

PHYSICAL CULTURE

Vol. IX.

APRIL, 1903.

No. 4.

...CONTENTS...

(Copyrighted, 1903, by PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.)

	PAGE
Frontispiece—"Ravine at Waterloo".....From the Painting by V. Checa.....	252
Physical Development Simplified.....By Bernarr Macfadden.....	253
Likely Candidates For The One Thousand Dollar Prize Contest.....	263
Our Indians in the West.....By Gerald Keating.....	264
Another Physical Culture Advocate Has a Few Good Things to Say.....	266
Physical Culture at Harvard University.....By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.....	267
A Physical Culture Student Tells us Some Interesting Things.....	269
Facsimile of The Zion Banner—Dr. Dowie's Bi-Weekly.....	270
The Flag of the Salvation Army Eclipsed by the Standard of Zion City }.....By W. M. Hundley.....	271
What They Take and Why in America.....By F. Akirk Iller.....	275
The Strenuous Lover, Original Story.....By Bernarr Macfadden.....	280
Medical Institute Fraud.....By "Justice".....	291
Tom Galvin, Pioneer, (Short Story).....By Fred A. Pape.....	295
The Art of Boxing and Self Defense.....By Prof. W. J. Lee.....	299
The Growing Demand for Better Physical Conditions on the Stage.....By Gerald Keating.....	302
Recuperative Exercising, Posed Specially for PHYSICAL CULTURE }.....By Greiswold Congreve.....	306
The European Races of an American Sprinter.....By Arthur F. Duffey.....	309
A Series of Articles on Physical Culture and Health.....By Eustace Miles, M. A.....	316
Our Physical Culture Pulpit, Outline Sermon No. 1.....By Rev. J. G. Evans, B. A., M. D.....	318
Three Cases of Typhoid Fever Cured by Natural Treatment }.....By Charles H. Shepard, M. D.....	320
How I Feed on Ten Cents a Day.....By G. W. Patterson.....	321
Valerie Valesquez, (Short Story).....By Iota.....	322
The Nations' Drink Bill.....By Otto Carque.....	329
Question Department.....By Bernarr Macfadden.....	334
The Symptoms, Cause and Cure of Malaria.....By Bernarr Macfadden.....	335
The Economy of Physical Culture.....By A. S. Loiseaux.....	338
Editorial Department.....By Bernarr Macfadden.....	339

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.

Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York Post Office, August 11, 1899.

Price, \$1.00 Per Year, Postpaid.

With Foreign Postage, \$1.50

PUBLISHED BY THE PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO.,
TOWNSEND BUILDING, 25TH STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.
BERNARR MACFADDEN, EDITOR.

Send money by check, P. O. or express order, or registered letter. When sending check always add 10 cents for collection charges.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

We accept no advertisements from those whose wares we cannot conscientiously recommend. Patent medicine and other "fake" remedies cannot buy space of us at any price.

We will consider it an especial favor if readers will furnish us with proof of any fraudulent claims made by advertisers in our columns. We have refused, are still refusing, to insert advertisements which deceive and rob the unwary of money and health. If any of this kind by accident secure insertion we desire to know it as soon as possible.

Date of expiration of your subscription is printed on wrapper. Please note, and renew promptly.

THE ADVERTISING RATE IS \$160 PER PAGE PER INSERTION OR \$10 AN INCH.



Ravine at Waterloo

V. Chica

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 IV.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE REQUIREMENTS IN THE BUILDING OF BODILY VIGOR.

(1) *Air* (2) *Water* (3) *Rest and Relaxation* (4) *Food* (5) *Exercise* (6) *Bathing*

CONTAINING SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE FOREARM AND STRENGTHENING THE FINGERS. ALSO A SPECIAL EXERCISE FOR REMEDYING ROUND SHOULDERS. REMARKS ON REST AND RECUPERATION.



By noting the relative value of the requirements in the building of bodily vigor as shown above, you will see that exercise is placed as fifth in importance. Some of my students may inquire as to my reasons for giving exercises so much space when they are, after all, fifth in importance. My

reason for this is that everyone makes daily use of air, water, rest and food, while but few consider it necessary to daily use all the various muscles of the body. To a certain extent our desire for the first four requirements is too strong to be resisted, and though we may not be able to eat, drink, rest and breathe properly, we follow our desires in this regard to that extent essential in maintaining life. Though the craving for exercise finds vent in various active games in youth, as we grow in age we in every way discourage this desire for active movement, and gradually it ceases to manifest itself until finally it entirely disappears. Of course, in many instances, one can be vastly benefited, be made stronger, healthier, even when he follows the usual habits in the use of air, water and food and in resting; but one can certainly be benefited far more if some attention is given to proper methods in satisfying your needs in this way. Of course it must be admitted that systematic exercise is inclined to make the body

more normal in every way. You breathe more thoroughly and perfectly, you eat, drink and rest more naturally under the influence of exercise. Your instincts and desires and appetites are more normal. This is brought about by the vastly accelerated circulation induced by the exercise throughout the various parts of the body. As stated before, the blood, as it circulates, carries away dead matter, and replaces it with new life-giving elements. This, of course, vastly increases the strength and acuteness of the nervous system. Any improvement of the nerves in every case means that the bodily instincts will be more normal, for they are entirely controlled by the nervous system. They will be stronger and more capable of accurately indicating the bodily needs.

I do not by any means desire to belittle the value of exercise in placing it fifth in importance. I simply wish to more thoroughly emphasize to all my pupils the necessity of giving accurate attention to the necessity for proper methods in the other physical requirements.

In the last issue of the magazine I stated at some length the value of water and its importance in the physical economy. In this issue I will call your attention to rest and relaxation and its importance in building physical vigor.

The statement, that one can live longer without food than he can without rest may be doubted by the average person. In one sense rest is really a food. It feeds or rather gives the body an oppor-

tunity to feed upon itself. It induces that relaxation which is really the means of renewing life, energy and power. You may go to bed with the pangs of hunger ever so acute, but during sleep they will nearly always disappear. In some mysterious manner that no physiologist has ever explained, the body finds food within itself. During the hours of rest, the functional processes have somehow renewed your energies and have added to your general strength. Thorough and complete relaxation is necessary to proper recuperation. It must be admitted that many are unable to completely relax. Their nerves are always on "edge." There is a stiffness, a tenseness which seems to prevent



Don't grip the bed clothes while endeavoring to sleep. Relax every part of the body absolutely.

their ever being able to absolutely relax. Even during sleep they will grasp at the bed clothing. They often find themselves lying rigid, every muscle and nerve in a tense condition, and still the impression is maintained that they are resting. To rest properly, to woo the unconsciousness of slumber, you must absolutely relax every muscle, every nerve, every voluntary power of the body. You must learn to "let go." Let the body hang limp and as near lifeless as possible. De-energize every part. This may require considerable

time. You may not be able to acquire the habit in the first few attempts. It will take persistent endeavors. But do not despair, for you are bound to conquer in the end if your attempts are continuous.

Remember it is impossible to rest if your nervous system is on a continuous jump, for after all, the nervous system, more than the muscles, needs rest. You



PHOTO No. 32, Exercise No. 19. Bring the shoulders as far forward and downward as you can, and also bring the head slightly forward. Now, with hands grasped together tightly, slowly bring the shoulders and the head backward as far as you can. (See next photo.)

should lie calm and peaceful with every part of the body entirely relaxed. If it seems difficult to acquire this power, take note of the following: Raise your

arm and then suddenly let it fall unrestrained. It will fall just as would a stick of wood. Raise both arms and allow them to fall in this manner. Raise both legs and allow them to fall in a similar way. After this, try and continue the feeling of "giving away," that enables you to allow the limbs to fall in this unrestrained manner.



Showing the proper way to ventilate a sleeping room. Widely open the window and sleep as near to it as possible and be comfortably warm. Do not adopt this extreme method suddenly.



There is a proper way to rest just as there is a proper method in exercise. Nature, of course, ordinarily teaches us all this through our instincts, but modern civilization often perverts our normal instincts and we must cultivate habits that the wild animals learn without effort.

While on the subject of resting, it might not be out of place to call your attention to other matters that relate to it which

PHOTO No. 33, Exercise No. 19—Continued. To the position shown above. Take this exercise slowly, and with the muscles strongly flexed. This is specially valuable for remedying round shoulders and will be found to effect very quickly the muscles that are used in maintaining a proper position of the shoulders. Continue the exercise each time until the muscles are thoroughly tired. Frequently when the shoulders are in a normal condition, they still have a round appearance if the muscles at the back of the neck are not developed. This exercise of the neck will be inclined to remedy this defect.

might be of interest and also assist in bringing about the highest degree of physical perfection, which, I take it for granted, each of my students is strongly desirous of possessing.

On retiring at night it is well to first arrange the windows so proper ventila-

tion may be secured. You must be plentifully supplied with fresh, pure air. If you are afraid of draughts, you must try and annihilate this superstition and gradually cultivate the fresh air habit. If not accustomed to sleeping with wide-open windows, do not adopt extreme



One of the best positions to assume during sleep. Right arm behind, bent, and wrist under waist.



measures at once. Gradually accustom yourself to breathing pure outside air that is allowed the freest access to your sleeping room. A continuous current should be allowed to pass through, and the more nearly you are able to breathe the outside atmosphere, the faster you will be able to build physical health.

Do not cover too heavily while in bed. Use only sufficient cover to maintain warmth and no more. You can cover lightly on first retiring if you so desire,



When sleeping on your back use no pillow or else a very low one.

PHOTO 34, Exercise No. 20. Grasp the right wrist with the left hand as shown in photograph. Now while pulling downward vigorously with the left arm, raise the right shoulder as high as you can. (See next photo.)

keeping other covers near at hand, and, if during the night you feel cold add more. I know many are inclined to use

vate this difficulty. Sleeping on the right side is also inclined to assist in the digestion of food as it places the



Showing how the mouth-breathing habit may be broken by tying a handkerchief over the mouth.

more than essential to comfort in the first part of the evening for fear of becoming cold before morning. This is a serious mistake. Use only that amount of cover which is essential to comfort at that particular time and no more.

Do not use high pillows at any time. Bolsters are an abomination. About the best position for sleeping is lying on the right side, the arm under and back of you, or bend the arm at elbow with the wrist crossing the body under the waist.

Under ordinary circumstances one can usually sleep comfortably while reclining on the back; but no matter what position may be assumed, it is not desirable to cultivate the habit of sleeping only in that one position. It is necessary to change frequently to rest properly. If you sleep on your back you should not use any pillow at all or else a very thin one. When sleeping on your side a thicker pillow can be used to advantage. If inclined to suffer from heart trouble, be careful not to sleep on the left side too much. This position is sometimes inclined to aggra-



PHOTO No. 35, Exercise No. 20—Continued. As shown in the above photograph, the shoulders should be raised as high as you can each time. Continue the exercise until the muscles are tired, then reverse the position and take same exercise with the right hand grasping the left wrist. This exercise is specially advantageous in developing the muscles in the central portion of the slope of shoulders.

PHOTO No. 36,
Exercise No. 21. Place
the fingers together as



of the arms,
straighten the
fingers and force
them.
(See
next
photo.)

shown in illustration.
While pressing them to-
gether with the strength

PHOTO No.
37, Exercise No.
21—Continued. To
the position shown



in this
photo-
graph.
Continue
the exercise
until the

fingers tire. This
exercise is specially
beneficial for strength-
ening the fingers and developing the gripping power. Each finger is required to
make an individual effort, and this exercise alone will usually be found far superior
to the ordinary grip machine for increasing the strength of your fingers.



PHOTO No. 38, Exercise No. 22. Place the fingers together as shown in the above illustration. Now press them together strongly with the strength of the arms and slowly roll the ends of the fingers and the thumb until they are in position shown in the next illustration.



PHOTO No. 39, Exercise No. 22—Continued. This may be found rather difficult the first few attempts, but practice will soon enable you to easily perform it. If this exercise is taken properly it exerts the fingers in both side movements. Continue the exercise until the fingers tire. This exercise will be found valuable for increasing the strength of the fingers.

pyloric opening of the stomach on the lower side of the body, and hence facilitates the passage of undigested food from the stomach to the intestines.

Do not breath through your mouth; mouth breathers usually snore; and if you wish to break yourself of a disagreeable habit of this nature, first begin to cultivate breathing through the nose. Ordinarily, by keeping in mind the necessity for this, you will gradually acquire the habit of breathing properly. Try to call it to mind frequently, and of course while it keeps your attention you will breathe through the nose. A habit like this can gradually be fixed and be made permanent. Though if you have extreme difficulty in breaking the habit, a device can be worn that will prevent your opening your mouth, or else a towel or handkerchief can be used for a similar purpose.

The habit of breathing through the

mouth is ordinarily induced first by catarrhal trouble, and if you wish to entirely eradicate this baneful habit, the catarrh must first be cured. Though catarrh is an exceedingly difficult disease to eradicate entirely, an observance of the rules of health will usually so nearly accomplish this that it will not cause any serious bother in breathing.

Never under any circumstances wear the same clothing at night that is worn during the day. A vast amount of impurities are eliminated from the skin, especially when the body is active during the waking hours. A great amount of this naturally adheres to the clothing, therefore it is especially essential that a change be made. Some extreme physical culturists sleep without night clothing of any kind, simply depending upon the covers for warmth. To those who can conveniently and comfortably adopt this method, it is no doubt to be recom-

mended. The air coming in contact with the skin always has a wholesome influence, provided it is not productive of too severe discomfort.



PHOTO No. 40, Exercise No. 23. Place the thumb of the left hand on the first finger of the right hand as shown in the illustration. Now pressing slightly against the movement of the left thumb, bend the first right finger. (See next photo.)

DAILY REGIME.

We herewith repeat the daily regime with a few changes.

If already fairly strong and desirous of improving yourself as fast as possible, immediately on rising begin with exercise No. 13, illustrated in the March number. Continue this until thoroughly warmed up with the exercise. Then take exercises No. 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, illustrated in previous lessons. Of course, if not strong, and if you have not been exercising for a very long period, you should not repeat any of these exercises very many times, and you should not take exercise No. 13. The moment you feel the slightest fatigue rest a moment and then begin one of the other exercises. If fairly strong each

exercise can be continued until the muscles are thoroughly tired.

The exercises given in this issue can be taken in the evening, before retiring, or at some other time during the day, though you should precede or follow them with the exercises for building internal, vital strength. These exercises are from No. 14 to No. 18, inclusive. The exercises should be taken in a room with the windows wide open, and with as little clothing as possible. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Leave the windows of your sleeping room wide open at all times. The colder the air the harder you have to work to bring about a feeling of warmth to the external surface.

Follow the morning exercises with a dry friction bath. Take a rough towel and rub back and forth over every part until the skin is pink from the increased amount of blood brought to the surface by the friction. Follow this exercise with a cold sponge bath. Have the water as cool as you can bear and still be able



to recuperate with a feeling of warmth.

Unless working very hard

PHOTO No. 41, Exercise No. 23—Continued. To position shown in illustration. Continue the movement until the finger tires. Each of the fingers and the thumbs of both hands can be exercised in a similar manner, if one is specially anxious to strengthen all the fingers to the greatest possible extent. For those who are desirous of possessing a steel-like grip and for those who are suffering with writer's cramp, these exercises will be found specially beneficial.

at manual labor, two meals a day should be sufficient. Many are able to thrive better on two meals each day than on three. If you do eat three meals a day, be careful not to eat more than you can comfortably digest. I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that you cannot improve by eating three meals a day; I advise the two-meal plan to guard against the liability of over-eating. Acquire the habit of drinking one or two glasses of water before or after exercise, before retiring and on arising in the morning. Although I advise that you drink freely of water, I do not by any means recommend that you imbibe vast quantities. You can overload your stomach with water to disadvantage. Ordinarily you should use from three to six pints of water each twenty-four hours, though if you perspire freely the quantity required increases greatly. Masticate every morsel of your food to a liquid.

NEW YORK CITY WAKING UP AT LAST.

We are glad to see that the first city in the world has awakened from its lethargy and seen the wisdom of giving special attention to the physical development of Young America. We heartily approve the appointment of Dr. Luther Gulick as Director of Physical Training in New York. His duties will comprise the supervision of the work for the proper development of the children in the schools, and the introduction of recreative exercises, calculated to offset the tedium of the long hours spent at desks under school board regulations.

Dr. Gulick has been prominent in the athletic world many years. At Oberlin he played on the class, school and university teams, and won its championship for tennis. He was also volunteer instructor in field sports, and made quite a name for himself in running, vaulting and jumping.

Since 1889 he has been connected with the physical training of the Y. M. C. A. at Jackson. Dr. Gulick has the honor of being the man who wrote the first rules of the game of basketball, which he has edited from time to time since the game originated.

Avoid all liquids during mealtimes, unless especially thirsty. If thirsty, satisfy your thirst freely, but do not use liquids to assist you in swallowing food that you have failed to thoroughly masticate. If accustomed to a drink at meals, and it seems difficult to break the habit, you can use cocoa or a cup of hot milk after finishing the meal, drinking it very slowly.

If preferred by the pupil, all the exercises can be taken in the evening before retiring instead of in the morning though ordinarily it is advisable to take a few movements in the morning. It will thoroughly awaken you for the day's work.

If you are working hard at manual labor, the exercises which use the same muscles as are employed in your work should be omitted. Two or three evenings during the week a hot bath should be taken before retiring, and in every instance, the exercises should precede it.

WORMS FOR JELLIES.

Dr. Wiley, in his testimony before the Senate Committee, made the following and startling statement relative to food adulterations:

"I have been in the factories where they evaporated apples, and have observed that as the apples are run into the dryer, after having been sliced, every piece that is rotten, or that contains worms, is thrown into a heap that makes our jellies; and every rotten apple is also thrown into the heap. It is the worm-eaten apples that go into the jelly—but worms make good jelly."

THE AIR WE BREATHE.

Each individual requires about 3,000 cubic feet of air every hour. A room 10 x 15 x 20 feet holds three thousand cubic feet, just sufficient for a healthy person for one hour.

The air we breathe is made up of oxygen, nitrogen and carbonic acid. We retain the oxygen and expel the carbonic acid, and the blood is deprived of its chief source of nourishment if the supply of oxygen is insufficient.

The sleeping room should have an abundant inflow of oxygen. Open your windows top and bottom, night and day, rain or shine, and remember fresh air is the enemy of all microbes.

CANDIDATES FOR THE ONE THOUSAND
DOLLAR PRIZE COMPETITION

A HEALTHY TRIO OF PROMISING
COMPETITORS



Wm. J. Lee



Pearl Smith



Abert Bechestobill

OUR INDIANS IN THE WEST

By Gerald Keating



WHY were our Indians in the West a much stronger people a hundred years ago than they are now, and what is the reason for their gradual disappearance?

We gave some in the last article in **PHYSICAL CULTURE**, and the few which it is our intention to present in this issue contain the kernel of the many influences which have tended to undermine and practically exterminate a race once as brave and as proud as the bravest of the whites.

If the Indians in the West are disappearing, it is satisfactory to note that they are leaving behind them landmarks which will always have their own value in so far as they set us speculating. The casual traveler wending his way along the rivers which fertilize our Western reservations is afforded ample material to set him thinking. Here he may find many places which bear marks of the large camps the Indian of the old days pitched in haste in his wanderings from one district to another.

The camp is no longer there, but its marks remain, and it is comforting at least to know that the legends and traditions of the sturdy red tribes are still kept alive amongst us by the few who are struggling, I feel in vain, to perpetu-

ate their race. It is with their eyes aglow that they yet recount how their fathers crowded the banks of these same rivers in days gone by, fishing in hot weather and in cold, in rain and shine, and wading in water waist high for hours. To-day, alas, the fishing net and the rod are cast aside, and the old state of things no longer exists.

If you want an explanation of this change you have but to turn your eyes to the hills, for there you will find the slopes which once were divided into pasture and corn patches now lying desolate and bare with a stunted stick or a rough stone here and there to mark the spot where the many chiefs lie buried.

True it is, you can even now come across many Indians who have passed the century mark, but not many years ago how many more would it not have been possible for you to find. Years ago, by virtue of the wild life they led, living in roofless houses and with plenty of air rushing in on all sides, sickness was an unknown quantity with them. The ravages of smallpox had not then pitted them; these were luxuries brought by the marauding whites. In the old days the cold hand of consumption was

never upon them, and deaths by decline, the Indians tell you, were only recently heard of.

The work of the altered conditions has not stopped here, for we have only to hint at the other foul and loathsome



One of a Tribe whose raiment is scant and as Nature meant it, and who roams about in the open as did his worthy sire

diseases which the "Indian medicine man" has to-day to cope with and treat, and many in the more neglected reservation. These they tell us are also luxuries brought on by the immorality of the dissolute white.

In the old days an Indian with gray hair was rare and the veteran with a bald head rarer still. To-day they are scarce indeed, but not so scarce that squaws cannot be met with long, flowing and silken hair and with beautiful white teeth, which the leaders of American society would envy. The great wealth of hair which the natural mode of living, which they followed, rewarded even the men with a wealth of hair which would send the blush of shame to the cheeks of the "hair-doped" clientele of the modern hair-dresser.

The Indian still clings to the toilet of his ancestors, and it is pleasing to record that it is beyond the influence of the white man to induce him to indulge in powders and drugs. Water, and plenty of it, night and morning, is the only lotion and dentifrice the Indian uses, and the virtue of this simple treatment must be apparent when it is stated that their teeth and jaws are stronger than the arms of the strongest of us. You can often see an Indian saddling his horse and taking the strap or saddle girth between his teeth and drawing it taut

with his hands on the pommel or horse's withers to prevent him pulling the animal over.

Wonderful as is the strength of their teeth, we are sorry to state that terrible "toothache" is of late years finding a place in their maladies? The only explanation of this is the food for which, in late years, they have been acquiring a taste and inclination.

Years ago the food of the Indian was made up largely of wild roots, more especially the fungi known as the Bitter Root or Spitlem. This is a white root found all over the country. In the old days it was dug up and gathered in the spring and stored in deep pits outside the hut. They still live on it to a great extent, and it is the work of the

women to look after it. There is no better blood purifier than the "Spitlem," and

with the cherries and wild berries it formerly was the only sustenance of the tribes in spring.

Fish and deer were abundant in the old days, and the life of the Indian in quest of food was one of outdoor exercise which always

kept him in excellent condition, physically. His only drink was the pure water which flowed through the creek or rushed down the mountain side, and he occasionally indulged in fish water or broth made from the tender flesh of the deer.

What do we find to-day? The Bitter Root is now ploughed up by the settler; the fish is caught in snares at the river's



A Typical Indian whose wealth of hair would send the blush of shame to the hair-doped clientele of the modern Hair-Dresser

mouth; the deer are stalked and killed by the ravaging white neighbor, and the Indian is forced to forego his fish and venison in favor of white flour, bacon, tea, sugar and coffee.

Diseases of all kinds have been ushered in by this change in diet—this change from the ways of nature to the ways of civilization. And with the substitution of closed huts and corrupted air for that

of the tent or the open hut of the primitive days, the decline is working terrible havoc in every reservation; and small-pox, consumption and scrofula, and the aching tooth, are doing their work. The river banks and the hillsides are now silent. A silence is growing over every reservation—the silence of death—the silence of the grave.

ANOTHER PHYSICAL CULTURE ADVOCATE HAS A FEW GOOD THINGS TO SAY

Mr. Don H. Silsby, whose photographs adorn this page, has one or two nice things to say about sanitation and systematic exercise. "Some three years ago," writes Mr. Silsby, "I became

interested in physical culture as a study. Among the first periodicals along that line that came into my hands was the magazine *PHYSICAL CULTURE*. Although I did not accept all the theories set forth, I found plenty of food for thought. Many things seemed plausible when put in such a light which I had before looked upon as preposterous. Many, if not all, the articles suggested lines of profitable study.

"I think you take the right view of life when you say it is one's duty to keep oneself in the highest physical condition as well as in the highest mental and moral state.



If sanitary conditions are kept and systematic exercise taken the result will be inevitable."

PHYSICAL CULTURE AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.



R. DUDLEY A. SARGENT, director of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard University, and a well-known authority on physical culture, has just introduced a new strength system which, he claims, will, in conception and practice, change the whole trend of modern

athletics. The main principle of this new system is to substitute quickness and endurance for mere brute force.

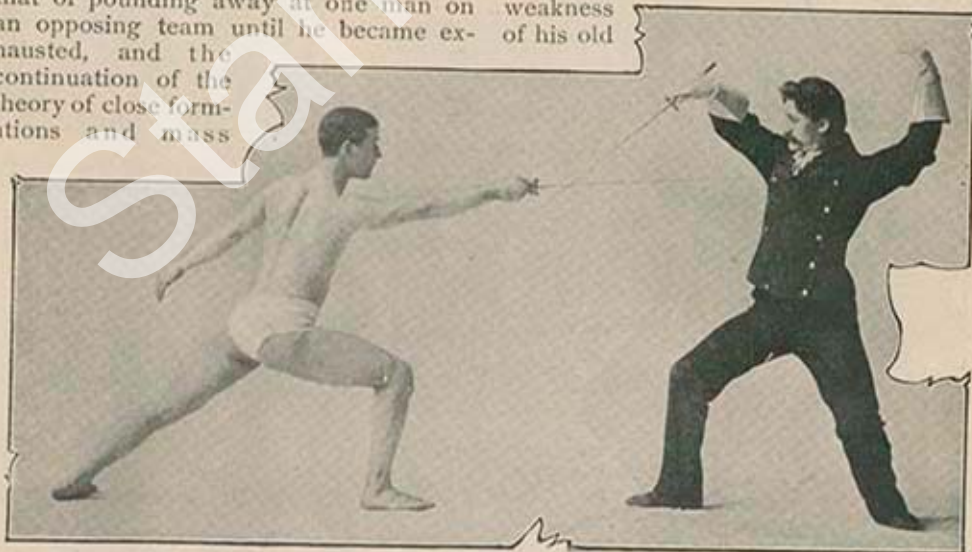
For many years physical authorities have realized that too much attention has been paid, not only in gymnasium work, but in outdoor football and many other outdoor sports as well, to the development of mere brawn and muscle and the neglect of those finer qualities which, in reality, distinguish the real athlete from the possessor of mere animal strength.

The game of football is the best example of this.

The sentiment for some time had been that of pounding away at one man on an opposing team until he became exhausted, and the continuation of the theory of close formations and mass

plays has met with universally popular favor. During the last year there has been a disposition to roughen the game of football. What can be said of football is true in the general of other sports, where perhaps less indiscriminate roughness is apparent, but where, in the end, quickness, skill and endurance are made secondary to the exercise of physical and muscular force.

In the present collegiate strength test devised by Dr. Sargent some years ago, and now in universal use throughout the country, the athlete who wins is the man whose back, legs, arms and chest best answer to the sluggish calls for strength. The man who can lift the most with his legs or back—who is a powerful animal machine simply because nature has made him so—is the one who comes out ahead. Comparatively little chance has been given for the exhibition of those qualities of endurance, skill and quickness which ought to reward every athletic effort, and it is for this reason that Dr. Sargent, realizing the unfairness and weakness of his old



A. Loving, the Old Harvard Strong Man, Fencing with the Well-Known Athlete Instructor at Harvard

system, intends to introduce the new system which he has spent much time, study and investigation upon.

This proposed system is important, because it promises to effect a complete revolution in the attitude in which many people at the present time are looking at athletics. Dr. Sargent is well known all over the world. His name coupled with that of Harvard University carries weight. He is accepted as an authority, and it can be safely said that

whatever he proposes or suggests along the line of physical culture development



Back View of One of Harvard's Splendidly Developed Young Men Who Was All Broken Down When He Began Training

will be put into practice by college gymnasium directors all over the country almost as soon as it is made. Again, as a member of the executive committee

of the National Society of Gymnasium Directors, he exerts a remarkable influence.



C. C. Dodge, Harvard's Young Strong Man Who Represented Her at the International Boxing Tournament at the King's Coronation in 1902

The present system of college strength tests is his invention. He is the inventor of the inometer, and his papers on physical culture matters have been most interesting and instructive for many years.

There is no doubt but that through his influence as a director of the gymnasium at Harvard University, a complete revolution will be effected in college athletics all over the country. We will



Harvard's Fencing Squad

see cleaner work in football, a higher standard for physical development as exemplified in the strength test, and in that the elimination of that mere brute force which at the present time goes so far in marring the true merits of many sports.

