enter at a later period.

Much has been said of the struggle for life, and that which was essential to existence at that period, when might was right with individuals, as it is with communities and countries at the present time—when the fittest from a physical standpoint were the only survivors; but the struggle at the present is far more intense, and far more destructive to life than in those barbaric ages. Then men were killed with clubs—now they are killed far quicker and easier with dissipation, poor food, bad air and other unnatural conditions.



All hail to football! It is the grandest of all American games. It takes retiring, undeveloped, mediocre boys and develops all the traits of character that accompany increased confidence and the superior physique of superb health.



Nothing enables a boy to measure his powers so definitely as this game—it is a sample of the great contest in life's struggle. It prepares him for this! It helps him to bear with fortitude the trials that he must meet later.

As an exercise it is superb! As a sport it is glorious! It is one grand struggle with joy and delight!

It is not for the weak. It is for the strong. Weaklings must develop strength in other ways before trying their powers on the gridiron. Every muscle must be trained to bear the strain.



Eliminate football from college life, and the very essence of their enthusiasm for true sport will vanish.

Some complain that it encourages and increases the "fighting instinct." Well, suppose it does. If anything on earth is necessary in this competitive age it is the "fighting instinct." Show me a successful man, and in nine cases out of ten he will be what is termed a "fighter." Not a fighter in the sense of one who uses his fists on the slightest provocation, but one who "stands up" for his rights, who grasps every opportunity to



reach the goal of his ambition, who resents imposition, and struggles to maintain and improve his position.

Nearly all boys that have the "metal" which makes great men are possessed of a vein of recklessness, of wickedness one might say. Football satisfies this. Uses this energy that might be pernicious, and stores up strength and manliness in exchange.

To be sure, it breaks legs, causes serious strains, and sometimes death, but in most every instance this is because of the neglect to properly prepare the body to resist

the violence of the game. If all players were in proper physical condition there would be no more danger in football than in other games requiring great activity.

If you want your boys to be men—real men—with fine, strong, beautiful, clean, wholesome physiques—with all that power of body and intensity of emotion that accompanies superb, exhilarating health—encourage them to play football. It will materially assist in developing this, provided sufficient strength is acquired in preparing for the game, and it is not indulged immoderately.

"HUMANITY AND HEALTH."

WOMENS' DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY ELLA A. JENNINGS, M. D.

(Formerly Editor of *Humanity and Health*.)

Every one is susceptible to beauty. We are all involuntarily drawn to it. An exquisite woman will attract us more than a plain one; a handsome man draws our attention, and a beautiful child compels our admiration.

If beauty were not a manifestation of God, why does He paint the flowers in all their exquisite colors? Why give the rainbow and resplendent skies?

God loves beauty; He would paint each one of His children so if we would work with His laws. Few of us can look unmoved at a florist's window. We see such exquisite colors, rich gems of shade and shape, that our eyes are arrested and enchained by the beauty displayed; we are spellbound, we can not pass by. If we would do as much for ourselves as Nature does for us, we would become more and more beautiful each day.

It is time for mediocrity to pass away. There is abundant room for us all to enlarge, to grow into higher, grander types of men and women.

Symmetry, grace, strength and beauty, should be taught from birth, should precede the birth; is the inalienable birthright of every child.

Health is the basis of beauty. Without good circulation no one can be beautiful.

Look at the tired faces, shrunken forms and shambling gait of eight out of ten people you meet. We need to realize that we can all become just what we wish.

Believe you are beautiful, and it helps you to become so.

Aspire to the beautiful, good and true, and they will be written on your face, legibly stamped thereon.

We see few happy faces. As Mrs. Wilkins so expressively says, "Most people live in the City of Moan, in the State of Groan."

That is really a fact, and I often feel soul-sick when I look at their poor, dwarfed, cramped, hard, repellant countenances.

Let us declare for beauty. Let us make a new religion of beauty and goodness, in which all who join, pledge themselves never to frown, never to fret, never to grow old and useless.

The new religion of health, beauty and goodness. We want one million members right off.

How many of our readers will join? Send in your name. No dues required.



MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THEIR POWER FOR GOOD.



MME. EMMA NEVADA.

The famous prima donna will shortly visit this country to make a concert tour, beginning at the Metropolitan Opera House on November 12.

