

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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Running Before the Wind

(See "Yachting In San Francisco Bay," Page 85)

“SOLID COMFORT” AND HEALTH FOR HOT WEATHER

HOW LIFE MAY BE MADE PLEASANT EVEN IN THE WARMEST
WEATHER IF ONE WILL ADHERE TO A PROPER REGIME

By Bernarr Macfadden

Exercises Illustrated from Poses of Al. Treloar, the Winner of the \$1,000 Prize Contest

SEVERAL articles have appeared in previous issues on this subject. In each I have tried to emphasize that health and comfort during hot weather depend largely upon the habits of life. In this issue I intend to give a few practical suggestions that will enable anyone to go through the heated term and maintain, even in the warmest weather, a satisfactory degree of comfort.

No matter how warm it may be, there is no special excuse for suffering from the heat. Of course, if the weather is immoderately hot, and you are compelled to walk a very great distance or to take

strenuous exercise of some kind, you may become so heated as to be uncomfortable. But under ordinary circumstances, if you follow a proper régime, no matter what may be your requirements, you should be able to remain comfortable.

To be comfortable, however, does not mean in all cases that you must not perspire. In fact, the pores of the skin are really safety valves.

The perspiration exuding from these tiny orifices really keeps down the temperature of the body just as the escaping steam keeps water from reaching a temperature beyond the boiling point. And right here it would be well to emphasize,



EXERCISE No. 1. Place the closed hands against the thighs, as shown in illustration. Now keep the elbows perfectly straight and bend forward slowly, all the time pressing vigorously against the legs with the closed hands. This exercise is especially good for developing muscles on the abdomen, though it strengthens the arms, shoulders and chest quite materially.

first of all, the necessity for keeping the pores active and healthy if one is to maintain a comfortable temperature of the body in hot weather.

Of course, the general rules essential for building constitutional vigor should be followed in all cases. The more vigorous you are muscularly and functionally, the less the extreme hot weather will bother you. But there are a few simple facts in reference to exercise, food and general care of the body during hot weather that should be given very careful consideration if comfort is of any value to you at this period of the year.

First of all, one must wear as little clothing as possible; the underclothing should be of the lightest character, and should be of a material that readily absorbs the perspiration. Stiff shirts and stiff collars should be abandoned in every instance. In fact, starched clothing of any kind is an abomination in the heated term.

It would be well to remember also that the heat of the body is affected very largely by the color of the

summer months there is nothing that will aid so much in regaining the childish exuberance of life and health as the habit of going barefooted at every opportunity. I wear shoes in the summer time only when I am forced to be conventional.

The same advice as to clothing during the day applies equally as well at night. Wear as little clothing as possible. If you wear no night clothing, and simply cover with a sheet, you will gain in comfort thereby. On extremely hot nights, when even this small amount of cover-

ing seems heavy and uncomfortable, this can be thrown aside.

It must be admitted that in some large cities the nights are frequently so warm that it is almost impossible to sleep, but under circumstances of this nature, if you will hang several wet towels or wet sheets around the room, the temperature of the room will be lowered several de-



EXERCISE No. 2. Bend the knees slightly, reach downward, bringing the shoulders as far forward as you can, and bowing the back as shown in the illustration. Now rise quickly, drawing shoulders back (See next photo.)

clothing worn. Black clothing is inclined to add to the heat, while light colors have an opposite influence.

Wear shoes as light as possible. If the conventionalities of your locality will allow you to wear shoes that might be termed part sandal, it would be to your advantage. Of course, when in your own home, if you will discard shoes absolutely and go barefooted, you will gain in comfort and health. During the

grees. The evaporation of the water quickly reduces the temperature. If this method should not cool the room sufficiently take one or two towels, thoroughly wet them in cold water, then wring them as dry as possible, and spread them over the bed. Recline on these damp towels and the body will be quickly cooled. Then refreshing slumber will soon be yours.

Many are under the impression that

exercise is not especially beneficial during summer. It might be well to call the attention of my readers to the fact that athletes always make their very best records in the hottest weather. Thus it is quite apparent that they are able to secure the most benefit of exercise at this period of the year. Exercise is just as necessary, and perhaps more necessary in hot weather than at other times. It keeps the functional system active, the pores of the body are in a more perfect condition, and, as stated before in this article, they are the safety valves that must be maintained in a normal condition if health is to be enjoyed during the heated season.

As to the character of the exercise taken, I must say that it is not specially important. I would not advise that one take very vigorous exercises at these times. Almost any one of the various lessons which I have illustrated in the magazine would be satisfactory. The ex-



Of course, it might be well for my readers to note that, in especially warm weather, if exercise sufficiently vigorous is taken to induce copious perspiration, there is much less liability of one perspiring during the other periods of the day. Perspiration does not necessarily induce discomfort unless one wears

"sticky" clothing that adheres to the body. If one will exercise without clothing, or with a light flimsy garment, copious perspiration can be induced without discomfort. The athlete, in training during the summer weather, usually enjoys his work hugely, but when he has completed his exercise you will find him nearly always dripping with perspiration from every pore.

Walking and deep breathing exercises can be especially recommended for hot weather. They both build vital and functional vigor. Walking is perhaps one of the best exercises that one can take. If I were compelled to select

EXERCISE No. 2 (Continued). To position shown in above illustration. Continue the exercise until slightly tired. This exercise is especially beneficial to enable one to maintain an erect attitude of the body. It is also especially good to remedy round shoulders. As a summer exercise it is hard to equal, for it strengthens especially those muscles that maintain the erect position of the body while walking and sitting.

ercises illustrated by Mr. Treloar in this issue are very simple, and no doubt will be found satisfactory if one desires merely to awaken the muscular system and to arouse the vital energies to their normal activity.

one exercise and not allowed to take any other, I should consider walking the most important. Every athlete, while training for a contest, walks many miles daily and considers it an important part of the training. Life, no matter where

you may find it, is usually a contest. I would say, therefore, that walking is of the same importance to the average person as to the athlete. Every sphere of human activity requires acute nerves, clear brain and vigorous health. Without these aids one can accomplish but little in life. And, therefore, I say that everyone should walk from one to eight miles daily.

Do not forget the necessity during this walk to inhale many deep breaths, for at such times you have pure air, and the benefits of deep breathing exercises are much enhanced.

It is true, perhaps, that regulation of food and drink during the heated term is of more importance even than exercise and clothing. You cannot stuff yourself at this period of the year without suffering. An excessive amount of food means

Food, in one sense, is simply fuel. It furnishes the power and carbonaceous elements necessary to heat the body. Under no circumstances should one eat more than two meals a day during the heated term. Though three meals may be digested to advantage in some cases during the winter, they can never be handled with increased

comfort and health during the summer. Of course, if one will confine one meal entirely to fruit there would be, perhaps, no especial objection to fruit, though a complete fast until twelve or one o'clock each day is advised. As to the quantity of food, remember to eat lightly. Do not eat beyond what is absolutely necessary to appease your hunger. As to the character of food, the less meat you eat the better. Milk and eggs can be in-



EXERCISE No. 3. Place the toe on the floor as shown in the illustration. Now raise toe slightly from the floor, and turn the foot from the ankle in a circle, continuing the movement until slightly tired. Same exercise with the other foot. Especially advantageous in developing the calf and making the ankle strong and supple.

surplus heat, means surplus work for the functional system, means that you will have to drink greater quantities of water, and all this requires the "machinery of the body to run at a high rate of speed."

dulged in moderately, though cereals, vegetables, fruits, nuts and salads of various kinds make decidedly the most appropriate summer foods. There are hundreds of combinations that can be made

of what might be termed acceptable foods, and these make very appetizing summer dishes. Uncooked foods of all kinds are especially palatable and appropriate. You might have one or two cooked dishes if you feel that they are necessary to a complete meal. But remember that the most important advice in connection with summer nourishment is the necessity for curtailing the quantity of food and the necessity for greatly limiting the quantities of the condiments that may be used. Pepper and salt are inclined to excite one to excessive thirst, and copious drinking of water is not advised. Of course, one should drink freely of water, that is, to sufficiently satisfy thirst, but an insatiable thirst, which is stimulated by salt and various condiments, will keep one in an almost continuous perspiration during an entire summer day. Of course, more water is needed during the summer than in the other seasons. The necessity for perspiring freely, in order to maintain a normal temperature, calls for more liquids, and they must be supplied. But

if you are in the habit of perspiring too easily try to avoid the excessive use of water.

Tea and coffee and all kinds of hot drinks are to be barred. In fact, stimulants of any character, while poisonous to the body at any time, should never under any circumstances become part of a summer diet. I have never heard of a case of sunstroke that was not made possible by habitual indulgence in stimulants. Alcoholic stimulants at any time of the year are harmful, yet they are especially so in the hot weather. They not only induce very great discomfort, but are exceedingly dangerous if one uses them at this period of the year.

One is often advised to "keep cool." You are often advised to keep the mind cool and steady to avoid being influenced by excitement, and this advice applies with equal importance to the general functional system. Keep it cool and steady; do not overburden it with excess food or work. Be temperate in all things, and summer will be as comfortable as any other time of the year.

WHAT DO YOU LIVE FOR?

TO TRULY LIVE, WE MUST BE TRULY STRONG—STRONG OF BODY, STRONG OF MIND, WITH A CHARITY FOR ALL MEN

By Hugh Van Sully

WHAT do you live for? Put the question to a hundred men, and 99 will answer: Happiness.

Seek a definition of happiness and one will say: Great wealth; another, poverty; this one, protection in a well-regulated, law-abiding community; that one, absolute freedom from restraint; to dress well and to go through life temporarily fastened together; to wear fine clothes, and to be content in homespuns. Some wish to be at the head of a vast financial enterprise; others, to cheat their neighbor in a smaller way; to be blessed with good looks; to want for nothing; to be in a position to bend all mankind to one's will; to live without enemies, and wishing evil to no man.

Tastes vary. The perception of the beautiful in art or nature that brings joy to the soul of the aesthetic wearies the stolid clod. The robust, rude sports of the lusty countryman are perhaps the

envy, but nevertheless draw down the superior scorn of the tailor-made city man.

But one grand fact underlies it all. We are all children of Nature! Share and share alike. Implanted within every human breast is a ceaseless yearning for something higher, better, that they have not; and, aside from the spiritual in life, the one thing above all other things most necessary for the preservation of the nation and of the individual, is a sound body and a magnificent physical and mental power and poise which buoyant health alone can give.

Among all these answers * * * if one man would say: Happiness, to me, consists only in a sound mind, a sound body, a few friends, the magnificent joy of living, and a hope of eternal reward for the good that I strive to do; that man alone holds the true sense of happiness.

GOOD HEALTH AND THE PRESIDENCY

IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICA, NO CITIZEN, PHYSICALLY INCAPACITATED, HAS EVER REAPED THE HONORS OF THE HIGHEST OFFICE WITHIN THE GIFT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

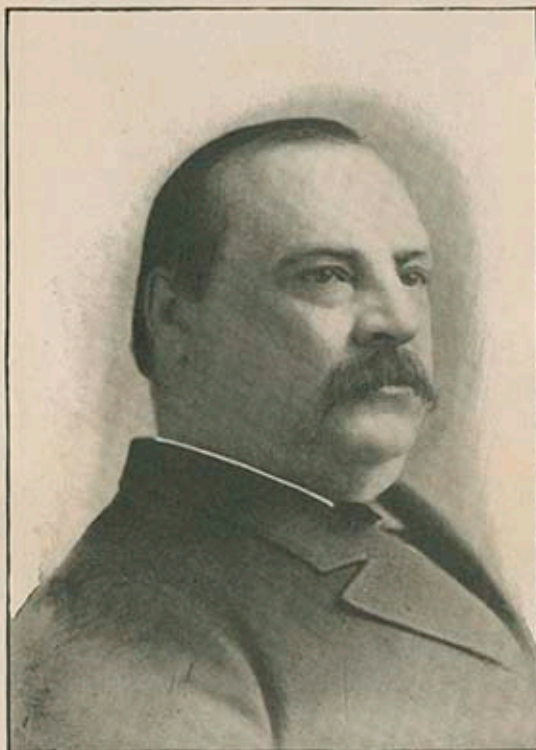
By George Barton

ONE of the most significant signs of the times is the fact that the two great political organizations that now dominate the affairs of the United States turned, on the eve of the meeting of the nominating conventions, to men as their candidates who, while mentally and morally equipped for the high and responsible duties of the Presidency, are also physically fitted for the irksome and arduous duties that are involved in presiding over the destinies of eighty millions of Americans, not to mention the additional millions of people of other colors, tongues and habits in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines.

It is a notable fact that, during the whole of our history, from the time of the establishment of the Government to the present day, there has never been an invalid nominated for the Presidency of the United States. The conclusion is forced to our notice that an American who does not care for his body and who does not properly cultivate his physical condition is deliberately throwing away the birthright that comes to every citizen, for it is the history of the

greatest of all republics that the incompetent and physically incapacitated do not reap the honors and emoluments of the highest office within the gift of the people.

Perhaps one of the most effective arguments in favor of a republic can be adduced by a contrast between the Presidents of the United States and the weakling rulers of the monarchies and kingdoms of the Old World. We present Washington, the athlete and physically perfect built man, Jackson and a Harrison, rugged men, and they point to long lines of monarchs whose ruling heads have been mentally, morally and physically unfitted for the proper performance of regal duties. The mad King of Bavaria, the tyrannical and ever terrified



The Love of Outdoor Life of Grover Cleveland is Well Known to Present History

Sultan of Turkey, the unspeakable Leopold of Belgium, morally lost to all respect, and the long line of physically and morally decayed monarchs of other countries, all point lessons that cannot be misunderstood.

The chief rulers of the Republic, from the time of the Civil War until the present day, are those that seem most familiar to this generation; and there is not

one of them that cannot be looked upon with pride and satisfaction by the healthy, patriotic American. Lincoln, who was not ashamed to be known as "the rail-chopper," was a man of sinew and rugged health, and there is no doubt that his early environment and the hard physical work he was compelled to undergo in his youth and early manhood brought about a physical condition that helped to sustain him in the darkest hours of his trials and tribulations. It has been said often that the humor of Abraham Lincoln and his sense of the ludicrous alone prevented him from sinking under the heavy load he was forced to carry during the Civil War. But there is another vital fact: The man came from a strong and hardy stock, and inherited the giant frame and brawny arms that meant so much to his wearied brain and his harassed soul during the gloomy hours of the Rebellion.

There has not been a time in the life of the Republic that the physical well-being of the President of the United States has not in some manner or other affected the fortunes of the nation.

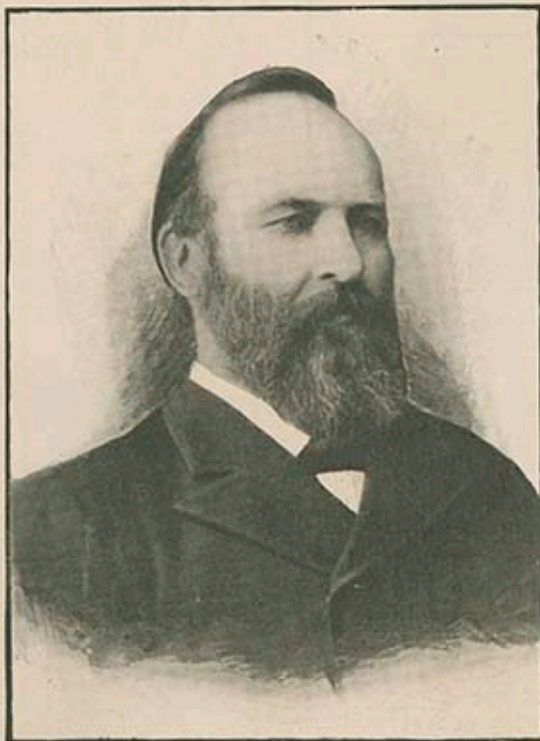
James A. Garfield and William McKinley who, with Lincoln, constitute the martyred Presidents of the Republic, had many things in common with that exalted character. All three were born to poverty, amid poor surroundings, and all toiled hard in their youth; and each one, by losing the luxury and seeming advantages of life, gained what is vitally more

important to a young man—*self-reliance* and *good, vigorous health*. President Garfield was always a magnificent specimen of healthy manhood—a manhood that was not impaired by the long and arduous campaigns of war through which he served. His splendid constitution was never more in evidence than it was during that dreadful illness which followed the fatal shot in the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad station at Washington. During those three anxious months, from July till September, the most famous surgeons of the world watched with

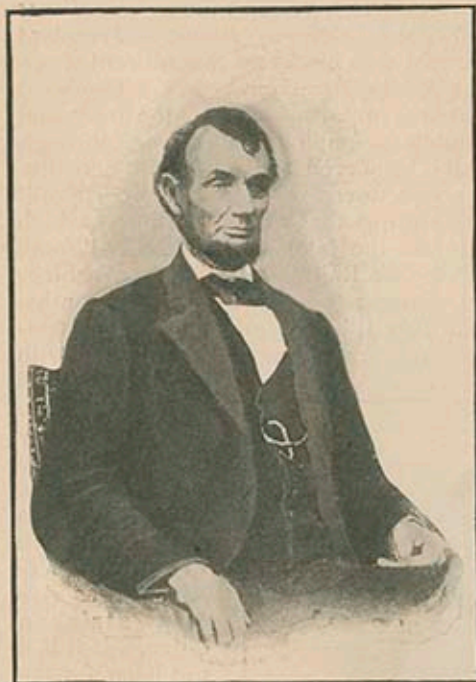
undisguised wonder the marvelous vitality that kept life in the tortured body. So it was at Buffalo, when President McKinley was cruelly stricken down. If it had not been for the wonderful constitution that he possessed there is no doubt now that he would have died, immediately, from the effects of the bullet so treacherously sent into his body. As it was, his reserve strength, his temperate habits, and his generally good habits of life led those about his bedside to hope the fatal end might be averted, and

perhaps it would have been averted but for the erroneous medical treatment of feeding and drugging that he received.

Few public men present a greater contrast in the matter of physical strength and endurance than Chester A. Arthur and James G. Blaine. Mr. Arthur, who was, above all things, a man of luxurious tastes and always moved in a cultivated and aristocratic atmosphere, was known



President Garfield Was Always a Magnificent Specimen of Healthy Manhood—a Manhood That Was Not Impaired by the War Through Which He Served



Lincoln, Who Was Not Ashamed to be Known as the "Rail Chopper," Was a Man of Sinew and of Rugged Health

to his friends as a good liver, with all that the words imply. A devoted husband and father, he yet permitted himself to conform to the usages of society and, while temperate in most things, nevertheless existed chiefly on rich foods and daintily prepared concoctions which, while inviting to the eye and to the palate, eventually mean death to the body. As a consequence, he was physically unfitted for the reverses and the disappointments that are a part of the rough and tumble of practical politics. His habits were entirely sedentary, and, beyond an occasional horseback ride, he rarely indulged in exercise. When he was called unexpectedly to the Presidency, Mr. Arthur met the requirements of the position in a way that won him the unstinted admiration of the people and the press of the United States. He grew in popular estimation during all of the time he was in the Presidential chair, and naturally looked forward to an endorsement from his own party in the form of a nomination for the full term in the White House. He was destined to a bitter disappointment. Another was

chosen; and, although Mr. Arthur never murmured and accepted his defeat gracefully, it is well known that his unexpected rejection deeply affected this cultivated and high-minded man. In November, 1886, a little over a year after his retirement from the Presidency, he died suddenly from apoplexy.

James G. Blaine, on the contrary, was equipped physically and mentally to cope with the hard blows that form part of the career of every active politician and statesman. He was a man of singularly temperate habits. In his early days, he lived in the health-giving atmosphere of the Pennsylvania woods, in the vicinity of what is now known as Washington, Pa. Later in life, when he took up his abode in the Pine Tree State, he still had the advantage that comes with outdoor life and active physical exercise. His temperament was essentially philosophical, and during all the time that he was in public life he managed to look on the cheerful side of things. In Congress,



General Grant Was a Splendid Type of Physical Ruggedness and Health

as Speaker of the House of Representatives, and as a member of the Cabinet, he was always suave, affable and good-natured.

Few men have been more forcibly attacked during their public careers than was Mr. Blaine; yet he always managed to accept that as part of the price one was compelled to pay if he deliberately marked out a public career as his aim in life. When he was a candidate for the Presidency, and received the nomination in 1884, he was subjected to a severe physical as well as mental strain. Few candidates for that high office have ever made such a vigorous campaign. He en-



James G. Blaine Was Equipped Physically and Mentally to Cope With the Hard Blows That Form a Part of Political Life

tered into the canvass with vigor and enthusiasm, and made speeches wherever it was possible to do so. His defeat, in November of that year, by a few hundred votes in a single precinct in New York City, would have been enough to

strike down any ordinary man; but, while the defeat made him heavy-hearted for the time being, he soon rallied, and in a short time the natural sunniness of his temperament asserted itself. Those who were close to him when he wrote



Chester A. Arthur, Who Succeeded James A. Garfield to the Presidency

his famous work on "Twenty Years in Congress," and others who accompanied him on his notable European tour, say the observer would never have suspected that in him was the man whose life ambition to be the President of his native land had been finally and effectively thwarted.

The love of outdoor life of Grover Cleveland is well known to present history. In performing the duties of his difficult position, Mr. Cleveland had the inestimable advantage of a hardy constitution. If he remained up all night in the White House, for the purpose of examining legislation, or writing veto messages, he knew probably that nature would make him pay the penalty; but he realized, also, that he was able to

draw on a reserve strength, the character and extent of which are vouchsafed few men. During his second term, he made it a point to take more exercise than he had been accustomed to during his first four years in the White House. Mr. Cleveland, like many other men who have served in the Presidential chair, acquired flesh rapidly during his Presidential terms. This is true also of President Roosevelt who, in spite of his vigorous exercise, weighs a great deal more than when he first took the oath of office. It was true of President McKinley, who led a quiet life, and whose only mode of exercise was long distance walks about the streets of the District of Columbia. The mere routine work of signing commissions and acts of Congress—work which no other individual but the President can perform—confines our Presidents to desk work during half of the time they are in office.

General Grant was a splendid type of physical ruggedness and health. The regret remains that he was an inveterate smoker and that, while a master of men, he was a slave to tobacco. When he assumed the office of President, his sedentary life and the nervous strain of the work upon him, made the General resort more and more to the enslaving weed, and it was this constant smoking that brought about the cancer which finally resulted in his death in Mr. Drexel's cottage at Mount McGregor, N. Y. There is little reason to doubt that the laborious campaigns through which Grant served during the years of the Civil War did his system much less damage than the apparently harmless cigars that he smoked in such wholesale quantities.

Theodore Roosevelt will probably go down in the records of the nation as the most vigorous, clean-cut and most active man who has ever held his exalted position. His physical culture mode of life, his methods of exercise, and the vigor with which he acts and expresses himself, are too familiar to need any extended notice in this article; but it should be understood that, behind Mr. Roosevelt's long walking tours, his horseback riding, his fencing, which brings all of the muscles of the arms and legs into action, and his wrestling, a form of sport in which he is credited with having in-

dulged at one time or another, there has always been a reserve energy. This impulsive man has been a man of strong reasoning powers and of sound judgment that accompanies a healthy physical condition. The apparently excitable man has been one who has, in his own way, carefully considered both sides of every question—in short, a man who has observed the laws of nature as well as the laws of justice and fair dealing. He has been a conspicuous example of the value of physical culture—a living instance of how a delicate and feeble child, by constant exercise, determination to be strong and the sane observance of the ordinary laws of nature, has made himself a hardy and powerful man. All these forms of activity of which we read so much have with him been a means to an end; and the end has been a healthy mind, encased in a healthy body. With a man like Theodore Roosevelt there is never any danger that either mind or body will grow rusty from lack of proper use.

It seems to be peculiarly appropriate that one of the most conspicuous men in the opposite party among those talked to lead the contest against Mr. Roosevelt, should have been one who resembles the President from a physical standpoint. Judge Alton B. Parker has been said to have the ruggedness of his Massachusetts and Connecticut ancestry in his very bodily appearance. He has broad shoulders, a deep strong chest, stands six feet in his stockings, and has the reputation of being a man of giant strength. Carrying a weight of 196 pounds, his step is nevertheless light and elastic, and there is a power about his very presence that makes a deep impression upon any one who meets him for the first time. It is well known that his splendid muscles have been chiefly developed by hard work on the farm—a reminiscence of his early days to which Judge Parker refers with pardonable pride. He might well be termed "the farmer candidate," for he is a tiller of the soil in fact as well as in name. Those who have visited the section of the country in which he resides can testify to the fact that he is a man who knows how to "put in hay" and, at the same time, understands all of the details of the management of a successful farm.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TRAINING HAS MADE THE INDEFATIGABLE JAPANESE FIGHTER

JIU-JITSU, THE JAPANESE SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, PRACTICED FOR 2,500 YEARS AMONG THE SOLDIERS OF JAPAN

By G. Edwards



splendid system of physical culture practiced in the Japanese army for more than 2,500 years. Jiu-jitsu has been handed down from father to son, and from mother to daughter, among the soldiered class of Japan. It dates back to the earliest history of Japan. H. Irving Hancock, in his admirable book, "Japanese Physical Training," says: "From the earliest periods of antiquity that are recorded, even in the legendary 'history' of Japan, there existed a minor class of nobles who corresponded very closely with the knights of feudal Europe. These men, who were known as the *samurai*, were the fighting men of the empire."

The practice of Jiu-jitsu, at one time the secret of this aristocratic, finely developed class only, is now taught to every Japanese who desires to learn the art.

Two of the students at the Harvard University, who are Japanese and ex-

SINCE the outbreak of the conflict between the Japanese and Russian Powers, and ever since the war with China, the small, redoubtable, fighting soldier of Japan has astonished the world with the embodiment of strength, wiriness and hardiness that he represents and every army is turning an attentive eye to the method that has made him the remarkable, enduring soldier that he is.

The average soldier of the "Land of the Rising Sun" is all but incapable of fatigue. He possesses the greatest endurance of any people, perhaps, on the earth. In the campaign of 1900, when the world powers were pressing on to Peking, the Japanese soldier outstripped his foremost ally, the American, by almost fifty per cent.

This wonderful endurance, vitality and strength of the wiry fighter of Japan have come about by nothing else than the



Exercise No. 1.

Standing with your knee against your opponent, suddenly fall backward to the floor, bring your opponent with you, and raise him quickly in the air as you reach the floor, placing your foot on his stomach and throwing him clear over your head. This is one continuous movement and requires considerable practice to perform perfectly.

**Exercise No. 2**

This illustration shows how opponent can be thrown over the shoulder. While wrestling, turn suddenly, with your back to your opponent, and raise your opponent from the floor over your shoulder, as shown in illustration. In wrestling, opponent is usually thrown to the floor with this hold.

perts at Jiu-jitsu, are teaching the science at that university and gradually, with the popularizing of this system of Jiu-jitsu in other colleges and throughout the schools of the country, physical culture will receive an added impetus among the American people. In the Jiu-jitsu culture a healthy stomach is the basis of all strength. In order to gain this a simple diet is important. The Japanese is a vegetarian. Attempts have been made to introduce meat into Japan, but little of it is used.

Rice is the basis of almost all of their simple diet. Barley and beans also are used largely as a food among these people. With a strong, well-governed stomach as a basic principle upon which to begin to build a strong, perfect body, the Japanese soldier is instructed in especial

exercises that tend to strengthen the heart and lungs.

The Japanese possess an even, steady temper and the pleasantest disposition found anywhere among the nations of the world. Politeness and good nature are hereditary. This calm, steady temper and finely-poised nervous system is the direct result of the non-stimulating diet of the race. Until tainted by Western civilization they did not know of beer, whiskey—only of a light rice wine, and even to-day, after fifty years of contact with so-called civilized influences, the average Japanese cares little for the liquor that has made hundreds of the citizens of a superior civilization reach a state lower than that of the brute creation. Tobacco has also been introduced into the empire by the ships of Western nations, but it is not looked upon with favor in the Jiu-jitsu training system.

Japan is a physical culture nation. As non-meat eaters their soldiers are teaching Russia and the meat-eating nations a lesson. The war will well repay the tremendous cost in life, blood and money if it awakens the civilized countries of the world to adopt a cleaner and healthier mode of diet, clothing, bathing and living in general.

**Exercise No. 3**

A hold similar to "hip-lock" in ordinary wrestling. While wrestling, turn suddenly and place your back in close to your opponent and quickly throw him over. The position shown in illustration represents the instant after he has been thrown, and is on his way to the floor.

MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

HOT weather is near at hand. Do not be afraid of the heat or allow yourself to grow lackadaisical. This is the time of the year when boys can make a continuous enjoyment of life. Games and outings of all sorts should be indulged in. Live in the open air; get as much as you can of the joy that comes with active, outdoor games, for at this season of the year it is really sinful to remain indoors except in the very extremely hot weather.

Of course, when the weather is extremely hot due care must be taken to avoid being overheated. The article in the first part of the magazine, on the diet and exercise essential to comfort at this period of the year, should be of interest to all my boy readers.

Don't stuff yourself with too much food, and you will be far more comfortable and gain in strength because of your abstinence. It is not the boy who

eats the most who is the strongest. Frequently it is vice versa. Wear as little clothing as you can during the hot weather. Give yourself the benefit of frequent sunbaths. The sun is an X-ray that actually penetrates the body and benefits every nerve and muscle contained therein. Of course, be careful to avoid being sunburned, but it will do you a great deal of good if you are sun-browned.

There is considerable difference in being sunburned and sun-browned.

That brown hue of the skin which shows that it has enjoyed the life-giving effects of the sun's rays is always a sign of increased vigor. If you are careful not to expose your body to the rays of the sun more than a short time, when taking a first sunbath, and gradually increasing

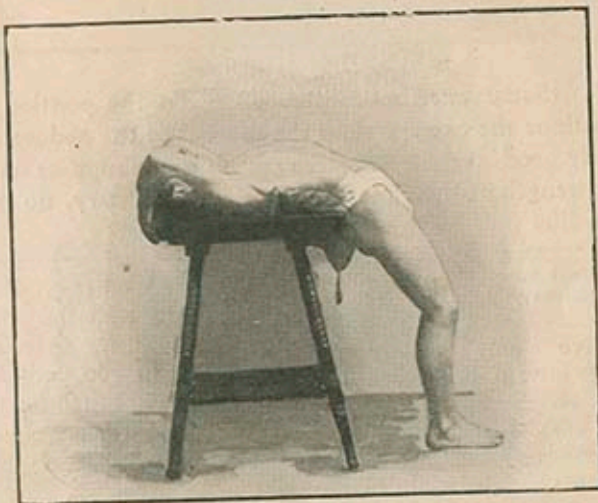


Photo No. 1. Lie over a table as shown in the illustration. Now catch the opposite side of the table with the hands. Then raise the legs (See next photo.)

the length of the bath each day, there will be no danger of your being sunburned.

BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Would you consider rowing on the crew of a preparatory school beneficial for a boy of fifteen, or would it be too strenuous?