We trust that the physical instructors at the other universities will follow the courses mapped out by Dr. Sargent, otherwise we fear that the results of all the intercollegiate sports will be inclined toward Harvard.

A PHYSICAL CULTURE STUDENT TELLS US SOME INTERESTING THINGS



IN sending us the accompanying photograph of himself, Arthur Nordquest, with whom our readers are so familiar, writes as follows:

"I send you, under separate cover, a photo of my physical development. In the last PHYSICAL CULTURE you

stated that you were going to give a cash prize every month for the best developed man, so I thought I would enter. I have taken PHYSICAL CULTURE for about three years and wouldn't be without it for five times its cost. I have read almost all the other magazines on health, but none of them can compare with PHYSICAL CULTURE; they seem to be afraid to expose fakirs as you do. I have learned a good

deal about health since reading your magazine. I never thought about developing the neck and abdominal muscles till I read PHYSICAL CULTURE. I have a brother and sister who train too.

"I am an American of Swedish descent and twenty-one years old.

"The following are my measurements:

Height.....	5 ft. 8 ins.
Weight, stripped.....	168 pounds.
Neck.....	16½ inches.
Chest, normal.....	42½ ins.
Waist.....	31 "
Biceps.....	15 "
Forearm.....	13½ "
Thigh.....	23¼ "
Calf.....	15½ "



Mr. A. F. Nordquest

Another likely competitor for our \$1,000 Prize.

"My forearm is developed the best. I am employed during the day and train about forty-five minutes four or five times a week. I was naturally strong, but after a little training I soon found out the benefits of systematic exercise and deep breathing while in the open air."

THE ZION BANNER

ISSUED EVERY DAY AND FRIDAYS
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY THE REV. JOHN ALEXANDER EDWARDS

VOL. III. NO. 4.

ZION CITY, ILLINOIS, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1902.

Price, 2 Cents Per Copy, 5 Cents Per Week
\$1 Per Six Months.

HAS A GIGANTIC TASK

Zion City Street Department Has Performed Herculean Labors and Has Still Greater Before It.

MANY MILES OF STREETS

Excavation and Grading for Basements and Parks Also Part of its Duties—Will Prepare Skating Pond for This Winter.

To grade and build streets, sewers and bridges, and to do the excavation work necessary in the building up of a city of 4,000 inhabitants, all within the next year or two years, was the task set before Superintendent Francis W. Peterson, and the little crew of workers of Zion City street department when it began its work on the single mile of its work.

In this work was the digging of the great drainage channel from the railroad tracks, at Twenty-ninth street, to the lake.

Since from several miles of streets have been graded and improved, excavation for hundreds of buildings, sewers, and thousands of loads of sand and gravel and coal loaded.

Throughout it for the most level of work, with the skilled hands of paving artists and masonry excavators and gradings in parks, in a city covering over two square miles of territory, within the next few years, is the greatest task will confront the department.

Zion City will have about six miles of sewers, sewers and basements, besides the streets.

In the meantime Superintendent Peterson and his men and women are going forward with the work of preparing the streets as they are needed, keeping up as well as possible with the rapid growth of the city.

A new street is now being opened up in Twenty-ninth street, along the north side of Sixth park, to connect Third and Fifth basements.

The work of opening up and grading a driveway along Fifth basement from Sixth park toward a long tunnel.

Eighteen streets to be widened somewhat along a main Canal basement south of Twenty-ninth street, and some necessary improvements will be made upon it along the form of Fifth park street.

With streets further improvements will be made, and a permanent bridge will be put in this place.

In preparation for the improvement of Fifth park, which is the site of the street to be built in Zion City, will be begun this winter by the construction of a bridge between Third and Fourth streets.

The next and greatest task of the street department will be that of laying out a street in Zion City, which will be laid out for this winter near Fifth basement, from the base of the Chicago & North Western R. R.

In every other part of the public domain, there is a great deal of work to be done, and the street department has been able to accomplish as much as it can about a time has been the remarkably well weather which God has given throughout all winter and during the present unprecedented fall.

God has also given great blessing in the wonderfully good health of all the men employed in this exacting work and in the splendid condition

of the heavy horses throughout all the period of the activity of this department. In Zion City street department, as well as in every other department of the work of building up Zion City, it is daily more and more evident that God himself is the Builder of this City of Habitation.

COUNCIL HOLDS SPECIAL SESSION.

Approves the Bonds of Commissioner of Public Works, H. Worthington Judd.

A special meeting of the council of the City of Zion was held at the Administration building, on Thursday, November 20th, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

The resignation of Thomas J. Ashby, city engineer, was received, and, on motion, was accepted by the council.

The bonds of Thomas H. Worthington Judd, appointed in the office of Commissioner of Public Works, of Zion, were accepted, with certain changes, and he is now officially commissioned to the office to which he was appointed by the mayor and confirmed by the council.

IMPROVEMENTS AT ELIASH BOSSPICE.

New Carpets, New Radiators, Hot and Cold Water, and Electric Lights Being Installed.

Work has been a thousand dollars to be done in this building, which is the Eliah Bosspice, containing the equipment of the city of Zion, and has been equipped with the most modern and best equipped plant of public buildings to be found in any city of the size and age of Zion City in the Central States.

There are many fine hotels in the city of Zion, many of which are very large and very comfortable than the Eliah Bosspice.

The Eliah Bosspice, with its great central building, is one of the largest, finest, and most modern in the city.

The ten sleeping rooms in the Eliah Bosspice, which were formerly used as a general store, are now being converted into sleeping rooms.

When the building was first built, the Eliah Bosspice was a general store, and the Eliah Bosspice was a general store.

It is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel, and the Eliah Bosspice is now being converted into a hotel.

The investigation is constantly extending its lighting service. New lights have recently been placed in Zion City General Store, and more are to be installed, and lighting service has been placed in Zion City Library.

The building plans for the greenhouses being built for the Department of Horticulture in the City of Zion, is being facilitated by this association. A special order has been received and the water distribution pipes are now being put in.

Personal Mention

Mr. Miller's six-months' course near Toronto and Oxford is nearing completion.

Mr. Rely of Bay City, Michigan, is making the building of his home, or more, here with his family.

Thomas Mitchell, chief clerk of the Zion City Fuel Supply, is taking a few days' rest with his family at Onondaga, Massachusetts.

Edward W. H. Conroy and family will have been spending a few days at Zion City, near Chicago, before leaving for New York City.

A safe was sent to Zion City, and the same is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

About the middle of the Chicago & North Western, which was ordered on the 20th, having been a delightful and profitable trip.

The Zion City Fuel Supply has already been ordered, and a beautiful supply of the best fuel for Thanksgiving dinners. The cost was thousands of dollars.

Thomas R. E. Edible of Zion City Sugar and Cane Syrup Association, will ship his first order of Zion's confectionery to Australia this week. The goods will be loaded in ten boxes for their distant destination.

Mr. George Swartz, Secretary of Grand Rapids, Michigan, recently began the construction of a new house in Eliza street, near Third street, which is a fine new house containing five rooms. The ground was purchased by George Swartz and other friends.

F. D. Armstrong, one of the first settlers to take the pioneer of Zion, Iowa, has been in the American market, and has been in the market for the last few days.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

The Zion City Fuel Supply, near Zion City, is now in the hands of the Zion City Fuel Supply.

OBEDIENCE THE TEST

General Overseer Teaches That the Covenant of Disobedience is the Covenant of Obedience.

AT THE TUESDAY MEETING

God's Messenger Faithfully Preaches out the Lessons of an Old and Simple as the Devil.
God be the Author.

"O ye servants of Christ, in every age is the Covenant of Obedience."

The great and magnificent in the teaching of the General Overseer on the subject of Obedience, which was given every Tuesday afternoon in Zion City, is a most interesting and profitable one.

At the meeting of the Zion City, several years ago in the study of men, leading them to the truth, and, finally, at this, the speaker showed a world of importance to fall from his lips as he looked upon the faces of those who have heard these words, and as though he had been put in a hundred long before.

The 27th chapter of the book of Exodus, beginning with the 10th verse, was the text chosen by the preacher of God for the afternoon's discourse.

After making the important words telling of the Covenant between God and Israel, the Messenger said, as given:

"Which part is to obey God?"

"He must diligently hearken, and diligently do, every thing which he has said."

"If it is not in this, with diligence pay, but 'If thou wilt not obey'."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

"If thou wilt not obey, I will not be thy God, and every one who does not obey, I will not be his God."

THE FLAG OF THE SALVATION ARMY ECLIPSED BY THE STANDARD OF ZION CITY

By W. M. Hundley

R



EV. JOHN ALEX. DOWIE, the founder of the Christian Catholic Church, the Divine healer and self-proclaimed Elijah the Second, is, the world over, a very much maligned man; but calmly, unprejudicedly judged by his works, he stands out the greatest leader and most remarkable reformer in a century. This young old man of three-score years and ten has all the vigor, mentally and physically, of a man half his span of life, and this vigor is the propelling force of an executive ability in finance, administration and education surpassing a Caesar or a Napoleon; as a city builder along modern lines, eclipsing the work of the Mormon Prophets at Salt Lake City; as a religious leader, rivaling Mohammed and Luther. Such is the man who has built on the west shore of Lake Michigan, forty-two miles north of Chicago, in the short space of eighteen months, the most remark-

able city in the world. With the first house there began preparations and improvements for a great city. Streets and boulevards were marked out and grading begun, water mains laid and a vast sewerage system planned. Large parks, artesian wells, water works, an electric light, and an independent telephone system were laid out; general stores, a

great department store which does a large mail order business among the faithful all over America inaugurated; manufacturing plants, the largest of which is the Nottingham lace factory, the only one in the Western World—as a result of God's direct dispensation, as a deacon remarked to the writer. "For years and years," said he, "men of millions and with great Government influence behind them have made fruitless efforts to get this exclusive English manufacturing industry in this country, but it remained for Dr. Dowie to succeed despite every hindrance both by individual and National Government. Does it not prove that God is taking care of people?" Here he quoted a Biblical prophecy to bear out his



John Alex. Dowie



College Building

claim. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, He will appear in His glory"—This is Zion City—whose corporate limits embrace ten square miles, or to be exact, 6,500 acres of land, and at present is inhabited by over 10,000 people and daily growing. A city without drug stores or doctors—where people live with convenience without vaccination and the surgeon's knife, yet escape the Grim Spectre by half the percentage of other cities of proportionate population, and where the death roll is small and includes mostly those who come from afar in their last illness to embrace the divine healing faith, but come too late.

It is not the purpose of this article to describe the city in detail, eulogize its founder or advocate his religious doctrine, except in so far as it may lead up to the explanation of some far-seeing laws which are destined to work an universal good to suffering humanity.

Of the great area comprised within the city's corporate limits, no man owns a foot—it all belongs to the Christian Catholic Church. But at a stipulated

price per foot, or per lot, or per acre any man can secure a lease; not one for a mere lifetime, but one whose title will hold good for centuries—for *Eleven Hundred Years*, expiring January 1, A. D. 3000, provided, however, the church and corporation laws are obeyed. These laws, outside the ordinary ones of taxation, hinge on the prohibition of four important articles of commerce—intoxicating liquors, drugs, tobacco and the flesh of swine. The laws are iron-clad, being conceived and drawn with such careful thought and judgment as to be unassailable to amendment by either corporation, State or National legislation. In addition to the foregoing the following are also prohibited: gambling dens, breweries, distilleries, houses of ill-fame, dance halls and secret society lodge rooms.

Any citizen or lessee, having for sale or in his possession any one or more of the clandestine articles named above, or caught using the same, must forfeit his lease and half the amount paid for it, the land reverting to the church. This is the general church law. The corporation ordinance prohibits any man, woman or child from smoking or chewing tobacco, drinking intoxicating liquor, or taking a dose of medicine or eating pork within the corporate jurisdiction under penalty of arrest and fine of \$25.00 for first and second offences, and the third offence means banishment from the city.

There are two places within the city limits, however, where the offences can be committed with impunity, viz., the



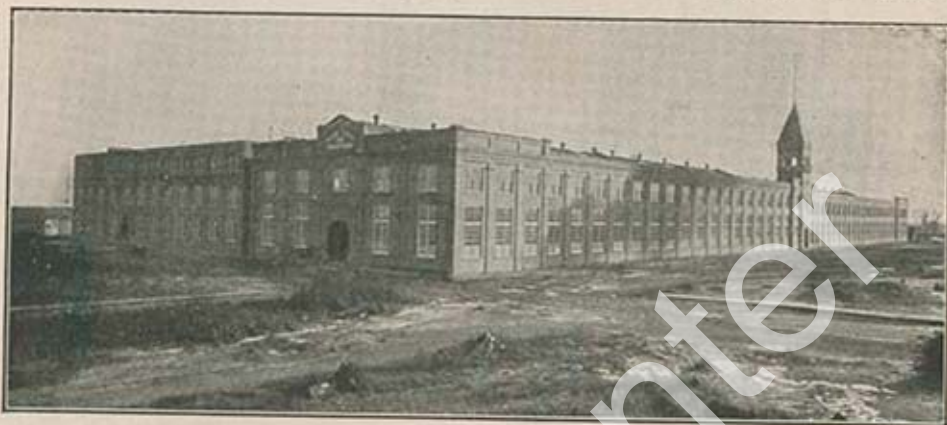
Elijah Hospice

main street of the city, which is the county highway, under the State's jurisdiction, and on property of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, which runs through the corporation; but if the violator steps off the street or railroad prop-

his breath is shown the door without ado, and the same applies to a liquor, morphine or laudanum breath."

"It strikes me," said I, "your clerks would have to be well up on odors."

"Not at all. Any one with common



Zion City Lace Factory

erty to that adjoining he is instantly arrested and fined. Should the violator be a lease-holder he gets a timely warning in addition to his fine, and if he persists in indulging himself he forfeits his rights to the land.

The rules governing public buildings are even more stringent than the laws, those especially of the Elijah Hospice, a magnificently appointed hotel of six hundred rooms. To the writer, referring to tobacco, the manager said:

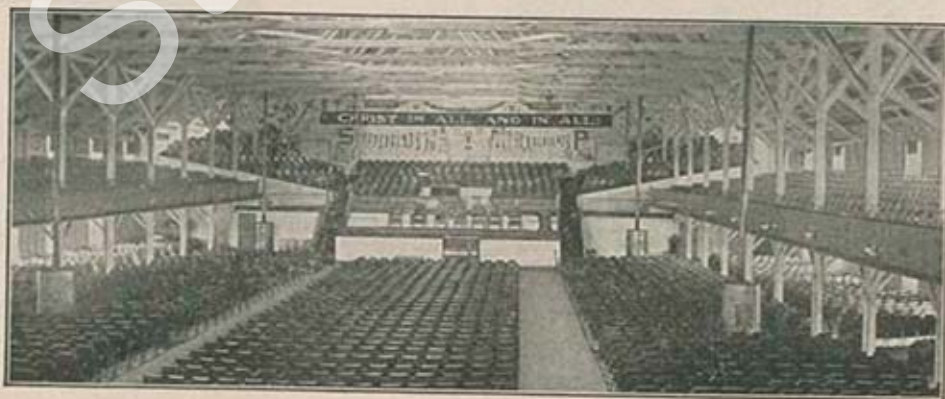
"Any man whether coming to the Hospice for accommodations or on business and having the faint of tobacco on

sense could detect such foul, unhealthy odors," replied mine host with a good deal of asperity.

In a recent sermon to an audience of five thousand in the Chicago Auditorium, Dr. Dowie, while speaking of the evils of the tobacco habit, said:

"How can any sweet, pure young woman tolerate a kiss or embrace from a man with a breath foul from tobacco? And how can a man who calls himself a gentleman subject a woman to such an ordeal?"

Changing his demeanor, the doctor suddenly put the question:



A Partial View of Interior of Shiloh Tabernacle, Zion City



Administration Building, Zion City

"How many in this vast audience have been tobacco fiends and reformed? Those who have rise up!"

More than five hundred rose to their feet. Certainly a splendid percentage for the good of the physical man.

The press, the churches and public in general, denounce Dowie as a fraud, pretender and scheming hypocrite, mob his disciples, break up their meetings, but his following steadily grows because he does not preach and theorize on reform to come, but goes to work in a practical way and *does* things. Those who have been saved

from the curse of drug-taking, the liquor and tobacco habits by this man's teachings number thousands in Chicago and Illinois alone, which is a small thing in comparison with the great following of the church in other parts of North America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia. And when it is taken into consideration that this Illinois city is only one of many to be established by the church all over the world—culminating in the final triumph of a capital city of the faith in Jerusalem—in all of which liquors, drugs, tobacco and pork will be prohibited till Anno Domini 3000, a man will not have to be a very deep thinker to realize what that will mean to a race unslaved by deep-rooted traditions and vicious health-destroying habits.

This may be a dream, but it is a dream that has had a most practical beginning, and even if it fails to be realized in its entirety, the efforts put forth seeking the realization will have their own reward.

The reason the year 3000 is given as the limit of the laws is, as prophesied by the founder, because by that time the Christian Catholic Church will have become universal; evil will have been stamped out, and Christ will have made His second appearance on earth and bestowed eternal blessing on mankind.



Dr. Dowie's Residence

WHAT THEY TAKE AND WHY IN AMERICA

By F. Akirk Iller

F. Akirk Iller presents the readers of this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE with a savory hotch-potch, which embraces no less a beauty than Anna Held, the lady who went in for milk baths on the cheap, but who is at present given to announcing the pleasure with which a certain flesh food fills her.

Terrible Terry, Tommy Ryan, and the three officers of the 58th Precinct, who precede them, have electrified the world with their fame as pugilists, guardians of the peace and testimonial writers, and their success in this field has been so great that the strong hand of Jeffries cannot hold a candle to the sparkling Terry, and the fame of our Mayor is likely to be swamped at any moment.—EDITOR.

NEW YORK POLICEMEN.

New York Policemen Jim Cook, C. G. Flaherty, Tom Sullivan, J. J. Fogarty, W. J. Sleeper, John Bodkin, Hugh Boyle, W. J. Connors, Mike C. Morris, J. H. May, Elmer Heartt, Ottis Smith, Louis Rappolt, Allan Hay, N. P. Peterson and others, most of them born in Ireland, in the vicinity of Dublin and Cork, spent the days of their boyhood hanging round police stations and beer saloons, and after running dry their course they took to dog fighting, chasing after fire engines, tying cans to dogs' tails, and annoying policemen.

They soon developed a high regard for the blue-coated defenders of the law, and as they grew to manhood they preferred the open life of the police to working in a subway. After saving enough to buy their uniforms

they had them "measured in Ireland," and then came to New York to be assigned to precincts best adapted to their inclinations.

To pass the immigrant inspector and to avoid conflict with the contract labor law it is said that they passed themselves off as geographers, each in turn pointing to the map of Ireland

on his face in substantiation of his assertion.

Passing the physical examination for the police force caused them no trouble whatever. Although suffering from all the diseases, from bellyache to ingrowing toe nails, they passed themselves off as physically perfect. The examination as to their moral character was a lead-pipe cinch.

They soon picked up American ideas, and when they saw Mayor Seth Low's picture on the Pearl Wedding Rye Whiskey advertisement on all the billboards, it awakened in them a desire to impersonate the Mayor by having their pictures in the papers, over some pain cure or nerve tonic,

DAY, MARCH 16, 1902

Test for Yourselves Curative Properties

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the World-Famous Kidney and Bladder Remedy, YOU, Every Reader of the American Journal May Have a Sample Bottle of.



Merck Co., Rahamton, N. Y.

"In justice to you, I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of your bottle of Swamp-Root you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past few weeks, owing to kidney and bladder trouble. Had our best physicians prescribe life for me. They would not, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample of Swamp-Root, and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight and my drug store, and I consider myself perfectly cured. It seemed as though my two other stoppages. I do not have the smarting and irritation, nor do I have to strain, as I formerly did three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers, they, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a booby to it to all who are suffering from kidney and bladder diseases.

Officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain, yours very truly,
JAMES COOK,
HUGH E. BOY,
JOHN J. FOGARTY

of the 58th Police Precinct, Greater New York.

Three famous policemen who are seeking a short cut to fame

them a desire to impersonate the Mayor by having their pictures in the papers, over some pain cure or nerve tonic,

The happy thought first struck Boyle, Cook and Bodkin, that having once passed the physical examination, there was no longer any use to keep mum about their pains and diseases. They promptly testified as to the disordered state of their kidneys, that they had not drawn a healthy breath in the last five years; that they had tried all other remedies; that all the physicians had failed to cure them, and gave all the other stereotyped phrases known to the testimonial writer, as "smarting and irritation, bladder trouble, etc., etc." James Cook wrote his testimonial all right, but Boyle and Bodkin not being up on medical phraseology, were unable to get up a testimonial that would stand inspection. They finally overcame this difficulty by signing their joint names under the testimonial of Cook, pleading guilty to all the new-fangled diseases that afflicted Cook, and testifying that they had "the same."

This testimonial stamped the police department. The fifth, sixth and eighth precincts made a break for the photograph galleries in a body to have their pictures taken, and then told their troubles to Dr. Kilmer. After a heart-to-heart talk with the "Doctor," these horrible examples of suffering humanity were promptly cured by the regulation "three bottles." Their pictures and testimonials occupied a whole page in the *New York Journal* and *New York World* of September 28, 1902. It had been known for some time that there was something the matter with the police department, but when they began to improve and root out "the old system" by means of Kilmer's Swamp Root, the supporters of the reform administration waged protest.

When Big Bill Devery read the news "touchin' and appertainin'" to his former police force he sat down on "the pump" and wept.

Some of the testimonials read about as follows:

"Dear Doctor:

"For the past five years my hearing has been so poor that I could not hear anyone calling Police! Since taking your pain cure I can hear whispers, if there is anything in them.

GILLIGAN."

"Dear Doc:

"My eyesight has been so bad that I could not see a housebreaker twenty feet away. Since taking your cure I can see a twenty-dollar bill through a thirteen-inch wall, and can see a roundsman coming three blocks off.

MULRANEY."

"Dear Doc:

I was so weak that I could not raise my club to make a Bowery panhandler move on. Since taking your strengthening cordial I was able to help disperse a funeral procession of 10,000 mourners on the East Side recently.

HOOOLIGAN."

"Dear Doctor:

"I have been at death's door for some months. I am now taking your cure, and am sure it will pull me through.

O'GRADY."

The testimonials in the *Journal* and *World* of September 28, 1902, caused Senior Inspector Cortright to prefer charges against these testimonial-writing patrolmen. The charges were said to be as follows: 1. Impersonating the Mayor (whose picture was on the Pearl Wedding Rye Whiskey advertisement). 2. Refusing to cough up since they took the cough cure. 3. That they had no business to arrest their diseases, but should have arrested criminals instead. 4. That they did not shake before using, and would have to stand a "shake-up" after using.

They were ordered to appear before Commissioner Partridge on October 9, 1902, and stand trial, but for some unaccountable reason the verdict was never made public.

TERRY MCGOVERN.

Terry McGovern, prize fighter, actor, saloon keeper, sampler of cures, "electrician" and coal operator, born in Fightersville, otherwise known as "The Patch," a suburb of Brooklyn, in 1879. In early infancy he manifested his pugilistic inclinations. He used the pillows in his crib for punching bags, and, unlike other children, he would not cry for what he wanted, but would fight for it. His pug-nacity was the cause of many unadvertised bouts between himself and Mrs. McGovern, Sr. These bouts were usually of

short duration, as Mrs. McGovern knew when to administer the knockout blow to her "Terrible Terry." She did not follow the rules of the ring, but first threw her little opponent across her knee and then with the flat hand administered the fatal

blow below the belt.

At about

on to coin highly developed. This combination proved invincible. Terry defeated all the white fighters in his class in this country, then licked the yellow fighters, and finally annihilated all the black ones. He blackened the faces of the white ones, scared the black ones till they looked "white as a sheet," and made all the yellow turn green with envy at his phenomenal success. He then

went to England and there annihilated all aspirants for pugilistic honors.

By the aid of Harris, his manager, he

amassed so much money that he clogged all

to avoiding his opponent's hitting in good blows.

through
t
ght ma
a tasi
a lively
who is

NY

ered. I
of mat-
y cough
osing my
so losing
and fever
sited di-

bad to
wh in
e to
bad

the age of eight he became a coal operator, and divided his time between picking coal and picking fights with the various warring clans of Hibernians that swarmed along Gowanus Canal. At the age of fifteen he was recognized as the champion of Gowanus District. He next got into the hands of various would-be trainers, who taught him all the knockout blows in the encyclopedia of fistiana, but despite his fighting ability he was unable to knock out the coin.

He finally overcame this difficulty by putting himself into the hands of a manager, who, being of Israelitic persuasion, had the sense of acquiring and holding

TERRY MCGOVERN

Champion Lightweight, Featherweight and Bantam

TOMMY RYAN

Champion Welterweight of the World.

Two of the most consistent fighters in the world to-day tell how they have been healthy by the use of Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. Every day new glories are heaped upon them, and the people get tired of praising it. If you are not a strong, healthy man, you must use it. Two noted bright lights in the world of sport have to say of it.



TERRY MCGOVERN.

I am now located in Kansas City personally. I can not assure that I will never call to speak a good word for Dr. McLaughlin and his wonderful Electric Belt, as I feel that by using you and your Belt, I would have been forced to end my career in the arena a year ago. Yours very truly,



TOMMY RYAN.

By the aid of Harris, his manager, he amassed so much money that he clogged all

DR. McLAUGHLIN:
Dear Sir: For the past six months my back has troubled me more or less, caused by death by the electric belt. I have had occasion to get through a very bad cold, and the doctor and another one have been in the house, and one of your ads in particular impressed me. It was that of Tommy Ryan. Now, my business being of a nature such that I thought if you could accomplish what you had stated it had done for Tommy I was sure that it would help me. With this in mind I took the first opportunity of speaking to Tommy in the subject, and after hearing of it, he gave me the good that you had done him, it overcame all doubts in my mind as to being the proper remedy for me. I immediately got one of your Belts and had only worn it one week when the results were marvelous, every sign of weakness left my back and the muscles began to get stronger and more elastic, and from this it has made me feel so good that I think I could tackle a game and get no more than an easy break. Your Belt is positively the greatest invention I have ever seen, and I have not found better. You can see the above where and how you like, as I think I am indebted to you more than words can express. Yours very truly,

TERRY MCGOVERN,
Champion Lightweight, Featherweight and Bantam of the World.

World's Fair Bufile, 1265 and Walnut St.,
City, Mo., Oct. 28, 1901.

DR. McLAUGHLIN:
Dear Sir: I am as healthy of the outside world as ever when I read your ad that stated that you have the greatest remedy in the world for the trouble of pain and the building up of a man. My back had not been so good for years, and I give your Belt credit for it. I was told by a well known physician, about the time my first spinal appeared, that as soon as I got wearing the belt my old troubles would return, but he was very much mistaken, as I have not worn the belt for a long time and I have not a pain now all over about my back and my spirits are splendid. If you have any occasion to again publish my testimonial change my address to

this mean to you, dear reader? Leurs like these tell
rer. If you are what you consider to be, can you
is no

Facsimile of advertisement showing Terrible
Terry and Tommy Ryan who have since
grown tired of praising the virtues
of electricity

the banks in Brooklyn with his deposits. To use up the surplus he got married, started a racing stable, and then started a saloon. The opening of his third parlor was one of the greatest social events in the history of Brooklyn. After having "his name above the door" he sought honor in other fields and turn-

ed his attention to the stage. His acting made the folks stare, and the way he crowded the playhouses made all the regular actors sick. They consequently made a rush for the patent medicine factories, and as a result all the prominent actors from De Wolf Hopper to Cissy Loftus flooded the country with their testimonials of how they were cured by everything from Malt Extract to Orangeine.

These testimonials set Terry thinking; he had never had the honor of having his mug printed over a medicine ad. To attain this honor, a man must first be afflicted with pains of seven and fifty different kinds. Terry temporarily gave up the stage and devoted his time to acquiring pains and trying remedies for their cure. He finally acquired what is known as the testimonial writer's favorite, that lingering pain in the back. (See testimonial.)

According to his testimonial this pain bothered him for six months, while he tried the various remedies on the market without success. Meanwhile, Terry was writing a series of articles in a New York evening paper on how to become strong and how to cure pains by his system of physical culture. Being unable to cure himself, he took a suggestion from Tommy Ryan, the champion welterweight testimonial writer.