Both of these arts are educational in the highest degree, and could be made much more so if they were properly managed. Music will, with suggestive therapeutics, some day replace medicine in the treatment of disease, especially those of the mind. It calms the mind, calls the blood from the destructive organs in the brain to the sublimer ones, and creates new brain tissue by its effect through sound. A great drama contains the noblest sermons that it is possible to preach. Charity, love and forgiveness are portrayed and the highest instincts appealed to. I have seen a whole audience deeply moved by the great operas, and the legitimate dramas, the diviner part of their souls responding nobly to the higher impulses.

Music, like sculpture, is the higher art, and requires creative talent to render effective. Who has not been thrilled and made better by that beautiful instrument,

the human voice—by the mocking bird, by the robin, by even the little domestic canary pouring forth his glad tribute to the God who created him?

The vocal chords are wondrous. We are amazed that such glorious sounds could proceed from four little tendinous strings—yet listen to an artist like Madame Nevada, who will soon be with us, and you are carried away in wonder and admiration at her marvelous melody. Such a throat, such a soul! She returns to her native country with laurels from foreign lands, and is the sweet unaffected woman that characterized her as a child. In fifteen years she has won fame and hearts in every country in Europe. The personal tributes paid to her as a woman are of the highest character and the professional eclat she has attained, rank her with Bernhardt and Duse. When, in Madrid she was hissed because of the late American victories, the Queen Regent hastened to her and extended all possible honor as a compensation for the unfair treatment she was receiving. Arditì, who was her early teacher, says, 'Her voice is incomparable and her soul is what characterizes all she does.'



EARL GULICK.

Earl Gulick, the boy soprano, is a revelation in music.

"Earl is all right," says J. Philip Sousa. "I love to hear the lad. His beautiful voice helps my ministrations."—D. Parker Morgan, Rector. "He sings like an angel."—Emma Thursby, and so on.

Madame Nevada has never descended to use any advertising measures to add to or win celebrity. She possesses the ability in herself. We are delighted that she is to visit us and we shall avail ourselves of the privilege of hearing her. She will tour the country in the great arias that have made her famous.



Clare Butt

1899

Clare Butt, the English contralto, will favor us with her presence this season, appearing November 12th. Critics call her the rising Scalchi, with every prospect of excelling that great artist.



SIGNORA MARIA DE MACCHI.

Signora Maria De Macchi makes her American debut in March next, under Mr. C. L. Young's management, to whose kindly courtesy we are indebted for the beautiful pictures and biographical history that adorns these Pages. Madame De Macchi sings Lucrezia and Marguerite with equal success, though such widely different roles. She has a strong face and character and will, no doubt, carry her audience with her.

THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER XVI.

Edith remained where her cousin left her some time. She wanted to be alone. The conversation with Helen jarred harshly upon her feelings. She felt sad and uncomfortable. Helen meant well. She knew that; but, nevertheless, her jesting remarks of Harry and herself pained her more than she cared to own. With her it was not a subject to jest about. It had confronted her in all seriousness so often of late that to view it in a humorous light seemed sacrilegious.

She went to her room and tried to write, but she could not concentrate her thoughts. They would drift away into the all-absorbing subject.

She lay down her pen and sat there wrapped in thought. Her eyes had a vacant, far-away stare. Her intelligent features wore a melancholy expression. Occasionally her full lips trembled slightly. Her imposing physique was outlined by her thin, clinging garment. She was unhappy, and her inability to dispel her gloomy thoughts irritated her. She could not understand herself, and for the first time could not rely on her own decision. One moment she would decide that a certain course was right, and in a few minutes might come to an opposite conclusion.

In a word, she was struggling against her own natural desire;

struggling against the love that she was unable to stifle. She had never dreamed that love could have such a power to influence her when once it was awakened. Such women, when their love has been won become so intense in their affections that honor, home, ambition are as nothing when compared to this soul-consuming desire to be with the one of their choice. Nature has willed that such should be the case, and all unpurged specimens of human kind obey the mandates of this law. All that day her mind remained in an unsettled state.

Late in the afternoon she went on a long walk through the park with Helen, and felt much better. It cleared her brain and swept away wild, fanciful thoughts.

After dinner, she went to her room. She desired to fully decide upon her course that evening. She wanted to commune alone with herself, and decide definitely, one way or the other, before he arrived and treat him accordingly. She had already concluded that there was but one course for her—the one she had long ago determined to follow; but she desired to weigh both sides—to view it from every point, so there could be no cause to blame herself. If she acted according to the dictates of her conscience there would be no occasion for future regret, she thought.

