

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

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## ...CONTENTS...

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	PAGE
Frontispiece—A Critical Moment in a Big Football Game.....	376
Physical Development Simplified..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	377
Fraud in the Procurement of Marriages—From a Lawyer's Point of View.....	385
Boston's Six-Year-Old Oarsman.....	386
An Arm Without an Elbow Joint.....	387
Little Girl Cured of Typhoid Fever With Our Methods.....	388
Worshipping a "Fake" God (Cartoon)..... <i>By E. Lutz</i> .....	388
The Training of a Child Before Birth.....	389
Tolstoi as a Physical Culturist..... <i>By Baroness Von Ketteler</i> .....	391
The Error in the Fasting Cure..... <i>By Dr. J. L. Lawson</i> .....	395
A Wonderful Food—Lecithine..... <i>By O. Wilbur Jackson, M. D.</i> .....	397
A Marvelous (?) Medical Discovery..... <i>By Alexander Marshall</i> .....	399
The Murderous Corset Curse: The Tragedy of a Ruined Home.....	402
Muscle and Health for Boys..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	403
Boys' Question Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	404
The Curse of Tobacco..... <i>By J. Floyd Johnson</i> .....	405
A Chinese Opium Joint..... <i>By H. H. Byrne</i> .....	406
The Strenuous Lover ( <i>Continued</i> )..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	407
The Wonderful Vitality of the Jewish Race..... <i>By Abraham Alexander Weill</i> .....	416
Another View of the Bathing Problem..... <i>By Chas. E. Page, M. D.</i> .....	419
Cause and Cure of Sleeplessness..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	421
Football—A Manly Sport..... <i>By Walter Camp</i> .....	423
Physicians Forced to Believe in Medicine.....	428
Nature's Only Rival—The Rubber Physique.....	429
Gained 51 Pounds on a Nut and Fruit Diet.....	431
How Miss Marlowe Maintains Health and Beauty..... <i>By Miss Julia Marlowe</i> .....	432
Likely Competitors for the Thousand Dollar Prize.....	434
\$5,000 in Prizes for Physical Culture Enthusiasts.....	435
The Saloon Bar.....	436
Likely Competitors from New Zealand for the Thousand Dollar Prize.....	437
A Secret..... <i>Reproduced from a painting by Geo. Horn</i> .....	438
Pithy Pointed Paragraphs.....	439
Virtues of Our Methods Proven.....	443
Monuments of Our Modern So-Called Civilization (Cartoon)..... <i>By Bill Nye</i> .....	448
The Beauty of the Voice..... <i>By Adele Peters</i> .....	449
Criminal Unsexing Operations Upon Women..... <i>By O. Wilbur Jackson, M.D.</i> .....	450
The Diamond Smuggler's Last Stake..... <i>By Chas. W. Barrell</i> .....	452
Living on Five Cents a Day..... <i>By Stanhope Miller</i> .....	455
The Home of the Whiskey Toper (Cartoon)..... <i>By Bill Nye</i> .....	457
Was a Weakling as a Boy.....	458
That "Christian Hospital" Again..... <i>By Alexander Marshall</i> .....	459
Question Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	461
Editorial Department..... <i>By Bernarr Macfadden</i> .....	463

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

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**A Critical Moment in a Big Football Game. Trying for Goal After a Touchdown**

*An illustration from "Football—A Manly Sport," by Walter Camp, in The Eminent Football Authority. See illustrated article on page 228*

## PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED

A SERIES OF LESSONS FOR DEVELOPING THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF VITAL, FUNCTIONAL, NERVOUS AND MUSCULAR VIGOR. LESSONS ARE GRADUATED AND ARE APPLICABLE TO THE STRONG AND WEAK OF BOTH SEXES. ALL THE INFORMATION PREPARED FOR THE BOOK "PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT SIMPLIFIED" PREVIOUSLY ANNOUNCED WILL APPEAR IN THESE LESSONS

*By Bernarr Macfadden*

The Photographs Illustrating These Lessons Were Specially Posed for by the Editor Himself

### LESSON XI

ADDITIONAL EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE UPPER LEGS AND CALVES. DETAILED INSTRUCTIONS FOR THOSE DESIROUS OF GAINING ADDITIONAL WEIGHT.

Some time ago, in *Beauty and Health*, I devoted an article to a method of gaining weight by a series of fasts, the duration of the fasting periods to be gradually increased. I realized that it would require a very strong will to follow out such a course to the end. I received a number of letters from those who attempted the course with benefit, though I must admit that I received a few from those who were unable to follow it until satisfactory results had been noticed.



It is safe to say that an average of four out of five who fast five days or

### PHOTO No.

96. Exercise No.

55. Bend the left

leg very slowly,

bringing the foot

upward as far

as you can,

tensing the

muscles

strongly

while making

the movement.

In this exercise

one

muscle should

resist the other,

and you may not

be able to make the

movement correctly

the first attempt,

but after a few

trials you should

easily perform it.

Same exercise

with the right

leg. Continue

movement of

each leg until

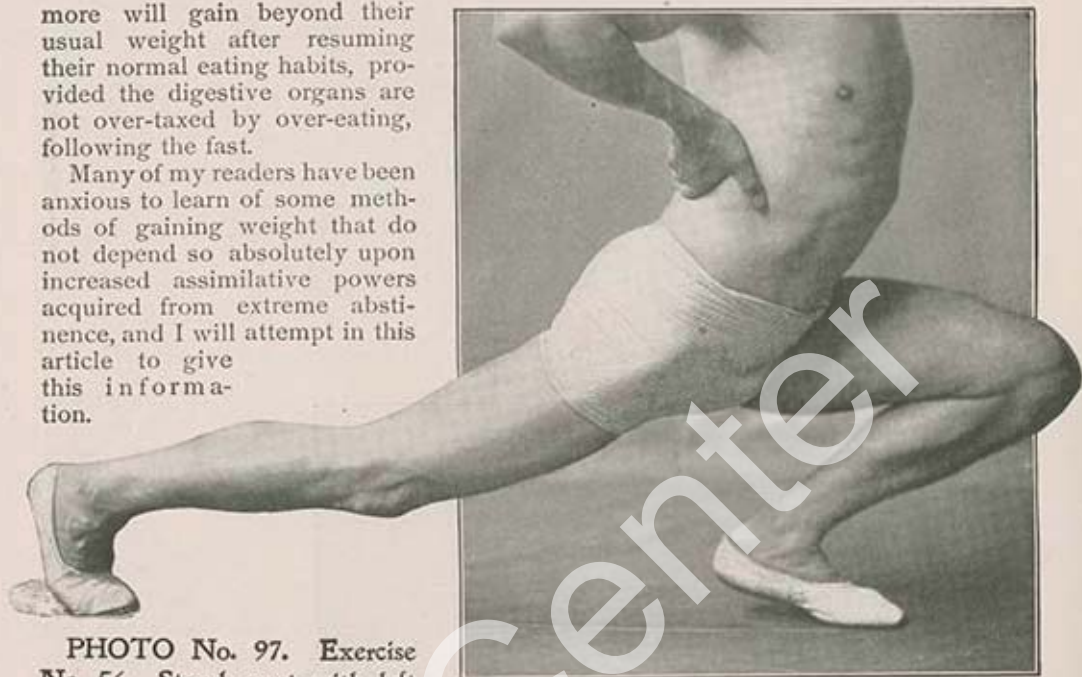
tired. For the

muscles of

the upper legs.

more will gain beyond their usual weight after resuming their normal eating habits, provided the digestive organs are not over-taxed by over-eating, following the fast.

Many of my readers have been anxious to learn of some methods of gaining weight that do not depend so absolutely upon increased assimilative powers acquired from extreme abstinence, and I will attempt in this article to give this information.



**PHOTO No. 97. Exercise No. 56.** Stand erect with left foot far forward. Now bend left leg as far as you can, as shown in above illustration. Straighten left leg and continue movement until slightly fatigued. Take the same exercise with the right leg forward. For muscles of the hip and upper leg.

Let us first understand that the body might be figuratively termed a storage battery. Every pound of muscle and fatty tissue represents actual nourishment that can be used to maintain the nervous and intellectual power if fasting could be made compulsory. In many cases where death has been reported from starvation the real cause was the mental fear and resignation to death rather than the actual physical condition. Every physician will tell you that the desire to live, the determination by the patient himself that he will struggle through an illness and live in spite of all obstacles, has much to do with influencing recovery.

All this strongly emphasizes the power of mental determination, and if one desires to add tissue to the body, the mental requirements under the circumstances must be understood and cultivated.

First of all, **DON'T WORRY.** Your assimilative powers must indeed be remarkable if you can gain any weight

while worrying. A vast amount of nervous strength is wasted under circumstances of this nature, and you should not throw away nervous strength. Therefore, mental calmness, a feeling of satisfaction with life and your general environment, are essential if one is desirous of increasing weight.

And next to my warning against worrying, I would say, "**DON'T HURRY.**" I know a great deal of hurrying must often be done to accomplish what you may feel is your life's duty, but frequently this is much exaggerated. Hurry and worry usually go together. If you see your train moving out just as you are about ready to board it, do not waste your energy in stamping around and cursing your ill luck. There will be another train later, and if you have to wait a few hours or a day, you should take advantage of the rest.

Therefore, in the very beginning of this article let me warn you against hurrying and worrying.

Now, as my reader is fully aware, a

gain in weight consists in adding actual muscular and fatty tissues to the body. It is therefore necessary actually to force the organs of assimilation to change their usual habits. They must take up more nourishment and distribute it through the body, and if one has been chronically thin this is in some cases by no means an easy task. Then, again, it must be remembered that there are some who desire to gain in weight who already approximate what would be termed a normal condition.

To be in the best of health one should not be too light or too heavy, and the adoption of the ordinary physical culture régime will usually bring one to what should be his normal standard.

But in this article I am to consider what might be termed a forcing process. If you have tried the ordinary physical culture methods in adding weight,



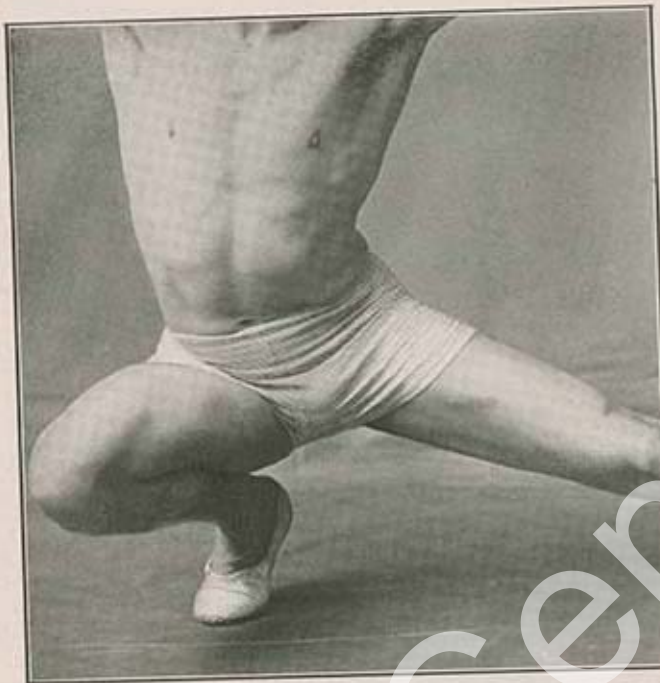
**PHOTO No. 98. Exercise No. 57.** Grasp ankle of right leg as shown in above illustration. Now straighten leg as far as you can, still maintaining your hold of the ankle. Back to original position and continue exercise until tired. Take same exercise with the left leg, grasping ankle with left hand. For muscles of upper leg.

and have been unsuccessful, and you will not be satisfied until you have found some means of increasing your *avoirdupois*, then you are warranted in trying the methods advised here. I do not wish to convey the impression that the régime

here recommended is harmful if it is followed out intelligently, though in some cases the ultimate benefit of what some might term a "stuffing process" can be questioned, even if a temporary gain in weight has been effected.

Now, in beginning this process, wherein you will necessarily make a very radical change in your diet, it is essential that you prepare for this change by a fast of from two to five days. If you can make the fast a little longer it will certainly be to your advantage. Now, please note that when I say fasting, I mean total abstinence from all foods, liquid or solid, though you may use all the water you desire. However, during the fasting period you should not encourage yourself to drink water unless thirsty.

Now, during this preparatory fast, and in fact during all the period wherein you are attempting to gain in weight, you must give particular attention to deep abdominal breathing. Expand the body in the region of the stomach to its



bowels. All these foods must be used uncooked. If you wish occasionally to eat a cooked meal there should be no serious objection, though it is undoubtedly preferable that you adhere to the raw foods.

Your fast should be broken with two or three oranges or some light acid fruit, after which you may drink, or rather eat, some milk.

If you have fasted five days

PHOTO No. 99. Exercise No. 58. Stand with

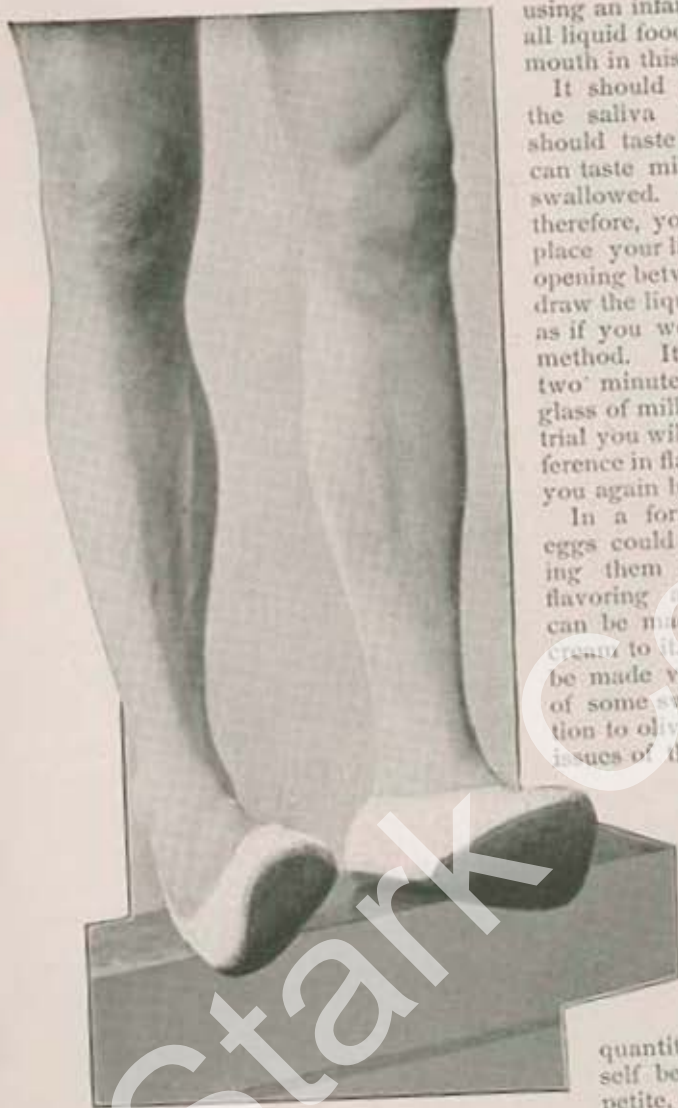
feet far apart. Now slowly bend right knee and bring weight over to the right leg as shown in above illustration. When rising make the left leg assist as much as possible. Same exercise to the left. In this exercise the straight leg should be made to assist as much as possible each time you arise. If these instructions are followed this exercise uses very strongly the muscles on the inside of the upper leg.

greatest possible capacity. Take this exercise in the open air or before an open window at least three or four times a day, and try to remember at other times the necessity for drawing in deep full inspirations. Remember you must increase your actual assimilative and digestive capacities, and you should make more room in this region of the body for the functional processes to perform their task.

Now let us carefully view the diet which should be adopted immediately following the fast. The principal articles of foods advised will consist of milk, cream and eggs. As foods of this character often cause biliousness, acid fruits should be used freely as a counter-acting influence. If you cannot secure fruit that contains enough of this ingredient, use lemons. Raw rolled grains—oats and wheat—are also advised as a means of guaranteeing regularity of the

or more, the first two or three days after breaking the fast you should be satisfied with a very moderate quantity of food, but thereafter you can gradually begin to increase the quantity. You can eat two or three meals a day, whichever is most convenient, though you should remember the necessity for the thorough enjoyment of these meals. Under no circumstances should you ever hurry through a meal. Give yourself plenty of time to thoroughly masticate and enjoy every morsel. Forget all your troubles and eat just for the love of it. If you can do this, the chances of success in attaining your end will be greatly improved.

As to instructions for eating these foods, I would first of all advise that they be eaten in whatever manner they will be the most palatable. Now give close attention to my directions for drinking milk. Don't say you cannot use milk until you have tried my method. I say



**PHOTO No. 100. Exercise No. 59.** Stand on the heels, on the edge of a block of wood, as shown. Now bend the ankles and roll the foot outward until the weight rests on the outer sides of the feet, and roll them in the other direction until the weight rests on the inner sides of the feet. Continue the exercise back and forth until the muscles tire. For the muscles on the inner and outer sides of the calf.

"drink," but my meaning is not conveyed by that word. We drink water, but we should take milk just as does an infant. I would hardly advise you to secure a bottle and a nipple, but I must admit that the proper way to use milk as a food is to take it into the mouth in just about the same manner you would if

using an infant's method. Milk, in fact all liquid foods, should be taken into the mouth in this manner.

It should be thoroughly mixed with the saliva before swallowing. You should taste every part of it, and you can taste milk but little if it is hurriedly swallowed. To drink milk properly, therefore, you should take a glass and place your lips to the liquid, making an opening between the lips so tiny that you draw the liquid into the mouth as slowly as if you were really using the infantile method. It should take from one to two minutes to consume an ordinary glass of milk in this manner, and after a trial you will really be amazed at the difference in flavor, and never thereafter will you again be guilty of "drinking" milk.

In a former issue I described how eggs could be made palatable by beating them up with milk and adding flavoring and sugar if desired. Milk can be made more palatable by adding cream to it. The raw rolled grains can be made very palatable by the addition of some sweet fruit and cream, in addition to olive oil, as described in previous issues of the magazine, though it would be well to remember the necessity of first adding only sufficient oil to the grain to thoroughly moisten it.

As stated before, the first two or three days after your fast you must be satisfied with a rather limited quantity. But thereafter you may gradually increase the quantity of the food used. Let yourself be guided entirely by your appetite, eating only the kind of food that you can enjoy, though natural

foods of this character can be used without danger for a period, at least up to the limit of their palatability.

It would be impossible to make a rule by which all can be guided, but after you have fully regained your normal weight following the fast, you should be able, probably, to use each day from



**PHOTO No. 101. Exercise No. 60.** Stand with the toes resting on the block of wood or the edge of a stair. Roll the feet until the weight of the body is resting on the outer sides of the feet. Then roll the feet in the opposite direction until the weight is resting on the inner sides of the feet. Continue exercise back and forth until tired. For the muscles on the inner and outer sides of the calf.

one and a half to three quarts of milk, from a half-pint to a pint of cream, and from four to eight eggs, in addition to the fruits, raw grains and other natural foods that you might desire to add to the diet. Nuts and vegetables can be added

also to the extent desired. You should note also that there is no serious objection to an occasional meal of cooked food or a dish that will mix well with the raw foods advised.

All during the period following the fast very pure water should be kept closely at hand, and you should encourage yourself to drink rather freely of it, though be careful not to make the mistake of stuffing yourself with water. The amount of water needed will, of course, depend upon how much milk is used, and you must be guided largely by your individual desire. Never force upon yourself water that is not desired. Whenever your throat feels dry and water has a pleasant taste, it is advisable to use it freely.

Perhaps it is hardly necessary to comment upon the value of sleep for one who desires to gain weight. You should, by all means, retire early, though nothing is gained by lolling in bed after your desire for sleep has been satisfied.

For some reason that no scientist has yet fully explained, we feel more rested and are able to secure more real, refreshing sleep when we retire early. It has often been stated that one hour's sleep before twelve o'clock is as good as two during the morning hours. Whether this is true or not, it is nevertheless a fact that it is vastly to one's advantage to retire early.

If your last meal is at five or six o'clock, a pint of milk is advised a half-hour to an hour before retiring, PROVIDED IT IS PALATABLE. In fact, I could hardly emphasize too strongly the necessity of palatability of all foods that you eat.

**DON'T EAT ANYTHING THAT YOU DON'T LIKE.** If you don't like a specially desirable food prepared one way, prepare or combine it so that it will be

palatable. For instance, it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to make raw eggs palatable, but even one with the most finicky taste can find, usually, some way of combining them with other foods so that they will be thoroughly enjoyed.



The next question of interest to the reader will refer probably to exercise. Enthusiastic Physical Culturists will make, usually, the mistake of taking too much exercise. To gain in weight you should not be too energetic—too strenuous. If anything, you should try to cultivate phlegmatic characteristics.

**DON'T MOVE TOO FAST.** Be slow and calm and steady. I would advise a daily walk in the open air, and this opportunity should be taken to expand the abdominal region many times to the fullest extent. The exercises given in the March issue of the magazine for developing vital strength would probably be about the best movements to take in connection with the diet here advised. Ten or fifteen minutes' daily exercise with these movements, in addition to the walk, should be sufficient. Of course it is advisable that you be occupied congenially, but you should not



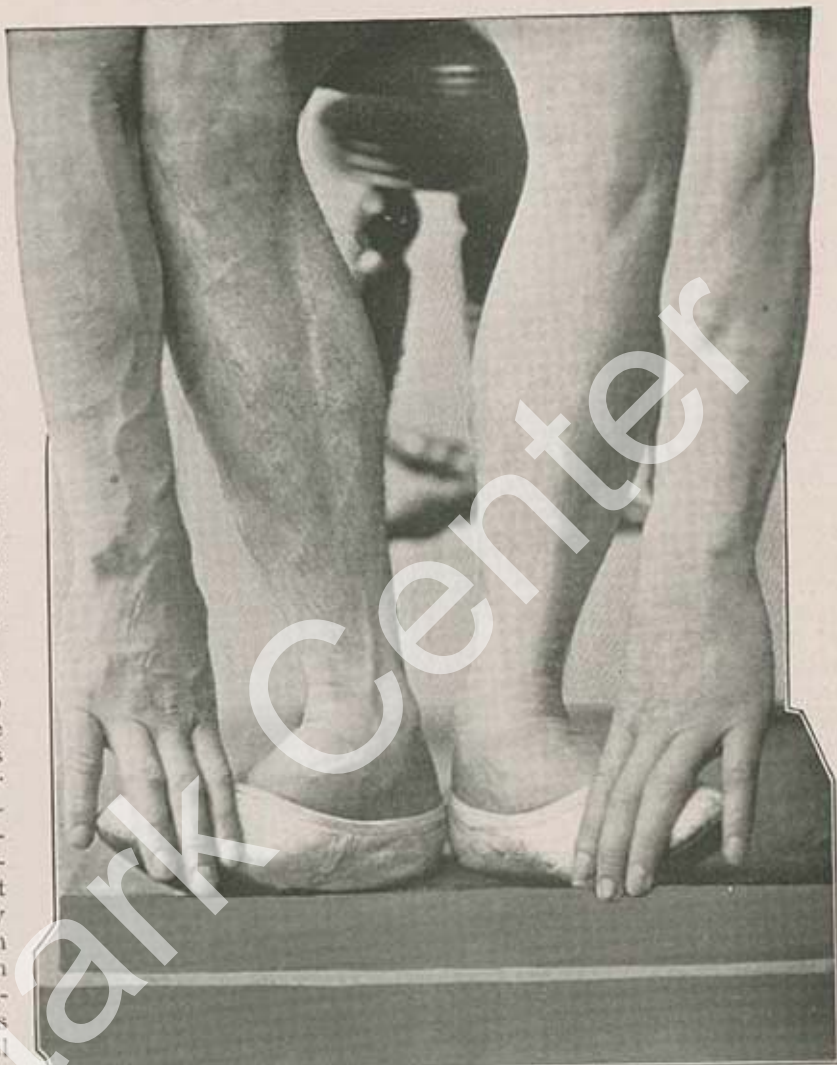
**PHOTO No. 102. Exercise No. 61.** Seat yourself on a chair. Now reach down and place your hands on the outer sides of the toes, as shown in the illustration. Now bring the toes outward as far as you can, pressing against the movement slightly with the fingers of the hand. Continue the exercise back and forth until tired. For the twisting muscles of the calves and upper legs.

be too actively engaged in either mental or physical work.

It would be well to add, in conclusion, that stimulants of all kinds must be absolutely avoided. Tea, coffee and alcoholic liquors of every character must be shunned. IF YOU ARE ADDICTED TO EXCESSES OF ANY NATURE, THERE WILL BE BUT SMALL HOPES OF YOUR SECURING A SATIS-

FACTORY GAIN IN WEIGHT. Nearly everyone has some methods of dissipating, mild or otherwise, that are weakening, and those who follow the advice herein given must remember the absolute necessity of "cutting out" everything in the nature of excess or dissipation if they mean to be successful in achieving the desired result.

The instructions given in this article will apply in a general way to all those who might be desirous of adding surplus tissue; but it must be remembered that in an article of this kind, where the instructions are meant to apply to all cases, it is impossible to provide for individual idiosyncrasies. Each person must take up and adapt the theories to his particular need in a suitable and intelligent manner. Do not make any change in your diet with a view of attempting this régime until you have



**PHOTO No. 103. Exercise No. 62.** Seat yourself on a chair and place hands on the inner sides of the feet while turned far outward as shown in illustration. Now bring the toes of the feet together, pressing slightly against the motion with the fingers. Continue until tired. For the twisting muscles of the calves and legs and upper legs.

studied the article very thoroughly and have mastered every part of the instructions given herewith.

I have not repeated the daily régime in this issue. My pupils should be sufficiently familiar with the course by this time to be able to make out their

own daily régime adapted to their own individual needs.

The next and last article in this series will be devoted to the effects of bathing. It will contain an entirely unprejudiced discussion of this subject, and should be carefully read by all those who have been following this course,

# FRAUD IN THE PROCUREMENT OF MARRIAGES

## FROM A LAWYER'S POINT OF VIEW



HERE are many marriages procured through fraudulent misrepresentations by the parties interested. Undoubtedly many of these matings are set aside in our divorce courts, but many of them, caused by the most notoriously fraudulent practices, have never been passed upon by courts of equity. Just how far the particular practices enter into the fraudulent procurement of marriages will be left for the consideration of the reader.

Suppose a man, upon meeting a woman for the first time, is attracted by her faultless figure. Her figure is usually the first thing that does attract him, for her charming character and winning ways, which are largely controlled by her moods, are evident only upon acquaintance. Her figure remains the same—or is supposed so to do.

He loves this woman, first, because of her figure, and after a more intimate acquaintance, because of herself. He marries her, only to find that she is not what she seemed. Possibly her pleasing manners are not always as he expected them to be; but he is horror-stricken to discover that instead of being a woman of superb proportions, his wife is nothing but an angular frame of bones. He is a victim of a great fraud. His wife's most attractive features are not real, but are bogus. He has been deceived. Can he ever have the same love and admiration for his real wife, the nameless adjuncts, or the combination, that once possessed him while in blissful ignorance? His manhood has been insulted, and his sun of eternal happiness has gone into total eclipse, the only illumination to his dark forebodings being an



The Beginning



The Artificial Foundation



The Finish

occasional hope that no one else will ever learn the facts. Has he any redress, or must he accept the conditions and live in misery the remainder of his days?

In all jurisdictions, fraud in the procurement of a marriage is ground for nullifying the same. Judge Story defines fraud as being "any cunning deception or artifice used to circumvent, cheat or deceive another." Actual fraud may consist in the concealment of what is true as much as in making a false statement. Concealment will amount to a fraud where the concealment is of material facts known to one party which ought to be known to the other. Where one party knows that the other places a peculiar trust in him there is an obligation to disclose all material facts, and such an obligation exists where the parties are not on an equal footing, one having means of knowledge not open to the other.

Abundance of authority might be cited to sustain the above propositions, but let us see if they are applicable to the case in question. The husband petitions that he married his wife, thinking and having reason to believe that she was a woman well developed, healthy, of symmetrical form, and possessed of certain graces peculiar to her sex; that after marriage he discovered for the first time that she used and wore upon her person articles known to the trade as corsets, symmetricals, wire forms and other forms, bags, rolls, stays and other devices of names unknown to petitioner, for the purpose of hiding, covering and concealing her real physical condition, and for the further purpose of exhibiting certain charms which she did not possess, and by means of such deceit, artifice, cunning and fraud, induced and procured the petitioner to flirt with, court and marry her; that the petitioner was induced and did marry her because of the deceit, concealment and fraud

as aforesaid; that his wife is of entirely different physical proportions, condition and health than he was fraudulently led to believe her to be, and is diseased, weakened and deformed in body, and is wholly unfit to enter into the marital relation; therefore, the petitioner prays that the said marriage be annulled. Who will say that a man thus grieved ought not to be delivered from such a body of death? Would even the disgrace be sufficient punishment for the deceitfulness of such a woman?

Every community has examples of such marriages, but as the question has

never been submitted to the courts for consideration upon its merits it is impossible to anticipate a decision, though justice usually gives relief where it is needed. Then comes the question whether the perpetrators of the fraud ought to be prosecuted, and if so, ought not Dame Fashion to be indicted, either as principal or accessory? Whether we all admit the charge that woman is an arch impostor, we all know that she is the best loved and most devotedly worshipped being of all creation; for what would man be and do without her?



## BOSTON'S SIX-YEAR-OLD OARSMAN



WE have received from Dr. C. Gilbert Percival, of Boston, a remarkable letter relating to Herbert H. Harding, a six-year-old athlete and an example of what systematic physical training, plain diet, outdoor life and moderate exercise may do for a mere child.

