

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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It is the editor's firm and conscientious belief—

That weakness is a crime.

That one has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for going hungry when food is at hand.

That if one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health.

That usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical organism to right itself, and is the means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure.

That there is no disease without a cause, and if the cause is removed the body will gradually "cure itself."

That disease is not "sent by Divine Providence," but is the result of the victim's own ignorance or carelessness.

That vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this exalted physical condition, is within the reach of all.

That health and strength of a high degree is the natural condition of man, and it is otherwise only when one's life does not conform to nature's laws.

That there are thousands in every civilized country annually dying from consumption, general debility, heart trouble, and other causes too numerous to mention, who could easily have been brought back to health, strength and power had they adopted rational methods at the proper time

That his great purpose in life is to "preach the gospel" of health, strength and the means of acquiring it.

That the finest and most satisfying results that can be acquired from proper physical culture are the cure of disease and the development of that energy, vitality and health essential to the success and happiness of life.

The above will remain for a few issues, that my principles may not be misunderstood.

If there are those whom I can benefit that are unable financially to recompense me, they will find me just as ready and willing to answer their queries as those others who can afford to be liberal in their fees.

When writing please do not expect a reply too soon, as the duties of a lecturer, engaged nearly every night, are rather difficult to fulfill; but, if a reply does not come after waiting a reasonable time, please write again, as the letter may have been mislaid or lost in the mails.

THE EDITOR.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF ENERGY, VITALITY AND HEALTH.

The marvellous influence of energy on one's life is well known. The power to succeed depends not so much on the opportunities one has as it does on the ability and energy to take advantage of those that do appear. How many young men start out in life with the noblest intentions, the highest, broadest ambitions, but through lack of the determination and persistence that come with great energy, gradually lose their high aims, until these disappear altogether in the mere struggle for ordinary subsistence. They will often say, "Oh, I have lived and learned; I started out with the determination to accomplish great things, but here I am, at this unsatisfactory occupation," etc., etc. The road to the desired success was more difficult to ascend than they imagined, and they lacked the energy necessary to persist in their attempts, and to that their failure was due. The great importance of the possession of energy cannot be overestimated. It should be sought for above all things, in preparing for life's work.

It may be new to many that one's energy can be increased in power, can be developed just the same as the muscular system. To a certain extent the body is a great storage battery—one can store up energy that can be used at will for mental or physical work. One can-

not possess great energy unless he enjoys exuberant health—health of a degree that makes the very act of living, of breathing, a source of exhilaration; and, at times, when Nature smiles, with a bright sun glowing in a background of clear blue, one can actually become momentarily intoxicated with the wild joy of merely living and breathing. That is the health which is worth making the effort to possess, and I believe that all men and women can acquire it if they adopt the proper method and persevere in their endeavors. It is not within the power of every one to become extraordinary strong, in the sense of being able to lift heavy weights, or to perform feats of strength, but superabundant health is within the reach of all. At birth each one inherits a certain degree of muscular and vital strength—if no attempt is made to develop this to the limit, one may go through life weakly, sickly and emaciated, when he could have possessed strength and energy far above the ordinary had he made proper attempts to acquire it. As every one inherits a muscular system that is capable of being developed so far and no farther, it is ridiculous for any one to assert that every one can be developed so many inches in the upper arm, the calf, etc., etc. One man may be able to increase the size of his un-

per arm three or four inches, while another man may not be able to add over half an inch. But, if one is unable to develop muscular tissue to a noticeable degree, it does not necessarily indicate that he cannot increase his energy, vitality and health in the same proportion as one who is able to acquire large development.

One can possess great vitality without a corresponding degree of energy. Vitality, as I understand it, is the ability to live long—it means that one's physique is strong, vigorous and hardy. Such a person could possess great energy if he were to "wake up" his latent power by various means within his grasp, but in such a case it would be a matter of mental as well as physical training. To secure the greatest attainable degree of energy, one must strive to possess the highest attainable degree of health. How is one to acquire this? From a proper system of muscular exercise, adapted to one's needs and strength, a wholesome, nutritious diet, thorough cleanliness of the skin, the observance of the physiological and other laws appertaining to the culture of the body. But you may inquire, "What is a proper system of exercise?" One that uses the entire muscular system lightly and thoroughly, causing each and every muscle to be cleansed and strengthened with the accelerated circulation brought about by the flexed and relaxed conditions of the muscles that follow each other in

quick succession in proper exercise. Do not forget that there is a vast difference in exercise and in its results. All experts agree that the most beneficial results are derived from physical exercise when, in making a motion of any kind, one part of it should require an effort (flexed condition) on the part of the muscle, and the other part should require no effort (relaxed condition). Thus, if one is using an entire rubber exerciser the tension from which is the same going both ways, one can readily see that it would require an effort to pull it out, and an effort to keep it from returning with a jerk—a flexed condition of the muscle during the entire motion, and when the motions are continuous—one after the other—the flexed condition of the muscles continues during several motions. As there are several good home exercisers on the market besides my own, and as thousands of these are now in daily use, the fact that some of them, on account of being constructed entirely of rubber, have the particular disadvantage referred to, is worthy of mention.

Your exercise should be adapted to your particular needs—avoid everything that tends towards violence. If not strong, use still greater caution until sufficient strength is acquired to afford experimenting. The exercise should admit of variety. Get as much pleasure out of it as possible. Do not make hard work of it. Look upon it as play. If

it is convenient, join a gymnasium and enter into the calisthenic drills and other exercises which are not too difficult. This gives you the benefit of encouragement from others whose object is similar.

A beginner should start slowly and lightly—especially if weak. Do not take over five or ten minutes per day at first, gradually increasing the time, day by day, until the exercise may average 20 or 30 minutes per day.