She shut herself in her room and went over the same argument again and again. Was her love of him ardent enough to risk his being a man who viewed marriage as did other men? She doubted it. Even if the question of her ambition was left out altogether, would it be best for her to marry? she asked herself. Again she doubted. She prized her happiness very highly. She knew that great happiness added to working power, and also to the length of life itself. She doubted her ability to always find happiness in her work, and thought that there might be a time when the yearning for the affection of a loving husband, or for the sweet voices of prattling children, would influence her. She was on the verge of crying on two or three occasions, but forced back the tears and bravely continued her reasoning.

"That time may come," she said to herself. "In fact, it is almost sure to come some day; but I can wait. I will follow the bent of my present aspirations, and when my yearning for the natural lot of women is stronger than my desire to assist my suffering sex, then I can risk marriage. If he will wait for that time, I can encourage him to that extent. No, I won't even do that. He must not know that I care for him, for then I would be powerless. He would plead with me and might influence me to act as he chose.

"No, all is settled," she inaudibly uttered, rising and pacing the floor. "To night I will see him for the last time. How I wish I had not allowed him to call! It will be a hard ordeal to go through, but I

must meet him with unfaltering determination. I must be thoroughly imbued with the desire to do as I have vowed. I will treat him coldly, as I should have done from the start."

This was her state of mind when the servant appeared at her door to announce that Mr. Moore had called and asked for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

Harry had passed the time since we last saw him in his usual way. No more melancholy spells annoyed him. He could not fathom how a happy conclusion was to come about; but his supreme confidence and vigorous happy temperament would not allow a gloomy view of the situation.

Nearly every day he spent an hour or more in vigorous exercise, and "blues," the great product of indigestion, were driven far, far away.

He tried to entirely occupy himself with his business, and had partially succeeded, though his thoughts would occasionally drift from these hard dry subjects to more pleasant themes.

He looked forward to the evening he was to call on Edith with no small degree of pleasurable anticipation. He refused to admit even to himself that this would be the last time he would see her. He could not contemplate the possibility of her forcing strict adherence to his promise never to seek her again. He would adhere to it if she insisted. In moments of deep reasoning, he realized the uncertainty of his winning her, but viewed only the present side, and vowed he

would do his best, and, if he lost, he would—well, he would not allow himself to consider further. At this point he stopped. He was not prepared for failure, and did not dare to seriously consider it. He knew it might be a blow from which he might never recover—that life would be encompassed with darkness and despair of mind and soul if failure did occur.

He felt strong and full of confidence as he mounted the steps of the Watson home on Wednesday evening. His eyes sparkled with unusual brilliancy. His complexion was fresh and clear. The jaunty summer suit he wore revealed his fine physique. What a handsome fellow he appeared as he stood there after pressing the electric bell. A pleasant smile lighted his features as he thought of the pleasure before him—a smile so sincere, so winning.

The servant came and ushered him in. He remembered the room so well. He noted the chair she had occupied when first he called on her. He touched it in a caressing manner. The atmosphere had an aroma which reminded him of her. He remembered how she had amazed him with her remarkable intelligence; how her brilliant mind grasped the most difficult subjects with ease as she conversed with him on that memorable evening. He recalled her earnest enthusiasm when speaking of the evils from which her sex were forced to suffer—how her eyes flashed and her cheeks flushed from interest in the subjects discussed. All this came to him as he waited for her to appear.

"And I will see her to-night. That beautiful creature!" he

mused, uttering the last words slowly and inaudibly, while a smile lighted his features, as he leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

He heard the rustling of a dress on the stairs; he sat upright, with a curious light of expectancy in his eyes. In a moment the door opened and Edith came into the room.

She wore a soft, shimmering, silky garment, evidently more for comfort than enhancing her beauty; but it displayed her superb figure in all its exquisite loveliness.

"Good evening, Mr. Moore," said she, advancing towards him with outstretched hand.

He rose and went towards her as she entered, and returned her cordial greeting, taking her hand within his own. Her hand was so warm! The temptation to press it was too strong to resist.

"Miss Edith," said he, still holding her hand, "I thank you so much for this pleasure you have so kindly allowed me," gazing at her with a devotional expression.

"I need no thanks, Mr. Moore," answered she, moving towards a chair as he released her hand.

Harry's eyes followed her. How proudly she carried herself! To him she was ravishingly lovely, and the thought of having her all to himself even for so brief a period made his heart beat quickly.

"Won't you take this chair?" said he, by an effort controlling his voice, pointing to a very luxurious rocker which he had vacated. "I noticed you preferred it on a former occasion."

"Oh, no; that chair is for indolent persons. You can sit there this evening," she said, smiling.

"Am I to infer then that I am indolent?" returning her smile, and seating himself.