Herbert H. Harding, son of Harry Harding, a prominent provision dealer of Boston, has taken up rowing with remarkable results and can be seen out almost every day on the historic Charles River when the weather is pleasant.

This mere child is the most extraordinary athlete of his years in the country. His arms, as shown in the photograph, are as large as those of many a man, and

in rowing abilities he would put many to shame.

Young Harding comes naturally by rowing abilities, his father being quite a local rowing celebrity around New England a dozen years ago.

The boy took to gymnasium and aquatic work at four years of age, having first acquired the knack of handling the blades at a local gymnasium.

He is a large boy for his age, weighing ninety-eight pounds, and his other measurements, which follow, are in proportion:

Weight, ninety-eight pounds; height, four feet three inches; forearm, eight and one-half inches; neck, twelve inches; calf (both) eleven and one-half inches; ankles, eight inches; chest expansion, four inches; waist, four inches; thighs, fifteen inches; waist, twenty-four inches.

# AN ARM WITHOUT AN ELBOW JOINT

THE STRANGE CASE WHERE THE APPLICATION OF PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT TO A USELESS, HANGING ARM BROUGHT IT TO BECOME A USEFUL MEMBER



THE most remarkable case of the benefits of physical culture now exciting interest among distinguished surgeons and medical authorities of the West, who have had the opportunity of examining the same, is that of Enoch Stahler, of Minneapolis, Minn., first lieutenant of Company C,

Third New York Volunteer Cavalry, during the Civil War.

On October 7, 1864, while in an engagement with Wade Hampton's Division of Virginia Cavalry, which took place four miles from Richmond, on the Johnson farm, Lieutenant Stahler received a gunshot wound that completely shattered and tore away his elbow joint.

He was taken prisoner and an operation was immediately performed upon the field by a Confederate surgeon, the operating table used being an old door supported



Enoch Stahler, Lieutenant of Company C,  
Third New York Volunteer Cavalry.  
During Civil War

by four stakes driven in the ground.

The splintered joint was entirely removed and the wound was allowed to heal. When entirely well, however, the arm was found to be useless, necessitating continual lifting into position.

When the war was over Lieutenant Stahler returned to his trade of miller, and it was here that he accidentally found the method that has saved his arm from amputation and has made it once more a useful member of his body.

While in the mill Lieutenant Stahler would sometimes lift the hanging arm up to some support above his head and would swing himself back and forth merely as a relief



Arm of Lieutenant E. Stahler, Showing Some of the Positions Which it Can be Made to Assume

to the arm, and as a change from the useless, hanging position, not knowing or thinking at the time of the results that would gradually be obtained.

After a time of this manner of exercising he made the remarkable discovery that a certain set of muscles were begin-

ning to develop and he felt that he could make slight use of his fingers. He persisted and began the regular practice of swinging himself by the arms. Now, through the action of the muscles entirely, he is able to put his arm in almost any conceivable position he desires and can make use of it at will.

### Little Girl Cured of Typhoid Fever with Our Methods

We have had a sick girl, who is now about well. We have two children, a boy and a girl; the girl was taken ill with typhoid fever. Although I am making this long, I would like to tell you a part of our experience in the sickness. I was away and received a message from father saying that the doctor—he lives next door—had been over to see our little girl. She hadn't been feeling well. The doctor said she had typhoid fever, and when we wanted to give her something for it, Myrta, my wife, would not let the doctor give her anything, as Clare would not like it. The doctor went home in an angry mood, saying that if I had made a study of medicine to go ahead.

As I passed the doctor's he was just getting into his buggy to go away. I stopped him and said:

"Doctor, I understand you were provoked because Myrta wouldn't let you give the little girl anything. Now, you don't want to get mad, for you know how I have felt about such things. I wish

you would doctor that baby without medicines. I believe we can pull her through."

And we have, after she had been ill for about two months. We did not give her much of anything to eat. The doctor said, "I don't believe Clare will live," but if there is anything in Mr. Macfadden's fasting that child has had the full benefit of it. Most people would kick me out for not giving her something to eat. There was a consultation of doctors, and this is what they told me when they came out: "If she had been any other child she would have been dead before morning. Had we begun by giving her medicine at the start she would be dead." The doctors came to the conclusion that my exercising the child had made her heart large and strong, and that this was the only treatment that had kept her alive.

In finishing, I will say: "Go ahead. You are on the right track. Don't be too harsh, but every step for the right is a help."

J. C. ATKINS.

Flint, Mich.



Worshipping a "Fake" God



Master Harold Furstenuau, the Remarkable Boy Athlete and Orator Who was Cultured Before Birth

## THE TRAINING OF A CHILD BEFORE BIRTH

### THE WONDERFUL RESULTS OF PRE-NATAL CULTURE AS SHOWN IN THE BOY BEAUTY AND ORATOR, MASTER HAROLD FURSTENAU

*Here is a subject that science has absolutely ignored—the rearing of strong, beautiful children! Is there anything more worthy in life than this? May the popular demand for knowledge of this kind become so irresistible as to throttle the prudes, and then we may see a future for the human race more glorious than we ever dared to predict even in wildest dreams.—*  
BERNARR MACFADDEN.



**M**S. MARGUERITE FURSTENAU, of Milwaukee, the mother of the remarkable Boy Orator, thoroughly believes that a mother possesses vast power in the development of her child before birth.

What makes her claims more interesting is the fact that she has demonstrated beyond all possible doubt

the truth of her conclusion, in her own child.

When the child was about two and a half years of age, he won a beautiful silver goblet for being the handsomest boy baby; and at about the same time, at the baby show at St. John's Baptist Church, Chicago, he won a gold cross set with twelve diamonds and rubies, for being the most intelligent baby between one and three years of age.

But his reputation as a beautiful baby had hardly begun to wane before he was heralded in all the Western newspapers as an orator of ability. At a banquet given by the Jefferson Club, at Milwaukee,

he made a very decided hit. The mayor of the city and other important personages applauded his efforts, and a prominent newspaper, commenting upon the little fellow's remarkable talent, states that his pose and delivery are as good as those of a man.

Mrs. Furstenau's own words as to the culture of her child before and after birth, will undoubtedly be of interest.

"Fully eight months before my son's birth my husband explained to me that I had the future of our child's life in my keeping and could make it what I willed. I immediately concluded that the best this world had to offer would be none too good for my son; also that he must be intelligent, strong and healthy. And to accomplish all this we decided upon a course of study together with suitable physical culture and breathing exercises; to which I religiously attended every day, two and one-half hours each morning and about one and one-half hours every afternoon. I felt that I was teaching a living pupil, instead of a child unborn; for I firmly believe that if a mother wishes her child to have talent for any particular profession or trade, and she devotes a short time each day to studying the details of the particular calling which she wishes her son to excel in, the child will surely manifest special talents in this particular direction. While studying the biography of our greatest generals, statesmen, scientists and musicians, you will usually find that the mothers were deeply interested in the subjects in which their sons lived to become distinguished.

"I began to give my baby special training when he was six weeks old. After his morning bath I would pat him gently from head to foot, and then rub him down with the palms of my hands. This I felt sure would strengthen his little

body. After this I let him sleep a while, and upon his awakening would give him his lessons in physical culture. I would place my finger in his little hands alternately and lift him up as far as his strength permitted, then would take both hands and gently lift him to a sitting position, after which I would lift him first with one foot and then with the other, and finally with both. When at the age of four months, I would put him on a bed and throw him around in all kinds of ways. Of course, this was all play for him, but every move I made was done for a purpose. When he was able to walk we bought a pair of quarter-pound dumb-bells and taught him how to use them; and now, at the age of five years, he goes through a daily dumb-bell drill. His breathing exercises, consisting of seven different positions, are taken next.

He has never tasted tea or coffee, has a daily bath, and sleeps every afternoon from two to three hours. The superintendent of schools recently informed me that my son could attend the first grade, beginning at once, a distinction which is seldom conferred on a child under six years of age in this city.

"Harold weighs fifty-two pounds, is three feet eleven inches tall, and can expand his chest one and three-fourths inches with perfect ease."

Mrs. Furstenau has very emphatically demonstrated the truth of her theory. Some of the exercises taken by her son are shown in the Boys' Department of this issue of the magazine. He certainly is a remarkable child, and if these subjects can be reasonably and generally discussed, there is no question that the race could be vastly improved if mothers were aware of their great power in influencing the health and abilities of their children before birth.

### Chinese Comments About American Barbarism

Chinese Hostess—And what did you think of that country called America?

Chinese Traveler—The half has not been told. They are more barbarous than even the wisest priests of Buddha had supposed. The American husbands compel their wives to wear a deadly

harness of steel and whalebone, the fiendish contrivance being laced so tight that the poor victims can scarcely breathe. In the course of years the vitals are pressed so closely together that the sufferer dies in great agony.

Hostess—But what is this for?

Traveler—So the brutal husband can go off and get a younger wife, of course.  
—New York Weekly.



# TOLSTOI AS A PHYSICAL CULTURIST

*By the Baroness von Ketteler*

*Tolstoi is the only living man in all this wide world whom I ever envied. He lives his life absolutely according to the dictates of his conscience and intelligence. He bows to no human law or creed. He is a true nobleman among plebeians. He cares not for dress, for riches or fame. He is self-made, self-poised and self-controlled. His great sympathetic soul reaches throughout the entire civilized world. To me he is a God-like ideal which we poor mortals can only strive to imitate.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*



COUNT TOLSTOI at the age of seventy is a marvel of youthful fire and vigor. At Yasnaya Polyana he glides along with rapid movements, leaping ditches, with no apparent effort till forced by consideration for

his breathless guests to slacken his pace.

When Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, who is much his junior, visited him on his estates, he was so impressed with Tolstoi's tireless energy that he exclaimed:

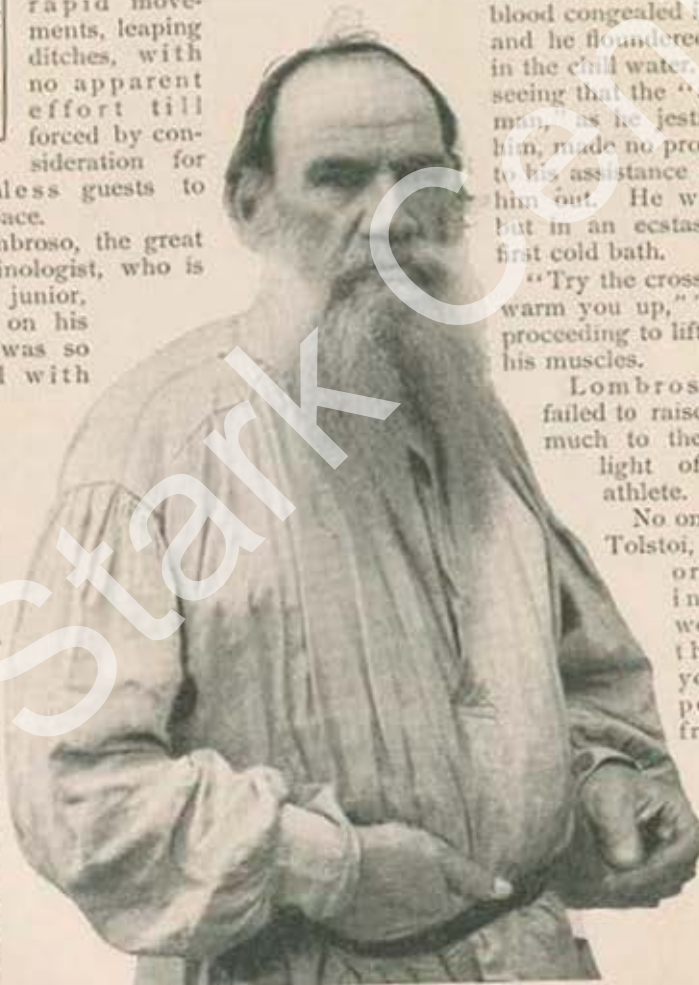
"You are fit to be my son!" When the two students of man went for the morning plunge Tolstoi asked his guest whether he knew how to swim, and was assured that he did. Lom-

broso, put upon his mettle by the question, attempted all the deft strokes and aquatic feats of the old Russian novelist. Tolstoi crawled upon the outer board, plunged in and swam off. But alas, for the Italian! His southern blood congealed in his veins, and he floundered helplessly in the chill water. His host, seeing that the "amiable old man," as he jestingly called him, made no progress, came to his assistance and helped him out. He was panting, but in an ecstasy over his first cold bath.

"Try the cross-bar; it will warm you up," Tolstoi said, proceeding to lift himself by his muscles.

Lombroso tried and failed to raise his weight, much to the boyish delight of the aged athlete.

No one looking at Tolstoi, in his vigorous declining years, would dream that, as a young man, he possessed a frail constitution. When he retired to his estate, after his military life in the Caucasus and his brief career as the young



Tolstoi in His Long Russian Blouse, Loosely Belted With a Leathern Strap, and Meeting the Requirements of Complete Comfort

literary lion of St. Petersburg, his health was thought so feeble and his escapades so wild that one of his landed neighbors, the great Turgenieff, was requested to keep a watchful eye upon him. The young proprietor resented the interference, and many of the fierce clashes between these two great Russian writers arose out of Turgenieff's disapproval of the midnight revels at Yasnaya Polyana. Tolstoi found no greater pleasure, at such times, than the cynical one of inviting Turgenieff to a quiet evening, and suddenly, with the help of some kindred spirits, turning the whole affair into a wild orgie.

Brought to a sudden realization of the suicidal nature of this life, Tolstoi fled to Southern Europe, pursued by the awful fear of consumption. He was but thirty-two when his favorite, Nikolai, the second of his brothers to succumb to the dread disease, died in his arms. Then followed several years spent quietly upon his estates, where his energies found vent in teaching the children of his ex-serfs and in schooling himself. But this, too, ended in a mental and physical breakdown. He took refuge in the Steppes among the Bashkirs, drinking kumiss and living in a tent, which routed the last phthisic germ.

Upon his return he married and settled down at Yasnaya Polyana. He flung himself into farming with enthusiasm, while his young wife, devoted first and always to his interests, became his bailiff, kept his accounts, and was as deep in it as he. Bees and sheep, the new garden, the creating of a stud-farm for the gathering of milk and the breeding of blooded colts, the new breed of swine in their immaculate stalls, all engrossed his attention and kept him many hours in the open air. Then was laid the foundation of his present hygiene.

He sleeps upon a hard bed with a ventilated leather bolster; soft couches and down pillows weary and stifle him. When staying in summer at Yasnaya Polyana he proceeds, on rising, to the bath, which is situated at a considerable distance from the mansion. After his cold plunge and gymnastic exercises, to restore the circulation, he returns at a brisk walk up the hill to the house,

where he eats his simple breakfast, consisting chiefly of oatmeal.

His clothing is a sensible adaptation of the national costume to the requirements of complete comfort. It has often been stated that he assumes the peasant's costume; but this is only superficially true, for his underwear is always of fine and perfumed linen; and the long Russian blouse, loosely belted with a leathern strap, may look like a peasant's, but there is only one old woman in the whole district who can cut and make that simple garment to suit his fastidious taste. In summer, it is of canvas; in winter, of soft gray woolen material. Loose trousers and peasant shoes of linden bast—his own manufacture—complete his striking and comfortable attire. The bitter Russian winter adds to this high leather boots, a short fur coat and long woolen scarf, a cap of felt, sheepskin or home-made woolen stuff, and mittens of woven goats' hair.

His summer study, at Yasnaya Polyana—a small room, not far from the rich and treasured library—has a bare, unpainted floor and a vaulted ceiling, studded with heavy iron rings, on which hams used to hang, before it was converted from a storeroom to a working den. The master now uses the rings for gymnastic exercises. With its thick stone walls it is always very cool and quiet. It is simply furnished, and various implements—a scythe, a saw, pincers, files and other tools—lie strewn around.

His study, in his winter home, in the suburbs of Moscow, is also small—a low square room, with an iron pipe running across it close to the ceiling—an acquaintance's ingenious contrivance, which serves thoroughly to ventilate, and, with the aid of a lamp, to partially heat the apartment. Beside one of the broad windows, looking upon the garden, stands his old-fashioned desk, covered with papers. Tolstoi's library is at Yasnaya Polyana, and only reference books, for the subject in hand, are kept in Moscow in the half empty book-case against the wall. In the further corner of the room a broad divan, covered with oilcloth, a small round table beside it, and a few arm chairs, complete the modest furnishings. The divan is in-

dicative of his favorite practice of frequently reclining, when not actively at work—a restful habit, conducive to the husbanding of strength, but far from beneficial to his eyes, since he often reads while recumbent.

To the American, the hours kept by Russian upper class households seem strange and unreasonable. Tolstoi has always been an early riser, and the breakfast hour has changed slowly from eleven to nine. Dinner is served at about five in the afternoon, and supper is served between nine and ten at night. Thus, no one thinks of retiring until toward two in the morning.

There is always an abundance of food on Tolstoi's table, and perhaps an even greater variety than is indulged in by most high-caste Russian families. The master himself abstains rigidly from meat, while retaining the thin but nourishing mutton broth in his dietary. But with the exception of his two older daughters, the other members of the family are flesh consumers, and the table groans under the double fare. His fondness for oatmeal porridge often introduces that item into the supper as well as the breakfast menu; and the Countess, after much experimenting and inventing, has succeeded in making the dinner dishes as varied and appetizing as any carnal viands. Tolstoi's vegetarianism is not asceticism, or economy of money or labor, for these simple dishes call for

a greater expenditure of skill and patience than does ordinary fare, and pecuniary reasons alone would substitute for the tasty and dainty vegetables, salt herring, Smolensk liver, and many another vehemently rejected butcher's meat. The reasoning which led him to this conviction is by no means a sentimental objection to the taking of life, since, until lately, he was an ardent hunter; and even now, his favorite mutton broth involves the blood sacrifice. Vegetarianism, in his case, arises from a pure enjoyment of such food and a firm belief in its high nutritive qualities.

The Russian novelist disapproves of preserves, also, and rejects all stimulants, including coffee and tea. The place of these latter is supplied by a drink made from barley, and his "barley coffee" he dilutes with almond cream, thus providing a warm drink which is nourishing and wholesome in the highest degree. But this favorite beverage does not exclude from his

table home-brewed grain-kvas, cold milk and soda-water. As in the case of his clothing, his dietary is not that of the peasant, but is infinitely richer, more varied and more healthful.

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that in his manner of eating this choice food he follows strictly the laws of hygiene, or even the example of the peasants who interest him so deeply. The peasants eat with deliberation and frequent pauses,



Count Tolstoi as He Appears To-day

eat with deliberation and frequent pauses,

reminiscent of slow, bovine rumination. Tolstoi invariably brings from the outdoor exercise that precedes meal-time a slight physical weariness and an eager appetite—the best sauces. The first course is eaten quickly and hurriedly, as though he hastened to supply a long-felt want; and not until he has dulled the edge of his hunger does he find time for social converse.

For Tolstoi, daily exercise and physical labor are as indispensable as the air he breathes. He likes to think of it as work, and is never happier than when he can make his passion for muscular enjoyment serve some useful or benevolent end. In summer he is up and out when the dew yet glints in the grass, and in former years dogs and gun invariably accompanied his early morning strolls. But latterly he has given up hunting, and now rambles, with the pure delight of a child, through field and wood. Not until after breakfast does he settle down to literary creation or to revision of manuscript, as the case may be. The morning hours, between nine and three, are carefully guarded by the Countess from the intrusion of visitors. When he emerges from his study in the afternoon, with weary face and sunken cheeks, but glowing eyes, the novelist instantly seeks the fresh air. In Moscow, a call upon some friends, necessitating vigorous pedestrianism; or at Vasnaya Polyana, a long, brisk walk, a horseback ride or a spin on his bicycle, scores of versts in circuit, restores the usual tone to his nervous system. At other times work in the fields—plowing, mowing or felling of trees—takes the place of mere exercise, and lends to play that keen relish of good deeds and ennobling manual

labor. Twenty years ago Tolstoi was strictly forbidden all physical exercise.

"But," he once said, referring to this medical advice, "the result would certainly have been bad for me, long ago, had I stopped giving my muscles the work which strengthens me, gives me sound sleep, a spirited frame of mind, and has made me like a horse out at grass. Only let the horse rest, and feed him, and he is fit for work again."

Dinner is followed by a period of rest on the couch in his study, ostensibly spent in reading, but often also in dozing. After the brief retirement he emerges for a social evening—an eager contest with the younger members of the family on the tennis ground. He is especially fond of those among their amusements which require endurance and agility, where his youthful fervor and suppleness of muscle excite the envy of onlookers.

In rainy weather he occupies himself with cobbling. In the winter his exercise is the drawing of water, chopping of wood and keeping his room in order. Even with the snow on the ground, whatever the emergency, he exhibits a pronounced aversion to close cabs.

Tolstoi's life is essentially that of a strict adherent to the principles of sane, moderate physical culture.

"Sedentary intellectual work without physical exercise is a real calamity," he once remarked. "If, for even a day, I do not walk or work, by evening I am good for nothing. I cannot read or write, or even listen with attention. My head swims, stars dance before my eyes, and I spend a sleepless night. But after plowing, what an appetite! And what sleep!"

### Needs of Femininity

"Yes, ladies," announced the physical culturist, "you will be surprised at the miracles my system can work. It can increase your shoulder measurement several inches, add to your stature and grace, give you——"

"But, interrupted a fair pupil, "our

dressmakers can do all that for us in no time. What we want to know is, how to get a twenty-three-inch waist into a sixteen-inch corset, and a No. 5 foot into a No. 2 shoe, without taking chloroform."—*Life*.

## THE ERROR IN THE FASTING CURE

By Dr. J. L. Lawson

*Continuing my policy of furnishing my readers with articles that condemn the theories I strongly advocate, I take pleasure in calling attention to the following arraignment of the "Fasting Cure."—BERNARD MACFADDEN.*



**G**ROWTH and renewal of flesh and nerve are gradual, regular and continuous. The plant gets a stream of sap from the moist ground night and day, without cessation, till it dies. If there is drouth, or poor soil, the plant suffers stunt, decay and death. Any reduction of its nourishment lessens its progress of

growth and development.

Is it not the same with the human plant? All persons are familiar with the appearance of the half-starved baby, and naturally pity it. Of what benefit is it to the child to suffer for the lack of its nourishment? What good purpose is gained to hold it back in its development?

Some will say the child may be fed too much, and so it may be, but nature is wiser than man, and if it be that the child has more food than is good for it, the excess of food is vomited. In other cases the intestines expel it.

In these two ways nature protects itself and conserves the interests of the child. Is this not as well or better than the arbitrary stopping of the child's food? Who can say how long a fast may continue without injury to the vital system? Who knows when the delicate adjustment of nerve and blood and cell may be thrown into disorder and seriously damaged by insufficient nutrition?

Some persons think fasting is a "cure all." Anyone who thinks so is unaware through experience of the effect upon a large number of cases. It may subserve an excellent purpose in certain selected instances, but to use fasting as a "cure all" is wide of the mark and actually dangerous. The absorption of material into the vital system for nutrition is un-

der the government of a set of nerves trained and adapted by natural law to regulate the uses and quantity of food substance. When there is a sufficient amount admitted into the body, the desire to eat is shut off, and the wise will heed this signal. If too much is taken into the system, the excess is wasted away by the intestines and in that way does not enter the portal blood or pass into the heart. If the excess is still too large, or if the blood becomes surcharged with unused nutriment or waste, the intestines pour off this excess by a free watery discharge. When the balance is again properly established between supply and demand, the intestinal vessels close up and the watery discharge ceases.

All human vital processes are wisely regulated and need but little interference by man. Let us cite a familiar illustration. If the water that feeds the mill-race is shut off, in what sense is it a benefit to the mill? Does some one say it affords a rest for the mill machinery? But is that a sufficient reason for shutting off the vital supply from the human organs? The heart never stops, never rests, nor does it need rest till life is over. Action and vibration are said to constitute the exhibition of life, but without material substance in abundance the human heart fails to keep its pace.

Moderation in all things, eating, drinking, working, is desirable and wise. But a sudden cessation of the means of keeping the heart muscles and blood strong is as unwise as it is to shut off the water from the mill wheel.

It is not so much the excess of food taken into the human system that is damaging, as it is too much abuse of the stomach by the habitual use of improper foods. Is there any gain to the mill wheel by dumping rubbish into the mill-race? The human stomach and other

vital parts are daily fed on improper food and to this is added a large number of articles and substances that clog the circulation and bring sickness and pain to the body. But is it the fault of food? No; rather the fault of the things taken that are not food. Salt is not food, neither is pepper, nor chili sauce and so on, yet these things are in daily use.

It is very doubtful if a proper food can be taken to excess, and as the argument in favor of fasting is to counterbalance the excess of food taken into the system, the argument does not hold good if proper food material is used.

It is not fasting that is needed, for fasting can and does do harm in many cases, but it is a better knowledge of what is proper food for human use that is needed. The elementary or normal juices from fresh fruits and vegetables, with the cell-substance in which the juice is embedded or held, are the strictly correct foods for the highest welfare of man. And such a dietary cannot, so far as my experience goes, be detrimental to health and strength, however much may be taken. And for such reason, fasting is unwise and unnecessary. If improper food is daily swallowed in excess the system will expel it, so long as the body is kept active.

Do we not recall the sight of the laborers on public works, eating the coarsest and most unwholesome articles? And we know these men are seldom sick. What need is there for fasting among this class?

For the sedentary classes, fasting is better suited some will say. But again, it is not the fasting they need so much as it is proper exercise and the use of the open sunshine and air, together with normal food. That is the real need. Fasting has one legitimate and proper place, just one, in cases of acute fevers. There it is of the utmost benefit. While some eat too much, there are as many more who eat too little, and thus waste and develop weakness. It is wise to eat the full amount required for the active life of daily usefulness, and the excess, if any, can be safely handled and an escape from the body be left to natural vital processes.

It is possible as a means of showing the strength of vitality to abstain for long

periods without tasting food, save water and air. But such examples are the experiments made by such as have a scientific purpose to test endurance. The plant will best attain its growth and highest fruition if regularly watered and fed by the moist earth, and the same is true of all living things. The animals of the forest are exceedingly alert and strong, for the reason that they earn the food ere they get it. Man, likewise, would be helped in each instance if he justly earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. Daily exercise is next to, or is almost as important, as food.

Those who suffer bodily ailments owe it principally to improper food and insufficient exercise, and fasting surely is not the wise treatment for either condition.

The abstinence from a meal for a day if there is no inner demand for new food shows only that the work of the system has not yet consumed the stock on hand. But the enforced fasts for days and weeks, to offset errors of daily habits in eating, breathing, exercising and thinking, appear to me to be unjustified. Nay, I regard them with disfavor and deprecate the term "the fasting cure."

The "fasting cure" is represented as curing certain diseases, such as consumption, epilepsy, cancer, tumors and skin diseases as well as many other forms of human ailments of a chronic nature. It is also held to be a cure for obesity. Those who advocate this method of treatment are seldom or never trained physicians, or men with a medical education. And such patients as undertake the treatment may be benefited in certain cases, but after a short trial the greater number of patients abandon the treatment.

In the case of chronic disease, fasting is apt to induce weakness and emaciation. The cases are frequently too far advanced in diseases to be cured by any or all methods. The objection to fasting is that it is unpopular, distressing to friends and is injurious to the cell life of the body.

In many cases the opposite practice of full feeding with normal and selected food, works better and begets enthusiasm in the patient. In the over-fat cases fasting is most difficult to endure, and besides this, it is too abrupt. The sud-

denness of the absolute fast wastes the substance of the body too rapidly, thereby producing a shock that is injurious. In disease due to long continued bad habits, gradual methods and not abrupt methods are better and safer, and will accomplish as much as can be expected.

The notable cases on record for long fasts have been those undertaken by healthy and strong persons, who have gone into such experiments more in a

spirit of scientific investigation than for cure of diseases. One of the most prominent advocates of fasting was Rathbun of this city, who injured himself by fasting, and this, together with his disease, caused his death.

Any extreme, harsh, or shocking treatment is contrary to physiology, and is both unsafe and unnecessary, and seldom, even in exceptional cases, leaves lasting benefits.

## THAT WONDERFUL FOOD, LECETHINE

SOMETHING ABOUT THE REMARKABLE FOOD WHICH IS SUPPOSED TO POSSESS PROPERTIES THAT WILL ENABLE THE HUMAN RACE TO GROW TO TWICE THE ORDINARY SIZE

*By A. Wilbur Jackson, M. D.*

*A great deal has been written in the daily press about the discovery of a wonderful food by a Japanese physician of Chicago. It seems that at present there is but little in this so-called discovery that can be of practical value, but the possibilities in a food of this kind are indeed interesting. The physician who is the author of the following article was at one time closely associated with the original discoverer of this food element, and his article should be read with interest.*—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



GREAT deal has been said and published of late concerning Lecethine and its properties. A cartoon was printed a few days since in a well-known Eastern newspaper illustrating in a concise manner its fat-producing qualities. The cartoonist had undoubtedly seen an announcement setting forth the claims of a Japanese physician in Chicago to the honor

of having discovered that Lecethine administered to rats, rabbits and other rodents caused them to accumulate fat in a manner almost marvelous. The Jap further stated that a Great Dane dog fed upon Lecethine grew to the proportions of a pony. If the doctor had been a Chinese instead of a Japanese, we could more readily have understood his reasons for rejoicing over the fattening of rats. Lecethine, no doubt, has all the fat-producing power attributed to it by our Oriental brother;

but that is the least valuable of its attributes, except in the eyes of the thin contingent of our population, who have at all times myriads of anti-fat notices staring them in the face. However, setting aside the value of Lecethine as a fat producer, its value as one of the most important principles of the human economy was made known some years ago. Prof. Robin, a celebrated French scientist, of Paris, of whose clinic the writer was a member, gave the results of his experiments to the world in 1894; and in discussing the value of the glycerophosphates as remedies in various nervous and brain troubles he mentioned Lecethine in its proper relation to the brain and nerve tissues. After the return to this country of the writer, he continued the line of investigation which he had commenced under Prof. Robin, and experimented extensively with the Lecethine producing remedies hereinbefore named. Not long after this, Drs. Loeb and Matthews, then of Chicago University, referred to it in certain reports published by them, *not* as

a fat producer, but as the principal constituent of nerve tissue. Given some means of feeding the nerve-cells with Lecethine, nerve waste would be prevented and life might be indefinitely prolonged, as life depends upon the presence of healthy Lecethine. Lecethine "fixes" phosphorus in the tissues, and is its purveyor to the entire animal organism, and phosphorus powerfully assists in functioning the nerve and brain tissues, and exercises a direct tonic effect upon them. It also checks any drain upon the vital forces, modifies nutrition and checks nerve-waste. Phosphorus also supplies the pabulum for the nerve-tissues. There is no doubt that a large chapter of our present-day physiology must be rewritten. Our former theory regarding the assimilation of food and its distribution among the tissues must, it seems, now be abandoned; for the chief rôle of food, say Drs. Loeb and Matthews, is *not* to be digested and "burned" in the muscles and organs as present-day physiology assumes, but to generate electricity, the heat being merely a by-product. The body is a sort of dynamo, and food is of value only according to the amount of electricity it furnishes.