A. Rowing, unless you are very delicate, is an exercise strongly to be recommended.

Q. What is the cause of pimples on the face, and how can one get rid of them? Will shaving bring them?

A. Pimples on the face are caused usually by an unwholesome or too liberal diet. Rubbing the face, however, with a towel or friction brush

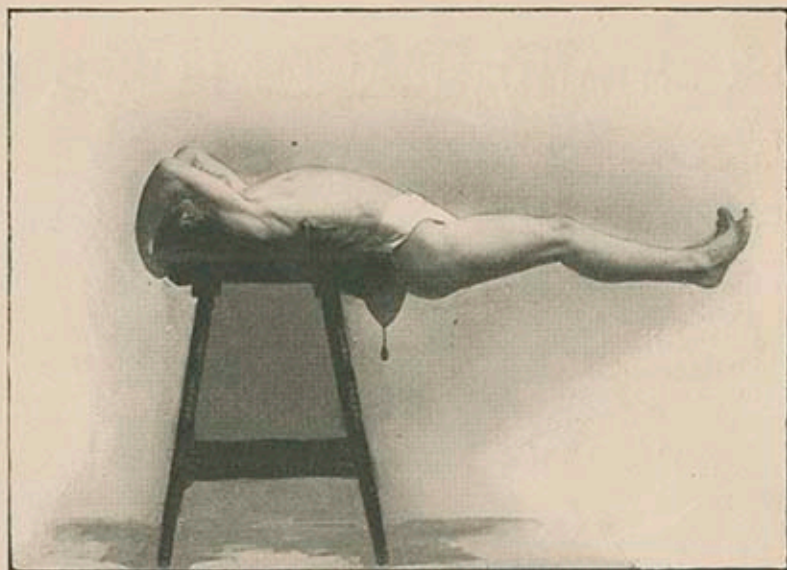


Photo No. 2. (Same exercise continued.) To the position shown in above illustration. Continue the exercise until the muscles of the abdomen are tired. This is an exceptionally good exercise for strengthening the muscles on the front part of the abdomen. Strength at this point is especially necessary, no matter what may be your object in life.

is to be found of great value. Shaving should not bring pimples unless you use a very poor soap.

Q. Please give some remedy for cramps in the legs after jumping or other very active exercise.

A. Rubbing and kneading the affected parts usually will be beneficial.

Q. What is the cause of pain in the right side when running, and how can it be cured?

A. The symptoms that you mention are quite usual if you are not accustomed to running. If you practice running more frequently it will gradually disappear.

Q. I am fifteen years old, six feet high, and weigh 190 pounds. My work consists of lifting bales of hay weighing from 100 to 200 pounds. Do you consider this too much for me?

A. The exertion required in lifting such heavy bales of hay is certainly strenuous. Ordinarily it would be considered too much for a boy of your age. If the work, however, does not seem to require too much effort, and on no occasion seems to strain or make you feel over-worked, no special harm will come from it. Ordinarily, heavy work tends to stunt a boy's growth, but there is no occasion for worry in your case.

ONE OF OUR BOY READERS WRITES OF STRENGTH GAINED BY READING "MUSCLE AND HEALTH"

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for the good you have done me through your magazine, *PHYSICAL CULTURE*. In July, 1903, I purchased a copy of it at one of the book stores, and have not missed a copy since that time. Since that time I have been improving in health and strength. I am now sixteen years old; weight, 155

pounds; height, 5 feet 8 inches; chest, normal, 37 inches; chest, small, 32 inches; chest, expanded, 42 inches. I drink no tea or coffee; I use no tobacco in any form; I keep my sleeping room well ventilated. I only wish there were more boy readers of your magazines in this locality.

Yours for health,

RAY V. KEEN.

PHYSICAL TRAINING OF A CATHOLIC PRIEST

HOW THE LARGE ECCLESIASTICAL INSTITUTIONS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY ARE ADOPTING PHYSICAL CULTURE IN CONNECTION WITH SPIRITUAL CULTURE

By *J. J. McNally*

WHEN the student of a Catholic ecclesiastical seminary leaves the institution in order to take the sacrament of holy orders in these days, he is not only mentally fitted for his sacred profession, but he is also physically equipped for the arduous duties of the ministry, and is capable of grappling successfully with the great problems of the day. If an incidental reference, in the language of the prize ring, be permissible in discussing a subject of such dignity, the student may be said to be "in the pink of condition."

There never has been a time in the history of the Catholic Church when so much attention has been paid to the details and to the practice of physical culture. This is true of nearly all of the large ecclesiastical institutions throughout the country. Those that are not provided with regularly appointed gymnasiums have, nevertheless, facilities by which the student may be able to ob-

tain that exercise which is so necessary for the health of body and mind, and brings with it the clear eye and the perfect skin for which so many of the

clergy are noted. Physical culture, in one form or another, is encouraged by the authorities of the Church who have control of such notable institutions as the Catholic University of America, located at the national capital; the Jesuit Seminary at Woodstock, Maryland; the Augustinian Monastery at Villa Nova, Pa.; St. Joseph's Seminary at Dunwoodie, near Yonkers, N.Y.; and the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo at Overbrook, on the outskirts of



Archbishop Ryan, Who Encourages Athletics at the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo

Philadelphia.

Gymnastics in one form or another are, therefore, now admitted to be important and necessary adjuncts of all well-conducted seminaries. It is interesting in this connection to note that a deformed, maimed, or physically incapacitated man cannot be ordained to the priest-

hood without a dispensation specially obtained for that purpose. There are instances on record where highly intellectual men, who were otherwise properly equipped for the important function, were denied ordination because of the loss of the little finger. In other cases, a weakness or failing of the eyesight has been sufficient to thwart the ambition of young men who desired to make the ministry their life-work.

In some of the institutions that have been named there is a regularly prescribed course of physical exercise; but in others, the question of the time to be devoted to physical culture is left largely with the rector of the seminary, the professors in charge of the classes and, in possibly one or two cases, with the students themselves. In any event, what might be called severe physical training is now the rule rather than the exception in most of these institutions. The exercises consist of practice with the punching-bag, swinging on horizontal bars, playing handball, baseball and basketball, and exercising for a certain number of minutes, morning and evening, with the dumb-bells.

The question of diet has been regarded always as an important one in training schools for the priesthood and, with the important detail of a regular mode of living, has been considered only less essential than physical training itself. During the last few years the question of

proper exercise for the body has been given consideration in most of the subordinate educational institutions. Thus the mere boys who go into the preparatory schools are taught the necessity of developing their physical powers, as well as their mental abilities. When they leave the preparatory schools and enter academies and colleges, the question of physical exercise still continues to form an important part of the scholastic life. After that, if they enter the seminary for the

purpose of studying for the priesthood, the bodily exercise is kept up, but perhaps in a more comprehensive form. Thus it will be seen that a boy, from the time he is ten or twelve years of age until he is ordained—which, in these times, is but little before his thirtieth year—keeps up a constant and intelligent method of improving and developing the body as well as the mind.

The mode of life of an ecclesiastical student, as observed in nearly all of the



Archbishop Farley, Who Approves of Physical Culture at Dunwoodie Seminary

large Catholic institutions to-day, presents many features that will be of interest, and which must appeal to both those inside and outside the faith. For instance, the rising hour is at five o'clock in the morning. No exception is made to the rule, except upon the score of illness; and then it must be of such a character as to demand the attention of the seminary physician. When dressed, every student is called upon to turn the mattress of his bed half way over, and then

raise the window of the room, in order to give it the ventilation that is essential after it has been occupied all night. This detail of ventilating the room is carried out every day in the year, winter and summer, no matter how severe the weather may be.

The period after that time until 6:30 in the morning, is occupied in prayer, meditation and the hearing of mass. At the conclusion of the service the student returns to his room, closes the window, makes his bed, and then strolls around the college grounds, obtaining the benefit of the outdoor air till breakfast is announced at 7 o'clock. Exactly half an hour is spent at the meal, after which the students are again required to go out-doors for the space of ten minutes. Then come two hours of study, followed by a lecture which lasts for three-quarters of an hour. At the conclusion of the lecture, the students are compelled to go out into the college

grounds and engage in what is popularly known as "a lung-bath in the fresh air." Then comes more study; and, just before noon, there is another lung-bath of ten minutes in the invigorating atmosphere.

Dinner is served promptly at noon, after which the students are permitted to indulge in light recreation; but no athletic sports are allowed after this meal. The afternoon is occupied with spiritual readings, study and the hearing of lectures;

but the whole hour from 4 till 5 o'clock is devoted to recreation and to physical culture in its various forms. Athletic sports are allowed and encouraged during this hour. Lawn tennis is looked upon with particular favor because, in this simple game, nearly all of the faculties of the mind and body are stimulated to a healthy activity. Those who do not care for the game may go into the bowling alley and indulge in the pleasures afforded there. Others, according to their tastes, indulge in baseball and other forms of outdoor sports; but it is to be noted that all of the students, without exception, are compelled to take some form of exercise during this hour, which is specially set apart for the purpose.

Supper is served at 7 o'clock, after which the students are instructed to stroll around the grounds, if the evening is clear. If it should happen to be stormy, they walk up and down the long and broad porticos, which are to be found in front of nearly all of the important college buildings. Under no circumstances—barring sickness—are the students allowed to remain indoors. At 8:30 night prayers are said, and at 9 o'clock the lights are to be extinguished in every room.

It is not difficult to understand how a life of this kind, lasting in some instances for seven and eight years, will bring about not only mental tranquility and a clear brain, but also a well devel-



Rev. Francis L. Carr, Rector of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Norristown, Pa. A Representative of Physical Culture as Applied to Spiritual Culture

oped and healthy body, carrying in its wake vigor and strength and ability to perform the tasks that may have to be confronted during a long and busy life.

The Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, at Overbrook, near Philadelphia, has been pointed out frequently as a model institution of its kind. Archbishop Ryan, who is the spiritual controller of this seminary, takes a deep interest in the welfare of the students, and has cordially encouraged athletics and all forms of physical culture. Dr. Garvey, who is the rector of the seminary, has co-operated heartily with the Archbishop. As a result, the development of the body is receiving there the full attention it deserves. Dr. Delurey, who is the ecclesiastic in charge of the Augustinian Seminary at Villa Nova, Pa., is also a cordial advocate of bodily exercise; and the students who graduate from that place of learning are nearly always noted for their health of body as well as strength of mind. It should be noted that St. Charles Seminary has no regularly equipped gymnasium; but, scattered about the grounds, are a handball court, bowling alley, baseball diamond, horizontal bars, and numerous dumb-bells and Indian clubs, which the students are allowed to use one hour every day. On Thursday, which is known as "free day," the students observe their regular mode of life up to 9 o'clock in the morning, when they go for a long stroll in the surrounding country, being required to return at 11 o'clock. The "free day," or rather the free time, lasts till the dinner hour. After that, the regular form is observed until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the students take another walk, not quite as long as the one in the morning, but still of sufficient length to make it invigorating and wholesome. Upon their return they are permitted to do as they please till 5 o'clock, after which the regular form is observed until the hour for retiring.

Diet, exercise and a regular mode of life are no new things in the seminaries and monasteries of the Catholic Church. They have been known in all times, and even in the Middle Ages assumed an importance that might fairly entitle the Church to the credit of being the precursor of the modern forms of physical

culture. The monastic institutions of the Middle Ages, according to one who has made a careful study of the subject, were modeled after the military organizations of those times. Their purpose was to train men to endure. The monastic institution differed from the military, in that it trained men to endure spiritually as well as physically. It should be understood, however, that the first rule of mediæval monasteries was labor. That was the keynote of the life that was led. The monks of those times did not need physical culture, in the modern sense of the term. They were engaged generally in agricultural pursuits, and ate their dinners nearly every day in the open fields. Times and methods have changed very materially since those ancient days; but it is profitable to note, and interesting to observe, that there are few institutions of the present day where the modern forms of physical culture receive such encouragement and are practiced so constantly as in the Catholic seminaries and monasteries.

It is equally interesting to know that, among the Roman Catholic clergy whose student days were past before exercise was so highly esteemed in seminaries as it is at present, there prevails a growing sentiment in favor of the introduction of gymnastic apparatus, in some convenient and rather conservative form, into parochial residences. It is here that the clergymen attached to any particular parish have their common home; and it is here that the large part of their lives is spent as the lives of few men engaged in professions or trades are passed in the home. Even during the day, the priest's time is taken up with duties that confine him within the walls of the parochial residence; and, notwithstanding the numerous visits to parishioners and other employments that call him abroad, his existence may be classed among the vocations that are sedentary. Few Catholic clergymen fail to acknowledge the desirability of regular, vigorous exercise, and many are now inclined to urge the adoption of its systematic pursuit. It is very possible that the Church may go beyond the conservative granting of permission to its American clergy to indulge in duly approved forms of physical culture exercise.



David Gaul, the 17-year-old Boy Who Established a New Record at Swimming Championships, Lafayette, Schuylkill River, Defeating the Cracks of the New York Athletic Club and University of Pennsylvania

SWIMMING COMING TO THE FRONT

DIRECTORS OF COLLEGE ATHLETICS ENCOURAGING THE
NATATORIAL EXERCISE AMONG ATHLETES

By Harry Dillon Jones

SWIMMING, one of the few sports that Americans have not regarded with enthusiasm in the past, is to be among the leading amateur athletic diversions of the summer. The reason for this sudden rise into favor of the natatorial art is that the summer of 1903 witnessed some remarkable achievements among amateur swimmers, and this, coupled with the growing popularity of the game of water polo, has prompted the directors of college athletics and others whose voices have much to do with the direction of sporting programs,

to do all they can to encourage swimming among the athletically inclined students.

The performance of David Gaul at the amateur athletic swimming championship contests at Lafayette had much to do with the national attention attracted to swimming in this country. A mere boy, but seventeen years, he defeated some of the fastest swimmers in the Eastern States and at the end of the swimming year was able to present himself, when occasion warranted, with his chest hidden behind a magnificent array of

medals won in swimming contests at every possible distance.

Gaul's splendid swimming, and the fact that he was only a boy, encouraged other youths to try their powers in contests with crack swimmers who hitherto had had things all their own way at the meets. As usually happens, it was soon found that some of the old-timers had outlived their speed in the water and had to succumb to more youthful rivals. The end of the season found young athletes all over the country in training for medals and glory in the swimming contests, and this year there will be some particularly interesting events at all the national courses.

Another incident that has spurred youthful aspirants for swimming honors to further exertions is that George Kistler, one of the best long-distance swimmers in the world, has announced his intention of endeavoring to equal the famous feat of Captain Matthew Webb, the Englishman, and swim the English channel from Dover to Calais. To Americans, especially young Americans, all things are possible. At least, nothing is regarded as impossible, and the announcement made by Kistler has caused many young swimmers to get out their atlases and measure the miles between Dover and Calais, with a view to testing their swimming powers over the same distance in this country as a preliminary to making the trip to England, there to accomplish the feat that has been found impossible by so many since the days of the late lamented Captain Webb.

The college student or clubman, with his swimming pool or training tank, finds

it easy to practice for contests. There are hundreds of boys, however, who will be heard from favorably in the swimming meets this year, who are forced to train in the public swimming baths, or in some river. To these it will be encouraging to learn that David Gaul is a country boy who learned to swim in the Schuylkill River, the sluggish waters of which flow near his home. As the amateur athletic contests in which he won such a prominent place last year were held in this river, Gaul had an actual advantage in having trained in the Schuylkill instead of in the handsomely appointed swimming bath of an athletic club. With no other training than that open to any country boy, or town boy either, for that matter, Gaul acquired such speed that he was able to establish a record of fifty yards in thirty-one seconds over the admirably adapted course at Lafayette. That his training in a river had little to do with his speed, however, was shown by the excellent showing Gaul made at all the winter races in the tanks.

Public swimming contests are inspiring spectacles. To the spectator unaccustomed to these trials of skill, the sight is

suggestive of the athletic contests of Rome in her palmy days. Although not actually nude, the contestants might almost as well be, for the costume consists of a pair of swimming tights of which the material would not make a good sized handkerchief. The contestants line up on the extreme edge of the small pier from which the start is made, their lithe, muscular bodies gleaming in the sun, their toes gripping the edge of the pier to give impetus to the start, arms



George Kistler, Who Expects to Attempt to Swim the English Channel



Start of a One-Mile Championship Race

poised aloft, body bent, every sense alert for the sound of the gun.

At the signal the line disappears beneath the water in a fraction of a second, and the water is churned into foam as the struggle is on. A line of flags bobbing up and down in the water near the

opposite bank of the river is the objective point of the swimmers. The short races end there. The longer contests require the swimmer to go over the course and back again as many times as constitute the stipulated distance.

On a fine day the river in which the



Some of the Contestants in a Championship Race

contests are held, the clubhouse steps and the banks adjacent to the starting point are crowded with pretty girls. The old-fashioned fellow, or the prim lady of uncertain age, might find fault with the unconcerned way in which these girls stare critically at the almost nude men within a dozen feet of their eyes. Appar-

ently human nature has not changed much since the days of ancient Rome, for the girls show plainly that an Adonis without his clothes has more attraction for them than a swell of the boulevards whose stalwart chest and wide shoulders owe their sightliness to the tailor's art rather than to the muscles they conceal.

THE OBJECTION TO ATHLETICS

By L. Leeds

IT is set forth by many persons as a serious objection to athletics (i. e., any severe form of exercise, competitive or otherwise) that they greatly shorten life. Because of some early deaths among athletes, the objectors gravely advise one to shun athletics. As well condemn brain work, for have not thousands died supposedly from it? Dr. Randolph Fairies, a famous athlete and physician, says of training:

"I have yet to see or hear of the first death which can be traced directly to the effects of training upon an athlete who strictly obeyed the laws governing a systematic course of training; and this statement will carry additional weight when I add that I have seen over five thousand contests."

The trouble lies not in the training or the straining in contests, but the straining out of contests—in dissipation and irregular hours after the training period is over. This is a greater strain upon an athlete's constitution than he thinks, for he is strong, and does not feel it at the time. Another cause of early decline is alternate periods of long, severe training and absolute idleness.

The process of wasting in the winter and building up in the summer has gone on for a number of years with many athletes. It is exceptionally harmful. If these athletes, at the end of their summer's training, would continue to pay the same attention to their habits, and, ceas-

ing their special form of exercise, would practice general and systematic exercise during the winter, they would find themselves much more vigorous in health; and in the spring would get into shape much more easily, not dropping out of competition, as many are forced to do.

The break-down of a strong, athletic man is often pitiful to behold, but it is nearly always explainable. Take the case of a college athlete. He has had four years of all the vigorous sports. He has built up a massive set of muscles, and a pair of magnificent lungs. After graduation he goes into business, and is generally "cooped" up all day. At night he feels entitled to a little pleasure, which invariably takes him indoors. Pressed for time, he soon leads a very sedentary life, with most of its accompanying evils. Day by day his vigor goes, and, almost incredible to relate, it is not very long before he has consumption. The doctor says that athletics are the cause, but the truth is this: His sudden change of habits from good to bad has undermined his constitution, and the inner, unused portions of his great lungs have become affected for want of air and use.

Athletes devoid of true knowledge of their bodies are disappearing fast, thanks to researches and agitation along physical culture lines. It may not be too much to hope that a few years more will bring forth the ideal athlete.

DOCTORS AND PLUMBERS THE SAME

Doctor's Wife: Aren't you going to take your instrument case?

Doctor: No; the patient is a plumber.

I'm going to send back for the instruments and charge him for the time.—
Medical and Drug Advertiser.

THE LONG WALK

THE PLEASANTEST AND SHORTEST ROAD TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH

By John C. Powers

THE value of walking as an exercise for the attainment of health and physical strength is acknowledged by all who pretend to know or practice physical culture. The walk generally advised is of two or three miles in length, at a brisk pace, with body well carried, and one should breathe all the while to the full extent of the lungs.

If such a walk is of great benefit, how much more so is a walk of two to three hundred miles, covering days and weeks of life in the open air, with ever-changing scenery, and always the purest of country water, the freshest of country fruits. Then at night, when the trumper is tired, happy, and well satisfied with the day's work and pleasure, he eats a supper gleaned from the fields and trees of the farmers, and cooked over a campfire, or else eats it as a raw food treat. This done, he sinks to rest with the sky for a roof and a blanket for a bed.

Less hardy, or more timorous trampers may seek the table of the town hotel, and rest between the cool white sheets of a bed, and lose only half the pleasure, the fun, and the benefit of the trip.

Such a journey, with health and happiness as the destination, is not the task that it may at first appear to be. It can be undertaken by young or old—yes, by strong or weak—with equally certain results. The day's distance may be only ten, or it may reach forty miles; the trampers—for a companion is a great luxury, if not a necessity—may live for nothing on fruits and vegetables, and sleep by their own campfire or on the sweet-smelling hay of the ever-kind farmers. Or else they may arrange their day's walk to end at a town where food and shelter can be obtained. The latter method is inexpensive and good; the other is cheaper and better.

Two young men of Cleveland, Ohio,

one an athlete, and holder of State inter-collegiate records in running events; the other thin, weak, and of consumptive tendencies, spent a week's vacation in a walk from Detroit to their home, a distance of one hundred and eighty-six miles.

Early one September morning, equipped with blankets, slung "soldier fashion," and with two-quart pails hanging "tramp fashion," by a string, they set forth. Twenty miles were covered the first day, and on the next; then, feeling confidence in their staying qualities, the distance was increased, and the average of the whole trip brought up to thirty-two miles a day.

The walk was undertaken for strength and pleasure. There was no hurry, and no worry about making a certain point on a certain day. The trampers slept where night overtook them, rolled in their blankets or under the sheltering roof of an hospitable farmer's barn. There was no desire for breakfast, nor inclination to prepare it; fruit was abundant and to be had for the asking; it was eaten in the early morning hours, without preparation, and while walking slowly. At noon, or when a favorable opportunity presented itself, dinner was prepared of vegetables of all descriptions, boiled thoroughly together in one pail, while apples, turned reluctantly to sauce in the other. The suppers were never cooked, and as often as not were ripe fruits or bread and milk from the nearest farmhouse.

It was a life that made us boys again, tanned and browned by the sun and growing daily in strength and health.

Preparations for a walk such as has been described should be made sensibly. My first long tramp was many years ago, but I remember it most vividly; perhaps because it was not a total success.

We had started for a city some two hundred miles away. Our ideas were

very vague and we were above taking precautions or making preparations. The first day we walked over thirty-five miles in a hot sun, and that night tried to sleep in a stack of wet, freshly-mown hay. Long before sunrise we were on our way, cold and wet, I with both knees bent and stiff with rheumatism, and my companion with aching, swollen feet tortured by shoes that had warped and twisted helplessly in front of the heat of our camp fire throughout that endless night. The first day was hard, but the second harder. We struggled along with faces cold and damp and legs burning, often stopping and lying flat on our backs by the roadside to allow the blood to run to our heads. It was no disgrace that after forty-three miles stretched through a time of nineteen hours we gave up and took a train for home—and bed.

It was a lesson learned dearly but well. On such a tramp the feet should receive the first attention; and shoes are all important. Of course, they should fit—not *too* loosely, or blisters which are at the best unavoidable will multiply and become unbearable. Unless the walk is to be short—less than a week—it is folly to dose and rub the feet with oil, removing aches and pains temporarily, but keeping them soft and tender. Cold water or water and salt will rest a tired foot and at the same time harden it. The stockings should be rather thick, free from darns and lumps and fit without wrinkling. I prefer a light, low, pliable shoe without a cloth lining to wear out. The soles do not give way as soon as one might suppose.

The clothing should be as light as possible, yet supply the necessary warmth at night. Nothing is better than a loosely fitting flannel shirt or light jersey. By all means camp as you go; carry a single blanket for a bed and a two-quart tin pail to serve as a mess kit. Roll the blanket and sling it soldier fashion; the pail may hang from the belt. A coat is superfluous and a light cloth cap better than a hat.

Walk in any season, but better when fruit is ripe. If you can take a course along a lake or river, do so, for there is nothing so good as a cold plunge on a hot day.

Remember that you are walking for health and pleasure; don't overdo, don't lay out any arbitrary schedule; but walk until you reach a good camping place or are comfortably tired.

Such a tramp, with proper preparations, is an ideal exercise. There is no "bug-bear" of dumb-bells, rubber cords, or unpleasant diet. The work is a pleasure—that rambling, gypsy life that most men love. And the food, whatever it is, is welcome. Fortunately, it is most easily obtained; is as easily prepared and thoroughly relished.

What other form of exercise combines these advantages?—the use of all the muscles, the eating of proper food, outdoor life, cheapness and the pleasure and excitement of changing scenery that makes one forget that all this is exercise?

Here all may find the cure for physical ills, the fountain of youth, the "elixir of life," without the disagreeable taste.

MICROBES ARE SANITARIANS—*NOT* DREADED DISEASE-BREEDERS

The greatest superstition that hung for a long time like a cloud over the entire medical profession and the mass of common people was the dread of microbes and germs, and the belief that in a great many instances they were the original cause of disease. That they were little benefactors, coming to eat up the polluted portion of a diseased body as soon as such a condition was developed was never dreamed of by the wise medical world, which set to work, immediately after their discovery, to exterminate them. A healthy body

cannot be touched, positively, by any germ. It feeds on decay, on rottenness. It is only when the consumptive's lung has become rotten from disease that the germ appears. It eats up the rotten tissue and prevents the surrounding parts from becoming contaminated. With proper sanitation, and the possession of clean, wholesome bodies, the microbe would have to give attention solely to dead animals in the woods, which are so seldom found after death because of this little sanitary creature.

PHYSICAL CULTURE AS A CURE FOR THE DREADED LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA

THE HARROWING EXPERIENCE OF MR. SHULTS IN SEARCHING FOR A CURE WITH DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINE FAKIRS

By Adin W. Shults

I DO not believe there is another man that has come upon as many medical frauds as I did when I was seeking an easy panacea to bring me back to health. I have had the pleasure of trying every fake medicine, from Pink Pills to Peruna. I can also show scars around my body where I wore out one magnetic and two electric belts. I paid forty-five dollars to have these belts rub off the best part of my skin. It took me eight years to find out how I was being cheated, and about five hundred dollars in cash. This is a large sum of money for a poor man with a family, and working for a small salary. But every dollar I could get hold of, outside of my living ex-

penses, went for something which I thought would possibly help me.

The disease from which I suffered, and which I am only now beginning to shake off, came on me peculiarly. I was always healthy until about nine years

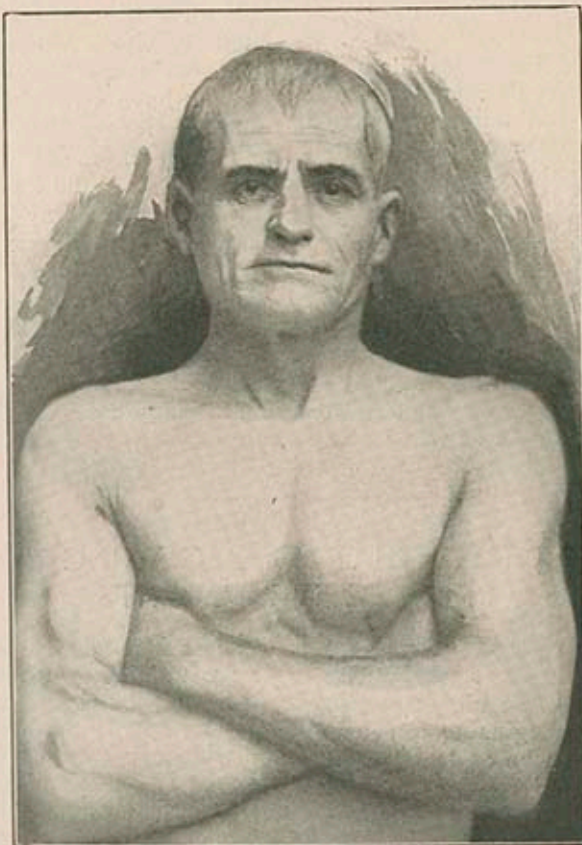
ago, at the age of forty-one, when I discovered that I was losing control of my limbs, and my nerves commenced to go. I went to a doctor. He could not tell me what my trouble was, but gave me some medicine to take, from which I derived no benefit. I tried several more doctors, but was getting no better.

At last I found one who told me what was the matter; he said I had locomotor ataxia; yet it was not so bad but that he could cure me with electricity. I tried his treatments for six months, but could see no improvement; so I quit him and went to doctoring myself with patent medicines and electric belts. But I saw that I

was gradually

getting worse. In the meantime I was able to do light work, such as taking care of horses and driving.

One year ago last June I heard of a great doctor here who could cure locomotor ataxia with serum-toxin. I went



Adin W. Shults, Who Has Cured Himself Almost Completely of the Dreaded Disease of Locomotor Ataxia

to him. The room was filled with locomotor ataxia patients who were in a worse condition than myself. I felt then that I had found a doctor who could cure me. When my turn came I went into the consulting room. The doctor's first words were: "Let me see you walk." I did so. "That's enough; you have got it all right. Do you know of anything you have ever done to give it to you?"

"No, sir," I replied; "it is hereditary."
"We can surely cure you."

I then asked him what it would cost, and explained my circumstances.

"Well, one hundred and fifty dollars; fifty dollars down and ten dollars a month, treatment every day until you have sixty."

Well, I borrowed the fifty dollars and went at it, but I never suffered so much in all my life as I did during those two months. The treatment consisted of a hypodermic injection in the muscles of the back. In about a month I had no back—only a bone. But I stuck it out until I got the sixty—which some of the patients could not do. After these treatments I owed him only fifty dollars, but could see no improvement. If anything, I was worse in my walking, and so weak I could not work for three weeks. I weighed but one hundred and thirty pounds. Well, I saw that I was "stuck

again," so I never went back. I was glad that I was alive. I have never seen any of my fellow-patients since, so I don't know how they came out. You can imagine that I was pretty well discouraged, but I would not give up. I was looking all the time for something that would help me.

Just one year ago this month I was passing a small store and saw the PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine. I went in and bought a copy, read it, and went back and told the man to get me the January number. The first thing I did was to learn to breathe. I had lived forty-nine years without knowing how. Then I took up a few exercises. Now I take about twenty of them, morning and night. It takes about forty minutes a day. I have two meals a day, drink nothing stronger than water, and that only between meals. I feel ten years younger than I did a year ago and I am getting the use of my legs, so that I can run a pretty good heat, and I think by next spring it will take a good man, age or heft, to lay me on my back. If any one suffering with locomotor ataxia will take up physical culture, and keep away from doctors, he will be greatly benefited, and in many cases there will be an entire cure.

THE HIGH MOTIVE THAT IS BEGINNING TO ACTUATE PROSPECTIVE PARENTS

We have received a letter from a prospective father, educated as a physician, that indicates clearly the higher conception of duty that is beginning to actuate the men and women who contemplate entering into the sacred relations of marriage. We give his letter:

To the Editor:

The article in November PHYSICAL CULTURE on "The Training of a Child Before Birth" is certainly a good one. My wife and I are going it one better, however. We believe that we ought not to take upon ourselves the responsibility of bringing a child into the world until we are both in as nearly perfect physical con-

dition as it is possible for us to be. So we are training, you might say, for the great event, or events, which we believe it is our duty and privilege to perform, and which we hope will be of great benefit to the race.

Having studied the "human anatomy" in its minuteness, we feel able to perfect ourselves thoroughly. We have followed the two-meals-per-day plan for some time. Recently we took up the uncooked diet, confining ourselves principally to nuts and fruit. We have followed this plan for more than two and a half months, and, thus far, we are more than pleased with the result.

Yours,
W. FRANK BATES, D. O.

THE LAST "NERVE STORM"

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST HOUR OF A CIGARETTE FIEND!