"Yes, you can be indolent this evening, if you desire," jestingly.

"Slander me all you please; I'll not object in the least."

"Why call it slander? Are there not times when you feel averse to activity of any kind?"

"On rare occasions only."

"It is a luxury to feel languid occasionally. One should not be going, going all the time. He would soon wear out from such unceasing activity."

"Yes, you are right," he answered.

Edith was far from being in a jesting humor. Her smile, usually so pleasant and natural, now appeared forced. In the few words they had exchanged Harry noticed this; but she looked more handsome than ever in his eyes, and the sound of her voice was exquisite music to his ears.

"How have you been amusing yourself since I last saw you?" inquired Edith, after a silence of a moment.

"Athletics have been my principal amusement," he answered.

"What branch of athletics do you prefer?"

"I hardly know. I like everything in that line, though I believe wrestling and sparring are my favorite exercises."

"I like fencing the best. Did you ever try it?"

"Yes, once or twice."

"If you would thoroughly master it, I know you would like it. It keeps one interested every moment. I fence a great deal when at home, and I have missed it greatly since I have been here."

"Yes, it is a fine exercise. It's both recreative and healthful, and I am sure I should like it with you for a teacher. What do you say?" said he, smiling.

"All right, if you will come to my home for your lessons."

"Do you mean it?"

"Why, certainly."

"You may expect me the next day after your arrival. Oh, you need not laugh; I'm not jesting in the least," he added, seriously, as she smiled incredulously.

"You don't mean to say that you would travel all that distance to learn fencing?"

"Well, yes; fencing is a fascinating exercise, especially if the teacher is also fascinating."

"My teacher is fine; I will engage him for you," appearing not to understand his meaning.

"Your teacher will not please me so well as one of his pupils, however fine he may be," smiling.

"Suppose the pupil refuse, then what?" asked she, smiling.

"But the pupil has already given her consent, and I positively refuse to allow her to retract."

"You would not be so cruel as to persist in your refusal, would you?" she asked in feigned pleading tones, gazing at him with her calm, clear eyes.

Edith was talking more naturally. The influence which her strong determination had cast about her was gradually wearing away. The mental misery she had endured while communing with herself before his arrival was forgotten.

Harry hesitated a moment before answering her last question.

"Now, would you refuse, if I should ask you to do this for me?"

she asked, noticing his hesitation. "Would you?" pleadingly, as he still hesitated.

"Refuse you! I could refuse you nothing!" he answered slowly, biting his lips and turning his eyes from her.

"She realized how powerless he was in her hands—how his will could, if she chose, be moulded to her own. This fact, so clearly emphasized, caused strange, pleasurable emotions to stir her senses. She was leading him to the very subject she desired to avoid, so she changed the current of the conversation by abruptly saying:

"Did the reporters ever discover that terrible man who thrashed those toughs?" she asked, laughing musically.

"I think not," answered he, smiling. "At least, if they did I never heard of it."

They drifted from one unimportant subject to another. Her resolution to treat him coldly was forgotten. She was oblivious to everything except the pleasure his presence gave her. Happiness shone from her eyes. Her countenance was wreathed in smiles at the least occasion for their appearance. And such smiles! They affected Harry strangely—thrilled him at times almost to intoxication—his every nerve tingling from their seductive effects.

She was innocent of any intention to fascinate him, though, when in his presence, all the dormant strength of her regards was awakened, and was often manifested, for an instant only, in her beautiful, soulful eyes, or in a bright smile that more clearly told the story.

Edith was discussing a friend who was very dear to her. She took a large photograph album and came over near Harry.

"Now, this is my aunt," said Edith, after turning several pages.

Harry scarcely saw the photographs. For brief moments as she was explaining some particular characteristics of those whose photographs they were viewing he would look up into the beautiful face so near.

When she called his attention to the likeness of her aunt on the opposite page, he saw one of Edith herself, and he reached out and took the album from her.

"Pardon me for not offering to hold this before," he said as he relieved her of the book.

"You say this is your aunt?" inquired he.

"Yes; isn't she a handsome old lady?"

"Yes, she is. But this young lady on the other page is—" hesitating and gazing smilingly up at Edith.

"Ugly and mean," added she returning his smile.

"No, no!" he added hastily. "Sublimely beautiful," in tones of unmistakable tenderness, still gazing up at her.

"Please don't talk so, Mr Moore. You know I hate compliments," she said, turning away.

"If it displeases you I will refrain in the future, if forgiven this time," returned he.

"You are forgiven."