We used to think that the beating of the heart was due to some mysterious function or influence of the nerves, but we now know that this is a mistake, and that the rhythmic contraction and expansion of the heart and muscles are due entirely to the existence, in the economy of circulation, of certain salts. Our modern investigators are now attempting to show how these act. Prof. Matthews found that the stimulus of a nerve by an electric current always proceeds from the negative pole, thus showing that the negative atoms or "Ions" make the nerve sensitive. The nerve itself is a bundle of fibers, every one of which is made up of protoplasm, living matter containing albuminous substances combined with fats, and particularly with nitrogen or Lecethine. These substances are gell in solution. When such substances as fats, albumen and common gelatine dissolve, they form what is technically called colloidal solution, or hydrosol, to distinguish it from the true solution, such as that of salts. If you warm gell, it will re-dissolve. The nerve-tissue is formed of

such colloidal substances, and under the influence of certain substances, such as chloroform or alcohol, it will, as it were, liquify, or gell, or harden. Chloroform and ether dissolve fats, therefore their influence upon the nerves is to deaden. The influence of the chloroform will thin the nerve solution and render the nerve less sensitive, for the nerve carries sensation the better the more gell-like it becomes. It is the negative atoms, or "Ions," which make the nerve more sensitive. Heat will make a colloid solution thinner, therefore a nerve is more easily stimulated when warm than when cold. At high temperature the colloid will turn into gell, and the nerve be excited. We now know almost to a certainty that the conduction of a nerve impulse is an electric phenomenon, and for the first time we have a physical explanation of the way in which an anæsthetic produces its effect. This explanation of one of the phenomena of life will bring us nearer to the understanding of other life phenomena. There is apparently no inherent reason why a man should die except our ignorance concerning the reactions going on in his protoplasm. That the most important constituent of this protoplasm and nerve cells is the nitrogenous principle called Lecethine, is now a known certainty. To feed the body with such pabulum as will produce Lecethine in greatest amount, and in healthiest condition, is to prolong life and sustain health. Dr. Brown-Sequard, the great Franco-American physician, in his old age, gave to the world a few years ago the results of experiments conducted by himself, which he claimed would revolutionize the treatment of brain and nervous diseases, and especially neurasthenia and senile loss of virility. We refer to his exploitation of the so-called animal extracts. Much was said and published concerning these preparations, but it was at length proved that their efficacy, if they possessed any, was due simply to the assimilable phosphorus they contained, and after Dr. Robin, of Paris, announced the fact that better results could be obtained, with the more stable and reliable glycerophosphates, little more has been done with, or said about, the animal extracts, except by empirics, who use them for advertising purposes.



## A MARVELOUS (?) MEDICAL DISCOVERY

A GREAT (?) PHILANTHROPIST (?) HAS APPEARED IN CLEVELAND WHO HAS DISCOVERED A MYSTERIOUS COMPOUND THAT CURES ALL DISEASES, MAKES THE OLD YOUNG AND THE WEAK STRONG

*By Alexander Marshall*

*It pleases me to call the attention of my readers to the kindly features and more kindly (?) intentions of one Dr. C. Sargent Ferris, of Cleveland. Mr. Marshall has fully explained his philanthropic (?) motives, and his exposé is indeed interesting. We have presented this article to our counsel—our usual precaution—before publishing.—BERNARD MACFADDEN.*



**I**N nearly all the prominent daily papers throughout the country there now appears an advertisement very similar to that which we reproduce here. Dr. C. Sargent Ferris claims to have made a great (?) discovery. By delving into the secrets of Nature he states that he has discovered a compound that will startle the world. From now on there is no necessity for growing old. He says that his mission on earth is henceforth to bring all jaded, worn-out men to this Fountain of Youth. What a remarkable humanitarian! His mission on earth is to be commended.

Very prominently in his advertisement he tells you to send no money. Simply write to him and he will send you his discovery absolutely free. I wrote to him, and in fact I had many others write to him, and we have on hand enough free samples of his marvelous compound to treat an ordinary case for a year.

Just read his seductive advertisement that we have reproduced herewith. He "SAVES MEN!" But I would add to that statement, "FROM SPENDING THEIR MONEY WITH OTHER FAKERS."

The advertising medical companies are continually working this humanitarian gag. They desire to benefit the public with their discoveries, which, by the way, are rarely discoveries, unless it might be called a discovery when they conclude that the civilized world is full of ignoramuses always ready to bite at the bait thrown at them.

It is indeed a pitiful condition. Here are men pretending to offer health and strength to the weak and ailing, and in reality they have nothing but a useless drug that never has cured and never will cure a disease. But they go on in their nefarious work, their business usually growing bigger and bigger year after year. The intelligent public laugh at their advertisements, those who might make laws to stop their nefarious business ignore them, and newspapers that pretend to protect the public furnish them the means whereby their fraudulent offers can be made public.

Dr. C. Sargent Ferris is the "Chief of Staff" in the State Medical Institute, of Cleveland, Ohio. He writes you very sympathetic letters, he feels interested in your welfare. When he sends you a sample of his wonderful vital life fluid, which he says never fails to effect a cure, he informs you that you need not suffer any longer. He calls you "dear friend" and tells you not to despair, for no matter if you have become spiritless, broken-hearted, and weighed down with your diseases, the life-giving element of his mysterious compound will come as a burst of sunshine at midnight. The strength that it will give you will not be temporary, but real, honest, natural strength, born of new rich blood and perfect working nerves. It fortifies the weak spots with toughness and thoroughness unknown to mineral compounds. It coaxes Mother Nature to bring out the latent powers of the organism.

But now note the cleverness of this doctor. His letter is so soft and smooth and encouraging. You begin to feel that you are already better, after having fully



the ten. If you do not answer his first letter and acknowledge the receipt of his vital, life fluid, in a week or two you will receive another letter. The doctor will tell you in this second letter that he will offer you an opportunity to accept or reject a positive cure. He will call you to account for not having the courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of his trial treatment that he sent you absolutely free of charge, and will ask you to write him frankly and freely and give your reasons for your silence. He will acknowledge that he is puzzled why you ever wrote to him in the first place for his treatment. He will tell you that the need for treatment is just as urgent as before, perhaps more so, for the reason that chronic diseases have no tendency to cure within themselves. He tells you that they are insidious and deceptive and that they gradually grow worse and develop into dangerous and vital maladies. So don't wait for your ailment to go as it came; it never will, he tells you.

"Now, dear friend," he goes on in his sympathetic strain, "I would like to cure you, and I am sure that the life giving elements in my treatment will lead you to the way of speedy recovery and perfect health. Because I have had some correspondence with you and also because you have tested my trial course, I naturally feel more interested in having you continue the treatment than I would be otherwise. I want to continue treating you because I positively know I can cure you. By accomplishing a cure for you I not only afford you a great deal of personal satisfaction and pleasure, but I gain your good-will, your friendship and influence among your relatives and friends, and in due time shall have the satisfaction of treating some of them as a result of the praise you will give me when I have cured you."

Then he winds up his letter by working on your fears as to the seriousness of your complaint in the following paragraph:

"The interest I feel in all cases afflicted as you are, and the certainty that I can effect an absolute and permanent result, leads me to hurry this personal letter to you because I am afraid you do not appreciate the fact that every day is increasing the complications in your case, and if you do not begin treatment at once it will require a long and expensive course to effect a complete cure."

You can rest assured that in this second letter he does not fail to mention the necessity for the price of his treatment, \$10.00, for he is conducting a heartless, sordid business with the one object in view of making money. The perusal of these letters, showing the methods to which some men will stoop for financial gain, would fill any one with a deep disgust. It is really difficult to understand that in this civilized age men can be duped by such a plain openfaced fraud. It is to be hoped that the newspapers of the country will be compelled soon to stop lending their aid to these quack medical companies.

If you are a regular reader of any newspaper and you find an advertisement of this character within its columns, write to the publisher. Keep on writing, calling his attention to it. After a while this will bear fruit. Another method that can be recommended is to write and accept the offers made by these fraudulent companies; let them send you their circulars and free samples, long sympathetic letters, etc. Write to them in the name of half-a-dozen friends, and let them spend money in postage stamps and printing bills. This will at least help Uncle Sam and the printers along.

### Would Not Be Without Physical Culture If It Cost \$5 a Copy.

To the Editor:

I have never enjoyed better health in my life than I have in the past two years, in which I followed instructions obtained in your valuable magazine. Previous to that I suffered with biliousness and indigestion, and thought I should never be cured. I would not be without this

little book if it was \$5.00 per copy instead of what it is.

I am 30 years of age; height, 5 feet 4 inches in stocking feet; weight, 140 pounds stripped; biceps, 14 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches; forearm, 12 $\frac{1}{4}$  inches; chest (normal), 37 inches; expanded, 41 inches.

Bath Beach, L. I.

M. MILLER.



## THE MURDEROUS CORSET CURSE

### THE TRAGEDY OF A RUINED HOME

Bernarr Macfadden:

Dear Friend:—Somewhere among your letters you have one written by me from Hot Springs, Ark., and dated September, 1902. My only care then, as you will remember, was the deep anxiety I felt as to the outcome of the pregnancy of my wife which manifested itself three months previous.

From the time when my wife was a girl of twelve until after her marriage at the age of twenty-eight, she had worn that curse of all curses—corsets. But by exercise and careful diet, and with her willingness, I hoped to overcome the outrage perpetuated on nature in the name of silly, foolish, aye *Criminal*, fashion.

She seemed robust, healthy and contented in every other way, and I thought that the corset deformity after all might be overcome. She had everything to live for. Every thought was one of pleasurable anticipation. She gloried in the knowledge that soon she was to be a mother. Often in the glad moments of this period she would say that she could hardly wait until the sweet happy time should come. All went well until the time for her to be delivered. Then the sad fact became apparent. The weakened, deformed muscles were unable to do their duty. Details are too painful to be rehearsed here. On March the twelfth her twin babies were taken with instruments, both dead.

An hour later the young mother followed them, and in place of a happy home and healthy children and a successful work, there is a broken, desolated home, and a mother and her babies sleeping in the same grave, while I, with my life's best hopes blasted, am wandering here and there looking for a forgetfulness that does not come and a comfort forever taken away.

One word only is needed to tell the story of the cause of all this devastation. I wish I could say it so loud that it would ring round this world and sink into the heart of every good yet thoughtless mother; into the heart of every schoolgirl, and into the heart of her just unfolding into the strength and richness of womanhood. Murder and wrecks, personified in the women and children who are killed or become maniacs and cripples, all can be summed up in the one dreadful word—the Corset.

Ohio.

Yours for a Higher Freedom for Women,  
DR. A. M. K.

## MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

Dear Boys:

I am going to start my little talk to you this month with a letter I have just received. It tells what one boy has done in a very short time. What this boy has accomplished can be achieved as well by nearly every boy. All that is needed is good, hard work and the determination to succeed.

To the Editor:

I first saw a copy of your magazine two years ago, and read one occasionally for five or six months. At that time I was a delicate, slender boy, with no strength and not much health. In the last twelve months I have been reading the magazine regularly, and have taken considerable interest in it. Have been taking proper exercise and eating light foods nearly all the time, with practically no meat. Today I am one of the strongest

boys in town; my health is splendid, and I got it all from your magazine. I captured several prizes in the athletic contests here July 4. Wishing you every success, I remain yours truly,

O. F. WEAVER.  
Newport Athletic Club, Newport, Tenn.

I publish this letter in full because it is really a stronger proof than I could possibly give otherwise in a very long article as to what can be accomplished by persistent attention to the development of the body.



In this issue I am presenting a series of dumb-bell exercises that should be of especial value. Each exercise should be taken until you feel a little

tired. You may then rest a moment and start the next one.

The exercises may be taken with the open hand if desired, or you may take a couple of light articles of any kind and use them as dumb-bells. A pair of one-pound dumb-bells would be heavy enough ordinarily for a boy of moderate strength.

In addition to the exercises I am illustrating in each monthly lesson, I want all of my boy readers to play active games. Outdoor games are especially valuable. Recreation of this kind not only uses all the

muscles of the body, but when boys run and jump and wrestle with each other the lungs are freely used and naturally they develop far

more speedily. Though deep breathing exercises are of undoubted value, they are by no means as beneficial as are those that you are compelled to take while actively exercising. You take deep breathing exercises then, whether you want to or not. They are compulsory and are really pleasurable because they supply an actual important need of the body at that time.

There is no one game that can be especially favored. Any game that actively

## BOYS' DEPARTMENT

uses all the muscles and which interests you thoroughly can be commended. A great amount of health and strength can be secured from active play of this kind. Gloomy, morbid boys rarely amount to anything. Whenever you have the blues, about the best remedy will be a good active game wherein you will have to work hard to win or lose, whichever it may be.

I would like my boy readers to write me descriptions of games that they find unusually interesting, games that can be played by two or more boys being especially desired. The trouble with most active games is that too many boys are needed in order to make them interesting.

Master Harold Furstenau, who has illustrated the exercises for this issue, is a remarkable example of what may be accomplished through physical culture. He is about five and a half years of age, and already he has made a reputation in his locality. He has been cultured mentally as well as physically, and on one occasion he recited Rienzi's Address to the Romans at a banquet given by a prominent club in his native city. Besides being a little athlete, he is already an orator, and my young readers should remember that all these desirable powers have come through proper cultivation. A boy can be whatever he may desire if he will simply make the efforts required.



**EXERCISE No. 2.**—With bells hanging at sides, as shown, inhale a deep breath, at the same time bringing the arms to a level with the shoulders in front. Then from this position bring them straight back outward at the sides, on a level with the shoulders. Back to front position again, then to original position illustrated. Keep the elbows rigid, inhale the first half of the movement and exhale the last half of the movement

**Q.** I am an office boy, fourteen years old. I wish you would advise what diet you think proper for a boy of my age.

**A.** It would take a very lengthy article that would advise you accurately as to just what diet would be best, but always eat Graham or rye bread instead of white. Masticate your food thoroughly and do not eat too heartily of meat if you can secure beans, peas and foods of this nature instead.

**Q.** Is it natural for a boy of fifteen to have a large appetite? Honestly, I could eat about four good meals a day. I sometimes have a tired feeling, and at other times am as fresh and malleable as could be. I work pretty hard.

**A.** It is natural for a boy of your age to have a very hearty appetite. You should be growing fast, and a boy requires a great deal of nourishment during his growing years. It appears to me, however, that two or three meals a day would be better for you than four. You will find usually that the tired feeling that you mention is caused by eating too much or by breathing confined foul air. The answer given to the previous question will be of interest to you.

**Q.** Would two meals a day, of fruits and vegetables, with the exercises given in *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, be sufficient for a boy of sixteen?

**A.** Two meals a day of the food you mention would be sufficient, provided you feel strong and energetic.

**Q.** I am fifteen years old, five feet seven inches tall, 150½ pounds (clothes on), and would like to reduce about ten pounds. Will you kindly suggest in what way I may do this? Do cold baths develop the muscles? Is exercising without apparatus just as good as with it?

**A.** You should remember the necessity for nourishment of all parts of the body, and you should supply yourself with sufficient variety to insure satisfactory nourishment. I would not advise you to reduce, except to the lower notch you can reach by taking

*Bernarr Macfadden*

vigorous exercise. Cold bathing does not develop muscles, though it accelerates the circulation, hardens and makes more healthy the skin and underlying tissue. Exercise without apparatus is just as beneficial as with apparatus, except where certain parts of the body can be more thoroughly brought into use with some special apparatus.

Q. I have a brother of six years whom the doctors pronounce to be in the first stages of consumption, his right lung being considered affected. His mother died two years ago from the same trouble. What course can I pursue to build him up?

A. Have your brother live out-of-doors as much as possible. Encourage him to play all

sorts of games, and see that he is supplied with proper wholesome non-stimulating foods.



**EXERCISE No. 3.**—Keeping the knees rigid, bend down as far as you can, as shown in the illustration. Now, with the elbows rigid, rise and throw the arms as high upward and backward as you can. Repeat until tired.

Q. I am thirteen years old and knocked my leg out of joint and sprained it two years ago last May. It is very stiff now; I want to know what to do to limber it up.

A. Exercise your leg in various ways that do not induce pain. Knead and rub the affected part with your fingers. A wet towel wrapped around the affected part and allowed to remain for a time would in some cases be beneficial. The greatest care should be taken not to restrain the affected part. It sometimes takes a long while for a sprain of this kind to be entirely remedied.

## THE CURSE OF TOBACCO

By *F. Floyd Johnson*

TOBACCO IS A

Curse in the Post Office  
Curse in the Depot  
Curse on the Train  
Curse to your Land  
Curse to your Health  
Curse to your Income  
Curse to your Body  
Curse to your Country  
Curse to your Teeth  
Curse to your Breath  
Curse to your Life  
Curse to your Clothing  
Curse to your Family

Curse to your Good Name  
Curse to your Manners  
Curse to your Religion  
Curse to your Church  
Curse to your Children  
Curse to your Morals  
Curse to your Missionary Cause  
Curse to the Air  
Curse to Men  
Curse to an Office  
Curse on the Street  
Curse to the Rights of Man, and a  
Curse to the Rights of God.

Tobacco is the glory of the devil, the shame of God, and an unmitigated nuisance in creation. How long will Christians keep it up?



This is One of the Typical Opium Houses in Shanghai on the Foochow Road

## A CHINESE OPIUM JOINT

By H. H. Byrne



EVERYONE has, more or less, a vague idea of the Chinaman and his opium pipe, but to see one of his typical dens one has to visit San Francisco, or better still, China itself.

In Hong Kong, Amoy and Shanghai, as in all other cities of that country, there are hundreds of these "joints," many of which are furnished in gorgeous style, costing large fortunes. The better ones are good enough for anyone to visit, and are frequently patronized by tourists; they are well lighted, ventilated, and so far as the Celestial's idea of cleanliness goes, are clean. But it is the ordinary ones, those patronized by the common people, that I wish to describe.

On entering, you are led through a series of very dark and dirty passages, and when you finally reach the smoke room, you can see nothing, only

smell the stench of opium. When fairly well acclimated, you become more accustomed to these surroundings. On shelves, which serve for beds, arranged all around the room, are Chinese opium fiends, some completely dead to the world, while others are just verging off to the "land of happy dreams." These bunks are so close that it is impossible for their occupants to sit up.

An opium pipe looks very much like a flute, only it has a bowl fixed about two inches from the end. The opium, a very black substance resembling tar, is wound around the end of a long needle and then held over a miniature lamp until it becomes red-hot, when it is inserted through a small aperture into the bowl. This is consumed in a single inhalation, three or four of which bring on the desired result. It is described by those of experience as giving the victim a desire to talk and sing, bringing on ecstasies of amusement and delight, followed by a heavy and drowsy sensation which ends in a long artificial sleep.



## THE STRENUOUS LOVER

*Original Story by Bernarr Macfadden**Revised with the Assistance of John R. Coryeu*

## XXIX



FOR a few moments it seemed to Arthur as if a lasting horror had entered his soul. He felt beaten down and crushed. He forgot even the little child that had been stolen away from her home. Then he remembered and he tried to think of Helen in the rôle of kidnapper. The thing was absolutely unthinkable.

He started and looked about him. Everybody was staring at him. He felt as if an age had elapsed since he had heard the detective say that Helen was the wife of Morgan.

"It is impossible; I will not believe it," he stammered

"I have here a copy of the record made at the clergyman's in Philadelphia," the even voice of the detective said, as he drew out a paper and handed it to Arthur.

Arthur read it through a mist. He was losing his hold on realities again. He saw Charles Morgan and Helen Bertram written on the paper, and he saw the seal of the notary who certified that the copy was genuine and correct.

"There is some mistake," he said, doggedly; "the Helen Bertram I know is a noble woman."

"Was it not Helen Bertram you talked with on the East Side?" the detective asked.

"Yes, I talked with her and her mother."

"Is this her photograph?" he demanded with a curtness that was like cruelty, at the same time passing a photograph to Arthur.

Everybody looked eagerly to catch a glimpse of the face of the woman who, as they believed, had played so sinister a

part in Arthur's life. He took the picture mechanically. It seemed to him as if they were engaged in hunting down the noblest and purest of women.

Yes, it was a photograph of Helen; there could be no doubt of that. He held it firmly, striving hard to keep out of his face the fear that was growing within his breast—not the fear that she really could be proven a party to any crime or any base deception, but that in some strange way the toils had been so drawn about her that she could not escape.

He wondered how the detective could have come into possession of that picture, which he would at any time have given worlds to possess himself. He knew the detective was watching him, but he silently eyed the photograph, trying to regain control of himself.

"Is it her photograph?" the detective asked again.

"Yes, but what does it prove? It is her photograph. Look at it, all of you, and say if it is the face of a woman who would play the part he would try to make her guilty of."

He handed the photograph to the one nearest him and turned then to the detective as if to challenge him to make good any doubts he had cast upon Helen Bertram's name.

"I showed the picture to Arnold, and he said it was that of the woman who had been to see Morgan. I showed it to several of the prison authorities and they all recognized it. But the real question that concerns us is not whether or not this is a photograph of the lawful wife of Charles Morgan, but whether or not it was she who has stolen the child."

"And you say it was she?" Arthur queried, almost fiercely.

"All the circumstances point to her," the detective answered firmly, "but if you wish that I should not harbor such a sus-

picion I will retire from the case at once."

"No, no!" was the cry from all.

"No," said Arthur, proudly. "I am not afraid of what may happen. Let what may come, little Gertie must be found, and at once. That Morgan has something to do with the matter I am sure, but I do not believe that Helen has had. You will let me have the photograph?"

"Yes, you may have it. And now, if I am to take charge of the affair, I shall need some help from you. Will you assist me?"

"It is needless to ask; command me in any and every way."

"Then come with me at once" He turned to the others and said: "Do not be disturbed if Mr. Raymond does not return to-night. If we learn anything of importance you shall be communicated with instantly."

With these words, and accompanied by Arthur, he hurriedly left the house and led Arthur to the park, where it would be possible for them to confer together without being overheard or noticed.

"Mr. Raymond," he said, in his curt way, "it is important that you should follow up one clew while I follow another."

"Give me my orders."

"Here, on this slip of paper, is the address, on the East Side, of Mrs. Bertram and her daughter. Go there and find out what you can of them."

"Ah!" cried Arthur, "and you will trust to my impartiality, then?"

"No one has a greater stake in this than you," the detective answered. "I could not follow up this clew as well as your interest will make you."

"Good, I will go."

"One moment! If, as I think may be the case, you learn nothing to further our search for the child, go from there to the other address, which you will see on the paper, and which is that of a woman with whom Charles Morgan once boarded."

"And who has some knowledge of his wife, I presume," Arthur said, suspecting at once what the detective sought to accomplish by sending him about as he was doing.

"Who has some knowledge of his wife, for it was to her house that he took his bride on his return from Philadelphia."

"Very well," Arthur answered, "I will go, but I do not see how what I am set

at can in any way enlighten us as to Gertie's whereabouts."

"Nor do I, but to either of those places the kidnapper may have gone. At any rate, they are places that must be visited; and I must have you as well satisfied as I am that Helen Bertram and Mrs. Charles Morgan are the same, for I am willing to stake my reputation on it that we shall find the child when we find Helen Bertram."

Arthur turned away with a pang in his heart, in spite of his courage and his faith in Helen. He knew the detective well enough to be sure that he was not one to say so much without good ground for it; and yet he could not, would not, entertain the horrible thought that she who had been so noble and pure in all she had done and said when in his company could be the depraved criminal necessary to play the part she had done if guilty of this act.

"And after that?" he asked in a low tone.

"After that, report to me at my office. I shall be there by the time you are ready to come. By the way, if you haven't had your supper you'd better go in and get a bite at some restaurant. There may be some quick work for us to do to-night."

Arthur had no desire for food, but he knew he would be better for eating something; and, besides, he wished to collect his ideas before starting out on what might be an expedition fraught with terrible misery for him.

And when he was away from the presence of the detective he felt his confidence in Helen return, and in the same proportion his distress for Gertrude to augment.

It seemed as if he could not sit calmly eating, when that little, loving child might be suffering in the hands of her cruel captors; and, indeed, he ate but little and left the restaurant he had entered with more than half the food untouched.

He took the elevated cars down to Grand street and the street cars across to the East Side, and on the way he divided his time between studying the strong, beautiful face of the woman he loved and in anticipating her greeting of him when she should open the door of her rooms to him.

He had promised not to seek her, and

now he was doing so; but he had decided to tell her the whole truth about the suspicions of the detective, so that she would understand, and he even hoped she would make it the occasion of lifting the veil of mystery that surrounded her life.

"It will serve to show her," he said to himself, as at last he approached the address the detective had given him, "that it is unwise to lead the sort of life she does."

The house had once been the abode of some well-to-do person, who had been crowded out of that quarter by the encroachments of the tenements, which now filled most of the block.

The basement of the house was used as a grocery store, and the upper part was evidently let out in apartments, as was indicated by a sign fastened to the house near the door.

The door was opened in response to his ring by a neatly dressed German woman, whose face bore such an expression of simple honesty that he felt at once that he would have no difficulty in obtaining straightforward treatment from her.

"Come inside by my husband," the woman answered, in response to his request to see Miss Bertram.

It seemed to Arthur that the woman had looked at him with an air of severity, and as he followed her into the rooms on the first floor a feeling of uneasiness took possession of him. He wondered why she had not said something about Helen, instead of asking him to see her husband.

The husband, a stout, stolid-looking German, was smoking his pipe when Arthur was presented to him as a "chentleman who wants to speak mit Miss Bertram."

"Dere ain't no Miss Pertram in the house, already," the man said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and looking solemnly at Arthur. "Vot you want to see mit her?"

"I am a friend of hers."

The man stared at him in silence for a few moments, then said with a sudden heat: "I don't like such pizness. She ain't got no friends for six months already; den chust all at vunst she gets some friends ven she leaves de house. It's funny pizness, ain't it?"

"She has gone?" Arthur cried in dismay.

"Dis morning. She pays me de month, she takes her furniture und she goes. Den begins her friends to come. Vot's de matter? You tell me."

The worthy man evidently felt as if he had a grievance, but Arthur, intent on his quest, and too disturbed by the sudden departure and by the plain mystery of this new movement of Helen's, went on with his questioning.

"Why did she leave?" he asked.

"Why don't you tell me dat already? I don't like peoples to leave mine house like dat."

"Didn't she give any reason for going?"

"Nein."

"How many have called to see her since she went away?"

"You make three already," the woman interposed, seeing her husband speechless with indignation.

With a sudden hope that there might be some mistake in the person they were talking about, Arthur drew the photograph from his pocket and showed it to the woman, saying:

"Is this the young lady who lived in your rooms?"

"Sure."

"Ach!" cried the man, with the gesture of one who discovers a new wrong done him, "all her new friends have de pictures of her, too."

"The others showed you pictures of her?" Arthur demanded, quickly.

"Vun of dem," the woman answered; and then, with a close examination of the photograph, "it's de same picture."

"What did the man look like?" Arthur asked.

"He was shmall, and he ask questions und look at de rooms, und all de time he says noddings."

The description of the visitor as one who asked questions and said nothing, although absurd, yet described the detective so well that Arthur at once described him in his own words and discovered that it was he who had been there. And instantly it flashed through his brain that Mr. Boyd had sent him there in order that he might convince himself of Helen's complicity with the kidnapping or of her identity with Morgan's wife.

The confidence of the detective in

Helen's guilt hung like a pall over Arthur, although his trust in her was not shaken. He could not rid himself of the gloom which the detective's confidence inspired, but he was all the more determined to pursue his investigations thoroughly in order to be able to justify his own faith in her.

He plied the German couple with questions until at last they refused to say anything more, averring that they had already told him several times over all they knew.

The substance of what he learned was that Helen and her mother had led a most quiet and exemplary existence during the months they had lived there, going out very little and working hard at sewing; that they had had absolutely no visitors during all that time, but had had three since they had left.

Arthur could make out that Mr. Boyd had been one of the visitors, but he could get no clue to the identity of the other, excepting that he was well dressed, wanted to pay them for telling about Helen and had red hair and small eyes.

When he asked if they had given this information to the other caller, they answered yes, so that he knew that the detective had gathered all there was to be known.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Profoundly discouraged, but with unabated faith in Helen, Arthur left the house after first visiting the rooms occupied by Helen and her mother. It is needless to say that he had no hope of finding anything there that had escaped the notice of the detective. He went into the rooms to satisfy a lover's longing to look upon the bare walls that had once encompassed the object of his passion.