By G. Edwards

A T a few minutes after midnight the lonely sleeper in one of the rooms of a large yet lonely house awoke from his broken rest. Nothing had disturbed him in his sleep. Everything was just as quiet about him as when he laid his head on the pillow early in the night. He had not dreamed of something that might have made him start into consciousness. The waking came naturally. His sleep had ended suddenly.

Strange and unaccountable, likewise, was the fact that for several months each night his sleep had been cut short in the same peculiar manner. His hands were cold when he awoke, and his brow was damp and chilled. Doctors called this a form of insomnia. Whatever it was, the wakefulness was unwelcome to him upon whom it had come. He tossed about restlessly upon the bed. His hands were damp and chilly and white, and when he looked at them, clutching the bed clothes, they appeared ghostly thin and tawny. He tried to think of something else, to fix his attention upon—something beautiful, upon a girl whom he had seen, O, months ago, the fitting vision of whom was often with him. He would think of her.

But "every d—d thing was working against him." His body was becoming chilled and clammy from head to foot again. His brow was beaded with sweat. And he hated the quietness, that seemed deeper than ever before. It seemed as if he was dying. He tried to break away from the thought. It was not an approach of death! It would pass away again.

He knew what it was. He knew it was the d—d cigarette that was doing the work. Death would not come to punish him. He was breaking away from the habit. He could stop it abruptly, if he wanted to. He had a devil of a lot of will power, if he wanted to bring it into play. But someone told him to wean away slowly from the weed, and he had

dropped down to a pack a day. To six! To four! He would drop to one soon, and then he would drop the habit altogether. Death would not break in to interrupt him at this point in his life. He had promised to his mother to quit. He had promised to himself. But in the quiet of the night he was afraid. His nerves were alive! His body cold!

Nature chooses the night, when the body is resting, to work and repair and renew every part of it. On the outside of the nerves of a cigarette smoker a yellow coating settles. It takes years until sufficient nicotine has impregnated itself into the system and crusted the nerves in the hardening process of decay. Part is removed again. Part remains, and there comes a time when the limit of accumulation is reached. An effort is made by nature to free the body from the impending living death that would make it a corpse, alive, yet devoid of reason, of moral consciousness, with emotion and sense dried up, living without hope, ambition, courage, honor or pride.

That is the "nerve storm" known to many a fiend alone in his room at night, and that the struggle is great is recognized by the wild appearance and haggard face of many smokers after the night is over.

Sweep after sweep of a peculiar, indefinable nervousness passed over the nerves of him who was going to quit the habit—soon! Like a violent storm the brain set the nerves shaking! Nature was at work, now—trying to free him! But he did not know, and was afraid—afraid to stand against it and fight it out. He never fought it out before. When these storms came he had sought relief in the very thing that caused these tremendous demoniac nerve disturbances in his body. It quieted him. To-night he would resort to it once more. To-morrow he would quit altogether, once and for all time. He would wash the nauseating odor from his

mouth, from his hands and lips, and then kiss the mother he could not kiss before because of his tobacco-stained lips. He would become brighter and better, and more successful in life, he felt, for doing so. He would take deep breaths, straighten back his shoulders, and become a MAN!

But to-night—to-night he was afraid of himself. He could not sleep; his nerves were working! Demons and all kinds of visioned horrors forced themselves upon his mind. His nerves throbbed. He thought of death continually. He had heard of the "tobacco heart." Its liability to cease as the great motor of life. Pray! He must pray! Another thought that had entered into his brain only to haunt him! Why did the thought come? He did not want to pray. He had not prayed as far back as he could remember. He believed in God, but he would feel awkward, now, in praying. He would not know what to say. His spiritual element—his soul—was *dead!*

The small, white piece of paper was filled, and rolled, and lighted. To-night, for the last time, he said, as he struck the match in the darkness. With each puff the vivid glow from the end of the cigarette brightened, and crept further down along the white paper. His nerves were subsiding now, and he reclined against a pillow of the bed and watched the blue smoke as it curled gracefully upward, circling around and around. Some of it even went from its path and touched and caressed his face. It seemed like the soft hand of the girl he had seen and loved, but whom he had not dared

to approach, knowing the gulf that lay between him, whose very breath was tobacco, and the pure life. He would not let the delusion die, and when the cigarette reached the end he lighted another. His brain and nerves were as quiet now as the stillness around him, and the stillness pleased him. He made his loved one stretch herself out of the wreaths of smoke and caress him. She touched his lips with her own. The hypnotic, heavy smoke circled to the ceiling, then spread, and lightly, slowly descended again. Like a thick, clinging veil, it lingered about him. Sweet, soothing, filmy stuff!

It rested him now. It brought a welcome drowsiness upon his eyelids, as a long walk in the clear, crisp air would do. His senses became drowsy. He breathed heavier. He was asleep! But the eyelids were open, and the soft, glassy eyes, so familiar a mark of the cigarette smoker, appeared even more clammy and lusterless than ever before. The heart pumped slower and slower, while he slept, and breathed, and dreamed in the thick, heavy cloud of smoke with which the room was filled, and that had encircled him like a fascinating, hypnotic spell.

He had won his sleep. To-morrow he would give up the filthy weed, never to touch it again.

When the morrow came, and the soft sun loomed up again to herald another morning, the body, wholly out of harmony with the purity and the beautiful of this world, made filthy and repulsive by a vile habit, ceased as a living discredit to its God and Maker, and had indeed ridded itself of the filthy weed!

THE WRECKS OF LIFE, AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER, PAY THE FREIGHT

Two old pals met on the street.

"I saw you in the liquor men's parade Tuesday," one of them said.

"Oh, yes."

"Now, you tell me about it. Who were those fellows in front on horses?"

"Those? Why, those were the wholesalers."

"Well, who were those fellows in carriages?"

"Those fellows in plug hats, smoking the big black cigars?"

"Yes."

"They are the distillers and brewers."

"Who were those fellows walking there with the white plug hats, white coats and gold-headed canes?"

"They were the retailers."

"Who were the fellows that brought up the rear?"

"Fellows with cauliflower noses and fringes on their pants—the crowd I was with?"

"Yes."

"Oh, they were the consumers."—*Ex.*

A PHYSICAL CULTURE SERMON

A CLERGYMAN PREACHES THE GOOD NEWS OF OUT-OF-DOORS

EXTRACTS FROM A SERMON PREACHED BY

Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

TO-DAY I would speak of the Gospel of Outdoors, the great good tidings of God in His beautiful world.

The lightning flash or the dash of the waterfall does not reveal God to the mere materialist. In the one he sees so many volts of electricity, in the other so many horse power that may drive a mill. The bird does not sing of God to the gross unbeliever or the flower tell of His beauty and fragrance.

To those whose souls have died within them it might be said, "God cometh and findeth nothing in us. God cometh in the thunder-cloud and we do not hear His voice. God speaks in the whirlwind and we do not recognize His majesty. God meets us in the quiet voice of the zephyr, in the modest upturned face of the spring violet, or the fringed gentian in the fall, and we do not see or hear, because (Oh! dreadful fate for a child of God) "He hath nothing in us."

In order to understand the Gospel of Outdoors we must have the gospel of the secret place with God. Then, whenever we walk abroad, God will find something in us, and some way of speaking to us. Every tree and shrub, every flower and fern, every star in the heavens, and every fleecy cloud that veils them, will say to us, as Mt. Blanc shouted in the ears of Coleridge, "God, GOD, GOD, GOD."

Especially is the Gospel of Outdoors an efficacious antidote for the peculiar evils of our own day and generation. These are the evils of the city, not of the country. The reeking misery of the slums, not the stolid animalism of the field, is our danger in America to-day. Anarchy is hatched in the city. The saloon, with its attendant unspeakable evils, thrives only in the city. The brothel is a product of the city. "The gang" has no

room for its operations except in the city. Bribery and political corruption, "graft" of every sort, finds it hotbed in the city. If by some master-stroke the slums could be transported to the Vermont hills or the Adirondack woods or the South Dakota prairies, as Adam was put forth in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, half the problems of our present-day civilization would be solved.

If at the same time with this removal of the submerged tenth, the equally submerged members of the Four Hundred at the other end of the social scale, the men and women submerged in the petty requirements of society, submerged in selfishness, greed and indifference to their country, their political duties and their fellowmen, submerged in depths of moral iniquity that so often culminates in the divorce court, if these people could also be planted in another garden and made to dress it and keep it, pretty nearly the other half of our national problems would be solved, "for justice will spring out of the ground, and righteousness will look down from Heaven."

No nation was ever overthrown by its farmers. Chaldea and Egypt, Greece and Rome, grew rotten and ripe for destruction not in the fields, but in the narrow lanes and crowded city streets, and in the palaces of their nobility. So let us thank God and take courage as we see in our day the movement countryward; the "abandoned farm" no longer abandoned; the long and ceaseless line of hardy immigrants moving northwestward to take up the yet unfurrowed fields; the country homes made possible by the bicycle and the electric car; the increasing interest in national athletic sports; the fascination of nature study for our boys and girls; indeed for "the call of the wild" heard in

these days from so many quarters and in such eager, imperative tones.

Surely the history of the creation is repeating itself, and again is the Lord God taking man and putting him in a garden to dress it and to keep it.

Just as the slums were becoming more slummy, reeking more and more with the moral filth of the gutter; just as the commercial spirit seemed to be prostrating itself absolutely before the dollar sign, saying, "We will have no Gods before thee;" just as our complex, artificial life seemed to be lording it completely over the slower, simpler life of our fathers, in a single quarter century God called new modes of locomotion into being and opened fresh fields and pastures new to jaded humanity, and at the same time created in a reaction a hunger for the soil and a love for out-doors such as it had not known before.

Why should it be unworthy of a pulpit to call a bicycle "a means of grace" if its invention reveals God's glories in nature to a million city-begrimed toilers?

Whatever may be said against the athletics of the day, and a strong case can be made out against the brutality of some, the gambling spirit that goes with them, the undue absorption of the American people in the sporting page of the daily paper, this thought mitigates, if it does not cover, a multitude of their sins, that they are the practical preachers of the Gospel of Outdoors to a multitude who otherwise would know little about it. Few of these sports can be indulged under cover; none but the most degraded and degrading are indigenous to city life. The acknowledged moral superiority of American students to those in Continental universities, which every traveler must admit, is due in no small part, I believe, to the rigorous training of the college navy and the football field, and the high physical standard demanded of the trained athlete. Over-indulgence, impurity, licentiousness, received a staggering blow among educated American men when the diamond was marked off and football goals were erected.

What, then, may the Gospel of Outdoors do for each one of us? It may

bring us back to the simple life which this feverish, artificial age so sadly lacks.

This outdoor's outlook and uplook is especially needed by the so-called educated man, whose learning smells altogether of the library or the laboratory. There is an intellectual exclusiveness which is only one shade less offensive to God and man alike than the snobbery of wealth. Books, books, and what can be dug out of books, or put into books, is all of life to some. Such need to learn that

"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

He Who spake as never man spake, takes us into the open with Him. His greatest sermon was preached from the pulpit of a rough hillside while His audience sat upon the grass. He stood in the stern of a little boat, tossing upon the gentle waves, while His hearers lined the shore. He tells them of the lilies, one of which He could perhaps pluck as He spoke, and hold before them. He talked of the birds, which perhaps sung to the people while He talked about them. The mustard seed is not too small, and the mountain which might be removed and cast into the sea is not too large, to illustrate His lesson of faith. He went fishing with His disciples, and spent His nights of prayer not in an oratory, but on the mountainside.

Aye, and these eloquent teachings shall not narrow and dwarf our souls by telling us of anything sordid and mean and selfish, but they will speak of duty and privilege, of love and hope, of right and wrong, of man and God, and with Brownwe can cry:

"I trust in Nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility. Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time.
I trust in God—the right shall be the
right,
And other than the wrong while He en-
dures.
I trust in my own soul that can perceive
The outward and the inward, Nature's
good and God's."

“SCRAPPER FLYNN”—A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN UNCULTURED LAD OF THE POOR WHO ROSE
TO A HIGH POSITION

By Raymond Walters

IT was recess time in the only school-house to which the small town of Milton could lay claim. A crowd of boys had gathered on the playground, and over the entire gathering there hung an air of suppressed excitement, as though all were eagerly waiting for something important to happen. The remark went up from one of the crowd: “Chick is too big for him,” but the statement was immediately disputed by others, who seemed to know “Chick” well. There was certainly some storm brewing, to judge from the remarks of the bystanders.

Suddenly a voice cried, “Who’s afraid?” and another answered, “You are.” The throng parted, commotion prevailed, and I saw a small, red-headed boy attacking a larger and heavier opponent with a fury that made up for the disparity in size. He swung and dodged and countered, and swung again in a manner that was altogether wonderful. The crowd, divided as to its favorites, cheered wildly, “Give it to him, Chick!” “Soak him, Scrapper!”

In a few minutes the fight was done. Over the heads of the crowd I saw the conquered contestant, his nose bleeding copiously, slink away and the smaller boy stand grinning as he accepted the plaudits of his adherents. “Quickest time on record,” shouted a lad, waving his cap. “Scrapper’s champeen of Grammar School now!”

On the next day, Saturday it was, I happened to come in direct contact with the little red-headed boy whom I had seen win the fight the day before.

“Well, Scrapper,” I said, “so you are the champion?”

“Awh, sure,” he answered. “Chick wus easy, only the kids wus all scared of ‘im.”

Somehow or other I took a liking to

Scrapper from the very first time when he carried a message to me. There was something original and interesting in his every action, a slangy independence in his speech, and a sturdy spirit beneath that faded red sweater of his which I have often seen tested, but never overcome, and he was always a welcome visitor to me as he came into the office with a precious blue envelope in his grimy hand.

In the hopes and sorrows, the trials and adventures of this boy I have always maintained the most eager interest. Situated as I have been, it has been possible for me to follow with a fair degree of accuracy the events of his life from the time of my coming to Milton up to the present date. These events I have put together, in odd moments, into a little story for which no especial moral or didactic lesson is claimed, but which aspires to be merely a faithful and sympathetic history of one of many a strong, healthy, sturdy character found among the poorer, uneducated classes.

In the big book on the teacher’s desk Scrapper was enrolled as James Archibald Flynn, aged thirteen years, and when he looked in the mirror in the coat room he saw a freckled, red-haired image with a turned-up nose, which was usually turned up farther still in a good-natured grin. For Scrapper, despite his pugilistic aspirations and a certain unfortunate faculty of always being in trouble, was good enough at heart. He never told a lie to shield himself from punishment, and as for “squealing” Scrapper would have spurned the insinuation, and probably have thrashed the insinuator. In his lessons Scrapper was fair; good in arithmetic, middling in spelling, geography and the rest.

Mrs. Flynn, the mother of Archibald,

supported Mr. Flynn and the six little Flynn's by washing and managed to keep the children at school. What Mr. Flynn did, outside of drinking heavily, no one was ever able to discover. When the news was brought one morning that, in a spree the night before, he had gotten in the way of a shifting train, no one was especially surprised or particularly sorry except the mother of Scrapper. It happened that on the very morning of the news of the death of Scrapper's father Scrapper was expelled from school for fighting. Just how it started is not certain; the important fact is that James Archibald Flynn went to the Grammar School no longer. He declared firmly, "The old man is dead, an' it's me duty to support the family."

So Scrapper began work as delivery boy in the grocery on the corner. His wages were \$1.50 a week, and his duties were to sweep out the store in the morning, to deliver orders and help wait on customers during spare moments.

Young Flynn, one day, confided to me that he found no fault with the work, but that the son of the grocer was a great trial. At the end of two weeks he said to his employer:

"If that precious kid of your'n don't restrain hisself, I'll be under the painful necessity of lickin' him."

It happened several days later, when the grocer's son poured a handful of beans down James Archibald's neck as he was measuring out molasses in the cellar. The son was a trifle larger than Scrapper, but after that little, red-headed, freckle-faced, pocket edition of a world's champion got through with him, there was nothing left for him to do but pick himself up and report his mournful tale, and nothing left for Scrapper to do but to take his cap down from the peg over the sugar barrel and depart.

After that, James Archibald Flynn got a job in the silk mill across the river. He didn't like the work at all and spoiled so much silk that his pay at the end of a month did not amount to much. Scrapper swore that he would leave, but he didn't. Diagonally across from him there worked a girl, a very pretty, black-eyed girl of the name of Katie Reilly. Sometimes, by chance, she would glance over at young Flynn and smile, and when she

did that Scrapper always spoiled a great deal of silk. At the noon hour, as soon as the whistle blew, James Archibald would seize his dinner basket and carelessly saunter to the diagonally-opposite machine. Then Katie, who was something of a coquette, would generally invite him to sit down, an invitation which he never refused. Scrapper would generously offer Katie the large portion of the molasses cake which his mother daily placed in the corner of his basket, and Katie invariably accepted.

Young Flynn was too much occupied to notice what was going on around him, else he would have seen the black looks cast at him by the boy who worked on the machine at his left. It seems that, before Scrapper came to the silk mill, Tommy Lane had been the favored one with the charming Katie; but since the advent of James Archibald Flynn he had been forced to see another share his dinner basket with the manipulator of the neighboring machine. One day, when he saw his rival and Katie sitting on the steps, Tommy Lane became desperate. Walking boldly up to the pair and pretending to pass, he shoved young Flynn's arm so that the contents of the pie were deposited over his rival's face. Katie laughed aloud and Scrapper's arm shot out. But Tommy blocked the blow and stood before them with fists drawn up.

In an instant Scrapper was at him like a tiger, and the fight between the champion of grammar school and the champion of the second floor of the silk mill was on. Scrapper's savage power began to tell and Tommy, with a badly battered countenance, admitted himself beaten.

It happened that very afternoon that Katie, for some reason, perhaps remorse at having been the cause of so much trouble, was very nervous and was spoiling a great deal of silk. Scrapper noticed the appealing look in her eyes. High overhead was a row of water buckets for use in case of fire, and it was a trick with the workers to conceal their spoiled silk in these buckets, and thus escape the fine. So Scrapper, stopping work, went to the farther end of the room and, returning, came by Katie's machine. She quickly handed him a large ball of silk and then nervously continued her work. The foreman did not see it, but Tommy Lane did.

When the foreman came up and accused Mr. Flynn of hiding spoiled silk, Scrapper made no attempt at denial or defense, but quietly stopped work, put on his cap and left. Scrapper never had actual proof that Tommy Lane told, but the evidence was sufficient for him.

He felt very miserable. To be "fired," with no prospect of seeing Katie any more was awful, and he turned to the river and seriously contemplated, in a moody soliloquy, "throwin' meself in its black waters an' forever leavin' this cruel world." He pondered on how his body would be found, how Katie would weep, how sorry the foreman would be, how all the kids at grammar school would come to the funeral, how everybody would say what a fine boy James Flynn was, and a host of other lugubrious details. Then, feeling very much better, he waited until the six o'clock whistle blew, met Tommy Lane on the steps, whipped him again, and then walked home with Katie.

For two weeks Scrapper was without work. He went swimming every day, helped his mother with the washing and built a dog house in the back yard for a black and white mongrel that persisted in following him around. One day Sam Warren, the messenger boy, came by the house as young Flynn was repairing the fence. "What are you doin'?" asked Sam.

"Fixin' the fence. What do yer think?"

"I mean, are you workin'?" Sam explained.

"Nope. Know of anything?" asked Scrapper, laconically, as he nailed fast a loose railing.

"Yes," said the messenger boy. "We got a job open at the telegraph office for another boy. You get paid two cents for a message, one cent for deadheads, and have off every other Sunday. Come along with me and see the boss."

Scrapper went, and the next day began work as a messenger boy at the railroad station telegraph office, and soon both he and his dog became familiar figures around the station.

James Archibald Flynn was pretty well satisfied. He liked the open air life, and only lamented that Katie could not see him oftener in his new uniform. Still there was no silk to spoil, and, by cultivating the art of "happening" to be in

when the short deliveries were to be made, he managed to get credit for a large majority of the messages that passed through the Milton office.

For the telegraph company young Flynn proved to be a valuable find. The previous incumbents of the position, and Sam Warren as well, could with difficulty be induced to deliver messages to the north end of the town where the foreign element lived. There was a gang of young ruffians in that neighborhood who looked upon messenger boys as their especial prey. Scrapper Flynn changed all that. He put that crowd to rout in exactly sixteen minutes by the watch, delivered his telegram and came back, bleeding but triumphant.

From that time "Charlie," the operator, looked with indulgence upon his shortcomings and turned a respectful but deaf ear to all tales of Scrapper's depredations. Old Schwartz, who ran the lunch counter, complained of the departure of sundry pies and cakes left exposed on the counter, and once he caught James Archibald in the cellar, dining sumptuously on a large plate of raw oysters. Scrapper immediately invited old Schwartz to join him, got a chair for him, and actually wheedled the old man into sitting down and relating stories about the German army. "Dot poy is a gread diblomat; he will once do something wonderful," predicted Schwartz when he was told about it afterward.

And so the months passed by and winter came again. On one particularly cold morning, when young Flynn had been a messenger boy almost a year, a change came about in the office. Sam Warren had left and Scrapper had been doing the work of two for several weeks. When Scrapper entered that morning he heard the operator talking to a well-dressed boy who had his back turned so that Scrapper was unable to see who he was. The boy was saying: "You see, father died and we found ourselves poor. So I have got to stop school and go to work. I saw your sign 'Boy Wanted' and came right in."

Scrapper recognized the voice at once. It was young Ralph Farnum, the son of the judge who lived on the hill. Scrapper had taken messages to the handsome

home on Linden avenue many a time and, of course, knew Ralph.

"Hullo, Farnum," said young Flynn.

"Hullo, Scrapper," responded the new boy.

"You know him, then," said Charlie, the boss.

"Sure," answered Scrapper. "Me muther does their washin'."

And that was all that there was to it. The operator remarked to the baggage-master that they seemed to take to each other right away. A few minutes later young Flynn was explaining the duties of the position with a painstaking condescension so foreign to that red-headed young gentleman that it was wonderful to behold. By some mysterious means Ralph had managed to leap at once into the good graces of the fiery champion of grammar school, of the third floor silk mills, and of the north end gang. Perhaps the frank admiration of Ralph for Scrapper and Scrapper's prowess and Scrapper's dog had something to do with it, for the champion was very human and enjoyed applause. Or it may have been a discerning appreciation of Ralph's own worth and possibilities that led Scrapper to display such an unwonted preference for the new messenger boy. Certain it is that Scrapper made Sport perform his entire repertoire of tricks for Ralph's especial benefit, which was a sign of extreme regard, and even promised to instruct the new boy in the art of boxing, which was the highest favor conferable.

And how had it come that the son of the most influential citizen of Milton, whose financial standing had never been questioned, that Judge Farnum's boy should now be working for a meager existence with the son of the washwoman?

About the time when Ralph Farnum was in his third term at the L— Academy, and James Archibald Flynn was winning his way to the championship of the grammar school, there took place a transaction that resulted disastrously for Judge Farnum. The board of a large manufacturing company had elected him as president, and had induced the judge to invest a large amount of money in the concern, which was declared insolvent a short time before his death, a year and a half later. The estate of the judge was found to be heavily mortgaged, and, as

there was no life insurance, the widow and only son were left practically penniless.

So it was that Ralph Farnum and James Archibald Flynn were working side by side, suiting each other remarkably well. They were of the same age, but since Ralph was admittedly ignorant of the ways of the world, young Flynn assumed a kind of guardianship over him. Of the pupil's education the first steps were instruction in boxing. It was a proud day for him when Scrapper pronounced him proficient enough to deliver messages to the north end of the town. The operator avers that, when he returned from his trial with the gang, Ralph carried himself with an air that was an exact copy of the champion's victorious swagger.

Confidential advice was imparted to the new boy concerning treatment of customers. Scrapper would say: "If they are decent sort of people, and cough up once in a while, and hand out something satisfactory at New Year, treat 'em right. If they ain't, don't get heart disease in the hurry to answer their calls."

Nor was Ralph's education confined to business affairs alone.

"Farnum," said Scrapper one day, "got a girl?"

"Nope," answered Ralph. "She moved away."

"Well," began James Archibald Flynn, "take a few words of advice concernin' the female sex from me, what's old enough to be yer grandad. Alwus tell 'em they're pretty. They like to hear it, whether they believe it or not. Never let 'em think yer too anxious. As me friend, the celerbrated pherlosopher Spikenitz says (Scrapper often quoted Spikenitz), 'if yer don't run after the wimen, the wimen'll run after you.' And, finally, me boy, alwus share yer molasses cake with 'em."

After which Scrapper became meditative, gazed dreamily out the window and sighed softly to himself.

And now, as the historian of the adventures of James Archibald Flynn, I come to the event that formed so important an epoch in his life. The operator at Milton returned to his home at C— every night, after work, on the 9.05 local. It was the habit of Ralph and Scrapper

to remain frequently in the telegraph office, after the boss had gone, for the purpose of reading.

The evening of January the thirty-first was marked from any other winter evening by the unusual cold. The wind moaned and howled up and down the tracks, drowning mournful chants over the telegraph wires and rattling the shutters of the office in vain attempts to get in.

Inside the telegraph office at the station all was cheery and warm. The clicking of the instruments, so busy throughout the day, was hushed, and everything was quiet. James Archibald was deep in the pages of Old and Young King Brady and the Duke's Diamonds. Ralph, across the room, was following the adventures of Fergus Drummond in one of Henty's books.

It was just ten minutes of eleven when Ralph, coming to the end of Chapter Ten, placed a message blank between the pages and closed the book with a snap. "Say, Scrapper," he drawled at length, "what would you do if you and your ladylove were captured by bandits in a great forest, and your hands were tied with thick ropes and so were your ladylove's?—and if there was no help near and the guards were keeping watch all the time and the bandits were going to kill you both in the morning?—how *would* you escape?"

"Well," answered James Archibald, after a little thought, "I would pretend to sleep, an' when the guys weren't lookin' I'd chew the ropes with me teeth. Then I'd take a knife what would be hid in me hip pocket an' cut me ladylove's ropes. Then I'd biff a couple of the guards, swipe their pistols and flee to the horses what would be tied to the trees. Then we would gallop away from de pursuers an' ride to a church where me and Kat—I mean my ladylove—would be married by the old priest. Ask me a hard one."

Ralph was apparently satisfied with Scrapper's disposal of the bandits, for he said, "You'll do." Then he added, "It's about time for me to be going home to bed. Say, don't that wind sound awful? Makes me feel creepy. Here, Sport—why, what's the matter with Sport?"

The dog certainly was acting queerly. He sniffed around with a suspicious air, and at last uttered a low growl. "What's

the trouble, boy?" said Scrapper, rubbing him in the neck. "What yer growlin' at? Shall we go home, pup?"

Just then there came at the window a dull noise as of some one prying at the shutters. "What's that?" whispered Ralph. Sport growled again.

"Keep quiet, pup," said Scrapper in a low voice. "Farnum, outhen the light an' crawl under the desk."

The room was dark save for the red glow of the little stove in the corner which cast weird shadows on the wall. Then suddenly the shutters gave way with a snap, and some one began working at the slender iron grating that came next. This soon yielded and Scrapper saw a dark figure prying at the window. Suddenly this was raised and a low chuckle came from the darkness. The boys had forgotten to lock the windows.

The dark figure at the window whistled to some one outside and prepared to enter the office. Ralph, under the desk at the left of the window, was seized with an impulse to cry out, but either because of fright, or respect for the plans of James Archibald, standing in the shadow opposite, remained quiet. Scrapper, with his hand on the dog's nose, stood as motionless as the desk itself. The dark figure had now entered the room. For a moment it stopped, then turned to the window. At the same instant a small, noiseless shadow glided across the office. Suddenly there was a thud. Scrapper had placed an uppercut on the burglar's jaw just below the ear. The man reeled.

While Scrapper and Sport stood guard over the fallen man, Ralph, at the call of Scrapper, crept forward and lighted the gas. A wonderful scene was revealed. A repulsive-looking ruffian, from whose head flowed a tiny stream of blood, lay unconscious on the floor; crouched over him, with his knee on his chest, was a red-headed young gentleman, a trifle pale but grinning triumphantly; at his side a dog, growling and showing his teeth.

"Say, Ralph, this is better'n Old King Brady." Then, assuming his most important manner, James Archibald said: "Me worthy feller-detective, have yer any plan fer the disposal of this base willain what has attempted to crack a poor, in-nercent safe?"

"Telephone for the police," suggested Ralph.

"Swell idear," assented James Archibald. "Will yer kindly take a turn at keepin' the pup from spoilin' our visitor's good looks, while I interview me friend, the chief?"

* * * * *

"Yer jest in time, Mister Chief, jest in time to see the patient sleepin' peaceful. He's had his medicine, an' is doin' well."

And that is how it came about that "Plugger" Martin, known to the police under a dozen different aliases, wanted for house-breaking at New York, and for safe-cracking at Pittsburg, and upon whose head was a five hundred-dollar reward, was captured. "Plugger" Martin was actually caught and the big reward went to the youthful captors. The newspapers gave glowing accounts of the deed, embellished with cuts of Scrapper, Ralph, the dog Sport and the Milton telegraph office.

And that is all that there is to the story, except for the conversation that took place in the magnificent home of the president of the W—C— Telegraph Company one evening not long after.

"Laura," said the president to his wife,

after dinner, "do you remember Judge Farnum who lost his money in a certain manufacturing concern in which your husband was interested several years ago? His wife nodded assent. "Well," he continued, "you read in the newspapers about those two youngsters who captured a burglar trying to rob the safe in our Milton office. One of those boys is Judge Farnum's son, and I feel that we owe it to the father, for he bought that stock on my advice, to put his boy through college. The Farnums were all great lawyers, and this boy, it seems, has the same stuff in him."

"And what about the other one?" asked the president's wife; "can we not do something for him?"

"I have been thinking," said the president, "that several years at school would put him in line for something in one of the company's offices. The lad possesses a sterling character in the rough; he has the qualities of a great commander in him and with a course in polishing up he seems to promise a valuable find for the company."

"Good!" said his wife. "I like him so much. He seems so original—even in name. They call him 'Scrapper Flynn.'"

STRONG FRENCH CANADIANS

French-Canadians seem to hold their own as a stock of sturdy people. There are remarkable numbers of strong men that have been produced in recent years, and some of their feats of strength have been phenomenal, gaining for them wide celebrity. Probably the most notable among them is Louis Cyr, a French-Canadian living in Montreal, who now, at the age of thirty-seven, has retired from active life, relinquishing his title of champion of the world, which he held for many years, to Horace Barre, another French-Canadian. Among Cyr's most remarkable feats were raising $273\frac{1}{4}$ pounds slowly above his head with a single hand, and raising a bar-bell weighing 347 pounds with his two hands above his head without touching his body; placing a bar-bell filled with water, weighing 433 pounds,

on his shoulders without using his knees or his right hand; raising from the ground with a single finger 551 pounds. His most extraordinary feat was to raise on his back the enormous weight of 3,665 pounds. Cyr is still well preserved in body and strength.

Horace Barre, who has taken the title of champion strong man, is only twenty years old. One of his feats is to raise in each hand, at arm's length, 240 pounds. Besides Cyr and Barre, there are many other French-Canadians who have displayed great strength. Pierre Simard, one of them, has a son who is only five years old and weighs 35 pounds; but he can lift three times his own weight. With two hands he can lift 155 pounds, and with one hand he raises 90 pounds.

THE SPLASH OF BLOOD-RED COLOR ON THE STAIR!