The words were uttered so gently in a low, soft voice, that they contrasted strangely with her former tones.

He turned his attention to the photograph again.

"How are these photographs inserted?" asked he suddenly, examining the album to find means of removing Edith's likeness.

"Never mind—that should not interest you," answered she, divining his object immediately.

"I'm merely curious to know. This album seems so odd," said Harry, beginning to remove her photograph.

"Does it?" laughing and grasping his wrist with her strong, shapely hand.

The strength in her hand surprised him.

"How did you acquire so much strength?" in tones of amazement, as he felt her fingers tightly clasp his wrist.

"You must not take that," she said, laughing, without answering his question.

"Please let me have it?" in soft, pleading tones, leaning back in his chair, without resistance.

"I cannot. It isn't mine. It belongs to Helen."

"You can present her with another, can't you?"

"Yes; and I can present you with another, too, could I not?" she asked, raising her eyes and smiling.

"Yes; but will you?"

"Yes."

"All right," said he, releasing the photograph and grasping her hand instead.

She endeavored to withdraw it, but realizing his strength, ceased to resist.

"You held me prisoner. Now, you're my prisoner," said he, gayly, laying back in his chair, gazing at her and laughing softly.

"For how long?" asked she smiling.

"As long as you are a willing prisoner."

"I am not a willing prisoner."

"Shall I free you, then?"

"Yes," nodding.

"Your term of imprisonment has expired," releasing her hand. "But may I not escort you to the piano?" asked he, rising, laying the album on the table and laughingly placing her arm within his.

"What for?" asked she, slightly resisting.

"To sing to me, of course," said he, playfully.

"What song shall I sing," asked she, as she turned on the piano stool.

"The song you like best," gazing down at her admiringly.

She sang a simple, pathetic love song from memory.

Standing near where her sublime beauty could be most effectively seen, he listened as though in a dream. The music carried him away into the grandeur of a terrestrial heaven. Her full, clear, musical tones stirred his soul with weird delight.

As she finished and turned towards him there was a suspicion of tears in his eyes, and his voice was a trifle tremulous as he said:

"Such a sad song, Miss Edith."

"Yes, it always makes me feel so to sing it."

"Now, sing something to dissipate the gloom you have cast about me. I feel as though I had lost all my friends," said Harry, smiling faintly.

"Let me see," said she, turning toward the piano; "try this one," and beginning an accompaniment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Harry seated himself near Edith as she sang, and for a moment only closed his eyes. Her beauty dazzled him. Only when she was singing could he study her exquisite proportions and her fine, strong profile. He opened his eyes again. He scarcely heard her song. He was studying the beautiful curves of her throat; the luxuriant masses of her dark brown hair, so artistically arranged; her finely-rounded arms; the rich color of her oval cheeks. How he longed to tell her that he loved her; that he worshipped her; that she was, in his eyes, the best, the most beautiful, the most lovable of all women. But he stifled his desire, and listened more attentively to the last verse of the song. This consisted of a peculiar combination of familiar witticisms that were laughable, and a broad smile lighted his handsome face as the meaning became clear.

He was still smiling as she turned towards him.

"Allow me to compliment you on your choice. That was excellent."

"You liked it then?"

"Yes, I did," said he truthfully, for he was pleased with that which he understood. "It was pretty and humorous."

"Now, you are expected to entertain me with a song," said Edith as she left the piano.

"Don't insist now. I do not feel in the humor," he said, smiling at her.

"That is hardly a reasonable excuse," returning his smile.

"Do you intend to leave Saturday?" asked Harry unexpectedly.

"Yes; I have everything arranged to go then."

"Are you visiting here again soon?"

"I do not expect to for some time."

"How long is some time?" he asked, smiling faintly.

"Probably one or two years."

He rose, without a word, went over to a chair near her. She seemed surprised at his abrupt actions.

"Have I offended you by changing my seat? I will go back," said he, rising.

"No; stay where you are. That chair is not so appropriate for indolence though," she said, smiling faintly.

He did not notice her attempt at humor.

"So you may not return for one or two years?" said he, staring into nothingness.

"No; I'm positive that I won't."

"Will I ever see you again after to-night?" gazing at her strangely.

"I do not know," looking away and playing with her fan.

"You know, Miss Edith, why I am so much interested in you—why I have asked you these questions," said he, gazing at her with his soul in his eyes, while his voice quivered slightly.

"Why should I know?"

"Why should you know," repeated he, moving near her, and compelling her for a moment to look into his eyes, while he clasped her hand softly within his own.