He offered the woman some money to compensate her for the trouble she had been at in his behalf, but she refused it peremptorily; so he bade her good night and descended the old-fashioned stoop to the sidewalk.

He was in such a perturbed condition of mind that he was not very observant of what was going on about him, but, as is often the case with persons who are pre-occupied, he had a sense of being aware of a man standing on the opposite side of the street, lurking in the shadow.

But as the street was full of people either hurrying along or loitering, he gave no further attention to the man in question, but slowly and moodily went his way.

Excepting for the mystery of Helen's sudden departure, there had come nothing to Arthur's knowledge yet to make him change his mind in regard to the woman he loved. He was troubled at the thought of the mystery in her life, but he was as far as ever from suspecting her of being either the wife of Morgan or the kidnapper of little Gertrude.

He walked slowly, trying to unravel the tangle his life had fallen into, but always unable to lay firm hold on one of the skeins. He could not make out even how he was furthering the discovery of little Gertrude by what he was doing.

He angrily wondered if the detective might not be making some foolish use of him, and he was tempted to give up his visit to the other address, and go at once to the detective. Then his better judgment told him that Mr. Boyd was hardly likely to do anything at such a time without a good motive.

He threw off his indecision suddenly and started off rapidly for the nearest line of cars, for the second address was on the West Side not far from the lower end of Central Park.

Several times he looked back with an uneasy sense of being followed, but as he saw no one having the appearance of being in pursuit of him, he dismissed the notion and forgot it.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he reached the house he sought, and the street was as quiet as the one on the East Side had been noisy. In fact, he saw no one but a man on the other side of the street, some distance behind him, who had made his presence known by whistling one of the popular tunes of the day.

"I would like to see Mrs. Fenton," Arthur said to the neat maid who opened the door to him; and the girl led him into a comfortable parlor.

When the maid had gone with his card to seek her mistress, Arthur looked about the room in search of something to betray the character of the occupants, but he saw at once that he was in just such an apartment as might be found in any one of a

hundred boarding-houses of the better class in New York.

And when Mrs. Fenton entered with his card in her hand, he saw that she was one of a class—a boarding-house keeper from her worn, tired face to her neat but shabby gown.

"I hope you will forgive me for troubling you, Mrs. Fenton," he said, rising as she entered. "I came to make some inquiries about a Mr. Charles Morgan, who I am told once boarded here with his wife."

"Sit down, please," she said; "yes, he was here for a short time. He was arrested afterward and sent to prison, I think."

"He is in Sing-Sing now. Do you remember his wife?"

"No one would be likely to forget her, sir. I hope the poor girl is in no trouble through her husband's misdoing."

"None that I know of. Would you remember her face?"

"Perfectly."

"Will you describe her to me?"

"Her face?"

"Her general appearance."

"She was above middle height, I should say, but the most splendid woman I ever looked at; she had such wonderful poise and grace, and walked like a queen rather than like an ordinary woman. She said that was because she was so well developed muscularly."

"Oh, heaven!" Arthur murmured.

"As for her face—well, it was not the most beautiful I ever saw, perhaps, but it was one that grew upon you until it seemed that it must be the most womanly, the truest and, yes, the fairest face in the world. And such strength of character! Ah, they made a fine couple."

With a throbbing heart, and with a reluctance that shamed him, Arthur drew the photograph from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Do you see any resemblance?" he asked, huskily.

Mrs. Fenton's face lighted up the instant she looked at the picture, and the words came spontaneously:

"Oh, yes, that is Mrs. Morgan; no one could make any mistake about that. I am sure this must have been taken near the time she married him. In fact, I was talking about this very picture with a friend of hers who is boarding with me

now, and who was showing it at the table as the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in—"

"A friend of hers boarding here now?" cried Arthur, scenting a new and disagreeable discovery which the detective had prepared for him. "What is his name?"

"Mr. Boyd."

It was the detective himself. Arthur shut his jaws hard together to keep back the exclamation that leapt to his lips.

"Oh!" he murmured when he could control himself, "Has he boarded here for a long time?"

"Only about a week. It came out almost the first day he was here that he knew her, and I asked him all about her."

Arthur could see the detective leading the good woman on until he had wormed every detail of Mrs. Morgan's life there out of her. He knew now for a certainty that he had been sent to these two places for no other purpose than to convince him that Helen was the wife of Morgan.

In the face of the evidence, however, he clung obstinately to the belief that there was some hideous mistake that would be revealed as soon as Helen could be told of the suspicion she lay under.

He made no effort to find out anything more, but with the first excuse that suggested itself to him rose and left the house.

"Now I will go see him," he muttered, and strode angrily toward Ninth avenue, where he took a Broadway car.

In walking through the street he had again that uneasy sense of being followed that he had had on leaving the house on the East Side; but had been unable to see anybody when he looked behind him, and had again dismissed the notion.

As he sat in the car, however, he chanced to look toward the rear end just as the car was passing a powerful electric light, and he saw a face that was familiar to him, though for the moment he could not place it. He looked again but the man's back was turned toward him and he could not see his face.

It was rather mechanically than of design that he began to puzzle out what it was in the face that was familiar, but presently it came to him with a rush of memory. It was the face of the man who had been tried with Morgan for complicity in the robbery of his father—Red Connor.

"Red Connor, Red Connor," he murmured to himself; and again there was a flash of memory and he recalled the words of the German woman: "Red hair and small eyes." It was thus she had described one of the men who had come to see Helen that day.

Could it be that Red Connor had really visited that house in search of Helen? What could he want with her? He was Morgan's friend. Arthur felt a clutching at his heart.

Then he remembered his feeling of being followed, and wondered if that man had been shadowing him. He wondered how he could find out, hoping that he had wit enough to catch the fellow if he really were shadowing him.

He stopped the car at Forty-seventh street and walked briskly toward the West Side as if intent on reaching some place with the least possible loss of time. Some building operations were going on on the street with small construction sheds lining the sidewalk.

He slipped behind one of these and waited eagerly. For a little while he heard nothing; then a swift, light footfall, and as he peered out he could see a slight, lithe figure coming rapidly toward him. He could not be sure, but he believed it was Red Connor.

He stepped out from his concealment and blocked the way. The advancing man gave a start and would have turned across the street, but Arthur's strong hand was on his shoulder, holding him as in a vise.

"You were following me," he said sternly.

"You're a liar," was the response. "Let go of me, or I'll put daylight through you; or to be precise, electric light."

But Arthur was sure of his man now; he remembered the peculiar voice. He caught him by the wrists and forced him to go with him further down the block to where there was enough light to distinguish his features by.

"You are Red Connor," he said.

"Yes, I'm Red Connor, but that's no reason why you should lay hands on me. I may as well tell you, Mr. Raymond, that I am a bad man to mix up with."

"I've met bad men before," Arthur answered dryly. "I'll thank you to come with me. You ought to be glad to know where I'm going to end my night's wan-

dering; you ought to be tired of following me, too."

"You're a bigger man than I am," said Red Connor coolly, "and I shall have to go with you until we find a policeman."

"Yes, I think so; and after that too, if I'm not mistaken. I don't believe you will care to make your explanations at the sergeant's desk, though."

"What explanations?"

"What were you doing at the house of Miss Bertram?"

"Miss Bertram? Oh, you mean Mrs. Morgan, I suppose. Why shouldn't I visit her? Is there any harm in going to see the wife of a friend?"

"Why do you say she is his wife? You know that is not the truth," Arthur said, huskily.

"Isn't it? Oh! Well, I thought she was his wife. He said she was, anyhow, and I supposed from her going to see him in prison that she was; but if you say she isn't, of course that settles it."

The man's manner was indescribably insolent and sneering, and his words seemed crammed with innuendo. Arthur's grasp on the slender wrists tightened fiercely.

"If you don't mind," the gambler said coolly, "I'd like a little less pressure. I know you're strong. Thank you—" as Arthur relaxed his grasp—"that is better. Now, will you be good enough to say what it is you want of me? I have a little business on hand this evening, and would like to attend to it."

"Do you mean to follow me quietly?" Arthur demanded.

"Follow you? Oh yes."

"I mean go with me; I shall not release you."

"If I refuse?"

"Then I shall use force, or hand you over to a policeman."

"Have you a warrant, then, or some charge to make against me?" the gambler asked ironically.

"I guess there won't be need of any specific charge if I tell a policeman who and what you are. And when it comes to the sergeant my friend, Mr. Boyd, will know what to say."

"Oh, the detective? Is he a friend of yours? Now, that's very interesting. And where did you say you were going with me?"

"Just a few blocks from here."

"Boyd's place, perhaps," said the gambler.

"Yes, his offices. He is waiting there for me and will be pleased to see anyone who knows so much about Morgan and Morgan's wife."

"Miss Bertram, you mean," laughed the gambler.

"If you are wise you will use that name as little as possible and always with the utmost respect," said Arthur in a tone that warned the other of the danger of angering him.

"Oh, well," said the gambler with an air of indifference, "if it will give you any pleasure to have my company in your little party, I'll go with you. By the way, is there any special reason for all this rushing about to-night?"

"You shall be informed of everything you have any concern with when Mr. Boyd is ready to tell you."

"Shall I? Come on then! I have a deal of curiosity. Boyd's? Let me see! It's on Broadway, I think."

Arthur locked his arm in that of the gambler and, without answering him, led him toward Broadway. When they turned into that thoroughfare, and as they were approaching Forty-second street, where the real life of Broadway begins, the gambler broke into a low chuckle and altered his manner so that anyone looking at them must have supposed they were a pair of close friends walking arm in arm.

"I was thinking," said Red Connor, "of the impression that will be made on any of your good friends to see you arm in arm with one of the most notorious gamblers in New York."

"They may think what they please," Arthur said curtly, and then added with a sarcasm that cut even the gambler, "but my friends are not such as would have the least knowledge of such as you."

"I don't wonder that Charlie Morgan wants to do you," Red Connor snapped out.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

Once during the short walk the gambler thought he saw a chance to escape from the arm that was locked in his, and he made the attempt, but profoundly affected as Arthur was by the doubts and

fears that now assailed him, he was too alert to be caught unawares, and his hand had closed in an iron grip on the other's shoulder in an instant, making the gambler cry out with the pain.

A few minutes later they walked together into the offices of the detective, who sat at his desk in earnest colloquy with one of his men. He started at the sight of the gambler with Arthur, but instantly controlled himself and was as stolid as ever before his surprise could have been detected.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Raymond—and your—companion also."

"Any news of the little girl?" Arthur asked eagerly.

"I have reason to believe we shall find her to-night. What brings you here, Connor?"

"The strong right arm of this very athletic young gentleman," answered the gambler with perfect nonchalance. "You may be sure I did not expect to have a game with you."

"He went to the house where Miss Bertram has been living," Arthur said in a tone whose firmness he meant as an intimation to the detective that he was still steadfast in his faith in Helen, "and was watching there when I went in. He followed me up to the other address and was following me further, when I decided to bring him with me."

"The first thing you know," interposed the gambler in his mocking way, "he will be beating you at your own game. It was a very slick performance. Only I wasn't following him. Why should I be?"

"What were you doing at the house of Miss Bertram?" the detective asked.

"Do you mean Mrs. Morgan?"

"Why do you call her Mrs. Morgan?"

"Because I don't suppose it's worth while to try to conceal the fact, although Mr. Raymond seems so fond of being fooled that it makes him mad to have the two names mixed up."

Arthur, alternately paling and flushing with anger, was about to say something, when the detective stopped him with a gesture and continued the interrogation:

"Why do you say Miss Bertram is Mrs. Morgan?"

The gambler seated himself and with great deliberation lighted a cigarette. He puffed out the smoke, gazing at the detec-

tive with one little eye half-closed in a cunning leer.

"Suppose you tell me what right you have to use force to bring me here and then cross-examine me," he said.

"No right, I suppose."

"Oh! then I might as well go."

"If you prefer the station-house to here, yes. The fact is, Connor, that we have it in our power to establish a little charge of complicity in kidnapping against you."

"Kids are out of my line, Boyd," he answered, but made himself more comfortable instead of showing any sign of getting ready to go.

"Well," said the detective, dryly, as if he had effectually disposed of the other's objections to answering questions, "will you tell us now why you call Miss Bertram, Mrs. Morgan?"

"It's her name. She was married to Charlie Morgan I don't know how many months ago. They lived together for a while, but it suited them better to separate afterward. I suppose they found they didn't suit each other."

"Then she hasn't seen him for a long time, I suppose," said the detective.

"Why, no doubt you know she has visited him at Sing Sing."

"You are quite sure there is no mistake about Miss Bertram being the same who was married to Morgan?"

"Well, I've met her in his rooms and been introduced to her as his wife. I don't know any more than that."

"Why did they separate?"

"I don't know. Why don't you ask Morgan?"

"When did they separate?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Mr. Raymond," said the detective, turning to Arthur, "will you come in here with me?" indicating a private room.

"And you have nothing more you wish me to tell you?" the gambler asked, making a feint of reaching for his hat and coat.

"Nothing, but you may as well remain where you are; the interests of the country won't suffer from your remaining inactive for one night."

Arthur followed the detective into the private room a prey to such anguish of mind as fortunately few have to suffer.

"Your object has been to convince me that the woman I love is unworthy," he

said in a low tone as soon as the detective had closed the door. "Well, you have been unsuccessful."

"You do not yet believe that your Miss Bertram and Mrs. Morgan are the same person?"

"I cannot believe it, because to do so would be to imply a doubt of her truth and honor; and I never was surer than at this moment that Helen Bertram is peerless among women."

The detective made a gesture of despair, and on his usually impassive face was an expression of mild wonder.

"You are hard to convince," he said. "But let me tell you that I have been unusually careful in hunting this thing down, and I assure you that the Helen Bertram you love is the same woman who married Charles Morgan, the same woman who has received visits from him when he was free, and who has been visiting him since he has been in prison."

Arthur's face was white and drawn with distress.

"I may not express any doubt of your correctness," he said, "but I know Helen Bertram, and nothing can ever convince me that she is anything but a noble, high-minded woman."

"Well, I wished all this to come to you gradually, Mr. Raymond, for I was in love once, myself—though I know I don't look it—and I know how it will pain you to have to give up your trust in the woman who has won your affection; but in this case everything is too plain and clear for any doubt to exist. Helen Bertram, or Mrs. Morgan, not only has visited her husband at Sing Sing, but what is more, the evidence is conclusive that there he and she plotted the abduction of your little Gertie."

"No, no!" Arthur cried.

"Well, you shall see before you return home to-night, if you will have the patience to wait here."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that instead of following any other clues, as the police are doing, I have put my best men on the track of Mrs. Morgan, and from bits of information that have been sent back to me there is no doubt that we shall have the child back in her home to-night, and Mrs. Morgan, her kidnapper, in custody."



"When it is proven I shall believe it," Arthur said, huskily.

The detective looked at him anxiously.

"You take this very hard," he said kindly, and after a few moments of reflection rose and left the room, asking Arthur to be patient if he had to wait for some time.

How long Arthur waited he did not know, for he was engaged with the most painful thoughts that could enter a man's brain—thoughts of the untruth of the woman to whom he had given the most passionate love of his heart. But he did not, would not, believe that Helen was anything but good and true.

When, after the lapse of a long time, the door opened, he looked up expecting to see the detective enter, but instead his eye fell on the sweet, sympathetic face of Amelia, who entered with outstretched hands, followed by Robert.

"I was told you were here, Arthur, and I came to be what help I could. They do not know at the house that I am here, and won't, unless they send in for me for something. Mr. Boyd telephoned to me to say that you were here and in distress; so I asked Robert to come with me. Robert is just a tower of strength when one wants sympathy;" and she smiled at the now robust and handsome man, whose still child-like face lighted up with tenderness and pleasure.

"I am sorry you took so much trouble, Amelia," Arthur answered. "I am strong enough to bear the worst that may befall me. At least, the greatest evil seems unlikely to fall on us—Mr. Boyd is quite sure that we shall have Gertie back to-night."

"But you are glad I came, Arthur?" she asked in a tone that proved how sure she was of her welcome.

"Indeed, Amelia, there is no one I would rather see. Do you believe the charges against Helen?"

"You do not, Arthur?"

"Not for an instant."

"Then I do not; for you should know. I believe there is some dreadful mistake that will be cleared up as soon as Helen is found. And Mr. Boyd is certain that

she will soon be here with Gertie. He told me so just now."

"Soon, did he say?" gasped Arthur, hardly able to bear the strain.

"Soon. And he said Mrs. Bertram, Helen's mother, was on her way here, too."

Arthur began to pace the floor until, unable to bear the suspense, he threw open the door and called Mr. Boyd in.

"Is it true that Miss Bertram and Gertie will soon be here?" he asked.

"They were found together in Jersey."

"This is certain?" Arthur asked, hoarsely.

"My best man has so telephoned me. Wait a moment! Some one has come in." He left the room but returned within five minutes, leading Mrs. Bertram, whose eyes were red with weeping, and who was trembling violently. "This is Mrs. Bertram, Mr. Raymond; will you ask her any questions?"

Arthur approached her, hardly able to command his voice, and his heart beating violently.

"Mrs. Bertram," he said, "where is your daughter, Miss Helen?"

"I do not know; she went away about noon, and I have not seen her since. Oh, tell me what is wrong!"

"They—they say her name—name is Mrs. Morgan, that—that she was married to Charles Morgan. Is—is that true? I don't believe it, but I want you to say it is not the truth."

"Yes—oh yes, she did marry him. I—I—"

"My God!" groaned Arthur.

"Hush!" said the detective, holding up his hand for silence; "there they are, now! Come!"

They seemed to pass through the narrow doorway in a body, so eager were they to see if indeed Helen and Gertie were there.

It was a sight never to be forgotten by those who saw it. Little Gertie lying in the strong arms of a detective, sound asleep, Helen, close beside them, guarded by another detective.

The kidnapped child was recovered and Helen was a prisoner.

*(To be concluded.)*

## THE WONDERFUL VITALITY OF THE JEWISH RACE

By Abraham Alexandre Weill

*This remarkable article, by a French Jew, betrays a profound knowledge of racial development. The bold statements, however, concerning the Jews of the present day, are founded upon a study of European conditions alone. Intelligent criticism of these astounding assertions is invited. The columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE will be open, also, to a fair and well-written article of medium length on the superb vitality of the Jews of the United States. Preference will be given, other things being equal, to articles accompanied with appropriate illustrative photographs.*—BERNARR MACFADDEN.



NO one can doubt the superior vitality of the Jewish race. All the peoples of the earth, from the first idolaters down to the latest Christian sect, have persecuted the Jews, have trampled them under foot, have plundered and robbed them, and have put them to martyrdom.

More than ten millions of Jews have been converted by force to various dominant and intolerant religions. They have been loaded down with slander, covered with ignomy, and kicked to the dogs, the hogs and the mules. They have survived all sorrows, all persecutions, all martyrdoms, all humiliations. What is more, they have survived even all the scholastic absurdities of their own Talmud, and all the mystical aberrations of their own cabalistic writings. And for all this tenacious vitality they are indebted to the customs instituted by their Mosaic laws of purity and kept in vigor by the laws of chastity instilled by their rabbis.

Ernest Hart, in his *Biostatics*, shows that the Jews in general live longer than the Christians and the Turks. Their boys, he tells us, far outnumber their girls; they are exempt from epidemic diseases; and they lose fewer children than the Christians and the Mussulmans.

Tschudi, speaking of the plague of 1346, says that it never reached the Jews. Frascator cites as an extraordinary fact that the Jews escaped the horrible ravages of the typhus of 1505. Ramazzini relates the same immunity for the Jews during

the plague that reigned at Rome in 1691, notwithstanding the disease-breeding uncleanliness of the Ghetto. Dagner says that in 1736 the Jews escaped the epidemic dysentery that raged throughout Norway. Eisenmann contends that croup is rare among the children of the Jews. Doctor Sallard, in his work on pauperism in London, says that the Jews lose only ten per cent. of their children compared with a loss of seventeen per cent. among the Christians. The average life of a Christian in London, he says, is thirty-seven years, while that of a Jew is forty-nine years. The average of life in France, according to the same authority, is thirty-seven years; the average among the Jews is forty-eight years. In an equal number of men, twenty-seven Jews attain the age of seventy years, while only thirteen Christians reach the same age. There are few suicides among the Jews. There is hardly ever a Jewish assassin. Very few Jews abandon themselves to drunkenness. And but few of their sick are found tainted with syphilis.

All this, Doctor Hart attributes to that law of Moses, Leviticus xv: 19, which says: "Thou shalt not approach thy wife during her period of impurity, which is seven days."

Elsewhere, Moses attaches the pain of death to the violation of this law. Moses is the first legislator to elevate purity of manners in conjugal love to the height of a fundamental and national principle. A child conceived during this time of impurity, "nidah," is called in Hebrew *Mamser Benidah*.

This is the greatest insult that can be offered in the Hebrew language. A Mam-

ser Benidah, according to the law of Moses, cannot enter into the holy congregation up to the tenth generation. The Talmud contends that every child conceived during the impurity of its mother is irrevocably devoted to vice and disease. It becomes a drunkard, or a lunatic, or an epileptic, or an assassin, or a deformed and helpless idiot. Nothing can make of such a child a noble man or a virtuous woman!

But the Talmud is not content with the Biblical seven days of impurity. Rabbi Zeira, whose ordinance was law for nearly two thousand years, established another seven days of purification, to follow the period of impurity itself. Every Jewess, after her menses, counted seven days of abstinence and purification. This law was rigorously observed up to the middle of the nineteenth century. Every Jew, at marriage, however poor he might be, entered upon housekeeping with two beds. Every month, he was separated from his wife at least twelve days. This separation was so rigorous, that during this time the husband never offered his arm to his wife; and even to pass anything to her, he laid it upon the table, that he might not touch her hand.

The wife had a special toilette for this period; the Jewess was obliged to take a bath of spring water, winter and summer, accompanied by two witnesses, usually two women paid by the congregation for this purpose. She plunged three times, and not a hair of her head might remain out of the water. This, if you will, was a kind of water-cure; but it was more especially a rigorous prescription of cleanliness. Therefore, the smallest Jewish congregation had a *Mikvah*, a bath of spring water, which might be warmed in winter, and the cost of which, for the poorer women, was supported by their wealthier coreligionists. By the changed toilette, after the bath, the husband usually recognized the end of the purification. This law not only renewed, each month, the honeymoon, not only assured the faithful husband of health and longevity, but it was above all things a guarantee of spiritual and material force for the child. Besides, according to the principles of the Talmud, it might be expected to favor the production of boys. To say the least, it was a law of fruitfulness. And from it arose

all the physical and moral advantages of the Jewish race of former times.

But for the past fifty or sixty years, these sanitary laws, which the Talmud calls *Hedges*, have not been observed by the emancipated Jews of France, Germany and England. Quite the contrary! In the reaction against all the prescriptions of the Talmud, the Jews have wantonly transgressed, not only the *Hedges* of the Talmud, but even the fundamental laws of Moses and the Bible. So that to-day it would be safe to wager that all the peculiar endowments of vital force and moral superiority have disappeared, except possibly in a few little old-fashioned towns of Alsace, Poland and Holland. In France, especially, the Jews are as Malthusian as the rest. Their wealthy sons are dying of delirium tremens in the very flower of their age. I know four of them myself. A good many have been interdicted by their own relations upon the advice of their families. At the races, at the gambling table, at theaters, which are all houses of assignation, they perform the leading rôles. Jewish men of family, imitating their neighbors, sometimes aping even their own sons, entertain loose women in the sight and with the knowledge of their wives, their daughters and their coreligionists. They no longer know a word of Hebrew. They are totally ignorant of the Bible, the prophets, and the history of their ancestors. All speculative study is as strange to them as it is to the Christians. They attend only to those sciences that are known as positive, such as arithmetic, higher mathematics, and chemistry — barren sciences that never teach a man his duties, nor how he can become better, nor how to get safely out of the labyrinth of life. In Germany, as in France, and the same in England, the Jews are tied to the tow-rope of Christian atheism; studying, if you please, only the "real" sciences, called over there *Realwissenschaften*, and which a Polish Jew has well described in three words: *Fressen, Saufen, Huren*; to eat like a hog, drink like a fish, and run like a dog after the women. In a word, there is no longer any difference between the Jews and the Christians, either in France, in Germany, or in England. I know not if we have

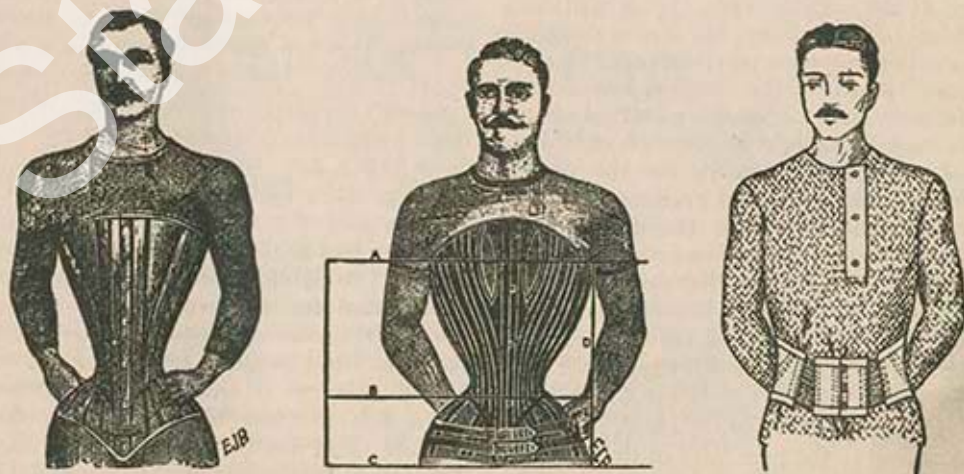
the same virtues; I am sure that we have all their vices.

Now, a nation is not preserved either by its language, by its form of government, its soil, its money, or its other material riches. IT IS PRESERVED ONLY BY THE GENIUS OF ITS MEN AND THE VIRTUE OF ITS WOMEN; AND GENIUS AND VIRTUE ARE THE NATURAL PRODUCTS OF PURITY OF MANNERS IN CONJUGAL LOVE.

This is not because there has been any miraculous intervention, a chastisement especially decreed in this matter by some divine power that strikes with spiritual sterility our corruption of manners. No. There never has been, nor ever will be, a miracle outside the laws of nature. If the creative power should violate for a single instant the nature which is identical with its own law, everything would sink into ruin, the planets as well as humanity. It is nature itself that in very self-preservation has created this rigorous chastity of love; and time, the only divine judge, avenges the violation of these laws; simply, naturally, as the parasite that comes out of the itch, as the gangrene from the wound, as the untimely death from disease, which itself proceeds only from the violation of a natural law of hygiene and health. Without chastity of manners, the genius of men and the virtue of women would disappear in a few generations, and would give place to idiocy and prostitu-

tion. The brain, the organ of the mind, a chosen vessel, must be healthy and sound. As a bad cask is the doom of the best wine, so a defective or shaky brain destroys the finest genius. Nature, true to her own laws, which are obvious enough, notwithstanding we make them seem so very mysterious, never created a man of genius or a woman of virtue except in the way of purity of amorous conception. Impurity begets impuissance and vice. The body, though vigorously formed, if empty of reason, will have neither durability nor strength. The Goliaths are overcome by the Davids; and the Davids come from large families, because, as a rule, those husbands and wives who have large families are those who live and love according to the natural laws of chaste and continent conjugal affection.

What becomes of a nation without men of genius and women of virtue? They become a people of idiots and prostitutes, meeting in dumping-grounds and in out-of-the-way places; a species of brutes, gathering for gormandizing, guzzling, and chambering; whom any child of courage may drive before him with a little switch; and who in time of war fall away to the foe by the hundred thousand, bellowing out against their betters; no better, at most, themselves, than those whom they accuse of treason.



The Very Latest Style in Men's Corsets  
Taken from a Journal Devoted to Men's Apparel

## ANOTHER VIEW OF THE BATHING PROBLEM

By Charles E. Page, M. D.

The following article is a continuation of the discussion in reference to bathing. It will be noted that Dr. Page does not believe in hot water baths or the use of soap. My next and last article of the *Physical Development Simplified* series will be devoted to this subject.—BERNARD MACFADDEN.



DISAPPROVE of hot or warm baths, or douches, internal or external, on the ground of their devitalizing effects; the skin is unnaturally soaked and softened by them and prematurely denuded of its outer tissues. The cold bath which is generally advised as a finish after the warm bath serves

only to partially counteract the coddling influence; it cannot replace the surface "scales" which would properly have brushed off somewhat later from friction of the clothing, flesh-brushing or toweling, as directed further along in this paper.

I discourage the use of soap on the skin, partly from similar reasons, but chiefly because even the best qualities are not, in themselves, at all nice, and soap, or soapy lather (much less objectionable than the direct application of soap), removes the natural oil which is the skin's obstruction to dirt from without. Personally, after several hours' dusty, grimy, sooty railroad travel, I find that my skin, which for many years has been innocent of soap, yields up all surface dirt, soot, or what not, from good brushing and cool, fresh water, followed by toweling; whereas, he of the soap habit has, under similar circumstances, to employ his "favorite prescription," or medicine, so to say, again, or remain "grimy."