No matter whether one joins a gymnasium or not, it is essential that he should have some regular system that uses every muscle which he can practice at home on the days he does not attend the gymnasium. The system, as illustrated in my instruction book, will be found very good for this. It is the simplest method I could devise for accomplishing the purpose of using the entire muscular system. However, there is no necessity for confining the exercise to my system if a method can be found that accomplishes the same purpose of using properly and thoroughly all the muscles. Do not forget that the reason an athlete or a well-trained man is nearly always stronger than a workman is because the athlete uses and develops all his muscles, while the workman mostly uses only a part of his muscular system and allows the other parts to remain almost entirely inactive.

Avoid all practising with heavy weight—do nothing that has the slightest tendency to strain the mus-

cles. Feats of strength are of no value to a man who desires simply superabundant health. If ambitious to become a man with phenomenal strength, one must make up his mind to sacrifice, to a certain extent, exhilarating health and vital power in securing it. Every man possesses a certain amount of reserve force; he can lift far more under stress of nervous excitement or of great determination, than he can under ordinary circumstances. He does this by calling on his reserve force, and if one makes a habit daily of practicing or exhibiting with heavy weights that require him to use this reserve force, he is sapping the foundation of higher physical health, lessening his vitality and decreasing his years of life. You can be intemperate in the cultivation of muscular tissue as easy as in anything else. One does not need phenomenally developed muscles. What he does need is a normal, natural muscular system. When one strives for anything beyond this he is becoming intemperate in his desires and in his exercise, and the results often work serious injury to that higher state of physical health, the development of which all physical culture should tend to improve.

Some will ask, "When shall I take exercise?" A little in the morning immediately on rising, before dressing, so there will be no wearing apparel to interfere with free muscular movements. Don't take sufficient to tire the muscles!

One needs his energies for the day's labor—so exercise just enough to accelerate the circulation and wake up the faculties. But at night, before retiring, I would advise more—enough to create a feeling of slight fatigue all over the body. That "tired feeling," which we all hate so much during the day, is of decided advantage when one is wooing the unconsciousness of slumber. Then there is an advantage also in taking vigorous exercise just before retiring in its ability to create a thoroughly normal condition. If one is tired out with mental work it will create a feeling of rest and take away the throbbing of a feverish or overworked brain. If the legs are aching from standing or walking all day, a little vigorous work of the upper parts of the body will usually equalize the circulation and alleviate the pain.

Be moderate in diet. Do not eat to satiety, but merely all the appetite craves. Many think that dieting is living on those foods which are not appetizing, but which are supposed to be the most nourishing. That is a mistake. Dieting consists of adhering to those particular articles of food for which the appetite craves, and which contain, to the greatest degree, those food elements that are most needed to feed the body at that time. How is one to know this? By the appetite. The normal appetite craves the strongest of those particular foods which are the

richest in the elements required to strengthen and build up the physical organism. Then dieting properly is eating what one likes best? Yes, if the appetite be entirely normal. How is one to tell if the appetite be normal? If it craves foods which are unwholesome and which disagree with the system, one knows that the appetite is abnormal, or else the food contains elements essential to feeding the body notwithstanding its unwholesomeness. Then would the advice be to eat it anyway? No; would advise that some other food be sought for which one knows to be wholesome and nutritious and which contains similar elements for which the appetite craves.

Eat slowly, masticate thoroughly. Never eat without an appetite. The thorough enjoyment of food is essential to perfect digestion. When one enjoys every morsel eaten, the saliva flows more freely, the gastric juices of the stomach are furnished in greater quantities, and the work of digestion and assimilation is more satisfactorily accomplished. If there is no capacity for the enjoyment of food at one meal time, wait until the next, for under these circumstances forcing one's self to eat merely because it is meal time, is a most dangerous practice. When the system is overloaded with impurities, as in pneumonia, consumption, neuralgia, rheumatism and "filth" diseases of an analogous character, the appetites of all whose physiques approximate a normal condition give warning by disappearing, thus

enabling the system, if this warning be obeyed, to purify itself through its various depurating organs. But if one persists in eating or exciting an abnormal appetite with stimulants, the result is liable, to be any of above named diseases, and others whose names are too numerous to mention. Thousands have died of consumption, etc., etc., who have simply eaten themselves to their graves. When a man misses one meal he will very often say that he is starving, but, as an authentic record exists, I am told, of a man who lived for 60 days without a single morsel (other than water) passing into his stomach, there can hardly be much fear of death from starvation in fasting one to three meals.

Do not eat too much meat; it is a highly stimulating article of food, and should be used in moderate quantities. Eat plenty of good Graham bread, made from the whole-wheat meal. A grain of wheat is supposed to be the most perfect food known—it contains in almost perfect proportions the chemical elements essential for feeding the body. White bread that is used so much, contains but little nourishment for the muscles, bones or brain—this is nearly all taken out in the bran. If one depends on the ordinary white bread, he will necessarily have a strong appetite for meat to make up the deficiencies of this food, but if good brown bread is used, the appetite for meat is not nearly so great.

Cultivate an appetite for fruits

and vegetables—one's capacities are greater on a partial vegetarian dietary, provided eggs and milk are not excluded.

Do not depend on alcoholic stimulation. The plain unfermented fruit juices, such as we get from the grape and the apple, are the most wholesome health producing drinks. I am such a firm believer in the injurious qualities of alcoholic and other false stimulation that I do not even drink coffee or tea—haven't for fifteen years. I believe there is some virtue in a hot drink during the meal—not to sip now and then, but to drink when an actual thirst exists. What I use, when occasions demand, is merely hot water and milk, with sugar to taste. This is certainly a "milk and watery" drink, but I like it much better than tea, coffee or cocoa, and it undoubtedly agrees with me.