According to the testimonial on the preceding page, Terry heard of the benefits of the electric belt from Ryan's "own mouth." He emphasized this fact because the latter-day prize-fighters usually talk through their hats and use their mouths only on special occasions.

Terry promptly blew himself for an electric belt, and was "highly improved," "greatly invigorated," and felt like tackling a giant, so the testimonial read. Five days after this testimonial appeared Terry met Young Corbett, a compara-

tively green fighter from the West, in the ring at Hartford, Conn. Corbett had not yet reached the testimonial stage of his fighting career, but followed the old methods of gaining strength.

When Terry entered the ring he was overcharged with electricity, his eyes shone like a pair of electric lights, and he electrified the spectators with his awful glare. Corbett having read Terry's testi-

monial, promptly studied up on how to short-circuit and burn out electric machinery.

To preserve the charms of rotundity of quarter of society and expect certain neck-grace as it is to be done. My lady be

The fight lasted only one round and a half; Corbett dealt Terry a short-circuit under the chin and discharged Terry's whole electrical system. Terry fell as though struck by lightning. This terrible shock made him see stars, sky-rockets and all sorts of electrical displays. While Terry lay outstretched on the floor admiring these various electrical phenomena, the referee counted the usual ten seconds and declared that Terry's light was out.

Since this fight Terry has gone out of the electrical business and has become a speaker of talk. His recent offering to fight Corbett in a cellar or a garret, gave the followers of the ring a room attic pain. He has now retired from testimonial business.

ANNA HELD.

Anna Held, actress, testimonial writer and innovator of milk baths, was born in France. Her stage age at present is twenty, actual age a few years more. She studied acting in gay Paree and came to the United States in the early nineties. She went on the vaudeville stage as a singer, but was badly handicapped on account of her inferior voice and her inability to speak or sing in Eng-

DR. CHARLES'



Read what beautiful ANNA HELD says:—

CASINO!

Broadway & 80th St.,
Sire Bros., Managers,
E. Rosenbaum, Acting Mgr.,
New York, Feb. 14, 1902.
DR. CHARLES' CO.,
19 Park place, N. Y.
Gentlemen:—

I herewith inclose you check for five dollars, being in payment for ten boxes of DR. CHARLES' FLESH FOOD, which you will please forward me at once care of the New York Casino. Your splendid preparation greatly pleases me and does more to improve the Face and Form than any I have tried.

I heartily endorse it for its purity, sweetness and the satisfaction it has given me.

Yours very truly,
ANNA HELD.

Beautiful Anna Held

lish. She managed to offset these shortcomings, however, by her acting, her beauty and her trim figure. Her beauty was said to be only skin deep, yet that was entirely sufficient for the theatrical business, and she soon found herself on the high road to prosperity.

She did not pursue the usual methods of climbing the ladder of fame, but sprung a novelty on the theatrical public by swimming into fame in a milk bath. Various reasons were ascribed for her adoption of the milk bath process. As she appeared in short skirts her trim nether limbs figured conspicuously as an attraction, and it was said that she took the milk bath to keep her calves in good condition. Her recital of the benefits of this bath kept her prominently before the public. She used forty quarts of milk daily, and cooled off in the bath sixty minutes in every twenty-four hours. She had coffee served while steeped in milk; this novel method of taking coffee in milk gave her sixteen columns more of notices in the daily press.

All went well until the cows of the

Brooklyn dairy furnishing the milk got wind of this news. They soon got soured on the idea, when they learned what kind of calves their milk was being used for and forthwith gave forth sour milk instead of sweet. About this time Anna's popularity was getting on the cheese and she attributed it to bathing in sour milk.

Her episode, with Wallace, of Brooklyn, over 320 gallons of milk, caused her to give up her new-fangled ideas and adopt the patent medicine testimonial game as a means of regaining popularity. She tried Dr. Charles' flesh food and put on flesh rapidly. This testimonial made her famous; she became a star and played an engagement of a hundred nights at one of the Broadway theatres.

Her image was reproduced in wax and placed in the Eden Musee. The likeness resembled her so closely that people began to believe that Anna Held had turned to wax. To dispel this idea from the public mind she visited Eden Musee to see herself as others saw her, and the presence of the real Anna in the musee made the Anna Held in wax turn to rubber.



Chariot Race

V. Choca

THE STRENUOUS LOVER.

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

"The Strenuous Lover" is being dramatized and arrangements are being made to put it on the stage as early as possible. The difficulty in securing professional or amateur actors and actresses whose physique and development are in harmony with the principal characters in "The Strenuous Lover" is very great. The play will be staged quite as elaborately as any drama of the day, and no expense or pains will be spared in accomplishing this. The author will be glad to receive communications from professional and amateur actors and actresses who deem themselves physically and otherwise capable of doing justice to "The Strenuous Lover." All communications with reference to this matter must be accompanied by photographs of the applicants in costume, together with an epitome of their careers on the stage.—EDITOR.

X



H, Margie! I'm so afraid!"

"Afraid? What are you afraid of, Amelia?"

"Suppose that man Morgan should hurt Arthur?"

"But Herbert says they can't really injure each other. The worst that can happen is a knockout blow."

"Oh, I wish I hadn't come! I wonder why men like such rough, brutal games. I suppose it is a kind of game, isn't it?"

The robust, muscular young matron looked down at the frail, pretty little creature by her side and laughed.

"What a little ignoramus you are, Amelia!" she said. "Sparring isn't exactly what you would call a game; it is a sport, though, and Herbert says that when it is conducted fairly, as a sport, and not as a money-making business, it is as elevating as any other form of athletic exercise, and not as brutal as some other sports which have a better reputation."

"You believe everything Herbert says, don't you?" murmured Amelia, looking at her companion with wondering eyes.

"I don't accept his opinions without considering them and demanding proofs, but when he tries to show me that some of my conventional notions are wrong I always try to be open-minded. That's how I came to throw away the corsets which were perverting nature and sowing the seeds of disease and misery for me."

"Oh, oh!" cried Amelia, putting her

little gloved hands over her ears, "if you say a word about corsets I won't listen. As if Arthur didn't say enough without your taking it up. I know Morgan would like nothing better than to hurt Arthur."

Margie shrugged her shoulders and smiled pityingly, but she felt that neither time nor place was suitable for pushing the subject of corsets on her little friend, so she fell in with her wish and talked of something else.

"Of course Morgan would like to injure Arthur," she said, "but he will find that the Arthur he meets to-night is not the one he has so often insulted, secure in his superior strength. Just wait till they come out and you see Arthur stripped."

"Stripped! Oh, Margie! He won't really strip?"

She looked so alarmed that Margie, in spite of her laughter, hastened to reassure her that the stripping would be only from the waist up.

"It is quite customary," she added, "and for my part I would rather look at Arthur's magnificent body than see the fight. Why, you don't know how handsome he is when you see only his face."

"Have you really seen him—er—er—did you say stripped?"

"You little goose! Of course I've seen him when he and Herbert were taking their exercises at home, and it is from seeing such splendid specimens of manhood that I have learned to distinguish men from fashion plates; and I can tell you there is a difference you don't even dream of."

"Oh, Margie!" sighed Amelia, "how

different you are from what you used to be before I went to Europe! Do you know that I somehow feel almost insignificant beside you?"

Margie said nothing to that, for she found nothing to say. She, too, felt the insignificance of the pretty little creature by her side, and she wondered why she should feel it in these days when she had not felt it during the previous years she had known Amelia.

"How crowded it is going to be," she said, to give the conversation a new turn. "I fancy it has leaked out that this is going to be something more than three rounds for points."

Amelia looked around at the streams of people filling every aisle, felt very comfortable in the consciousness of a Paris gown and hat, readjusted her waist as if she were trying to give herself a little more room, then sighed again.

"I do hope," she said doubtfully, "that Morgan won't hurt Arthur. You know he is terribly strong and masterful. Why there was a time, there at first, before Arthur was quite well, when that man fairly fascinated me. I don't know why it was, but I sometimes felt that I would have to do whatever he wished me to."

"Oh," replied Margie, "that was because he had such health and strength. I don't believe there is any attraction equal to that which a robust, strongly vitalized person has for others, particularly of the opposite sex."

"But, Margie," murmured Amelia, opening her eyes in wonder, "I should think that would be dreadful if it were so. Why, in that case you would be attractive to lots of men besides Herbert; and I am sure neither of you would like that. You know you are what would be called robust and strongly vitalized. Why, papa said only yesterday that he thought you were the most magnificent woman he knew; that it did him good just to meet you and say good morning to you."

Margie laughed to hide the blush that rose to her cheeks, but it was a blush of pure pleasure, without a suspicion of resentment.

"I am glad your father feels so," she said frankly. "Herbert says that all men and women ought to be glad to feel just that way toward each other; that it is a

sign of health, and ought to be encouraged."

"Well, I can tell you I wouldn't encourage any other girl to be attracted by Arthur. He is mine, and I want him all to myself."

Margie was silent for a few moments, evidently debating something with herself. Then she said hesitatingly:

"Amelia, dear! If you really want Arthur all to yourself, why don't you make yourself strong and well like me?"

Amelia looked up with a faintly startled expression in her eyes, then tossed her pretty head proudly.

"I want Arthur to love me, not my body, and I am not afraid of his liking some other girl better because she happens to be stronger than I. Besides, I'm not sick. I'll soon be as well as ever."

She drew herself up and smoothed her waist down in the way so common in women who are striving for more room than their corsets allow their poor bodies.

Margie said no more, feeling that already she might have gone further than Arthur would like; for although he had shown himself concerned over Amelia's lack of perfect health, he had never discussed it with anybody.

Fortunately the entertainment was about to begin, and talking ceased; but if there was no more conversation between Margie and Amelia, both of them went on thinking of the subject they had just discussed.

It was an altogether new idea to Amelia that physical health could have anything whatever to do with love, and she was disposed to scout it. She was rather inclined to think that most men liked a woman to be weak and dependent. True, Arthur had talked to her about injuring herself by wearing corsets, but she had put that aside as due to the influence of Herbert, who was associated in her mind as always nursing some new fad.

Besides, as she always said, she wasn't sick, but only a little ailing, due to the fatigue of traveling a little too much the last few months in Europe. She had begun to feel not quite herself when they were touring Italy. She knew she would be all right after she had been home a few weeks.

In the meanwhile, Arthur, quite nude



"Arthur went to his dressing-room to be rubbed down, Herbert hurrying him as much as possible."

save for a towel wound about his loins, stood in the middle of one of the dressing rooms near the stage entrance, being rubbed down by Herbert, who had undertaken the duties of trainer for him.

Indeed Herbert was so proud of Arthur that not for anything would he have permitted anybody else to perform that office for him. And if ever an athlete were a fit subject for pride it was Arthur.

Steadily he had been developing under the careful direction of Herbert and the gymnasium instructors, until now he was an almost perfect specimen of manhood.

He had not been trained into the Hercules type, with abnormal lumps of muscle standing out over his body, but was so evenly developed that a competent judge would have found it difficult to decide whether he was best fitted to be a runner, wrestler or boxer.

He stood nearly six feet in height, and as he moved easily in one direction and another to suit the wish of Herbert, the muscles could be seen to play under a skin as soft and smooth as a baby's.

His legs were strong, well rounded and beautifully proportioned; his arms were of almost classical length, hanging easily from his shoulders, and of a bigness that did not betray itself, so perfect was the proportion between girth and length. As for his chest, that important indicator of vitality, it was at once so broad and so deep as to make his flat, sinewy abdomen seem small.

If one who had seen Arthur in those wretched days when he was dying under the ministrations of his ignorant physician, had come upon him now, as he stood there in a condition to betray the full grandeur of his physical perfection, he could not have believed that this was the same man.

Where had once been a dull eye, a drawn face, a sallow complexion, a dejected mien, a hollow-chested skeleton, was now the bright-eyed, alert, vitalized athlete, with a pink and white skin, an indomitable air of hope and purpose, an example of life at its best.

Herbert worked over him with an air of delight and pride, pleasant to see; and when he had given the last careful touch he threw a light robe over him and bade him lie down and wait for the call to come for him.

"You don't seem at all nervous," he said, as he looked into the smiling, alert face, "but we musn't take any chances. So rest quietly."

"I'm not nervous about the result," answered Arthur, "but I know I shall have a sort of nervousness come over me when I step out before the spectators and know that I am on exhibition."

"But that will pass as soon as you begin work?" queried Herbert.

"From the moment we begin I shall be all right. Don't have any fear for me. If he wins it will be because he is the better man, not because I have not done my best."

"You are in the pink of condition, and you ought to win; but he's the best man you've ever stood up before; don't make any mistake about that, Arthur; and he is going to put up the fight of his life."

Arthur rose to his elbow, and his face set in grim, hard lines.

"I shall put up the fight of my life, Herbert. I don't forget the things he has said and done."

"Lie down!" said Herbert, in a tone of quiet authority. "I don't wish to put any disturbing thoughts into your head, but I do want to talk this over with you, old man. You musn't go into this fight with any other thought than winning, because you want the championship. Don't let so small a thing as revenge animate you, Arthur."

Arthur smiled as he fell back, and there was an evenness in his tone that assured Herbert he was speaking only the truth.

"It isn't revenge I want at all, and I shall not be fighting for it. What I want more than anything else is to prove to him that I am without any doubt the better man. After that he shall not exist for me. As for the championship, I must confess that is incidental."

"I'm satisfied," said Herbert, in a tone of relief. "I ought to have known that you would not allow yourself to be controlled by a mean spirit, but I was so anxious that you should not enter the ropes in a frame of mind to ruin your mental poise that I spoke."

"I shall hit him no harder than I would a stranger with whom I might be contesting the championship; but," he added, with a grim smile, "I should hit a stranger

the most soothing blow I could. I go in hoping to put my gentleman to sleep."

Herbert thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned back with a comfortable sigh. He no longer felt any discomfort. If Arthur were beaten it would be only because he had met a better man.

"I fancy," he said, "that Morgan will not be in the same even frame of mind that you are. In fact you will have to watch that his viciousness does not make him force the fighting, and perhaps put you to sleep when you at least expect it."

"I'll be cautious."

"And remember that he won the championship through sheer merit. He is the best man you have ever faced."

"I am sure he is."

Herbert now changed the subject and talked with Arthur about all sorts of interesting but not exciting matters, dwelling particularly on that topic of topics for him—his little daughter Gertrude.

And it was the best subject of conversation there could have been for Arthur, for he adored the baby, and the thought of her brought nothing but peace and contentment to him.

When he was called to go out he jumped up in surprise that the time had gone so quickly; and it would have been impossible for a man to be more "fit" than he for the trying ordeal through which he had to pass.

It was as he had predicted. When he threw off his robe and stood out on the stage he was nervous. He heard the applause that greeted him and Morgan, and as he looked over the sea of faces he seemed to realize that the whispering that was going on related to the fact that this was to be something more than an ordinary sparring match.

But the slight blur that was before his eyes, the trembling he felt at his knees, the tremor he had at his heart, all passed away as if they had never existed when the signal to begin the contest was given.

He looked Morgan in the face and was unmoved by the ugly, sinister smile he saw there. He glanced over the body of his antagonist, and saw without fear the magnificent physique he must conquer.

As for the spectators, the more closely they studied the two men the more doubt

of the result entered their minds. Morgan was a heavier, taller man, and seemed much more massive; but, on the other hand, the knowing ones noticed the length of Arthur's arms, the symmetry of his muscular development, the solidity and compactness of his figure, which showed that both agility and strength had been cultivated."

"That young fellow, Raymond, is as loose as ashes," said an old sporting man to his companion. "If he gets a fair blow at the big fellow he'll make him wish he had a pillow with him."

"Morgan's no slouch, all the same," was the answer. "We'll see three rounds, with the best man winning, which is more than you can say when you go to a professional contest."

And both men settled down to enjoy themselves, while Arthur and Morgan took stock of each other, an easy matter since both were nude from the waist up.

Time had been called, and they were testing each other's skill by a series of pretty feints, easy blows, swift recoveries, changing guards. It took but a few seconds for both to know that there was not to be an instant of child's play.

Presently Morgan purposely invited a face blow from Arthur by opening his defence, and when Arthur took advantage of it dealt him a blow in the stomach that would have been very serious had not Arthur been prepared for just such a ruse.

Each drew back, feeling that he had had something like a measure of the other's skill; each felt an increased respect for the other. The only difference between their feelings was that Morgan's hatred of Arthur grew with the consciousness that he was a dangerous antagonist, and coupled with it was rage at the possibility of defeat where he had expected victory.

But few blows were landed with any effect in the first round, which was no more than a very fine exhibition of sparring, in which, to the uninitiated spectators, the skill of the contestants was clearly exhibited.

Even Amelia lost her terror of Morgan when she saw how cleverly Arthur avoided the blows that were launched at him; and she came to the conclusion that so

many others did that the bout would end much as it had begun.

But Arthur and Herbert, in their corner, with two other seconds, working over him, were thinking differently and saying so.

"He is very clever," said Arthur in a whisper, "but his condition is not as good as mine."

"No; but you must avoid a serious blow for he is a terrible hitter. He is making for your stomach, I am sure. Give him plenty of work in this round, and he ought to be yours in the third."

"I think I have his measure," answered Arthur, his eyes shining, "and I mean to keep him going now."

"Look out for his right," said one of the other seconds. "He'll play with his left and use his right for a surprise. I've known him to do that more than once."

Time was called again, and both men stepped out ready, and it was evident at once that both had come to the same determination; both meant to force the fighting.

And now it was that Arthur showed of what stuff he was made. A few swift but not telling blows were exchanged, and they warmed up to their work. They moved about the stage like two panthers, their fists shooting out, their heads moving with swift, automatic action, their lithe bodies never still, their feet moving with a marvelous precision and rapidity.

Suddenly Morgan rushed Arthur across the stage; Arthur side stepped and evaded him. There was a mix-up so swift and close that only the initiated could follow it, and Morgan staggered out of it impelled by a hard blow on his jaw.

Arthur had fooled him, had bested him in the quick exchange of savage blows. He saw that he had not correctly taken Arthur's measure. He was outwitted, disappointed. Rage took possession of him, and he rushed back with a fury that pushed Arthur back and put him to his best to defend himself.

But he did defend himself from blows of fearful force, and crept around so deftly that the spectators broke into a storm of applause. Arthur smiled confidently. Morgan was maddened.

He rushed again. He was confident

at least of his superior force and weight, and felt that Arthur could not resist him when he rained those terrible blows on him.

Arthur's eyes glowed. He never missed a move that Morgan made, though it seemed to those looking on that the swiftness of the storm of blows must be almost paralyzing.

He backed and backed; he dodged and guarded; he stood up and feinted; he shrank; he side stepped. The fury of Morgan seemed irresistible, and no one but the cleverest could see that there was any lack of skill.

Then Arthur, seeing his opportunity at last, changed into a tiger himself, and landed a short-arm blow just when it seemed as if the other were pushing him to his last defence.

Morgan staggered and Arthur followed up. He did the rushing now, raining blows with dazzling rapidity. The house went wild. Hoarse cries went up from some of the most excited.

Suddenly a clean blow fell on Morgan's face, sending his head back with a jerk. He staggered, recovered, fought wildly, his labored breath coming and going audibly.

"Time!"

"Ah!" sighed the sporting man, dropping back in his seat and mopping his brow with his handkerchief. "In a minute more Morgan would have hunted grass. I wouldn't miss the next round for a thousand dollars."

"Be careful, be careful!" Herbert was saying to Arthur. "He lost his head a little that round, but he will be himself now. He will do you if he can, for he is in a wicked rage."

"Rage is a bad thing," murmured Arthur, saving his wind for something more important than speech.

"He can be mad and yet fight coolly," said one of the other seconds. "Look out for him."

"But you've got to force the fighting," said Herbert.

Arthur nodded his head.

"Time!"

The two men sprang out nothing the worse for what they had gone through. Morgan had himself under control now. He was in a murderous mood, but was like an icicle. He meant to win, and to

win with such a blow as Arthur might forever wish had not been dealt him; and Morgan well knew where and how to land such a blow.

Arthur began as Morgan had hoped he would, by forcing the fighting. Morgan meant to bide his time now. Arthur had done so before and had profited by it. And yet Morgan had the appearance of making speedy work, too.

But presently he finds that there is a difference. Arthur rushes the fighting, indeed, but he does it with all his wits about him and with a confident smile constantly on his handsome face.

Oh, if Morgan could but mar the good looks of his antagonist.

Arthur gets in a good left-hander, but instantly Morgan's right takes him on the jaw, and there is a moment when the place is full of electric sparks; but while Morgan is following up the blow with wicked exultation in his black eyes, Arthur recovers, defends himself, and the two men break away for an instant.

Arthur is himself at once, and closes his right reaching Morgan on the tip of the chin. The latter's head goes back, and he is dazed; but the blow that should have put him to sleep was a trifle short, and he recovers.

He loses his self-control again, forgets his determination to wait, and rushes Arthur, who slips out of his way and takes toll of his ear as he passes.

Morgan, beside himself now, and panting hard, knows that he must end the battle soon. He rushes again, but Arthur changes his tactics at once and stands his ground. An exchange of frightful blows follows, as if both had thrown all notion of defence away.

But not so; Arthur has been only tiring the other. He gathers all his force and rushes at his antagonist. Morgan defends himself now with desperation. Only his wonderful skill saves him.

The crowd is beside itself with excitement. The battle may end at any moment. The names of both men rise over the tumult. Nothing like this has been seen in many a year.

Suddenly Arthur's right hand shoots out and lands with terrific force on Morgan's stomach. Those who have seen the blow know the sickness that leaps to the stricken man's face. Morgan wilted, stag-

gered back. He could have done murder in that moment, for he knew that he had met his master.

But his courage was of the bull-dog sort. He had no thought of giving up.

The spectators were standing up all over the hall, some on chairs, crying out Arthur's name. Others were screaming "Sit down!" "Sit down!" Pandemonium reigned.

Morgan straightens up, and with the courage born of desperation rushes at Arthur, his jaws set, his teeth showing, his eyes glaring. He launches such a blow as would end the contest could it land; but Arthur, cool now as an iceberg, evades it, and lands a crushing right-hand blow on Morgan's chin.

Like an ox in the shambles, Morgan drops in a heap. His day is over. Champion no more. Beaten in love; beaten in war!

He struggles feebly, pitifully to recover consciousness, half rises and falls back again. He hears the seconds being counted over him as if some one were preaching his funeral sermon.

He makes a fearful effort, turns on hands and knees, staggers to his feet, and makes a tottering rush at Arthur, who only shrugs his shoulders and pushes him away as if he had been a child.

"Time!"

It was not a knock-out blow, but the defeat was none the less humiliating. There was no need of the decision of the referee. The spectators, crying out Arthur's name, gave the award unanimously.

"That's what I call sport," said the man who had picked Arthur as the winner from the first.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XI.

Before Arthur could get to his dressing room he was surrounded by his many friends and acquaintances, eager to congratulate him on his victory; for there had been unusual feeling over the match partly because Morgan was disliked, and partly because he had left the club in anger.

Arthur received their compliments with perfect modesty, and went to his dressing-room to be rubbed down and to dress, Herbert hurrying him as much as possible.

When they were alone Herbert for the first time betrayed what his anxiety and interest had been, almost hugging Arthur in his delight, patting him on the shoulder, praising him unstintedly and telling him over and over how well he had done.

"I think," he said in the course of the talk, "that if you had not beaten that fellow so thoroughly I should have gone to bed ill."

Arthur laughed, pleased to see his self-contained brother-in-law betray so much feeling; then he grew serious and said:

"I am glad I whipped him, but I am still more glad that I went to meet him without meanness of spirit. I used to hate him, but it seems to me that since I have grown strong I have also grown bigger in nature."

"Ah," replied Arthur, "I believe that no man can be his best morally and spiritually unless he is also his best physically. Unfortunately a man may be a physical giant and a moral dwarf; Morgan for example."

"Poor Morgan!" said Arthur.

"Don't waste your pity on him," cried Herbert quickly; "but rather look out for him. He will only hate you more for this, and will never cease trying to injure you. But to change the subject for a pleasanter one, I want to tell you that Bernardo, the great sculptor, asked me if I would not introduce him to you as soon as you were dressed."

"Bernardo! I'd like to meet him, but why should he want to see me?"

"May want to get up a match with you," laughed Herbert. "What do you say if I bring him in here? If you see him in the club parlors you know he will be only one of a hundred talking to you."

"Bring him in!" said Arthur, moved mainly by a wish to please, and little dreaming of the momentous results to follow his unimportant interview with the artist.

Mr. Bernardo proved to be a gentleman of charming personality and most engaging manners; his robust physique proving him a disciple of physical culture, while his Vandyke beard and his head of bushy brown hair, which had been permitted to grow in defiance of the conventional mode, suggested the artist.

"Pardon me for intruding on you at such a time, Mr. Raymond," he said as he

entered the room, and without waiting for the formality of a presentation, "but as a member of the club I wished to thank you for winning it honors in such splendid fashion, while as an artist I wanted to tell you that you have the finest physique I have ever seen."

"Oh, thank you," murmured Arthur in some embarrassment at this frank compliment.

"No, don't thank me," said the artist with a smile; "thank yourself for that, for Mr. Courtney tells me you have worked hard to arrive at such a condition of physical perfection. Ah, sir! I have not had such delight in many a day as in studying you. Perhaps I annoy you with my frankness. Pardon me if I do; but as an artist I am selfish."

"I cannot see that you are selfish," answered Arthur, who was unfeignedly delighted at being so praised by one whose word carried authority. "And I would not be so hypocritical as to pretend that I was anything but pleased with your praise."

"Ah, but I am selfish, even in telling you the truth; and I can easily prove it."

"Please do so," responded Arthur, finishing his toilet and sitting down to listen to the vivacious artist.

"Well, I am just now at work on a group in marble, which I think will be my masterpiece, embodying as it does an idea on which I have wrought for some years. Perhaps, by the way, you are interested in sculpture?"

"Very much. I have plaster casts of many of the old Greek sculptors, which I have studied in an effort to understand the ideal in physique."

"So much the better! so much the better. And no wonder you have accomplished so much with yourself since you have taken so much pains. Perhaps you would like to see my group in the clay. I have not begun on the marble yet."

"I should be delighted," answered Arthur, who was nevertheless puzzled to know why he should be invited to view it.

"Perhaps even—" Here the artist hesitated and looked at Arthur with a humorous expression lighting up his face. "You will now see that I am at once selfish and diplomatic. I tell you pleasant things about yourself to put you in a good humor, then I interest you in my poor ef-

forts, and finally I put the grand question—unless you already guess it?"

"Indeed I do not," answered Arthur with a smile.

"Well, then, will you pose for me? I need, more than I can tell you, such a man as you. Come! you will not refuse me?"

"It is very flattering," answered Arthur hesitatingly, "but really I do not think it will be possible. I could not spare the time; and, besides, I never have done such a thing, and—"

"I know; you think, perhaps, there is something objectionable in posing in the nude. Now I assure you—"

"No, no! do not think me so foolish," Arthur hastened to interrupt. "I have no such thought. I merely doubt my ability to pose properly. But that is of little consequence, anyhow; the real objection is that I have not the time. My father is ill, and all my time is occupied."

Bernardo looked more than a little disappointed, and cried out impulsively:

"But I cannot give you up. You have the most magnificent body I have ever seen in my life; and you must know that the human body has been my life study, so that I know what I am talking about. I have been so fortunate as to secure a female model as fine in her way as you in yours; and I simply will not take no from you. Why, consider! this is my master-work. Come! reconsider!"

"It is useless to reconsider. I really would like to oblige you, but I simply cannot."

"I am afraid the remuneration would not tempt you, or I would say that I am prepared to pay you twenty-five dollars an hour."

Arthur opened his eyes wide at the amount offered, but shook his head.

"Impossible," he said.

"If more would tempt you," said the artist, the keenest disappointment in his tone.

"No, if I could accept your offer I should consider myself overpaid with the sum you name. I did not suppose such prices were paid to models."

"It is exceptional; but you are exceptional. At least promise me you will come around to my studio and look at my group. I have some other things there, too, that may interest you."

"I shall be only too glad to visit your studio."

Mr. Bernardo rose reluctantly and put out his hand to Arthur, who shook it cordially.