The skin may be properly styled a self-cleaning organ; it requires only the air and brushing or coarse toweling in order to be kept in the healthiest and most velvety and physiologically sweet and cleanly state. And this brings us to the consideration of the "Air Bath." On

rising, you may, if you like, after washing the face and neck in fresh, cold water, pass the wet hands over the body and limbs (surely the poor feet, so unhygienically imprisoned in hose and leather boxes during the day time, demand this), and finish with a good all-over toweling, the towel being very slightly damp from drying the wetted parts. Fat, or sedentary persons, should make this as much of a gymnastic drill as possible. Deep breathing is, of course, very desirable; but it has been proven that if one exercises aright, and sufficiently (arm-swinging being a great aid in this), he'll breathe all right without occasion for voluntary effort therefor. All this sort of thing promotes health, strength, suppleness and long life.

Note this: In a warm, perhaps over-warm, room, you often feel "shivery" and inclined to get over the register or near the fire, though you are fully and thickly dressed; on disrobing for bed in a cold room (assuming that you are a convert to the scheme) and giving yourself an all-over grooming with coarse towel or flesh-brush—the towel is apt to be the better instrument—you find yourself perfectly warm, particularly on squatting down. Now, all this sort of thing is only an easy-going kind of "roughing it," and it tends to banish the "colds" habit. The skin's "physical training" consists of exposure to shocks of dry cold and dry heat within reason; over-care against this is analogous to cheating the muscular system out of its proper exercise. The skin, moreover, being a true *breathing* organ, is smothered by superfluous clothing, and this function is somewhat interfered with by even light drapery; the "outer lungs," as well as the inner ones, should have

*free access to the air.* Thus, only, has the blood full and free exchange of carbonic acid for oxygen. The truth of it is that, man is by nature a *naked* animal. Let us, then, see to it that we try as cunningly as may be to get the least possible harm from clothing, while conforming to the fashions (outwardly) of our time. We can dress in style, and at the same time wisely for comfort and health. I would remark that light colored, as well as light weight garments, are least harmful. Hundreds of the writer's consultants, some of them *rich enough to own a bank*, have not owned an undershirt or pair of drawers for ten, twelve or fifteen years, or more, since first consulting him; and no part of his advice has ever brought him more hearty

gratitude than this from all classes of patients.

What, neither winter nor summer? asks the uninitiated. Let us think for one moment of the fact that in our warm rooms, offices, theaters, churches, etc., we are living in a warm climate, so to say; it is always summer there, and too often it is much hotter there in winter than any one likes in summer. Why, then, in the sacred name of common sense, do we want to wear *two suits of clothes*, the temperature being at 70° F. or over? An overcoat is a good enough risk on going out in winter, and has its uses; it can be thrown off on entering the house. But it is observed that non-flannel wearers are more apt to be out without an overcoat on a cold day than the man of heavy flannels!

### A Cornell Athlete Jumps Six Feet One Inch After Following Our Methods—He Condemns the College Training Table

To the Editor:

First as a schoolboy athlete, and now as a college athlete, and as a hearty sympathizer in all efforts to reclaim the American people to correct, healthful living, and their rightful inheritance, I have from the beginning, and do now, take great interest in your grand struggle, and I never miss an opportunity to help forward the cause.

My connection with athletics compels me practically to keep in training the year around. The actual training table, however, exists only during the Spring, and throughout the Fall and Winter I am at my own dictation. Last year I started to train under your methods, and the result was highly encouraging. Never had I more energy and strength; never was my brain clearer and my heart more joyful than at this time. My special forte is high jumping. I also rowed last winter. The year previous had not been very encouraging in jumping, and I had about resolved to relinquish it for rowing. But I kept up my jumping the while and soon began to improve beyond my fondest hopes. I was also handling the oars pretty well, but our track trainer

saw so much promise in me as a jumper that he absolutely insisted I give up rowing and stick by him. This I finally did, much as I desired to make the crew, for at Cornell there is no greater honor. A month later I felt fully justified in my choice, however, when in the dual meet with Michigan, at Ann Arbor, I won the high jump at six feet one inch, establishing both a Michigan and a Cornell indoor record. This was four inches better than I had ever jumped before, and I looked forward to great things in the Spring.

But alas! I did not reckon with that misdirected but well-meant creation, the college training table, with its old-fashioned notions of diet and eating. Although I tried to be very careful and eat sparingly of meat, this so-called training diet seemed to go against me from the start. My stomach gave me constant trouble, my energy diminished and my muscles grew tired and dead. The result? My entire Spring's performance was a disappointment. But I have learned a lesson, and next year I shall train after my own notions. Very respectfully  
yours,  
H. F. P.

# THE CAUSE AND CURE OF SLEEPLESSNESS

*By Bernarr Macfadden*



**I**NSOMNIA is one of the most nerve-harrowing complaints that afflict humanity. Though it is not ordinarily dangerous, it often accompanies or indicates serious diseases. Medical men claim that it frequently precedes insanity, though in itself it should be sufficient to induce serious mental derangements.

The human brain must have repose. It demands rest as imperatively as does any other part of the body, and when night after night the sufferer tosses and tumbles with a feverish brow, unable to woo the desired unconsciousness, then indeed is he being tortured.

Sleeplessness, whether transient or chronic, is in nearly every case induced by nervous disorders, which are usually the result of plain, easily ascertained causes.

## GENERAL CAUSES.

Nervous disorders brought on by overwork, either mental, muscular, or functional. An abnormal condition of the nerves can be produced by eating too heartily, and by working too hard either with muscles or with brain. Extreme mental activity, great mental excitement, will often induce insomnia. The want of exercise, sedentary habits, and the internal functional derangement produced by this are frequently contributory causes. The excessive use of alcoholic and other stimulants will often induce a nervous derangement that will be accompanied by insomnia.

But probably the most usual cause of chronic sleeplessness is the habit of depending on a drug of some kind to induce sleep. This is a most pernicious habit and should be rigorously avoided.

## PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

When the disease appears at infrequent intervals, and when of transient duration,

usually it can be quickly remedied. But where it has become chronic, and annoys one night after night, it requires constitutional treatment. The entire nervous system must be strengthened by general physical culture methods.

If the trouble is not chronic, some one of the following remedies usually will be found effective. First of all remember the necessity for thorough ventilation. Many suffer from sleeplessness when breathing confined foul air. Be sure that your windows are wide open and that you are breathing air as pure as the outside atmosphere. Do not be afraid of drafts, for they can harm no one.

Then do not cover too heavily. One is frequently unable to sleep because the body is overloaded with covering. Be careful to remove all clothing that you may have worn during the day. The less night clothing you wear, the better. A great many physical culturists advocate sleeping between sheets without clothing.

If you find that you are unable to sleep, drink a glass or two of water and take from twenty to twenty-five deep abdominal breathing exercises, though first be sure that the room is thoroughly ventilated.

Sometimes the cause is extreme mental activity. If your mind is occupied with something extremely interesting, try to divert your thoughts to another channel. Think of something that is boresome and commonplace.

But no matter what method you adopt, do not make the ridiculous mistake of worrying about your inability to sleep. DEVELOP A "DON'T CARE" ATTITUDE. Try to make yourself realize that you don't care whether you sleep or not. At least, lie there calm, satisfied and restful. You can really secure a vast deal of rest without sleep if you only can develop this mental attitude. If you can make yourself believe that it is of little importance whether you sleep or not, you will often lose consciousness immediately.

But if all this seems to be valueless in

attempting to woo slumber, then rise from your bed and rub your body all over with a rough towel or with your open hands. Walk around your room without clothing for a while and then go back to bed and try again, remembering at the same time that every moment spent in worrying about your inability to sleep is energy wasted. Even if this does not accomplish the desired result, take some mild exercises, then another air bath, followed by a cold bath, taken with a wet towel or a sponge.

If this does not produce the desired result, the complaint is either chronic in character or else some very exciting influences are at work within you.

The above advice applies more especially to those who have only occasional attacks of insomnia, though in many chronic cases the same methods will be found efficacious.

In the treatment of chronic insomnia, special attention must be given to the diet. The greatest possible care should be given to avoid overeating and the use

of indigestible foods. Green salads of all kinds can be especially advised, and for the last meal of the day a salad made of onions and lettuce, served with a French dressing of oil and lemon juice or vinegar, can be especially commended. There seems to be some peculiar property in green salad, especially in lettuce and onions, that feeds and calms the nerves.

Pure water should be kept close at hand and should be freely used. Immediately before retiring a habit should be acquired of drinking from one to two glassfuls. Long walks in the open air with deep breathing exercises are especially commended. Exercises that build vital strength are advised, and those recommended in the last March issue of this magazine could be taken with benefit immediately before retiring and on rising.

Be sure to remember that drugs, though they may give temporary relief, will in the end so shatter your entire nervous system that your ailment will gradually grow worse.

### The Counterfeit "Staff of Life"

To the Editor:

I am an uneducated fellow, but I do want to comment on your recent editorial in *PHYSICAL CULTURE* on "The Counterfeit Staff of Life."

Will you please excuse me when I say that asking someone to live on *white bread* alone for a time is, to me, like asking them to commit suicide?

Some years ago, in England, two dogs were fed on bread alone as an experiment. To one was given whole wheat bread; to the other white bread only. The latter died in a few days, while the former remained in good condition.

About eighteen years ago there lived in Boston a doctor who had lived fifteen years on whole wheat bread and milk *solely*, and was in excellent health. He stated that human beings needed no other article of diet.

I remember reading many years ago that white bread was used in England first by the aristocracy, afterward by the common people. It was a fashion, like

corsets—the former to be used internally, the latter externally—for the injury of the human frame.

This "scientifically" taking away of the skin from the grain seems to me like an insinuation that the Creator didn't make it right. It is right for the birds and should be right for us. I have seen a monkey pare an apple and a squirrel shell a nut, but I never saw a bird, a pigeon nor a hen separate the skin of grain from the meat.

I have read that two of the uses of "bran" are to give nourishment to the brain and to help cleanse the bowels.

I feel quite sure that were it not for more useful things we eat along with white bread it would soon be obsolete.

I rejoice to hear you say that your editorials "have aroused the ire of the white flour manufacturers." This is another milestone in your progress, another indication of the success of your work.

Very respectfully,

J. I. BURT.

Philadelphia, Pa.



# FOOTBALL—A MANLY SPORT

*By Walter Camp*

EMINENT FOOTBALL AUTHORITY—AUTHOR OF "AMERICAN FOOTBALL," "FOOTBALL FACTS AND FIGURES," "YALE, HER CAMPUS, CLASS-ROOM AND ATHLETICS," ETC., ETC.



Characteristic "Line-Up" on the "Gridiron"—Match Between Harvard and Columbia  
Harvard About to Put the Ball in Play



**I**N all the discussion that has prevailed at times over the merits and demerits of the sport of football, there has never been sufficient notice taken of the fact that in spite, at many times and in many different climes, of most rabid opposition the game has always survived. Such being the

case, and no one being forced to play the game, there must be something in it worth preserving and cultivating, some germ of good that appeals, and that gives the sport its remarkable tenacity of life.

From the very beginning of its history football met with such strenuous opposition, even to the extent of the passing of laws making it an offense to engage in this sport, that it would seem as if in the natural order of things it should have passed rapidly out of existence. The question to be considered, therefore, is, wherein lies the strength that has enabled it to live and has kept it ever one of the most popular of outdoor sports?

Doctor Morrell McKenzie at one time described it as being one of the best of sports for general development, and it is worth while looking into this side of it.

Football, as played by the American collegian to-day, differs from many other sports in the very nature of the exercise which it provides. The football player does not use his right hand or right arm more than his left, and, with the exception of one man, who does the kicking, he does not use his right foot more than his left foot. Furthermore, the action throughout the game is not as set, confining or methodical as are rowing and many other sports.

Any man coming out in the early part of the season and playing football, finds from his feeling the next day that he has exercised almost every muscle of his body. Thus, while the sport makes no extreme development, it is quite a common occurrence to find a man growing heavier and stronger under it. In fact, the development of a good many football players in college is such as to be quite marked to any observer after a year or two. It is true that a man may have a bone broken or receive some other injury, but as a rule the injuries are not serious and the players speedily recover, the majority of them being able to play again during that same season.

Above all, and most worthy of note, is the fact that the exercise is taken in the most natural manner. There is no long continued strain, but the sequence of the

play necessitates every period of effort being of very short duration and followed immediately by a period of relaxation and rest. In this lies its possibility for many who could not undertake the other athletic sports.

I have heard even of a case where there was some trouble of the heart, and the boy was strongly advised not to take the risk of playing, but as he was in a school where the oversight was not particularly keen, he did play and it is related in the account of the case that instead of suffering injury from it he was rather improved. Not being personally familiar with this case, I cannot vouch for its authenticity, nor would I recommend any such risk, but it is certainly the fact that the average sound man gets most excellent development from the kind of exercise which football furnishes. Moreover, it is a sport which holds the mind and assuredly does not admit of any abstraction. The boy or man who plays football must give his attention to it, and that training and application is very valuable.

Many labor under a false impression

that there is no opportunity for a man in football unless he be a magnificent physical specimen, and that giants are required, and that the small man has no

chance. It is quite true that the majority of men who play in the forward line on football teams are big fellows and it is quite proper that this should be so, but there are other positions on the team and these other positions that can be and are filled by smaller men. In fact, there

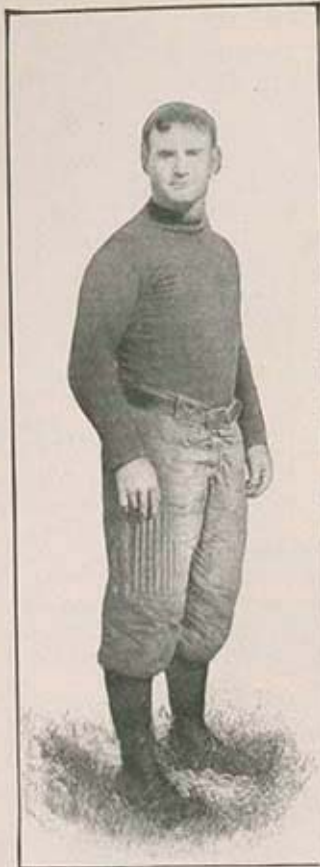
is a place on the football team for every kind of physical make-up. The accompanying illustrations show various types. The center and guards are big, heavy men; the tackle may be somewhat less of a giant. The ends, as shown in the illustration of Rafferty, Yale's present captain, going through, not necessarily heavy, but aggressive. Back of the line, quarter-backs such as Daly, of West Point, Rockwell, of last year's Yale team, and many others, are light men who would not be recognized in a crowd anywhere as athletes. Furthermore, as to half-backs. If the style of play adopted by the team is adapted to small men, some fast runners



Rev. Mr. Cullen, of New Haven, Coaching Yale Center. A Type of Coming Muscular Christianity



Rafferty, This Year's Yale Captain and End Breaking Through



Hogan, Yale Tackle. Type of Heavy Thick-set Line Man

may be used to great advantage. This was shown last season in the case of the Yale team, which with Rockwell, Chadwick and Metcalf, these three men weighing less than one hundred pounds, was by far the most successful ground gaining team in the East. There is also a chance for the small man who perfects himself in drop kicking. Whether a man be large or small, if he can kick well, he may be able to win as many points for his side as all the rest of the team put together. DeWitt, of Princeton, for instance, last year made all the points scored by his team in two different games, and Cornell, in the contest with Yale, kicked no less than three drop kick goals, this making a total of fifteen points in those two games. True, he is a big fellow, but Marshall, of Harvard, who kicked

a drop against Yale two years ago, is a small man. Poe, of Princeton, also a diminutive player, won the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven some years ago by a drop kick during the last few minutes of play.

There is nothing that convinces one like actually witnessing football practice of its value as an exercise, and one that appeals to all classes and conditions. One of our illustrations is quite typical of this characteristic of the sport. In this illustration the Rev. Mr. Cutten, a New Haven clergyman, a former member of the Yale team, is taking a few hours from his pastoral duties to help instruct one of the candidates for center in the Yale rush line. It is easy to see from the illustration that the Rev. Mr. Cutten is a type of muscular Christianity, and that he is as earnest in football as in his other work. By contrasting a few of the illustrations it is easy to see



Edwards, Former Princeton Captain and Guard. A Typical Heavy-weight Line Man



Hildebrand, Another Princeton Captain and Tackle



Benham, Substitute End on Former Yale Team. One of the Lightest Candidates for the Position that Ever Had a Chance to Play in an Important Match

how men of all sizes have been able to take part in this game and do first-class work at it. One of our illustrations shows Hart, who played half-back on the Yale team two years ago, who weighs about 140 pounds. Another illustration is of Edwards, a former Princeton captain, who would easily tip the scales at 100 pounds more than Hart. The illustrations also show some of the characteristic attitudes assumed in the play. The one showing the Harvard-Columbia game is especially striking in this respect. One of the attributes which the game is supposed to develop, and which it certainly deserves some credit for, is that of coolness under emergencies. Some of these emergencies are very trying. The particular one selected for the illus-

tration shows a player kicking at goal, after a touch-down, before an audience of 25,000 people. Behind him is the captain of his team, while the two officials are watching to see whether the goal scores or not. The feelings of a man when about to make a kick of this kind can better be imagined than described, and it requires all the coolness possible, both for the kicker and for the man holding the ball.

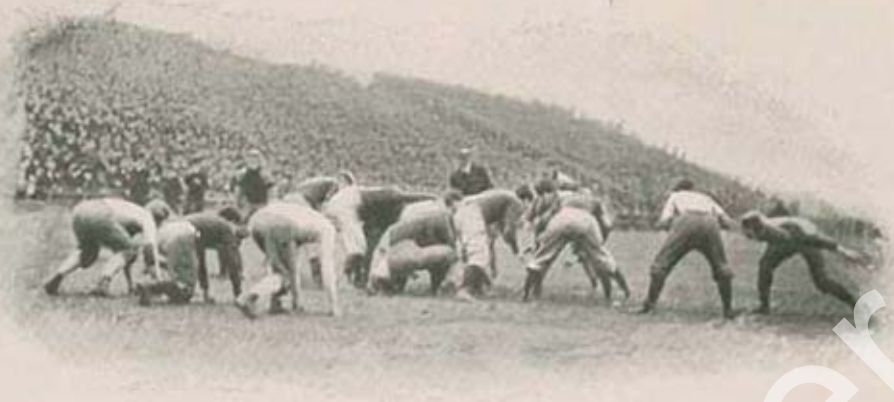
The point that has interested the public most in all these various discussions of football has been, however, the question of injuries received and the seriousness of these mishaps. I remember a letter received at the time of one of the early investigations of the sport from Mr. William Everett, formerly head master of Adams Academy. In that he spoke of the revival of football started



John Hart, One of the Lightest of Half-Backs. Played on Yale Team of '09



Pell, Former Princeton Captain. Type of Tall, Long-armed Tackle



Another Characteristic "Line-Up"—Half-Backs and Backs Ready to Strike the Line

at Harvard in 1870. He writes that football was forbidden by the faculty of Harvard College from 1858 down to that date, but at that time he, being a Latin tutor at Harvard, organized a boarding table at his house and referred the matter of playing football to the faculty. His petition was granted. Mr. Everett also referred my inquiries to his successor, Mr. W. R. Tyler. He wrote describing his experience as a player and later as a teacher, and saying that there could be no doubt that the physical effect of the game was admirable, both upon the actual members of the teams and upon the school generally, and he concluded his letter with the following: "Rough and occasionally brutal as the game must be, I can recall but very few cases of serious injury to any of my boys in all the nineteen years the game has been played here, and no case, I think of permanent injury." The late Cecil F. Bancroft, of Phillips Academy, writes that "the intellectual work of the school at large is improved by a wholesome interest in this sport which rebukes softness, self-indulgence and individualism, and emphasizes the bolder virtues. Football interest replaces a vast amount of inferior interest and talk." A letter from Endicott Peabody, head master of Groton, was also of particular interest, and I quote one or two passages from it, one in particular answering a criticism that football talk prevents the discussion of studies and the like:

"It develops in players a spirit of courage and a willingness to endure fatigue and pain, which are qualities most

needed in these days of luxury and extravagance. It supplies boys with a healthy subject for conversation. People may think that it prevents the discussion of intellectual topics, but these are not likely to occupy the spare time of the average schoolboy. Under favorable circumstances football and athletics generally run out a lot of poor stuff which enters into the thoughts and lives of young men who are more fond of society and the gentle games than of these more stirring sports. There are many other qualities which are brought out by football, but these three—endurance for the sake of the institution which one is representing, simplicity of life, and healthy conversation—are things which are not, as it seems to me, generally recognized by the world at large. To my mind, luxury, extravagance and immorality are the greatest foes to the young men of this, or of any other country, and I gladly hail a game like football, which tends to drive these evils out."

Just one word more, in conclusion, about the physical effect. In an investigation undertaken by a committee of all the Yale, Harvard and Princeton players who had taken part in nearly twenty years from the time of the introduction of the game, the number of answers received was 337, and the number of those who considered themselves benefited by the sport was 328, while four considered that it had had no effect upon them, two failed to reply, and three considered themselves injured by the game. In an investigation conducted by Professor Edwin G. Dexter, of the University of

Illinois, this last year, he found, by taking all the principal colleges and universities, and by carrying the investigation from 1893 down to 1902, nearly 23,000 had played football, or close to 11 per cent. of the number of students enrolled. He found 650, or less than 3 per cent., had been sufficiently seriously injured to keep them temporarily from their studies, and that of permanent injuries there was a proportion of one injury to 2,846 players during the last ten years. He found but three deaths. One of these was the case of a man who had been forbidden to play by the Director of the university, on account of a weak heart, and had been refused any place on the regular team. His injuries were received in a class game into which he went in direct disobedience of orders.

The second death was that of a man also not a member of the regular team, but a law student who played in a match game without training. Of the third death it was impossible to secure particulars.

Highly colored reports of accidents are the rule, whether in football or in any of the other sports, and often the injury, apparently severe at the time, turns out to be of a most trifling nature, whereas the benefits to the great majority of the players are too likely to be lost sight of entirely. The sport is a distinctly strenuous one, not adapted to weaklings, perhaps, but neither are a great many others of the extremely vigorous contests in other games. Proper preparation, suitable conditions and a reasonable amount of oversight render the danger insignificant.

## PHYSICIANS FORCED TO BELIEVE IN MEDICINE

*By A. O. Opperman, M. D.*

After days, weeks and months of scientific treatment, the sick patient will hear the stereotyped expression, "Now we will try this new remedy, it is highly recommended," and so it goes on, ad nauseam.

That this is the truth; that the public is beginning to get its eyes open; that the masses begin to question the veracity and honesty of the up-to-date doctors, is sufficiently proven by the repeated appearance of new systems of practice, invented by well-educated, philanthropic reformers, whose object it is to fathom the truth, how best to eradicate and prevent abnormal functional activity, wrongfully called disease.

In the last 50 years we have had various new systems advocated, as per examples: Mesmerism, homeopathy, eclectic, hydropathy, osteopathy, mental science, Christian science, mental and divine healing, Kneip's water cure, and various other isms and pathies.

The coming into existence of all these newer systems is proof positive that there was a losing of faith in the former so-called science of medicine.

It will not do for us, educated physicians, to call all these systems frauds, fakes, delusions, humbugs, etc.

These newer theories exist, and some have come to stay.

As further proof that skepticism is rampant even in the medical profession, I refer the reader to the November issue, 1901, *Eclectic Medical Journal of Cincinnati, Ohio*, page 633. The author, J. U. Lloyd, is an international authority on medical therapeutics.

His article is on "Belief in Medicine." From it I partially quote, as follows: "If you do not believe in medicine, there is no place for you among physicians. Be fair; do not live a living fraud! We do not want a living nihilist, and we do not propose to employ one, if we know it." The physician who has no faith in his art has no place, as a physician, in our home. The danger that lies ahead of the regular school lies in the skepticism that now pervades the ranks of the leaders in regular medicine. To practice medicine fairly successful you must know disease, and be a believer in your own self as a physician, not a doubter, not a skeptic, not a nihilist; for to be these is to admit one's ignorance of medicine, or one's failure in therapy. If such a state of affairs did not exist, the above statements would be superfluous indeed.

# NATURE'S ONLY RIVAL—THE RUBBER PHYSIQUE

PERFECT FIGURES ARE TO BE HAD NOW THROUGH THE USE OF INFLATED GUTTA-PERCHA—IS THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE TO BE PNEUMATICALLY-TIRED?



WHEN Captain Paul Boyton, in his inflated suit of rubber, began his aquatic career, the world marveled at him—and flocked to see him. He has met the fate of all innovators and has taken a seat at the rear. He has been replaced by the pneumatically-tired woman.

There was a time when beauty was a joy forever. It is still possible for facial beauty to hold its own, but perfection of figure now depends solely upon the man who understands how to make pneumatic tires. Not long ago a concern was started in Philadelphia that announced its ability to sell to the scrawniest woman the most voluptuous form that could be desired. This unfortunate seeker after happiness was not required to take any exercise, nor was any diet prescribed. All that was needed was to be measured. Within a few days a perfect form came marked C. O. D. The Philadelphia concern was so successful that a New York rival com-

pany was established, and it is running with equal success.

Woman has ever sought to please man. It is her duty and her pleasure so to do. Beautiful lines and proportions in woman fascinate a man. Heretofore paddings of wool, cork or of leathers have been used. Even towels have been resorted to for the rounding out of undesirable outlines. As pads of most kinds are bound to shift, devices for procuring the semblance of symmetry have had in the past only ephemeral popularity. Now the man with the rubber physique has come along, and in the near future we are likely to hear of the formation of a Form Trust.

No possible advantage is lost sight of in this new rubber treatment for the remedy of defects of the figure. The pneumatic tires do not shift. As they are made to order, they fill out every point to the exact outline demanded by the laws of

symmetry. In fact, the woman who has notions of her own can have a shape manufactured that will conform exactly to her desires. The Philadelphia concern issues a fascinating



Before —and After  
What the Pneumatic Bust Forms Will Do



Alone and Unattractive  
on the Beach



Very Much Admired, Thanks to  
Pneumatic Padding

booklet that tells all about the rubber physique. The appliances supplied can be adjusted in a moment, and the goods are made of such fine rubber that their use cannot be detected either through vision or touch.

So far as it goes, the scheme is all well enough. The woman who has too scrawny and angular a figure may round

to be especially desirable—and unquestionably it would be if the symmetry were genuine. The rubber-rounded woman is bound to acquire rapidly the art of swimming. She cannot sink, but diving is likely to prove difficult.

Courtship presents new troubles when the pneumatically-tired girl is the object of adoration. No laws ever devised will prevent the young man from putting his arm around the girl's waist. Imagine his surprise at hearing a sudden explosion. The girl would be obliged to say:

"You are careless. You have caused a part of my

it out to pleasing proportions. Nothing has been said as to the health of the skin when it is covered by rubber shapeliness. Women who are too ignorant of the laws of health, or who are too indolent to observe them, may find some satisfaction from the use of the gutta-percha régime. At the beach, symmetry obtained by the new method might seem



Forsaken by Dame Nature



But—The Pneumatic Co.  
Came to Her Rescue!



figure to explode. Excuse me for a few minutes and I will come back perfectly repaired."

What of the man who marries the pneumatic new woman without having discovered the secret of her splendid proportions? He has been led into wedding a woman whom he believed to



Pneumatic Bust Unvelled



As They Appear When Covered

be the perfection of feminine and physical development. He has been sold, and badly sold, and he can find nothing in the civil code that will give him grounds for action against either his wife or the Figure Trust. He is married to a woman with a physique that is more than half composed of gatta-percha. He is in the predicament of the man who, when he decided to sue for divorce, glanced at the chairs upon which rested the corsets, pads, forms, false hair and other device, that had aided in winning his loves. Then he turned to the couch where what was left of his wife lay sleeping. That man pondered long as to which half of his wife the papers in the suit should be served upon.

## GAINED 51 POUNDS ON A NUT AND FRUIT DIET

The accompanying photographs of F. W. Maulbetsch show the remarkable change through which he passed while living solely upon a nut and fruit diet. Not only does it appear that he gained weight and strength of body, but his entire features have undergone a remarkable change. Mr. F. W. Maulbetsch had continued to decrease in weight on account of illness, until in August, 1902, he weighed only eighty-three pounds.

He began a nut and fruit diet and from that time his weight gradually increased until in April, 1903, eight months after beginning his diet, he weighed one hundred and thirty-four pounds stripped.

This case is noteworthy, not only for the half-hundred weight gained in eight months, but also for the fact that, as in the somewhat similar case of Daniel, Mr. Maulbetsch's "countenance appeared fairer and fatter in flesh" on account of his non-flesh diet.





One of Miss Marlowe's Favorite Recreations

## HOW MISS MARLOWE MAINTAINS HEALTH AND BEAUTY

SHE DESCRIBES THE IMPORTANCE OF FRESH AIR, SLEEP AND EXERCISE IN HER OWN WORDS

*Miss Marlowe has the reputation of being one of the most popular and charming women on the American stage. She is especially admired by physical culture enthusiasts because of her physical beauty and naturalness in dress and manner. Her views should prove of special interest.—*  
BERNARD MACFADDEN.



PLENTY of fresh air, plenty of sleep, brisk exercise in walking and the avoidance of all excesses are, in my opinion, the essentials for keeping one in the perfect physical condition necessary to undergo the strain of an arduous theatrical season and to maintain one's best physical appearance.



Miss Julia Marlowe

These undoubtedly appear to be very simple matters, that are readily at hand where one lives permanently in one place, but they are frequently difficult to obtain when one is traveling. It is not always easy to get rooms in hotels that have the proper ventilation, nor is it always possible for an actress to enjoy the bracing effects of outdoor life without attracting a degree of personal notice that is repellant to her in her private capacity. But it must be obtained somehow.

I know of no more beneficial exercise for an actress than walking in the open air. On such occasions I wear—and would suggest it to others—a very snug-fitting coat, setting tightly over the hips. Walking at a brisk, firm pace necessarily gives elasticity to the frame, and helps more than anything else I know of in giving grace and ease to one's movements on the stage.