THE STORY OF A SUFFERING SOUL WHO TRIED TO BE TRUE TO MAN-MADE "MARRIAGE VOWS"

By Adeline Champney

MARY DREW stood at the foot of the stairs in her pretty new house to bid the wedding guests good-night. In her pretty white gown against the green of the stair carpet she looked like some fair lily in a green garden plot. Such a tiny, frail little bride she was, and so young and girlish, that her mother, kissing her good-night, was moved to put her arm about her and whisper in her ears words that were meant for encouragement, but which frightened the little creature.

Her husband was already putting out the gas in the empty rooms, and she ran upstairs to her chamber, trembling. As his eager step sounded on the stairs a crimson flush mounted to her very hair and swept her neck and bosom. Since her early childhood she had never disrobed under the eyes of another, not even her mother, and this man's entrance into her room seemed an intrusion. She had taken off the wedding gown and was brushing her dark hair. Her back was toward the door, but she stole a timid look at his image in the mirror—her tall and stalwart lover!

He came swiftly to her and caught her in his arms. "Mine!" he cried. "Mine, at last!" She had often wondered in her girlish heart at the strength of this man's love for her. It made her feel humble and grateful, as for something beyond her merit. But to-night his clasp was almost fierce; she could feel his heart beating madly and his breath came hot and fast. Her mother's strange words burned through her consciousness.

"Be a sensible girl and don't make a fuss. We all have to come to it, and the quicker the easier for you. Don't be foolish and he will be good to you.

He's your husband now, and you owe it to him."

"Owe him"—*what?* A sense of coming danger made her weak and sick, and she stood trembling in his arms.

* * * * *

As Mary Drew crept wearily down the stairs the morning sun was throwing on the green carpet grotesque splashes of blood-red, orange and purple from the stained windows. As she stepped into the pool of color she shuddered as at something unseemly; then, as the fantastic light climbed her form and flooded her face she had a curious half-wish that she might sink into it and die. All through her after life that splash of color on the stair seemed to her to typify her marriage, distorting the whiteness of love to an unseemly and hideous blot.

She was listlessly setting her house in order when her mother bustled in. Eustace had gone to the office.

"Do drop that look of tragic woe, Mary," were his parting words. "Do you want people to think I've been abusing you?"

Mary's eyes opened wide at what seemed to her making light of a simple fact. He laughed gently and kissed her cold lips tenderly.

With her mother came a ray of hope, but it was promptly quenched.

"Mother, I want to go home! I—can't —" sobs finished the sentence.

"What? Leave your husband? Nonsense! What would people think? There, child! You're nervous and unstrung. Lie down here while I make you a cup of tea."

"Mother, mother!" moaned the little wife. "Why didn't you tell me? How

could you let me? Oh, mother! I thought he loved me!"

Mary's mother set her lips with that firmness in dealing with her children which her friends had always admired.

"Mary Drew, listen to me! Of course he loves you. Look at this beautiful home he has built and furnished for you. Look at those lovely pearls he gave you. You've got a smart man, and a handsome man. Any girl ought to be proud of such a husband. Mary, you're behaving like a little fool!"

A trace of motherly tenderness crept into her voice as she looked at the white face with dark rings under the eyes.

"There, child! Don't take it so hard; it's not so bad when you get used to it."

Eustace had used the same words. She had suffered a shameful, cruel outrage, and every one said: "You'll get used to it!"

Mary Drew got used to it. At least she ceased to sob about it. She learned to restrain her impulse to scream and to flee. She learned to control the unseemly spirit that prompted her to flight like a tiger in self-defense. She learned to go upstairs at night as a matter of course, without stopping to look at the clock and count the hours till she could come down again. She learned to apply with skill a little powder and paint, and to laugh and chat gayly as becomed a fortunate young wife. She learned to say "My husband" without an inward shudder. Yes, Mary Drew got used to it.

One day Mary Drew became a mother. Science saved her life and her child while she lay unconscious. Her husband was away on business. When he came home he was relieved to find the ordeal over. His face lighted up when they told him it was a son, and he was really tender for days at thought of how nearly he had lost her.

With her babe in her arms Mary Drew was happy, but the first time she carried him downstairs herself the vari-colored light fell upon him, and she shuddered and nearly fell. It seemed to her the child had been baptized in her own shame. Long she sat silent in a low rocker, with the babe in her arms, the slow tears coursing down her white face, but that was because she was not yet strong. And Mary Drew got used to that also.

The child grew tall and handsome, like his father, but he was delicate, peevish and wilful. His puny infancy gave Mary Drew her one happiness, for he needed her constant care and all her starved tenderness found full scope. As he grew older she tasted the very martyrdom of motherhood. That is not found in the agony of childbirth; it is found in the years of love and service without response, without appreciation. It is found in the utter giving of one's self to be at last valued only as a thing of use. It is found in fixing one's hopes, one's ideals, one's very soul on the soul of one's child to be utterly disappointed at last, to see him growing into a man one cannot admire, cannot be proud of. That is the martyrdom of motherhood. Mary Drew found it.

At last her son was fairly in the world, and Mary Drew was cooking the dinners and dusting the house, and wondering how she had failed in training her child; wondering if a wiser woman could have gained his confidence, could have made a friend of her wayward boy.

It was a silent household. Father and son were nothing to each other. Absorbed in business cares that did not always run smoothly, Eustace broke his reserve by rare intervals of gaiety that were followed always by passionate demands. Mary learned to prefer the silence. People now said of her: "She must have been pretty once. What a sweet face she has!" She wore the rich fabrics her husband bought for her with a simple grace, and glided about the house, a placid-faced shadow. Yet she was but five-and-forty; old age had not called her yet, and in her loneliness her own soul called her. In books, in the woman's club, in the few diversions allowed her she tried to find the life she had missed. Her husband guarded her jealously and was displeased if she left the house without him. But a new tenacity, under her outward placidity, surprised even herself. It was the thwarted and starved selfhood making a last struggle for life.

There came a business crisis wherein Mary Drew found herself involved. All her husband's property was, by due process, placed in her name. She wondered at this, in her ignorance, but when she found it was to avoid the payment of

a just debt something snapped. She knew the man. Her husband had used him, and now wished to drop him. It meant ruin to him. Hitherto she had respected her husband in all his public affairs, outside his own family. She had believed him a man of business integrity and talent. Now, in the few words that passed among the three, father, mother and son, she discovered him capable of anything treacherous and unfair.

As she went upstairs that night she was fighting with herself, with something in her that rebelled, that refused to go to his bed, to lie beside a man she despised. The battle was almost won, but at an impatient call from her husband she went to him. That night, for the first time, she found him palpably under the influence of liquor. His moral nature was breaking up, leaving but a ruin of himself.

Next day she sat a long time on the stairs, in her coat and bonnet, then she went to a lawyer. There was a little money settled on her in her own right by her father. Before night the debt her husband was trying to avoid was paid, and she was fifty miles away, in the home of a relative, whence she wrote to her husband. She offered to return to his home, if he wished it, but upon conditions. She would have a room of her own and absolute freedom from intrusion, and she would be paid proper wages for her services as a housekeeper, and nothing more. Once freed from bondage she gave rein to her long pent-up revolt. She reproached him bitterly for the past, and she would accept no compromise for the future. When the letter had gone on its mission Mary Drew broke down and wept. She waited, trembling. The answer came in the person of her son. To reproaches she was deaf. To all reminders of her duty and of public opinion she was adamant. Then he stooped to entreaty.

"You know what father is. You are the only one who can keep him decent. Without you he will go to pieces. Do you want him to disgrace me? Do you want to ruin your own son?"

He spoke of the girl he loved. If his mother persisted in her insane course he could not ask her to marry him; he could

not take her to a disgraced and deserted home. Then, indeed, Mary Drew's heart sank. She looked the future steadily in the face. She saw the old conditions made yet more intolerable by her abortive attempt to free herself; she saw herself holding her husband to a semblance of honor, herself in bondage worse than death. She saw her son happy with a wife; she saw her daughter-in-law, and Mary Drew went back again. The crisis was past, and she had lost—herself. And Mary Drew got used to that.

She took up the old life and moved placidly about her house. The liquor habit grew on Eustace. Soon she was standing between him and the bottle, keeping him from it when possible—sheltering him from open disgrace, hiding his weakness from her son so far as she could. And in this one respect her husband feared her, and she came to have a power over him. Old age was calling her now, and the call was welcome, only she must not grow old before Eustace did. She must take care of him.

One day a sunbeam entered the house. It was the beautiful girl who was soon to be her daughter. From her heart Mary Drew loved her, and life grew suddenly fair and sweet. Then, one night, coming down the stairs with her light footfall, she unwittingly came upon the lovers. She saw her son's face as he held the girl to his breast; she saw his eyes suffused with passion, she saw the girl shrink and tremble—and she knew it was not the tremor of responsive love, but the white quiver of fear. Then Mary Drew remembered her own love and her own marriage, and her heart yearned over this maiden. Long she doubted and feared, but one day she took Elise by the hand and led her up the stairs.

"This is to be your bridal chamber," said Mary Drew. "My dear, do you know the meaning of marriage?"

The girl flushed a little. "I know they call it a lottery," she said, smiling.

The elder woman flushed, too, but unflinchingly she told the girl as she would have told her own daughter, as no one had ever told her. Then—

"Elise," she said, "unless you feel toward Louis as he feels toward you, unless you desire him as he desires you—oh! my

dear, for the sake of your own honor, for the sake of your woman's soul—for your very love's sake—you must not marry him!"

The girl was trembling. "I have promised!" she faltered.

"Yes, dear, you have promised, and you love him. I, too, loved my husband." Then, for sweet sympathy's sake, this little woman who had lived her life without complaint, laid bare to the weeping girl her own sorrow, her own shame.

"Do you love him enough for that? I do not know what Louis will be as a husband, but he is very like his father—too like his father! Oh, my dear, I want you for a daughter; you cannot know how I long for a daughter, but I cannot see you sacrificed all unknowing."

The storm burst in all its fury when Louis came to his mother.

"Mother! What have you done? Is it possible that you have paid off an old grudge against my father by driving my wife from me? You have been talking false and revolutionary ideas into the head of a young, innocent girl! Is it possible, mother, that you have tried to corrupt her mind with your violent ideas?"

The little mother bowed her head to the storm.

"Louis, I love her too well to see her made a victim, as I was; but she loves you—I know she loves you—and if you will try to understand her, to control yourself to be considerate and tender with her—"

"I do not want to listen to your preaching! You have caused a chasm to spring up between me and a wife! You would condemn a man to spend his whole life with public women! I'm tired of it, I tell you. I want to settle down and live decent. If she loves me, by —! she shall marry me in spite of your interference!"

Mary Drew wondered that she had ever before thought her life miserable. When her husband came in he was gay, and he stooped and kissed her with liquor-tainted breath. His talk was all of some new business trick, but she did not shudder, she did not recoil, and she went with him to their room in her usual placid way, for her soul was not with her. Her soul

was standing on the stairs holding a tiny infant over whom fell the unseemly splash of blood-red and orange and purple. And her soul was saying over and over: "I baptize thee in my own shame, and of my own degradation thou shalt be a part."

They found her there next day, on the stairs. The nurse who undressed her cried: "Poor little thing! There's nothing to her!"

Nothing but a soul, a soul that suffered. Only the nurse heard the cry of her suffering as she lay in delirium, and the nurse was a wise woman who had gotten used to the sufferings of wives and mothers, for she had nursed twenty years of them. After days there came a sudden stillness. The flame was nearly burned out. She opened her eyes.

"Am I dying?" Mary whispered. "Yes!" answered the wise woman, and Mary Drew smiled.

So she lay smiling, so frail the smile seemed all there was left of her, the placid smile in a white casket in the alcove under the stairs, while the gossips came to look at her.

Eustace Drew sat by her side with bowed head. He was lost. He could not live without her. She was gone.

He suffered, and the look he bent on his dead wife was the fierce look of one whose own has been wrenched from him. Freedom had wooed her for a day, but his own grasp had been the stronger. But now Death had snatched her from him, and he sat hating his rival.

So she lay with the tranquil smile still upon her face, and the minister preached of the virtuous woman whose price is above rubies.

Mary Drew lay smiling, asleep with the sleep of the dead, at the foot of the stairs and the splash of color falling on her face and form. It is said that "the dead know not anything." Oh, Mary Drew! One of the many women of our land! an everyday martyr to an innocence that is ignorance, and an education that has made woman yield her noblest self and her noblest instinct to the man-made law of marital obedience.

HOW A COLLEGE ATHLETE WON HIS TUITION AND THE WAY TO A WOMAN'S HEART

By William Heyliger

IN the annals of college history the athletic committee of '84 stands out by itself, unique and conspicuous. Clarke, '85, its chairman, came of grim, intensely practical New England stock, and, true to his traditions, he ruled it with a hand of iron. He had been put there, he claimed, to run the different teams at profit, and, scowling ominously, he likewise declared he would do it. Hence, even to this day, the undergraduate body points with pride to the economical record of that particular committee, and sighs for the days that are no more. But, all unknown to them, underneath that year of money stringency lies a story that, were it made public, would effectively shake the confidences of a dozen years in close-fisted, unsentimental Clarke.

If you remember rightly, '84 was the year the track team won the national quintuple meet. In the games of the preceding spring Burke, the hundred-yard runner, had wrenched his ankle, and when he came down in September to matriculate was in no condition to run; and as Burke was one of two men going through college on the strength of their athletic abilities, this was, to him, a very serious matter.

At the first meeting of the athletic committee his case came up for settlement.

"I have been speaking to Burke," began Dollingswood.

"Yes," said Clarke, sweetly. "What did he have to say?"

"He wanted to know did we intend to stand for his tuition this year."

"Is he in condition to run?"

Dollingswood hesitated.

"Well, no," he said at last; "that is, not just yet. But, you see, with careful, proper training, and——"

"And what?" demanded Clarke, suddenly. "Does he think I'm running a hospital? Why didn't he show up in condition? Why didn't he, eh?"

When Clarke spoke in that tone timid men usually grew strangely silent. At present the committee drew a deep breath, stared anxiously at one another, and then drew back into their shells of reticence—all but Dollingswood.

"But the games will not be held until the spring," he argued.

"What of that?" Clarke scowled, and mopped his face with a vivid silk handkerchief. "What of that? If he couldn't get into shape all summer, what reason have we to suppose he will be in proper trim next spring? What reason, eh?"

Dollingswood shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "He'll be in condition, though."

"How do you know?"

"Well, because—because he will be."

It was lame, weak reasoning, and, like the sun bursting through a bank of clouds was Clarke's laugh. Instantly the committee sat up again.

"No," he said, firmly, "if Burke wants to enter this year he'll have to pay his own way. Why, I doubt if we can even put Morris——"

And then, all in a moment, a storm of indignation broke over his head. What? Lose Morris, the holder of the intercollegiate record for the hurdles? Impossible! Of course, economy was a good thing, but when it came to Morris—— The indignant committee settled down for grim, serious argument. For two long hours their talk poured in on the chairman in an unceasing flood, and for two long hours he lounged in his chair and smiled unutterable things up into their excited, inflamed faces. Then, exhausted and baffled, they sank down into their seats again, and, still smiling, Clarke leaned forward in his chair.

"I have listened with patience," he began, "with great patience, gentlemen, to all you have had to say. While your arguments have not changed my plans, I am willing, for the sake of harmony, to

lay the matter over for another week. And now, as there is no further business——"

Dollingswood was on his feet.

"But there is," he cried, sharply. "How about Burke?"

The chairman rose to his feet, and pushed back his chair. The smile had gone from his face.

"Burke!" he growled. "Burke be hanged!"

For a moment the committee stared. Then, coming noisily to their feet, they thronged out of the room, carrying Dollingswood along with them. It was no time or place for a row.

He went along quietly until they reached the campus, and then he shook himself free. Two or three of the crowd surged in between him and the door, but he made no motion to go back.

"I'm waiting for my sister," he said. He seemed to have forgotten there were two such persons as Burke and Clarke. "You see," he explained, "horses are her passion. Last week she added a fiery little Arabian to her stable, and she wants me to meet her here this afternoon and go for a drive. I expect her soon—— Ah!"

They followed his gaze. Coming up the avenue bordering the campus was a stylish turnout, and on the seat, the reins clasped in her gloved hands, was a radiant girl of twenty-one. A circle of students was forming around Dollingswood, and after a while their covert glances dropped from the driver down to the driven. In a moment they were staring in open-eyed wonder.

"Say, but that's a wicked-looking brute," whispered an awed voice. "I wouldn't want to drive him, would you, Burke?"

A clean-cut, well-built young man on the outskirts of the crowd murmured a vague reply. Dollingswood was preparing to enter the carriage, and with a word of caution his sister passed him the reins. Then, as he swung in, his foot jolted the horse's flank, and almost before the watchers knew what had happened, Dollingswood was lying prone in the gutter, the lines were trailing on the ground, and the horse, the bit in his teeth, was uncertainly pawing the ground.

Only for a moment did the animal stand

there; then, conscious of its freedom, started up the avenue on a mad gallop. But in that one moment a figure had burst through the crowd, and with the quickness of thought had taken up the pursuit in the long, swinging strides of the track athlete.

"It's Burke!" cried a voice.

The runner had often done his two hundred and twenty yards in twenty-four seconds, and as he ran on, forgetful of his ankle, he had little fear of the result. For the first few yards he trailed the carriage, gathering his strength for one supreme effort; then, dashing forward with a magnificent burst of speed, he shot up to the horse's head, and reaching out his hand, he caught the bridle near the bit, and threw his weight on the animal's jaws.

The shock threw him from his feet. For a moment he saw the white, scared face of the girl staring down at him, and the sight sent renewed power to his muscles. Now being dragged, now slipping, he swayed to his feet again, and throwing out his free hand he caught the horse's mane. It was to be his final effort; if he failed—— With his fingers feeling for a firmer hold, he vaulted into the air, turned and like a man befuddled with drink, dropped down heavily on the animal's back.

It was a new experience, and in amazement the horse stopped short. In a moment a score of willing helpers had caught the animal's head, and sliding to the ground, Burke turned unsteadily, and went toward the carriage. Miss Dollingswood was just getting out.

"Oh! she began, hurriedly, in a voice that trembled, "how can I thank you? It was very, very brave, and——"

"It was nothing," he stammered. His face was covered with a deep flush. He wished the crowd would go away.

"Oh, but it was," she insisted warmly. "Are you a college man?"

"Yes, James Burke, '86."

"Of the track team?"

"Yes," he answered, respectfully, with a smile.

"I thought so." She also was smiling, and now he was sure she was the radiant girl she had seemed to him before. "I thought it was you, because——because I've seen you run, you know."

Their eyes met. She was still smiling.

So, back to the campus they went in a small, triumphal march, to meet Dollingswood, battered, dazed, but grateful. In the midst of the excitement Clarke appeared on the scene.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Several of the irate committee were there. With ill-concealed enjoyment they told him.

That night, while on the campus, Clarke was approached by one of the faculty.

"I am glad the committee decided to put Burke through," said the professor. "I heard some adverse talk this afternoon, but I am pleased to find it was entirely without foundation. He is an excellent student, and— Why, Mr. Clarke, what is the matter?"

But the chairman, though astonished and mystified, was not answering questions just then.

"You say we have put Burke through?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"Then the money is already paid?"

"Yes."

"By check?"

"No," answered the professor, "it was paid in cash. You see, Mr. Dollingswood—"

A sudden light broke in on Clarke. "Yes," he said, absently, "I guess you are right. I forgot."

For a long time after the professor left him he stood without moving, staring into the darkness, planning and thinking. Then, with a shake of his head, he turned abruptly, and set off across the campus at a rapid walk.

Coming out on the avenue, he went directly to a house facing the college grounds. He paused at the entrance, as though considering, and for a moment stood there in deep thought. Then, with

a final, decisive shake of his head, he entered, and, climbing a flight of uneven stairs, knocked at the first door to his right.

"Come in," called a voice.

He pushed open the door. Morris, in his shirt sleeves, was standing in the center of a badly disordered room, packing his belongings into a trunk.

"Where are you going?" cried Clarke.

Morris sat down on the edge of the trunk. "Home," he said, sullenly.

"Why?"

"Well, from what I hear, the committee will only put one man through at the most, and, of course, after what Burke did this afternoon—" He broke off short, and coming to his feet began to pack.

"Well, what of Burke?" demanded Clarke.

"He'll stay, of course."

"And you?"

Morris' hands were trembling, and without raising his head he went on with his work. For a while Clarke watched him from the doorway. It was very amusing, and at last, with a great, hearty laugh, the chairman strode into the room. Pushing the athlete aside as though he was a feather, he tipped the trunk and scattered its contents over the floor.

"Pick them up," he said, "and put them where they belong. Man, we are going to keep both you and Burke, and you can thank Dollingswood—but no, you better not. He probably wouldn't know what you meant."

The track team won the national quintuple meet that year, and the men to whom the honors belonged were Morris and Burke. And then, again, Burke and Miss Dollingswood—but that cannot be made public. It has not been announced yet.

Teaching Morality as Important in Schools as Teaching Patriotism

A bill has been introduced in the New York Legislature to promote the teaching of morality in the public schools. The bill requires that after the end of the year the scholars are to be examined as thoroughly on the subject of morality as they are now on less important studies.

One Positively Refused to Take Any Medicine and Beef Tea

Doctor—How many death certificates do you require in this ward?

Nurse—Four.

Doctor—Why, I prescribed medicine and beef tea for five.

Nurse—Yes, but one positively refused to take any.

HOW TO MAKE A HOME ROWING MACHINE

By *H. A. Kaufman*

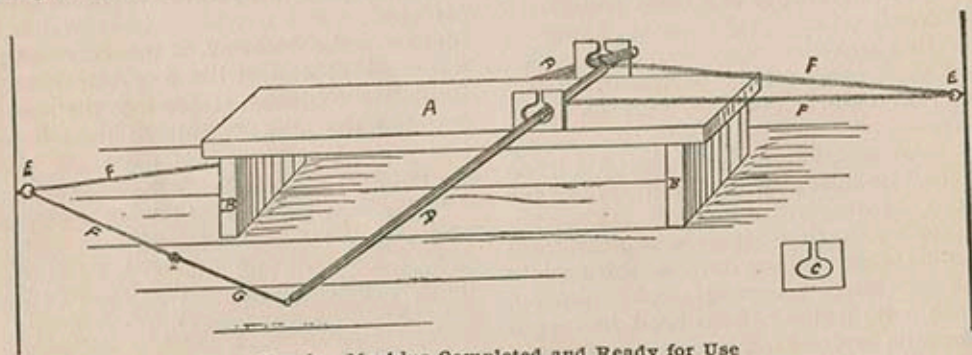
IT is not possible for every boy to buy the expensive apparatus sold in the stores, but, with some good wood, a few nails and screws, tools, and a few other inexpensive things, he can make for himself a well-fitted "gym." One of the best exercises is to be had with the rowing machine, and here is the way to make one:

Select a board about three feet long and a foot wide. From a board of the same width saw off two sections one foot long and nail one to each end of the main

the machine in the center with the front and back opposite two fences. In a room use walls instead of fences.

Now take two loop screws; place one in the fence facing the machine and one in the fence at the rear of the machine. Be sure and get these as near the center as is possible.

To the screw facing the stern of the machine slip a rope through the screw and fasten each end of the rope to the handles of the oars, just before they touch the rowlocks.



Rowing Machine Completed and Ready for Use

A. Board about 3 ft. long; 1 ft. wide.

B. Two sections, 1 ft. long, to form two legs.

C. Rowlocks.

D. Oars. Can be made from two broomsticks.

E. Two loop screws.

F. Rope.

G. Pieces of elastic.

board in such manner as to form two legs.

We have now to make the rowlocks. Select two strips of soft wood of about six inches in height and of about the same width. Saw a loop in each as shown in illustration and nail these to either side of the board—and now our "boat" is made.

The oars may be made from two broomsticks. To the further end of the "oars" fasten two loop screws. If these cannot be had, use ordinary screws. If this is to be used in the back yard, place

Next, take two pieces of elastic as long as you can get. Be sure each is of the same length. Fasten one end to the screws at the end of the oars and to the screw in the fence facing the front of the machine. Slip a rope long enough to reach from the cables (with the oars back) to the fence. Tie either end of this rope to the end of the cables and the machine is finished.

When rowing, sit on the board facing the back part of the machine, catch hold of the oars and pull them toward you.

THE "PATENT MEDICINE" CURSE

ENSLAVING INNOCENT WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE ALCOHOLIC
CLUTCH AND PLANTING THE SEED OF THE FUTURE
DRUNKARD IN AMERICAN HOMES

In the Ladies' Home Journal, Edward Bok, the editor, has taken up the cudgel against the Patent Medicine Serpent that is creeping insidiously into the best homes of our land and causing misery, disease and degradation. Extracts from the editorial, following closely in the steps of Physical Culture, are printed herewith.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

EVERY year, particularly in the springtime, tens of thousands of bottles of patent medicines are used throughout the country by persons who are in absolute ignorance of what they are swallowing. They feel 'sluggish' after the all-winter indoor confinement; they feel that their systems need a 'toning up,' or a 'blood purifier.' Their eye catches some advertisement in a newspaper, or on a fence, or on the side of a barn, and from the cleverly-worded descriptions of symptoms they are convinced that this man's 'bitters,' or that man's 'sarsaparilla,' or that 'doctor's' (!) 'vegetable compound,' or So-and-so's 'pills' is exactly the thing they need as a tonic.

"They pour into their mouths and into their systems a quantity of unknown drugs which have in them percentages of alcohol, cocaine and opium that are absolutely alarming. A mother who would hold up her hands in holy horror at the thought of her child drinking a glass of beer, which contains from two to five per cent. of alcohol, gives to that child with her own hands a patent medicine that contains from seventeen to forty-four per cent. of alcohol—to say nothing of opium and cocaine! I have seen a temperance woman, who raged at the thought of whiskey, take bottle after bottle of some 'bitters,' which contained five times as much alcohol—and compared to which sherry, port, claret and champagne were as harmless as the pink lemonade at Sunday school picnics.

"Fancy, for a moment, the state of ignorance of one young wife who was expecting her first baby. She was suffering some of the discomforts incident to this condition when a friend recommended to

her as a sure relief from these discomforts one of the widely-advertised patent medicines.

"In about nine ounces of this vicious patent medicine there are, among other ingredients: Tincture of digitalis, $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid drachm; tincture of opium, $\frac{1}{2}$ fluid drachm; oil of anise, 8 drops; alcohol, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. This would make a preparation containing about seventeen per cent. of alcohol.

"Think for a moment of the effect on the life yet unborn of the mother taking habitually three times a day any portion, however small, of opium, of digitalis, which is a powerful drug, and has a marked effect on the heart, and alcohol! All those who have reared children know the effect which is immediately felt by the child through the mother's milk if she takes comparatively simple remedies. Even if the breasts are rubbed with medicaments, or plastered, as with belladonna plaster, this is absorbed through the skin, and poisons the baby. How much more, then, must it be influenced during the even closed contact of gestation. Can you wonder that the newly-born baby girl is always fretful? It may need its opium, which it has been absorbing through its mother's circulation. Can you wonder that its digestion is out of order, or that, if it survives a weakly childhood, it develops a taste for alcohol? And yet the mother herself has taught this to her own child by taking these useless and harmful medicines. Mothers, too, bowed down with grief in the later years of their lives, when their sons become drunkards, wonder where their sons could have acquired the taste for alcohol when no one in their families ever showed such tendencies be-

fore. Hard as it may sound, the fact remains that thousands of drunkards are being created by the first love for alcohol being roused into being through the use of patent medicines liberally filled with alcohol.

"It is not by any means putting the matter too strongly to say that the patent-medicine habit is one of the gravest curses, with the most dangerous results, that is afflicting our American national life. Sooner or later the people of America must awaken to the fearful dangers that lie in these proprietary preparations. The mothers of our children, in particular, must have their eyes opened to the dangers that lurk in these patent medicines. Here and there a hopeful sign of an awakening is seen. Slowly but surely the best magazines are falling into line in their refusal to accept patent-medicine advertisements of any kind. Not long ago one of the insurance companies made an excellent move by requiring its medical examiner to ask of each subject for insurance, 'What patent medicines have you used during the last five years?' and gradually other insurance companies are realizing the fact that the use of patent medicines is even more injurious than the use of alcoholic liquors. But much still remains; more should be done. Public interest must be more widely aroused.

"Let the officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union look into the advertising columns of the religious papers of the country, and see how their columns fairly reek with the advertisements of these dangerous concoctions. Yet in these

very same so-called religious papers there are official Women's Christian Temperance Union columns setting forth the 'official' news of the organization and its branches. A pretty consistent picture do these two portions of the average religious paper present—advocating with one hand alcoholic prohibition or temperance, and receiving with the other hand money for advertising—and thereby recommending to their readers—preparations filled ten times over with more alcohol than the beer which fills them with so much horror in the editorial columns! There are no papers published that are so flagrantly guilty of admitting to their columns the advertisements not only of alcohol-filled medicines, but preparations and cure-alls of the most flagrantly obscene nature, as the so-called religious papers of this country. Beside me, as I write, lie issues of some twenty different 'religious' weeklies, the advertising columns of which are a positive stench in the nostrils of decent, self-respecting people. Let the Woman's Christian Temperance Union officers counsel its members who subscribe for these papers to compel their publishers to omit these advertisements, and if they refuse, let these people discontinue their patronage of the paper.

"Far better, ladies, that the contents of a bottle of champagne should go into the water, where it will do no one any harm, than that the contents of a bottle of 'patent medicine,' with forty per cent. of alcohol in it, by volume, should be allowed to go into the system of a child and strike at his very soul, planting the seed of a future drunkard!"

PHYSICAL CULTURE CURES HIM AT SEVENTY YEARS OF AGE

To the Editor: I came out of the hospital last December afflicted with asthma, bronchitis, Bright's disease, diabetes, liver complaint, constipation, and paralysis of the throat. These are some of the diseases the doctors said I had, stating that, as there was no help, I had better go home and get ready to die. Although seventy years old, I had no notion of giving up yet. I went home, threw out

several bottles of medicine, opened the window, pulled off my shirt, locked the door, and started in exercising. This I continued every morning. The result is that I can now walk ten miles without a stop. My asthma and bronchitis are gone. My kidneys do not bother me; my bowels are regular. I have no ache or pains. I am strong and well.

Yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. D. D. CHIDESTER.

A CHAMPION ATHLETE TALKS OF TRAINING METHODS

THE HOLDER OF A WORLD'S RECORD TELLS HOW HE TRAINED AND COMPARES ENGLISH WITH AMERICAN ATHLETES

By Arthur A. Duffy

Georgetown University, Holder of World's Record, 100 Yards

THERE are many differences between the English public and the American in the matter of amateur athletics, and, if one looks into the matter, the reason is not hard to find. To begin with, the English as a nation have always manifested an interest in all manner of sports, not particularly such sports as test the individual so much as the more purely personal pleasures of fox-hunting, horse-racing, etc. And from the latter pastime the public, so long accustomed to wagering money, has come to regard a race as a race, whether it be horse or man, amateur or professional, and outside betting on athletic games across the water is almost a general practice.

That this should have a tendency to take sprinting and running out of its proper sphere cannot be doubted, and that it cannot help have a harmful effect, both from an athletic and from a practical view, needs little demonstration. For we, in America, live to the principle that interest

in sport for its own sake is of paramount importance, and anything that works against this principle works against athletic purity.

To be sure, we borrowed our ideas of college athletics from England's universities, but while the majority of the best athletes in America—the men who have made and broken records—have been developed from our colleges and universities, in England we find just the contrary conditions prevailing, and the holders of the English records are not usually the representatives of its great universities, but men developed from athletic clubs and public gymnasiums.