"I cannot tell you how chagrined I am," said the artist sorrowfully. "When I saw you come out this evening I said to myself that my lucky star was in the ascendant, and I did nothing but devour every curve of your magnificent body while you thumped that unfortunate Morgan. It seemed actually as if the very fates had been at work for me; for only a short time ago I came upon the young lady who poses for the female figure; and when I tell you that she is as superb as you in her physical development, you will understand how fortunate I was."

"Yes," interposed Herbert, speaking for the first time, "I suppose that it is really more difficult to find a perfect woman than a perfect man."

"Difficult!" cried the artist with great animation; "why it often seems to me as if the women of the civilized world gave the best of their thought, and bent all their energies to trying to defeat the intentions of nature as to their bodies. Shoes to distort their feet! long, heavy, impeding skirts to weaken their legs and make them knock-kneed! corsets to displace the viscera and lessen vitality! high collars to make their throats flabby! There! do not start me or I shall be ungallant."

"If they would only listen to reason!" said Arthur with sudden depression. "I have a sister—Mr. Courtney's wife—who is a splendid specimen, but other women to whom I have spoken on the subject—" He suddenly checked himself, looked suspiciously at Herbert and shrugged his shoulders as if dismissing the subject.

The talk went on on the same subject, but Arthur took no further part in it then, or later when he and Herbert were alone together and the latter purpose brought up the subject again.

Instead of doing so, he turned the conversation on the artist, praising him warmly and declaring that he meant some day to visit him. Herbert, upon this, made no further effort to discuss the subject with Arthur, but that evening told Margie of the matter, adding:

"I think something is wrong between Arthur and Amelia, and that corsets have something to do with it."

"I am sure of it," Margie answered, and, in her turn, repeated to Herbert the conversation between her and Amelia in the auditorium.

"What shall you do about it?" he asked.

"I shall offer my services to Arthur. That is as far as I have any right to go."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I have noticed for some time that Amelia was not well; and it was easy to see that she was only suffering the natural consequences of her tight lacing. Poor child!"

The next day, after dinner, and before Arthur had gone out to see Amelia, according to his custom, Margie found an opportunity to be alone with him; and with the frankness which was characteristic of her she broached the subject at once.

"I had a talk with Amelia last night about corsets, Arthur," she said.

His face lightened up instantly, and he looked at her eagerly.

"Yes, Margie?"

"Yes, but I didn't say much, because she stopped me at once, declaring she would not listen."

Arthur sighed, and the troubled look that had been in his eyes at first returned again.

"She isn't well, Margie, and I know it is because of her corsets. She says she doesn't lace, that her corsets are loose, and that she isn't really sick. And now she refuses to hear any more on the subject. I don't know what to do. She could be well and strong, and she won't be."

Margie put her hand lovingly on her brother's.

"Perhaps after you are married you can influence her more," she said.

"She won't talk about marriage either until she is quite well; and I know she will never be well until she dresses and lives rationally. I have told her how strong and well you are; but, upon my word, I believe she thinks such robustness as yours is unladylike. I really do."

"Couldn't you insist upon having a full talk with her? Perhaps she doesn't realize the importance of health to a wife and mother."

"Insist? Why Margie, she hadn't been home a week before I saw that she was no longer her old self, but was weak and nervous. I think she must have taken

to tighter lacing while she was abroad. I spoke about it then, but she was so shocked at my speaking of such a subject at all that I stopped; but I took it up again and again until she was no longer shocked, anyhow, but became irritated instead, and declared she would not see me if I insisted on talking on that subject. And, in fact, the next time I went there—about two weeks ago now—she sent me down a note saying I must promise to never speak of corsets again, or she wouldn't come down."

Margie raised her eyebrows. She knew something of the obstinacy of the pretty little creature and realized the dilemma Arthur was in.

"What if I speak to her, Arthur? She couldn't treat me in that way, you know. And really she has no right to be either wife or mother in her state of health. She ought to be told so."

"I don't know that it will do any good, Margie," he answered despondently, "but I wish you would. You know if I were to suggest such a thing as the possibility of her being a mother some time she would think I had overstepped the bounds of propriety. I don't know what she thinks men and women marry for if it is not for offspring."

The last words were spoken petulantly, and Margie studied her brother for some time in silence, he staring out of the window, his thoughts apparently far away.

"Of course," she said at last in a very gentle tone, "you love her just the same as ever?"

"Certainly I do. Why do you ask such a question?"

It was seldom indeed that Arthur lost his temper, and that he did so now, indicated how much he was disturbed by Amelia's attitude toward the question of her health.

"And you would make her your wife whether she were well or ill?" Margie went on, unmoved by his irritation.

Arthur jumped up from his chair and turned his back to his sister while, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, he looked out of the window. Margie waited; and after some time he turned toward her, saying in a troubled tone:

"Margie! Margie! I torture myself with that question day and night. Have I the right to let her be the mother of my

children? I do love her, Margie; I do. And if she would only be well and strong as she may if she will, I know we could be happy together. But oh, Margie! I shame to say it, she does not draw me and thrill me as she once did."

"How can she, Arthur dear, if she lack vitality?"

"But is love a matter of physical health? Ought I not love her better and better, and be more tender with her because she is not strong?"

"Love is not a sentiment to be coerced, Arthur. You love her or you do not. If you do not you have no right to marry her."

"Not even if I have won her love? Would it not be a dastardly thing to tell her that because she is not as well and strong as she was I find I do not love her? Would you respect me if I were to do such a thing?"

"I would not respect you if you deceived her, Arthur."

"But I do love her."

Margie looked at him doubtfully. She did not believe he loved as a man should love the woman he would bind to his side for life.

"Suppose," she said, "Amelia should utterly refuse to take the steps which will result in her cure; would she be fit to be a mother?"

"No."

"Has she a right to bring children into the world unless she can endow them with good health?"

"No."

"Have you a right to father such children even if she were willing to be their mother?"

"I would be the worst kind of criminal."

"Then if you marry Amelia and she is unfit to be a mother, your sense of right would demand that there should be no children."

"But that is unthinkable. To marry without the intention of having offspring would be a living horror."

"Then if you loved her a hundred times more than you do, would you dare to make her your wife unless she were well enough to be a mother?"

"No, no, Margie! But what shall I do? Do not think I have not gone over this ground in my own thoughts, though scorning myself for doing it. But although I come always to the same conclusion, yet I remember that I have won her love, that she loves me of all men in the world, that her heart would break if she were to know that I feel as I do. And it is not as if I did not love her. I do, and would do anything for her happiness."

"Do you love her as a man should his wife, Arthur? Do you thrill at her touch? Does your blood begin to move faster at the sight of her, at the sound of her voice?"

"It used to be so," he answered in a low tone; "it is so no more. I think—and I shame to think—that it would be so again if she were now as she was, strong, active and well. And yet I love her, Margie."

"Would you like my advice, Arthur?"

"You do not need to ask. No one can advise me as well. You are a woman and should see her side; you are my sister and should feel for me."

"I do feel for you and for her, too, Arthur. I said I would speak to her, but I think now that you would best do so yourself. Go to her and demand that she listen to you. You are engaged to marry, and who have a better right to speak of parenthood than a man and woman about to marry?"

"And if she refuse to listen?"

"She will not if you are firm."

"And if she refuse to take my advice?"

"Ah, Arthur! you must ask that question not only of your own heart, but of your own knowledge, your own wisdom. It is not for me to tell you what to do in such a case."

"You are right, Margie. I have been a coward long enough. I will go to her and tell her how I feel. And I will go at once."

He kissed his sister and left the room without another word; and Margie knew by his pale, set face that a crisis had been reached in two young lives.

"Poor little Amelia!" she murmured.

(To Be Continued.)

THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE FRAUD

By "Justice"

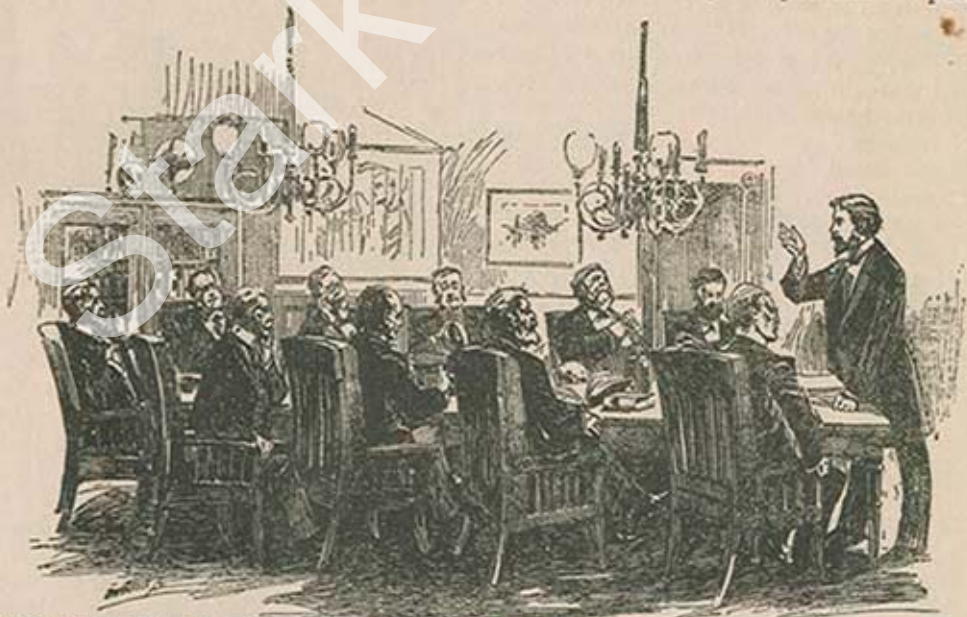


PERMIT me to introduce "Our Medical Staff in their morning consultation, where every case is duly considered and deliberated upon."

The accompanying cut is an exact reproduction of a picture which is printed on the back of the letters sent out by the A— Medical Institute,

whose employee I recently was. You will admit, no doubt, that it is quite a distinguished and venerable body of gentlemen (?) whose appearance ought to do honor to the medical profession at large; and now, while you gaze upon them already beginning to feel the hypnotic spell of their presence creeping over you and undecided as to whether you in justice to yourself ought not to write me and obtain the address of the Medical Institute which engages such an eminent looking staff of doctors, that you may

have an opportunity to lay bare before them your troubles and heartaches, I will go on to tell you just what the A— Medical Institute is. I desire here to emphasize the fact, that I write these lines with absolutely no personal malice or enmity of any kind as my motive. My relations and dealings with the man responsible for this concern were, with one exception, always pleasant and cordial, and in a personal way, I have no cause whatever for complaint against him. When I write it is wholly with my eye upon that sad host of poor, misguided sufferers, who in their search for help, are basely and mercilessly victimized. For these I stand, and in giving publicity to the facts concerning the fraud in question, you may expect me to deal with you, mercilessly as you deal with them. For heaven's sake, men! cannot you, who have wealth enough to permit you to live in ease and affluence several lifetimes over, find something better to do than to continue to impose upon and rob poor,



OUR MEDICAL STAFF, IN THEIR MORNING CONSULTATION, WHERE EVERY CASE RECEIVES DUE CONSIDERATION

sick and dying men and women and children!

The picture of "Our Medical Staff," which I have presented you, is a "fake" pure and simple. No such body of physicians existed in reality, the whole thing is imaginary, a fraud, and it is printed upon the back of the letters sent out by the A— Medical Institute merely in order to impress people with the dignity and eminence of the Institute. To be sure, the A— Medical Institute does employ one doctor, as do, as a rule, all these so-called "Medical Institutes"—the law requires this, I believe, but that is all the doctor there is to it. You have noted the line in English directly beneath the picture. There is also another line written underneath this, in a foreign language. The verbatim translation of which is: "*Our Scandinavian physician translating your description of your disease for our staff under its morning consultation, where ever; case is diagnosed after careful deliberation analyze.*" This same cut with this inscription (minus the English, of course), goes with the letters sent out to Swedish patients, and you must admit that the idea was a good one. (Just note the attention with which the eminent faculty follows his translation!—) I, who happen to be born in a Northern latitude, figured in the office as "Our Scandinavian Doctor." When I entered the Institute and was confronted with this proposition, I faltered somewhat, but the "doc" quickly reassured me. "It is the easiest thing in the world," said he; "just notice how I tackle them. All you have to do is to put on a wise air and ask what is the trouble. While the patient (sucker) tells his tale, you size up your man. You—you say to yourself, you are good for \$40.00. Ah! you say when he has finished his story; your case is quite complicated and a serious one, Mr. Jay, it is one which demands prompt and immediate attention if it must not reach a stage where help is no longer possible. It will cost you, etc., etc." This was the kind of advice given me by the one physician who attended in the A— Medical Institute—the "you—you are good for \$40.00, etc.," being the exact language he used. But if you think that there was anything exceptionally brutal or fiendish about this man, you are mistaken. Quite

the contrary, he was a very pleasant, agreeable and even good-hearted fellow, whose two bright-faced, merry little girls often romped through the office. He was one out of thousands, head of a family, without means, employed and dependent upon his commission and salary, well up to the spirit of the times, realizing that it was for him to "do" others or to die, and preferring the first. He remarked to me one day when we had a laugh at one of the many curious and ridiculous epistles which are constantly being received in such places. "Well, well, after all it is these poor suckers who supply us with bread and butter, so we ought not to laugh too loud."

Apart from my duty as "our Scandinavian Doctor" I had charge of the correspondence in this office, and had the very best of opportunities to satisfy myself as to how amazingly easy it is to impose upon and victimize that blind, stupid, credulous, helpless, seething mass which constitutes Humanity. You, reader, may flatter yourself that when Mr. Barnum said that a sucker was born every minute, he meant your neighbor and not you, but when I take into consideration that a number of men and women—apart from the illiterate, ignorant class, although the largest number of victims of course come from there—that a number of seemingly very intelligent, educated, cultured people, farmers, merchants, college boys, etc., who with the most perfect ease are manipulated by these quacks and pay them month after another for worthless and dangerous nostrums, often keeping it up for years, I somehow get the feeling that you and I, too, are apt to be "landed" occasionally. At any rate, I am feeling that I have "landed" you several times.

One of my finest accomplishments in this direction was in my correspondence with a certain patient. I remember that he was an Irishman and that his first name was Patrick. Pat had been under treatment for quite a while when I took him in hand, I believe for eight or ten months. First he had been doped with medicine until his faith in this kind of treatment forsook him. Then, according to the principles of the A— Medical Institute, he was told that an electric belt was what he needed, to be used in

connection with a special treatment, prepared to work in conjunction with it, etc. When this, too, failed to relieve him, he naturally grew despondent and wrote us in a very indignant strain, asking his money back, and at this point I took him in hand. I wrote him an encouraging letter, telling him that he must have a certain instrument, which was just discovered and was being used in troubles like his with unfailling success—a special medical treatment to go with it. Price of the instrument \$15.00, the medicines only \$8.00 per month. This, however, was too much for poor Pat, and he wrote back an extremely abusive letter, calling us a lot of unpleasant names, warning us to never mention that \$15.00 instrument to him again, and advising that we had better without delay pay him his money back if we desired to steer clear of the law—“raised himself up on his hind legs and howled,” as the old man put it. Well, I replied that “although we, as a rule, do not answer such insulting and impertinent letters as yours, still, as we realize that your mind is affected by your sad affliction, and as it is our sincere desire to help you, if you will but permit it, we write to say, that when we recommended that instrument, we did it simply because we know that this appliance will be worth its weight in gold to you. Why, Mr. Patrick, here we are, a staff of the country’s best physicians, doing everything in our power to as speedily as possible rid you of that unfortunate trouble, which you have brought upon yourself. Our chief consulting physician has given your case his special attention, and all of us have been anxiously watching your progress. We have done our very best for you, and all you give us in return is abuse! To be sure, the ingratitude and thanklessness of the world is great indeed! etc.”

It was something like a week after this missive had been sent out that I heard a commotion in the front office, and when I entered the “doc” and the old man stood there with a letter and looked upon me quite fondly, as I thought. That letter was from Pat, with enclosure of \$18.00 and an humble apology to the faculty, asking that we please change our bad opinion of him, saying that he sent for the instrument, as we considered it necessary in his case, and as it was his

last money, would we please trust him in part for the medicine, etc. “That’s a winner,” said the “doc” and slapped me cordially on the shoulder, while the old man looked at me in a way which indicated that I was almost ripe for an increase in my salary. I may mention, that that was the last time we heard from Pat. After that he became what in the slang of the office we called a “stiff.” Later, I am going to tell you how stiffes are brought to life again.

I proceed to give you a short lesson in the business methods of an up-to-date quackery as the A— Medical Institute. I will do it, even though it be at the risk of some of those enterprising souls which we know to be all about us in these strenuous times, taking advantage of same and “going into business for themselves” after learning the trick—as I have seen several friends do. The way then that we did it at the A— Medical Institute was by means of medicine, electric belts and the instruments which I just mentioned in connection with the Patrick case. You will understand that at the start you received a medical treatment which was kept up as long as the sailing was smooth, that is, as long as you could be made to remit monthly without protest. When this failed to hold you any longer, we sprung the electric belt on you. The A— Medical Institute’s wonderful appliance, the marvel of the century, producing a stream of galvanic electricity identical with life and, if anything, an improvement upon it, was then what you needed, and a belt you got, to be used in connection with a special treatment. When your joy and anticipations in regard to this had waned, and our arguments as to its subtle merits were all played out, then we found that your case demanded that you get one of the aforesaid instruments, which in connection with another special treatment, would finish the cure as it ought to be finished. However, as we had tired you out pretty well by this time, cunning means must be employed if we were to make you buy it, too. But we were equal to the occasion. Out in a little Indiana town the old man had a place where these instruments were manufactured. This place was called the B— Manufacturing Co., and from there we had a circular printed to our-

selves and the medical profession at large: "Dear Doctor," it commenced, "you have probably noticed an article in the New York Medical Journal about the recent triumphs of science, that we have succeeded in inventing an instrument which will no doubt prove to be one of the greatest boon to suffering mankind of the age, etc., etc." This circular we enclosed in letters to patients at this point, saying: "We enclose you a circular which we have recently received from the B— Co. in Indiana, and which will no doubt interest you. It has been used in our office with the most gratifying and satisfactory results, and it is all that is claimed for it. We advise that you get it immediately either through us or from the manufacturers direct, etc., etc." You see, this part of the game was carried on by our pretending that the B— was a concern independent of us, and that we recommended their instrument merely in the interest of our patients.

You no doubt think that we have now reached the climax, that we have exhausted all our resources for bleeding our prey, but therein you are mistaken. To be sure, after this last venture with the instrument, the patient becomes for a while what it pleased us to call a "stiff," which means a man out of whom no more money is to be gotten for the time being. However, we still had his letters on our files, and I will proceed to tell you how to "bring a stiff to life again."

In order to do this, all you have to do is to change your name, your address, your form letters and literature, calling yourself the B— Medical Institute instead of the A, and spring another proposition upon the same man again. You will understand that in this way, when the A— Medical Institute has done a patient to the best of his ability, you come along with the B after you have let him sleep in your files for a reasonable time, and if life is not extinct when B is through with him, why, you can go ahead and inaugurate C, the contention being that you may as well get all of his money as anybody else. In the A— Medical Institute, of which I have spoken in this paper, we carried three such names, two of the Institutes being located in Chicago, and one in New York.

The two in Chicago were conducted in the same offices although the address on the letters and literature of course differed. A nice little girl, one of these prodigies of the times, had charge of the number two. Her desk stood next to mine, and I regret to say that we frequently had a little mix-up, when patients would write me concerning letters they had got from the B— Medical, in which case I, as representative of A, advised them to steer clear of B, if they valued their lives. The word "Royal" occurred in the B title, and I used to raise my little girl competitor's ire considerably by writing such patients "that often there is but very little in a name, and that any kind of variation of royalty is a quality not cherished by intelligent American citizens," thus in a sentence knocking out the little one's "Institute" entirely.

In conclusion, to give you in a paragraph an idea of the magnitude of such a concern or modern fake establishment, let me add, that in connection with the A— Medical Institute of Chicago we had our own huge printing plant, which had recently been improved upon and modernized by the old man at an expenditure of about \$70,000. Giant modern presses were running day and night, turning out each twenty-four hours 100,000 of the well-known little booklets, which you receive through the mails, or which are handed you in the streets or thrust into your post box. It is therefore not without cause that I feel a little uneasy when I contemplate as I conclude this article, that a great national industry trembles in the balance, for I know that the stench which will arise, should it be turned over and exposed to the full light of day will be something fearful.

In my next paper I shall go on to tell you how my friend, Mr. Johnson, after having been "in business for himself," but with bad luck, started a "Women's Diseases Department" in another patent medicine concern, in connection with which some women who may happen to read this, may yet recall his advertisement, a large cut of a woman, pointing upwards to this conspicuous heading: "Women, why in the world will you suffer any longer!"



and all, had set out willing to make this new land beneath the Southern Cross their home and the aim of their endeavor.

There, on a little farm in a clearing, among

the gigantic gum trees, Tom, our hero, was born into this world. Lusty and strong from the cradle was his infancy; his companions the birds in the forest and the beasts on the farm. Little recked he, as soon as he was able, to roam

in the thickets with a brace of kangaroo hounds as guides and mentors and to bring him safe home again. They would watch by his side if, overcome by chasing after butterflies or muskrats, he should fall asleep at the foot of a giant tree, making the hollows in the gnarled roots and dead leaves his bed. In those sunny latitudes there's no frost to bite or inclement weather to fear. No wild beasts inhabit those woods. At worst there are snakes, but they shun the presence of man, and only become dangerous when accidentally trodden on or roused from their lair.

What surprises were there on every hand, and new things to behold and examine. What is that far-off, clear, musical sound, like a sheep or cattle bell? Tom knows there are none such for many miles, and sets out to find the cause. Through bramble and bush, now it is nearer—a cautious approach! Now it is overhead! The eyes seek to penetrate



WHEN old England's draconic game laws sent many of her most stalwart sons in the chain gangs to the Antipodes, some long-headed sportsmen no doubt had in mind the splendid leaven which this untamed, robust element would give to the populace in those far-off dependencies; and

their dreams have been realized. It was customary to parole the good-conduct convict and permit him to settle where he listed within the boundaries of the respective States. Most of these, men of iron will and constitution, knocked at the gates of the wilderness, conquered the wild tangle of the primeval forest, made homes, and took to themselves wives either born in the country, or from on board the immigrant ships which at stated times came from the Motherland with a sweet cargo of womanhood, who, one

the branches and foliage overhead, but nothing is to be seen. Now! An insignificant-looking bird wings from one bough to another, slow and stately, and in its swoop it utters two or three times its bell-like note—sharp and clear and metallic. That is the Australian bell-bird. It is in the gloaming, nature is hushed, except for the drowsy chirrup of some cricket and the soft pit-a-pit of a marsupial over the dead leaves. This call among such surroundings, and at such a time, goes to the heart of those who understand Nature, our mother.

Another picture! Early in the dawn, while yet the grass is diamond-studded with the dew, and the cobwebs look like Venetian filigree, there is a crash and a clatter in the trees overhead. One would think that the fishwives of Billingsgate were having their morning quarrel. All the dogs on the farm soon join in, and bring everybody out-of-doors to see the invasion of an army of great white cockatoos, who are bent on having a meal from the green young crops of corn or whatever there may be to rob in the way of eatables. Shotguns and stones soon put the noisy crew to flight, but enough have fallen to make a big parrot pie, which is a very toothsome dish, and relished by all. Because the small settlers have so much bother with these birds they are out there called cockatoo farmers.

Soon our boy is grown big enough to look with longing eyes at the many frisky horses gamboling about in the paddocks of the homestead. A few unlucky attempts, which, however, don't dishearten, or break any bones, and our hero is a proud boy indeed when at last he can straddle a horse without coming ignominiously to the ground. Now is he in his proper element. Though barely in his teens, he can mount with the best of them and stick to anything covered with horsehair.

The forest opens new vistas, and new fields for conquest. The horse's hoof now beats down unheeded the wealth of pretty brush flowers which he was so proud to find and bear home to his mother by the armful. No cry so musical now as the deep baying of the hounds in the vast solitudes of the forest on the spoor of the fleet kangaroo. The chase is long

and hazardous from overhanging limbs of trees, but the clean blood leaps at the sound, and the heart is aflame and untainted as those of his ancestors were who leaped, battle-axe in hand, upon the shallow sands of the Humber and the Tyne and the Dee, and carried all before them.

The youth is now almost a man. Lithe and tall, keen of eye, and fair-haired, he excels in all feats of strength and agility and endurance. He has broken his father's most wicked colts, he has roped the most vicious oxen and trained them to the yoke, and bravely, and as a man should, he has stood his bout with the rival swains for the smiles of beauty. Of book lore he has but little, imparted at the mother's knee for the most part, but he is smart and true and honest, in every way fit for the post he is called in this life to fill. The aboriginal black fellows of the district admire him and fear him. He knows their lingo, their ways and superstitions, and can easily beat them on their ground as far as woodcraft and energy go. In one thing only are they more adept, and that is in throwing the boomerang. It is not on record that any white has ever in the history of the colonies been able to acquire sufficient skill in this art to beat the niggers.

Whence this uncontrollable longing of all men of the Saxon race to rove far from home and cover the earth to the uttermost corners? The trait is incontestably evident, and has been bred in the bone for a thousand years and more. Hardly any of that potent Northern blood escapes. It manifests itself even in the descendants of those who have already made new homes far from the old Motherland.

Tom followed the "call" to the blistering North, to the land of fabled gold and miraculous pasture lands for cattle.

No occasion for him to desert his snug home in the deep forest clearing! But the cry had gone forth, and he must follow, the quest a new kingdom to be raised to the Golden Calf among the arid, desolate pinnacles of the barren mountain chains which traverse the northwest of the Australian Continent. Along in Tom's train went his trusty horse "Wal-laby," and "Turk" and "Towser," the hounds, all friends and companions of long standing and tried experience. A

powerful team this, the man's brain and sinew, the horse's endurance, and the dogs' sagacity and faithfulness; yet how puny when opposed to the tremendous obstacles of the deserts and barren mountain chasms and the climate and the treachery and ferocity of hostile native tribes. Yet when man's greed is aroused, what on earth or heaven does he shrink from?

On a mud bank by the shores of the Fitzroy river there landed this undaunted band from the coasting steamer, which had brought them up from the older settlements in the south.

After a few days of rest and final preparation, the march of 450 miles into the unknown interior was begun. At first through flat scrub land, in the estuary of the river. Tall grasses reaching up to the horseman's shoulders and thorny shrubs impeded their progress. The heat, untempered by any breezes, was intense, and told on man and beast from the start. The ground under foot was soft alluvial sand, and every step tiring; but on, on, ever on, is the watchword, and day after day sees the struggling band at nightfall just fall exhausted and played out by the water-holes. A minor pest, but none the less torturing, were the myriads of flies, which covered and invaded everything. Crawling into eyes and nose and mouth, and pestering the animals' past endurance. At nightfall would come the swarms of mosquitoes, keeping up the torment till sunrise again.

Most dangerous of all, however, were the bands of prowling native savages, who commenced from now on to hang on the flanks of the advancing party. Too cowardly and cunning for open attack they stuck to the trail waiting for an unguarded moment. The Winchesters, or "plenty-talk guns," as they call them, kept the marauding bucks far enough away, and they hardly ever ventured within sight. The first victim was one of the dogs, "Turk," who dragged himself into camp one day with a long, barbed spear in the side. The poor animal was too sorely wounded, and had to be destroyed. Tom's heart grew to stone when the faithful brute's dying, glassy stare met his swimming eyes.

Already there had been a few finds of gold in the torrent-beds of the foot-hills,

and man's presence was evident on every hand, of those who had gone before. While ascending a steep and narrow gulch one day, Towser, the dog, and scout came running back on the party, trembling, howling and foaming at the mouth. When they came upon the scene, their hearts stood still. There in the fierce glare of the sun was a woman on the ground, supported on her arms over a tiny water-rill and from her side hung the long shaft of a long hardwood spear. Her garments in rags, but her open, brown hair falling over her face and shoulders like a veil. She was delirious, and with one feeble hand kept tugging at the cruel wound. Beyond lay the bodies of two men, on their faces; one an old man and one in the flower of his youth, as his gory, curly, brown poll betokened. They were stripped and their bones broken. Their loins had been ripped open to take out the kidneys and fat. These horrible savages believe that the kidneys are the mainspring of the white man's power. Therefore, they always take these out when they can get a victim, and smear their bodies with the fat of those organs, thinking to impart to themselves some of the white's power.