She was silent for a moment, looking away. She was trembling slightly, her breath coming irregularly, while her lips were tremulous.

For that one exquisite moment, sitting there so near, with her hand within his, he thought the battle was won. It made him tremble

with joy. He felt as though he had been transferred to another world—a glorious, happy world of contentment and infinite joy. He was about to murmur in loving tones how dear she was to him, when her expression changed. She slowly disengaged her hand. A wild, hunted look came into her eyes. She rose suddenly, turning upon him almost fiercely.

"Oh, why do you torture me!" she cried, then pressing her hands over her eyes, she turned and started towards the door.

He was amazed at her sudden burst of feeling and was for a moment struck dumb.

"What! torture you?" he said, coming up behind her. "I torture you? My God! Miss Edith, I would cut off my right hand rather than cause you pain," said he in tones of anguish.

She had her hand on the door knob. There came a sudden reaction.

Why did she blame him? she asked herself. The fault was all her own. She had no right to be so unjust.

As she stood by the door, he placed his hand on her shoulder and turned her until she faced him. She saw there was tears in his eyes, and realized that she had caused them.

"Mr. Moore," she said in unsteady tones, looking down at the floor, "I blamed you unjustly. Forgive me for my harsh words."

"Forgive you!" he repeated, in soft, loving tones. "You know how much I love you. You know that I worship you with a blind, mad worship. Why ask me to forgive? You know that I would forgive you

anything," gazing at her with love-lighted eyes.

She stood there at the door, playing with a pin clasped at her throat. As he uttered the last words, her cheeks flushed. He moved near her, clasped the disengaged hand, and twining his fingers within hers.

"You know I love you," compelling her to look into his eyes.

"Love you!" continued he in tender tones. "You always knew I loved you. My eyes told you many times that I worshipped you beyond words," with quivering voice.

She remained silent. She was struggling with herself. Her every nerve was filled with inexpressible delight. Had she followed her desire, she would have thrown her arms around his neck.

She had felt attracted to him before, but had not calculated upon this overpowering influence. He seemed to magnetize her very senses, affecting her like strong wine.

She was trembling with suppressed emotion, as she stood there so near, so deliciously near him. Her sweet, warm breath was playing upon his cheek, her face was flushed, while her eyes were cast down and still wet from her tears. Slowly, unconsciously his lips came nearer to hers. Nearer, nearer—they met in warm, delightful contact.

He passed his arm around her waist. This awakened her to full consciousness of her actions. She was breaking her vow. She was following the very course that she had determined to avoid. By a great effort of her will, she disengaged herself, drew away from him, and crossed to another part of the room.

He started to follow her.

"No; keep away from me," she said vehemently, covering her face with her hands, as she sank into a chair.

He stood there watching her, with a dull misery in his eyes. Was she struggling against a love for him, or was it something else? he asked himself.

He moved nearer to her.

"Miss Edith, you are unhappy? Have I caused it?" he asked in husky tones.

She was silent for a moment.

"Yes, you have," she finally said. "You have caused it all. You have almost made me break my vows—made my determination seem as nothing."

"If anything I have done has made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness. You know that I love you so, that I would make any sacrifice for the privilege of winning you for my wife. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. Please don't be angry with me," in pleading tones.

"I will never be your wife!" she said vehemently, as though making a sudden resolution, gazing at him with flashing eyes through her tears. "I told you once that there should never be anything between us, and I meant it. You promised me only a few days ago that you would not annoy me again, and this is how you keep your word," in tones of annoyance.

She was angry with herself for her weakness as she termed it, and her irritation at him increased because of it.

Her words struck Harry dumb. For a moment he was angry and was about to leave her. Suddenly her words "Will never be your

wife" came to him. He turned pale. Did she mean it, he asked himself, looking over towards her.

Her face was covered with her hands. He bent over her, standing quite near.

"Miss Edith, am I to blame because I love you—because the thought of losing you makes me so unbearably miserable?" His voice was quivering and husky with suppressed emotion, but it became clearer and calmer as he progressed.

"Ever since I first saw you, only a few weeks ago, I have loved you with a growing affection. Now it consumes my whole being. Without you, life will be darkness—void of even the possibility of happiness. With you, it would be a heaven I never dreamed of reaching. I will do anything—I will sacrifice anything—for your love. Don't refuse me! Don't blot out every ray of happiness. I wish to do right, but my love for you at times has overpowered me, has unmanned me, and caused me to act like a child. Remember, I will accept any conditions you may name—if you love me!"

He paused a moment. She looked up and saw that she was torturing him. In his eyes was a miserable, pleading light.