There is probably no vocation in life that is so pursued by temptations of a social nature as is that of the actor or actress of prominence in his or her profession. It is not always an easy matter to deny one's self the allurements of pleasant social intercourse with cherished friends. However little we permit ourselves to indulge in them it is bound to be a strain, more or less, on our nervous vitality, which is the one thing to be avoided during the active theatrical season. It is not only to be avoided out of regard for personal comfort and wellbeing, but especially as it interferes with the duty the conscientious actress always feels that she owes to the public. It is only by the endeavor to maintain the finest physical condition that an actress can repay the favor and patronage she receives from the public.

The early work of the season is a most serious drain on one's vitality and nervous force. There are new plays to be studied, new gowns to be fashioned, constant rehearsals and the overwhelming nervous strain of the first performances, upon which so much depends of vital moment, both from an artistic and from a financial standpoint. And with

every new engagement this strain is repeated, in a measure, for the actress is always eager to please her friends and the general public everywhere, and looks forward with unceasing ambition to win a verdict that is practically unanimous throughout the country.

There is only one absolute and positive remedy for these enormous drafts on the physical forces, and that is absolute rest, which can only be obtained through long hours of sleep and almost entire freedom from outside influences during the hours of the day when one is not acting. Sleep and rest to the actress are most truly "Nature's sweet restorer."



Miss Marlowe Ready for a Walk

*Eula Marlowe*





1—Abe Boshes, New York City    2—John Neary    3—Abe Boshes, New York City  
 4—J. H. Albert Gruenewaldt, Milwaukee, Wis.    5—Otto C. Horning, Auburn, N. Y.

LIKELY COMPETITORS FOR THE \$1,000 PRIZE

## \$5,000 IN PRIZES FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE ENTHUSIASTS

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN TO BE THE SCENE OF A MONUMENTAL PHYSICAL CULTURE EXHIBITION FOR THE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, AND ENDING ON THE EVENING OF JANUARY 2D.



LABORATE preparations are under way to make the Physical Culture Exhibition one of the grandest events of this kind that the world has ever had an opportunity to witness.

The entire end of the enormous arena will be draped in black, and with this for a background a series of cabinets will be selected, and within these cabinets will appear all the winners of the various local contests. The cabinets will be placed high enough, so that the contestants while posing can be viewed from almost any part of the Garden. While the contestants are posing this part of the Garden will be in almost total darkness and a brilliant light will be brought to bear upon the posing figures. The cabinets will be opened and closed displaying various poses of the magnificent athletes and beautifully formed women who will meet here in this great final contest.

In the center of the enormous arena of the Garden a platform will be erected, fifteen feet high. Upon this platform will be held a World's Championship Wrestling Contest, to decide who is the best wrestler at Physical Culture Style. This style of wrestling is similar to catch-as-catch-can, the only difference being that a fall is declared when either contestant is thrown from his feet. Five hundred dollars in prizes will be awarded to the winners of this event, and wrestlers from all over the country are invited to send in their entries. Prizes will be as follows: First prize, \$300.00; second prize, \$100.00; third prize, \$50.00; fourth prize, \$30.00; fifth prize, \$20.00.

Around the vast arena there will be built a running track, where a great number of contests will be decided. The most prominent among these will be a three-

day fasting go-as-you-please race. In this race the contestants will be allowed to have water, but will be compelled to abstain from all solid or liquid food of any nature. From the beginning to the end of the race absolutely no nourishment may pass the lips of the contestants. This race will begin Monday at 8:45 p. m., and will end Thursday at 8:45 p. m. All desiring to enter this contest are requested to communicate and to send their entries direct to us or to the Exhibition Company. Five hundred dollars in prizes will be awarded for this event, the first prize \$300.00, second prize \$100.00, third prize \$50.00, fourth \$30.00, fifth \$20.00.

Another unique event, for which \$500 in prizes has been offered, is the all-around athletic competition between athletes who have fasted seven days. This contest is to take place between athletes immediately at the end of a seven days' fast. The competitors for this contest must remain in absolute charge of the Exhibition Company during the seven days' fasting period that is to precede the contest. This contest will include several events, and the prizes will be awarded by points, the winner of each event being allowed ten points, second man five, third man three and fourth man one. The events will be as follows: Weight lifting, throwing 56-pound weight for height, 50-yard run, 220-yard run, one-mile run. First prize \$300.00, second prize \$100.00, third prize \$50.00, fourth prize \$30.00, fifth prize \$20.00.

Never before in the history of modern athletics have championship events been held for girls and women. The editor of this publication fully believes that there should be really but little difference in the strength of the sexes, and in order to encourage the so-called "weaker sex" to indulge in more active athletics the following prizes have been offered to girls and women.

Some of these prizes will be won by athletes of very moderate ability, and the

probabilities are that they will be won by those who might easily be beaten by others who might not have sufficient confidence in their ability to attempt the events. The company desires the largest possible entry list for these prizes, and if you feel that you have any ability in the various events do not neglect to enter. You are almost sure to get one of the valuable prizes offered, though it is well to remember the necessity for doing some training for the events. The events and prizes offered are as follows:

50-Yard race for girls under sixteen.—First prize, gold-filled watch; second prize, silver watch; third prize, nickel watch.

50-Yard race open for girls and women of all ages.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

220-Yard race for girls and women of all ages.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

440-Yard race open for girls and women of all ages.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

880-Yard race open for girls and women of all ages.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

One-mile race open for girls and women of all ages.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

There will be also several athletic events wherein valuable prizes will be offered. All competitors for these events must be amateurs. Amateur athletes, as

most of my readers probably know, are those who have never competed for money. Any one who has never competed in an athletic event for a cash prize can register his name as an amateur.

The events and prizes for amateurs are as follows:

50-Yard race for boys under fourteen.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

50-Yard run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

220-Yard run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

440-Yard run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

880-Yard run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

One-mile run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

Five-mile run.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

Throwing 56-pound weight for height.—First prize, solid gold watch; second prize, gold-filled watch; third prize, silver watch; fourth prize, nickel watch.

Remember that all these events and prizes are given for the benefit of PHYSICAL CULTURE readers, and do not fail to send in your entry and try for a prize if you possess more than the average amount of strength.

### The Saloon Bar

A bar to Heaven, a door to hell,

Whoever named it named it well.

A bar to manliness and wealth,

A door to want and broken health;

A bar to honor, pride and fame,

A door to sin and grief and shame;

A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,

A door to darkness and despair;

A bar to honored, useful life,

A door to brawling, senseless strife;

A bar to all that's true and brave,

A door to every drunkard's grave;

A bar to joys that home imparts,

A door to tear and aching hearts;

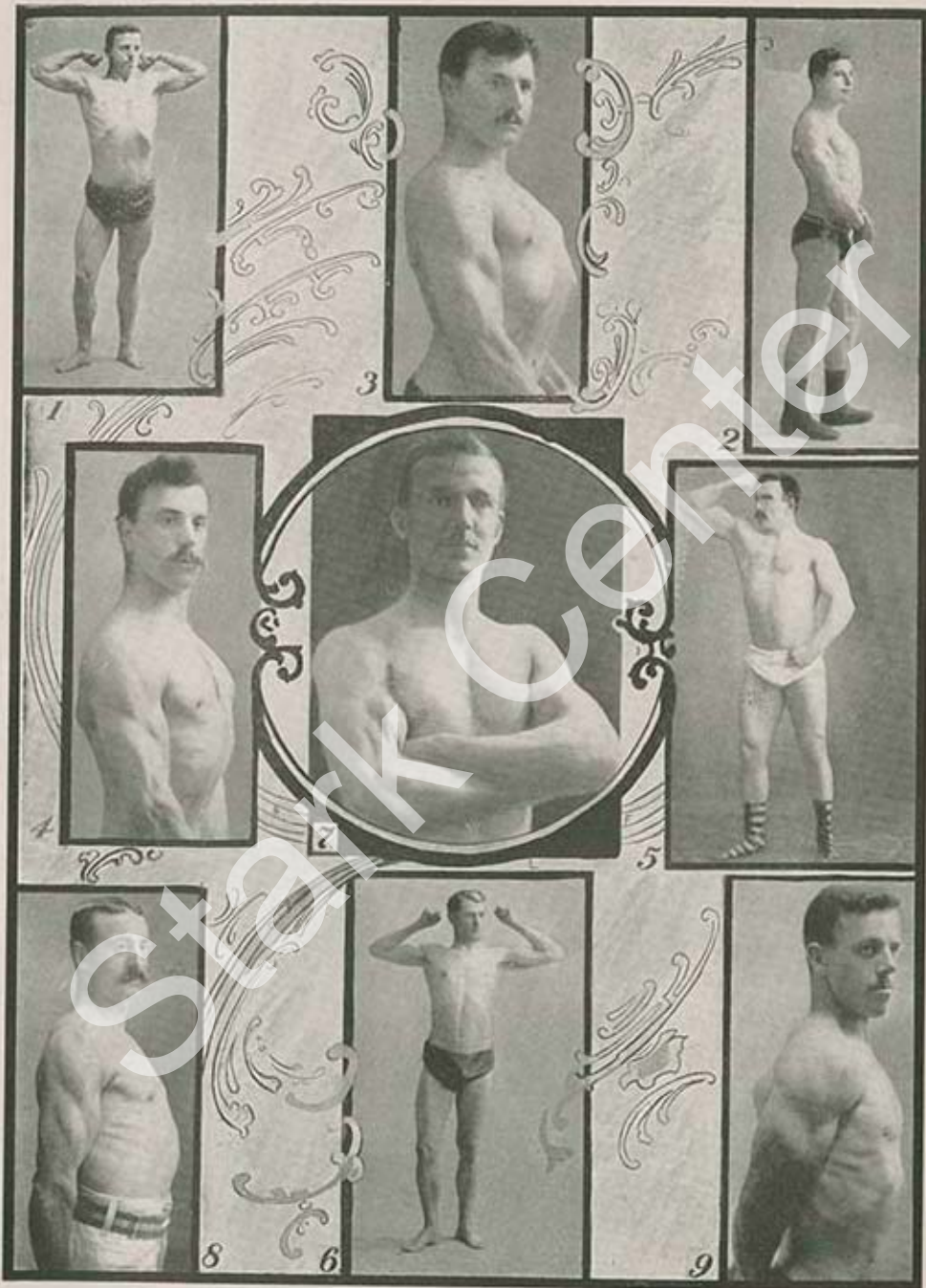
A bar to Heaven, a door to hell,

Whoever named it named it well.

—Quarterly Christian.

### Some People Are Like a Tonic

Some people act like a tonic or an invigorating and refreshing breeze. They make us feel like new beings. Under the inspiration of their presence, we can say and do things which it would be impossible for us to say and do under different conditions. One stimulates my thought, quickens my faculties, sharpens my intellect, opens the floodgates of language and sentiment and awakens the poetic within me, while another dampens my enthusiasm, closes the door of expansion, and chills me to the very center of my being. There emanates from him an atmosphere which paralyzes thought, dwarfs expression.—Success.



1-T. W. McClelland 2-A. Thorne 3-W. E. Mouldry 4-J. Murphy 5-F. A. Hornibrook  
6-F. Wright 7-R. Meechan 8-W. H. Trengrove 9-F. Roxford

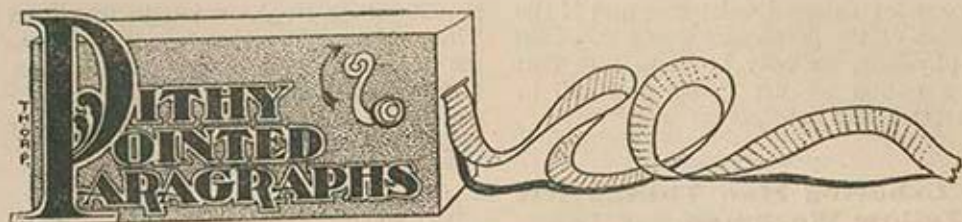
LIKELY COMPETITORS FROM NEW ZEALAND FOR THE \$1,000 PRIZE



▲ Secret

By Geo. Horn





### Recovery from a Wound Similar to That From Which McKinley Died

John Oram, who resides near St. Katherine, Ont., Canada, accidentally shot himself some time ago, and the course of the bullet was almost identical with that in the late President McKinley's case. He was taken to the General Public Hospital and the physician located the bullet and extracted it through his back. After this the wound was dressed daily, and the only thing the patient was allowed to swallow for ten days was hot, sterilized water. It is whispered, however, that one night, when the hospital attendants were engaged, Oram arose from his bed and filled himself to the neck with refreshing cold water, and apparently it did not do him any harm. He is now walking the streets as well as ever, and is a living demonstration of the truth of the conclusion so strongly emphasized in this magazine, that a patient suffering from an affliction of this character should be compelled totally to fast until the wound of the stomach has had time to heal.

### Consumption Being Treated on a Roof Garden

The Philadelphia Hospital has arranged to experiment with consumptive patients by means of outdoor treatment on the roof of its building. The roof is sixty feet above the noise of the street and affords the benefit of cool breezes. Ninety patients in various stages of tuberculosis are now quartered there. The roof is 186 feet in length and 28 feet broad, canopied with storm-proof sail cloth and equipped with adjustable storm-proof curtains which may be lowered at short notice to shut out sudden showers.

While this experiment is new in Philadelphia, it has been conducted with good results elsewhere, and it is hoped that we

will hear good reports as a sequence of this roof garden experiment.

### Meat the Immediate Cause of Death

Walter Cleary, of Bridgeport, died recently from strangulation. While at breakfast with his family a piece of meat lodged in his windpipe. His wife hurried as fast as possible for a physician, but when he arrived the sufferer was dead. If Mr. Cleary had believed either in thorough mastication, a non-meat diet, or in the no-breakfast plan, he might still be alive. It is not often that we can call our readers' attention to deaths wherein the immediate and direct cause is failure to follow physical culture habits.

### Great Britain Becoming Alarmed at Physical Degeneracy

At a recent debate in the House of Lords, Lord Meath and the Bishop of Ripon drew attention to the terrible physical conditions prevailing among the poorer classes. The Duke of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, then admitted that Great Britain's military and industrial outlook was seriously threatened, and promised an inquiry into the matter. As a result the English government has appointed a commission to inquire into the alleged physical deterioration of the lower classes in the United Kingdom. The appointment of the commission is everywhere hailed with approval. The *Daily Chronicle*, a prominent English newspaper, says: "If the people as a whole are deteriorating, we must change our ways or give up the national struggle as a mistake. The creation and preservation of a fine stock of mankind is the first, perhaps the only,

reason for national existence, and if the masses of the people are going downhill in physique, we may be quite sure that as a nation we are going downhill in character and intellect as well."

### **A Laboring Man Thinks His Fellow Workmen Eat Too Much**

Stephen J. Playsted, of Williamsburg, N. Y., is attempting a fast to demonstrate the truth of his conclusion that the average workingman can live forty days without food, though working eight hours a day at his regular employment.

"My idea," says Playsted, "is to show to the workmen that they eat too much food. I believe that with a little supply the existence of the average man would be much better sustained. He would enjoy life better and would not be so much knocked out. Now, since I have stopped eating, I feel fine. I am in better spirits than I ever was. I am buoyant and gay. That is more than can be said of my condition before, for every time I ate anything I was depressed and usually after dinner had to go off and take a nap. This is what set me to thinking about dieting. I took up the question carefully, and some time ago resolved that I would go into this plan of fasting forty days.

"I feel much younger, and the only symptom since I have taken this radical step is that I have lost about ten pounds. There will be great social economy if I can show to the average workingman that he can go without eating. Men who have to work for daily bread will save money."

### **A Doctor's Joke on the Consumptive Cure Fakirs**

Dr. W. H. Judson, of Danielson, Conn., played a very clever joke some time ago on some consumption cure quacks. He noticed a specially glowing advertisement promising a sure cure of consumption, and stating that if a sample of the patient's sputum were sent he would receive an extended diagnosis of his case. Dr. Judson thought he would accept this proposition, so he visited the city fish market and secured a quantity of oyster

liquor, which he diluted with mucilage. This curious concoction he forwarded to the firm advertising to cure consumption. Here is the letter he received from the so-called consumptive curers. We take pleasure in reproducing the letter in full:

Kalamazoo, Mich., U. S. A.

Mr. W. H. Judson, Danielson, Conn.

Dear Sir: Your favor has been received, and also the specimen of sputum sent on that day. It was turned over to our bacteriologist for analysis, which was completed on this day, and the report with bill for same is enclosed with this letter. I have talked with the doctor who made the examination, and he tells me that the analysis of the sputum would indicate that the patient was well along in the first stages of consumption, and that there had been some ulceration and formation of pus, although the results would not indicate that there had been much sloughing of the lungs, or any deep cavities.

You will find also with this letter a symptom blank, which I would request that you fill out, answering all the questions and return to me, and I would advise that there be no delay in your beginning the treatment, for this is a disease that never stands still, and shows no mercy. The reason that it is so fatal is on account of its mild symptoms in the beginning of its attack, for the person does not realize it until they are firmly within its clutches.

Trusting to hear from you favorably within a few days, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,

The Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co.  
per Freeman Hall, M.D.,  
Consulting Physician.  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mr. W. H. Judson.

The specimen of sputum submitted by Dr. F. Hall has been found to contain:

Streptococo pyogenes;  
Epithelial cells;  
Pus;  
Tubercle bacilli in considerable numbers.  
Of a mucu liquid consistence.

Yours truly,

C. F. Snyeler, M.D.

The Kalamazoo Tuberculosis Remedy Co.

Dr. Judson states that he has carefully preserved the original letter, analysis, and bill, and several witnesses stand ready to back his assertion that the oyster liquor was all that was sent for examination. The doctor, for obvious reasons, did not sign his letter to the concern with an M.D. after his name.

### **The Death of a 110-Year-Old Indian Chief Attributed to the Wearing of Clothes**

A report comes from an isolated region of Mexico, south of Yuma, Ariz., which

tells of the death of Tar Head, an old Indian Chief, at the age of one hundred and ten years. His death was attributed to the custom taken up late in life of wearing white men's clothing. Since the tribe adopted the wearing apparel of the whites, ten years ago, disease has carried off hundreds of its members.

Tar Head was typical of the physical development of his tribe and was more than seven feet tall. He was chief of the famous band of Indian couriers who displayed greater endurance in travel than the ponies of other Indian tribes.

Across the sands of the great American desert these runners, stimulated simply by a pebble carried in their mouths, covered mile after mile in a tireless dog trot. Many stories are told of the endurance of these couriers. A hundred miles a day is said to be a comparatively easy feat for a Yuma runner to undertake.

Tar Head once made himself a hero in the eyes of Uncle Sam's soldiers, when, during some Apache troubles, he saved the garrison of Yuma in the territory of Arizona by conveying a message to Phoenix, which called for reinforcements. The distance covered by him between sunrise and sunset exceeded 150 miles.

He rested the night that he delivered the message in Phoenix, and starting out afoot on the following morning, led the cavalry back to Yuma before darkness. The foe was preparing for a night attack. The cavalry horses were jaded and a few of them were unable to complete the journey, but Tar Head, who preceded the rescuing party afoot, displayed few signs of fatigue.

#### **Baseball in Massachusetts State Prison**

As a relaxation from cell life and as a reward of good conduct, baseball games are being tried with satisfactory results by Warden Bridges at the State Prison in Charlestown. The game gives the prisoners a beneficial change from the routine of prison discipline affording them diversion and fresh air.

The innovation has been followed by an improvement in the discipline. The warden says the prisoners act as if per-

mission to play ball or to see a game is the greatest boon that can be conferred upon them next to a pardon or the expiration of a sentence.

The inmates have two nines, called the Resolutes and the Hustlers, and they play every fair-weather Saturday. There is room enough for 200 spectators, all prisoners, in the yard.

#### **A Prominent Retired New York Physician Compares the Medical and Legal Professions**

"Now that I am through with medicine, I can speak of the profession in a fashion that I would not if I was still in the practice," said a gentleman who has been known as a successful physician in New York for years, as he sat at luncheon in the Lawyers' Club last Friday.

"Of course, I don't care to have my name mentioned, for I have lots of good friends in the profession, but the fact is that the profession of medicine would be nearly ruined if it had to be conducted as you gentlemen of the bar practice your calling.

"We have a great advantage over you, for you, in your cases, are subjected to the extremest publicity, while we, in our cases, have the utmost concealment. Just suppose that in our cases we had a judge who knew as much or more than we did presiding over our actions, and, worse than that, had another physician, whose interests were not ours, watching and criticising us at every step and blazoning every error that we made. Dear me! such a prospect as that would frighten the best physician who ever lived the moment he entered a sick room; and yet that condition is just what you men of the law have to face in every case that you try.

"What sort of a figure would a lawyer cut floundering around in court without any knowledge of his case? But a physician can flounder, mentally, in a sick room without a second person being the wiser, though the patient may suffer; but then 'dead men tell no tales.'

"In ordinary circumstances of doubt, which is usually ignorance, the physician can look wise, put something into the patient's stomach, go to his office, decide

what line of experiment he will follow, return the next day, hoping to find that nature is working the cure that he doesn't know how to effect, and being ready and willing to take all of the credit that comes his way.

"Why, the very first thing that nurses are taught is to observe the utmost secrecy about doctors' blunders. If they told what they knew there wouldn't be much confidence in physicians where they are heard. Ask a nurse of experience about this when you have the opportunity.

"Yes, sir, I repeat that the publicity and chance for criticism in your profession, if applied to medicine, would result in the discovery of a small amount of science as compared with the large amount of empiricism."—*N. Y. Herald.*

### Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism, After Forty Years' Suffering, by the "No Breakfast" Plan

With the addition of Miss M. Rose, of Morristown, N. J., to the ranks of the "no-breakfast" advocates, they have received a positive living example of the benefits of omitting the usual morning breakfast.

Miss Rose is now sixty-eight years of age and since her twenty-first birthday she has not been able to walk more than a few hundred feet at a time. The rheumatic trouble had so twisted and knotted her fingers that she was barely able to move them.

She is now completely recovered and walks four or five miles each day without pain or effort.



Poor and Happy

Rich and Miserable

Which Life Would You Prefer, if Free to Make a Choice?



## THE VIRTUES OF OUR METHODS PROVEN

### Believes We Saved His Life

To the Editor:

I believe by the grace of God you were an instrument in His hand of saving my life. Two years ago I had consumption. I started to read your books and magazines on physical culture and to put them into practice, and began to improve immediately. I was in Buffalo at the time. I went out in the country and was in the open air night and day all Summer; slept nights between two wide-open windows; ate fruit, nuts, Graham bread and vegetables; took air, sun and cold-water baths and plenty of exercise in the fresh air, with deep breathing. I got as healthy as a buck; never felt better in my life. Before reading your books I was reduced from one hundred and thirty-seven to one hundred and twenty pounds; was weak, had night-sweats, a hacking cough, pain in left side and across small of back, and was troubled with a severe attack of constipation. After reading your books I left off medicine—it is now two years or more—and when I look back I believe I must have taken enough of that stuff to float a canal boat. After reading your book, "Strength from Eating," I went down to the mill and got some bran. It did me so much good that I have been eating it ever since. I found that it keeps my bowels as regular as clockwork. I eat a wineglassful at my meal, which is only one each day, in addition to a light lunch of nuts and fruit each night and morning. I have found that bran is an excellent remedy for all stomach and bowel disorders and a remedy for piles. I drink it stirred in a cup of coffee, or it can be used in a variety of ways. It can be used with tea, milk or cream, with a little sugar added. It can also be eaten dry with sugar, or made into bread, biscuits, etc. I think you are right in re-

gard to flour being made too fine. The life or substance is all ground out of the wheat and the best part, as you say, is taken out, viz., the bran and shorts. Give us back the good old Graham bread of our grandfathers' day, with the bran in and everything in, for surely our kind heavenly Father knew what He was doing when He made wheat. Poor, deluded men, to think that they can improve on His handiwork! It is a great mistake!

I am glad to see the noble stand you take in regard to vaccination, and hope you will keep hammering at it till the *cursed old humbug* is wiped out of existence. I know by bitter experience the evils of vaccination. A little more than ten years ago I had a lovely family of five children—two boys and three girls. We never had any sickness, or very little, at least, until after the children were vaccinated. Then the trouble began. They became constantly sick—first with one complaint, then another. Each disease, it seemed, was worse than the preceding one, until finally diphtheria took two of my little daughters, seven and nine years old, in less than three weeks. Their sickness and death had a terrible effect on my poor wife; she was never well after their death and died with consumption five years later. I think I have good reason for believing that vaccination had something to do with causing all this affliction.

ARTHUR G. PARMELEE.

Rochester, N. Y.

### Bought an Electric Belt

To the Editor:

I have been a constant reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE for four years, and am deeply interested in your crusade against the medical and electric belt fakirs.

I have been something of a sucker myself in days gone by, and my experience may interest readers of your valuable magazine.

I will first tell you of the "benefit" which I secured from the use of electric belts. I am the proud possessor of two of these miniature power-houses, and if there is anyone who, after reading this, still believes they are a good thing, he can have one, or both, for considerably less than they cost me.

In some way I managed to get the idea into my top-piece that I was afflicted with most every ailment that flesh is heir to, and, after reading the advertisement of one A. Chrystal, whose place of business is Marshall, Mich., I decided that his belt was just what I had been looking for, and, accordingly, I purchased one for NINE DOLLARS (\$9.00), which, by the way, was only half the regular price, as he WISHED TO INTRODUCE HIS APPLIANCES IN MY LOCALITY." This belt, he explained, was the best he made, and the best that money could buy or that science could produce. I put it on according to directions and wore it for several months, and, while it blistered my back and gave me a pain in the stomach, yet as far as results are concerned I might just as well have put on a piece of hemp rope.

The other belt, which I bought from a firm in New York—I cannot recall the name—cost me three dollars (\$3.00), and—would you believe it?—the belt was just as good as the first one. This belt was made of canvas, lined with felt. Inside was a row of metal discs overlapping each other, and that is all there was to it. How in the world this thing could be expected to produce electricity is more than I can say.

Although both firms had promised to return my money if the belt did not prove satisfactory, I did not think it worth the time and postage to write and ask for it.

Later on I will take a punch at some of the fakirs whom I have mixed up with as a sort of quiet satisfaction for the money spent.

Very truly yours,

W. McCLURG.

Cleveland, Ohio.

### Physical Culture Benefits the Singing Voice

To the Editor:

I have been reading PHYSICAL CULTURE for several months. I read every line in it, for I find it very interesting reading. I am becoming quite an enthusiastic physical culturist. My attention was first called to the magazine by my vocal teacher, who is a constant reader.

I find that physical culture greatly assists me in my vocal studies. It has developed the muscles in the sides and back, which are so essential in deep breathing and proper breath control. It is an easy matter to control the breath while singing when the proper muscles are developed and rightly used, and physical culture does this thing. I would recommend physical culture to all persons giving attention to the cultivation of the voice.

Yours very truly,

CLYDE N. SLOAT.

Arkansas.

### Gains Sixty-five Pounds by Following Our Methods

To the Editor:

I have taken your magazine for the last six years, and find it the best paper that has ever come into the house. I would rather go without my supper than miss some of your exercises.

I was in the army in 1898 and came home from Cuba weighing one hundred and ten pounds.

I now weigh one hundred and seventy-five pounds, stripped, and do not know what it is to feel bad. I owe all of it to reading your books and exercising.

I have started several of my friends to buy your magazine, also to try your exercises.

One friend—a car conductor—has gained ten pounds in four months, and says he never felt better in his life.

I only wish more people could see the benefit of your exercises.

Thanking you for what you have done for me, I remain

Very truly yours,

HERBERT A. BALLOU.

Worcester, Mass.

### **Cured Constipation by Omitting White Bread from Diet**

To the Editor:

Being a reader of your magazine *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, for over a year, and also a firm believer in the teachings of the same, I am prompted to tell you how I cured myself of the almost universal complaint—constipation.

Some time ago I read your comments on "The White Bread Curse." It was clearly for me, for I was a big bread-eater, and I studied your words with a great deal of interest and faith. From that time forth white bread was omitted from my diet, and now I have not the slightest desire for it. Only three weeks were sufficient to show the success of my trial, and to-day my internal functions are as regular as clockwork. Hoping other unfortunates may benefit by my experience, I am

Yours respectfully,

PETER OLSEN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

### **Remembers Coronation of Queen Victoria**

To the Editor:

I am an old veteran of seventy-one years, and have not tasted meat, butter, salt, tea, coffee or tobacco for fifty years, and drink nothing but pure water and eat nothing but fruits, nuts and the cereals, and at times I feel as though I was good for thirty years more of life.

I was born in Scotland in 1832, and as a boy I remember very well the coronation of Queen Victoria.

JOHN DURNO.

Postville, Iowa.

### **Enthusiast Writes from West Indies**

To the Editor:

Although not a subscriber to your instructive and interesting magazine, I am an active searcher of its pages, and must admit my appreciation of your bold and manly style of advising, criticising and exposing, according to the nature of the subject which presents itself to your mind.

I know your motive in writing and

preaching this grand crusade is not the desire to satiate a burning desire for mere wealth, but a far nobler aim—that of raising the shattered relics of a grand creation to its former position.

May the God who made the "perfect" and now looks with pity on the depraved "duplicates" assist you in your endeavors—as I am sure He will—in opening the eyes of the blind and self-satisfied of life. Your admirer,

CECIL C. HENDRICKS.

Kingston, Jamaica.

### **From Far-Away Japan**

To the Editor:

It may be of some interest to you to know that you have at least one appreciative reader in Japan—I know not how many more. By chance a copy of your magazine fell into my hands some months ago, and, being highly pleased with it, I subscribed for it at once. I am following many of its suggestions with much profit.

Most sincerely yours,

J. M. McCALEB.

Toteyo, Japan.