The sporting element, so-called, has little in common with amateur athletics in America,—and the general public is only acquiring its tastes for amateur games. But in England, as I have said, the colleges seem to have a minor part and the public perhaps take a more active, but by no means a more aesthetic interest than the busy population of America.



Arthur Duffy, Georgetown University
Holder of World's Record, 100 yards,
9 3-5 Seconds



Blair, Chicago; Rice, Chicago; Hahn, Michigan; Shick, Harvard
The Start, 100-Yd. Dash, University of Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Meet

I would not say, however, that college athletics in England have degenerated; it is only another evidence of America taking hold of a good thing and improving on it. We are quite aggressive and to the point; England is slow, methodical and long-winded. In a word, we are sprinters, and the English are long-distance runners, and the comparison is as true in fact as it is in fancy.

Why does not England produce faster men for the short distances? I think that one reason lies in the methods of training employed over there. In Amer-

ica, training does not mean hard, exhaustive muscular work, so much as judicious diet, absolute care of the general health, and especially the nervous system, and work suited to the individual needs, instead of iron-bound rules of exercise intended to suit all needs. In England, too much attention is given to the muscular work and too little to these other and more important details, diet and personal habits.

Once I had an idea that I would like to study medicine, so I began to read anatomy and physiology, but before I had



Hahn, Michigan, Starting



Rose, Michigan, Throwing 16-lb. Hammer

mastered all that the books contained I became convinced that medicine was not my forte, and I abandoned it, but not before I had learned some things that were of value to me in training. One of these things was that it is the nervous system and its control over the muscles that counts in sprinting, and not the size nor hardness of a man's muscles. Experiment has proven that moderate use of a muscle increases its nervous force, and makes it respond to the will of its owner with electrical rapidity, while, on the other hand, excessive use has just the opposite effect, and the nervous force is the quicker exhausted from its too great tension.

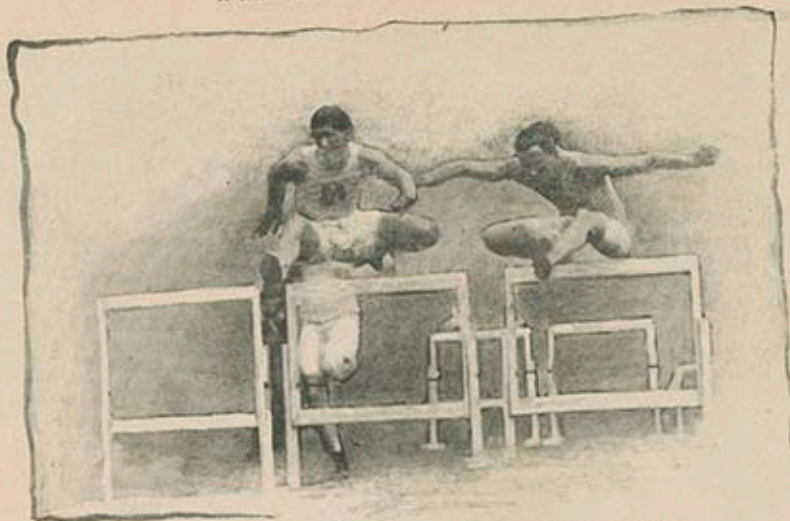
Indigestion, or anything affecting the nervous system, like alcohol or tobacco, will surely have a harmful effect on the response of the muscles. So, I think that one primary fault in the English system is that they consume too much meat. Meat, in proper proportions, is essential, but too much of it may disorder the stomach, cause dyspepsia, and by its undoubted influence on the animal appetite, cause other serious losses of vitality that are particularly injurious to the system.

Wales is a quaint old country, and I met some quaint characters there. One of them was an athlete who rose at five o'clock on the morning of his race in order to train. To be sure, he wasted a lot of time at night, and liked a few pints of wine to digest his supper; so perhaps he tried to atone for that by rising early. He did enough work to lame a horse, and ate meat like a cannibal, but, strange to say, he did not break any records. All of this I learned from his own lips, for he came to me for advice. When I told him to cut down his meat diet to one-half, to give up his pipe and his ale, to do only one-third as much work, and to go to bed at ten and sleep until seven, he looked at me in amazement.

It was what we in America would call a "quit your kidding" expression, and I am afraid that my program took his breath away. He thanked me, however, and walked away, but I doubt if he ever followed my advice. Part of it was



A. Hahn, Michigan, National Championship
A. A. N. Winner 100-Yard Dash, University
of Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Meet



F. W. Schule, Michigan, Winning 120-Yard Hurdle

too hard, and the rest too easy for him. Besides, it upset his cherished tradition, and on the other side tradition is almost as sound as religion.

There are several reasons for the superiority of the English runners in the longer distances, but I am of the opinion that, as a nation, temperament has much to do with it. What the Americans accomplish they accomplish in a hurry. It was a "dash" that won San Juan hill, and the average American is reared in the atmosphere of hurry and bustle. Not so the Englishman. He is in every way the son of his father, and he holds to the principle that hurry begets worry, and that time and perseverance are all that are necessary in order to win success in every walk—or run—of life. And this inherent national trait

counts much in the development of the dogged powers of endurance that are so essential in long-distance running, and which our American runners do not seem to possess in so high a degree as do our English cousins.

Another factor, and one not to be despised, is that our American runners pay much more attention to style in running than do the English. The good American runner is usually the picture of grace when in motion, but there is undoubtedly a loss of energy in keeping this graceful pose through a mile or two-mile race. The English athlete gives very little attention to style in running a distance, and this actually seems to be of advantage to him, for it is mighty poor consolation to be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," and to lose the race as a penalty for your gracefulness.



Maxwell, Chicago, Putting the Shot

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that a big gymnasium and elaborate apparatus are necessary for developing a dash runner. As a matter of fact, the indoor gym has very little to do with the development of any sprinter. The value of pure, fresh air and sunlight cannot be overrated, and there are few runners who do any "out-

door" training who will not tell you that they feel much better when their "outdoor" work begins. Indoor work might develop good quarter-milers, but the sprinter must get the energy that clips off fractions from the ten second mark in the blue sky, the

fresh air and the warm sunlight. The enthusiast who follows up records will bear me out in this, for most good records from the hundred-yard and sixty-yard dashes have been made at a time of the year when "outdoor" work is the rule. It will be argued against this that some men are faster in the dashes on an in-



Remington in the Running Broad Jump

door" training who will not tell you that they feel much better when their "outdoor" work begins.

Indoor work might develop good quarter-milers, but the sprinter must get the energy that clips off fractions from the ten second mark in the blue sky, the

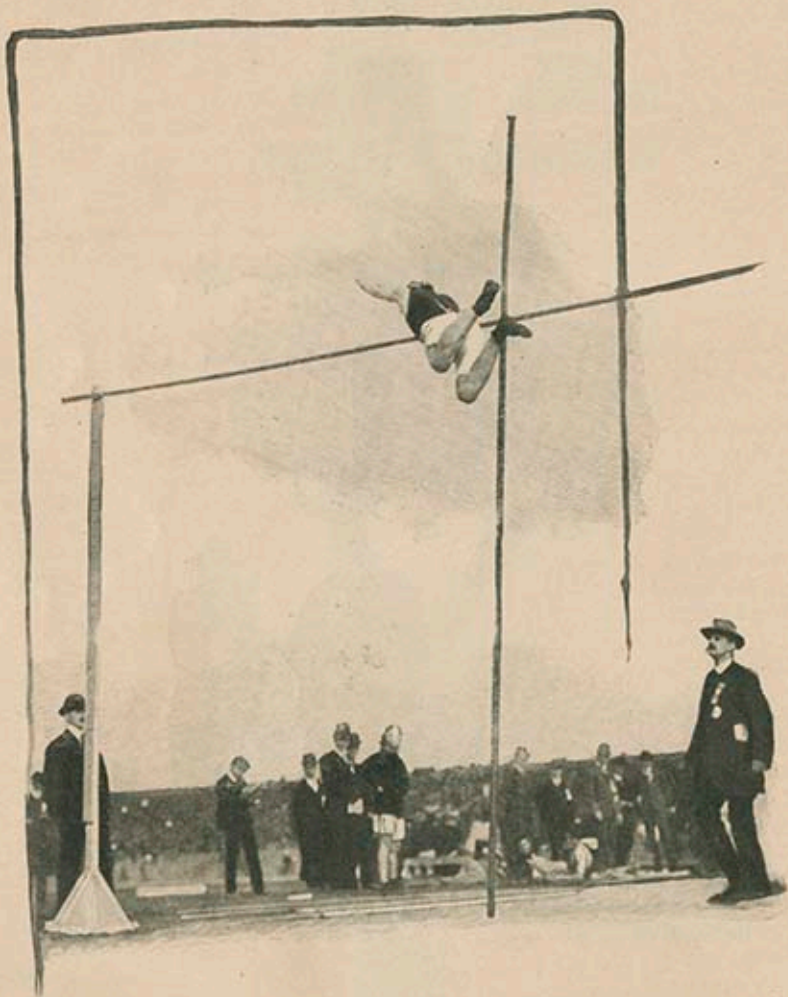
door track than on an outdoor track. Admitting that, however, does not disprove my contention, for I think that a man who is fast on an indoor track would be much faster if he devoted a sufficient amount of time and attention to his outdoor exercise. Anything that will make

a man feel vigorous must be a valuable adjunct in training. Therefore, I am convinced that the sunlight and fresh air of outdoor training are factors of the greatest importance in storing up energy for the runner.

I have been asked often what method of training I use, and have been urged to

the most important thing is a man's personal habits. *Regular sleep, avoidance of drugs, alcohol and tobacco in any form,* and, in a word, the exclusion of every form of even the mildest dissipation, is a great requisite for getting into form.

Then comes the diet. A happy medium



McLanahan, Yale, Winning Pole Vault at the University of Pennsylvania Intercollegiate Meet

reveal the "secret" of such success as I have had in running, but I know no secret. I do not believe that my method of training differs in any very important feature from that of hundreds of other good runners.

There is no doubt that while training

should be struck between vegetable and animal foods, and all foods over-rich in starch and sugar should be tabooed, as well as others that do not agree with the individual's digestion, no matter what they may be.

As to exercise proper, I should say,

first of all develop the start; learn to start properly, with the least possible effort, and a great deal has been accomplished. After that comes the development of the stride, and intelligent work will accomplish wonders in this direction. Breathing exercises must not be neglected, and the greatest danger to all beginners is tiring the muscles by overwork, which must be avoided.

Last, but by no means least, is the importance of the bath and massage. Nothing restores fatigued muscles to their normal condition so effectively as does massage, and a good "rubber" is a treasure to the amateur athlete.

Training, to be properly conducted, should not be an ordeal to be feared, but a process that brings out all that is best in the physical man, and which stores up

a reserve force of vigor that is more or less completely under the control of the one who trains faithfully and intelligently.

It is the control of vigor that distinguishes the properly trained man from the overtrained one. The man who is overtrained expends his vigor and vitality rashly; it is not absolutely under his control, and he uses up more energy to make his muscles respond than is necessary. The result is that he fatigues rapidly, while the carefully trained man can economize on strength, holding it completely under his command, and liberate his reserve store for the final spurt that counts for victory. Science is but the highest form of common sense, and the man who would train scientifically must, first of all, train sensibly.

BOSTON'S EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD ATHLETE

DEVELOPED FROM A WEAKLING TO A FINELY BUILT COLLEGE ATHLETE

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

ONE of the most marvelous examples of youthful physical development in New England, and perhaps in the United States, is presented in the person of Richard J. Lord, a fine young eighteen-year-old athlete of Boston.

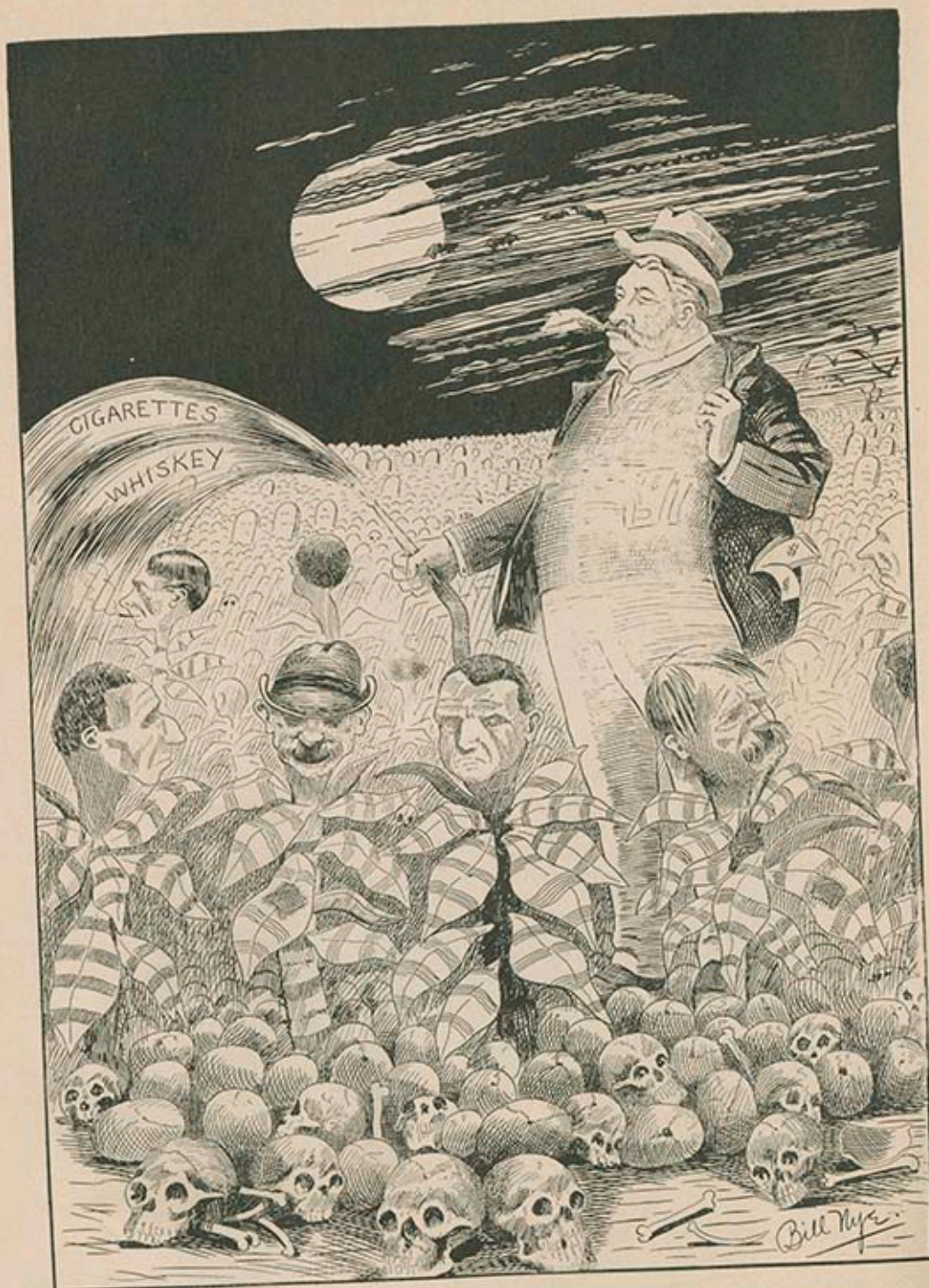
One of the most interesting features in this case of Mr. Lord is the fact that when an infant he was regarded as a weakling, and his parents, acting upon the advice of the family physician, kept the boy out of doors as much as possible, with the hope of building up his frail constitution. How well they succeeded in their efforts in this direction is seen by the accompanying photographs.

Young Lord's measurements are as follows:

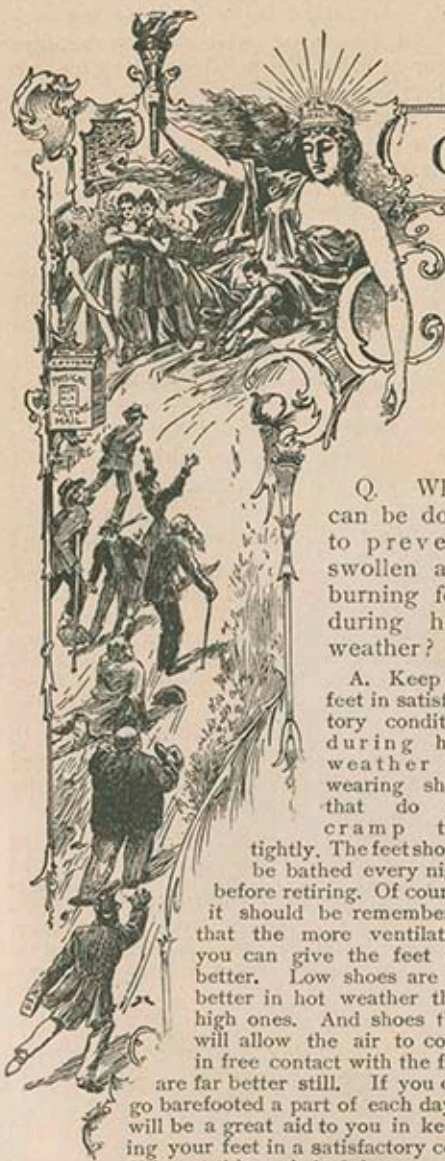
Height 5 ft. 5 in.	Thigh 22½ in.
Weight 147 lbs.	Calf 15 in.
Neck 16 in.	Biceps 15 in.
Chest 39 in.	Forearm 12½ in.
Waist 31 in.		



Richard J. Lord, Eighteen-Year-Old Athlete of Boston



The Rich Capitalist Rearing Human Weeds
How Much Longer, for the Love of Money, Will We Keep on Raising These Kinds of Weeds?



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

It is impossible for me to give individual advice outside of the columns of the magazine. All those desiring advice for their individual needs are requested to consult some good Physical Culture teacher or natural cure physician.

Q. What can be done to prevent swollen and burning feet during hot weather?

A. Keep the feet in satisfactory condition during hot weather by wearing shoes that do not cramp too tightly. The feet should be bathed every night before retiring. Of course, it should be remembered that the more ventilation you can give the feet the better. Low shoes are far better in hot weather than high ones. And shoes that will allow the air to come in free contact with the feet are far better still. If you can go barefooted a part of each day it will be a great aid to you in keeping your feet in a satisfactory condition at this period of the year.

Q. What is your opinion of the merits of canned vegetables and fruits? Do they not contain acids foreign to the materials and other injurious substances?

A. The better grades of canned goods rarely contain anything that is seriously injurious. Of course, fresh vegetables and fruits are far better than the canned articles, but if one cannot secure them fresh, it is usually better to use canned articles than to be without them.

Q. What do you consider the best treatment for one who has very poor circulation, as evidenced by cold feet and cold hands?

A. Cold baths would be beneficial in your case if you recuperate readily with a feeling of warmth. Cold hands and cold feet always indicate a poor circulation, and usually accompany a debilitated condition of the general functional system. This is not always the case, however, for if one is overworking or over-training, symptoms of this kind will often appear temporarily. The best treatment will be for you to adopt all those means essential for building up general constitutional vigor. Eat but two meals per day; use only the most wholesome foods; sleep out-of-doors as much as you can, and breathe at all times the purest air.

Q. Your course of exercise during 1903 contained sixty-seven different movements. As it is impossible to take this number every day, would it not be best to abbreviate the system and select a limited number of the movements?

A. You are supposed to select the particular movements that are most beneficial for your needs. Sixty-seven different exercises would be too much ordinarily for one day.

Q. What course should I pursue in order to stop the cracking and snapping of my ankle bones and knee-joints when walking?

A. The snapping at your joints should cease after you have continued exercise for some time.

Q. Would you advise one to drink fruit juices while fasting, and is fasting injurious to one with a nervous heart?

A. Fasting can be made much more pleasant if fruit juices are used. Of course, a certain amount of nourishment is furnished in this way, but I think the benefits of the fast are not in the least lessened by this. A series of short fasts should be beneficial to one with a nervous heart.

Q. What would be the best foods to eat when working under conditions of excessive heat, as in an engine-room?

A. Undoubtedly the best foods to supply nourishment, under the circumstances you mention, would be cereals, vegetables, fruits and nuts, although it should be remembered that you must be guided almost entirely by your appetite. Usually a normal appetite will crave the food that is most needed for nourishing the body. Be careful to avoid all stimulating foods, such as meat, tea, coffee and alcoholic drinks of all kinds, and be careful not to over-eat. Over-eating is usually the cause of most of the discomfort experienced in a high temperature.

Q. Is it possible for us to have absolute control of our moods—that is, can we avoid anger and depression?

A. To a certain extent one can control his mental condition, and the longer one continues efforts of this kind the better will he develop the power of self-control.

Q. Do you recommend going altogether without underwear in summer?

A. If you are compelled to don the conventional clothing during hot weather it is more comfortable to wear open-work underwear, made like netting, so that it will absorb the perspiration.

Q. Is the oil contained in peanut butter too greasy a food for one trying to improve the complexion and drive away blackheads and pimples? How about cheese?

A. Peanut butter should be satisfactory food if not used too freely. Cheese is very rich in nourishment, and should be used moderately.

Q. Please state good and evil effects from chewing gum?

A. Chewing gum wastes the saliva, and weakens the digestive elements which it contains. Temporary benefit will result sometimes from chewing gum after a very hearty meal, when discomfort is noticed, but if a habit of this kind is contracted the ultimate results are far from satisfactory.

Q. Would you kindly advise me as to the benefits to be derived from drinking butter-milk? How does it compare with cream?

A. Butter-milk is a very good drink, especially for the summer. Cream should be used with great caution. It is very rich, and many cannot properly digest it. It is likely to produce biliousness if the digestive organs cannot properly assimilate it.

Q. I have been troubled for ten years with continual dreaming during sleep, waking up exhausted and nervous. Can you offer a remedy?

A. Your trouble may be considerably alleviated if you will make your last meal very light, eating the heartiest meal at noon.

Q. In your opinion, which of the two meats, chicken and pork, is more liable to germ diseases, and when grown for the market which is the more unclean?

A. I would consider pork by far more unclean. Chicken is one of the most cleanly of meats. In fact, some of the strictest vegetarians occasionally diverge from their rule when a nicely-cooked chicken is placed before them. Pork would never tempt them under any circumstances.

Q. Will you kindly inform me as to the advantages of the rubber sponge? Is the foreign make superior to the American?

A. The rubber sponge is far superior to the ordinary sponge. It is much more cleanly, and brings about superior friction and naturally cleanses the body more thoroughly. The originator of an article of this nature usually makes goods superior to those who imitate him, and we believe that in this case the originator was a foreigner.



Baling Hay on One of the Ranches of California

This vigorous exercise is carried on from sunrise to sunset all through the summer and demands strong, robust men in the prime of life.

SOME STAGE FAVORITES

(CONTINUED)

By Frederic La Pierre

WILLIAM H. THOMPSON, who, as a star in the "Secret of Polichinelli," has made a decided New York success, is an exemplification of the doctrine, "Everything

comes to him who waits." Long known as a distinguished actor, he never posed as a star until this last season, and deprecates the undignified haste with which many of his younger confrères "rush in



Miss Mantering's Charms of Manner and Graces of Person Have Won Her a Place All Her Own in the Galaxy of Stars

where angels fear to tread," dazzling for a short while the sight of the beholder and then coming swiftly to earth—lost and falling stars!

Mr. Thompson takes great pride in his physical well-being, and ascribes most of his success to his early habit of taking active exercise in order to counteract the depleting effect of his mental studies. The scientific routine followed at Muldoon's training school was a great benefit in his case, as in that of so many noted New Yorkers; but he followed it up with systematic home exercise that resulted in a strong, elastic physique, and enabled him to withstand the ravages of time untroubled by disease or doctors.

Double stars are rarely found to be possible, from a managerial standpoint, in the same family. Mary Mannering is one of the devoted wives who have to endure separation from their beloved. James K. Hackett is rarely able to arrange his dates so that he can have a few days with her, but whenever possible it is done and special trains are chartered to help work the miracle. In the "Stubbornness of Geraldine" she was singularly successful, and in last season's offering, "Harriet's Honeymoon," equally so. Miss Mannering's charms of manner and graces of person have won her a place all her own in the galaxy of stars.

Maxine Elliot is another who, for the

good of art, has been separated from her ever-popular "Nat." Perhaps no American actress has been so persistently exploited for her beauty of face and form, and this is somewhat unreasonably resented by the lady herself. She thinks that an actress should be judged not for her looks, but by her ability to act. Either way, Maxine would win out. But it is impossible to separate the individual from his art; and, while it is true that



Maxine Elliot—Perhaps No American Actress Has Been So Persistently Exploited For Her Beauty of Face and Form

we are interested in the artist because of his art work, yet our interest is none the less a real and live one because of this fact. And for the object of this interest to be beautiful or well-formed, strong and virile, graceful and expressive, only adds to our appreciation. Nay, the very quality of one's work is engendered by physical well-being. How much of the morbid, the hysterical, the decadent in art, is due to the ill-health of the artist? The jaundiced view, the pessimistic outlook is more than likely to

be the result of a disordered liver. How much of Tolstoi's clearness of mental vision and largeness of heart is the direct result of his healthful outdoor life? To sweep the cobwebs from the brain, to attain to our full birthright as men and women, we need the freedom of the open air and the inspiration that can be derived best from close contact with Nature.

Another actress who is, perforce, sepa-

rated from her actor-husband by the mandates of her manager, the well-known Frohman, is Virginia Harned, the wife of the famous Sothern. She has been starring in a pretty little comedy from her husband's pen, with lots of Stratford-on-Avon local color, and which may be looked upon as a sincere tribute to the immortal Shakespeare. In the leading rôle of a titled Irish girl, with a true enough brogue, she is gracious and convincing without making any special effort at sensational acting and vulgar display. In the forest scene, where she appears as Rosalind in the supposedly amateur theatricals, her charming figure is seen to great advantage in the classic boy's costume, and she is another link in the physical culture chain that is encircling the globe in the dramatic art world.

A dainty comedy, with sufficient action to make it presentable, is rare enough nowadays, when the stage is loaded down with spectacular dramas in which the star and his multitudinous support groan under the weight of scenery and costume. That there is a reaction setting in we have no reason to doubt, and for this let us be truly thankful. All hail the day when we can have sane, healthful, genuine natural acting without the overplus of scenic equipment that now seems necessary! Ben Greet's revival of the Elizabethan drama is of world benefit to all lovers of the true and pure in art. It is an education in simplicity and the

realities of acting. Miss Mathison's "Viola" is complete in every detail and Mr. Greet's "Malvolio" a painstaking work of art. It does not follow that, because Viola Allen gave us a wonderful and spectacular "Twelfth Night," we are unable to enjoy this Elizabethan production. After being overheated with champagne who would not welcome a long drink from a pure, cooling spring of clear sparkling water? And yet the champagne might be "Mumm's Extra Dry," too.

A great deal of Mr. Greet's success has been in college towns, and he has agreed to give several open-air performances for the benefit of Hartford and Yale students. On the green campus, under the blue of heaven, what could be more inspiring than the delightful comedies of Shakespeare? Mental stimulus, combined with the benefits of the open-air life—truly this is a long step in the right direction! When our university presidents take an interest in the pleasures, the ath-



William H. Thompson Ascribes Most of His Success to the Habit Formed in Early Life of Taking Plenty of Outdoor Exercise

letics, the diet of their students, then, indeed, we may look for the dawn of the golden age; and when the stage is used as a means to teach the auditor not only how he should act, but how he should live—that form and beauty are physical perfections not to be despised, and that health and learning should go hand-in-hand—then may we welcome a new and glorious era—the "Age of Physical Culture."



I am three months old, weigh 16 lbs., and every morning of my life take a *cold* bath. I never cry, and have not been sick one moment since born. I live out-of-doors day and night, I might say, and in general, thanks to PHYSICAL CULTURE, I am about the happiest baby in this intensely happy place.

A YOUNG MOTHER WRITES OF HER EXPERIENCE IN CHILDBIRTH

EMPLOYED PHYSICAL CULTURE METHODS WITH SPLENDID RESULTS FOR SELF AND CHILD

FOUR months have now slipped by since it occurred to me that possibly my experience as a young mother might be of interest and profit to many of my sex. I know that in this day and age child-bearing is looked upon and talked about as something not only to be dreaded but shunned, if possible, as almost a calamity, when, in fact, it is a Godsend to any woman to become a mother under natural laws.

I know of no other thing in which the old adage, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," is farther from the truth than in this; too many women are prone to leave this all-important question of life and death to the scientific (?) medical man.

Of our little son, Melville Keith Tucker, whose photograph I send herewith, I will

say that he is just what we expected, only far better. He is now seven months old, and has known not one sick moment—not even the slightest cold, and his bowels always are regular. He is certainly a specimen of Physical Culture babyhood in every sense of the word, even to having the happiest and best disposition that one could wish, which, of course, accompanies perfect health.

I am very proud to state that he has created not a little sensation in his young life. First, the mother did things quite unheard of during the months in which her life was given to the unborn babe.

I lived upon two meals a day; ate plenty of *fruits and nuts*, very little meat, plenty of bone soup, drank distilled water and ate very little starchy food save whole wheat bread.

I had none of the nausea, bowel trouble and general upsetting with which most women suffer. I took plenty of outdoor exercise, a cold bath every morning, and was in perfect health during the entire time. I almost lived out-of-doors, and through the coldest nights in winter slept by open windows; I might say that one side of the room was entirely open.

I met with many things to try my patience, particularly from my advising friends and acquaintances; but what cared I?

I believed that I understood the laws of nature, and felt confident that I would prove all things. How much indebted I am to my noble husband you only can understand. He never debases himself by touching the wine cup or by soaking contemptible tobacco into his system.

I thank God that our precious babe is a clean one. "For God hath not called us to uncleanness, but unto holiness" (1. Thes. IV.:7); "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" (1. Cor. III.:1).

Baby came on the seventh of May, the very day we expected him, and we had no "regular" doctor with instruments, chloroform and medicine case, and no midwife, or anything of the sort—only my husband, mother and one cool-headed woman who *knew just what to do*.

The baby lay an hour and ten minutes before the umbilical cord stopped pulsating; he received his full amount of blood, and had not a wrinkle on his body, his fingers filled to the tips. The cord was cut then, and the placenta came away

within the next hour without the loss of an ounce of maternal blood. I had been in labor about three hours, and had slept between almost every pain. Of course, I did not take a drop of medicine during the entire period of gestation or confinement—nothing but herb teas and the hot sitz baths.

Baby was "greased" immediately with pure olive oil and wrapped in flannel, and within two hours both mother and babe had had a cold bath, judiciously given; baby had taken his first nurse, and both were enjoying a refreshing nap.

The waxy coat (vernix caseosa) came off with little effort, nothing being used but the cold bath and a gentle rubbing with the olive oil. Here is a fact very little known, I believe; most people, I am told, grease the child with lard or try to get the waxy coat off with warm water and soap, very little of which is fit for use on any human being.

On the second day I was up and on every day thereafter, except

the ninth, when I remained in bed the entire day. The tenth day I came down to the table and gradually resumed the duties of wife and mother. For almost three weeks, my appetite not returning fully, I ate hardly one meal a day, and that consisted mainly of dates (fresh), cocoanut, butter, figs, raisins, nuts and fruit, and but very little of starchy food.