The importance of a thoroughly clean skin cannot be overestimated. Take at least two or three hot baths per week, with plenty of soap and water, for cleanliness, and a cold sponge bath every morning for its tonic effects. A sponge bath only cleanses superficially, but it is beneficial unquestionably if one is able to recuperate immediately from the shock with a feeling of warmth. If cold and chilly after such a bath it should not be repeated until the vital strength has considerably improved. A soft bristle brush for the purpose of skin friction—using it just as you would a rough towel.

bringing it back and forth over the surface of the body—will be found of great aid in keeping the skin in a fine condition. One of these brushes properly used gives the skin the softness and smoothness of velvet, and accelerates quite materially the action of the pores in throwing off impurities. The best time to use it is immediately after a little exercise (before the sponge bath) on rising in the morning.

Do not cumber the body with too much clothing. Wear only sufficient to keep warm, and no more. Too much clothing lessens the vital powers, and makes one much less able to resist disease.

Within the confines of this short article one can give only an outline of that which is necessary to do in order to build up great energy, vitality and health, but those who

earnestly and truly desire this exalted physical condition have only to make a start under the instructions as outlined here, and from that small beginning go on and on improving in strength and health day by day, adding to their knowledge, their enthusiasm, their determination, as they feel this increasing physical power gradually raising them from the level of a mere existence to the heights of glorious, exhilarating health. Just taste that condition, reader, and live, breathe, enjoy, with the delicious intoxication that comes at times to those who possess the blessing of superb, pulsating health. Grasp it, friend, while you may—before the eyes grow dim, the feet unsteady, before the call bearing you into a mysterious uncertainty—roughly ends life's dream.

THE EDITOR.

CAN A WEAK MIND BE MADE STRONG?

SOMETHING OF INTEREST TO THOSE WHO DESPAIR EASILY.

A terrible affliction is a weak mind. It is a kind of label which is pinned to the being of the man, proclaiming him to be hardly fit for anything, neither for reasoning, thinking, remembering, nor for exercising his will properly.

Of course, the essence of the mind is unknown to us; it is a blank. We can define mind to be that which thinks and reasons, but we can go no further. We are conscious that we think and that we have a variety of different thoughts, from deliberating and reasoning to loving and hating, but beyond this it is impossible to define what the essence of the mind is.

By a weak mind being made strong, we do not mean that mind which is wholly or partially incapable of reasoning and thinking, which is bereft of intelligence, the mind of the idiot—although where the reasoning powers are only partially eclipsed, it is possible by hygienic means to remove the dark shadow that crosses the path of the semi-idiot mind—but we mean that mind which, being possessed of reasoning powers, is slow to appreciate or to exercise the reasoning faculty, which fails to grasp quickly the thought of the moment, or which is weak in resolve, thereby being easily persuaded to do that

the performance of which often brings about regret afterwards.

That quotation from the Latin of Horace, "A sound mind in a healthy body," points to the fact that unless you are constitutionally healthy in body, it is hardly fair to expect that your mind will be particularly sound, to interpret the quotation literally, which no doubt it is intended to be.

To illustrate this argument, we may mention the names, for instance, of John Ruskin, Walter Besant, Kipling, Hardy, and a host of others prominent in the world of writers; of Richmond, Fildes, Poynter, Herkomer, and other strong men in the world of art; of Balfour, Harcourt, Labouchere, in the political world; all of whom are endowed with exceptionally strong minds, proceeding from particularly healthy bodies which are much exercised physically by their owners.

On the other hand, you have only to take a hasty glance at the person whose mind is unsound in order to draw your conclusions that the unhappiness of the man is determined by the unhealthiness of his body. Therefore, to try to strengthen a weak mind—the degree of the weakness, of course; permitting—regular physical exercise should be taken every day.

This does not mean running or walking your legs off, or tiring yourself to death, to use the commonplace expression, playing at any of the popular outdoor sports, but you should go in for exercising the muscular system, doing your five minutes in the morning and your ten minutes in the evening quietly at home; yet you must be conversant with the proper movements, as knowing these is half the battle.

So much, then, for the physical remedy, which will give tone and vigor to the body and strengthen the mind accordingly, or, rather, supply the basis from which the strengthening influence will arise.

We have now to deal with the psychological aspect, which is a very important matter. A person with a weak mind is prone to a disposition which aggravates rather than disperses the disability. Habitual melancholia, or the desire to remain aloof from the society of men and women, from the world and its amusements in general, cannot but aggravate the symptom; therefore, throw off such reservation and enter rationally into the spirit of the world and its pleasures. A weak mind is responsible for a weak personal character; will-power is absent; self-dependence is below zero; your being does not hang upon its own hook, so to speak; it must have support.

Now, the cultivation of the first of these things, will-power, is not difficult. Form your opinion upon

a given subject and stick to it, argue it out, fight it out, and this position you take up will bring in its trend a wonderful flow of thought, of ideas. Whether these be in the right or wrong, it does not matter a jot; suffice it to say that the development of the bumps of "Language" and "Comparison" will help to strengthen the mind, for the existence of a weak mind is perhaps not all due to a diseased or a weak constitution; the mental faculties have not always been fairly and properly exercised.

The trait of characteristic self-dependence is first-cousin to self-will. Cultivate it; train your mind to feel that you have as great a right to self-dependence as anybody else. Think the problem out carefully; revolve the idea over and over again in your mind. If you should be asked to do a thing that you don't want to do, don't in the weakness of your mind study either the proposition itself or your friend's feelings; study yourself. Wait before you give your answer. Make it a point always to say, "Well, I'll just think the matter over."

These are trifling things in themselves, but you would be surprised at the force they possess in influencing and tending to cultivate the mind, making a person cool, deliberate, possessed of self-will, thoughtful, and fond of exercising all the faculties of the mind, conditions that have a magical influence in strengthening a weak mind.

THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.
THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED.)