### **From a Trinidad Enthusiast**

To the Editor:

Favored by my young friend, I had the opportunity of reading *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, to my great advantage and profit.

The sage counsels conveyed therein have benefited me immensely.

I suffered very much from colds, and my food was of little use to me. There was a feeling of depression immediately after meals, which puzzled me not a little. Then I thought there was mal-assimilation. Something was wrong with me.

I tried fasting for a few days, and then I decided to stop the taking of solid food for a few months.

It is now two months since I started on this régime: Milk and flaked oats for breakfast, tea and bread and butter at night, exercise and a daily cold bath. The result is an all-round improvement in health.

I am now a subscriber to both of your magazines. I practice deep breathing every day and take other exercises for the expansion of the chest. I have in-

creased three inches (from thirty-five to thirty-eight) in chest measurement and have gained five pounds in weight.

I was always a very poor eater. I took little and ate fast, being a very busy man. I teach all the class subjects at this training school. Formerly I felt "dead beat" at the end of the day's work. At present I can take on private pupils, after working from eight a. m. to five p. m.

I need scarcely tell you that I am a disciple of yours. I am instilling my notions regarding physical culture not only into the students, but also into my friends.

Wishing you a long career of honor, usefulness and happiness, I remain

Yours very truly,

A. N. R.

Principal Nelson Street R. C. Training School, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B. W. I.

#### **A Boy Reader Becomes as Strong as an Ox**

To the Editor:

Last November I bought **PHYSICAL CULTURE** merely, to tell the truth, because the cover attracted me, but when I had arrived home and read it from cover to cover I found it to hold something of great value to me, because I had never received much physical exercise, except that derived from playing "tag" and other games. My weight was then one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and it was made of everything but muscle. I followed the directions carefully and soon I began to see slight improvement. I continued buying the magazine and my improvement continued. To-day I am similar (my parents say) to an ox. My measurements are: Height, five feet six inches; chest, normal, thirty-five inches; chest, deflated, thirty-two and a half inches; chest, inflated, thirty-eight and a half inches; neck, fifteen inches; arm, eleven and a half inches; arm, flexed, fourteen inches; forearm, twelve inches; flexed, fifteen and a half inches; elbow, eleven and a half inches; wrist, seven and three-quarter inches; waist, thirty inches; hip, thirty-four inches; thigh, twenty-two inches; knee, fifteen and a half inches; calf, fifteen inches; ankle, nine and a half inches; weight, one hundred and forty-seven pounds. This spring

some boys (among them myself) formed a club to develop ourselves spiritually, mentally and physically.

Yours for fresh air,

Syracuse.

WM. E. COLE.

#### **Truly Vouches for the Merits of Our System of Exercises**

To the Editor:

It was with no small degree of reluctance that the writer hereof was induced to try your course of physical development, but am now happy to say that after a few months' exercise in accordance with directions from your monthly, I can truly vouch for the merits of the system.

All parts of my body seem to have taken new vigor, and all are performing the functions that nature designed them to do, which, I assure you, is far from my condition when I began the exercises. Hoping others will be induced, as I have been, to follow your treatment, and find the value your system contains, I am,

Sincerely yours,

E. F. HACKLE.

New York City.

#### **Being a "Crank" Cured Him**

To the Editor:

I have been trying to follow the teachings of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** and I have attained a degree of health which I never thought to have, and I have not known what it was to feel well and strong until I began to get out of the old way of living and became a "crank."

Gratefully yours,

JOHN H. NICKERSON.

#### **To the Advantage of Hair Pulling**

To the Editor:

About two and a half years ago I purchased a copy of **PHYSICAL CULTURE**.

I never put any of the theories set forth therein to practice, but found it interesting reading, until about a year ago, when I was taken sick with erysipelas and was so dosed with medicines that I decided to avoid disease in the future and knew I could do so if I made up my mind to it.

How well I succeeded is easily imagined when I say that I have not had a



day of sickness since; not even the usual headaches with which I was so often troubled in the past. And the credit is all due to PHYSICAL CULTURE, for I have exercised regularly ever since my last sickness.

This same disease affected my hair a great deal also; so much so that I feared I would become bald, for it began to fall out in "patches" until the sides of my head were without hair.

This I remedied by resorting to "hair-pulling matches" with myself, which resulted in a thick crop of strong hair.

Hoping others will benefit by my experience, I remain,

Yours in health,

A. J. GOETZ, JR.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### **Cured Consumption by Eating Carrots**

To the Editor:

Your periodicals come to my home regularly and I read your articles on quackery with extreme pleasure, for when I was about forty-four years old I had consumption. The doctor who attended me called it nervous dyspepsia and debility. After paying him about 25 pounds sterling, or, in American money, about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, roughly figured, for attendance and medicine, I found myself in about the same condition as when I began treatment. By accident, one night, feeling hungry, I picked up a carrot in my stable, peeled it and ate it with a keen relish. A slight change was felt in my entire system and I kept the practice up. I went to vegetarian restaurants for meals and dropped meat entirely. I soon found a remarkable recovery from my consumption. I gave the carrot recipe to others who were sick, with the same result. Soon sufferers began to come to me for information, and for humane purposes I had an information leaflet printed and circulated, and through it, I am glad to say, there have been some remarkable recoveries. The carrot recipe is: After breakfast, from one to two ounces of raw carrot; after tea, from 4 to 8 ounces of raw carrot. This must, of course, be followed by an abstemious diet, excluding alcoholic spirits entirely. I am not a scien-

tific man, and would be glad if someone could inform me what there is in a carrot to bring about such marvelous results.

I am too old to begin to practice any kind of exercises, but I can see had I done so forty years ago I should never have been bothered with consumption, provided I had taken ordinary care in eating and drinking. I now make out that the disease is brought about by persons putting down their food and drink too rapidly, and putting down too much of it entirely. Yours truly,

H. LIGHTFOOTER,

Manchester, Eng.

### **Quit Doctoring and Tried Our Treatment**

To the Editor:

I first came across your magazine last Christmas, and at the time I was an awfully sick man. I quit doctoring and tried your treatment, and to-day I am as robust a man as you want to look at. I hope others will do more reading of your magazine and put it to a test, and this country will be full of robust, vigorous men.

J. LA FLEUR.

Beaver Dam, Wis.

### **Had Every Symptom of Consumption**

To the Editor:

Two years ago I had every symptom of consumption. By following your directions from PHYSICAL CULTURE, I am now a healthy, strong young man of twenty years.

TRUMAN E. WILSON.

Buffalo, N. Y.

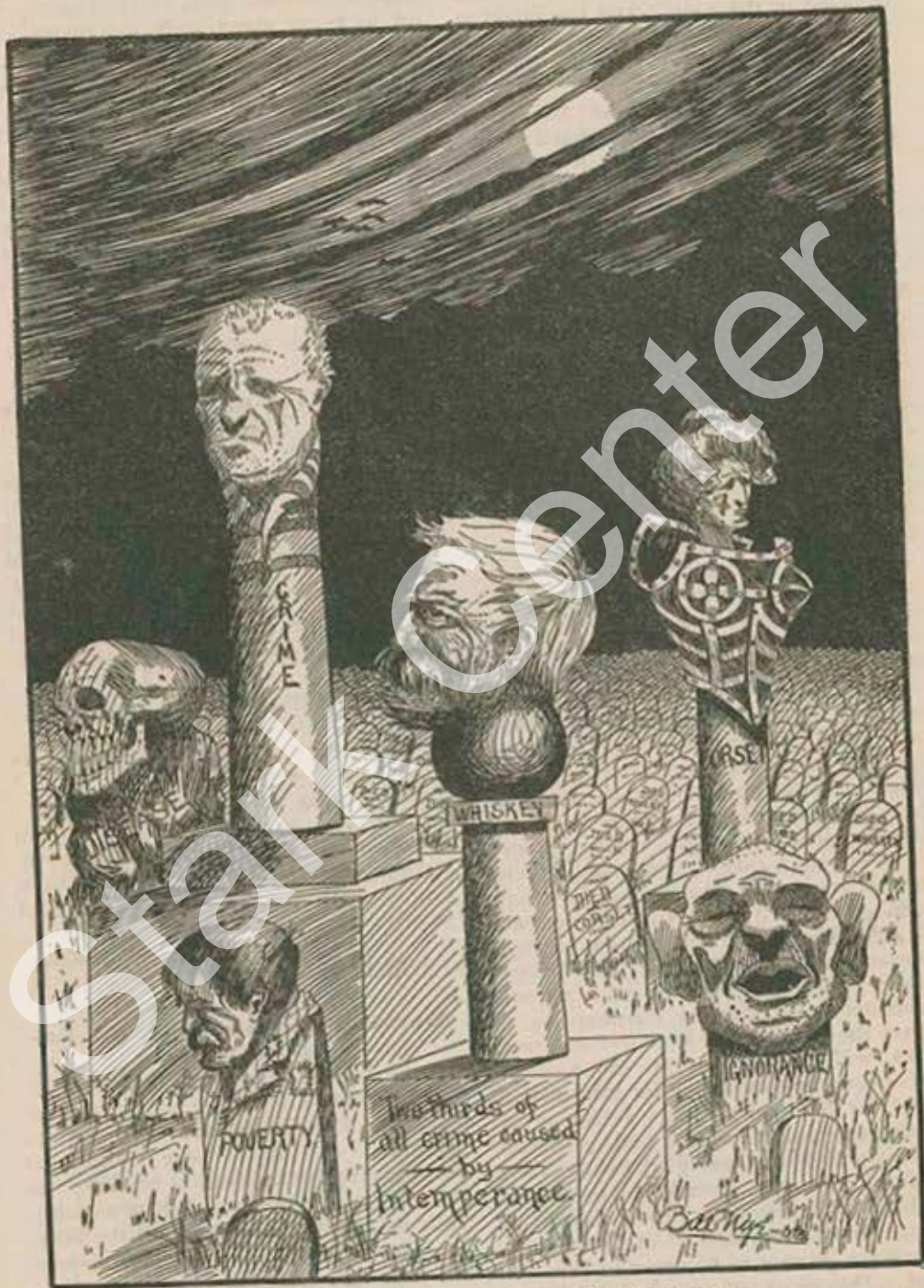
### **Derived Benefit Beyond Expectations**

To the Editor:

I subscribed for your very excellent magazine the first of the year and am delighted with it. I have endeavored to follow up the course of exercises, and while I have not observed them as faithfully as I might have done, yet the benefit I derived from them has been beyond my expectations and prompts me to make a still greater effort.

A. H. RITTENHOUSE.

Mount Morris, Ill.



Monuments of Our Modern So-called Civilization

# THE BEAUTY OF THE VOICE

By Adele Peters

*The human voice is a barometer that accurately indicates manly or womanly characteristics. This author rightly believes that the voice depends largely upon your own inner nature. Therefore, in cultivating a beautiful voice your first effort should be spent in developing a character that will be in harmony with all the various phases of emotion which you wish to express with your voice—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*



**T**O secure a pleasant speaking voice should be the ambition of everyone who has spirit and individuality enough to desire cultivation of mind.

A vibrant, modulated voice—"that excellent thing in woman"—is equally a glorious thing in man. To see a powerfully built, well proportioned man or woman, with a voice uttered out of keeping with the development of the other physical forces, is ridiculous to anyone who is initiated.

A sweet, pliable, sympathetic voice offers the greatest influence that one can exert over humanity. Just for the eternal fitness of things one should have his voice cultivated to match his individuality. To one who is accustomed to the harmonies of the voice this is the index to the character. No other part of the body yields itself so willingly to sympathetic training. There is no organ that requires such delicate manipulation and such careful supervision. Yet over-practice is a sure injury. There is one great difficulty to be guarded against. The sweetness of the voice must not predominate.

I once heard a Canadian poet read. She had a wonderfully sweet voice—soothing, calm, uneventful, unrippling, and as smooth as satin. There was no undercurrent, no unexpected depth, no thrilling surprises, no reserve of passion. It was not capable of modulation. There was but a dead level of sweetness. She read a ballad describing a schoolboy's death. It told of his comrade's deep sorrow and of his mother's pitiful loneliness; but the voice did not care; it did

not partake of the sorrow, but smiled right on. It had nothing to do with the heart's disturbance. That speaking voice was a failure.

The charm of a clear, pure, vibrant voice that will yield readily to the emotions of the heart cannot be estimated, but it can be felt by the most ignorant, and will be a most certain influence for culture. It touches all that is responsive in humanity. Many people complain of not having a good speaking voice, but the vocal organs are there and may be developed. Certain it is that it is within the power of anyone who has vocal organs to bring them to a degree of perfection in speaking. In beginning to cultivate the chords the first thing, of course, is to learn the centralization of the breath. The diaphragm is the place for the manufacture of the breath; yet in this enlightened age most people use, as the slang expression goes, "any old place."

The most difficult thing to learn is the passivity of the respiratory muscles. It seems very difficult for most people to relax or to be quiescent, yet the control of the breath indicates a supremacy of will power.

The respiratory parts are played upon like so many Æolian harps. The diaphragm, the repository of the breath, supplies the motive power. The breath should be used like a concertina; press forward and ooze back. The ribs should act with a downward sweep in order to prevent breath-escape. There should be no quivering of the breath as it oozes slowly away. In practicing, the breath should be quickly shut off when the slightest quiver appears. On the first principle depends the development of the speaking voice.

The reason why many people have un-

pleasant voices, or rather lack of voices, is that their characters are such that they must needs emit in the voice the envy, hatred, and malice of their natures. Of course, training will make a complete hypocrite of the voice. It can be taught to simulate all beautiful things that the heart does not sanction; but it will not appeal to people who have souls that can discern the difference.

The best way to develop a good voice is to clear the heart of everything save pleasantness and peace, and to train the

voice to be responsive to that inward force. The mechanical training will make, of course, a beautiful veneer; but the eye will not believe in it. No voice of exquisite feeling can come from an ungracious source. There must be absolute harmony in the individual. A thorough poise of the body gained, the vocal organs should be held in a proper position for successful training, and the voice will be like a sensitive plant, "touched with the feeling of our woes."

## CRIMINAL UNSEXING OPERATIONS UPON WOMEN

By *O. Wilbur Jackson, M. D.*

F. S. Sc. (LONDON), MEMBER OF THE SOC. D'ELECTRO THERAPIE, (PARIS), ETC.

*In the past we have made some very emphatic criticisms of the needless and criminal use of the knife now so common with surgeons everywhere. No one of our comments was as scathingly condemnatory of this practice as the article which follows by the prominent surgeon and physician whose name appears above.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.*



Y attention was especially attracted to an article in the August issue of your journal, in which a physician called attention to the often unnecessary nature of the popular "operation for appendicitis," as well as to some other facts which, unfortunately, do not much redound to the credit of our profession. In France, the authorities now hold the surgeon criminally responsible who grasps at the knife before every conservative means of remedy has been exhausted, and it will not be long before all civilized communities will see that a surgeon who resorts to the knife will be compelled by law to make sure that it is absolutely necessary, and that no other procedure will accomplish the same end.

Unfortunately for the victim, we cannot replace an organ when we have once removed it, and the patient who has been persuaded to submit to hysterectomy or

ovariotomy has no recourse when once the ovary or uterus has been removed. Mr. Lawson Tait, of England, has the doubtful honor of having been the pioneer in these operations, and I am glad to say that the thoughtful and thoroughly conscientious members of the profession do not countenance the methods of Tait and his followers. I have seen in my own experience the appalling results of the extirpation of these organs in scores of cases, and in the great majority the patient was simply an unsexed wreck, whose bodily sufferings were not relieved by the operation, and whose mental condition was worse than before.

I have one case especially in mind, and it will serve to illustrate my meaning. Miss C. L., twenty-eight years of age, had been suffering intensely with pains in the region of the right ovary. After much persuasion she submitted to the usual examination at the hands of a "specialist," who told her that there was a malignant disease involving the right ovary, tube and uterus. After some months' further suffering, being per-

sualed that the knife was the only alternative, she agreed to submit to an operation at the hands of a noted surgeon, a colleague and collaborator of the specialist who had examined her, and after having been duly "prepared," was placed upon the table and, in the presence of a number of surgical friends of the operator, the abdominal section was performed.

After the abdomen had been laid open it was found that instead of a malignant condition, there was a cystic growth on one of the ovaries. In spite of this fact, the operator decided that in order to prevent *chance of some future trouble*, he would remove both the ovaries and uterus, *and did so*. The operation was pronounced by the spectators a "beautiful one," and the operator considered that he had added a new leaf to his laurel crown. The patient finally recovered from the operation, but *never from its effects*. It was an entirely unnecessary sacrifice of the organs involved, and even the friendly surgeons and nurses who witnessed it agreed among themselves afterward, that the cyst could have been dissected out, and the organs left intact. All this happened over five years ago, and now mark the result.

The patient told the friends who were cognisant of the circumstances that she was sure, from what her doctor told her, that after a year's time she would cease to suffer so continuously and intensely. The year passed, and as there was no improvement in the symptoms, she set a further period to her agony, and expected that two years would surely see an end to her sufferings.

### Blear-Eyed Dyspeptic Prudes

To the Editor:

I read and enjoy your many excellent articles on prudishness with which I entirely agree. Well-meaning people, in blind ignorance, have many times caused evil where none would otherwise exist, were not the attention called to it, through some silly, prudish quasi-modesty. I cannot buy PHYSICAL CULTURE at some very large news-stands, because some short-winded, blear-eyed dyspeptic, with a "chocolate-cake-lemon-pie complexion," has such a holy horror of God's beautiful work (the human body) that he can't gaze on it. His mind is so

The two years passed, and again she could report absolutely no improvement. And so the time has passed, and now, after more than five years have elapsed, she is worse in body and mind than before she was deprived of the organs sacrificed at the operation. To say nothing of the unnecessary blighting of all those hopes and aspirations so dear to the average woman—the hope of husband and children—she had undergone all this purgatory of pain, disappointment and humiliation—for what? That a skillful operator might add another case to his list of successful capital operations.

If the law held a man responsible for such heartless work a case like this could not be cited. This is not an isolated instance. I could, if it were necessary, cite dozens of similar cases; but this will serve to illustrate my meaning.

There is another "operation" which has become very common, and that is the "curetting," or "scraping" the interior of the uterus for metritis and endometritis, or diseased condition of the lining membrane of the womb. It is a bloody and "butcherly" procedure, and in ninety per cent. of cases does far more harm than good, leaving the "scraped" interior of the organ always liable to disease worse than that sought to be eradicated. Where there is any inflammatory condition of the endometrium, the "curette," or scraping-knife, should not be used, and gynecologists have a much better means of treatment at their command, if they are only competent to use it.

impure that *he* can see clear through the drapery of Venus and the fig-leaf of Adonis. Such hypocrites should go purge their impure minds, and then they could look upon God's work with a little reverence and appreciation, and see beauty and purity, instead of something unclean.

We will hope the next decade will see the end of prudishness and see the pure and clean light come in which looks for purity and finds it.

Yours for health,

A. SINCERE ADMIRER.

## THE DIAMOND SMUGGLER'S LAST STAKE

By Chas. W. Barrell



MY host was a customs inspector—a big, blonde viking of a fellow, with a seemingly inexhaustible fund of stories and a captivating manner of narrating them. The freshness and tang of the sea air he had been breathing for so many years blew through his whole conversation. After supper, when I had assured myself that his cigar was going well, I ventured to remind him of the yarn he had promised to spin about old Prinstein, the diamond smuggler. At mention of Prinstein's name he tipped his chair back against the wall and puffed out a ring or two of smoke with evident relish. His eyes twinkled with quiet humor at the recollections that the name had conjured up. The tale he told me is given below without varnish or padding:

It happened about eighteen years ago when I was in the Secret Service branch of the Customs, and Jack Fontaine and I were working together. We hadn't a case of any importance for some time, when one morning we got word that the chief wished to see us down in the office.

In those days we were allowed ten per cent. on all seizures, and Jack and I, as we hurried downstairs, were praying that we'd get a line on something fat. When we filed into the office the old man sat there at his desk, a bunch of papers and cablegrams scattered about him, nodding his head as he always did when deeply interested, and chewing tobacco as though he were eating peanuts.

In a minute or so he wheeled around on us, expectorated vigorously in the proper direction, and said:

"Well, boys, I've got something particularly good for you this morning. Draw up a couple of chairs here and I'll go over the case with you."

When we'd got settled the old man went on: "I s'pose you both remember

Abe Prinstein, that queer-looking old codger with the cast in his eye, that's been sneaking gems through this port for the past three years? Well, he's your game this trip. I've received word that he left the other side a week ago on the Europa with thirty stones—worth altogether more than \$40,000—which I feel sure he will not declare. Two of them you'd recognize anywhere; they're big, pear-shaped diamonds."

And the chief went on and gave us a detailed description of them, as well as of the general characteristics of the rest of the gems. Then he brought out two recent photographs of Prinstein, and gave us a few points on the best way of handling the smuggler when he had cornered him.

"Now, then," said he, finally, "the Europa's due here in a few hours. You'd best go down and board her at Quarantine; the cutter leaves in about forty minutes, so you'll have to hustle. And remember this, boys: You've got a mighty slippery customer to deal with, and you'll have to keep your weather eyes peeled all the time, for Abe Prinstein's one who could sell a gold brick to Monsieur Dupin himself."

Well, Jack and I went down on the cutter and boarded the liner at Quarantine. We had no difficulty in locating our man. Jack knew the purser of the Europa, and he hunted up Prinstein's stateroom number and gave us all the information he had picked up about the fellow, which wasn't much. Practically, all it amounted to was that Prinstein had been laid up nearly all the way over with lumbago—a fact with which we were soon made acquainted, after we had finished overhauling his trunk and traveling bag and began to search his person. He winced and groaned a bit as we prodded him in the ribs and about the waist line, and cautioned us not to be so strenuous in pawing over the small of his back, which was covered with a porous plaster.

However, in the main, he accepted the

ordeal with the same easy philosophy with which nearly all the ancient and dishonorable order of importers-and-exporters-of-goods-contrary-to-law accept the always trying and sometimes highly embarrassing explorations of the customs officers, as if he considered it as an inevitable circumstance in the game of life. But, for all our labors, we could bring to light nary a diamond.

"Well," said I at last to Prinstein, when Jack and I had gone over him for about the tenth time, patting here, pulling there and pinching and hauling his frame in general for some trace of those elusive little lumps that would mean a reputation and something over two thousand dollars apiece for us, could we but get them between our fingers; "well, old man, you'll just have to climb out of these duds, now, and let us see the stuff you pad your seams with."

He swore a bit at that—good-naturedly, though—and said he'd be a fool to suppose that Uncle Sam would be so considerate as to waive one of the most impressive parts of the initiation merely because the subject was suffering from an acute attack of lumbago. But in the end he quirked his mouth down in a half-humorous expression of surrender and began to undress.

Like forty-niners looking over pans of gravel, Jack and I examined each piece of Prinstein's habiliment as he divested himself of it. But we might as well have been overhauling our own garments, for all the diamonds we discovered.

At length Prinstein stood before us robed only in his Ypsilanti suit and the porous plaster. By this time Jack and I were willing to acknowledge that a sharper of such consummate ability as Prinstein could clinch a green-goods deal with Monsieur Dupin, or even with Hungry Joe. We were beaten, and we knew it. I looked at Jack, and he shook his head and swore a soft, round oath, such as one would swear who had just ceased work upon the differential calculus.

I had myself gone to the extremity of searching the roots of Prinstein's hair and examining the texture of the porous plaster. We had been at the inquest over half an hour. Jack and I realized that the time for departure had arrived.

As we turned to go I happened to glance in the little mirror that graced the left wall of the stateroom, and out of the tail of my eye I saw something that sent the blood carousing through my veins like a draught of vodka.

Prinstein was sitting on the side of his berth, redressing himself, and I saw him pick up his coat and smile slightly as he ran his thumb and forefinger caressingly down the front edge of the garment by the buttons. That was enough. We had him red-handed. I turned like a flash and cried out in a voice that must have trembled with excitement:

"Hold on there, old sport! Let's have another look at that coat!"

All the smile had gone from his face now, and he was white as ashes as he passed the garment reluctantly over. I had my knife out in no time, and before a cat could bat her eye we had slashed that front seam from top to bottom. And what a sight it did disclose! Jack and I must have had somewhat the same sensation that Ali Baba experienced when the door of the treasure-house flew open before his magic countersign. For there lay the long-sought gems, each in its own snug little nest in the padded seam, flashing and sparkling up at us as only crystallized carbon can sparkle.

We counted them over and found they were all there—the whole thirty, just as the chief had described them. I thought the two big pear-shaped stones were as handsome a set of gems as I had ever seen. Jack took fifteen and tied them about his neck in a handkerchief and I stowed away the rest of the lot.

But poor old Prinstein! It was pitiful to see the change that came over him when he realized that the jig was up. He looked almost as haggard as a six-day bicycle rider. All the gameness had left him. He appeared to sink in upon himself like an old, old man, and the way he groveled and begged would have moved us to contempt if there hadn't been a touch of pathos in the affair. He even got down on his knees at last and begged us with tears in his eyes to let him off. He told us that this was his last stake; that those diamonds represented every cent he had in the world, and that if we took them it would pauperize him

and leave his family to face starvation.

When the Europa came to rest at her pier we left the old smuggler, broken in spirit, with misery written in every line of his face, and hurried up to the Custom House to hand in our report.

The chief beamed like a sunflower when he learned of our success. We handed the stones over to the custodian of the seizure-room to await examination by the diamond appraiser; and for the rest of the day we threw chests around that building as large as two John L. Sullivans could have done.

Early on the following morning Jack and I were on hand to see Lambert, the diamond appraiser, make his official examination of our captured gems. Old Uncle Ike, the custodian, had arranged the stones in a glass dish lined with black velvet, and they lay there shining and twinkling on one of the tables, the center of an admiring (and no doubt envious) crowd of clerks and Secret Service men. Jack and I stood near by, hands in pockets, puffing our Henry Clays with all the self-sufficiency of lucky stock manipulators.

At length the door opened and Lambert came bustling in.

"Where's that big seizure I've heard so much talk about?" he demanded.

Jack tossed his thumb carelessly in the direction of the table, and the crowd fell away at Lambert's approach.

He picked up one of the stones, rolled it between his fingers and then tossed it back in the dish with a contemptuous gesture.

"Pretty fair paste," he remarked.

Well! I stared insanely at Jack, and Jack stared back at me; both were equally nonplussed. Our jaws dropped, and so did the Henry Clays. As for the crowd, it burst into a roar of guffaws.

"They are a fair imitation," Lambert sneered heartlessly, "although anyone who

knew the first thing about diamonds could see just what they are without straining his eyesight in the least. The lot is worth five dollars, or maybe six at the most. You fellows better go through your pockets again and see whether you haven't kept the right stones and turned in these chunks of glass in your excitement."

"Here, Ike," went on Lambert, in his most maddening tones, "get me a little water and I'll show these two young fellows a few things about paste jewels."

Lambert wet his handkerchief and rubbed it vigorously over the back of one of the big, pear-shaped beauties, and—well—Jack and I had heard that Prinstein usually put up at the Astor House when in New York, and we had a forlorn hope that we might still be in time to catch the old fox in his lair.

Grabbing our hats, we started for the hotel on a dead run. Twelve minutes later, all out of breath and wild-eyed from running, we burst into the office of the Astor House and gaspingly demanded of the clerk whether A. Prinstein was stopping there. Our expectations soared to boiling point when he answered in the affirmative; and in less time than it takes to relate Jack and I were fumbling at the door of Prinstein's suite.

The clerk had given us a duplicate key to the rooms, but the door was unlocked.

We went through the rooms but only to find our quarry had stolen away.

The bed had been occupied and there were cigar ashes on the window sill, but it was mighty frigid consolation we derived from these discoveries. And imagine our state of mind when, in searching the bathroom, I picked up in a corner a large and ingeniously padded porous plaster, with thirty curious little dents in it! Why, I can hear Jack crooning those soft, round oaths of his even yet. And Prinstein? Yes, it really was his last stake; he's never had an attack of lumbago since, so far as I know.





## LIVING ON FIVE CENTS A DAY

HOW A WESTERN VEGETARIAN SOLVED THE FOOD PROBLEM

*By Stanhope Miller*

**I**N ancient England there was a time when men toiled—and really toiled—for less than twopence a day. They supported their families, and saved money. This state of affairs was due to the fact that food and the other necessities of life were so cheap. In these days a man earning but four cents a day could not support even himself. But there is a class of “faddists” to whom the solution of the food problem has become an easy matter. Some years ago, when physical culture in its real sense first came into vogue, there were enthusiasts who tried the new and rational diet. The new diet became so popular that the enthusiasts attempted to discover next on how small an expenditure a really nourishing and satisfying diet could be had.

It was not long before the enthusiasts learned that food that sustained strength could be had at a price not exceeding five cents per day for each member of the family. Many notable trials have been made throughout the country, and, whenever the press has reported the results, the evidence has been overwhelmingly in favor of the dietic practices that have been advocated in this magazine. It has been found that the new and cheaper diet gives greater strength. It has been found, also, that health and general endurance have been improved and increased. And all this has been done on an average of five cents per diem for each member of the family.

It would be possible to cite dozens of instances, but the particulars of the following well-authenticated case will serve all the purposes of the writer: Mr. A. A. Sanders, a resident of Kansas City, believed that both health and economy could be served by better diet than he had been in the habit of using. He had studied

the principles of physical culture diet, and succeeded in converting his sons to the theories of the right uses of the stomach.

In the summer Mr. Sanders and his sons rise at four o'clock in the morning, and in winter at five o'clock. They take a morning stimulant—in the form of a cold bath—and no false stimulant is used. This very sane stimulant takes the place of breakfast—which is not eaten. When the bath is over there is work enough to be found in the garden that belongs to the country home of these three men. Here again is found a good physical and nervous substitute for the habit of breakfast-eating.