People all declared I was starving myself and babe. He weighed nine pounds at birth, and, though appearances were such, we both gained steadily in weight



Melville Keith Tucker at Six Months of Age
Weight, Twenty Pounds

and strength, and at three months baby weighed sixteen pounds.

We both have had our daily cold bath, and baby has been out-of-doors since he was three days old. I keep him in the open air hours at a time. He has slept by an open window all along, and even now that cold weather is here he sleeps alone. He acquired regular habits very young. He had very little colic, and then not for long, as we gave him plenty of catnip tea, quite hot, and many times he has had this or some other herb tea in place of his nurse, which he had at regular intervals—every two hours—during the day until three months old, and then every three hours. I, of course, never wake him to nurse. I shall wean him when he is nine months old. Even now he nurses only a few minutes.

His flesh is very firm and substantial, and he is remarkably strong on his feet. This, I believe, is due in great measure not only to the fact that the fruit and nuts make the very best and most nourishing nurse, but also to the fact that we have exercised him every day, and twice a day—when dressing him in the morning and when undressing at night. He is put on the bed nude and is allowed to kick and

coo to his heart's content. We believe he will walk within a month or so.

Swinging by the arms and legs are the exercises he most enjoys. People say he will be bow-legged. However, I shall take the chance, as I can do nothing to tie him down. It seems to me that a finer experience of child-birth or a finer specimen of babyhood would be hard to find the world over. And this is indeed remarkable, as, only about four years ago, physicians pronounced me *incurable*. Think of it! No doubt it was because I was under their treatment.

It was at that time that I became desperate, and, having fought a good fight, to-day I can say that I have passed four years free from suffering. The last two and a half have been of perfect married life. My husband has never come home to a tired, complaining wife.

My health perfect. Why? Simply because I understand myself and the laws of nature as every woman should. And in this case husband and wife are one. I cannot express myself. Words are idle. You realize, I know, from the noble words you have written, to the fullest extent the value of true manhood and womanhood, and I admire you for it, and consider you a benefactor to mankind.



ENGLAND'S LITTLE STRONG MAN

REMARKABLE STRENGTH DEVELOPED IN A CHILD
BY PHYSICAL CULTURE TRAINING

Louis Chisnall, of Hulme, Manchester, whose photograph is reproduced herewith, is a wonderful demonstration of a child that was at one time weak and who, under the guidance of parents, by exercise, diet and cold water baths, has developed remarkable strength of the body. The course in physical culture was systematic and extended only for a period of about six months. In this short time the boy has become so strong that he can accomplish the following remarkable feats: He holds out, in each hand, an extended weight of seven and one-quarter pounds. He lifts, with ease, a thirty-pound bar-bell above his head and back to the floor. He is able to lift nineteen pounds above his head with his right hand and sixteen pounds when using his left.

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

USE AND VALUE OF NATURAL FOOD AND SOME PLAIN AND PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS FOR ITS PREPARATION

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

This is the seventh of a series of Weekly Menus which began with the January issue. Weekly menus of cooked foods entitled, "Physical Culture Menus," are appearing serially in the Beauty and Health magazine.

So many inquiries have been received for more detailed information of the uncooked diet that I have arranged for a series to appear monthly during this year. Some cooked foods can be added to each of the meals if desired. In fact, it would no doubt be better to use some cooked food with each meal in the beginning if not accustomed to following an uncooked diet.—BERNARR MACFADDEN

"Happy in temperate peace, their equal days
Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth
And sick dejection; still serene and pleased,
Blessed with divine immunity from ills,
Long centuries they lived; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death."

SO sings one Armstrong, the poet, "of the art of preserving health, under the inspiration of Hygeia, the goddess of health." It is well to heed the poet, for

"His home is on the heights;
He presses on before the race."

and sings out of a silent place "the many words that would ease the steps and lift the load of souls that falter on the road."

But a great majority of humankind go on persisting in carrying loads of ill health, of worry and trouble that might be lightened or done away with altogether, were they more ready to be taught by those who have been touched by the sacred fire of prophesy and intuition. The joy is deep and satisfying that comes from living close to nature, not as animals do, who know no other way, but knowing the penalty of breaking nature's laws. Mankind may avoid that penalty and find greater delight and satisfaction in self-restraint and abstinence than can possibly come from abandonment to any form of self-indulgence.

The use of large quantities of stimulating foods that are difficult of digestion has brought about a train of evils; and has at last resulted in a natural reaction, as do all digressions from right doing. Yet even here there is danger of neglect of the higher life in making of one's self a "fine animal" merely, though a healthy,

athletic "saint" is surely more attractive than one gaunt and bed-ridden. There would be fewer sinners to be punished were the satisfying and sustaining properties of fruits, grains and nuts made a part of the education of every boy, girl, man and woman. Unfortunately, the close relation between good digestion and good morals is lost sight of and much misery results. People often say: "Oh, I cannot digest nuts." "No; fruit does not agree with me." "But white bread is so much *prettier* than brown"—not realizing that it is on account of an overcrowded and overworked stomach that natural food seems to disagree, not being counted as *food*, but as *dessert*, and so is often used after the appetite is sated, and then the natural food bears the blame which is really due to too much food in which the life principle has been destroyed by cooking.

A race of dyspeptics is now asking what shall be done in order to be saved from the curse of dyspepsia that, like a hydra-headed monster, appears in different forms and degrees of suffering. To aid such this series of menus is given.

Now, first, let us learn something new and very interesting about the cocoanut. It may not be known generally that what rice is to the Chinese the cocoanut is to the inhabitants of many islands in the tropics, where the nuts grow in great quantities. A subscriber to this magazine living at Papara, on the Island of Tahiti, interested in these menus, sends some delightful recipes to be prepared from the cocoanut. That cocoanut is a desirable and nourishing article of food is proved

by the fact that everybody lives on them at Papara, and the dogs, cats and chickens, too. The "Miti Haari" is a delicious cream or juice that can be obtained by any housewife by buying the cocoanut and first grating, then squeezing in a fruit press or a grinder. It is delicious, appetizing and nourishing, and is used in many ways.

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—BREAKFAST LUNCH. STRAWBERRIES, WHEATLET, COCOA made with MITI HAARI.

To one cup Miti Haari add a dessert-spoonful of cocoa, first dissolved in a little water. Add very little sugar, and let boil once. The Miti Haari is more nourishing than milk and can be used where milk is not acceptable or obtainable.

GRAHAM GEMS. PEANUT BUTTER.

SECOND MEAL.—SOUP with MITI HAARI.

One pint rich milk, one pint Miti Haari, one-half cupful grated cocoanut, one spoonful ground wheat, small piece of butter. Salt. Let mixture get hot, but do not boil, and serve with croutons.

SALAD, using sorrel or lettuce.

Rinse the sorrel in several waters; arrange in bunches around edge of salad dish. Sprinkle over it a little salt. Remove skins from bananas and scrape off stringy outer layer, said to be undigestible. Cut bananas in thin slices over sorrel and sprinkle over them powdered sugar. Fill up the dish with the sorrel and banana, alternating. Make French dressing with juice of a lemon and three spoonfuls salad oil, and pour over mixture. If arranged for special occasion, garnish with nasturtium blossoms when obtainable. Use lettuce in same way.

VEGETABLE PUDDING.—One cupful of brown sugar, one cupful suet, chopped fine, two cupfuls of seeded raisins, chopped, and rolled with two spoonfuls of flour to prevent falling to bottom of pudding; one cupful of grated sweet or Irish potatoes, one cupful grated carrots, one and one-half cupfuls Graham or entire flour, one teaspoonful of soda. Chopped nuts and citron may be added, one-quarter of a teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful cinnamon; steam three hours and bake a quarter of an hour.

SAUCE FOR PUDDING.—One cupful of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, two tablespoonfuls flour, small piece of butter, salt, slight amount of vanilla and nutmeg. Mix all together, and pour boiling water on until of proper consistency. Let just come to boiling point.

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—POSTUM COFFEE. Postum is delightful only when properly boiled. ORANGES, STRAWBERRIES, GRAHAM FLOUR POP-OVERS, FRUIT BREAD, WHEAT, ground coarsely.

For use in morning, pour over the wheat the previous night, hot, not boiling water, and let stand till needed. Drain off any remaining water, and serve with nuts and prunes which have also been soaked all night, and should be chopped or cut fine. Sliced bananas and raisins are also a delightful combination. Use cream, or hot milk and sugar, in each instance.

GRAHAM PANCAKES, made on soap-stone griddle, and eaten with maple sugar.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAMED ASPARAGUS. Cut the tender ends of a bunch of asparagus quite fine. Chop a small onion. Have a spoonful ground wheat soaking in a pint of milk and cream, with butter and a trifle of salt and pepper; add the asparagus and onion. Let mixture slowly heat until hot, but not cooked, and serve on hot triscuit.

RADISHES, CUCUMBERS, OLIVES.

UNCOOKED BREAD.—Use one pint ground wheat, one-half teaspoonful salt, one spoonful of olive oil, three eggs. Beat the eggs very light, and stir into the wheat. Mould into small cakes, place on a pan, set in a cool oven to dry, or out in a hot sun. Prunes which have been soaked and put through a collander may be added. When prunes are added the oven must be hotter.

TOMATOES, stuffed with pine nuts and apple. If tomatoes are large, cut into in the middle. If smaller, cut off the tops and remove pulp without breaking the skin; add chopped apple, nuts, small chopped onion, and French dressing, and fill tomatoes with the mixture. Serve on lettuce leaves or chickory.

NATURAL FOOD CONFECTION for dessert. One-quarter of a pound each of dates, figs, raisins, almonds and English walnuts. Chop all together, then grind. Sprinkle confectioner's sugar on a board and roll out the paste. Cut out with four-inch cutter and roll in sugar.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CEREAL COFFEE, MILK, CHOCOLATE, OR HOT MILK. STRAWBERRIES, GRAPE NUTS, PRUNES, EGGS, CORN MEAL MUSH, HONEY.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAM TOMATO SOUP, OLIVES, HORSERADISH, FRUIT BREAD, ASPARAGUS.

CABBAGE SALAD.—One small head of cabbage, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper or paprika, one-quarter teaspoonful of mustard, two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-third cupful of lemon juice. Chop the cabbage very fine, sprinkle it with the salt, and let it stand over night on ice. In the morning make a dressing. Put lemon juice in saucepan with the sugar, mustard and pepper, and teaspoonful of Graham flour. When it is very hot add well-beaten eggs. Stir very thoroughly until it thickens. Then turn it over the cabbage, mixing it well, and return to the ice.

DESSERT.—CEREAL COFFEE and stuffed DATES and PRUNES.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER, BANANA COFFEE, PEACHES, PLUMS, GROUND WHEAT AND CREAM, GRAHAM GEMS, NUT BUTTER, RADISHES.

SECOND MEAL.—COCOANUT, BARLEY AND CELERY SOUP.—Grate a cocoanut, and with a fruit press extract the oil and milk with which it is rich, using also the milk found inside the nut. If three pints of soup is needed, make up the amount with milk or water; add two spoonfuls of barley, soaked all night in water, one-quarter of a cupful of chopped celery, one-half cupful of the grated cocoanut, butter and salt. Make hot, not boiling. Serve with olive sandwiches, for which cut very thin slices Graham bread. Spread with Neufchatel or cream cheese, and sprinkle over with finely minced olives. Press slices lightly together, and cut in even squares.

BAKED POTATOES, TOMATOES, sliced, on lettuce leaves, BUTTERMILK, GRAHAM GEMS.

DESSERT.—PEACH ICE CREAM.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CEREAL COFFEE, PEACHES, FRUIT BREAD, BAKED BANANAS, CHERRIES, GROUND WHEAT with raisins and nuts, chopped. Serve with cream.

SECOND MEAL.—SOUP OF BRAZILIAN NUTS, RAISINS, MITI HAARI OR COCOANUT CREAM, MILK, AND GROUND WHEAT.—Have two spoonfuls wheat soaked for several hours in one pint of milk. When needed, add one-half cupful chopped Brazilian nuts, one-half cupful raisins, butter and salt. Make hot, and serve with crackers.

CUCUMBERS, RADISHES, OLIVES.

ORANGE OMELET.—Four eggs, four tablespoonfuls orange juice, grated rind and pulp of one orange, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, one tablespoonful butter. Grate the rind and remove pulp of one orange. From another orange squeeze four tablespoonfuls juice and add to pulp and rind. Separate the yolks and whites of the eggs and add yolks to orange juice, after beating very light. Then one spoonful brown flour and lastly whites. Brown in oven.

RAISIN AND NUT SANDWICHES.—One-half pound raisins, one-half pound English walnuts, crumbled fruit bread, one-half cupful strawberry or cherry juice. Chop the raisins and nuts, or grind them if convenient. Moisten the bread with fruit juice and beat it up, adding it to the nuts and raisins. Spread on brown crackers or thin slices of brown bread; or the same mixture may be moulded into small cakes, flavoring with vanilla, and rolling in sugar. If for special occasion, this can be served with candied cherry in center of each cake, alternating with half of English walnut in center, or a circle of nuts around the outside and raisin in center.

RASPBERRY JUICE, CHEESE, BUTTERMILK, RADISHES.

DESSERT.—PRUNE PUDDING, with whipped cream. One-half pound best prunes, soaked all night, or longer, if not

sufficient to permit of the removal of the pit. Chop, grind or put through a collander; add pinch of salt, one-half cupful powdered sugar, one teaspoonful vanilla extract. Beat yolks of two eggs very light, with one-quarter cupful cream, and beat with prunes. Beat whites of eggs with one-quarter cupful powdered sugar, and put on top.

CEREAL COFFEE, CHEESE.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER, CEREAL COFFEE, BANANAS AND GRAPE NUTS.

Remove skins from bananas and lay in serving dish, first scraping off the fibrous outer covering of banana and slicing lengthwise. Put two spoonfuls grape nuts to every banana, filling up dish with alternate layers of fruit and nuts. Serve with cream.

CUSTARD AU NATUREL.—Put blanched almonds and sliced figs or raisins in serving dish, filling it with milk. Set in warm place, and when it sets or thickens, serve

with nutmeg, cream and sugar. FRUIT BREAD.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP. Spinach is a most desirable article of diet on account of the iron it contains. Two quarts spinach, looked over carefully and washed. Cook until tender, and rub through a sieve. Add one quart milk, two spoonfuls of grape nuts, one spoonful entire wheat flour, two dessertspoonfuls of butter, salt. When mixture is thoroughly hot, add three-quarters of a cupful of whipped cream. Serve with brown bread croutons.

LETTUCE SANDWICHES, NEUFCHATEL CHEESE, FRUIT BREAD, BUTTERMILK, BAKED TOMATOES, FRENCH PEAS.

APRICOT SALAD.—One-half pound dried apricots, soaked all night, and chopped rather fine. Add one apple, chopped, one cupful of any nuts obtainable, juice and pulp of half a lemon, sugar, salt and oil. Mayonnaise dressing. Ice cream.

HOW SOME GREAT NEWSPAPERS VIEW PROPRIETARY MEDICINES

By ED. B. WARREN

Our friends, the "patent dopers,"
Hear the tread of Vengeance dire
Marching down the road of progress
With his flaming sword of fire.
We hate to lose their money
For our pages full of lies,
For of human occupations,
Their's pays best to advertise.
They love the man with money,
Especially when he's sick.
Cascarooter, Swamp-rooter,
And the mild Perunatic—
They know the fool is easy,
From his money soon doth part,
And advertise to catch him
With their dope for lung and heart.
We hope they'll live and prosper;
But a shadow dims our eyes
When Uncle Sam gets thoughtful
And inclined to criticise;
He is watching them just now,
And he hasn't yet forgot
How he chased a Southern lottery
With a pace so swift and hot.

They had to quit the country
And seek a milder spot
To separate a brother
From what money he has got.
Should Uncle Sam exclude them
From the mails, for foul intent,
We'll quit them (when we have to);
But you'll notice that we went
With the dog's reluctant pace
When from a bone he's sent,
Or the tardy step of youth
On parental errands bent.
So do not judge us harshly
Should we follow with the crowd.
We love the wild approval
Of the rabble, long and loud.
Let Wisdom in the vanguard
Seek out truth that never dies,
And when he's won the vict'ry
We will share with him the prize;
We'll climb on to his wagon
When "dope" no longer sells,
And our pens will intimate
That we did it all ourselves.

A NEBRASKA GIRL'S SPLENDID LETTER ON THE DIFFICULTY OF FINDING CON- GENIAL COMPANIONS

To the Editor: From time to time there appear in PHYSICAL CULTURE letters from young men who claim they find no congenial friends among the other sex that are sufficiently enthusiastic over this great subject of physical education. I have been a constant reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE and BEAUTY AND HEALTH for the last three years, and often have wished to express *my* ideas on the subject. Now I avail myself of the liberal opportunity that you allow in your magazines.

I wish to say to young men who find difficulty in making the acquaintance of clever young women who are *up to date* in physical culture that if they will only be moderate in their demands and study their own powers of magnetism, they may have their choice of the best womanhood in the land!

The term *Physical Culturist* is comparatively new in the land. Sad to relate, there goes with it, too often, the idea of "crankism," "oddity" and "queerness," and thus we find many wholesome, bright, healthy young women, true as steel to the great laws of nature, who, from their retiring disposition, shrink from calling themselves *Physical Culturists*. They may believe in all these great principles and live up to them, but they are not desirous of proclaiming their convictions to their friends. Then there is another class of girls who follow Fashion's mandates to a certain extent; that is, they girdle themselves in whalebone and doubtless talk *small talk*. But know these girls well and you will realize that deeply rooted in their nature, and more secure than Fashion's attractions, is the honest love for home, husband and children. I have many friends among eastern, southern and western girls, and I know from "heart to heart" chats with them that the girl who could not be won over to a rational way of living at the earnest solicitation of an ardent lover is the exception.

Observe a couple in their honeymoon. How soon the wife loses an appetite for the things "John" doesn't eat, no matter if she were fond of them before their marriage. She prepares the things "John" likes, and should this same "John" believe in the scientific diet idea, it is her blessed privilege to prepare such meals for him. And if "John" says, "Dearest, you walk much more gracefully in that new gown without stays than with them," it will not be long until milady would conform her clothing to "John's" idea. Of course, it takes a man of cleverness and tact to convert a woman to the ideas of healthful living. But I say, study your powers of persuasion, act judiciously, and if the young wife loves you I have no doubt she will give up many of Fashion's fancies for your love.

A girl's attention is apt to be claimed by one of three things—Love, Fashion or Ambition. Ambition may claim her devoted attention for a while; Fashion will always interest her more or less; but she will rarely sacrifice much for either of these. With the normal woman, Love alone means life to her. She will give up all else for it. And while for a time, in her college days, she may seem to be absorbed in the superficialities of life, yet when Love calls the roll she will answer, "Here!"

Young men, if you have the courage to live a clean, pure life in this day and time, with temptations on every side; if you can reach the physical and moral standard of manhood set forth by this magazine, you are to be congratulated. You deserve the friendship of noble, sincere young women and you can find them, for "the world is full of roses," and every woman with womanly qualities desires, above all wealth and station, a strong, characterful man, physically and morally, whom she can respect and honor.

HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

This story was begun in the January issue. I believe it will be read with fascinating interest by every reader. The plot is well laid, the characters are wholesome, and the story progresses naturally to a dramatic climax. Mr. Coryell has written, under various pseudonyms, about one hundred and fifty well-known novels. He collaborated in the revision of my story entitled, "A Strenuous Lover."—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I CAN see that you are prepared to dislike me," said Elizabeth, in her calm, self-assured way. "I am sorry for that, for I know from what Mr. Thorne has said of you that I shall like you."

"I do not suppose it makes a great deal of difference either way," answered Ruth, stiffly. She had been having a hard fight with herself during all that long day, and was irritable and nervous.

Elizabeth gazed at her in her imperious way, as if she were trying to understand the cause of her curtness; and the expression of her calm blue eyes did not tend to mollify Ruth.

"Yes," said Elizabeth, impartially, "it does make a great deal of difference, because I want to talk with you without the element of prejudice obtruding itself."

"You may wish to discuss a subject which I do not care to discuss at all," was Ruth's cold response.

"I came to talk about Harry."

Elizabeth spoke with uncompromising directness, yet with a heartiness and kindness that must have won Ruth at any other time. As it was she replied shortly, and with suddenly flashing eyes:

"I prefer not to talk of him—with you."

"Why not, please?"

"If you cannot understand why not, I am powerless to make you. It must be enough that I will not discuss Harry with you."

Elizabeth had seated herself on one of the desks. She took up a pen from the hollow at the top of the desk and began to tap reflectively with it.

"Well," she said, soberly and slowly, and then breaking into an engaging smile,

"what do you say if we discuss love? Mr. Thorne says you believe in love."

"Of course that seems absurd to you," cried Ruth, hotly.

"Oh, no, not absurd, but hysterical. Now, don't take offence at that. What I mean is that when one is really well, robust and normal, the sort of love that sends young people into spasms of eternal vows is simply nerves."

Elizabeth, the very embodiment of health and vigor, serenely stated her views of the matter, punctuating her phrases with little dabs into the air with the point of the pen-holder. Ruth closed her white teeth together and drew a deep breath. She understood fully why Harry had never loved Elizabeth, her wonderful beauty notwithstanding.

"Of course," she cried out, goaded into it by the calmness with which the other made her shocking statements, "when one is so much more an animal than anything else, it is quite natural to feel as you do."

Elizabeth settled herself comfortably as one in her element.

"What do you mean by anything else than an animal?" she asked.

"What do I mean? Why, you talk as if we were brute creatures without souls; whereas it is our souls that demand the most from us. The animal is a thing of appetites."

"And what is an appetite?" demanded Elizabeth, with infinite zest. She dearly loved definitions and—controversy.

"A desire," snapped Ruth, briskly.

"And what makes the desire?"

"Hunger."

"You are delightful," cried Elizabeth, warmly. "So many persons refuse to de-

fine because they fear an ambush. Now, has the soul no appetites, no desires to indicate its hunger?"

"Of course it has; and love is the food it craves."

"Then," said Elizabeth, with the calmness of finality, "it seems that the soul is also a thing of appetites; and that, therefore, according to your own showing, you have proved nothing against the animal in saying that it is a thing of appetites. I only brought you to this admission so as to emphasize my protest against your wish to belittle the animal."

Ruth tossed her head in vexation, and was half-minded to turn her back on her visitor and walk out of the school-house; then, by one of those sudden turns of sentiment by which persons of a certain temperament are governed, she broke into a smile and sat down, saying:

"There! I didn't mean to have a word to say to you, and I really don't wish to now, but—Oh, well! I'm unhappy, and I have something unpleasant to do, and so I will listen to you. Go on! I was wrong to belittle the animal. What else is there?"

"This is very good of you," said Elizabeth; "for I know I must annoy you. I do annoy some persons when they first know me."

"Well," said Ruth, quite in control of herself now, and smiling rather sadly as if her mirth were not deep seated, "you did annoy me at first, because I was nervous—hysterical, perhaps you would say—but I am not annoyed now, only interested and amused. I want to say that I do not despise the animal, but was led to express myself as I did because I was cross with you."

"And you will discuss the matter with me?"

"Do you mean Harry when you say 'the matter?'"

"Yes; Harry."

Ruth started up from her chair, and walked up and down in front of her platform several times before answering; then said, going close to Elizabeth and studying her face curiously:

"No, I won't discuss Harry with you; but if you like I will take you with me to see Mr. Thorne. I have something to say to him, and a discussion of Harry may be involved. It is evident that Mr. Thorne

has told you of our conversation; so it will be just as well for you to be present at this interview."

"I think we would better have a little talk first."

"I think not, and I know best," said Ruth, with decision. "But I am glad you came to see me, even if I did resent it at first. Harry has told me a great deal about you, and I am glad to see you. Do you mind if I say that I think you are the most beautiful woman I ever saw?"

"And isn't Harry the handsomest man?" demanded Elizabeth, appropriating the compliment as if it were too patent a truth to be noticed.

"Yes, he is; but he is more than a fine animal."

"I am too, even if you don't see it now. You know, Miss Warner—what is your given name?"

"Ruth," was the wondering response.

"There! You look like a Ruth—to me. I mean you are gentle and wise."

"Wise? Huh!" said Ruth. "And I don't think I was very gentle to you when you first came."

"Oh, that wasn't you," was the cheerful response. "Now that you know me a little better, you begin to like me, don't you?"

Ruth fairly laughed aloud at this, and if her liking had not already been won, this naive and perfectly frank question would have gone far toward accomplishing it.

"Really," she answered, "I think I could almost love you, only that I am afraid of being hysterical."

Elizabeth laughed in a hearty, joyous outburst, but stopped suddenly and said, with perfect seriousness:

"Yes, you are a Ruth, and I am going to call you so. Call me Beth, won't you? Formalities are tiresome, anyhow, and all they are ever intended for is to supply a counterfeit dignity to those who haven't any of the real sort. But what I was going to say was this: I am a beautiful woman; about as fine in health and muscular development as you can find; and Harry is the same sort of man. You agree to that, as you say. Then doesn't it seem a pity to you that he and I shouldn't have a child to prove to the world that it would be wise to adopt a more rational theory of marriage? You

see, what we want is to set the world thinking about the terrible mistakes it is making in going on in the old terrible way of thinking that procreation is the least of duties, and a thing so vile anyhow—"

"Oh, please don't go on!" wailed Ruth, piteously. "I know all that. And I even agree to it all; but you will make me hate the truth if you will insist on seeing only one side of it. Besides, I don't want to discuss the matter any more, anyhow. Come with me to see Mr. Thorne, and perhaps you won't think, afterward, that it is worth while to waste any words on me. You see, I agree with your contention about the animal side, but you disagree with me on the spiritual side; so what is the use of talking?"

"Well, come along!" said Beth, starting up. "I suppose I do get a little bit didactic over this theme; and perhaps there is more in what you say than I can see, because I am so impressed with the paramount importance of physical fitness in parents."

"But what is the use of physical fitness if the parents dislike each other, as they certainly will do if they are not spiritually, intellectually, temperamentally mated?"

"They should respect each other. Harry and I do respect each other."

"Now, yes; but what will happen when you are tied to each other; when you are cut off from the friendships of other men for you and other women for him?"

"But bless me, Ruth! There is no need of that. We marry for the procreating of children—not to be jailers to each other. Why, Harry can have as many women friends as he wants to. I hope to goodness, since you and he are so fond of each other—well, love each other, then—that you will always be good friends."

"I don't know how to answer you, how to talk to you at all. Why, if marriage were really what you seem to make it, why marry? Why bind yourselves to each other? Why not just bear children as the lower animals do? Can't you see that this enforced companionship with each other is inevitable, and that therefore they should love each other with the deepest sentiment of which they are capable before they join hands and fortunes and shut themselves out from any other friendships with the opposite sex? You

can't make the experiment and draw out of the partnership if it should prove unsuccessful."

"That's the mistake," said Beth, judiciously; "when married folk cannot be happy together they should be allowed to separate. Divorce should be made easy."

"But it isn't what should be, even if I grant your contention; it is what is. If you and Harry marry, you are tied together for all time. You say I can be Harry's friend even if he marry you. Do you really believe that? What do you think the world would say of me if I were intimate with him, no matter how pure our relations, if you were his wife. No; a woman may not be the friend of a married man, unless she be willing to bear the odium and the shame and the misery of an outcast. But there! I didn't intend to discuss this with you, for I know it is useless. I will say my last word to Mr. Thorne."

She walked out of the school-house, followed by Beth, who examined her critically as she walked behind her. Ruth was still raging and sorrowing over the extraordinary situation in which she found herself, and was secretly wondering if in all the world there was such another pair of unconscionable and wrong-headed cranks as Mr. Thorne and Beth, when the latter said to her:

"You ought to develop yourself, you know, Ruth. You are pu—"

"Don't tell me I'm puny, whatever you do," cried Ruth, hotly; and then broke into a laugh that was half hysterical, as she recalled that that was one of the first comments Harry had made on her.

"Well, I won't," said Beth, "though, of course, that is what you are. But you could develop yourself, for you have a good frame and you have vitality. I do wish you would come to my house after we leave Mr. Thorne's and let me show you my gymnasium. And I would like to show you how I can chin myself with one hand—either hand. I am very proud of that, you see. Will you come?"

"I don't think you'll care to have me after you hear what I say to Mr. Thorne," said Ruth, sadly. "And now, won't you talk about anything but Harry? Tell me how I should go about developing myself. Harry always said you were the one to tell me about that."

"Pooh! I can't tell you any more than he can. But say! I hope you'll be around when Harry comes back, for I want you to see us wrestle——"

"I don't think I shall ever want to," interposed Ruth, quickly, and with a little toss of the head. She really could not consider with equanimity the picture of Harry taking that beautiful creature in his arms even for so prosaic a purpose as a wrestling bout.

"Well, I'll put him down now; I'm sure of that. I have some new tricks. Did you ever try wrestling with Harry?"

"No!" cried Ruth, vehemently.

"No," said Beth, looking her over critically, "of course you wouldn't."

"Oh, don't keep reminding me that I am puny."

"What a funny, dear little thing you are!"

"And what a funny, great—gorgeous creature you are!" and Ruth's lip quivered.

"I don't think I quite understand you," said Beth.

"I don't think you can," said Ruth.

CHAPTER XX.

Mr. Thorne stared in amazement to see Ruth and Beth enter his library together, but the latter explained at once in her direct way.

"I suppose I had no right to do it," she said, "but I couldn't help going to see Ruth——"

"Ruth?" he said, in surprise.

"Yes, I asked her to brush away formality. If we are going to be friends, as of course we are, it is useless to waste time and words."

"And you have agreed to be friends, then?"

He looked from Beth to Ruth, as if he would fathom this altogether surprising and unexpected conjunction.

"It takes only one to make a bargain with Miss Mowbray——"

"Beth."

"——Beth. She came to me and wanted to discuss Harry. I refused and was very rude to her, I suppose, but I can't help liking her, and so I did discuss as long as I could. But I am so tired, so utterly weary of discussion that I asked her to come with me to you so that she might

hear what I had to say. I think there will be nothing more to say when I have spoken."

"I hope——" he began; she raised her hand for silence, and went on:

"I have considered all you said yesterday, and other things beside. I am satisfied that you are wrong, but I am not satisfied that I am right. I have been unable to satisfy myself at all. I know you are being cruel to me, and I think you are being unjust to Harry. He loves me and wishes to make me his wife. I love him and think I could make him happy. I agree with what you say when you insist that no woman has any right to undertake motherhood unless she is fit; but I think I can make myself fit."

"The point is that you are not fit," said Mr. Thorne.

"But after all," said Beth, in her positive way, "the main point is that Ruth is not as fit as I. We must face the fact that, as conditions are, women as unfit as Ruth——"

"Don't speak of me in that way!" cried Ruth, tempestuously.

"Well, that unfit women—I don't see the difference, but just as you please—that unfit women must be made fit. And the truth is that they can be made fit if only they will realize the necessity. Our business is to offer a perfect demonstration of what the child of absolutely fit parents can be. We are asking Ruth to allow us to make this beautiful experiment. Think, Ruth, of what it may, of what it must mean to the world! Look at me! Think of Harry!"

"If I could cease thinking of Harry I wouldn't mind, perhaps," answered Ruth, sadly. "Mr. Thorne, won't you keep her quiet? I don't want to argue any more. She is a dear, splendid creature, but either she has no soul, or it is locked up somewhere within her so that it does her no good."