CHAPTER I.

"Here I am, twenty-seven years of age, with a good income, a fine business, and everything necessary to make one happy—except a wife. But how am I to find a wife? I wish I had never heard of all these reform ideas about the wearing of corsets. Every corseted woman seems to be only a creature of imperfections. This is the result of studying too much about physical culture. Now, what kind of a life-companion do I want? I don't care much about the color of her hair, but would prefer it dark—oh, pshaw! what does the hair matter? I want to marry a woman in every sense of the word—physically, mentally and morally. I'm a crank, and I know it, but I have the right to be one. Who in the world would marry one of those wasp-waisted women, when he sees the ugliness, and also the disease, that is always, in time, connected with such deformity? The Chinese woman crushes her feet until there remain only little stumpy, shapeless masses of flesh and bones to serve as a means of locomotion. She hobbles around like a man on crutches. We say, 'What a fool she must be,' when we hear of this unnatural

practice. But if viewed from an unprejudiced standpoint, is she any worse, or even as bad as the American women who crush the most important organs of the organism into a shapeless mass with bands of steel? It is not merely one limb, or one foot, that they crush out of shape; the most vital parts of the body suffer severely from this effort to attain a false standard of beauty, and the whole body is weakened in consequence. Well, there is this much about it: if I am unable to find one who has not injured and deformed herself in this way, I'll be an old bachelor. Just look at Tom Fisk! It's only two years since he married the belle of his set—a pretty, weakly, innocent girl, with her waist crushed so small one could almost span it. Now look at him, with a life of misery before him, and an invalid wife to take care of the rest of his days. Now, if he had married some healthy, vigorous and intelligent girl, he would have made his mark in the world; but with a child-wife, and she weakly and sickly, he will have his hands full in caring for her, with no opportunity even to think of his ambitions. If I want to fill

my life with misery, I'll marry just such a woman."

Thus mused Harry Moore, a strong, athletic, well-made fellow, as he threaded his way through a crowded business thoroughfare. Five years before this Harry had lost his health from the injurious effects of confining office work. After trying all kinds of remedies and consulting several noted physicians, he came to the conclusion that his case was incurable. Nothing seemed to benefit him. One day, in one of his gloomiest moods, when walking along the street, he felt a sudden acute pain in his side, and noticing a doctor's sign across the street, he went over, rang the bell, and in an instant was ushered into the physician's private office. Harry explained his trouble as best he could, and a drug was given him which gave relief in a few minutes. After he began to feel like talking, the physician commenced asking him questions.

"What business are you in, young man?" queried the doctor.

"I'm a bookkeeper."

"Ah! I thought so. Do you ever take any exercise?"

"Yes, I walk a great deal."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, young man, would you like me to tell you exactly the trouble with you? why you are thin and weakly, with dull eyes and a sallow complexion?"

"I certainly would," answered Harry, his face brightening with interest.

"How long have you been working in an office?"

"About five years."

"Never took the least bit of exercise, outside of the short distances you are compelled to walk, in all that time, I suppose?"

"No; that's about right."

"Young man, I can cure you easily," in earnest tones.

"Yes; I've had several tell me the same thing," said Harry, his face slightly darkening at the remembrance of the hard-earned dollars he had spent in doctors' bills, only to see himself growing worse, instead of better.

"I would not attempt to cure you with drugs," said the physician, divining his thoughts.

"How can you do it?"

"By natural means."

"What is that?"

"When I say that I'll cure you by natural means, I mean that I'll use nothing distasteful to you. I'll simply prescribe certain exercises for you to take; will instruct you what you should eat and drink; will in other words, teach you how to live."

"Well, do you know, doctor, I've often thought there was something in that," said Harry, as his dull eyes began to glisten with hope.

"You thought just about right, young man—in that case. Where do you work?"

"For Brown & Wilson, wholesale grocers."

"You come here to see me this evening, at about seven o'clock. I

will then have time to talk with you about your condition, and will tell you just what I can do for you, what it will cost you, etc.," said the doctor, as he rose and opened the door for Harry to pass out.

"All right; I'll be here," said Harry, as he passed out the door with a brighter feeling than he had enjoyed for some time.

Every hour between the time he left the physician's office and the hour of the appointment for that evening seemed a day to Harry. He had several times thought that he could be cured without so much nasty medicine, but he did not know how to bring it about; and when making inquiries of his friends for information, they laughed at his absurd ideas. This, of course, was discouraging, and caused him to renounce the idea. But now he had found a physician with exactly the same theories. He would teach him how to regain health and strength.

In his interview with the physician that evening, he learned much that was new to him. He told Harry to join a gymnasium; to take light exercises for strengthening the upper parts of his body; instructed him as to the foods which would be best to eat, and gave him books on hygienic subjects to read. He kept his patient for over an hour asking questions and giving instructions. Harry was intensely interested, and listened carefully to every word,

stowing away the information for future use.

"Now," said the doctor, rising, "it lies with you. I have shown you the path that leads to physical wealth. If you follow it, you will soon feel the superb vigor of health pulsating through your every nerve, your every muscle!"

"Well, I'll follow instructions to the best of my ability; you can be assured of that," answered Harry, as he rose and started towards the door, a bright smile, the dawn of hope, ornamenting his features.

"Come to see me every three or four days, that I may see if you are following my directions. Be sure and read those books carefully, because they will help you along in a great many ways. You must become thoroughly interested in hygiene if you expect great improvement."

"Oh, I'll do anything for health," said Harry, as he walked out of the door.

"Now, remember my instructions: 'Plenty of exercise.' When stronger you can try athletics."

"I'll remember it; I'll join a gymnasium to-morrow," answered Harry.

All manner of wild thoughts flitted through his brain that evening while on his way home. He felt that at last the road to health had been found. He was happy; more so than he had been for years. On arriving home, he eagerly opened one of the physician's books and commenced to devour its contents.