Mr. Sanders is in business in the city. He covers the distance on his bicycle. His sons walk the six miles in an average time of one hour and ten minutes. At noon the father and his sons throw the windows of the office as wide open as is possible. Their luncheon consists of air taken in deep draughts. In the evening the homeward trip is made, the sons going on foot, and the father using either the wheel or his feet as the desire dictates.

Then comes the really strenuous time of the day. Care is forgotten, remembrance of toil is ignored. It is time to eat—and it is an hour of joy. Appetite has been whetted, and eating means pure delight. There is gusto in every morsel that is swallowed. The enjoyment that comes from the right food, rightly eaten, belongs to Mr. Sanders and his sons.

And of what does this evening meal, taken after the day's toil and fresh-air exercise, consist? First of all there are such fruits as the appetite suggests or can approve. Then there are nuts of various kinds. These take the place of meat. Next any one of the grains is used by way of dessert. In this one meal of the day there is a less total amount of food than the average eater attempts to consume in three meals a day. But the results are better,

and Mr. Sanders and his sons are noted for their physical and mental poise.

Eight years before he evolved his present system, Mr. Sanders tired of meat and became a vegetarian. Not all at once did he learn the full truth that awaits the man who becomes a non-eater of meat. It required eight years of evolution to bring him to the knowledge that has resulted in the use of the diet just described.

It was not until Mr. Sanders had become a hopeless invalid that it occurred to him that possibly there was something wrong about the old, time-honored custom of forcing down three meals a day. He suffered agonies from neuralgia, which is only a form of rheumatism. Then a wise friend came to his rescue.

"One day," said Mr. Sanders, "my friend described to me all his own sufferings from rheumatism. This disease, he told me, was caused by the meat diet that is bound to produce uric acid poisoning of the blood. It was fortunate for me that I had the good sense to avoid after that the use of meat and of tea and coffee as well. Before long my neuralgia departed. Colds and sick headaches still remained on my list of maladies. I tried then the remedial effect of two meals a day instead of three. This course gave me such speedy curative results that I felt encouraged to cut my eating down to one meal a day.

"After fifty years of suffering that was at most times really intense, I am convinced that at last I am on the right road to continued health and longevity. Digestion is a form both of relaxation and of toil. Let your man work twelve hours a day, yet with one meal at the start of the day, and another in the middle, with another to follow at cessation of labor, and he will not accomplish as much as he would have done in six hours when the solitary meal of the day is eaten at the end of the day's tasks.

"If all the energies through the day's endeavor are concentrated in the work in hand the best results are achieved. It is so with the stomach. From the food swallowed it is necessary to prepare a great amount of material that is used in the manufacture of newer and better blood. For this reason the most effective work of the stomach is done by the con-

centration of the day's toil there through the eating of one meal. The use of three meals a day prevents that very essential benefit of concentration in the assimilation of food."

He who has followed the dictates of physical culture during the last year or two will not be surprised at the results of Mr. Sanders' investigations, as will the novitiate. Mr. Sanders has perfected his diet, and here is his regimen:

Wheat, whether whole or cracked, is used. Oats, peas, beans or lentils are used as the appetite indicates. Relish is the guide. Corn and corn meal, sometimes cooked but preferably raw, are staples on the Sanders table. Onions, prunes, dates, nuts, raisins and evaporated fruits, such as apples, peaches, and apricots, are the best elements of this diet in the winter. All the fresh fruits and vegetables are used in their proper alternation through the summer and autumn.

Mr. Sanders differs from most vegetarians in that milk, butter and eggs are allowed no standing in his dietary system. He regards these latter three substances as being nearly as pernicious as meat. All the foods that are used by this dietist are bought at wholesale prices, although in the case of many of these nutriments it is not necessary to purchase more than five pounds at a time. Nuts average from ten to eleven cents a pound. Prunes, at wholesale, are to be had at six or seven cents a pound; the best dates cost but five cents; lentils, peas and beans are to be had at the same cost; the cost of evaporated fruit averages nine cents.

Whole wheat, corn and other grains cost up to three cents a pound—if bought in small quantities—but Mr. Sanders buys them at wholesale and at an average price of one and one-half cents per pound. He has found that one-half pound of wheat, steamed, will make a hearty meal for four persons.

"I have eaten 'heartier' meals in my life," says Mr. Sanders, "but never in my life have I been nourished as I am now." Bread, as most people understand it, is never eaten by this sensible man. Three parts of whole wheat flour and one part of corn meal are mixed with enough water to make muffin dough, and this is

baked in iron gem-pans. These pans are set on top of a very hot stove. No grease is used. By the time that the cakes have become dry on top the bottoms are well browned. A knife is used to turn the cakes. Baking powder and yeast are never used, yet these muffins are as light as the puffiest rolls—and are healthful.

When a dozen of these muffins are made about one-half pound of flour, in-

cluding the meal, is used—the cost being, therefore, about three-quarters of a cent. The same batter, mixed with more water, is used for griddle cakes, and no grease or butter is put into the pan. Mr. Sanders states that he and the other members of his family were never before as healthy or as happy as they have been upon this gradually-evolved system of feeding at an expense of five cents a day.

### Typhoid Fever Patient Treated for Spinal Meningitis

To the Editor:

A sad case has recently been brought to my attention which appeals to me sufficiently to ask for it a place in your valuable columns. The daughter of a dear friend has fallen a victim to medical ignorance. She had never been sick in her life, and had married only seven weeks before her death. Spinal meningitis was her trouble, but the intelligent (?) M. D. who treated her until a day or

two before her death diagnosed it as typhoid fever, and treated her accordingly. The heart-broken father declares his daughter was murdered by medical presumption and ignorance.

I trust you will turn on the light. Expose medical as well as other kinds of fakirs, and all men who love the truth and seek it unflinchingly will rejoice.

J. S. M.



The Home of the Whiskey Toper

# WAS A WEAKLING AS A BOY

MR. FRANK SCHOONMAKER, A SEVENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD ATHLETE, TELLS OF HIS EXPERIENCE WITH PHYSICAL CULTURE IN HIS OWN WORDS—A PERSONAL LETTER THAT SHOULD INTEREST EVERY READER

I am seventy-two years of age and enjoy perfect health. I am stronger now than I was twenty years ago. I said six years ago, after four years of physical culture, that I expected at seventy-five years of age to be the strongest man in the world of my age. This was not an idle boast, but a prediction based on what physical culture had done for me in the past, and was doing for me every day.

Let me give a brief physiological history of my life, which I think may give encouragement to men who, like myself, for nearly three-score years may have violated the laws of health, and who have neglected entirely the laws of physical



Physical Condition at Seventy-two



Mr. Frank Schoonmaker's

culture. Even "the dying victim of prudes" whose letter you published sometime ago might yet be rescued if he could understand my experience and would resolutely set out to make the most of the fund of vitality he still has left.

My family history is such that according to the accepted laws of heredity I should now be in my grave. Instead, I believe that I am now physically better prepared to live for thirty years more than twenty years ago I was to live thirty days.

When a boy I was an invalid, and a weakling. I weighed only five pounds when born. At the age of fifteen my relatives considered me a consumptive. My cousins on my mother's side died of consumption; in fact, all of my mother's relatives filled early graves. My mother died at the age of thirty-three when I was only two years old. My father died at the age of sixty-two, of paralysis; and my only brother also died of paralysis.



Photographs Showing

I was born in a tavern and began tending bar when only thirteen years of age. Those were the days when rum, gin, and whiskey were sold as freely as beer is now. Whiskey was sold at three cents a glass, and for thirty-one cents a gallon.

I began drinking liquors almost as soon as I began tending bar. At the age of twenty I went to California and I lived in the West until 1874. During part of this time I worked at mining, but most of the time I was either in the hotel or saloon business, and during all this period was a steady drinker, brandy being my favorite beverage—in fact, I seldom drank any other kind of liquor.

After coming East, although I had given up the use of alcoholic drinks, I soon began to experience unmistakable symptoms of physical breakdown. I experienced sensations of paralysis, and found, one day, that I could not drive a nail. I remembered that my father and brother both had died of paralysis and I thought I was bound to go in the same way. I remembered that my brother, on a certain day, saw a needle on the floor, tried to pick it up, and found that he could not. He sent for a doctor at once, and in two months he was dead. Warned by his experience and from other observations, I determined to keep clear of doctors.

For some years after this I held my own, but made no marked improvement in my physical condition until about ten years ago, when I began physical culture work. I commenced with a pair of dumb-bells, weighing six pounds, and at once began to notice a marked improvement in my health. I found also that the use of the dumb-bells and other exercises gave me relief from certain symptoms which seemed to threaten a stroke of paralysis. For the past four or five years I have spent not less than five or six hours every day in systematic exercise, in which I aim to secure all-round development of the muscles of the body. I am often prompted to the exercises that I take by certain sensations that I can describe best by calling them muscular contractions.

When I feel these sensations I commence my work, and under its influence they always disappear. I have studied my body so as to learn its weaknesses and then I have striven for exercises to remedy them. I believe that good health, in a great measure, depends on a perfect circulation of the blood, and this can be brought about by exercise. I have noted at whatever point circulation was impeded, and then I have studied out special movements to remedy the trouble.

## THAT "CHRISTIAN HOSPITAL" AGAIN

ITS CHIEF PROMOTER A FORMER INMATE OF THE WISCONSIN PENITENTIARY—A SCHEME FOR A NEW CODE OF PROFESSIONAL ETHICS

*By Alexander Marshall*



OUR exposé of the "Christian Hospital" swindle of Chicago has stirred up a hornet's nest; and from various sources we continue to receive inquiries on the one hand and information on the other as to the work of this pious institution and the character of the saints who pocket the proceeds. We gladly give these dear

souls a little further free advertising; especially as we understand that our former notice overshot the mark and did them more harm than good.

The States Attorney, of Chicago, has looked into the character and history of this "Christian Hospital," and has found that its promoters, before launching their benevolent undertaking, had studied the accommodating laws of Illinois with a good deal of serpent wisdom. The Secret Service of the Post Office Department have also taken the matter in hand, and

Dr. Murphy, whose name was fraudulently used as "President of the Staff," in floating the scheme, writes us that an early conviction is hoped for under the United States Postal Law. "There is no statute," he says, "which seems to cover this outrageous use of my name other than the federal."

It is stated in an interview published in the *Chicago Record Herald* that there is no such man as N. News Wood, A. M., M. D., who is advertised as president of the board of directors. There are, however, three men named Wood on the so-called staff; and we have received a book, compiled by one of them, "N. E. Wood, A.M., M.D., LL.D., Treasurer," on how doctors may get fees by a new code of professional ethics. Next to this Wood's name on the "staff" as advertised is that of "Arthur C. Probert, M.D., D.D.S., LL.D." A friend sends us a picture of Probert, head shaved, and in the garb of the Waupun Penitentiary, Wisconsin, where for two years and a half he bore the prison number "6843." All the names upon the "staff" are decorated with an array of medical, surgical, dental and other degrees; but, so far as Illinois is concerned, at least eight of the members are known to be without license to practice in any way.

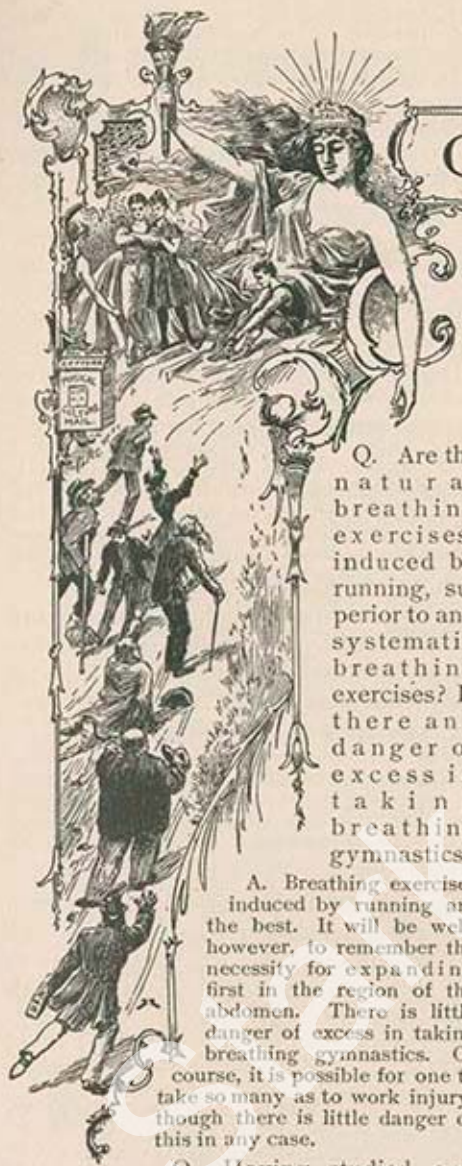
The "Christian Hospital" gang are the same persons, in the main, who some years ago worked the similar "St. Luke's Hospital" scheme at Niles, Michigan. Here they attempted to use the name of the well-known military surgeon Nicholas Semm, who threatened them with prosecution and thus spoiled a lot of interesting advertising literature. Their present charter dates from 1893, when a corporation known as the "Chicago Store" was formed. In 1901, the "Store" changed its name to the "Christian Medical Dispensary and Humane Hospital;" and again, in 1902, to the "Christian Hospital."

It has come to light that this precious nest of "Christians," in sending out their circulars, with which they flooded the

country from Maine to California, completely overlooked their own State of Illinois; showing again that they knew as much about law—at least—as they did about their beloved "Golden Rule." They divided their LaSalle Avenue snug harbor into pretty cozy-corners or "departments;" and to each department was given a special line of customers to fleece. One of these they advertised as the Lying-in Department; and in the circular sent to physicians it was urged that maternity cases, "unfortunate or otherwise," be referred to this department. The circular invites the physician to come himself and bring a "case" with him; but whether he brings a "case" or not, all right, come anyway, "and spend a few days with us and take a free Post Graduate Course." Meanwhile, of course, the gullible young doctor is expected to have got himself solid with the "Christian Hospital" by the purchase of "Our English Hospital Certificate;" with which came the chance of a percentage on "cases," a button of Red Cross design, a ticket to be "judiciously displayed," a book on "case-taking and fee-getting," and a "free post graduate course for which 'the patient will pay all the expenses.'"

No doubt of it. In the words of a Dallas, Texas, physician, "for sublime gall, for an evidence of total professional depravity, for every objective system of a crowd of grafters, as an evidence of the entire abandon of every decent attribute of manhood and honorable professional pretensions, for all that goes to make reputable medicine a stench, this is the limit."

It is to be hoped that the laws of Illinois—and other States, if need be—will receive very speedy amendment to reach such scoundrels in the interests of the public; but for those members of the medical profession who were taken in by this nasty, dirty, indecent scheme to rob their suffering patients—and this was the least guilty part of the conspiracy—there should be no sympathy.



## 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.** Are the natural breathing exercises, induced by running, superior to any systematic breathing exercises? Is there any danger of excess in taking breathing gymnastics?

**A.** Breathing exercises induced by running are the best. It will be well, however, to remember the necessity for expanding first in the region of the abdomen. There is little danger of excess in taking breathing gymnastics. Of course, it is possible for one to take so many as to work injury, though there is little danger of this in any case.

**Q.** Having studied and experimented along dietary lines, I am curious to know how one may provide himself with wholesome food at five cents per day. I am a college student and would like to solve this problem.

**A.** I would refer you to the article appearing in this issue, showing how a Kansas City man and his family live on five cents a day for each person. By confining your diet to grains, vegetables and moderate priced fruits, it should not be particularly difficult to live comfortably on food that can be purchased at five cents a day or less. Of course, the cooking of food is often more expensive than the food itself, but it is not

at all difficult to confine your diet to rolled uncooked grains, vegetables and fruits.

**Q.** I wish you would give me an opinion on the value of whistling, and its effect on vitality.

**A.** The beneficial effects of singing in expanding the chest and strengthening the lungs are very frequently noted. Whistling can be commended, as it uses the lungs in a similar manner. But in order to secure real benefit from whistling, one should endeavor to acquire a proper method. Almost any expert would be able to furnish information about this.

**Q.** I am troubled with brain fatigue. I am compelled to do much studying and can concentrate my mind only with great effort. How can I strengthen it?

**A.** The symptoms that you mention indicate very accurately a generally depleted condition. What you need is pure blood and a stronger functional and nervous system. All-round physical training and building up of physique would be necessary to accomplish the desired results in your case.

**Q.** What can I do for my boy of twelve years, extremely nervous, muscles twitch, starts in his sleep, who is easily fatigued, often is irritable? I fear it is due, possibly, somewhat to inherited syphilitic taint.

**A.** Encourage your boy to play active outdoor games. Have him avoid meat and all stimulating food in his diet. Keep him out of doors as much as possible, and symptoms that you mention will gradually disappear regardless of whether or not they are induced by the cause that you suggest.

**Q.** Some time ago I strained the muscles of my back. The strain bothers me occasionally, and acts like rheumatism. Can you suggest a remedy?

**A.** Deep massage of the affected part would be beneficial. Light exercises that do not induce

pain may be also recommended. For a short time a wet towel placed around the back, and covered by a dry towel to prevent wetting the bed clothing, would no doubt prove to be beneficial. If the pain is of a rheumatic nature, it may be necessary for you to take up general treatment for this disease, and for information required I would refer you to the May issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE, containing an article on "Cause and Cure of Rheumatism."

Q. Please advise treatment for scrofula, with which I have been afflicted since birth.

A. In treating a disease of this character, you should build up your general health. All stimulants of every character should be avoided; your diet should be confined to fruits, nuts and vegetables, and should be thoroughly masticated, and a satisfactory system of physical culture should be followed. Free drinking of water and living in the open air as much as possible are also advised.

Q. Kindly state if sugar is to be considered as harmful.

A. Natural sugar, such as is found in honey and in sweet fruits, is far superior to that which is ordinarily used. Though ordinary sugar can hardly be said to be harmful in all cases, it is usually better to avoid it, or else to use it very moderately. A ravenous desire for sugar usually indicates that the body is very poorly nourished, and under such circumstances the diet should be changed.

Q. What exercise and treatment would you advise for varicose veins in the legs?

A. The application of very cold wet cloths to the affected parts would be found beneficial. Bathing in very cold water is also advised; though it would be well to know that in many cases where the veins have been injured in this manner, they cannot be reduced to their normal size. The tissue, however, can be so strengthened that no especial inconvenience will be noted.

Q. How would you go about to cure hydrophobia? Do you believe in the Pasteur method of treatment for the rabies?

A. The physical culture treatment for this complaint would be fasting, internal flushing, very free drinking of water and other hydropathic methods. Strong drugs, such as are used by Pasteur, are not warranted and probably do a vast deal of harm in every instance.

Q. Kindly advise treatment for eczema.

A. For treatment of eczema, general constitutional methods are essential; very frequent bathing, long walks, abstinence from all stimulating foods and drinks, and the adoption of other methods needful in building superior strength of the functional system.

Q. Are lemons or lemonade healthful? If so, why, and if not, why not?

A. Lemons are especially valuable if the fruit acid they supply is needed by the system. Lemonade can be recommended as a wholesome drink, although pure water is better.

Q. What treatment is advised for chronic sore throat and watery eyes? Have tried physical culture for more than a year and cannot cure this.

A. General constitutional treatment would be necessary. Outdoor exercise is especially recommended, with two meals per day, thorough mastication of the food, and free use of pure water.

Q. I have a coating on my tongue and dizziness in my head which I think comes from a sluggish liver. What do you advise?

A. Take for ten or fifteen minutes daily the exercises advised in the March issue of this magazine for building vital strength. Take three or four one-day fasts, eating three days between each fast. Use water freely.

Q. I have narrow shoulders and am badly stooped. Could you give some exercises for this purpose? Also suggest a remedy for weak spine.

A. For narrow shoulders I would advise you to take the breathing exercises given in the January issue of this magazine, and also the exercise for developing the shoulders given in the February issue. A weak spine can be strengthened by those bending exercises that bring the muscles of the back into thorough activity.

Q. While I feel fine, and muscles and strength have grown, I have reduced my weight from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and fifty-eight, through physical culture efforts. Is there anything wrong with this, or have I overdone it?

A. As long as you feel vigorous in every way, there is no occasion to worry over the reduction of your weight. Your present weight may be what it should be normally. Physical culture always tends toward the development of perfection.

Q. From an athlete, I have come to be weak, constipated, and unable to digest food. Doctors say "nervous breakdown," or "intestinal indigestion." Please advise a diet that I can digest and which will give me strength.

A. I would suggest that you try the diet advised in this issue of the magazine for gaining weight, though it would be especially advisable for you to take occasional short fasts after the first one recommended.



# Editorial Department

*Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.*

*There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect.*

*No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.*

*If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, do not endorse as truth and fact.*

**I**T is indeed pleasing to note the interest manifested in the proposed Physical Culture City. This dream city should become a reality. I have been searching for some practical methods which will enable us to make a beginning in this great enterprise. A great work of this kind must not be started without serious and prolonged discussion. Mistakes are sure to be made; but calm and careful consideration will greatly lessen their possibility.

### *Prospects Bright for a Physical Culture City*

I have a plan to propose to my readers. It has not been thought out very carefully, but it is certainly worth consideration. Here is my proposition:—

I will incorporate a Physical Culture Company, with a capital stock of a half-million dollars. I will sell to this Company, for \$251,000 worth of the new Company's stock, the business of the Physical Culture Publishing Company, which at present is a private company owned by myself. This, as my readers can see, will give me control of the Company. The Physical Culture Publishing Company has made a total profit within the last two years of about \$90,000. Judging from this profit, this business alone should in a short time be worth the full amount of the capital stock of the new company; for it must be remembered that a business of this kind is constantly increasing in value.

Now, all the profits of this Physical Culture Company, over and above that which is needed to extend the business, and all the money received from the sale of the \$249,000 worth of stock, will be used for the purpose of starting the new Physical Culture City.

My interest in this great work is unselfish. As I said before, it is the dream of my life to start a city of this kind. I want every enthusiast who desires to join me to feel that my interest is humanitarian in nature. I will agree now, and I will bind myself in any way suggested by those who wish to join me, to turn over to the city government of the Physical Culture City all my stock in the company at such a time as the city secures sufficient inhabitants who show satisfactory evidence of their ability to conduct the various enterprises which will be started there.

Money is of but little value beyond its power to assist in accomplishing your objects in life. I believe that, in this great enterprise, there is a possibility of doing a greater work, not only for our own personal benefit, but also for humanity, than has ever been accomplished by the great millionaires with their various gifts, which will probably exceed a billion dollars.

**W**HAT a surprising statement," I heard a man remark the other day. "How can there be immorality in marriage if a man is true to his marriage vows? 'Ten times more immorality within marriage than there is out of it!' Why, the man who makes that statement must be insane," this man continued.

There are higher moral laws than those recognized by conventionality. This moral law recognizes as immoral every deviation from that which is natural; every deviation from the laws that govern the highest human instincts.

### *Immorality in Marriage*

Human instincts have been grossly perverted by civilized environments, and the result of this perversion is seen in the weakness, sickness and ugliness that are everywhere visible.

The penalty for any deviation from the highest moral law is lessened physical vigor. Marriage under right conditions, where the noblest human instincts are observed in the minutest detail, will add to the strength, both mental and physical, and improve the appearance of man and woman.

Immorality is noted by its results. There is no difficulty in picking out immoral men or women. Their immorality is stamped upon their features and upon their bodies as plainly as if written there.

Immorality in marriage consists of a deviation from the highest human instincts. It is made possible:

- 1st, By woman's weakness and man's perversion.
- 2d, By woman's lack of the protective instinct of sex.
- 3d, By the perverted conclusions of both as to the wife's marital duties.

A marriage which does not bring happiness, a marriage which does not bind man and woman closer and closer, year after year, which does not make them more truly and thoroughly one in thought and desire, can blame immorality for its downfall. The excruciating misery, sometimes so intense, so terrible as to be rightly compared to the torments of hell, is always caused by immorality.

**TRUE HAPPINESS IN THIS LIFE DEPENDS UPON THE HOME.** No human being ever enjoyed real, satisfying, lasting pleasure outside the home. **IT IS IMMORALITY IN MARRIAGE WHICH DESTROYS THE HOME.** It is immorality in marriage which gradually lessens the love of man and wife. Therefore, it takes but little reasoning to show that, after all, one of the greatest, if not **THE GREATEST**, of curses that civilized man and woman must contend with, at the present time, is immorality in marriage.



**I**T is quite common to hear prominent theologians remark, "You do as I say, not as I do." In other words, they preach, but do not practice. Their work is represented by words, not deeds. Talk is cheap, but action, right action, is almost beyond being valued financially.

### *Practice and Preaching*

Occasionally I receive letters from doubters. "Do you practice what you preach?" they will ask. It is indeed a pertinent question.

A man who believes in himself and whose conclusions have been derived, not from sudden inspiration, but from hard, grinding study, must practice what he preaches. But I want my readers to understand that I am constantly learning, therefore constantly changing. I believe that I am progressing. I believe that I am approaching nearer that which is right. I practice what I preach when I preach it. I do not practice this year what I preached ten years ago, nor even a year ago. I am practicing now what I am preaching now.

An enthusiast said to me the other day, that a friend of his remarked that "he bet I went around the corner and ate a beefsteak occasionally."

Now, if I wanted a beefsteak I would not necessarily "go around the corner to get it." There is no sin in eating beefsteak if you like it and believe that it is good for you. I never eat meat when I can secure other foods that are to me more appetizing; but if I were to visit some friends, and I were hungry, and they had nothing else to eat but meat, I would probably eat meat. During my tour in England, a little over a year ago, meat was one of my principal articles of diet. It would have caused a vast deal of annoyance for me to have taken the trouble to supply any other diet, and in addition to my lecturing I was doing a posing act which required me to maintain full weight. Therefore, I ate meat, not necessarily as a duty, but because I enjoyed it, and it was the best I could get under the circumstances.

And I say to each of my readers: Do not adopt an uncompromising attitude. Do not make a hard and fast rule from which you will not deviate under any circumstances. Do the best you can under existing circumstances. Practice what you preach at the time you preach it, but do not settle into a rut. Always have a free, open, unprejudiced mind.

My diet, my exercises, my moral attitude toward all important subjects, are constantly changing, progressing, improving. Therefore, what I preach and practice is constantly changing.



**I**N Fremont, Neb., there is a large school owned and operated by one W. H. Clemmons. The institution has an annual attendance of twelve hundred students and is known as Fremont College. Most of these students, after graduation, become teachers, for a while at least, in the public schools. Though the school is semi-private, it is recognized by the State. We are informed that the owner of this school, Mr. Clemmons, not only refuses to provide any means of physical culture, but is violently opposed to anything in the way of exercise or athletics for his students. A jumping contest among the boys is sufficient to throw him into spasms, which incites him to make violent harangues in chapel on what he calls this waste of time.

*Physical Culture Barred  
from This College*

Did you ever hear of such inhuman proceedings? Here is a man pretending to prepare teachers, who refuses to surround them with environments essential in building clean, wholesome, strong bodies. Not only does he refuse to supply them with anything that would be adapted to build health and strength, but he even opposes with feverish intensity their very natural, wholesome desire for muscular activity.

I am calling attention to this institution because I believe that there are other schools conducted in a similar manner. I know they are fast disappearing. Only a few years ago a similar condition existed in a majority of our prominent schools. But the day is not far distant when it will be looked upon as a crime of a most heinous character for a school to give no attention to building strong, wholesome bodies. Let us hasten this time as fast as possible.

Some means should be adopted to bring the old fossils who are conducting such institutions to their senses. Because their bodies are full of dead cells; because they are sour and dyspeptic; because they have a gloomy, perverted idea of life and its environments; should these be sufficient excuses for them to imbue growing boys and girls with their pessimism—brought on by premature senility and rheumatic twinges?

Here is this Fremont College preparing men and women to become teachers. Each one of their pupils may, in his lifetime, influence hundreds and, perhaps, thousands of other pupils, and under such circumstances it would indeed be difficult to calculate the injury that such teachers can do when their conception as to the meaning of true education becomes so distorted.

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**I** TAKE pleasure in printing herewith, in full, a challenge, wherein Mr. Pettit agrees to fast absolutely and will allow his opponent the privilege of eating white flour bread, and an athletic contest to follow the fast, in order to determine which is in the best physical condition. I hope that there will be some believers in the value of white flour who will take up this challenge, for I firmly believe it will do a vast deal to convince the public as to the murderous deficiency of this fake "staff of life."

To the Editor:

**A Challenge to White  
Flour Advocates**

I will live on water (fast) for three or four weeks. My opponent to subsist entirely on white bread, made by any responsible bakery, and water for the same period. At the end of that time I will run him a three-mile foot race, or I will, while fasting, walk against him in a five-hundred-mile contest. I to fast absolutely and he to subsist on white bread during the contest.

You may reward to suit, as long as challenge is the same.

Both parties must be under strict surveillance during the contest.

Hoping in some way to convince people of the VALUE of white flour bread, I am,

Yours truly,

GEORGE M. PETTIT.

P.S.—My address is Ludington, Mich., Stearns Hotel.

**1903  
Prize Story Contest**

**T**HE offer of the two prizes of \$100 each for the best story published in BEAUTY AND HEALTH and PHYSICAL CULTURE during the year, ends with April, 1904. All stories to be eligible for entry into this contest must be submitted before

January 1, 1904. Stories, if accepted, will be paid for as soon as they appear; in addition they will be entered for the prize of \$100.

We would also call attention to the misconception which authors have placed upon our request for short stories along Physical Culture lines. Clean, wholesome stories written upon any subject desired, which embody true manliness and womanliness, and are devoid of the unhealthy, morbid side of life, are preferred to those in which our methods and arguments are introduced.

*Gerrard Macfadden*