"Oh, Ruth! you funny child! But I won't interrupt any more."

"I don't mean to be funny," said Ruth, with a piteous smile. "It is all tragedy to me. I mean to give Harry up——"

"Oh!" cried Mr. Thorne, in a tone of profound relief.

"Of course, I was sure you would," said Beth.

"What an easy affair life is with you!"

murmured Ruth, shaking her head. "Yes, I have determined to make no answer to Harry's letter. I will be perfectly frank with you. If I could see my duty clear I would not swerve a hair's breadth from my course, but I don't see it, and so I yield to your insistence."

"You are very good, and I owe you——"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing," Ruth interrupted, almost fiercely. "I do nothing for you. Don't believe—I would not have you believe that I admit this tragedy into my life to please you. I hope you may never know how much I have suffered in coming to this decision."

"At least I can be grateful; and it is not for myself, but for humanity."

"It may be for humanity," Ruth answered, "but I cannot rid myself of the feeling that you are a selfish experimenter. So far as you are concerned, Mr. Thorne, I can think of you only as I think of that old Greek painter who put a human being on the rack in order that he might study the effect of pain on his face."

"Oh, Ruth," remonstrated Beth.

"If you had a soul and could comprehend love, you would understand," Ruth said to her; then turned to Mr. Thorne again: "I care nothing even for your experiment. I am infatuated enough to believe that in time I shall be as fit for motherhood—considering the mind and temperament and soul of the unborn babe as well as its body—as Beth. So I care nothing for an experiment that is made at the expense of the nature in the human being which is the result of ages of refining and uplifting influences. If it were not that I am unable to rightly and surely measure Harry's part in all this I would not give way one inch."

"But you do give way?" he asked, coldly, repelled by her vehement repudiation of his experiment.

"To this extent: I will make no answer to Harry's letter asking me to be his wife."

"You have such a letter?"

"I have it, and shall keep it. I wrote him yesterday before you came to see me, saying I loved him and would be his wife when I was physically fit. That letter I shall not send to him."

"You will destroy it?"

"No; I will not destroy it. It was written as an answer to his letter. I shall keep that letter to give to him if ever he comes to ask me for it."

"Then your concession, your pretended yielding to my wishes, is nothing. You know he will write again and again, perhaps; that, at least, he will some day seek you here. Why you are——"

"I am going away from here, leaving no clew whatever behind me. When I give Harry no answer to his letter, when I take the risk of his turning from me because of my silence, when in addition I hide myself from him, I am doing all I can or shall do. If you are not content with so much, reject my terms. I shall be glad to have you do so."

"I have no choice but to accept."

"And you could not ask her to do more," said Beth. "I think it is very fine of her, Mr. Thorne. She is very unhappy in doing so much, and if I were not convinced that the interests of humanity are higher and greater than the interests of any individual I would not let her make this sacrifice. Of course, we know that she will soon get over this feeling, which is purely nervous in its——"

"Oh, Beth! Wont you stop?"

"I don't understand, but I'll stop. Of course, hysteria takes on so many forms, owing to the power of suggestion, that it is always difficult—Did you ever think how this eternal love myth owes its origin——"

"Good-bye, Beth!" Ruth broke in. "I don't care for your exposition, but I am glad to have met you and to have learned to know you. If Harry should come to marry you, let me beg of you to cultivate love a little more. If you can learn to chin yourself with one hand, you surely can learn—But there! I can't pretend to be flippant when——" She turned away, catching her breath and trying to choke back the sobs.

Beth was by her side in a moment, her strong arm about her waist caressingly, as if Ruth had been a child.

"It does seem to be asking a great deal of you, Ruth, dear; and if I were not so sure it was for the good of humanity I would never consent to let you go."

"Do you mean to leave your school now?" Mr. Thorne asked.

"I shall have to ask you to arrange that

for me," Ruth answered. "I don't know what to say to the trustees. It is your problem, not mine. You will have to find my excuse for going, and you will have to provide a new teacher."

"I will do it," he answered.

"If you can't do better I will take the school," said Beth.

"And you will need some money," said Mr. Thorne. "You may call on me for whatever sum—"

"Do you really believe I would take a cent of your money, Mr. Thorne? No, sir—not if I knew I was going to starvation."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Beth. "You should have known that, Mr. Thorne. He is so intent on this great experiment, Ruth, that he does not think of the little things. I know he meant no harm by his offer."

"When will you leave here?" Mr. Thorne asked.

"The moment you have arranged matters for me. I will go home now, and you may consider that you have everything in your own hands. If you wish to see me you will find me at the farmhouse."

In spite of an appearance of composure, which Ruth had fairly well maintained, she was really in what Beth would have called, and with some reason in this instance, an hysterical condition. She felt herself on the point of giving way, and was eager to save her pride by getting out of the house and by herself, as quickly as possible.

"I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart—" Mr. Thorne began, when she interrupted him bitterly:

"Your heart, Mr. Thorne? Is it so active a member as that? But I neither require nor wish for your gratitude for what I have done; all I ask now is that I may be allowed to go and to remain unmolested henceforth. I leave the field to you now, but I tell you frankly that if ever Harry finds me, and asks me again to be his wife, I shall not refuse. Good-bye!"

She hurried from the room. Beth followed her after staying long enough to say to Mr. Thorne that she would see him later in the evening. She overtook Ruth on the driveway, and put her arm about her, saying:

"Now, you are going home with me."

"I am going nowhere but to my room," answered Ruth, petulantly. "Do you think I have not borne as much as I can? Surely, there must be enough of the ordinary woman in you to enable you to understand that all this has been something more than play to me."

"Of course, I understand that, Ruth; but yet I want you to come home with me. I will send a messenger to tell the people at your house that you are with me."

"Admiring you chin yourself with one hand? Why, I wouldn't go home with you for a million dollars. Can't you see that I want to be alone? I want to cry, if you will have the truth. I want to cry—cry!" And there her fortitude deserted her, and she burst into a storm of sobs, which made Beth take her in her arms and pet her tenderly.

"Poor little girl!" she said, soothingly. "Surely no man is worth such distress. There! don't cry, dear! Don't cry!" Then, after a few moments of silence, during which she was patting Ruth tenderly on the shoulder, she broke out: "I shall take you home with me now, for now I have seen you crying, and you can't mind."

And Ruth, in sheer despair of doing anything with this calm and masterful girl, allowed herself to be led toward the Mowbray mansion.

CHAPTER XXI.

In one sense Harry waited for an answer to his letter to Ruth; yet he lost no time while he waited, but maintained a constant activity in carrying out his scheme of fixing the burning of the factory on its author.

He was so sure that he and his father had been followed by detectives that he made the discovery of his shadower the subject of his first essay. During the whole of the afternoon, when he had hoped, if he did not really expect, to receive an answer from Ruth, he walked about the city employing tactics that, presently, to his delight, betrayed to him the personality of the man who was following him wherever he went.

His plan had been extremely simple, and probably had succeeded because the man on his trail had no suspicion that Harry dreamed of being followed. Harry would walk briskly along a crowded thor-

oughfare like Fifth Avenue or Broadway, wherever the street was not too crowded to permit rapid walking, and would suddenly turn into an almost empty side street. This would involve his shadower coming fairly into the open; and, although Harry could not single him out at the first, he was finally able to do so.

The next day, a little heavy-hearted at not receiving any response to his letter, but with his plan of campaign sufficiently well matured to enable him to go on with it as if nothing was disturbing him, he contrived to elude his constant follower, and to engage a room that he could make his headquarters when he chose.

At the hotel he could not go in and out, except in his own proper person, while in the room he had chosen, and which had been intended for an artist's studio, there was no one to offer a word of objection to whomever entered his room. To this room he later had some garments sent from an old-clothes dealer's, meaning to make himself a disguise.

All this was sufficiently exhilarating, and under other conditions would have filled Harry with as much delight as any game he had ever played; but as one day and two, and finally three days went by, without a word from Ruth, he became very wretched.

On the theory that his letter might have miscarried he wrote a short note to Ruth, saying that he had already written a longer and most important letter, and begging her to answer at once, saying whether or not she had received it. This note he sent by registered mail, and three days later received a notification from the post-office authorities that Ruth Warner was not at the address given, and that she could not be found.

This was very mystifying to Harry, because in the little village where Ruth's post-office had been not merely the address of every one was known, but so were most other things about him as well.

Immediately he sat down and wrote to the farmer with whom Ruth had been boarding, as well as to the postmaster. The latter he asked if a previous letter, mailed on such a date to Miss Warner, had been received by her. To the farmer he wrote asking for Ruth's present address, explaining that he had sent her a registered letter, which had been returned

to him, and commenting on the fact that Ruth should have changed her address just when the school term was coming to an end.

During the period of waiting for the effect of his registered letter he had donned his second-hand clothes, which had converted him into a very seedy specimen of humanity, and had rendered recognition still more difficult by wearing a beard of short, ragged cut.

So disguised—and remarkably well disguised, too—he made a tour of all the cheap lodging houses, seeking the tramp he had captured and who had betrayed the plans of the incendiaries. He was sure he should know him again, for in addition to a good memory for faces generally he had reinforced memory, in this case, by taking many mental notes of the wretch at the time he stood in the glare of light in the library.

Harry looked for the other men, too, but not once saw a face that even suggested any of those he sought. He was prepared for this result in a measure by his knowledge of the fact that tramps generally eschew the city in the summer to take to the delights of the road. And perhaps he was the less disappointed by his failure because of the deeper disappointment that was preying upon him.

He pursued his search for the tramp weighed down by a wretchedness that he was unable to drive away. A refusal from Ruth he could have understood, but this singular silence accompanied by the surprising statement that had come to him in regard to her change of residence, and the inability of the post-office authorities to find her, was something he could not understand.

More than once he had been on the point of giving up his search in New York for a while, in order that he might make a flying visit to the farmhouse, but each time he was restrained by the feeling that he was pledged to pursue his work of bringing his father's enemies to book.

It never occurred to him that his father could have had any hand in the mystery of Ruth's silence, though it did occur to him that it would have been comforting if he had been able to turn to his father for kindly assistance at this juncture.

One day he went to the branch post-office, where he now had his mail sent,

and there he found the two letters for which he had been eagerly looking—one from the farmer and the other from the postmaster.

The one from the postmaster was business-like and to the point. Miss Warner had received all letters to her address up to the time when she had suddenly left that address. The one from the farmer was neither brief nor business-like, but it contained one bit of information, or one paragraph with two bits of information, which caused Harry to cry out in distress and anger:

"Ruth give up all to onct, and didn't say why nor what fur. Your pa saw the trustees about it, and now a Miss Mowbray—I guess you know her—is keepin' school in Ruth's place. I kin tell you the boys jest flock to school these days; and they do say thar's goings-on in that school that never was afore. But thar's been order sence the day Miss Mowbray trounced that big Ben Lewis fer makin' open love to her."

There was much more of the letter, the spelling of which was much more riotous than is here shown, but Harry's interest was centered in the startling facts that his father had had something to do in the matter, and that Elizabeth also, as was shown by her teaching Ruth's school, was mixed up in it.

He could not even smile at the picture of Elizabeth giving the big country boy an interesting surprise by an exhibition of her strength of arm; nor did he speculate

on the nature of the "goings-on" which characterized the school now. As a matter of fact, Elizabeth had completely routed book learning in the district school in favor of physical culture, to the joy of the scholars and the wonder and indignation of most of the parents.

He read the letters in the post-office and went away in a turmoil. He saw clearly that his father had put him upon his detective work in order that he might separate him from Ruth.

At first he was all wrath, then a ray of hope found its way into his heart at the suggestion that Ruth might love him, but was withheld from writing to him by something his father had said to her. But that ray faded on the reflection that there was nothing to prevent Ruth writing if she wished to do so.

Then anger came again, and whether Ruth rejected him at his father's desire or not, he still felt himself bitterly aggrieved. For, he asked himself, what right had his father to interpose secretly and stealthily to ruin his happiness, however much his own cherished plans might be jeopardized?

Harry walked slowly and moodily back toward his room. He found it difficult to make up his mind to come to an open rupture with his father by going at once to make inquiries after Ruth; and yet how could he do otherwise?

"I will go in my disguise," he suddenly decided; and strode to his room filled with that determination.

(To be continued.)

PRESENT-DAY MAKING OF A MAN

Hurry the baby as fast you can,
Hurry him, worry him, make him a man.
Off with his baby clothes, get him in pants,
Feed him on brain foods and make him
advance.
Hustle him soon as he is able to walk,
Into a grammar school; cram him with
talk.
Fill his poor head full of figures and facts,
Keep on a jumping them in till it cracks.
Once boys grew up at a rational rate,
Now we develop a man while you wait.

Rush him through college, compel him to
grab
Of every known subject a dip and a dab.
Get him in business and after the cash,
All by the time he can grow a mustache.
Let him forget he was ever a boy,
Make gold his god, and its jingle his joy.
Keep him a-hustling and clear out of
breath
Until he wins—nervous prostration and
death.

—New Orleans Picayune.

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

A METHOD BY WHICH PHYSICAL CULTURISTS THROUGHOUT
THE COUNTRY CAN EXCHANGE IDEAS AND BECOME
BETTER ACQUAINTED WITH THOSE INTERESTED
IN THE SAME THEORIES

THE Physical Culture Correspondence Club, first announcement of which was made in the May issue of this magazine, has been organized to permit physical culturists who have become imbued with the ideals of manhood and womanhood set forth in this magazine, to become acquainted with one another, and to permit correspondence and the exchange of ideas with those holding similar views.

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

The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year.

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

All members will be provided with a number. They can use this number, or their name, as they may desire, in their correspondence, though all whose personalities appear in the magazine will be known by number only.

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

The next one hundred members of the Correspondence Club will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities, not to exceed forty (40) words in length. Twelve cents a word will be charged for every word over forty. The advertising rate of the magazine is \$1.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that the next one hundred members will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner. This offer is made, as was that of the first fifty members, because we wish to at once start a club with a large and varied list of personalities.

You can make your personality as brief as you like, but your replies will be more satisfactory if you tell something of yourself. For instance, give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

All those who wish to take advantage of this Correspondence Club will please note the following plain instructions. Letters received that are not sent according to instructions will be consigned to the waste basket:

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

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

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

Now enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to the Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 19th street.

If you are a member of the Correspondence Club, this letter will be forwarded without charge; if not a member, enclose ten cents for forwarding charges.

The following personalities are members of the club, and very enthusiastic physical culturists. Before writing a reply, carefully read instructions.

No. 8. Young man of best habits and follower of Physical Culture ideas. Age, 22 years, average height, dark brown hair and moustache, strong and well developed; wishes to correspond with a Physical Culture girl of same age or younger; object, matrimony.

No. 9. Young man, 21 years old; 5 ft. 6 in. tall (Southerner), Physical Culturist, raw food and fresh air enthusiast; fond of sports, music, and outdoor life; would greatly appreciate correspondence with young ladies of same ideas.

No. 10. Refined young woman; 22; Physical Culture enthusiast; great lover of nature, poetry, music, and all that is beautiful and good.

Are there men who love the Physical Culture life? I've never yet had the pleasure of knowing one.

No. 11. A teacher, enthusiastic on everything pertaining to superb manhood and womanhood, invites Physical Culturists to correspond with her on any subject pertaining to Physical Culture.

No. 12. College man wouldn't mind corresponding with 53 Physical Culture girls, if he had the time. As it is, however, he would like to get into communication with a sensible athletic girl, who does not take life too seriously.

No. 13. Gentleman, 34 years, weight 175; tall; fair; German descent; Gentile; amateur musician, fond of outdoor life and nature, literature, and everything good and true; desires friendship of lovable young lady, considerate, kindhearted and with simple tastes.

No. 14. Ambitious engineer; 28; good health, good habits, high moral standard, living in vicinity of New York City; wishes to become acquainted with intelligent, sensible young woman, preferably musically inclined and interested somewhat in philosophy, science, art, and photography.

No. 15. Athletic young man of 19 would like to correspond with any person on the subject of Physical Culture.

No. 16. Active young man of 18, fond of swimming and outdoor sports, literary inclined, would like to correspond with respectable young persons on topics pertaining to Physical Culture.

No. 17. Young man, 19; weight 143; height 5 ft. 8 in. Health and strength above average. *Very* fond of outdoor life and sports, though not an athlete. College education. Desirous forming companionship with others similarly inclined.

No. 18. Young man of 30, height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 140. Best of health, occupation book-keeper and stenographer, well educated, wishes to correspond with young women interested in Physical Culture, outdoor sports and everything progressive.

No. 19. Healthy, refined young man, blonde, 22; 160 lbs.; manager of thriving Southern enterprise; devotee of Physical Culture ideals; desires friendship of refined, cheerful, womanly Physical Culture girl; exchange ideas about Physical Culture living.

No. 20. Young man of 28, fond of Physical Culture and outdoor life, who also enjoys literature and music, desires the friendship of a Physical Culture girl who is companionable and interested along similar lines.

No. 21. College man, 22 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., good health, fond of outdoor life, interested in everything relating to hygiene, would appreciate correspondence with Physical Culturists.

No. 22. Young man of 25 would like to correspond with young women on subject of Physical Culture. Dark hair; gray eyes. Height 6 ft.; weight 175 lbs.; good health and character. Fond of music, literature, sports and outdoor life. No crank and don't "jolly."

No. 23. Physical Culture enthusiast enjoying good health; not endowed with a lot of wealth, but comfortable life. Lives close to nature.

No. 24. Young man of 25, in robust health; exemplary habits; living chiefly on fruit and nuts; desires to correspond with young woman thoroughly imbued with Physical Culture spirit and fond of outdoor sports.

No. 25. Height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 126; a brunette young woman of 20, would like to correspond with Physical Culture young people. Fond of outdoor life, walking, rowing. Almost worships nature in all its forms and phases. Great reader, music lover.

No. 26. Athlete, 26 years old, salesman, and Y. M. C. A. worker, desires to correspond with young people who are interested in moral, physical and mental culture. Lover of fresh air. Likes all kinds of sports, excels in fencing and running.

No. 27. Young man of 28, living very near Boston, would like to know young men and young women living near Boston and who are Physical Culture enthusiasts.

No. 28. A young man of 20, athlete and Physical Culture enthusiast seeks correspondence with young women and men on all Physical Culture subjects, in view of getting new ideas, helping others and becoming acquainted with other lovers of health.

No. 29. Bachelor of 46, medium height and weight, Christian, vegetarian, lover of music and literature; interested in Physical Culture and everything pertaining to health, would enjoy correspondence with lady of similar tastes.

No. 30. Young farmer, Christian, no bad habits, lover of nature's blessings; seeks the acquaintance of young ladies who are well developed in body and mind, and possess high and pure ideals of true manhood and womanhood; country bred preferred.

No. 31. Young man of 25, Physical Culturist, seeks the acquaintance of Physical Culture young lady not over 21-22 who is healthy, strong, well built, and with good disposition.

No. 32. Young man, healthy, jolly and active, who enjoys outdoor life, sports, and Physical Culture methods of eating, would be pleased to hear from young men and women similarly interested.

No. 33. Bachelor girl; Protestant; stenographer; age 30; interested in Physical Culture; enjoying perfect health; just a commonplace mortal with no accomplishments to boast of, would appreciate correspondence with respectable and earnest self-supporting women, or men working in mechanical lines, etc.

No. 34. Young man, 22, college education, would like to correspond with Physical Culturists who feel isolated because of their ideas.

Fond of long walks and photography, but at present engaged in confining work.

No. 35. Young farmer, 17 years, would like to correspond with young men and women on subjects pertaining to Physical Culture. Would like to hear from Welshmen especially. Must be fond of outdoor life.

No. 36. Young man; age 26, weight 140 lbs., height 5 ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Occupation, jewelry tool-making; health excellent; hair medium blonde; fond of all outdoor sports. Like music. Never used tobacco. Does not use liquor of any kind.

No. 37. Young man; 23 years; does not drink, smoke or chew; athlete; height 5 ft. 8 in.; weight 155 lbs.; desires to correspond with young women and men on all topics of mutual interest.

No. 38. Young man; 24 years; weight 140, height 5 ft. 8 in., brown hair, blue eyes, light complexion; electrical engineer and draftsman. Vegetarian and firm believer in Physical Culture. Desires friendship of a true Physical Culture girl. Means unnecessary, womanliness preferred.

No. 39. A Physical Culture girl, age 22, would like to correspond with those interested on the subject of hygiene.

No. 40. Young man considered a Physical Culture crank, 19 years, artistic temperament, healthy and active, amateur gymnast, lover of all outdoor sports, especially swimming, would like correspondence with other cranks so inclined.

No. 41. Student of science, aged 20, farm grown. At present a workman and student at World's Fair. Fond of outdoor life, athletics and travel. Interested in improvement of humanity by culture and correct living. Correspondence with either sex invited.

No. 42. Bricklayer's apprentice, age 17, height 6 ft. 2 in., weight 180 lbs.; hair, auburn; eyes, gray; fond of athletics, especially bicycling. Good literature appreciated. Would like to correspond with young people on general topics, for mutual advancement.

No. 43. Woman of 35 years; height, 5 ft. 5 in.; weight, 148 lbs.; brown hair; Physical Culture enthusiast, lover of music and books, desires the acquaintance of educated and refined men and women of her own age, preferably older.

No. 44. Active, ambitious young man, good education, desires acquaintance of healthy, lovable Physical Culture girl who is fond of outdoor life, literature, art, and the drama.

No. 45. Young bachelor, 32, devotee of Physical Culture and interested in other lines of culture and reforms that bring life's best rewards, would like to hear from cheerfully disposed young woman, similarly interested, who approaches the ideals of this magazine.

No. 46. Physical Culture enthusiast, 29 years, weight 180 lbs., height 6 ft. Strictly temperate. Would like to correspond with Physical Culturist of either sex on subject of Physical Culture. Hobby is rifle practice.

Chief shooting master at present large rifle organization.

No. 47. A professional man of 32, living near St. Louis, with dark hair and eyes, weight 150 lbs., height 5 ft. 9 in., seeks the acquaintance of refined young lady with literary tendencies and interested in hygiene.

No. 48. New York girl, home from college, refined, 21 years of age, desires to correspond with a young gentleman who appreciates athletic sports in general. Much interested in Physical Culture diet.

No. 49. Physical Culture man of 33, weight 170, height 6 ft., dark hair and eyes, enjoys outdoor sports, passionately fond of music, seeks acquaintance of cheerful young lady who is healthy in "body" as well as mind, and believes in Physical Culture ideas.

No. 50. Young man of 27, blonde, height 6 ft., a Physical Culture enthusiast, especially as to wrestling and boxing, devoted to literature and music, would like to correspond with young men and women on any subject pertaining to physical development.

No. 51. If in thought or person you should chance to wander St. Louis-ward, forget not this Adam in the prime of life. I am yours for comradeship,—sentimentally or scientifically—in friendship, love, health, and truth.

No. 52. Refined, active young man, 30, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight 143, dark brown hair and eyes, strong and healthy; interested in Physical Culture; would like to correspond with refined young lady who is fond of fresh air and exercise.

No. 53. Intelligent young man of 24, living in the middle West, would appreciate correspondence with young ladies and gentlemen interested in the achievements of Physical Culture. A bookkeeper fond of letter-writing as well as outdoor sports.

No. 54. Young man of 27, Californian, living in foreign country, 145 lbs., about 6 ft., brown hair, blue eyes, good health, fond of music, tennis enthusiast, member Congregational church, fond of outdoor life, and a believer in Physical Culture ideals.

No. 55. A boy of 17, with dark hair and eyes, and 5 ft. 6 in. tall, wishes to correspond with Physical Culturists who live in or near Chicago, and who eat two meals per day.

No. 56. Young business man, 33, weight 150, height 5 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., a believer in Physical Culture and business, would like to correspond with young lady. Protestant preferred, of same ideas, with a love for home and outdoor life.

No. 57. Young man, age 29, interested in and devoted to Physical Culture and hygiene, seeks acquaintance of men and women with similar ideas.

No. 58. Active young man of 23, tall, dark hair, blue eyes, fond of outdoor exercise. Possesses Physical Culture ideals. Harpist; desires acquaintance of Physical Culture young women musically inclined. Violin or mandolin player preferred.

SYMPTOMS, CAUSE AND CURE OF COLIC OR CRAMPS IN THE STOMACH

HOW THIS EXTREMELY PAINFUL AND AT TIMES DANGEROUS DISEASE
IS TO BE TREATED

By Bernarr Macfadden

CRAMPS in the abdominal region, or colic, as it is frequently called, is one of the most painful diseases with which humanity is frequently afflicted. The pain is usually felt in the region of the navel. It sometimes becomes so severe as to be almost unbearable.

There is no particular need of describing the symptoms of this disease, for they are very plainly evident in the pain, more or less severe, in the abdominal region of the body.

GENERAL CAUSES.

There are a number of causes that are likely to produce troubles of this nature. One of the most usual is over-eating—eating beyond the digestive capacity. Another cause is eating of unripe or over-ripe fruit, decaying vegetables, and other unwholesome foods.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

An effective treatment for trouble of this character is easily applied. Usually, upon a first appearance of the symptoms, drink several glasses of water as hot as can be borne. Immediately after this roll the back of a closed hand back and forth over the affected part. Press against the abdomen as vigorously as you can without inducing severe pain. If there is so much inflammation in the abdominal region that this massage process cannot be adopted, place cloths wet in hot water over the affected part. This cloth should be as hot as it can be borne without pain, and should be changed frequently.

If there are paroxysms of severe pain, the best method is first to drink all the

hot water possible and then to begin the use of hot cloths. As the pain begins to subside the massage process can be begun. In case the pain does not readily disappear, it will probably assist in complete recovery if the lower bowels are flushed with warm water by means of rectal injection. In case the pain is increased by this, introduce only a small amount of water in the first treatment. The water thus first introduced should be made a little soapy with the purest castile soap. Two or three more attempts may be made after this to introduce a larger quantity of water, and no doubt you will be able, ultimately, to cleanse the entire colon. This unquestionably will facilitate recovery, and will make a recurrence of the cramps far less likely.

Drugs of all kinds should be avoided, in every instance, in troubles of this character. There is no better internal remedy than hot water. If morphine, or other drugs of this nature are taken to allay the pain, recovery will be much more slow, and serious results are far more probable. Remember that when the pain is deadened by this process the condition that caused the pain is not changed. You are simply incapable of feeling, and when there is such a severe warning of trouble as that which accompanies cramps in this region it is an emphatic indication that there is need of hastening the functional processes to the point of relief.

Threatened attacks of appendicitis often will be diagnosed as cramps, but it must be admitted that the treatment here outlined, unless the case is severe, will usually be effective, even when the pains are due to incipient appendicitis.

POISONS THAT ARE SOLD AT THE SODA FOUNTAIN!

HOW RUM AND POISONS ARE DISPENSED IN DRUG SHOPS—RECKLESS SALE OF ALL SORTS OF DANGEROUS PROPRIETARY AND OTHER PREPARATIONS

By *Dr. A. Wilbur Jackson*

F. S. Sc. (LONDON) MEMBER OF THE SOC. D'ELECTRO THERAPIE, (PARIS, ETC.)

THE retailing of intoxicants and poisonous drugs has been made, for a long time, the subject of much discussion on the platform, in the columns of the public press and by those who have devoted all or a part of their time to efforts directed toward controlling legislation on the subject. We all know what laws have been passed by the Legislatures of the various States to control the liquor traffic and the retailing of poisons, but in reality but few know how the laws governing the latter are evaded and set at naught. In all our cities almost every druggist deems it a *sine qua non* that he should have a showy "soda water" fountain and serve hot drinks in winter and cold beverages in summer. The list of syrups used in the making of these drinks is a long one, and is supposed to include all the fruit and berry extracts, as well as some special ones.

In the first place, the carbonic (or soda) water is not a very healthful substance to introduce into the human stomach, even in a pure and properly manufactured state. Of course, the sign which reads "Hot Soda" in winter is a very misleading one, to say the least, as the vehicle used in this case is simply ordinary hot water. The carbonic gas water cannot be dispensed in that manner. In the next place, if the public who patronize these fountains knew the manner in which some of the "fruit syrups" are manufactured they would give them a wide berth. A pure, genuine fruit product is entirely too costly to dispense at five cents per glass, with ice cream thrown in; so the artificial products, ethereal extracts made from

Barren Island sources, are substituted, and the buyer drinks in blissful ignorance.

Some of the other products of the chemist's skill which are dispensed by ignorant boys and men over the marble counter of the soda fountain are equally damaging to health. The so-called "bracers" and "tonics" are sold without the least pretense of a safeguard. For instance, the various coca wines and those combining coca and kola. A most dangerous addiction is easily acquired to either of these preparations, putting aside entirely the fact that they are combined with some alcoholic liquor, for which the careless purchaser easily acquires a disastrous liking. Most of these coca-kola preparations are made, not from the leaf, but from the alkaloid, *cocaine*.

The writer knows of one case of cocaineism and morphinism in which the proprietor of the so-called "tonic" became its victim. The person was a woman, one of the most beautiful and brilliant women of the city of New York, who had, by her own energies and mental gifts, organized and built up a large and lucrative proprietary business. At last she put upon the market this "tonic," calling it by a high-sounding Latin name, and advertising it as endorsed by some of the foremost men of the day in all walks of life. These men told, in letters that were published as testimonials, what great qualities the "tonic" possessed, and at length it commanded, for a time, a great sale. It was simply a preparation containing a strong wine fortified by one-sixteenth of a grain of cocaine to the spoonful. The

dose was a wineglassful, so that the patient got a good big dose of cocaine.

Alas for the lady! She became so fond of it that a decanter of the stuff stood on her desk at all times, and she used it regularly. At length she added morphine to the combination prepared for her own personal use and her fate was sealed. She spent a long time in a retreat for the insane, and, though at length she was set at liberty, her life was but brief after she regained her freedom. Her case attracted much attention and commanded the sympathy of all who knew of it, but she died a victim to the very preparations that were supposed to be a boon to all who needed health and strength.

It is a very common thing for a person to go into a drug store and ask at the soda fountain for a dose of some "headache cure," such as bromo-seltzer, bromo-caffein, phenacetine, or one of the hundreds of proprietary headache powders, yellow, green, blue, white or some other color. The clerk, usually an ignorant youth, digs up a spoonful of the white powder, adds a little "soda water" and hands it to the purchaser, who tosses it off, walks out, and perhaps repeats the dose in some other drug shop a few blocks away. In most cases, no untoward effect follows at once, but occasionally it happens that the person has some serious heart affection, and the powerful depressant that he has just taken has its due effect. He, perhaps, manages to reach home, and drops to the ground, a victim of heart disease, no one dreaming that the weakened heart received its death blow at the apothecary's shop a few blocks away.

All these dangerous cardiac depressants and coal-tar derivatives are openly sold without restriction over the soda water counter, just as the dangerous catarrh snuffs are retailed in the same drug shops, despite the fact that they contain enough cocaine to render them dangerous for general unrestricted use. We know of several large drug stores in this great city of New York (and in other cities the same conditions exist) where liquor is openly sold at a regular sideboard, and where a regular liquor license is carried. We have one in mind that is widely known, especially among newspaper men, whose patronage from the editorial and

reportorial staffs of the great morning and evening journals of the city is enormous. The thirsty editor or reporter walks back to a "lift" and ascends to a small "department" where all sorts of intoxicants are sold by the glass, just as they are sold in the café of the Astor House, directly opposite, across the City Hall park.