The statements made therein appeared to please him. Several times he exclaimed: "That's exactly what I thought all along." Once, while reading about the evil effects of breathing bad air, he came to a clause which stated that night air was quite as wholesome as any other, whether damp or not, and he jumped from his chair and said: "I knew it! I knew it! Tom Wardner, only yesterday, stated that night air was full of malaria, and, in order to avoid it, the windows should be tightly closed all night. I told him he was crazy. No wonder he has a cold half of the time, and is sick the other half."

From that day Harry Moore was a crank in the eyes of all rational beings. He followed instructions carefully; day by day he gained in strength and in weight. In a month or two his hollow cheeks began to fill out; his thin arms began to grow round and plump. He told his friends over and over again about the beneficial effects of following the great laws of health. Every one called him "the health crank." But in the meantime "the crank" was growing stronger and stronger. He became more and more enthusiastic as he advanced in his study of hygiene. He began to feel like a real man, not like the weakling he had been before. He did not now slink away like a coward whenever a ruffian happened to cast a slur at him, as had before been necessary. The vigor of manhood was asserting itself; in six months he was

strong enough to try such athletic exercises as wrestling, sparring, running and jumping. About three years after his fortunate meeting with the physician, he had developed into an athlete of remarkable ability. He could run like a deer, wrestle and spar with the best professionals, and had the strength and courage of a lion. He had become so familiar with all that related to physical culture, hygiene and diet that he was a walking encyclopedia of health laws.

At the time our story opens, five years after his meeting with the physician, a new problem had presented itself to him. He had concluded that he ought to marry. Like all young men, he had experienced the influence wielded by fair members of the opposite sex; but he had yet to meet one who was capable of causing him to "fall in love" actually. His studiousness on subjects appertaining to physical culture had developed most decidedly unconventional ideas of beauty. His model of feminine beauty was that of the sculptors. He failed to understand how one could admire the ancient Grecian statues of feminine perfection, and still be smitten by a woman whose physical proportions did not resemble them in any way. He believed a woman should be strong and active; that, among human beings, the members of the female sex should be as strong in proportion to the male sex, as they are in any other species of the animal world. No wonder our Harry had

a hard time finding his idea of perfection realized; and yet he worshipped the opposite sex. A man of his extremely happy, healthy and evenly-balanced temperament could hardly have done otherwise. Many estimable girls had attempted to win him; several had endeavored to fascinate him, merely because he would not acknowledge their powers as did other men. He treated them with a familiar kindness which they could not understand, coming from one apparently so capable of being affected by feminine charms. For this very reason he was courted and flattered, but all to no purpose. On more than one occasion he had felt the magnetic attraction that a lovely woman has for a strong, manly man; but even if he allowed the bewitching influence momentarily to enthrall his senses, the silken bonds that held him captive would snap asunder whenever his glance fell to the charmer's waist, for in that squeezed, distorted waist he saw disease and ugliness; it was a deformity to him as much as a hunchback is to an ordinary person. Often he tried to eliminate the thought from his mind, but no, it seemed impossible. He must find an intelligent woman not deformed in this way, or else be doomed to bachelorhood. This he knew to be true, for he could never even respect, much less love, a woman who weakened herself and future generations with this terrible habit of deforming the body. The thoughts that occupied his mind on this par-

ticular day in his walk had bothered him on many other occasions. He had long ago ceased to search for his ideal among his friends or on the streets of his native city.

But to-day a surprise was in store for him.

He had walked as far as Broadway, and while slowly making his way through the crowd on the sidewalk, he saw coming towards him a young woman whose face caused a strange thrill to affect him. In an instant he changed. His own fanciful thoughts disappeared. His eyes, clearly showing respectful admiration, scanned every outline of the face that so attracted him. Reluctantly he turned his gaze from her as she flashed a momentary glance towards him from a pair of very clear, dark brown eyes that was not encouraging; seemingly she did not relish the close scrutiny to which he had subjected her. Our Harry was nonplussed. As she passed him, he could not resist the temptation to turn and gain another view of her. Never before had a woman's face affected him in that way. In looking after her, he obtained a glimpse of her entire figure, which had previously been hidden by the crowd.

"Well, how strange! And what a beautiful thing she is! She doesn't wear a corset! Heavens! she has the features and figure of a goddess! I didn't think there was a woman living who could affect me like that!" exclaimed Harry, with a long-drawn sigh as he remembered

how the sight of her face had affected him.

He was beginning to attract the attention of the passing pedestrians by standing there, and he turned slowly, and continued on his way towards his place of business. But business was far from his mind. The face he had just beheld was so vividly impressed upon his mind that he could see it as plainly as when before him in reality. She seemed the ideal of which he had so often dreamed. A thoughtful, tender mood took possession of him when this became evident.

Once he stopped and turned to follow her, but changed his mind.

"No, I won't do it! What a fool I am to let a woman I've seen only once affect me in this way!" He tried to eradicate the impression, but could not.

He had gone only a short distance, all the time contending against the strange spell cast over him by the appearance of this woman. Suddenly he stopped, and quickly turning, started swiftly to retrace his steps.

"I must see her again at any rate," he muttered. "It's all an hallucination; I merely fancied her beautiful; if I don't see her again and satisfy myself of my error, her image will worry me for days to come. I know she isn't as beautiful as I imagine."

Having made up his mind, Harry acted promptly. The sidewalk was too crowded for him; he stepped off into the street that he might ad-

vance more rapidly. He nearly knocked down two men in his hurry. One of them, a burly fellow, called him a vile name. Quick as a flash, he turned and grabbed the fellow by the shoulder of his coat, and with one jerk landed him sprawling and sputtering in the middle of the street, much to the amusement of those passing by. He did not wait for the fellow to rise, but swiftly started again in the direction he remembered she had taken. He had walked up Broadway quite a distance when he began to slacken his gait.