This sight was more than those iron natures could stand even. Every thought and energy was bent on succor. The dog went and sniffed at the poor tortured clay; its hair rose; shivering, and sick, it howled the dead man's requiem. While yet every sense was bent on means of relief and alleviation of the pitiful wail who had so miraculously escaped the slaughter, for they soon found that the spear had only gone through the thick flesh in the side, while a blow on the head with a club had partly stunned her, there suddenly rose the hideous yell of the tribe, and a shower of spears fell, wounding almost everyone and every beast. One of the pack animals was killed, and the rest stampeded. Only "Wallaby" came to his master, followed by the one packer tethered to him. Towser was riddled, and lay dying. Then the rifle spoke, and the black demons fled, twenty or more. Leaping upon the rim of the canyon, Tom had them in full view, and at every bark of the rifle one more went to the happy hunting ground. One Herculean warrior was hit in the stomach, and he fell with the

entrails out; but he pushed them back, picked himself up, and went on up the hill, keeping his carcass together with his hands. But this marvelous endurance was of no avail, for the gray eye found the flying speck along the gun barrel, far up the mountain. At the report it wavered a moment, and then the inert black mass came thundering back down the steep, falling almost at Tom's feet. The foe was beaten, and the danger past, for the report of such prowess would check the depredations and fill them with holy awe for months to come. Yet the situation was irksome in the extreme. Just at the threshold of success, at the golden gate ajar, now to turn back? But Tom's resolve was taken. He must save the helpless and gentle survivor of the slaughter at all costs. So it was resolved that the party push on, and our boy return to the coast bearing the fair invalid to the settlements. It was over 200 miles, the many dangers to be faced alone and hampered by a frail and dying girl; but not once did he waver. On the rude litter the light form was secured on the pack animal's back, and "Wallaby," carrying his master, trotted beside, keeping a wary eye on his clumsy partner, seemingly understanding what was wanted.

By easy stages, and carefully picking his road, our blond giant made his way. Sensations sweet and untoward tugged at his heart. His charge became conscious after a while, and the great brown eyes, now hollow and wasted, learned to dwell lingeringly and with gratitude and admiration upon her preserver. One night they sat thus in a sheltered and sweet spot by the camp fire, he telling of many things to cheer her as far as he was able, and she listening intently and with shining, pathetic eyes, too weak to speak, even. Then the boy's language failed him; but he bent over and the eagle-gray eyes lost themselves in the depths of the brown fawn eyes, and their souls mingled in the unutterable sweetness of a long, long kiss. Oh, the ecstasy of this soul finding soul for ever and ever! Now the poor fawn swoons through weakness and intense emotion, and he curses himself for a fool and a blockhead, and fusses and fumes. Sitting by the side of her all through the long, tragic night, to keep her from all harm. His load-star from

now on! Alas! the cup of their misfortunes not yet filled.

By selecting a less difficult route down the valley of a river, our cavalcade came among the haunts of another ferocious tribe, cunning devils, who had already had a brush or two with the advancing settlers. There was much thick scrub about, and tall grass in that region, putting many opportunities for ambush on the side of the savages. Yet by alertness both day and night, our hero pulled through with hardly a few scratches. At about 60 miles he strikes the broad trail again that leads up to the mines, littered with cans and paper, and bones and broken wagons, and even useless guns and cartridges. The blacks, led by a notorious coast black, "Alligator Bob," make one last determined effort to cut them off. Grown more bold now that the quarry is about to slip from them, they surround Tom one day in a thicket, and with "Bob" in the van, charge fiercely. With rifle and revolver Tom stands at bay, like a lion, between the horses. But at short range the spears are only too effective. Our hero sees the end come. His one thought is for the woman he loves. He whispers to "Wallaby." With a hearty slap and cheer he starts the horses going full tilt down the trail to the sea, knowing full well that the horse's sagacity will not forsake it, but will carry it safely through.

Now he stands alone, facing his implacable foes. But that last look of appeal from brown eyes makes him a tiger, a demon for destruction. He breaks through, killing and shooting, and then his fleet and trained legs carry him beyond the range of spears and scattered enemies.

The rescuers, two days after, still found him erect and going, but ravaging and dangerous. Fourteen wounds covered his devoted body, and all almost mortal. Any ordinary constitution would assuredly have gone under; but his magnificent physique survived. Ghastly scars still seam the blond head, which a devoted brown head now often smothers with soft curls down in that happy homestead under the venerable old gum trees where our wanderers went after their recovery and glad union in the far and fierce north desert land.

THE ART OF BOXING AND SELF-DEFENSE

By Prof. W. J. Lee

Ex-Light-Weight Champion of the East

This Series of Boxing Lessons is illustrated by instantaneous photographs of Professor Lee, ex-lightweight champion of the East, and William Rodenbach, amateur middle and heavy-weight champion of America.

We have arranged with Professor Lee for a complete series of lessons, and the first of the series is presented herewith.—EDITOR.

FIRST LESSON



THAT the science of Boxing is still in its infancy is the serious opinion of all past masters of the game. My fourteen years of experience as pugilist, trainer and teacher, leaves me with the same conviction, having

boxed with the world's cleverest fighters of their time, including such men as: "Stodge" Daley, the English ex-champion; Dan Creedon, of Australia; Matty Matthews, welter-weight champion of the world; Joe Dunfer, and



Fig. 2.—Jeffries' Style

Young Griffo, the world's wonder of fistic science—which enables me to speak intelligently on the subject of boxing as a science.

The object of these lessons is to teach self-defense, to protect oneself from assault, for healthful exercise, and for the sport of friendly contest in the house or at the club.

Remember that it is not at all easy to learn how to box. You must practice the blows here shown diligently, and use the greatest possible care not to acquire a bad style. Carefully note the different positions shown, and



Fig. 1.—The Improper Way to Hold Hands

practice assuming each one of them over and over again until they become natural to you. Gradually you will find yourself improving in quickness and in accuracy in delivering blows.

Secure an opponent who will practice the various blows with you, and each one shown should be practiced over and over again until it can be easily and quickly delivered. Try and secure an opponent who is about your own strength, and do not make the mistake of trying to box before you learn proper methods.

You will find that in

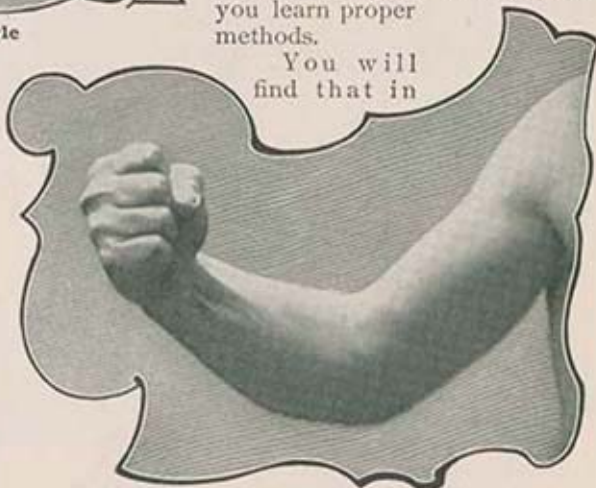


Fig. 3.—The Proper Way to Hold Hands

practicing the various blows you will use nearly every muscle in the body, and that it will not only be the means of learning how to box, but you will considerably increase your physical strength by the practice.

It is, of course, well for you to add a general system of physical culture to work of this kind,

because boxing, though it is an excellent exercise, will not entirely develop all parts of the body near-



Fig. 5.—Correct Position

POSITION 1. The first thing to consider is the position of the hands, so as to avoid possible injury. Fig. 1 shows improper position of hand for hook or swinging blow. The thumb is sure to come in contact with some part of your opponent's anatomy. There is nothing so painful. It will lessen your chances in sparring, as you will not want to strike with an injured hand or wrist. This is the one great danger all professional boxers have to contend with.

POSITION 2. The correct way to jab left or right. Jeffries' style. See Fig. 2.

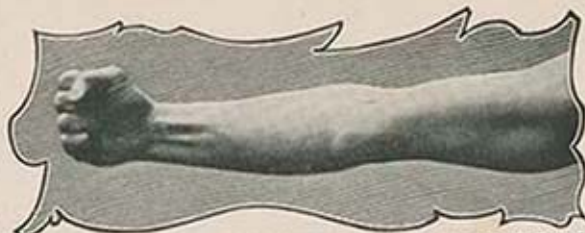


Fig. 4.—The Correct Way for Straight Right or Left Lead

POSITION 3. The proper way to close the hand is seen in Fig. 3. For hook or swing, left or right hand blow, this is one of the best positions in the whole art of boxing. It is a most deceiving blow. It can be sent straight or hooked, or up, or down, or across, as your opponent comes in. If missed, you can recover quickly. This is the proper way to bend the elbow when you start to mix it up (in-fighting); try to land your blows with the first two knuckles of the hand. This is the strongest part.

POSITION 4. The correct way for straight right or left lead. See Fig. 4.

POSITION 5. Position varies from correct straight style in Fig. 5 to correct crouch in Fig. 6; these positions can be changed from one to the other by simply bending

ly so speedily as when it is conjoined to some other rational method of using the muscular system.



Fig. 6.—Correct Crouch



Fig. 7.—How to Begin Boxing

and straightening the knees, working the arms and shoulders in see-saw fashion without changing the position of the feet. Practice these before a mirror, and see for yourself. Box with an imaginary opponent; it will give you control of balance. All professionals practice this in training. Don't flex your muscle too hard, but be firm and ready.

POSITION 6. See Fig. 7. Having studied position of hands and feet, secure some friend or club-mate to spar with you. Adjust your gloves firmly. If they are new, knead them so that they will bend when you close your hand in them without effort. All new gloves are stiff. Don't box with open gloves. Never, never do it. Now step forward; extend your right hand to your opponent, shake hands, and step back with your right foot.

POSITION 7. See Fig. 8. In feinting for an opening don't exaggerate. As you shift your hands and move your body, do it so as to steady yourself, at the same time be ready to side-step a rush or meet it with either hand. Size up your opponent's advantages over you in height, weight and reach, if any, or your advantages over him. Study his temperament. If he is a rusher, let him. Meet him with straight blows. His weight rushing against them will add to the force of the blows. Above all, don't get to "cinching or roughing it." Learn to lead, land and avoid straight blows first. Anybody can swing a right hand. It takes practice to perfect the art of hitting straight with both hands. *Learn to hit from "where your hand is" without drawing back to add force or "telegraphing."*



Fig. 8.—Feinting for an Opening



THE GROWING DEMAND FOR BETTER PHYSICAL CONDITIONS ON THE STAGE

By Gerald Keating



ON the frame of the bedroom door of one of the most prominent American exponents of the dramatic stage is fixed a punching bag which this actor pummels almost daily with great evident satisfaction. There would be nothing very unusual in this were it not that an unmounted

print of a certain theatrical manager of herculean proportions adorned the bag, receiving many a hard knock and an occasional kick by proxy.

When I first entered his apartments I was struck by the oddity of the photograph and was at a loss to divine

the actor's reason for having it glued to a punching-bag. He was quick in seeing my wonder as I held the bag and tried to trace the outlines of some familiar features on the cracked and torn face of the



Harry Woodruff

Who had excellent opportunity for displaying his graceful and well-developed physique in his fencing scene in "Mistress Nell."



Guy Standing

In "Second In Command," a physical standard we would recommend theatre-goers to agitate for.

victim. I failed to recognize any, and slapping me on the back with

his huge hand, he dropped onto his sofa, and, after disposing of an orange, explained: "You see," he began, "I was very hard up five years ago and managed to secure only an occasional engagement. I had already given up comedy and had been devoting all my time to a close and careful study of Shakespeare. I flattered myself

that I was capable of giving a faithful and natural interpretation to all his heroes. A syndicate had just been formed and they advertised for men to fill the caste in Macbeth. This, as it happened, was my favorite, and Malcolm was my forte. The story is a short one. The picture you see on that bag is a reproduction of the photograph of the manager who rejected me as unfitted for the role. He did not test my ability, but rejected me peremptorily, and disposed of me in a

him no harm. We are thrown together a good deal now, and there are times, particularly when the run of a play is not as good as we both would wish, when he himself drops in and knocks the bag about.

"What a novel idea, to be sure," I laughed.

"You see, I no longer punch the old fellow with malice. I feel that but for him, and the incident I have just related, I would still be what I then was. Besides, when I am tired at night and not inclined to exercise, I have only to see that face on the bag, and my energy is roused, and my ennui disappears.

"But now that you have started me," he



Henry Miller

A skilled fencer and master of the rapier.



Kyrle Bellew

In "Harbor Lights," one of the greatest exponents of sword fights on the stage.

rather nasty way, saying that he had no use for "weaklings." I got hold of his photo and made about fifty copies of it, and for the last five years I have been punching that fellow beyond recognition. I still keep it up, as it does me good and apparently does



Edwin Arden

Whose commanding presence on the stage went so far in making him the early success that he was.

went on, "what an admirable scheme that was of Mansfield's in insisting on all his 'supes' being strong, burly and well developed giants. He has given the key to an innovation which our managers have been expecting for some time. He has realized that the personality and characteristics of the heroes in all of Shakespeare's plays are painfully marred and distorted because of the bad taste and judgment of the average manager in assigning to actors of scraggy proportions the portrayal of characters which every intelligent student of the drama associates with a man of strength, well developed physique and symmetrical proportions.

"An actor's grace and power of declaiming have their own value and, of course, are of very primary importance. They always stand him in good stead and help him to gloss over other defects. Elocution, graceful delivery and gesture deserve all the praise and applause an audience can be worked up into bestowing, but there is a growing desire for something more than this and our more enterprising managers are no longer blind to the new condition of things. We are having so many popular novels dramatized nowadays, that long before the announcement of the 'first night' even the average reader and occasional theater-goer is familiar with the virtues and the vices of the characters which are likely to be included in the dramatized piece. He has already made up his mind what sort of a man the hero and villain should be, and he accordingly clothes them in the human habitation which in his opinion is most natural and best suited to them. His disappointment, therefore, is not suppressed if on the stage he finds his preconceived notions upset or reversed. He does not expect the role of a Caesar, for instance, or of a Hercules, or a Nero to be portrayed by a long-legged, dawdling, flaccid and shape-

less actor with awkward carriage, no figure, pigeon chest and drooping shoulders.

"Have you noticed this change? It is acknowledged in the tone of our most recent plays. The people, or rather the audience, have every right to set the pace. Is it not so? Do you not notice it in every play you have reviewed this season?"

I had long ago made up my mind about this matter. It is just as he stated.

This desire for a better fitness is noticeable chiefly in the male portion of our audiences. It has also seized the lady who spends six nights a week in her box, and it is well that managers are opening their eyes. Except in the short-lived, flimsy pieces of shallow and uninteresting plot, playwrights are now working round the hero the main interest in their more recent productions, and the heroine, round whom most interest was formerly centered, is being relegated to second place.

This is a pass brought about by those to whom the managers have to look for patronage, and their tastes must be catered to. Audiences have already transferred their interest to the door of the actor's green-room, and from there they expect to see striding towards the footlights men worthy of the name, and not hybrids and striplings.

Of the actors, whose photographs are used to illustrate this article, Kyrle Bellew deserves special mention. The staircase scene in "A Gentleman of France," in which he is the figurehead, is about the most exciting and thrilling sword fight ever presented on the stage and is regarded by expert fencers as the model upon which all similar scenes should be based. The scene shows a wide staircase in the house of Viscomte de Turenne,



Charles Richman

Whose graceful but ill developed limbs reveal much room for improvement.

wherein Mlle. de la Vire is confined. Kyrle Bellew enters to rescue her and as he mounts the stairs he is discovered by Fresnoy. He dashes in the door and cries to the lady to break out, and drawing his rapier he turns to meet Fresnoy and his followers, who rush upon him sword in hand. There is a clash of steel, and one of Fresnoy's followers drops his sword, throws up his hands and flounders down the stairs. Another parry and a quick return and another follower is dispatched. The remaining assailants strive to force their way past Bellew and stab him in the back, but, quick as lightning, he sees their game and overcomes them all. This fight is

worth the price of admission ten times over.

Mr. Bellew had rather an eventful and exciting career before he took to the stage as a profession. He was a naval cadet on board the British flagship "Conway," where he had his first sword lesson. He afterwards practiced at the famous London fencing schools, those of Angele and Bertrand, and ultimately was elected president of the London Foil Club. He then turned his head towards the Australian bush and there found it advisable to keep up his practice of an art, skill in which is never thrown away on those who pitch in their lot with the motley crowd that fill the ranch.

The attention of professional and amateur actors and actresses is drawn to the editorial note which heads the current instalment of "The Strenuous Lover," which appears on page 280 of this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. We are in urgent need of capable and leading actors and actresses to fill the different roles in the dramatised version of the novel.—Editor.



View of Rome from St. Peter's, Showing the Garden of the Vatican

RECUPERATIVE EXERCISING

POSED SPECIALLY FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE

By Greiswold Congreve



BY "Recuperative Exercising" is meant something different from the ordinary routine of "movements," which are apt to become horribly monotonous after a few repetitions. Of course, any exercise is far better than none at all, but let us make it as enjoyable and interesting as possible. If, for instance, instead of merely waving our arms and legs this way and that

for so many times, we can, in the process of growing strong and symmetrical, train our muscles and joints to such advantage that we can assume, at will, and with an easy grace, postures quite impossible to our semi-ossified neighbor, is there no secret satisfaction in physical superiority as we think to ourselves: "I can do things which you can not?"

How often we hear the well-meant suggestion that he or she take a little exercise regularly, and how often the querulous retort, "Exercise! Don't talk of exercise to me. Why, I've been working hard all day long, and I am that tired it seems my back would break!" All of this may be so very true, that it takes considerable argument to persuade the tired one that work is not always exercise, and that exercise should by no means be associated with humdrum work.

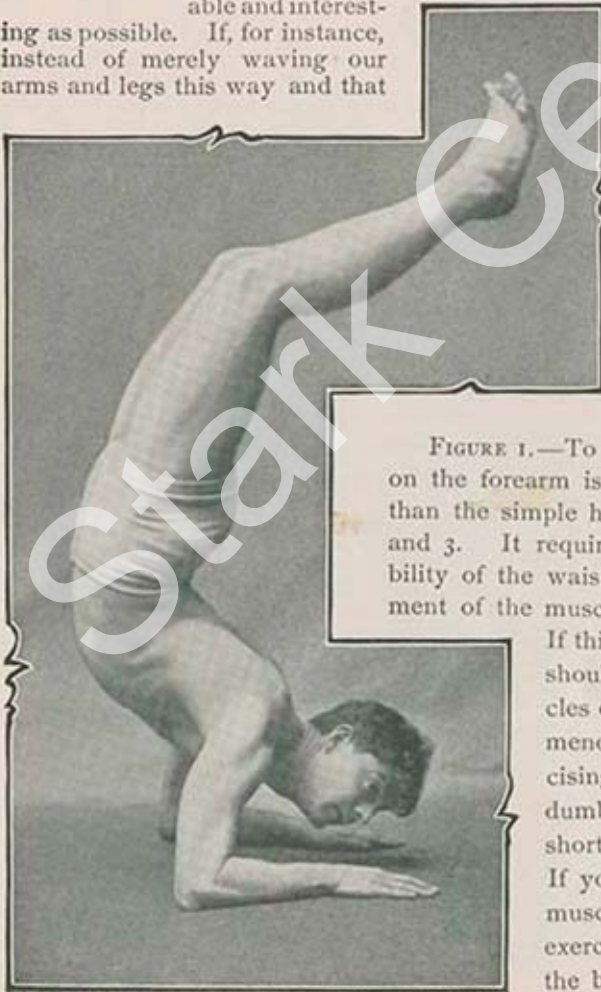
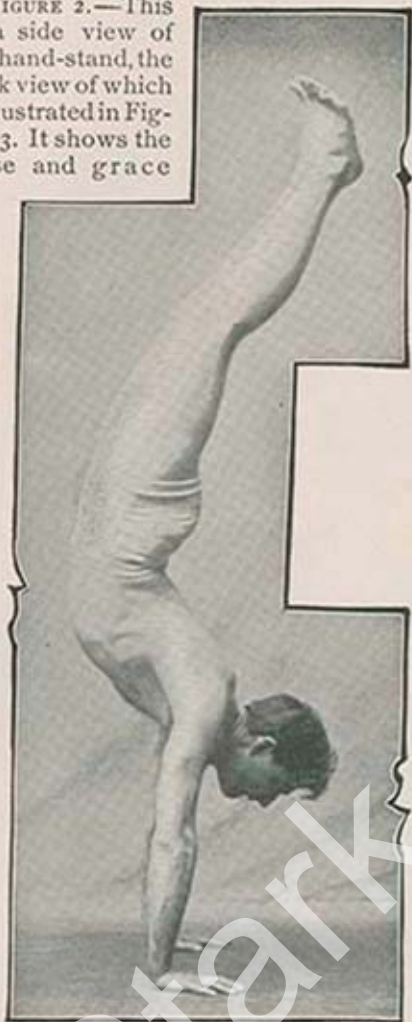


FIGURE 1.—To rest the weight of the whole body on the forearm is a more difficult balancing feat than the simple hand-stand illustrated in Figures 2 and 3. It requires, in the first place, more flexibility of the waist muscles, and a good development of the muscles of the upper arm and neck.

If this position brings a strain on your shoulders, or taxes or tires the muscles of your forearms, I would recommend your having recourse to exercising on a grip machine, and light dumb-bell exercises, which will in a short time help you to stand the strain. If you feel any weakness about the muscles of the waist line, practice exercises which develop muscles of the back and abdomen.

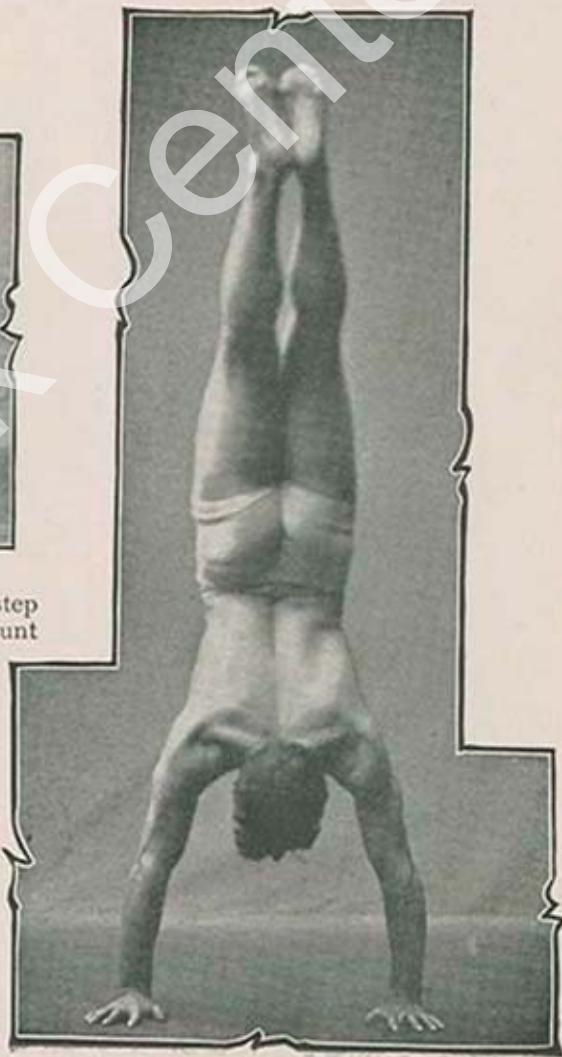
FIGURE 2.—This is a side view of the hand-stand, the back view of which is illustrated in Figure 3. It shows the poise and grace



of an easy equilibrium, and is the first step preparatory to the hand-walking stunt which you will soon try of your own accord after perfecting the hand-stand proper. It is well to bear in mind that in order to walk any distance on your hands, the weight of your body must be thrown well on your shoulders. If you are nervous or afraid of falling over on your back, then bend one of your arms slightly, relax the whole of your body, and fall sideways, landing on your feet. This will enable you to accomplish the hand-stand without much risk of accident,

FIGURE 3.—This shows a back view of the simple hand-stand. It requires no particular strength to accomplish it, except in the wrist and fingers, and a little knack of balancing, which is acquired by practice.

The beginner must stand facing the wall, then place his hands on the floor, with a distance of about two feet between himself and the wall, then rest on the floor firmly with the palms of the hands with the fore and upper arms well tensed, and the shoulders braced and well back. Kick up the feet sharply and backward into the air, and let the heels rest slightly against the wall, until you have acquired perfect confidence and are not afraid of toppling over or falling sideways.



It is remarkable what a lot of really hard work we can accomplish in the way of recreation, as when the pastime consists of games competitive, which bring into active service muscles we hardly knew we possessed. And there lies the fascination of sport—the exhilaration of utilizing those dormant muscles which,

in our everyday work, fall into desuetude. A change is as good as a rest, sometimes, and, if a chain is as strong only as its weakest link, had we not better equalize as much as possible the development of our whole muscular



system? Figure it this way: You are tired after your day's work, too tired to move. You felt the same yesterday and the day before, because that poor back, your arms and legs,

have had precisely the same routine to accomplish each and every day, ever since you were a child, when you romped and kicked in hoydenish glee. Let us presume now, that being very tired, you are not going out in search of amusement; you

are even too tired to read or talk. Well, go lie down for an hour, rest and think how much more comfortable you are than many others. You'll be more comfortable, however, if you can take off the garb of convention and stretch your weary limbs in unhampered enjoyment; and to start with, first try the Exercises shown and described in this article, and thus prepare yourself for the more difficult set which will be presented to you in a later article.

FIGURE 4.—This is an excellent all-round exercise for developing the contour of the whole body. The illustration gives you the idea that it is a very simple one, but after starting the practice of it your opinion will be altered. It is about the most severe test of the strength

of the legs, and the way you set about it is this: Raise the leg which is the weaker until it is at right angles with the leg which is resting on the ground. Raise your hands over your head, then bend slowly on one foot until the horizontal

leg and hips rest entirely on the floor. Then rise slowly to the former position, being careful to preserve your balance and not topple over.

Going through this exercise will in particular improve the contour of your thigh and calf. When you have succeeded in accomplishing it on your strong leg, then try it on the other, so as to acquire uniform development in both legs. This is about the best abdominal exercise there is. It gives excellent protection to the diaphragm and develops a set of muscles over the solar plexus which is proof to the hardest punch or blow.



Being the first and only graphic account of the experiences in England, Ireland and America, of

who holds the coveted title.—Editor.

the World's greatest sprinter, and how he won the Prince Hassan Cup and the Coronation Prize at King Edward's Races Written specially for Physical Culture by ARTHUR F. DUFFEY, of Georgetown University,



AFTER the Memorial Day race for the Intercollegiate championship at Berkeley Oval, where I successfully lowered the world's record, I spent the few days left me previous to my sailing for England in resting, as it was my intention to tour through the British Isles competing in all their

athletic sports, and I felt that a change from the ordinary routine of training would be of great benefit to me, especially as I had trained so strenuously for the record-breaking feat.

On the 7th of June, just one week before I was to sail, I was invited by the New York Athletic Club to make a trial at the sixty and seventy-five yards records respectively. As I still felt very fit, I consented, but the best I could do was to equal my own figures. My running was up to the standard, but as it was an unsuitable day for record-breaking, I felt satisfied, and everybody predicted a most successful season abroad.

Sailing from New York on the 14th of June, I was much surprised to see a large crowd of enthusiasts, most of whom I could not place by name, but who informed me that they had come down to see the good ship Etruria depart and to bid me a *bon voyage* and success, with

a firm hope that I once more would wrest the much coveted trophy from the pride of Merry England and at last become its permanent possessor.

My training on shipboard was of a very slight degree and consisted mostly of walking and skipping rope in order to keep myself from putting on superfluous weight and to keep my muscles as supple as possible. My fellow-passengers became much interested in me after my four and five mile walks around the deck, and before we landed they all knew of my mission across the Atlantic and wished me heartily the best of success. At first upon the ship they all were extremely anxious to know who Duffey was and anticipated meeting a very tall and muscular fellow. As Jones, the high jumper from New York University, was with me, they all naturally supposed he was the individual, but my tall friend soon informed them that the little fellow was the runner, at which much surprise was expressed. They could not understand how such a short man could cover any ground in a race. As we used to promenade the deck in order to exercise, we were the subject of much comment, Jones measuring six feet three and one-quarter inches, and myself a scant five feet seven inches, and one party justly remarking that we appeared the long and short of it. We arrived in Liverpool the following Saturday in the evening after a most



A Group of Champions
D. MURRAY (Irish Champion, 100 yards)
D. D. JONES (American Champion, High Jump)
D. CAREY (Irish Champion, Hurdles)
A. F. DUFFY, "King of Sprinters" (World's Champion, 100 yards—
 21 seconds)

enjoyable trip. It was surprising to observe what a peculiar effect the ocean voyage had upon us athletes and in spite of the many precautions. When we landed we were astonished to see how much weight we had put on and what a depressing effect in general the salt air had not only upon ourselves, but on many of our fellow-voyagers as well.