We also witnessed the tableau presented by a richly gowned woman who had just had her morphine solution bottle refilled in this drug store, and, being in too great a hurry to wait until she had returned to her home, lifted up her skirts, took her hypodermic "jab" of morphine in her leg and coolly walked out as though she had not been seen by the clerk and one or two other men who were within easy view of the ineffectually screened portion of the space occupied by the prescription desks and liquor sideboard. This is no fancy sketch, but an actual fact.

To return to the sale of poisons: The numerous coal-tar products are now so invariably sold by druggists under their own proper names, or fancy titles designed to hide their real composition, that some steps should be taken to guard their distribution in such reckless fashion. Few people know the danger they incur in taking these products, and as any ignorant boy behind the druggist's counter is permitted to sell the ready prepared powders, tablets and mixtures without prescription or any other restriction, the danger is great. We do not know of a single one of the much advertised headache or neuralgia remedies which does not contain one or the other of these dangerous cardiac depressants, and many people resort to them regularly and frequently when they happen to suffer from attacks of neuralgia, sciatica or headache. Antipyrine, acetanalide, phenacetine and such combinations as antikamnia and other proprietary articles made up of these dangerous drugs should be sold only by a responsible person, under a prescription, and with a proper warning to the purchaser regarding the nature of the remedy. It is true that most of these preparations are partly safeguarded by adding a small proportion of caffeine or some other cardiac stimulant, but it often fails in its effects, and the very fact that it is deemed necessary to add it shows that the

seller knows the dangerous nature of the other ingredients of the remedy. I know, of my own personal knowledge, a number of cases in which the use of some one of these so-called "instant" or "five-minute headache cures" has made a chronic invalid of the person who used it. An addiction as dangerous and difficult to cure as the so-called "morphine habit" has been the result in a great many cases.

Besides these preparations and those of the various bromide salts, such as bromoseltzer, bromo-cafein, bromo-quinine, etc., all of which are sold without any restraint over the soda counter, there are others that deserve to be listed among those that are more or less dangerous. At any of the larger establishments where the soda fountain is a feature we find the various beef, iron and wine combinations, which, though of many different makes, are all products containing a goodly proportion of alcohol. The various "wines" of "this, that and the other" are consumed by many people because of the effect of the alcohol combined with some powerfully stimulating drug or drugs. It does not require a very long period of time to become so habituated to some one or more of these preparations for the person to find that they lose their effect, and that some stronger form of a similar stimulant is required.

We could name a certain much advertised "tonic" and cure-all, exploited by a certain advertising "specialist" who has offices in this city and in Boston, and who "lectures" the public "free" every year for a week or two, in some large public hall in this city. This wonderful "nerve and tonic" contains a goodly proportion of cocaine, and once the patient feels its stimulating and exhilarating effect he imagines that surely he has found a panacea. Alas for the credulous one! As

soon as he stops the use of his "tonic" he "goes to pieces," and must rush to the drug shop for a bottle of his "nervine."

Some of the manufacturers of these tonics employ the alkaloid, cocaine, and others use the leaf or its extract, which amounts to the same thing, though they will exclaim with virtuous indignation that they never employ cocaine in their preparation, knowing as they do at the same time that the one is just as deleterious as the other.

There is one very widely advertised imported French coca wine that has made thousands of drunkards and hundreds of cocaine "fiends." It is no uncommon thing for the agents to supply private parties with this stuff by the half-dozen cases. I am acquainted with one lady who began the use of this "wine of coca" for neurasthenia, and who from one wine glass three times daily increased her allowance to two and three bottles in the twenty-four hours. Her husband finally was forced to employ people to watch her, as she would, under the influence of this "tonic," leave the house, board a car and ride miles from her home, acting at times so strangely as to cause her detention in some police station until her friends were able to locate her. At these times she would forget her own address and more than once lost other valuables as well as money. Her husband could not bring himself to have her confined in some "retreat," hoping finally to find a cure for her, which was accomplished, but not until the lives of both wife and husband had been nearly ruined.

In conclusion, we would warn every one who reads this, against the use of soda-fountain "specialties," for most of them are unfit to be sold promiscuously to the general public.

LONDON EDUCATING THE PEOPLE IN HYGIENE

The School Board of London, non-progressive as it may be when placed in comparison with the public school boards of the larger cities of the United States, has made an innovation that is far in advance of the educational work of our boards.

It is opening the doors of the evening schools to the great common people of London for the purpose of offering lectures on hygiene. Twenty classes are opened already as an experiment. We commend this splendid innovation in London schools to the attention of the school boards of our own great cities.



In the Cockpit of the Yawl "Spray" on a Breezy Afternoon

YACHTING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY

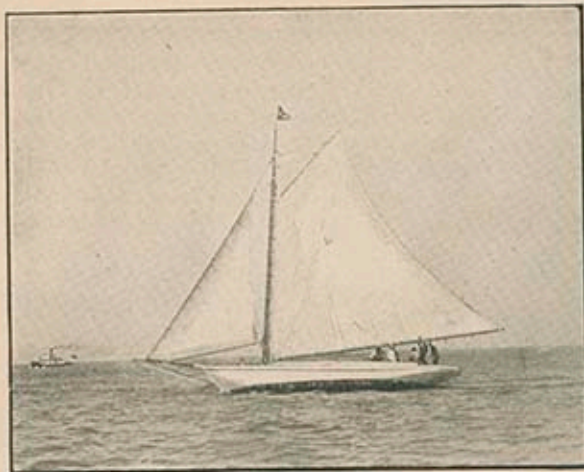
By Arthur Inkersley

PLEASURE sailing around San Francisco is not like yachting in the Eastern States of the Union, where wealthy men maintain at great expense handsome steam and sail yachts, equipped with every luxury and kept in spick-and-span condition by a paid crew. The men who own yachts in California are rarely rich and scarcely ever sail on the open ocean. Consequently, Californian yachts are smaller than those in the Eastern seaboard cities, and are seldom used except on Saturday afternoons, Sundays and public holidays. Some of the larger yachts, such as J. V. Coleman's schooner "Aggie," do occasionally sail outside San Francisco harbor, proceeding down the coast to Santa Cruz or Monterey, or even as far as Santa Cata-

lina Island or San Diego; but nearly all restrict their sailing to the broad waters of San Francisco Bay and the bays, creeks, rivers and sloughs adjacent thereto.

Even when a yacht does cruise down to the Santa Barbara Channel, the owner and his friends generally return to San Francisco by rail, leaving the crew to make the hard beat back to moorings in the bay. The heavy seas on the bar, the rough water, strong winds and chilly fogs encountered on the open ocean beyond the Golden Gate render "outside cruising" far from pleasant to men in search of recreation and enjoyment.

Besides these drawbacks, the lack of coves or harbors to run into in case of bad weather is a serious matter. For



Sloop "Speedwell," Flagship of the Corinthian Yacht Club

these reasons the yachts of San Francisco being used only for sailing on the bay, many parts of which, especially to the south, are shoal, are of moderate size, few exceeding forty or forty-five feet over all. Then, too, the bay is extensive enough to afford a splendid sailing ground. The area of San Francisco Bay proper is 290 square miles, to which San Pablo and Suisun bays, with Carquinez and Mare Island Straits, add 190 square miles, making a total of 480 square miles, without reckoning hundreds of miles of rivers, creeks and sloughs connected with the bay and available for cruising.

The trade winds begin to blow in April or May, and continue until September; then they abate in strength until in November they die out. During the winter, except for an occasional gale from the southeast or southwest, there is little or no wind. The yachts go out of commission early in November, and are laid up in the lagoon behind Tiburon, up Corte Madera or Oakland Creek, or on the "ways" in a shipyard. The yachting season lasts from the middle of April to the end of October, during which months the prevailing breezes are so strong that San Francisco yachts carry shorter spars and a smaller sail spread than yachts in the Eastern States. Nearly all the San Francisco yachts are center-board boats, of a draft rarely exceeding six feet, for deep boats cannot get up the numerous creeks and sloughs connected with the

bay, where excellent sailing on smooth water can be enjoyed.

The first pleasure boats used on the bay were plungers, cat-boats or small sloops brought out on the decks of ships coming around the Horn. They were of light draft and great beam, and their large canvas area proved unsuitable for use in the strong winds prevalent on the bay. If their spars were shortened and their canvas reduced, their proportions were spoiled and they did not handle well.

Deeper and abler craft, carrying hardly more than two-thirds as much sail as Eastern yachts, were built, and in 1868 the first attempt was made to organize

a yacht club, which had its headquarters off Long Wharf on the south side of the city of San Francisco. At that time most of the yachts were moored along the north beach of the city, and in order to reach the Upper Bay, where the sailing is pleasantest, it was necessary to cross "the channel" or deep water course pursued by sea-going vessels up San Francisco harbor. Nowadays, nearly all the yachts are moored at Sausalito or Tiburon, in Marin County, or in San Antonio estuary, Alameda County. During the summer many men who are fond of yachting live at Sausalito or at Belvedere, near Tiburon. The yachting men



W. G. Morrow's Sloop "Challenger," Winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup

of Oakland and Alameda move their craft in the estuary, which is commonly called Oakland Creek.

In 1869 the San Francisco Yacht Club held its first regular regatta. When the growth of population deprived it of its quarters at Long Wharf, the club almost



Sloop "Queen," of South Bay Yacht Club

fell to pieces; but in 1873 it was organized afresh, several new yachts were built, and yachting received a great impetus. A disagreement as to the location of the new clubhouse caused the formation of a new club—the Pacific—which lasted till about the end of the century, and then went out of existence. In 1897 the clubhouse of the San Francisco Yacht Club at New Sausalito was entirely destroyed by fire, but steps were at once taken to rebuild it, and the club now has commodious quarters, with boat-house, wide piazzas, lockers, billiard-room, ball-room, etc.

A younger and very prosperous organization is the Corinthian Yacht Club, which was founded in 1886 by several enthusiastic young men who owned

small yachts and desired a club almost exclusively devoted to yachting and less given over to dances, receptions, bull's-head breakfasts and such things, than the Pacific and San Francisco Clubs. The Corinthian Yacht Club is very active and lively, its jinks, clambakes and other entertainments having earned a high local reputation, and its boats having captured many cups and trophies. Other clubs are the California, with headquarters on Oakland Creek; the Encinal Yacht Club, at Alameda; the South Bay Yacht Club, near San Jose; the Oakland Canoe Club and the Vallejo Yacht and Boat Club.

The blue ribbon of San Francisco yachting is the Perpetual Challenge Cup, held at present by W. G. Morrow's sloop



Yawl "Idler," Flagship California Yacht Club

Challenger, of the San Francisco Yacht Club. In the hope of winning back the trophy, the Corinthians, early in April of the present year, launched a boat named Corinthian, an extremely shallow craft of the scow type, built of light timber over a steel frame. She has great over-

hangs fore and aft, her over-all length being fifty-six feet six inches, while her length on the water-line is only twenty-four feet. She has fourteen feet beam and draws only two feet of water when her board is up.

There are, however, few racing machines in San Francisco Bay, the rough waters of which are ill-suited to such freaks of boat building. The boat for San Francisco waters is a strong and weatherly craft, capable of standing up under a heavy breeze, and of taking a good deal of hard pounding. The summer breezes are strong, and when they meet an outgoing tide, a choppy sea is soon kicked up. Besides this, as in all

such circumstances a yacht must be an able craft and well handled.

Races and annual regattas are held in "the channel" just inside the Golden Gate, where the winds are strong and true. Most of the pleasure cruising, however, is done in the Upper Bay, above



G. E. Billing's Sloop "Nixie," a Typical Fast San Francisco Bay Yacht

land-locked waters, violent puffs, locally termed "woollies," come out of the gulches with great force and suddenness, striking down a yacht until her main boom drags in the water and green seas begin to pour over her cockpit-rail. In



Sloop "Genesta," of Corinthian Y. C. Formerly Sloop "Embla," Flagship California Y. C.

Raccoon Straits and Angel Island. When an overnight cruise is desired, the amateur tars sail up to McNear's Landing, Marin Island, or Petaluma Drawbridge, in all of which places there is good holding ground. Longer cruises may be made to Mare Island Navy Yard, to Benicia, Porta Costa or Martinez. During the Decoration Day or July Fourth holidays, trips are made to Napa City on the Napa River, to Suisun on the Suisun Creek, or to the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers. During the summer a week's cruise is often made up the Sacramento River and the sloughs that connect with it.

But, wherever they go, the yachtsmen of San Francisco do not put on much

"style" in the matter of clothes. The air is chilly and the favorite costume is an old woollen suit, supplemented by a thick sweater, a woollen "lammie," or a leather coat. When going ashore with

raiment is not regarded with much favor. Sailing on the bay is a rough sport, and absorbs so much of a man's attention that he has little left to devote to his apparel. Warmth and comfort are the



A Knock-Down Off Hurricane Gulch

ladies, or at the dances and receptions given occasionally in the clubhouses, braided blouses, gold-laced caps and white duck trousers are worn, but under ordinary circumstances gay nautical

the things mainly desired; age and discoloration do not disqualify a garment for use, if it is otherwise serviceable.

Of sailing, as of woman, it may be said that the chief charm is variety; and

certainly this is true of sailing in San Francisco Bay. You may start in the morning with hardly enough air to carry the boat from her moorings; in a little while you may be running before a fresh breeze. On the return trip the breeze may have become stronger still, and the boat, as she pounds along in a short, choppy sea, is drenched with clouds of flying spray. If a sufficiently early start on the homeward trip is not made, the breeze may be succeeded by a flat calm before the anchorage is reached, in which case the amateur sailor will have an opportunity of getting some vigorous exercise in towing the yacht with the small boat.

Yachting is a glorious recreation. The face is tanned by exposure to sea and wind; the muscles are hardened by hauling in the sheets, and the lungs are filled with pure air, salt-laden and exhilarating. Scanning the water for distant sails and distinguishing the various marks by day and lights by night, is excellent training for the eyes. The mind is wholesomely diverted by the constantly changing scene, and the spirits rise as the vessel bounds forward like a thing of life. The man at the wheel receives in addition good practice in concentration of attention; for, if he fails to keep his mind on the navigation of the boat, she is liable to meet with a mishap, such as running

aground in a shoal spot or striking a hidden rock.

In heavy weather he must constantly be on the lookout for hard squalls, that he may ease the boat by letting her run up into the wind till its greatest force is spent.

Yachting not only possesses all the charms and merits enumerated above, which are characteristic of it in all places, but in California it has a peculiar advantage over all recreations on shore. The greatest hindrance in California (where scarcely any rain falls during seven months of the year) to the enjoyment of walking, cycling, driving, riding on horseback, automobiling, and, in fact, any recreation on land, is dust. Driven by the trade winds, clouds of dust penetrate the eyes, ears, nose and every fold of the clothing, so that the seeker after rest and recreation is apt to return from a day's excursion hot, flustered and exceedingly dirty. He cannot sit down or eat a meal in comfort until he has had a bath and changed all his garments. Sailing is, of course, absolutely free from dust, and the yachtsman, unless he meets exceptionally heavy weather, comes back to the shore refreshed, invigorated and clean. If he has any lingering doubt about his cleanliness he can plunge off the club float into the cool waters before donning his city dress and becoming a landlubber for another week.



The Y. M. C. A. War Canoe Crew of Brockville, Ont., Can., Who Lost the Championship One-Mile Race to the Grand Trunk Crew by Six Feet

A GLIMPSE OF HADES

A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF A RACE WITH DEATH

By Will M. Hundley

CAPTAIN ROBERT LELAND, of the Mexican army, was a gentleman of soldierly bearing, lithe, athletic physique, handsome, boyish face and steady eyes of brown, any one feature of which was sufficient to cause one to turn to get a second look at him. Yet, pleasing though they were, they went as naught when compared to his luxuriant, wavy hair. It was as white as driven snow.

He was our club's guest of honor, and during the evening one of our members, whose curiosity could not be constrained, delicately put the question that lay restlessly in all our minds: Why a man so young, virile and vigorous should be so touched by the finger of extreme old age?

"That hair? I got that hair down in the Yaqui country, six years ago," answered the captain, smiling. "Ever hear of the Yaquis? Greatest fighters on earth, and incarnate devils in treatment of their prisoners. One day I got a glimpse of their brand of hell, and then it was that I exchanged my dark locks for the ones I now wear."

Seeing he was in for the story, he moved away from the mantel where he had been standing to an inviting Morris chair, and we gathered around him.

"It happened in this manner—but first I'd better relate how I happened to be in that country," he said, by way of introduction. "I'm a Kentuckian, and pursuant to a traditional martial spirit in our family, my widowed mother sent me to a military institute in Virginia when I was sixteen years of age. Here I remained for nearly four years, barely managing to pass in the different branches of study each year, excepting those pertaining to military science, and in these and the drills I led the school. I think, but for my proficiency in these particular studies, I would have been expelled on several occasions for pranks and miserable grades

made. If the school honors had rested solely on base and football and military manœuvres my name would have been at the top, but, fortunately for the school in general, they did not.

"It was the custom of the institute, at the end of the last term of each year, to go into encampment for a fortnight, regular army regulations governing the cadets, while the National Government sent an officer to inspect the camp, and he demanded strict observation of the regular army rules in time of war. At the last encampment I ran the lines to go fishing, was caught and summarily expelled.

"About that time the newspapers chronicled a fresh outbreak of the indomitable Yaquis. A Mexican army had been routed by these intrepid warriors. Here, then, was a chance to hide my disgrace in active service, and, despite my mother's pleading, I departed for the City of Mexico within a fortnight after reaching home. I presented myself at army headquarters, was put to the test, and, in short, was given a commission as first lieutenant, and was sent to the front.

"I was all enthusiasm, and tireless in my effort to lick my company into shape. Fame loomed up ahead of me as big as did the Sierra Madre mountain range, among which awaited the enemy.

"For a whole week we scouted among the foothills without even a glimpse of the enemy. Then one rainy night, an hour or more before dawn, we were completely surprised and the whole command routed. My captain, a middle-aged Englishman, fresh from a Central American revolution, and I managed to get outside our tents only to find ourselves in the midst of the killing-mad Indians. We used our revolvers with deadly effect, then slashed and thrust with our swords. Just as I was conscious of the sickening feeling of my sword sinking into the body of a warrior, it seemed as though a tree had fallen

on my head, and the next thing I knew it was daylight and the Indians were preparing to move.

"The slow march to the higher mountains began, the Indians endeavoring to remove the store of arms, food supplies and ammunition. Even one of the three brass mountain cannons was included.

"I guess our dart is shot, Leland," said the Englishman. "They have spared our lives for no humane motive, you may wager. We'll come in at the tail end of a festival."

"I made no reply, but my thoughts were busy on the futility of a military career.

"All day we climbed upward. Near sunset of the second day we emerged from a deep, dark and narrow cañon on to a small plateau, surrounded by high mountain walls. It was one of the Yaqui strongholds.

"A regular Gibraltar," commented the Englishman, glancing around the rock-bound enclosure. "That cañon is the only entrance, and fifty men could hold it against an army."

"We were thrust into one of the rude stone huts, and for two days were kept there, with not the slightest inkling of our fate, though in accordance with the Englishman's prediction, that we would be the final attractions of the festivities which had been in full swing for twenty-four hours.

"About noon on the third day we were released and led through a throng of people to where the chiefs were gathered. An old man, evidently the head chief, informed us in broken Spanish that we were to be given a chance for our lives by running a gauntlet of his ingenious conception. Pointing to the western wall of plateau, he asked us to view his work. We saw two parallel picket lines about four feet high and some sixty yards long, forming a lane three feet wide, running from the wall toward the village. Pointing down the lane from the village end was the little brass cannon.

"The chief further informed us that each of us in turn was to be placed with his back to the wall, and, at a signal, race down the lane, and if speedy enough to reach the cannon in time to leap it before the fuse burned to the priming in the

touch-hole, we would be free to go our way.

"Free hell!" exclaimed the Englishman. "It's death in any event, and we might just as well make up our minds to it. The devils are too cunning to allow anyone to go free and thus reveal the location of this stronghold."

"The Englishman was chosen to make first trial. Two Indians seized him. He knocked one down, then turned and held out his hand to me.

"Good-bye, my boy," he said. "I'll never make it. Too much malaria in my bones. After all, it is better than burning at the stake, and this way one can cheat himself with the thought that he has a chance.

"You'll make it," I answered. "Run hard."

"He smiled, and they led him away. When in position he removed his coat and shoes, then stood calmly watching with the stoic audience, which lined each side of the picket, the gunner while he cut and carefully adjusted the fuse. My God! the suspense! So intense were my feelings that my faculties were almost paralyzed. Just then the gunner raised his hand to light the fuse, and at the move the Englishman was given a shove. He bounded off with great swiftness and covered half, and then three-quarters the distance. A few more feet and he'd be safe—but, great God! A jet of flame leaped out of the cannon's mouth with its charge of grape shot, and the brave Englishman fell, cut in two.

"My heart went cold for a moment, my brain whirled, but I gave the chief a cold, calm stare. At least, they should not see my fear.

"In a few moments I was led forward, and, as I passed along outside the pickets, I noted with an inexpressible horror the blood-bespattered ground and pickets; yet, despite my feelings, measured with my eye in a practical, cold-blooded manner the distance the Englishman failed to cover before death met him.

"As they placed me in position, I recall how I tried to get a few more inches of advantage, but was rigidly withheld. Then I stood watching the gunner loading the cannon. When he finished ramming home the charge of shot, and began to prime the piece, I became fasci-

nated with the muzzle of the gun. It grew and grew, until it seemed as large as a barrel. My brain grew dizzy. I was giving up to a horrible, paralyzing spell, shutting out the event of time and place, when, like a faint glimmer, a rational thought crossed my brain that I must get clear of this spell.

"I shook my head and raised my eyes to the mountains. A large eagle sat on a crag watching the village. 'Brave bird,' I murmured, and looked toward the cannon, receiving in the same instant a violent shove. With a wild impetus, straining every nerve, I fairly shot down the passage, though to my horror-stricken mind I scarcely moved.

"My feelings were like those of one in a nightmare, in which some wild animal seeks to kill the dreamer. My feet seemed glued to the ground. In reality they scarcely touched it. Bigger and bigger grew the frightful muzzle from which my gaze wandered to take in the spluttering fire racing along the fuse. My heart seemed to beat on the timpan of my brain, the words 'Faster! faster! My God, faster!' My eyeballs seemed bursting. How long it took! How far away was the cruel muzzle—then, a leap, in which I seemed to go fifty feet high. I cleared the cannon just as its deadly charge thundered forth. I landed behind the gunner, and, swerving slightly, dashed at full speed for the mouth of the cañon. Then, some instinct advising a different course, instead of trying the one known means of egress, I struck across the plateau.

"When I reached the eastern wall, my agitated mind cleared, and I looked around for my pursuers. There were none. All stood as they had stood when I ran the gauntlet, watching my flight. I didn't tarry, however, but ran along the wall, seeking a place which I could climb. I found it presently, and up I went. A desperate ascent it was, but I seemed tireless. When I reached the top a feeling of relief came over me, and with it a total collapse of my whole muscular system. I lay in a sort of stupor for hours,

and when I aroused myself at last the sun was near the western mountain tops.

"To the eastward lay a valley so near, yet apparently impossible to reach. No wonder the Indians did not follow me. They felt that I was still a prisoner. It is needless to speak of my terrible experiences in climbing and crawling, sliding and falling along that range during the next twenty-four hours. Death, many times, was as near as when facing the cannon. It is enough to say that, by a mere chance, I discovered a narrow fissure in the wall leading down to an easy descent to the valley. I let myself down into this fissure, which barely admitted my body, and down this I slid by bracing my back, hands and feet against the sides. Two days later I was brought short up by a Mexican sentinel and conducted to the commander's tent.

"Though I was in rags, and my face was haggard and pinched with hunger and fatigue, I did not altogether understand why I was stared at so intently as I passed through the ranks. When I told my story the general asked my age.

"'Twenty-one,' I answered.

"'Dios mio! Your hair, man!'

"I put my hands to my head bewildered. 'What's the matter with it?' I asked.

"'Was it always white?'

"'White!'

"Without further comment he handed me a pocket mirror. I stared at my reflection therein as at a ghost. My hair, indeed, was as white as snow.

"I had stumbled on another body of troops sent against the Indians, led by the redoubtable General Torres. As soon as I had related my recent experiences, and had explained the situation of the Yaqui stronghold, the general promptly decided to move forward and take the place, if possible, by surprise.

"The Yaquis were taken completely by surprise, and, after a desperate resistance, were killed or captured, and thus was my English comrade's death avenged, and some restitution made for the cruel agony that made me the subject of this story."



Editorial Department

"**L**EST we forget," let me make it plain that this magazine is leading the fight for a cleaner, purer, nobler manhood and womanhood, that we are working for the complete annihilation of those terrible evils that curse humanity in every civilized community:

- | | |
|------------------------|------------|
| 1. PRUDISHNESS | 5. DRUGS |
| 2. CORSETS | 6. ALCOHOL |
| 3. MUSCULAR INACTIVITY | 7. TOBACCO |
| 4. GLUTTONY | |

Some principles are so important that they will bear continuous reiteration. For a while, we will again "blazon" the reform for which we stand at the head of the Editorial column.

Many of our friends are aware of the difficulties that beset our path. We stand for a revolution of existing conditions, and millions upon millions of capital is invested in enterprises that depend upon their continuance. Enemies stare us in the face at every turn. This is an age of business. Money rules the civilized world, and the active business man is the most powerful influence of our time. Standing as we do, from every standpoint distinctly antagonistic to the vast commercial enterprises represented by drugs, alcohol, tobacco, the corset and impure foods, you can imagine readily the power of the tremendous forces arrayed against us.

So thoroughly have I realized these plain facts, that I have anticipated the possibility of a combination drawing so strong, and using influence in every possible sphere to such an extent, that ultimately my usefulness might in some way be seriously handicapped.

I do not intend to supply my enemies with weapons by telling them just how this might be done, but my readers must realize the tremendous political power of money, and the patent medicine interests alone in this country would probably amount to more than a billion dollars.

Realizing that some time this great force might become so strong that I would be unable to cope with it, again and again I have racked my brain for some method that would place my work above and beyond a mere business enterprise.

Go into the office of the average patent medicine company and ask about Macfadden, and, if you have their confidence, they will quickly inform you that "they are working their game, and Macfadden is working his." It is simply a game with them, and for any human being to have other objects in life than the mere accumulation of dollars is beyond the comprehension of their narrow souls.

It is my intention to put my business beyond the criticism of these dishonorable fakirs. It was with this end in view that I forwarded to John D. Rockefeller the open letter that appeared in the last issue. Whether or not Mr. Rockefeller accepts my proposition is of small moment. I have determined upon a policy, and if he does not choose to lend a hand in this great reform others may be found, though it might be well to add that I am prepared to meet any contingency. Once

I have determined upon this policy, means can be found to place the physical culture reform that we have been advocating upon a satisfactory humanitarian basis.



FROM the reports presented by the managers of the department of physical culture at the World's Fair, the public was given to understand that every department of physical culture would be represented there. I regret very much to announce that there will be no physical culture at the World's Fair from the standpoint advocated by this magazine. Physical culture, as advocated only by the medical profession, and as taught in some of the principal colleges, will be represented.

*The World's Fair
and Physical Culture*

This will give you the same old physical culture as taught before the day of this magazine. There is no need to discourse upon the importance attached to physical culture at those periods. Physical culture literature went begging. No one would buy it, rarely would a newspaper publish it. Men most advanced in the profession would gladly contribute their articles free to any well-known publication. Now, everything is changed. Physical culture literature is everywhere sought. Every publisher of newspapers, magazines or books is in search of good writers on these subjects.

What brought about this revolution? Can any intelligent student of this age deny that physical culture as taught in this magazine has awakened the public to its true value? Heretofore, it has meant merely a few exercises. But we startled every thinking human being by making the public understand that within the science of true physical culture there is a complete system of natural healing, that with one stroke it entirely destroys the usefulness of drugs and drug doctors, that it brings health and strength within easy reach of every intelligent human being.

And now comes the so-called physical culture department of the World's Fair. They recognize nothing in physical culture but athletics and a series of systems of movements. They have appointed men to lecture and to present to the public the theories of physical culture only as advocated by men with the old-time ideas.

So much for the fight we have made against the drugs and drugging. We are glad that they have appointed no one to talk in favor of physical culture in accordance with the theories we advocate, because the public might have become misled as to the true meaning of this most important of all sciences.

Outside of the athletic work and the various good systems of exercises that no doubt will be presented, there will be no physical culture at the World's Fair. They were entirely too narrow to admit those who advocate the progressive theories for which this magazine has so manfully contended. But our friends need not worry, for there may come a time in the not far distant future when a World's Fair will mean not merely the exhibiting of the works of man. It will mean, first of all, the exhibition of man himself in all his noblest and most perfect characteristics.



WE want to extend the hand of good fellowship and our heartiest commendation to the Editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He is doing good work. He is fighting the Patent Medicine Companies with a vigor that clearly shows his intentions. In a recent issue we have clipped from one of his

"scorching" articles. Among the patent medicine companies, he has attacked the World's Dispensary Medical Association. They have a remedy called "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription." Editor Bok

*The Ladies' Home Journal Smites
at Patent Medicine Companies*

of the *Ladies' Home Journal* claims that this remedy contains tincture of digitalis, tincture of opium, oil of anise and alcohol.

The World's Dispensary Medical Association has sued the *Ladies' Home Journal* for two hundred thousand dollars damages. Dr. Pierce states in his complaint that his remedy is composed of extracts of medicinal plants, roots and herbs that would not harm the most delicate system. Dr. Pierce says that his remedy is well and favorably known and has a wide sale. There is, perhaps, no doubt of this. Nearly every newspaper commends its value in its advertising columns at so much per line.

We shall watch with much interest the suit of the Dr. Pierce Company vs. the *Ladies' Home Journal*. We have never had occasion to try his Favorite Prescription, and therefore cannot pass any opinion of special value as to its merits. But it is not usual for the columns of this magazine to give advice as to the best method of doping the nerves with drugs, the effects of which are evil in every case.



THE patent medicine and electric belt manufacturers are becoming seriously alarmed. Many of them own publications that are indirectly devoted to their interests. So-called health publications supported by them are now springing up everywhere. The vast interest aroused in building health by natural methods has attracted schemers of all kinds.

*Publications Devoted to Patent
Medicine Fakirs*

A so-called health publication, recently called to my attention, devoted a leading article to a most vehement arraignment of the editor of this magazine and others who advocate similar theories. It was surprising to find such vindictive utterances in the first issue

of a magazine, and I was puzzled; but a short article strongly commending proprietary medicines, better known as patent medicines, very clearly brought to light the object of their existence. In their commendation of drug quackery they state that many of the well-known proprietary medicines are filled from the best standard prescriptions known to medical science, and only reputable and thoroughly reliable houses are engaged in the manufacture of these remedies, and an extended laboratory experience, scrupulous care, and the best of pure and fresh materials make them thoroughly reliable. They claim that they are indorsed and recommended by the medical profession, for physicians prescribe them generally.

This, my friends, is one of the so-called health magazines that are bamboozling the public about as much as the patent medicine companies themselves. Don't allow these fakirs to make a fool of you. Whenever you read a health magazine, carefully look over its articles for an undercurrent or an indirect advertisement of some drug fakery, and even if the articles are found to be clean, sometimes in the advertising department you will find them making victims for quacks who pay them so much per line for the privilege of victimizing their readers.

Bernarr Macfadden