"She could not have gone much farther than this," thought he, as he glanced over the crowded sidewalk. He began to despair of finding her; but, looking ahead about fifty yards, he caught a momentary glimpse of what he thought to be she, standing on the corner waiting for a street car. The crowd hid her from view entirely until he reached the opposite side of the street. It was she; he recognized her at a glance. The same sensations as before thrilled him as he admired her handsome proportions.

"No! it was no mistake!" he admitted to himself, as he reluctantly turned his eyes from her, and walked slowly up the opposite side of the street to prevent her noticing him. "She is a glorious creature. Such a fine countenance! and physically, she is perfect!"

As he was passing a large office building with a commodious entrance he suddenly stopped.

"That's the idea," said he to himself. "I will go back in that entrance a short distance, and, it being somewhat higher than the sidewalk, I can gaze at her unobserved."

It was no sooner thought than done. She was standing in the same place, about twenty-five yards down the street. From his position he had an excellent view of her without the slightest danger of being noticed; and as she moved about impatiently at the delay of the car, every outline of her features, of her figure in each pose, was indelibly impressed on his memory. He saw her hair was of a dark brown, her face just full enough to be nicely rounded; that she was his very ideal of physical perfection; that her arms were beautifully symmetrical; that her neck was a trifle large, but finely proportioned; that the exquisite curve of her figure at the waist denoted the absence of a corset; that her every movement showed grace and suppleness, and that independence and strength of character were strongly marked in her frank, open countenance. He could gaze at her, and imagine he saw a Minerva, a Venus, and a longing came over him to know her, to be near her, to talk to her—a longing enslaving in its intensity, irresistible in its power.

"I must, I will know her, at any cost," mused he. "But how can I? I don't frequent the realms of society; nor do I believe she does. She don't in any way resemble my ideas of a society woman. But hold! The

first thing to do is to secure her name and address. I have it!"

"Here, young man," said he, addressing a boy of about twelve years, "do you want something to do?"

"Yes, if there's enough in it," replied the boy, coming toward him.

"You see that lady standing over there, in a brown dress?"

"Yes."

"Well, she's waiting for a car. I want you to take the same car she does, follow her, and find out where she lives. You can get off at the same place, walk slowly, and notice the number of the house she enters; then come back and tell me. There's my name and address (handing the boy his card). Now, hurry, for here comes the car."

"Give me car fare," requested the boy, with a knowing smile on his face.

"Oh, I forgot; here you are," said Harry, handing the boy a dime. "If you find out her name, I'll give you a quarter extra," added Harry, as the boy started away.

"I'm your huckleberry," the boy shouted back, as he started on a run to catch the car that was then passing the door.

Harry went from there to his place of business, in a mental condition that can be more easily imagined than described. He was in no condition for business, though he spent two hours dictating letters to his stenographer in an absent-minded manner. The stenographer more than once saved him

from errors by calling his attention to certain peculiar sentences that he had dictated to her.

As he finished dictating his letters, one of the clerks came into his private office.

"A boy presented this card and asked to see you, Mr. Moore," said the clerk, as he laid the card on the desk.

"Show him in here."

"Sit down here," said Harry to the boy, as he came in, motioning him to a chair by his side.

"Well, what luck?" asked Harry, impatient to hear what the boy had learned.

"I've found out both her name and address."

"That's good. How did you find out her name?"

"Oh, just asked a boy, sitting on the fence, who lived next door."

"Now, remember, I'm depending on your honesty," said Harry, as he realized the boy could tell him a falsehood if he chose without his being any the wiser.

"What do I want to lie for?" said the boy indignantly. "She lives at No. 3773 Washington Avenue, in a big fine house, and her name is Miss Watson."

"No. 3773 Washington Avenue—Miss Watson," repeated Harry, as he wrote it down on a card. "Now, is that right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Did you have any trouble following her?"

"No; only had to walk awful fast

to keep close to her after she left the car."

"Ah, ha! you did, eh," said Harry, laughing. "Well, here's a dollar; you've done your work well."

"Thank you," said the boy, his eyes gleaming, as he pocketed the dollar, and started to leave.

CHAPTER II.

After the boy departed, Harry leaned back in his comfortable chair, and allowed his imagination full play. He began to devise some plan to make her acquaintance. Many different methods presented themselves, but none seemed to please him. Harry was a man who had almost unlimited confidence in himself. The word fail he rarely if ever used. Success had crowned his efforts on every side. He thought that he could accomplish anything that had been done by other men. He was not exactly conceited, but had the necessary self-confidence which insures success in most any undertaking.

"Miss Watson, Miss Watson," repeated he softly to himself. "What a pleasing name. Ah, but not half so pleasing as the woman herself," mused he, with a half smile on his face.

He recalled to mind two men of that name whom he knew slightly. If either one resided at the address which the boy had given him, he thought an invitation to call could very easily be obtained without even seeming to desire it.

"Oh, Sam!" calling to the office boy.

"Yes, sir."

"Bring me the City Directory."

"Yes, sir."

On consulting the directory he found that a broker of that name, from whom he occasionally bought goods, resided at the number given him by the boy.

"That's fine," muttered he, as a bright smile lighted up his face. "Now all will be smooth sailing as far as making her acquaintance is concerned."

"Here, Sam," calling the office boy again.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, as he appeared in the doorway.

"Run over to Mr. Watson's office right away, and tell him I want to see him on business immediately. Now, hurry."

"Yes, sir," said Sam, disappearing.

Harry smiled to himself as he thought of the plan he had formed.