Our stay in Liverpool was only over Monday, and then we proceeded to Wolverhampton, at which place were to be held the Coronation Games. I stayed the remainder of the week at this place and commenced training for the *King's Races* on the 28th. I was very desirous of giving a good performance at these sports, as I was informed that the Mayor of Birmingham and the Duke of York were expected to be present, accompanied by the Honorable Committee of the Art Exhibition.

The weather on Coronation Day was most suitable for an American sprinter, though the English athletes complained incessantly of the heat. It was the kind of a day I desired, and as I approached the scene of the contest I felt assured

that I would render a good account of myself. The race itself I shall not undertake to describe. Suffice it to say, I was a double winner, having won the Scratch Coronation Race and the Open Handicap. I never ran so well in all my career,

accomplishing ten seconds three times, ten and one-fifth seconds once, and a yard faster than nine and four-fifths seconds, almost repeating the record of Berkeley Oval.

At the Banquet that evening I was presented with the prizes of my performance of the afternoon and my day's racing was the principal topic of discussion. Many of the people present had doubts of my nine and three-fifths seconds in America, but after the Coronation Races they universally agreed that I accomplished that time without any question.

The following day I set out for London and once more resumed training for my Challenge Cup Race, and the British Championship. As I had run so strongly at Wolverhampton, it was my intention to still continue the severe system of training that I had subjected myself to in hopes that I would once more reduce the British record. This is where I learned of my mistake, as the five hard races of the Coronation Games were too much for any athlete in one day and the strain asserted itself in the Cup

Race. An ideal day also was the 5th of July and a splendid day for attempting a record.

My principal competitors in this race, were D. Murray, champion of Ireland; R. W. Wadsley, ex-champion of England; J.



Arthur F. Duffey
"The American Speed Merchant"

McLean, Scotch champion, and Lundie, the Welshman. The race was universally conceded to me, owing to the form I had shown at Wolverhampton. Still there were many who had firm hopes that Wadsley would be triumphant. Personally, I felt that it was possible for me to accomplish nine and three-fifths seconds, but after my trial heat my ambitions were thwarted. The Irishman was the hardest competitor in my heat, and after I had covered about half the distance I felt a stiffening of one of the tendons similar to what I had experienced in Paris in 1900. As I limped to the training quarters my heart almost left me, as I thought surely defeat was coming to me in the final.

The Englishman, Scotchman and Welshman won their respective trial heats, Wadsley having accomplished the fastest time, ten seconds. As we toed the line for the final, the spectators gave me a deafening ovation and all commenced yelling "Record," "Record." I did not heed

their cries but felt that I would be satisfied if I could only last the distance. It must have been a grand sight to behold the flower of the English-speaking people, as it were, assembled together to decide the supremacy of brawn and speed. Never shall I forget the incident. We were all more or less nervous and I must confess that it appeared one of the critical moments of my life. Thoughts of my friends in America who were anxiously awaiting the outcome of this race, and thoughts of the valuable trophy which I had already successfully won twice passed through my mind and helped to urge me on to the utmost. Fortunately my leg stood the terrific strain, though I must admit I suffered excruciating pain and felt very much relieved when the trying ordeal was over.

As it is a custom to banquet the champions after the races, we were all invited to dine with the members of the London Athletic Club. Picking up the menu card I observed that my name was down to respond to the toast, "King of Sprinters." To say that I did not enjoy my dinner would be expressing myself



Arthur F. Duffey, World's Champion (Starting)

mildly, as I was expected to make a speech before such an assembly of guests and English sportsmen.



"The Yankee Flyer" (In Training)

From London I wended my way to Birmingham, where I raced the following Saturday, winning my fourth consecutive victory. One thing which amused me exceedingly was the manner in which I was advertised. It was no extraordinary thing to see me billed in such flattering terms as the "American Speed Merchant," "The Yankee Flyer," or "Nine and Three-fifths Seconds," all of which would be posted conspicuously throughout the city.

Leaving Birmingham, my next race was at Stourbridge, and although I began to feel the effects of the travelling and climate, I managed to win, though I must confess it was a hard race, as my contest was with Wadsley, the fastest sprinter in England. With the exception of one or two sports, this was one of the best attended games I ran at, and as I approached the athletic grounds I was much sur-

prised to see "fakirs" selling my photographs and an account of my career as a racer. After my match at Stourbridge I travelled back to Wolverhampton and remained till the end of the week on the Brommage estate, where I had my first experience at hunting and incidentally rested for my race at Leicester. This was rather an easy race and I won quite handily in ten seconds. The evening of the

aces I was invited to be present at the Leicester Swimming Club, at which place were to be held races and a special attempt to lower the world's record at 600 yards by J. Nuttal, the professional swimming champion. It was a very grand affair, and when I arrived I was astonished to observe how brilliantly the club was dressed—American flags

and bunting predominating. At the conclusion of the swimming races I was startled when the Lord Mayor announced that the prizes would be awarded by the American gentleman. I could almost hear the fellows at Georgetown say, "That let's you out, Duf," but nevertheless the speaker referred to me. This was a new rôle for me, but after a fashion I managed to present the successful athletes with their prizes. Leaving Leicester the next day, my next competition was at Manchester, Salford Harriers' Sports.

By this time my condition was anything but pleasing, but once more I succeeded in winning. Without any exception, at these sports the track was the worst I ever ran upon. It rained incessantly a few days before the race and left the track in a most deplorable condition. At first I was undecided about racing, owing to the condition of the

track, but finally I was induced to run, and it was only by extraordinary effort that I succeeded in getting home first. English people are nearly as hospitable as the Irish, and the cordial manner in which I was received made me feel perfectly contented. My sojourn in Manchester was only for a few days, but during that time I had the pleasure of viewing the Indian troops, who were visiting Manchester, and also of visiting one of the largest Catholic Industrial Schools in England.

The young orphans at the school seemed delighted to meet me, and as we retired to the spacious hall, I noticed that the principal had the scholars who composed the school band play American airs for me, and never in my life did I hear such a talented set of youthful musicians. From Manchester I proceeded to Ayr. Upon arriving in Scotland I immediately noticed the extreme change in the climate, and I soon learned that it was anything but conducive to sprint running. We had a very unsuitable day for the sports, but once more I was fortunate to win, but by a very narrow margin, as my form was gradually leaving me. The cold weather was stiffening me so that it was very difficult to propel one's self. While at Ayr I had the pleasure of visiting the home of "Bobbie Burns," Scotland's favorite bard. After the races at Ayr I travelled southward into Wales, racing at a town called Abergavenney.

Arriving at Abergavenney I was escorted by numerous ragamuffins and newsboys to the hotel. At the sports in Wales one of the most astounding and most laughable experiences I ever had awaited me. After winning my race I was asked by one of the officials to stand for a moment to have my picture taken. I willingly obliged the gentleman, but, while posing, an

elderly lady with a small boy beside her rushed upon the track and wished me to shake hands with her young son. I did as requested, but while I was doing so she suddenly leaned forward and tenderly kissed me upon the cheek, amid terrific bursts of laughter from the crowd.

It was the talk of the town, and although I realize the dangerous precedent of the Hobson affair, nevertheless I appreciated sincerely the motherly affection of the old lady. The Welsh people are a peculiar type, being very keen on the subject of running. It was no ordinary thing to have the "colliers" request me to feel of my "cubes," and ask all sorts of questions concerning racing. Leaving Abergavenney, my next race was at Glasgow, and the weather once more asserted itself, and this time made me so stiff that I could not run, and here I met my first defeat. It was an invitation sprint handicap, and I had to be content with a poor third. From this race sprang the rumor that I had collapsed, but it was the long ride and the sudden change of the atmosphere that defeated me.

Belfast was the next scene of my endeavors, but I met defeat again by the Irish champion, Murray. My stay in Ireland was the most delightful part of my trip, and although I could not win, I felt the warm-hearted sympathy of the Irish. They fairly rushed Murray around the field when he defeated me, but my reception, nevertheless, was not lagging.

The spectators at Belfast were very



Murray Defeats Duffey, from 2½ yards, at the Cliftonville Sports, Belfast, Ireland

much surprised when they observed my stature, and just as I came upon the track to warm up previous to my race, the school boys happened to be preparing for their contest, which preceded mine. I was very much amused to hear them remarking that I was a "very likely looking lad," and would stand considerable watching. I can imagine their surprise when they found out that I was the American Georgetown runner.

Feeling rather discontented, and wishing I was once more home in Yankee-land, I was invited to compete at Dublin. Unfortunately I contracted a severe cold, and I remained the week in Dublin sightseeing, as I was unfit to race. Having trained a little, and being extremely anxious to have one more trial with my conqueror, Murray, we were finally matched to run in the south of Ireland, at the Presentation College Sports, Cork, at which place the International Exhibition was held. Murray was very confident that he would again beat me, and, in fact, other aspirants, observing that I was not up to form, were anxious to "pop the Yank," to use their sporting parlance. I was just as anxious, and as it was a warm day once more, I won, and my reception was the most cordial.

While at the Cork Exhibition it was surprising to notice how many American tourists were present visiting the Exhibition and incidentally viewing the Lakes of Killarney and Blarney Castle, which is only a few miles from Cork. Being very desirous of visiting these celebrated places, I was invited by some fellow countrymen to go upon a coaching tour to Blarney. It was a most delightful journey, and arriving at Blarney, we were shown around the magnificent ruined castle, and a few of us had the extreme pleasure of kissing the great stone. It is a very difficult operation to kiss the famous stone; nevertheless, a few of us younger ones in the party were very anxious to claim the distinction of kissing the same, and have, I imagine, profited by it.

As I was by this time thoroughly tired of racing and travelling, on the 8th of September I shook the turf of the "dear ould sod" from my feet, and once more started on my way to the land of the free and the home of the brave, feeling sat-

isfied with my athletic invasion, so to speak, and finally resolving that I would hang up my shoes and await the coming of a new Georgetown champion.

The voyage to New York was a magnificent trip, and as it is a custom aboard ship to have games, entertainments and the like for the amusement of the passengers, it was learned that one of the young stewards considered himself a champion, and incessantly made statements that he could defeat Duffey. His fellow stewards, seeing an opportunity for some fun, encouraged the young fellow, and had him train secretly at night until the day before we were to land in New York. The young head steward immediately understood the situation, and at once a formal challenge was issued to me, and that evening a course was prepared upon the deck, and all the voyagers were present to see the great Transatlantic race. It was an understood agreement before the race that the young aspirant was to win, and it was very laughable to see the latter stripped for action and rubbed in ham fat and the like, which his friends assured him would be of great advantage to him in the great race. We finally toed the line for the run, and immediately my rival jumped to the front as if his whole life depended upon it.

The spectators could not refrain from laughing, and at the conclusion of the race his admirers rushed him around the deck and he was brought before the crowd and called upon for a speech. The young fellow did his best to respond to the many cries, and at the finish of his remarks I approached the hero, and in a very sorrowful manner congratulated him on his wonderful running, and publicly acknowledged him my superior, and prepared for him papers stating that from thereafter he was champion. The innocent youth was very sincere in his belief, and when I was leaving the ship the head steward informed me that his charge intended to leave the service and prepare for foot racing.

In conclusion, I must admit that there is a vast difference between competing abroad and in one's own country; but for a cordial good time, and a glorious send off, I would commend all American athletes to sportsmen 'cross channel.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL CULTURE AND HEALTH

By *Eustace Miles, M. A.*

Amateur Champion of the World at Racquets and at Tennis. Author of "Avenues to Health," etc.

FOURTH ARTICLE—HINTS FOR BEDTIME



LN the March number I finished with some advice about muscular repose, helped by deep breathing, before sleep. Other occasions when the practice (in private, of course) is equally important, are before severe work and after severe meals. We have none too much energy in us, and it's a pity to let any out through a really ugly misuse of our muscles when there's no call for any use at all. Shut off these outlets of nerve-force and there'll be all the more nerve-force left for brainwork, digestive work and other valuable duties. While I was in New York I could thoroughly endorse what Professor James, of Harvard University, has said about the need of Americans—he should have excluded Philadelphians and others—for physical repose. Each nation has some one urgent need. We English people, especially in the South, are lacking in prompt adaptation as well as in physical repose—I do not mean mere stillness, but absence of tension when tension is unnecessary. Just before and during sleep it is less necessary than at any other time of life.

Among other helps toward that recreating sleep which is to the weary brain—and I suppose that means the poisoned brain—what oxygen is to the poisoned lungs, must be mentioned the warmth of the feet, to draw the blood down from the brain. For where the blood is, there—so it seems—the mind will be also, including the subconscious mind that regulates the digestion and other functions. Let the feet be warmed by warm bottles, by bed clothing, or better still, by alternate hot and cold foot baths, with friction, and preceded and followed by free, full and

fast movements of the toes, and accompanied by deep breathing.

If this does not give you sleep, even when you add some sips of hot or cool water, then it may be advisable to eat very slowly one of the following foods—which will suit any particular reader, I cannot say: Lettuce and onion salad dressed with oil and lemon (not vinegar), well-cooked rice, apple (fresh or baked), wholemeal bread, or some other grain food (the flaked wheat foods are useful, being so light), or a biscuit. But no drugs, please—at least until every other blessed remedy has utterly failed.

* * * * *

These stars stand for the eight hours of sleep which, by the time that you've carried out the instructions in this series, and adding others from such books as "Strength from Eating" and "Fasting, Hydropathy and Exercise," I hope you'll have reduced to six. Anyhow, I'll suppose you've slept enough, and that it's now early morning. You are awakened by the light and the fresh air through the open window. Your first thought might be the "suggestion" I offered in the March number. I think it was an American who, one morning, settled to lead a different life, and said to himself confidently: "I'm going to see this thing through. It's going to be *done*." And that sentence he repeated now and then during the day. This was his stimulant:

Now blow your nose—one of the first duties of civilized man in a city; then breathe deeply through the nostrils as before, but this time send the air out sharply through the mouth, and as you send it out keep the diaphragm *up*. You are still on your back in bed; that's the easiest position for breathing exercises. Now get up and—I hope this is not a new piece of

advice to any reader—immediately brush your teeth thoroughly.

Shall you do exercises next? For my own part, I do my best work in bed before my exercise, say from 7.00 till 10.20; I lie relaxed and prepare notes for books or articles. I do my best work then. But others may have to be up and doing (probably sitting and writing), so that at 10.30 when I'm naked—jumping and hitting and happy in the free air and light, in the six-foot space of my bedroom, they are in their office, sedentary. These may find it best to exercise soon after they wake. Let them kick their legs out in this and that direction, then throw their arms out and back, then do trunk-movements (such as have been advised in this paper and elsewhere), and—but I'll treat of the exercises later. Probably every reader has some system of his own already, the brisker the better.

I'll leave the exercises for the time being, and come to the conditions, foremost among which are a pleasant expression of face, and nakedness for the sake of air and light.

There was a time, so Darwin and the evolutionists tell us, when the bodies of the animals from which we were "evolved" were very simple. Every part of it could equally well eat, drink, digest, breathe, excrete, perhaps create or rather become a new animal. Then came differ-

entiation and specialization, of this part for eating and drinking, of those parts for digesting, of others for breathing, of others for excreting, and so on. But we must not suppose that the whole surface of our bodies, our skin, has lost its original freedom and desire, merely because we have a nose, a mouth and lungs. I suppose there is not one-millionth of an inch of it that does not love the light and air which feeds it and receives from it as does the blood-stream *within* the body—the worn-out and wasted elements. Light-rays, heat-rays, "chemical"-rays, oxygen—these are the food of the whole skin; exactly what the skin breathes out into the air chemistry cannot yet tell us. But at least we know that there are some things which are better out than in, better off than on—poisonous, even if hitherto unanalyzed except by a few specialists like Brown Séquard. The more we excrete through the skin—so Dr. Beale and many others prove by experiments—the less we have to excrete through the long-suffering bowels and kidneys and lungs.

In the next number I shall say more about the early morning hour. I cannot do better than close this article with the text which has a natural as well as a spiritual meaning, and applies to our whole surface (whenever we can expose it) and not only to our heads and hands—"Let there be light!"



OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE PULPIT

Outline Sermon No. 1

Subject: Man, the Temple of the Living God.

Physiological conditions interfere with mental, moral and spiritual manifestations. Man was made in God's image. Through violating natural laws the Divine image has been partially or absolutely lost. Our one purpose and object in life is to bring back to man the stamp of Divine perfection and physical holiness, and we shall never rest or cease in our efforts until THE GOD WONDERFUL LIVES AND REIGNS IN THE MAN BEAUTIFUL.



After mature consideration we have decided to introduce yet another feature which we feel will extend the sphere of usefulness of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** still further. It is with very great pleasure that we present our readers with the first of a series of physical culture outline sermons written from a Biblical standpoint.

These sermons, which are being prepared for us by the Rev. James G. Evans, B.A., M.D., are primarily intended for clergymen, and it is our belief that they will fill a long-felt want. Thousands of ministers are interested and could interest others if they could be easily supplied with facts, figures, data, etc., tending to prove beyond a doubt that moral perfection was intended by God to exist not in whitened sepulchres, and that the human temple is intended to be strong and clean and fit to live in and not filled with disease or allowed by neglect to grow into a state of wreck.

The churches have already their temperance lessons, their missionary lessons, their education lessons; why not also have their physical culture lessons, and instead of working so much on shadowy things let them turn their attention to the nobler and more concrete one of saving our men and women from becoming total human wrecks?

We make bold in asserting that if the principles of physical culture were presented by the pulpit and practiced by its preachers it would undoubtedly lead to many in the pews being led to see the godly side of what we advocate.
—EDITOR.

Mens Sana in Corpore Sano—A Healthy Mind in a Healthy Body.

THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD.

A Physical Culture Homily—specially prepared for **PHYSICAL CULTURE**.

SCRIPTURE LESSON—1 Cor., 6th Chap. **TEXT**, 2 Cor., 6th Chap., 16th Verse: "Ye are the temple of the Living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people."

INTRODUCTION—(1) The importance of man. (2) Man the crowning work of all creation. (3) Made in the image and likeness of God. (4) Made for divine service, as God always accomplishes His purposes through human instrumentalities. Our text suggests to us three (3) important things concerning man.

- 1—**MAN IS THE CREATION OF GOD.** Not evolved, but created. Not a physical accident, but a divine design and ideal.
- 2—**MAN IS THE PURPOSE OF GOD.** All things made by God to accommodate man. The purpose of God in creating man was to express Himself in material, human form. This is plainly revealed in Christ, "The Son of Man." The perfect God-Man.
- 3—**MAN IS THE TEMPLE OF GOD.** The human body is the material Temple-Home in which the divine high priest lives and officiates.

Mark the reading of the text: "YE ARE THE TEMPLE of the living God," not merely the house, the place of residence, but the place of perpetual worship. The high priest of Israel, in the Mosaic order, dwelt in the Temple building in Jerusalem. God has condescended to dwell and worship in us. Marvelous condescension! Wonderful honor! Sublime thought! No pilgrimage to a distant Shrine necessary to find God, "THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU."

The idea of God and His creation has varied at different periods of history, and still varies among different people. For instance:

- 1—**THE PAGAN IDEA OF THE ROMANS** was, God in the clouds. So they built high towers and steeples to get near to Him.
- 2—**THE PANTHEISTIC IDEA OF GOD** is: The divine principle scattered through all nature, no more in one than in another.
- 3—**BUT THE PAULINE IDEA** of the New Testament is: God in the human heart. The divine tenant in the human house. The royal high priest of the universe in the human tabernacle. Man is therefore the praise-dwelling—dwelling place of God. "Ye are the temple of the living God," not a dead, inanimate, unconscious, unintelligent God, but a "LIVING GOD." God therefore promises in our text to:

- 1—"DWELL IN MAN."—**DIVINE HABITATION.** "I will dwell in them."
- 2—"WALK IN MAN."—**DIVINE MANIFESTATION.** "And walk in them."
- 3—"RULE IN MAN."—**DIVINE GOVERNMENT.** "I will be their God."
- 4—"RECOGNIZE MAN."—**DIVINE SONSHIP.** "They shall be my people."

If God is going to live in man and make his body a holy residential temple, God has a perfect right to expect, as a distinguished tenant, that the human house shall be:

- A-1. Physically pure and perfect anatomically, physiologically, etc. A perfect house.
- A-2. That the human house or temple shall be strong. Safe and fit to live in.
- A-3. That the human house or temple shall be clean. Not foul and filthy.
- A-4. That it shall be free from contagion. Not filled with disease.
- A-5. That it shall be kept in perfect repair. Not in a state of wreck, ruin or collapse.
- A-6. That it shall be kept beautiful in appearance. Not ugly or distorted with tight lacing, etc.
- A-7. That it shall be ventilated and purified by His own wonderful forces—air, water, sunshine, etc. Not vitiated with drugs and patent nostrums.
- B—God has also a right to expect mental perfection. Education, culture, knowledge.
 - Ignorance detrimental to true worship and distasteful to God. Ignorance, idiocy.
 - Imbecility, etc. are crimes against God. He Himself made ALL THINGS perfect.
- C—God has a right also to expect moral perfection. No whited sepulchres of hypocrisy. No child murderers in His temple house. No drug murderers. No money thieves. No labor tyrants. No seducers and no swindlers, etc. Being God has deigned to live in us, let us strive to make our bodies what He would have them. Amen.

(Rev.) *James E. Evans B.A. M.D.*

THREE CASES OF TYPHOID FEVER CURED BY NATURAL TREATMENT

By Chas. H. Shepard, M. D.



THE following, in regard to three cases of typhoid, is of interest because of the prevalence of the disease at this time.

The first was that of a young soldier returned from the Spanish war. The inception of the disease was evidently of a malarious character, but later on developed into a low form of typhoid.

The patient was placed under hygienic treatment, and for about ten days was progressing slowly toward recovery, when a change was made. Quinine was administered in liberal doses during one week. Inasmuch as the patient had been dosed with quinine in Cuba, and had suffered from the "embalmed beef" regimen, the repetition of the quinine treatment did not bring any brilliant results. The real effect was to delay and endanger his final recovery. Happily the return to hygienic treatment again brought satisfactory progress, so much so that the patient thought himself strong enough to resist the temptations of the family table. The result of that was a relapse, brought on by simply overeating, and the condition of the relapse was worse than the original condition of the disease, as he hovered between life and death several hours. But Nature triumphed, though it required several months of the most careful nursing to bring about restoration.

The second case was managed much better. The patient, a young lady teacher, was prostrated with the disease in the most positive form. She was put on a restricted diet of orange juice and water, which was continued for three days, and the following week nothing but water was permitted. Hot sitz baths, to the point of sweating, were given daily, followed by oil rubbing with gentle manipulation. At

the end of the ten days the pulse and temperature were normal, and the fever had entirely disappeared. The weight and strength were considerably reduced, but they were quickly regained, so much so that in one month's time the patient was able to take a long journey, returning home with renewed strength and vigor.

The third case was that of a woman well known as a teacher, author, and lecturer, who was seriously threatened with the dread disease. All the symptoms were present. Being a firm believer in the fasting cure, as well as a disbeliever in drugs, she refrained from all food for three days, taking a cold bath every morning and drinking only water as thirst called for it, but partook of no medicine. During that time it seemed about even between nature and the disease—the condition of the patient remaining practically unchanged. But the morning of the fourth day brought complete relief, with a clear head, a clear tongue, natural appetite and a normal pulse. Her health has even since been perfect.

There is no doubt but that the simple abstinence from food averted a severe illness, the philosophy consisting in a suspension of the digestive function, giving the natural eliminative forces full scope in ridding the system of its accumulated poisons.

These facts tend to demonstrate that abstinence from food until the temperature and pulse become normal, with a free use of water, both inside and outside, will quickly secure recovery from typhoid or any other fever. The daily papers present the opinion of one who thinks that lemon juice is an antidote for typhoid fever. These cases are but a few out of a great many whereby a positive relief has been found for the disease, and at the same time this remedy has a much wider scope.

HOW I FEED ON TEN CENTS A DAY

PRIVATION NOT NECESSARY WITH THIS AMOUNT TO YOUR CREDIT

By G. W. Patterson

THOUGH very much of the present fussing over meals is wholly a matter of habit, it might be interesting to the readers of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* to know a little practical experience which may save not only dollars, but health and comfort to some who are trying to pull both ends together financially and physically.

I used to suffer from heat in summer and cold in winter, as so many of my friends do now, and spent from \$40 to \$50 per month for food for three, the common, unscientific kind—such as most people use—and, although I took considerable exercise, often wondered why I did not feel better.

Experimenting with foods has been very interesting to me, and during 1902 my food cost on an average less than 10 cents per day. I have had all I wished to eat, relished it more than ever before, and am not only in perfect health, but never was so little affected by extremes of temperature. While those around me were mopping perspiration or on a "hot foot" for iced drinks, I would forget it. And when they shivered in heavy woollens, overcoat and throat wraps, I would go joyfully along lightly clothed and happy in my freedom.

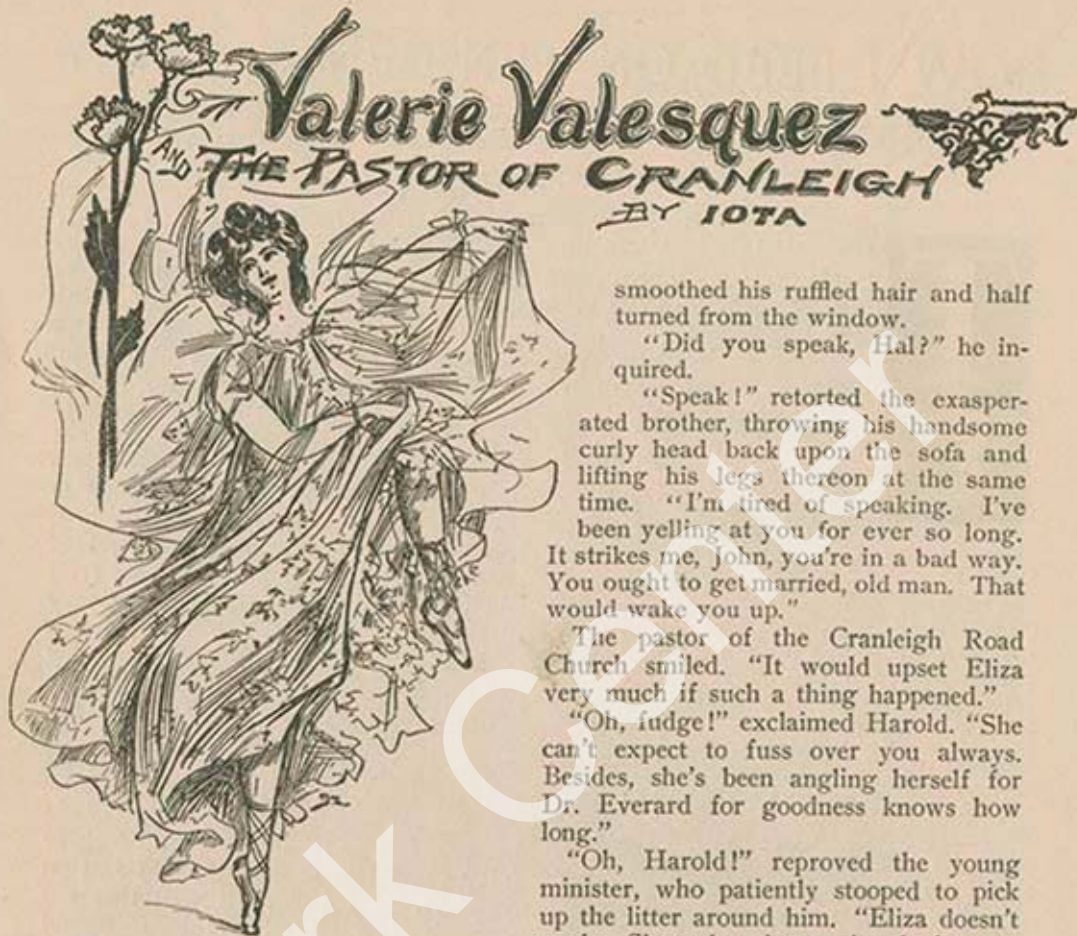
One month I lived on less than five cents per day for food. When exclusively on raw diet I soaked half a cup of wheat over night, and chew it in the morning while doing other things. I often mix rolled oats with cut fruit and nuts, or with buttermilk. No bread is fit to eat until classed by the bakers as stale, and two loaves of stale Graham cost five cents. Best quality raw shelled peanuts are about eight cents per pound, and can be varied with cocoanuts, almonds, walnuts, dates, raisins, prunes, cheering up with a little

brown sugar, honey or choice candy taken only at meal-time. Rice, occasionally, or some baked potatoes eaten warm, jackets and all, with some nuts, are good, docile food, but not especially cheering. White corn-pone or hoe-cake is good in summer, and the yellow corn cake in winter. Nuts, fruits and oils should be used sparingly in summer. Never take extremes of hot and cold foods at meal-time. Take no food between meals. Two meals a day are enough for anyone. Occasionally a few fresh vegetables, usually raw, is a good change from fruit. Different fruit and vegetables in their season are very cheap, and give great variety. Always begin and end a meal with something dry and rather hard, thoroughly masticate, to keep the teeth in good order, and flood the stomach with saliva. Avoid soups and sloppy foods, as you can not properly insalivate them. Chew nuts thoroughly. Always eat regularly, but if you are not hungry, fast or take only a little fruit or juicy vegetables at meal-time. I fast on Sundays, as I believe it well that the stomach, like all other things, should have a day of rest or vacation, and there is not the slightest inconvenience when you accustom yourself to it.