"Don't you love me," he asked, gazing down into her clear, tearful eyes, as she removed her hands a moment to glance at him.

She again hid her face without answering.

She felt that her resolutions were crumbling. She was being drawn towards him with irresistible power. She realized to repel him much longer would be impossible.

"But my great cause. Am I to let that go?" she would ask herself when the desire to cease her resistance became too strong.

He was leaning over her, silently, awaiting an answer. He placed his hand upon her bent head, tenderly caressing her luxuriant hair.

"Please answer me," he softly pleaded.

She put up her hand to remove his, and then rose and started towards the door without looking his way.

Harry caught her arm.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Please let me go," she pleaded, still avoiding his glance.

"Do you wish to leave me forever?"

"Yes."

By an effort he controlled his voice, though his eyes welled with tears.

"My God, you don't mean that!" he murmured in tremulous tones.

She turned further away from him and did not answer.

"Tell me that you don't mean it," in a choking voice.

He turned her round and forced her to look into his eyes. Her eyes told a different tale, and he passed his arm around her. She struggled slightly to free herself, and he released her, but caught her again as she neared the door.

"You do love me—I know you do. Your eyes tell me so," in soft, tender tones, every word being a caress.

He entwined his arms around her.

"Please let me go, Mr. Moore," in tones that conveyed the opposite meaning.

"Let you go," he said tenderly.

"I cannot; you're my life, my love, my very existence," kissing her flushed cheeks, again, again and again.

She saw it was useless. She could struggle against this great love no longer. It carried her away with its overpowering momentum.

The bewildering ecstasy of that moment engulfed their senses.

She looked up into his eyes and read the worshipful love that shone from their brilliant depths.

Slowly she came nearer, nearer, nearer. Their lips met as he clasped her in his strong embrace. No words were spoken. None were needed.

It was nearly two hours later when Harry came out into the hall, followed by Edith.

"Now, do not forget—you have promised to marry me in one month. I wish it were one day instead," said Harry, pressing the hand he held.

"You impatient boy! It should have been six months, but I cannot cope with your persuasive powers."

With his arms around her waist, he kissed her tenderly, reverently, then held her away and surveyed her in brilliant light.

"You beautiful creature! I don't deserve such happiness," he said, biting his lips and placing his hands on the staircase for support.

"Don't you?" coming nearer and kissing him impulsively, then asking in whispered tones: "How about me, dear? Am I not happy? Oh, so happy!" kissing him.

"I have made you lose your beauty sleep to-night, dear," said he, gazing into her beautiful eyes,

with a caressing light in his own. "I have made an attempt to go so many times, but this must be my final effort," smiling.

"No, No! you need not hurry," answered she.

"Do you see this?" still smiling, holding his watch open before her, the hands pointing to an hour after midnight.

"'Tis late, isn't it! How time does fly—sometimes," looking at him archly.

"True. It does on some occasions. But this will be my last good-night kiss," interlacing her fingers within his own.

"How many times have I kissed you good night within the last hour?" asked he, smiling mischievously, hesitating as he neared her lips.

"This will be the second time," said she, smiling.

"Ninety-second, you mean."

"Ninety - second? Why, you mean thing. I will not kiss you again, now," drawing away.

"You won't?" locking his hands around her waist, and slowly bend-

ing towards her as she drew away. She slipped and would have fallen, but he caught and raised her in his arms like a child and laughingly held her as he touched her lips again and again.

He dropped her gently, and while gazing at her with adoration in his eyes, went out the door, returning her whispered "Good-night."