Mr. Watson was a broker for several large jobbing houses. He had recently embarked in the business, and had called on Harry several times soliciting trade. Harry realized that some of his merchandise could easily be bought through him, and his friendship secured; then he could invite the broker to call on him, and no doubt obtain an invitation in return.

"He will be over in a few minutes, sir," said Sam, putting his head in at the door.

"Hello, Watson!" greeted Harry,

as Mr. Watson came into his office a few moments later. "I find my stock of prunes, currants and figs is becoming very low. What have you in that line?"

"Can give you a bargain. They are overstocked on those goods," answered Mr. Watson.

"Have you any samples?"

"Yes; wait a moment, and I'll bring them over," said Mr. Watson, as he went out of the door.

"Well, I need some of those goods, anyway, and I can order of him as well as any one," said Harry to himself.

He soon returned with the samples and Harry gave him a most satisfactory order. They then drifted to other subjects—the theatrical attractions, and the lack of satisfactory amusements, etc.

"Now," said Harry, "I am disgusted with everything. It's very seldom there is anything at the theatres worth seeing."

"You're about right," admitted Mr. Watson.

"A man can derive some pleasure from society; but the novelty soon wears, and then it becomes bore-some."

"Right you are," admitted Mr. Watson. "I've tried it, and found it wanting."

"I've found pleasure of late in having my scientifically inclined friends congregate in my rooms. We discuss questions of the day, and obtain pleasure and information in this way."

"I should think it would grow tiresome in time."

"Oh, well, when it does, we will adopt some other means of amusement. I have also several musical friends who furnish us with excellent music on occasions."

"I'm a little interested in scientific subjects myself," added Mr. Watson. "I have read some of Darwin's and Huxley's works."

"You don't say," said Harry, who saw here his coveted opportunity. "You must come out to my rooms some evening, and we will see how near you and I agree on the social problem."

"I'll do it," answered Mr. Watson, pleased to receive the invitation.

They talked for some time on various topics, and Harry made several diplomatic efforts to obtain the desired invitation, but without avail.

At last Mr. Watson rose to go.

"Now, be sure to come over to my rooms, some time soon," said Harry.

"I'll do it; soon, too. But suppose you call on me some time."

"Ah," said Harry to himself, "at last I have it."

"I shall be only too happy. In what part of the city do you live?" he asked of Watson, smiling at his own hypocrisy.

"On Washington Avenue, the other side of Grand, No. 3773."

"I've a friend who lives very near you. By the way, I'm going out to see him in the next day or two, and

I'll call on you while I'm in the neighborhood."

"I'll be glad to welcome you at any time."

"Thank you; I shall come."

"Well, I must go; I have several letters to write this afternoon," said Watson, starting away.

"Well, don't be surprised to see me at any time. I may visit my friend to-night, if time permits; if so, I may call on you."

"Any time—will be glad to see you. Bye, bye."

"Good afternoon," said Harry, pleasantly.

Harry felt very much pleased with himself at the progress he had made, and a satisfied smile ornamented his handsome features as he ensconced himself in his comfortable chair.

"I did not relish telling him a lie about the friend of mine living near his home, but some excuse had to be given for an early call. I didn't care to wait a week. She may be visiting, and might be gone by that time. I was afraid he might forget the invitation; I would have had it, even if forced to ask for it outright. I'll stop at nothing, with favors from her as the goal in view. She's a superb creature," murmured he, with a dreamy, far-away expression in his eyes.

After thinking it over, he concluded not to call until the next evening, as any undue haste might injure him.

The next day, while Watson was in, talking business, he uncon-

sciously gave Harry some additional information.

"By the way," said he, "maybe you would like to meet my cousin from the East. She arrived about a week ago, and intends to stay a month or more. She is like yourself, **very** much interested in all kinds of athletics, and is quite a fencer and a bicycle rider, she tells me. She is extraordinarily strong, I know that. I'm not particularly weak myself; but the other night some of us were indulging in a romp, and she handled me like I were a boy. I did not know what to make of it, I was so amazed.

"Why, yes, I would be very much pleased to meet her. I always like to meet those interested in physical culture; they are always congenial companions to me," said Harry, trying to appear as unconcerned as possible.

He could easily have drawn Watson out to talk more of her; but he feared too much interest might be detected in his voice. He told Watson he expected to see his friend that evening early, and afterwards, being in the neighborhood, would call on him.

That evening Harry spent more time at his toilet than ever before. Dress usually occupied but little of his attention, and considerable time was required for him to don a satisfactory costume.

He arrived at the Watson mansion about half-past eight; and with a strange feeling, as though something of great importance was

about to happen, which he feared yet desired, he ran up the broad stone steps and rang the bell.

In a moment he was ushered into a magnificently furnished drawing-room, and he had hardly seated himself when Watson appeared.

"Ah, ha; you did come? Glad to welcome you," said Watson, genially, as he shook hands with Harry.

"Yes; a little sooner than I expected," answered Harry.

After a few remarks on unimportant subjects, Watson said: "Would you join us in a game of cards? We were playing as you came in—my cousin, my sister, and myself."

Harry declared that nothing would please him better.

"Well, we will go back to our cosy family room, where the girls are," said Watson, rising and leading the way. "You may not like my cousin. She's such an unconventional girl, with so many peculiar ideas of her own," added Watson, as he was passing through the hall.

Harry's heart gave a great bound. He had been yearning and searching for the unconventional girl, and although her dress and general appearance indicated that she was far from conventional, to have it stated as a fact was pleasing to him.

Before he could reply, Mr. Watson opened a door and ushered Harry in.

That which met Harry's gaze almost made him lose his self-possession. There she was, in all her

beauty. She was handsome in street costume; but now, how much more so! Only by the greatest effort did he succeed in retaining an expression of calm indifference. His frame thrilled with inexplicable emotions. He noticed that Watson's sister was also a decidedly pretty girl, according to the conventional standard of beauty.