In learning to fast, use at meal-time about a quart drink of grape juice and water or some similar drink with which to fill and fool your stomach. By reclining, thoroughly relaxing and deep breathing, I can usually get the odor and invigoration of a meal cooking, which method soon affects one as it does the cook.

Perhaps the best breakfast food is wheat cracked, soaked over night, and cooked about four hours. This can be mashed, pressed and dried and kept, as an excellent substantial food.

With a diet like the above you never need care about the price of meat (which I have not tasted for years) or ice, and it is very easy to get along without cooking anything for days.



HE had stood for ten minutes by the window staring with fixed and stony gaze at the opposite houses, yet seeing them not.

Strewn around him lay several small articles, including two or three sofa pillows, a blotting pad, his unfinished sermon, a pen-wiper, and his sister's crochet work.

His thoughts were far away and he gazed on until a final shot was aimed at him from the other occupant of the room, whose ammunition having come to an end made up for it by putting all his force into the one remaining cushion that he flung at his brother's head.

The Rev. John Ashton absently

smoothed his ruffled hair and half turned from the window.

"Did you speak, Hal?" he inquired.

"Speak!" retorted the exasperated brother, throwing his handsome curly head back upon the sofa and lifting his legs thereon at the same time. "I'm tired of speaking. I've been yelling at you for ever so long. It strikes me, John, you're in a bad way. You ought to get married, old man. That would wake you up."

The pastor of the Cranleigh Road Church smiled. "It would upset Eliza very much if such a thing happened."

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed Harold. "She can't expect to fuss over you always. Besides, she's been angling herself for Dr. Everard for goodness knows how long."

"Oh, Harold!" reproved the young minister, who patiently stooped to pick up the litter around him. "Eliza doesn't angle. She only takes a sisterly interest in every young person in my parish!"

Nothing but an inarticulate grunt being forthcoming from the sofa, the pastor turned again to the window and promptly tumbled into the same groove of thought precisely where his brother had dug him out.

That handsome young gentleman gave a sigh of resignation, and began to whistle the latest music-hall song, while he idly scanned his elder brother's absorbed face.

Suddenly the stony glare disappeared and a look of rapt interest spread over the beautifully chiseled features. He flattened his clerical nose against the pane and clutched the window-sill with two nervous hands. Harold rolled excitedly from his prickly couch and bounded to the window to see what sight moved his grave brother so strangely.

On the opposite side a tall, dark girl was passing. Her graceful head, with its crown of glossy, well-kept hair, was set off by a shady picture hat, while her superb, lissom figure was clad in a tailor-made walking gown, which was short enough to display a pair of remarkably pretty feet.

The young lady glanced neither to the right nor the left, but with her proud, beautiful head well erect, she moved along with an easy grace, swift of motion, firm of foot.

Miss Eliza Ashton just then came in and looked over her brother's shoulders.

"Humph! Marjorie Westlake!"

That was all she said, but her tone spoke three volumes at least. John and Harold turned at the sound and surveyed their sister, who acted as the pastor's housekeeper.

She was a small, wiry woman of a certain age and uncertain temper. Her face bore an exceedingly acid look, as if she subsisted wholly on vinegar. She was fond, too, of thrusting her nose, which, like the daisy, was "wee, modest, crimson-tipped," into other people's business, and particularly into that of her brother John.

She guarded him like a watchful dragon. No designing female was ever permitted to cross the threshold of the pastor's study and disturb his peace, to the unutterable chagrin of a score of eligible ladies who jostled each other in the competition for the pastor's hand and heart.

Sharp and acrid were the many passages of verbal warfare between the designing ones and the body-guard. On the minister's last birthday Miss Ashton had seized, and made into a huge parcel, nineteen pairs of wool slippers and one red and blue comforter, which she dispatched to the South Sea Island Mission before their recipient had even glanced at them.

For these and countless other services the Rev. John Ashton blessed his sister and revelled in the security that her vigilant protection afforded him.

But alas! Miss Ashton's hawk-like eyes had discovered the first symptoms of rebellion. A dawning interest in Miss Marjorie Westlake, who was a prominent member of his congregation (and the

only one who ignored him), aroused her worst fears.

He paid a good many more visits at her house than was strictly necessary from a ministerial point of view. Whenever she called upon his sister he persuaded himself that it was within his pastoral duties to see this particular lamb of the fold safely home.

These were all disturbing signs in his sister's experienced eye, and she forthwith turned her full battery on the enemy without any other result than making her brother rather more keen than usual, while the young lady herself regarded Miss Ashton and her manoeuvres with the supremest indifference.

"Marjorie Westlake! An extravagant, stuck-up, vain mix. A fine thrifty wife she will be for the man who is fool enough to marry her."

"And, pray, in what way is she extravagant?" asked Harold, with raised eyebrows. "I glance down John's subscription list and I notice Miss Westlake's name in each branch of the work, and see also that she gives by far the largest sums."

"Well, she can afford it," snapped Eliza illogically. "There are only her mother and herself and they have a large income. I suppose it is settled on the widow and will come to the daughter when the old lady dies."

"It is extraordinary how much Eliza knows about Miss Westlake," put in the pastor quietly, "considering that only last week she was complaining that Marjorie was the closest and most reserved woman she had ever met."

"I suppose they all discuss her at the working party over tea and buns. If you ever want a person turned inside out, and his whole history from his cradle upwards, put him in the hands of a ladies' working party," said Harold mischievously, while Miss Ashton sniffed contemptuously.

"You're mistaken," responded the minister. "Our ladies' working party have never said one word, ill-natured or otherwise, about Miss Westlake."

Harold gasped with surprise.

"My dear chap! It must be unique! It ought to be photographed. What is the reason of it?"

"It is because Miss Westlake herself

is always present at every meeting," responded the pastor dryly, sitting down at his desk, while his brother buried his face in the bolster and chuckled into it.

"But I say," said Harold, sitting up with a scarlet face, "I think Dr. Everard is rather smitten with Miss Westlake. He was raving about her the other night when I called upon him. You're not without a rival, old man."

Miss Ashton started. Here was another dilemma. She had determined with all her might to keep her brother away from that odious Marjorie, while now she ran into danger of driving her from her brother into the arms of the man she had destined for herself.

It was a situation worthy of the tactics of this Napoleon among women. Her brain rapidly evolved a plan. She diplomatically changed her ground. Instead of flying into a rage, as her brothers were waiting for her to do, she smiled meekly and took up her crochet work.

"Joking apart, Harold, Marjorie Westlake is a very charming girl in her own place," she said, generously. "She is too flighty and dressy for a—well, say a minister's wife. She would never know how to make the most of a slender stipend. She would spend it in a week on one of her wonderful costumes. But for a gay man of the world, such as you, Harold, she would be an admirable wife. She would shine in the smart set in which you mingle. With her beauty she would be a great success. In fact, she is just the wife for you, Harold. It is quite time you settled down. You are getting too wild, and London lodgings are expensive, besides being uncomfortable."

Miss Ashton paused for breath and ignored a gasp of consternation from her brother John.

Harold stretched himself lazily on the sofa, and smiled indulgently.

"Thanks, Eliza. I am sure Miss Westlake is all you say. She may be a perfect parish woman, a correct Society Dame, or a female Croesus, but she is not my style. There is only one woman in the world for me, as I told you long ago, and she is Valerie Velasquez."

John Ashton moved uneasily at his desk and then turned with a frown on his usually placid brow.

"Do you mean to say, Hal, that you

have not yet conquered that foolish fancy for a professional dancer?"

"Certainly. It is more than a fancy. I love her with all my heart and soul," responded Hal fervently. "You claim your right to admire your own ideal, don't you? At least allow me to form my own."

The minister sighed and returned to his unfinished sermon, and Miss Ashton rose and announced her intention of going out.

"I have to pay one or two calls, and shall look in at Miss Westlake's. Will you come, Harold?"

"No, thanks," said her brother, closing his eyes as if in deep slumber; but the moment the door closed on her angular form he sprang up and laid his hand on his elder brother's shoulder.

"John, you don't know Valerie. It isn't fair to judge her because she happens to dance for her living. There isn't a more respectable girl on the stage. Even the women speak well of her. Now, look here, dear old chap, promise me you will come to-morrow night to the Empire, and see her and be introduced to her. You can judge for yourself. If you'll only do this for me, I give you my word I'll help you with Miss Westlake. Eliza isn't a match on me. I'll guarantee you are engaged to Marjorie within a month. Is it a bargain?"

There was a terrific struggle in the soul of the pastor.

"Oh, Hal, I would help you without such a bribe, but how can I, a minister, go to a music-hall? I shudder at the awful thought. And how can I talk to a dancer? What can I say to her? Oh, Hal, I can't! Not for your sake! Not for Marjorie's!"

"Yes, you can and you will," replied Harold firmly, and by dint of an hour's patient talking, overruling all objections, upsetting all obstacles, he at length wrung a reluctant promise from his brother, the Rev. John Ashton, pastor of the Cranleigh Road Church, that he would accompany him to the Empire on the following evening, a promise which haunted the unhappy minister for the rest of the day, and put him into a cold perspiration whenever he thought of it.

* * * * *

"Will you take my card to Miss West-

lake and ask her if it is convenient for her to receive me?" demanded Miss Ashton, with approved suburban etiquette as she stood on the shining brass step of Miss Westlake's house.

The elderly woman who acted as servant smiled familiarly.

"Oh, she'll see you all right," she said hopefully. "Never you mind about no card, but walk straight in."

"Unconventional!" snapped Eliza. With her the term was synonymous with "immoral."

Her guide paused before a door through which a ghostly tapping was heard, accompanied by a curious struggling, tearing sound.

Miss Ashton, who had heard that Miss Westlake had a taste for spiritualism, grew nervous and was about to turn back and say she would call again, when the abigail threw open the door.

A cloud of mystical smoke arose and obscured Miss Ashton's vision. She supposed it was part of the mysterious rites, but it smelt wonderfully like dust.

As her eyes became accustomed to the gloom, she noticed that all the heavy massive furniture had moved from their places and crowded in an agitated group in the centre of the room.

"Table-turning!" muttered Miss Ashton with chattering teeth.

Prone on the floor, at full length, reclined a shapely figure clad in a brown gymnastic dress which was guiltless of the shortest skirt. This abandoned creature was wielding a screwdriver with great energy.

"The nails are so fast in, Harrison," she said in a low musical voice. "It is so difficult to get them out."

Miss Ashton, reassured as to the earthly reality of the scene, now received a second shock which was worse than the first. She would rather have met a ghost than a woman in knickers.

She gave a feeble gurgle of horror and retreated towards the passage.

"I am afraid—I'm intruding. I was shown in here—I'm sure I didn't mean—"

The prostrate form vaulted lightly to her feet and faced the visitor with great composure. Dropping her hammer, with a sweet smile she held out her hand.

"Oh, it's Miss Ashton! How good of

you to come to see me. You find me pulling up a carpet. I consider carpets unhygienic, but mother is so hard to persuade. However, she consented to let me have this one removed. Hence the confusion."

"You didn't move that furniture by yourself?"

"Of course! Why not?" and Marjorie laughingly drew a ponderous sideboard along the floor as she spoke.

Miss Ashton looked at the glowing face, the healthy sparkle of the eye, the springy lissom body with its well-developed muscles, and almost admired until her gaze in its downward descent fell upon a pair of finely shaped legs encased in the offending garments.

"Do you always—er wear those—ahem?"

"Of course! When I am working about in the house. I papered the drawing-room last week and yesterday I hung all the pictures. You would not have me do this in a gown with a long train. Why, I should kill myself."

"But it is a man's work."

"It's capital exercise," retorted the hostess. "Besides, a man costs money. I should have to pay him for his time and I really can't afford it."

Miss Ashton mentally pronounced her "mean," forgetting that she had called her "thrifless" only an hour previous.

"I'll call again," she said, with an unholy exultation shining in her eye. She burned to rush home and tell her brother what she had seen. He hated immodest girls.

Resisting all entreaties to stay for tea, regardless of Marjorie's offer to change into a becoming gown, Miss Ashton took her leave, and hurried back bursting with her news.

Two blocks down the street she ran into the arms of Dr. Everard.

"I called to see you," he said. "I'll walk back with you now, if you'll allow me."

Eliza flushed with pleasure. It would be such a triumph to walk past Mrs. Miggle's and Miss Tattle's windows in company with the doctor, and yet she felt like a true general that her greatest success would be gained by strategy.

Why not disillusion both her brother and her lover by the same stroke? Only

let Dr. Everard see that shameless hussy and her victory would be secure.

"I've just left Miss Westlake. I don't think she's very well. I wish you would call and see what you can do for her. Tell the maid not to announce you, or she might refuse to see you."

"I will! I'll go at once," he said, with provoking fervor.

"Never mind," darkly thought Miss Ashton's prophetic soul; "wait until he sees her!"

If that same soul could have put on an astral body and accompanied the young doctor it would have seen two prone figures on the parlor floor instead of one, while the doctor's white hands grabbed the carpet instead of a stethoscope, and later on it would have seen a glance pass between two pairs of eyes over the top of a chiffonier as two people carried it to its place.

Alas for human strategy! The pastor also was as tiresome, for after hearing the awful recital, instead of rainting dead away as he ought to have done, he was heard to chuckle unprofessionally, and mutter, "What a useful, thrifty pastor's wife she will make!"

* * * * *

The orchestra at the Empire is playing the opening bars of the music for Valerie Velasquez's dance, and the whole house is in a highly strung state of excitement.

In the stalls Harold Ashton sits, with his dejected brother on his left and Dr. Everard on his right. The kind-hearted doctor had volunteered to bring the pastor up in case he should basely break his promise and turn tail before he reached the hall. Besides, he was rather curious to see Harold's ideal.

"I've asked her six times to have me," whispered Hal to his friend under cover of the music, "and she's refused me each time, but I'm going to ask her for the seventh and last time to-night. Hush! there's the curtain."

Amid a whirl of flying draperies, the clash of cymbals and the cheers of the house, Mlle. Velasquez floats in an ethereal manner down the stage. She was the pioneer of the poetic dancers who danced with a meaning, whose performance was not a mere display of ferocious acrobatic agility.

This particular dance was called "Sunrise and Sunset."

Clad in pure white, with her wonderful golden hair floating in waves and ripples far below her waist, Mademoiselle spun gracefully around, moving her arms with such dazzling deftness that presently she had wound up the white robes in some unaccountable way, revealing another costume of glittering yellow tinsel, and as the music grew quicker her shapely limbs flew faster, until she seemed positively to blaze before the foot-lights.

Amid thunders of applause she rushed off the stage, to reappear in another costume, this time in shot silk of lilac, pink and blue. These changing hues alternated as she flew round and round, while floating masses of white chiffon swayed around her figure like soft clouds, catching the orange-colored rays of a lime-light overhead.

"What endurance the girl must have!" murmured the doctor, as he watched with almost consternation the whirling of the beautiful arms, the bending of the back till the golden head touched the floor, while all was done with exquisite grace, the very poetry of motion.

As the house rose at her and cheered and waved its handkerchiefs and went generally mad, the three friends, led by Harold, made for the stage door.

They were met by the burly doorkeeper.

"Miss Velasquez doesn't receive gentlemen. I've had strictest orders to admit no one."

"I know!" said Harold, "but you know me, Simpson."

"I should rather think I do," said he, with a grin, "but I've been told not to admit you, either. Mademoiselle's tired of sending you away."

"Oh, but let me in this time, Simpson. I've brought my brother and he's all right. He's a clergyman. They're always admitted everywhere, you know," and Harold handed Cerberus a sop of half a sovereign.

The grin expanded, so did the door opening and the three passed through.

The scene shifters rushed heavily about, dragging forward the parts of the next scene. Suddenly one of the men in the grill above shouted hoarsely, and

the next moment a sharp, heavy iron instrument dropped from above, knocking down the little call boy, who had no business where he was.

Down he went like a nine-pin, while the blood flowed in jets from his arm.

The chorus girls screamed and fainted picturesquely, the scene shifters scratched their heads helplessly, the excited and harassed stage manager flew around in little circles.

"Here, somebody! Don't let Valerie come in and see him. Stand in front of him, somebody. If she sees him it'll spoil her nerve and she'll be good for nothing. Oh, thank God, there's a doctor!" as Everard sprang forward and knelt beside the poor boy.

"There's Valerie coming! Do hide him, somebody." And the manager flew off to prevent the prima donna from appearing in this unrehearsed scene.

He was too late. The golden-haired lady walked quickly in and looked with one rapid glance at the prostrate boy.

"An accident?" she said in a low firm voice. "No! let me go, Teddy! Don't be absurd! I shan't faint," and shaking off the imploring manager she rushed across and flung herself beside Everard.

Quick as lightning she tore some strips from her beautiful dress, and with firm hands wound it round the arm, under Everard's direction; catching up a strip of wood that lay near, and inserting it, drew it perfectly tight.

The bleeding stopped immediately. Another doctor arrived, and volunteered to take the boy to the hospital. The gaping scene shifters shut their mouths and finished their work. The chorus ladies revived as the call bell rang. The manager stared admiringly at his star and said he was somethinged.

But the star herself behaved in a most peculiar manner.

While the pastor and the enamored Hal were heaping praises upon her for her plucky conduct, while the doctor quietly told her she had saved the boy's life and he had no words to express his admiration of her action, she shuddered and grew suddenly faint.

To Dr. Everard's and everyone's surprise, she threw her arms around his neck and leaning against him, said with an hysterical laugh:

"Oh, take me away! Take me to my rooms."

"I told you so," said the triumphant manager. "I told you it would be too much for her nerves. She's gone clean off her head."

But the chivalrous doctor gently led the lady to her beautiful dressing-room, followed by the two brothers.

With a half-sob, the lady applied a large sponge vigorously to her face. The make-up speedily disappeared, and, pushing her hand over her brow, the wealth of golden hair tumbled to the floor and Marjorie Westlake stood before the astonished trio.

* * * * *

"Then I've been in love with a myth," groaned the awakened Harold, feeling light in the head.

"You've been in love with a golden wig, an artificial face and a beautiful dress," answered Marjorie with a smile. "You ought to be very much obliged to me for refusing to marry you six times over."

"And I— gracious heaven! I have been in love with a music-hall dancer," cried the conscience-stricken and horrified minister, clapping his hand to his burning brow.

Again Marjorie smiled, this time a little contemptuously.

"But what in thunder is the meaning of it, Valerie, Marjorie, or whatever you are?" demanded the bewildered Harold.

"That is soon told," said the lady coolly, in her low, firm voice. "Since I was a child I went in for physical training and hygienic laws of living. That is the secret of my robust health, good complexion, fine figure and strength of limb. When father died and left mother dependent on me, I determined to put all these to practical use, and I have kept my mother and myself all these years. My first idea was to become an instructress at some training college, but Teddy, our manager, had known my father, and told me with my figure and appearance I could make as much money as I liked by dancing. He offered me an engagement at once and as I had to think of mother I could not refuse.

But I never really liked it. That is why I disguise myself and change my name.

Not a soul knows except mother and the manager and you three."

There was a profound silence, broken at last by the pastor.

"In love with a music-hall dancer," he muttered.

"In love with a wig," said Harold, kicking the shining heap of flax to the other end of the room.

"And what have you been in love

with?" anxiously asked Marjorie, crossing over in her torn and ruined gown to where Dr. Everard stood.

"The noblest and bravest woman in the world," he answered, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her own dark tresses, while the two disconsolate brothers supported each other from the room and stumbled out into the night.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir—I want to tell you something of my experience with sickness.

I was placed in school away from home at the age of nine and remained there four years. I noted that I was not the same strong and playful boy that I was formerly. Though not decidedly sick, I had developed dyspepsia and very bad headaches.

At the age of sixteen years I went to work, felt well and strong, but still continued to have my severe headaches. I consulted a physician and he relieved me for awhile, but the old failing always came back.

From the age of seventeen to twenty-one years I led a pretty wild life drinking, smoking and such like. At the age of twenty-three I was taken sick with malaria, which together with my old complaint kept me sick for some six months.

Never well and strong, I lived, or rather existed, for many years until last spring, when my attention was called to the PHYSICAL CULTURE magazine. I purchased a copy and read almost every line, so interesting did it become to me. My brother talked to me night after night about it. I then firmly resolved to give your ideas a good and fair trial. I gave up drinking at once and began to exercise as the book so instructed; but I must say I did not take very kindly to the diet question. I thought that if I went out without my breakfast I would starve before noon.

After two weeks regular exercising, morning and evening, with cold baths, I resolved to try the diet question, and behold! I found it quite easy. After going without breakfast the entire month of March I must say that I felt better than ever I did before; in fact, I felt so well that for the entire month of April I lived on one meal per day; the result was I reduced from 175 pounds in the nude to 156 pounds nude; a most remarkable result, I thought. My health is better by far, endurance trebled.

You must not think that I stopped my regular exercise when on one meal a day, or that I was too weak to perform it. On the contrary, I could not tire myself. I found that I could do about three times more work on one meal a day than I could on the two-meal plan. I not only performed my regular exercises daily, but I also walked on an average of ten miles a day, so that at the present time I feel better than I have ever felt before.

Very truly,

JOHN J. LEE,
280 Broadway, New York.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir—I get your excellent journal regularly at our news-stand and am delighted with it. In it I see personal experience is given a prominent place and if it pleases you I will state an incident showing what breathing will do in healing the sick.

Some thirty years ago in April, when we had continuous northerly winds, I contracted pleuro-pneumonia and was very sick. A physician of great and good reputation was called. After more than a week of daily visits, one morning on leaving, my wife asked him what he thought of me? His reply was: "He may live a week, but I doubt it." I heard it and I concluded I'd fool him. My wife came to me looking very sad. My room was a large one and my bed was near the middle. I requested my wife to put additional covering over me and open a window on my right and another on the other side of the room, some eight feet from the foot of my bed.

Soon the cells became cleared and I could breathe easily. I fell asleep and slept nearly six hours and perspired profusely. When I awoke my fever and cough were gone. The doctor looked astonished the next morning and said I was so much better there was no need of his calling again. I was soon attending my business.

I have been taking your magazine for over a year now and feel as if we were personal friends. I have been following such parts of your advice as seemed suited to my wants and am better in every way for it. Am using one of your massage exercisers and would not part with it for any price if I could not replace it. It suits me in every respect far better than any medicine could. I used it after some of the exercises without apparatus that have appeared from time to time in PHYSICAL CULTURE.

A word in regard to your magazine and I am done.

Personally, I consider each number worth the price of a year's subscription, and I believe any fair-minded man or woman will own that there is in each number information that would cost many dollars to obtain from professionals.

I am doing all in my power to spread the theories you advocate, by talking physical culture and natural methods of healing whenever I get an opportunity.

Yours truly,

JOHN B. WARREN,
300 So. Park Ave.,
Austin Station, Chicago, Ill.



The figures given in the following article are astounding, and cause one to reflect and think whether our national commercial progress is all that is desirable and unmix'd with blessings. Uncle Sam spends every year \$1,000,000,000 on alcoholic drinks and \$600,000,000 on tobacco, which is much more money than is needed to build the Panama Canal twice over.

We seem to have a particular leaning towards beer, inasmuch as for the sake of inducing a jag and swelled head, we throw away \$360,000,000 on the domestic and imported brew, which we pour down our throats at the rate of 1,247,000,000 gallons per annum. We are a trifle more partial to coffee, of which those who go to make up our nation swallow 1,258,000,000 gallons or 15,196,000,000 cups in a twelvemonth.

Last and saddest thing of all, we fling \$200,000,000 away yearly at a huge army of 100,000 medical men, for the tons of pills and hogsheads of medicine they concoct for us.—EDITOR.



THE Great Britain Board of Trade recently issued statistical tables to show the production and consumption of alcoholic liquors in the principal countries of the world.

While in France, Germany and the United States the greater proportion of wine, beer and spirits is manufactured at home, in the United Kingdom an appreciable quantity of alcoholic beverages is imported from abroad. No wine whatever is manufactured in the latter-named country, but, on the other hand, she makes nearly all of the beer she consumes.

The consumption of wine for 1900 in the four countries named is shown as follows:

	Total consumption Gallons.	Per capita Gallons.
United Kingdom....	15,816,000	0.39
Germany	81,834,000	1.45
United States.....	25,346,000	0.33
France	183,158,000	25.40

It will be seen that the consumption in the three first-named countries is insignificant

when compared with France, which is the principal wine-consuming country in the world. Of other countries, Portugal averages about 20 gallons per head, Spain 19 gallons, Italy 18 gallons, and Switzerland 15 gallons. The consumption in Austria-Hungary is a little over three gallons per head, in Belgium less than a gallon, and in Holland about the same as in the United Kingdom.

While beer is the staple drink in the United States, Germany and the United Kingdom, it seems to be very little favored in France, as shown by the following figures:

	Total consumption Gallons.	Per capita Gallons.
U. Kingdom, 1900.	1,298,756,000	31.70
Germany, 1899....	1,527,878,000	27.50
United States, 1900	1,221,500,160	16.01
France, 1900.....	238,194,000	6.20

The importance of alcoholic beverages as a means of taxation is shown in the following table:

	Net Revenue from tax- ation in drink.	Proportion to total National Revenue.
United Kingdom.....	\$47,870,000	36
Germany	13,717,000	18
United States.....	39,968,000	29
France	22,034,000	19

The above figures are from English sources. The latest returns show that for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, the United States derived a gross revenue of over \$190,000,000 from internal taxes on liquors, besides \$7,000,000 custom duties on imported liquors. The total gross receipts of the United States from all internal revenue for the same period was \$307,180,663, or nearly \$1,000,000 for every working day. Alcohol and tobacco play a tremendous part (over \$250,000,000) in the revenue, and no wonder that these interests have a "pull" in Congress.

The cost of alcoholic drinks consumed in the United States in 1900 was more than \$1,000,000,000, and that for tobacco more than \$600,000,000, enough money spent in a single year to build the two Isthmian canals!

Of the total amount expended for alcoholic beverages, about \$580,000,000 went for beer, \$360,000,000—or \$1,000,000 a day!—for distilled spirits, and \$60,000,000 for domestic and imported wines.

The march of "civilization" in our new possessions across the Pacific Ocean is also marked by a rapid increase of the liquor traffic, which rose from \$337 in 1898 to nearly \$500,000 in 1900; while in the same time the U. S. Government has licensed one brewery and nine distilleries in addition to six stills which were already in operation.

From official statistics collected by the *American Grocer* we find that during the year 1901 there has been a remarkable increase in the consumption of alcoholic beverages. Out of \$1,228,674,925 expended for stimulating drinks, about



UNITED KINGDOM:
15,816,000
gallons.