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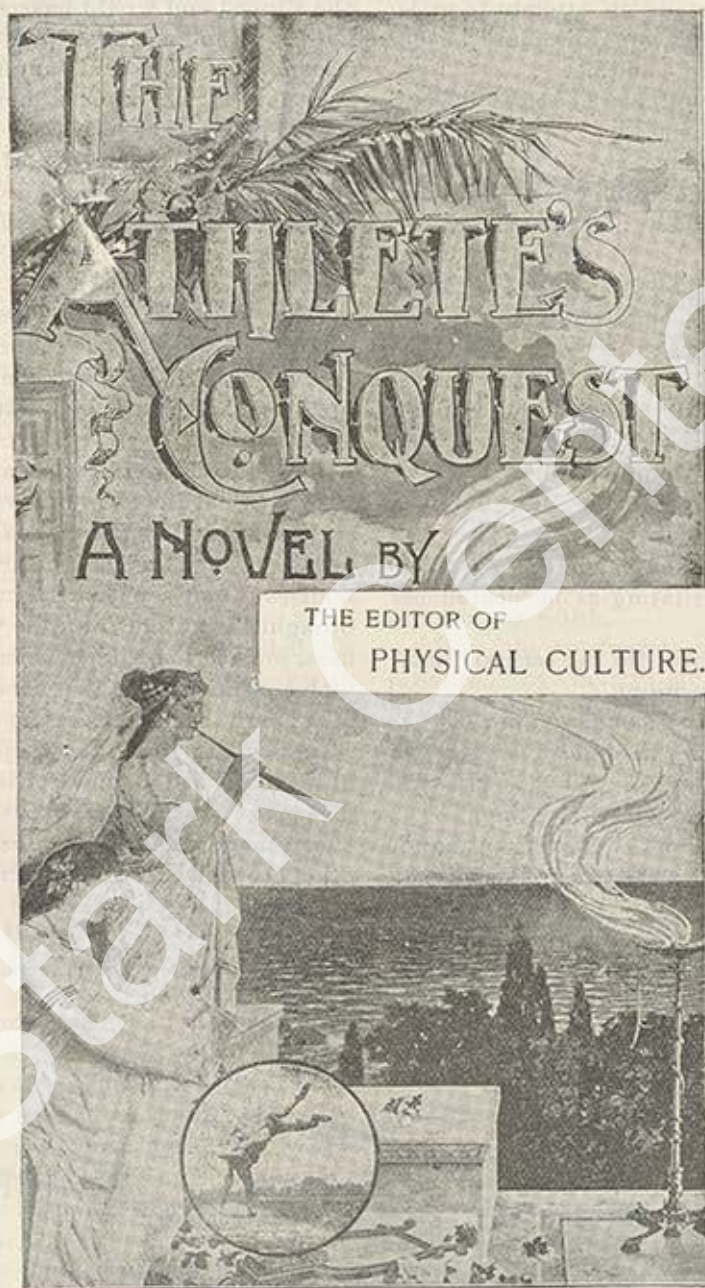
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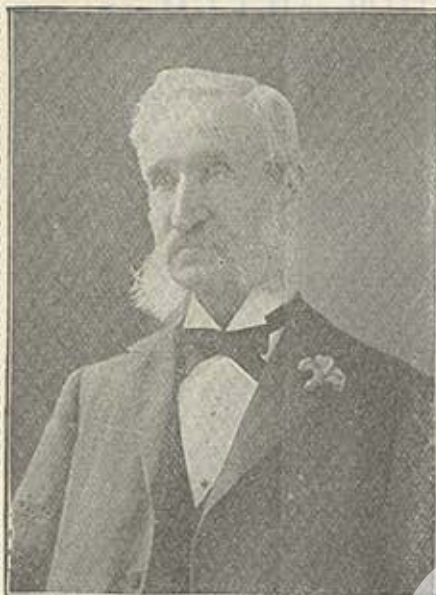
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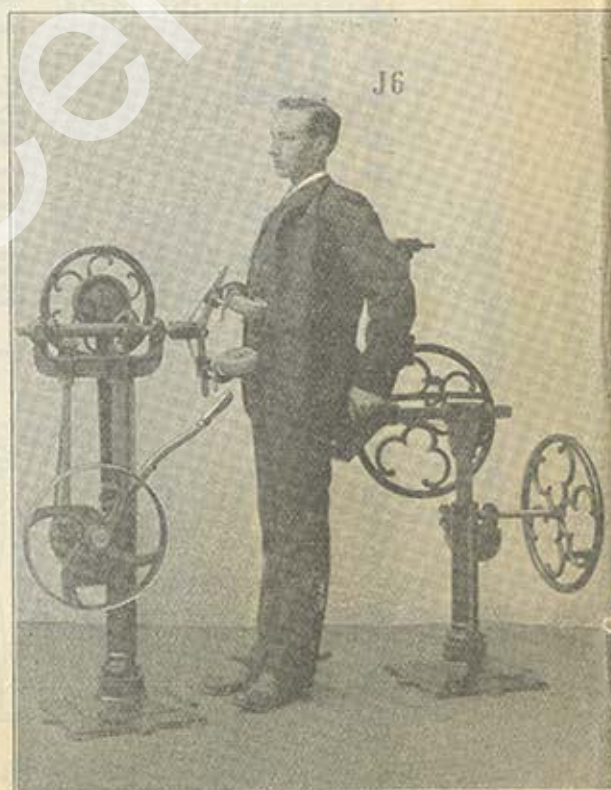
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