The two girls turned as the door opened, and rose from their seats at the card table as Harry entered.

"Edith, allow me to present to you my friend, Mr. Moore; my cousin, Miss Watson, Mr. Moore; and this is my sister, Helen," said Mr. Watson, introducing them.

Harry bowed low, with natural grace, and stated he was pleased to meet them.

Edith glanced at him in a manner that indicated she remembered seeing him before.

"Sit here, Mr. Moore," said Helen, motioning to a comfortable chair near by.

"Thank you," said Harry, bowing slightly and sinking into the chair, as they all seated themselves.

"We have been anxious to meet you, Mr. Moore, because we heard you are such a great athlete," said Edith, regarding Harry with her large, expressive brown eyes.

"Indeed! You flatter me. I never made pretensions of being an athlete of much ability, and I am most decidedly not a great one," answered Harry, smiling at her.

"Of course; all we know is what we hear; and if we are to judge

from that, you must be one of the best," said Edith smiling.

"Mr. Moore agreed to join our game," interrupted Mr. Watson at this point. "Suppose we play?"

"That's fine; who will be my partner?" asked Helen, as she arose to arrange the chairs around the card table.

"Are you an expert player, Mr. Moore?" asked Edith, as she arranged the last chair at the table.

"If you are, you must be my partner. I play a poor game and Horace and Helen are 'professionals.'

"I'm not an expert, by any means; but we ought to be able to win our share of the games," answered Harry, smiling.

"Ah, then, it's settled. Helen, you and Horace are doomed to defeat," said Edith.

"I'll have something to say about that," said Watson, drawing his chair to the table.

Harry seated himself opposite his partner. He possessed the happy faculty of becoming acquainted quickly—the frankness and sincerity of his speech, the geniality of his manner favorably impressed all whom he met.

He played a poor game that evening. His partner's smooth, satiny skin and clear complexion—her full, nicely rounded neck and expressive face—held his attention much more than the cards. So many opportunities occurred for observing her exquisite comeliness than he made bad blunders on several occasions; but with the skillful

help of his partner they managed to win occasionally.

He divided his attentions between the ladies as much as possible; but Helen soon perceived he was fascinated with her cousin, although Harry made no little effort to hide it. In spite of himself, the tones of his voice, the expression of his face and eyes, would at times momentarily betray him to her sharp eyes.

After playing euchre a while they drifted into other games, and became very greatly interested in whist. Harry finally concluded very reluctantly that it was time to take his leave.

"My!" said Harry, jestingly, "my family will scold me dreadfully for being out so late."

This caused a general laugh, as they all knew that he lived alone in his bachelor quarters.

"You can tell them you were at the gymnasium," put in Watson.

"Or that the street-car ran off the track," added Edith, smiling at him graciously.

"No, I won't; I'll tell them the truth—that I was so graciously entertained that two hours passed away in one."

"Ah, ah; I see; you want us to send you a box of candy, or a house and lot," laughed Helen. "Ah, you flatterer!" shaking her finger at him.

"Well, I will be satisfied with an ordinary house and lot."

"Expect it by mail to-morrow. I saw a nice one in the next block,

that will no doubt suit you," jestingly added Edith.

"But, putting all joking aside, I really must go," said Harry, pushing his chair from the table.

"You shall not go," in a jestingly, authoritative tone from Edith.

"Yes, you must stay and play the rubber, anyway," added Helen.

"Certainly, we must have the rubber," from Watson.

Harry, only too glad to remain, resumed his seat at the table.

The game was soon over, and Harry rose, thanking them cordially for the pleasant evening he had enjoyed.

Harry managed to get by the side of Edith for a moment before taking his departure.

"Miss Edith, you have interested yourself considerably in physical culture, I believe?"

"Yes; I have been interested in the subject for some time."

"I would like to know you better, and learn to what conclusions your investigations have brought you."

"My time will be very much taken up while here; but an opportunity will no doubt occur when I can exchange views with you on the subject," she said, without much warmth, as Harry's eyes expressed a little more admiration than she cared to see on such short acquaintance.

"Oh, I wouldn't take up your time on any account, unless you desire it," he answered coldly, noticing her change of manner.

"But I certainly desire it, Mr.

Moore," said Edith, repenting of her coldness, and smiling at him with an expression in her eyes that made Harry forget everything but that she was the most beautiful creature on earth.

"Now, Mr. Moore, you must come again, soon," said Helen, as he moved towards the door.

"Indeed, I shall only be too glad of the opportunity, Miss Helen," answered Harry, as he opened the door. "But let me again thank you for the pleasant evening I have enjoyed."

"The pleasure was mutual, Mr. Moore."

As he bade them good-night, he looked into Edith's eyes, for an instant only, to see if any hope could be detected for him in their brilliant depths, as she stood there in an evening dress which showed every outline of her beautiful proportions.

"How exquisitely lovely!" he murmured to himself.

His eyes lingered upon her as he turned to go, and were rewarded with a smile that made his every nerve tingle with wild pleasure.

"Good-night," they cried almost

simultaneously, as he went down the steps.

Harry's step was light as he walked away; he felt happy. That which he desired seemed surely within his reach.

"If I can only meet her often," he thought, "I am sure I can win her. My God! how beautiful she is! Ah, to kiss those lips! To think of it, even, makes me tremble. But suppose I don't win her?"

The bare thought made him stop. "Not win her?" cried he, as an expression of anguish came over his face. "Not win her? I must. My very life depends upon it. I have seen her three times, and it seems to me I have known her for years. And love her—I don't love her, I worship her!"

He had read of love in novels; he had experienced what he thought to be love several times; but what pale imitations they were of this!

"Does every man love like this?" he wondered to himself. "There is no sacrifice I would think too great to win her." Thus he mused as he walked towards his home.

(To be continued.)