UNITED STATES:
25,346,000
gallons.



GERMANY:
81,834,000 gallons.



FRANCE:
183,158,000 gallons.

50 per cent. was spent for beer, 30 per cent. for brandy and whiskey, 5 per cent. for wine and 15 per cent. for coffee, tea and cocoa. If we reduce the quantity of coffee used to its equivalent as a beverage, we find that more gallons of this stimulant are used than any other: about 1,258,000,000 gallons of coffee, as against 1,247,000,000 gallons of beer and wine.

Moreover, the American people spend annually \$200,000,000 on patent medicines and quack remedies, which also contain more or less alcohol. The extent of this nostrum traffic may be inferred from the fact that the sums spent for its advertisement by posters and periodicals aggregate more than \$50,000,000 a year in the United States alone, and such items of its expenses are far exceeded by its profits.

Statistics prove that during the last decade of the nineteenth century our people spent nearly ten billion dollars for alcoholic beverages and medicines. This almost incomprehensible amount of money produced by the sweat and toil of the masses is spent mainly by our hard-working artisans, mechanics and laborers, who can the least of all people afford such prodigious waste and extravagance.

This hard-earned capital, that should be expended for food, clothing, shelter and education for the half-starved and ill-clad thousands who are suffering for the want of them, are offered as a tribute to King Alcohol; but the evil does not stop here. The money expended for intoxicating liquors is not only lost, but the drinks entail upon our people additional evils, vice, disease, crime and demoralization, that far outweigh the value of the money paid for those poisons. If the products to the value of this money were only destroyed by fire and flood it would not deprive our industrious classes of their mental and physical power, as do the drinks for which their hard-earned millions are squandered.

There are at least 100,000 physicians in this country who try, or at least pretend to, preserve the health of the nation, which is ruined by the ignorance and indifference of the people in regard to the laws of hygiene. Hundred thousand doctors! Think of it! And the number is steadily increasing. Reflect a moment what an army they would make, even in these days

of big armies, or what a city they would form, larger than any in many of the oldest States. Or look at it again from another point of view. What a mint of money it takes to support this army! Probably we are within the mark when we calculate that the income of the 100,000 practitioners is \$1,000 a year each. This makes \$100,000,000 a year which the sick pay for medical advice. For their medicines it is safe to say they pay another \$100,000,000; and this calculation does not include the tons and hogsheads of quack medicines which these misguided people pour down their throats. We could safely estimate that at \$200,000,000 a year more, as what sickness yearly costs the American people.

You might say that the money spent for liquor is not all taken out of the country, but is left to circulate among our people; but what does the purchaser receive for his money, spent for intoxicating drinks? Absolutely nothing. Aye! worse than nothing, for they do not promote his health, comfort or happiness, but injure his health and comfort, destroy his happiness, unfit him for productive labor, shorten his life, and militate against his interests.

Sir James Paget estimates that the time lost in England and Wales yearly from sickness amounts to 20,000,000 weeks. This includes only losses of those between 15 and 65 years of age, and does not include the trivial headaches and pains which do not keep one from his labor. If to this is added the sickness of those under 15 and over 65, the loss becomes appalling. It is probably more in this country.

Let the people study these figures a while and then reflect that probably one-half or certainly a large fraction of the expense is incurred by a deliberate infraction of the laws of health; that if they tipped less, smoked less, overworked less, were given less to lechery and wantonness, ate slower, exercised more judiciously, were less "fast" and less self-indulgent, they would save a few hundred million dollars a year. When hygiene is at a loss for any other argument she can appeal to frugality, and statistics will show that the appeal is a wise one.

That men will not be satisfied to live upon the mere necessities of life is read-

ily admitted, neither is it needful that they should; yet it is desirable that our citizens should so far appreciate their true interests, and the advantages to health, wealth and happiness, as to abstain from those expensive luxuries that merely gratify and create depraved and dangerous appetites.

Modern production is now so perfected that all the necessaries of life have been increased in quantity and improved in quality, so that everything necessary for the sustenance of mankind is now produced in great abundance; but in the same time the means of modern self-destruction, once costly and expensive, have also been brought within the reach of the masses, who by their daily use of stimulants and narcotics benumb their senses and swell the fortunes of the manufacturers.

It is said that all wealth is the result of labor, yet it can be clearly shown that a great amount of labor is often expended that does not increase the wealth of the nation but destroys it. The latter is



FRANCE: 238,194,000 gallons.
UNITED STATES: 2,221,500,100 gallons.



ENGLAND: 1,298,756,000 gallons.



GERMANY: 1,527,878,000 gallons.

Prize, How Many Breweries are Necessary to Turn Out this Ocean of Beer?

eminently the case with labor employed in manufacturing and selling intoxicating drinks. They are not only unnecessary, but the money spent for them is so much capital taken from those branches of industry which add to the real growth and prosperity of the nation.

Supposing the two billion dollars which are annually dissipated in this country for alcoholic beverages, tobacco, opium, tea, coffee, spices and other poisons would be spent for things of real use and comfort, additional to what is now expended, this vast sum would give a great impetus

to every department of industry, manufacture, agriculture, trade and commerce. We could irrigate thousands and thousands of acres of available land in the western part of the Union whose climate and natural beauties would attract millions which are now crowded in the large cities of the East. Then we could set farmers to work planting orchards and vineyards; we could have fresh vegetables and treble the number of gardeners; money to buy books, and time and a clear brain for studying them.

On the other hand, the money spent

for alcoholic beverages adds nothing to the consumer's possessions, as do wholesome food, clothing and books. It is lavished for drinks that give but momentary excitement to his animal passions or sentient pleasures, and finally leave him physically, mentally and morally worse for their use.

To be sure, not all the unhappiness of the masses of mankind and their suffering for the simplest necessaries of life arises from the drink evil. There are other causes which lie in the imperfect state of human nature itself. In their

eagerness to secure individual enjoyment and happiness, men have generally neglected the interests of their fellow men, and thus have inevitably failed to obtain, in a great measure, the happiness anticipated from the acquisition of wealth and the power and influence it would give. For the sum of human happiness will be incomplete so long as one member of the human family is deprived of the necessities of life.

The evolution of modern industry, with its ever-increasing concentration in the hands of a few privileged men, its system

of exploitation, and inevitable panics, must naturally deprive the people of their individual rights and subject them to idleness, poverty and physical enervation, which again increases the craving for stimulants and narcotics.

All those who have given the great social and economic problems of the present careful attention, agree that real and permanent prosperity and a higher standard of life and civilization can only be attained where the physical and mental welfare of the individual is regarded the common interest of all.



DOCTORS' BILLS: \$100,000,000

PATENT MEDICINE: \$200,000,000.

Uncle Sam's Annual Bills are—
TOBACCO: \$600,000,000.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS: \$1,000,000,000

No Wonder Our Purses are at Bed-Rock



Women and Children First—Wreck and Life Boat

T. M. Heary



Question Department

By Bernarr Macfadden

I have had trouble with my kidneys for years. The cold weather seems to affect them. What do you advise as best to ease the pain which seems to be inseparable from my trouble?

In troubles like this considerable time is required to effect satisfactory results. It is largely a matter of general constitutional up-building. The condition of the blood must be radically changed before any satisfactory results can be expected.

The application of cold wet cloths to the affected parts will be found beneficial. Simply take a wet towel and place it around the waist. Be careful to cover the point where the pain is felt and wear it there during the entire night. Do not wet the towel just at one point, but have the wet part circle around the body. A dry towel can be placed over this to avoid any discomfort that would come from the dampness of the bed clothing. This, however, gives only temporary relief. A thorough system of exercise, using and developing every muscle in your body is needed. Long walks and deep breathing will be especially beneficial. You should also encourage yourself to drink rather freely of pure water. If you cannot secure water of absolute purity at your home, drink distilled water. For a period of from two weeks to a month it is absolutely necessary to confine your diet to only one meal a day. Chew every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing.

Drink no liquids at meal time and avoid all meats, eating beans, peas, lentils and foods of this nature as a substitute. If your trouble is serious and you desire immediate relief, you should fast several days in the beginning of the treatment. Live in the open air as much as possible, thoroughly ventilate your living and sleeping rooms.

My little girl has been suffering from chronic ophthalmia for three years and wakes in the morning with her lids stuck together by mucus which apparently secretes over night. I have been using rose water, but the child is no better.

The use of the eye bath will be found beneficial. The eye bath can be taken in the following manner: Place two or three tablespoonfuls of salt in two quarts of water in an ordinary wash bowl. Stir until dissolved and then immerse the face in the water, opening the eyes and rolling them around so that every part of the surface of the eye-ball comes in contact with the water. The adding of salt to the water improves the bath in two ways. It makes it more pleasant to the eye and also has an antiseptic influence. The eye baths in the above case should be taken two or three times a day and before retiring and on rising. In a case of this kind, however, the general constitutional treatment, the building up of physical vigor through proper diet and exercise and other means, is absolutely essential in order to effect a permanent cure.

I have just returned from the north of Canada. Had to give up my job owing to having my hands and feet frost-bitten. Can you suggest any natural method by which circulation can be induced in the affected parts. I am quite lame and my fingers have lost all their power.

Cold bathing, rubbing and massage will, of course, be beneficial to the affected parts in your particular case. It will, however, take a considerable time for you to recover absolutely. Every means that will be inclined to build up general physical strength will, of course, be beneficial in your case. Diet, proper exercise, deep breathing, running, walking, etc., can be specially recommended.

My father had a very bad attack of rheumatic fever, from the effects of which

he is still suffering. I fear his heart is affected. Would this have been caused by the fever? Can you give me any advice on the matter?

The heart can be affected by almost any debilitating influence and it can be strengthened by exercise and other physical culture methods of increasing the general physical powers. General treatment for building up health and strength is about the only means of inducing recovery in this case. The patient should adopt the two-meal-a-day habit, chewing every morsel of food until it is a liquid, take long walks in the open air; deep breathing will also be especially beneficial. Thoroughly ventilate the sleeping and living rooms at all times. This is especially beneficial in a case of this kind. Massage and friction baths and cold bathing will be advantageous, though, of course, cold water must be used with considerable care in the beginning. A cold sponge bath may be taken after massage and a thorough friction bath, as the external circulation is greatly accelerated by this and the surface of the body

can recuperate more quickly from the shock of the cold water.

My only son is six years old and is pigeon-chested. Is there any way by which he can acquire normal development? His lungs show no signs of affection, but I am not happy over my boy in his present state. Please advise me.

There is no method by which a quick and radical change can be made in the bony formation of your son's chest. The particular defect you mention may remain with him all through life, though if every attention is given to the thorough development of the lungs to their largest possible size, through various exercises, breathing and muscular, the internal chest walls will so increase in size and the well-developed muscles that overlie them will in time so hide the defect that it may not be noticed. Encourage your boy in all sorts of active games. Keep him out of doors as much as possible and use every means in your power to develop and strengthen his body in every part, giving special attention to developing the muscles that surround the chest.

THE SYMPTOMS, CAUSE AND CURE OF MALARIA, THAT CHRONIC "TIRED FEELING," AND SIMILAR AILMENTS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*



IT would be a difficult matter to accurately define malaria. Whenever a physician is puzzled in his diagnosis he can safely call the ailment malaria, for malaria can mean a great many things. It is especially applied to patients who can walk about, but seem unable to recover the energy and spirit of health and strength. When a patient is "run down," and the least effort seems to tire; when he has no appetite; goes to bed tired, and gets up tired; always feels half sick—when such symptoms appear, and no acute ailment is noticed, the physician then turns to malaria as a means of satisfying him.

I have no intention of attempting to define malaria as described and understood by the medical profession. If one were suffering from this ailment, and should visit ten different physicians, and

would most accurately describe identically the same symptoms to each, it is likely that each one would give his disease a different name. If you take up a medical work on the subject you will in some instances find the disease described as an affection caused by minute animal parasites. You will be informed that the disease is contracted with the greatest frequency in the vicinity of marshes and low lands adjoining rivers; that it is especially prevalent in localities where trenches are being dug or the ground is upturned in other ways; but strange as it may seem, though malaria is supposed to be prevalent only in such localities, its victims are found in temperate and torrid zones, on high mountains and in the valleys.

Physicians often attribute the disease to damp night air, which some maintain is heavily laden with poison. In fact, upon considering the various theories held by medical authorities as to what malaria really is, the difficulty of attempt-

ing to accurately describe it is readily realized. The more you study their super-scientific theories, the more puzzled you will be as to what the disease really is. Many so-called authorities will seriously inform you that the disease is caused by germs. In fact, the germ theory is an easy manner of accounting for numerous mysterious complaints.

HOW WE DEFINE MALARIA. Malaria, as we define it, means a general lack of energy—that chronic tired feeling which never seems to leave you. You are always tired, never feel energetic; you are weak and languid, and can never concentrate your efforts on any kind of work, whether mental or physical. You feel unlike yourself; you never have an appetite. You do not enjoy your food; you do not enjoy your life. You are usually morose and moody. Nothing amuses you, nothing interests you. In other words, life has practically lost all its attractions for you. You have no pleasure in the present, no possibility of enjoyment in the future. Life is one cold, dreary, hopeless waste. You have the "blues" continually. You have no ambition, and even were you so enthused, you would not have the energy to use it. That is how we would define malaria.

Influence of climate in numerous cases is undoubtedly worthy of some attention. There are some climates that are more invigorating, more healthful, more inclined than others to accelerate the functional activities of the body and build physical vigor. When the air is bracing, filled with oxygen, it naturally enables the lungs to more perfectly perform their functional processes. When the air is damp, thick, and muggy, it is natural to suppose its invigorating influence is considerably lessened; but even when taking the atmosphere at its worst, the symptoms of malaria will in most cases be known to have been produced by comparatively simple causes.

CAUSES OF MALARIA. Nearly all medical authorities agree that the first symptoms of malaria usually begin with indigestion or stomach trouble. This very accurately indicates that the complaint can in most cases be traced to causes easily avoidable. It begins with digestive disorder, which may be caused by over-eating, by eating improper foods,

by eating too fast, or the lack of exercise, living in close, ill-ventilated apartments, drinking impure water, or neglect in drinking a proper quantity of water. Whether or not it is directly caused by a germ is of small consequence, for even if germs were present it is only through the weakness of the functional system that they have been able to manifest their influence. *Malaria is therefore made possible simply by a derangement of the functional system.* When food is not properly digested it naturally fails to make blood which contains the proper elements. It is lacking in those qualities which are essential to building perfect tissues, and as a result no part of the functional, muscular and nervous system is properly nourished. In order to effect a cure of any disease, we must first discover its cause. Let us therefore conclude that regardless of the scientific explanation as to the cause of malaria, it is a disease that is largely brought upon us by the digestive troubles which come about through our own ignorance, excesses or neglect. Their treatment for malaria, therefore, would be to avoid its cause, and give careful attention to all those means and methods that are essential in building the highest degree of physical health.

GENERAL TREATMENT ADVISED. If you are confined to your bed, follow the advice given herewith as near as possible under the circumstances. On rising, take a dry friction bath with a very rough towel, and follow it by a sponge bath as cold as can be endured and still enable you to recuperate with a feeling of warmth. Anything that will be inclined to increase your general physical vigor will naturally be helpful in a disease of this nature. About the quickest and most effective means of inducing recovery is, no doubt, a combination of diet, exercise, bathing and moderate fasting. Begin your treatment by an absolute fast of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. If you can conveniently lengthen this fast it will assist you toward your recovery. Have pure water at hand at all times, and drink freely of it. This is not so essential while fasting, but during your eating periods the free drinking of pure water will vastly assist you in digesting

your food. After your first fast eat for about four days, two meals each day. These meals can be taken morning and evening, or at noon and evening, whichever may be most convenient. Chew every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing, drinking no liquid during meal time. Some time during the day, if able to be about, take a walk in the open air; in fact, it would be well for you to remain out of doors as much as possible, and while indoors use every possible means to secure thorough ventilation. During your walks, and in fact at all times, acquire the habit of taking in deep, full breaths, inflating the lungs to the fullest extent from the abdominal region upward. Of course in the beginning, while you feel so dejected and tired, it may not be advisable for you to use exercises that will require too vigorous efforts.

Take a few movements in connection with the deep breathing exercises and gradually make them more difficult as your strength increases. Take all the sleep you may desire. Do not clothe yourself too heavily during the day or at night. Use only sufficient clothing to maintain warmth. While in the open air, if you must be occupied in order to keep warm, so much the better.

Do not under any circumstances torture yourself into the belief that you are an invalid. Make up your mind that you intend to be well and strong. Vow that

you will throw aside your disease. Malaria, and in fact many other complaints, are in many cases largely a mental idea. Shake off this dejecting mental influence as quickly as you possibly can. Begin to believe that you can and will be strong. Determination of this sort will do much to annihilate your physical troubles.

If recovery does not seem near at hand after the eating period of four days following the fast, it will be necessary for you to follow a more rigid régime. You must then fast two out of six days until you have gone through four fasting periods. You can then cut down your fast to one day if your complaint still persists. Usually, however, it will have begun to disappear long before the treatment has been continued to this period. It is, of course, necessary for you to use the greatest possible care to secure good, wholesome foods. Eat freely of fruits and vegetables. Don't eat too much meat, and eat beans, peas, lentils, etc., as a substitute. Avoid coffee, tea and stimulants of all kinds, alcoholic or otherwise. Take a hot bath every other night before retiring. See that the bowels are properly regulated by natural means. If any serious difficulty is met with in this way the colon-flushing treatment may be used for a few times, though this should not be continued indefinitely. (See article in "Health and Beauty," for March, on the "Symptoms, Cause and Cure of Constipation.")



Ishmael

By Boquet

THE ECONOMY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE

By A. S. Loizeaux



PHYSICAL culture is not a trust and is not a monopoly of the rich; it is distinctly for the economical man. So true is this that a wise man some generations back has said, "The only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor."

It is astonishing how cheaply a person can live, and live well—live deliciously, in fact! live more comfortably, wholesomely, and happily than the average millionaire.

Man's absolute physical requirements are few. Air he must have constantly or die. Food and drink come next. Clothing is a necessity in Northern climates, and exercise and sunshine, with a place to sleep complete the list.

Now for the expenses.

Fresh air is not retailed over the counter at a dollar a bottle; it is plentiful and free. It squeezes in every crack to reach the unthankful breather and fan his vital fire. There is nothing costly about air except the double windows made to keep it out.

The food supply is the greatest single item in man's expense. People are wont, however, to spend four times as much on food as is necessary, and they still fare poorly. A hearty breakfast is eaten, although none is needed. A quantity of meat is consumed at two or three meals per day, costing several times as much as grain foods and vegetables, which are much more wholesome. Pastries, fancy dishes and confections are expensive, but entirely unnecessary. An ideal food such as milk and whole wheat bread can be had for five cents a meal, so here you have no natural contradiction between good fare and cheap living. In fact, when a man has gout, or apoplexy, or dyspepsia, you may be reasonably sure that he has paid a high price to get it.

Of all entirely useless and expensive

habits, perhaps drinking is the most universal. We see people by the thousand pouring their money down their throats. There is no one who has given a fair trial to pure water alone but will acknowledge its superiority to any and all other drinks. But pure water costs nothing, and so people do not appreciate it. Water is almost as free as air. It falls from the skies, bubbles from the ground, flows in and through every valley, and in our cities the precious liquid is running from fountains in the public streets at municipal expense.

Clothing, of course, costs something, but the most expensive items are the unnecessary ones. Corsets, high-heeled shoes and starched clothes were unknown to the Greeks, and they thrived without them. The layers of various fabrics we now encase our bodies in keep out the health-giving air and sunshine.

Exercise, so far from being expensive, is a wage-earner. Over 90 per cent. of mankind, undoubtedly, get their living by physical exertion, and to it owe their health and happiness. Why, then, envy the moneyed man in his closed coach when it is so much better to walk?

For the necessities of life, then, the economical man has things pretty much his own way. His greatest advantages, however, are seen when we consider the supposed pleasures of life. Tobacco, for instance, is held by tens of thousands to be a king of luxury. Good cigars bring a high price. Pipes, cigarettes and even a chew must be paid for, and the enormous sums spent yearly in the trade of the weed attest the expensiveness of the habit. A good clean mouth, unstained lips, pure breath, and a system unpoisoned by nicotine, cost nothing, although, strange paradox, they cannot be bought for the wealth of Cræsus.

The great Creator is no merchant, but a royal giver. "He giveth to all, life and breath and all things." The One who "maketh His sun to shine upon the just and upon the unjust" has also said, "The gift of God is eternal life."

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.

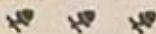
No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.

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, does not endorse as truth and fact.—Editor.

THE interest in the attainment of health and strength through physical culture by natural means is growing into a mighty force that will unquestionably be felt by every thinking human being in the civilized world. Newspapers and magazines are everywhere giving the subject a large amount of attention. It is to be regretted that much of the matter they publish is prepared largely by editors and reporters on their staff whose knowledge of physical culture is extremely limited. Though they, in many instances, we must admit, are furnishing valuable information, and are doing a great deal to advance this much needed work.

Physical Culture Growing Into a Mighty Force

Of course, as the public becomes more informed, editors and publishers will be compelled to show more care in selecting their writers. The conglomeration of conflicting opinions as to what physical culture really is, now makes it far more imperative that the student do his own thinking. Do not accept the opinion of any so-called authority as truth and fact unless it appeals to your common sense. Do not allow anyone, by a jumble of words, to confuse you. Physical culture after all is so simple that even a little child can thoroughly comprehend it. The development of one or all the muscles of the body, as far as exercise is concerned, depends simply on their regular use without strain or overwork. It depends on living as near to nature as possible. It depends on your securing a regular supply of pure air, natural foods of a proper quality and quantity, and a normal amount of rest.



Photographs

THE \$5.00 prize for the best photograph published in this issue has been awarded to Mr. Arthur H. Nordquest.

Send in your photograph. We pay \$1.00 for each one reproduced, and \$5.00 for what we consider the best reproduced.

THE case recently decided in the Supreme Court of the United States exposed in a very emphatic manner the methods in common use by Patent Medicine companies generally for deceiving and robbing the public.

There are but few of my readers who have not seen Syrup of Figs advertised. It is sold everywhere in the United States. The California Fig Syrup Company recently brought suit against another company for making use of the words "Syrup of Figs" on a remedy they had placed on the market.

*California Fig Syrup
Fraud*

The California Fig Syrup Company contended that their rights were being infringed, that they made this remedy popular by expensive advertising, and that the value of the trade name which they had thus created was their property.

The company against which the complaint was made stated in defence of their action, "That the form, the appearance of the labels and the pictures on the labels and the statements on the labels adopted and used by complainant in connection with this liquid laxative medicine were all designed, adopted and used with deliberate intent and purpose to deceive the public and the user of the medicine, and to perpetrate a fraud on them by inducing them to believe that the preparation contained figs in some form, and that by reason thereof the said medicine derived its said laxative qualities and their agreeable and pleasant taste.

"That the complainant had been successful in perpetrating the said fraud upon the public and for years past has perpetrated said fraud by wholesale, and has induced the public generally throughout the world to believe the statements of the complainant concerning the said medicine and its connection with figs."

One man succeeds in deceiving and robbing the public, and when some other man adopts similar methods to secure profit the first robber immediately becomes highly indignant and craves the protection of the law in seeking a monopoly of his nefarious swindle.

Fortunately the Supreme Court decided that the California Fig Syrup Co. was not entitled to damages or protection against imitators. The decision plainly indicated that the Court had been convinced by the evidence submitted that this company had been deceiving the public in every possible way, in order to advance their financial interests. Now, right here is illustrated the existence of a condition which is indeed deplorable. The Supreme Court, which is the highest Court of the Nation, has decided that the California Fig Syrup Co. have been selling their remedies through false representations. The Court has decided that they are not entitled to damages or protection against imitators, but, strange as it may seem, absolutely nothing is said about protecting the public against the false representations made by this company and its imitators. The interest of one company may be protected against another, but the general public may be robbed and defrauded to the extreme limit, and the law apparently is powerless or unwilling to step in and say "NO." What sort of law is it that will brand a company as a body of swindlers and then fail to take the slightest action to stop or modify their swindling methods? The Court was convinced beyond a shadow of doubt that this California Fig Syrup Company was engaged in selling remedies through fraudulent representations. Why was not some means adopted to stop their fraudulent business? It is time the public were awakened to the need of protecting themselves from these patent medicine frauds. It is to be hoped that, at no distant date laws will be framed that will not only refuse protection to those who victimize the public, but will also protect the public from being victimized.

*What the Corset Does:
Greatly Weakens, Some-
times Destroys, the Instinct
of Sex*

- (1) It loosens and sometimes ruins the digestive power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately injures and makes shapeless, flaccid and nerveless the flesh at the waist line.
- (5) Destroys the beauty lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and bust by restricting nourishment, interfering with normal circulation and thus lessening vital power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weakness peculiar to women, and from which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Greatly weakens, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently turn to expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacement.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of mental debility and divorce.

IT is the instinct of sex which makes the dividing line between man and woman. It is the instinct of sex which invests women with feminine charms, which we so much admire. No one admires a mannish woman. To be called masculine is an insult to any woman. All beautiful women are well sexed, possess to an intense degree all womanly instincts. Their beauty lies in their womanhood—in the distinct evidence that they possess in full all the physical characteristics essential to superb womanhood.

The operation which entirely unsexes a woman, so frequently performed in these days of modern scientific (?) surgery, causes her to soon appear mannish and masculine. The white down on her upper lip grows and darkens until it looks like a budding mustache. Now, in many instances the unsexing process of surgery can be nearly duplicated by the extremely tight corset. When a tight corset is worn the blood cannot freely circulate in the region of those delicately constructed organs of sex, and they are gradually starved to death. If inflammation of any kind appears in those parts it is extremely liable to manifest symptoms very serious in character. The arterial or purified blood cannot be freely carried to them; the venous or impure blood cannot flow freely back to heart and lungs. Here you have a condition which means an accumulation of dead cells, impure blood, and it is not difficult to understand under such circumstances that only on rare occasions do corset wearers escape from serious female complaints.

Now, superb womanhood, and all those desirable characteristics that accompany it, depend upon the possession of the instinct of sex in all its delicate acuteness. A woman is only a sexless nonentity unless she possesses in full those valuable feminine characteristics. The world is crowded with sexless creatures who parade through life in the guise of women, and many do not possess the slightest right to be so recognized. They are nothing but "make-believes." They belong neither to one sex nor the other. They frequently pass on to maturity, and realizing that they are supposed to be women, they finally marry. Not for an intense love or because they desire to build a home, but merely because it is the custom, and because they can be more independent in a home of their own. There are thousands of such dark, desolate homes in existence to-day. The women who make them stare us in the face wherever we go; they are nothing but imitators, and may Heaven pity the poor men who are deceived into accepting such creatures as real women. For before they have reached the end of life's road many occasions may occur when they will have cause to firmly believe that his satanic majesty has moved his regions to this sphere.

A tight corset benumbs, paralyzes, and sometimes entirely destroys the instincts of sex. No reasoning student, no sensible physician, will deny this terrible charge. It stands as truth and fact.

When men thoroughly realise the truth of this terrible accusation, this alone should be sufficient to induce them to use every possible means in their power in avoiding corset victims.



The Curse of Beauty Corset

a clear complexion, strong vital organs, and womanly instinct, merely to possess a small waist. You may pass a few pleasant hours in playing at love with these simpletons if you must, but fall in love with one at your peril. With such a thing as this for a wife AND A POSSIBLE MOTHER (think of it!) a man is indeed to be pitied!

This is the C. B. (Curse of Beauty) Straight-Front Corset. It is designed for the woman of fashion. It is all right for "butterflies." You know that they live but a short time, but for a living, BREATHING woman, one made of real flesh and blood, such a vital and sex-crushing device would destroy in time every admirable physical characteristic. It would mean doctors' bills by the score, moans of anguish, and the wrinkles and weakness of old age years and years before their time.

This is the R. & G. (Rough on Girls) Corset, the leading style for 1903. The maker says it is not only designed for style and real beauty but also for COMFORT. Gaze at it and then say COMFORT in the same tone of voice!!! Any girl who will lace like this is a brainless simpleton. She is sacrificing everything in life, health, beauty of form,



Rough on Girls Corset

WE are already registering manuscripts for our 1903-1904 Short Story Competition. For the benefit of our new subscribers, we again announce that for the best story published by us in PHYSICAL CULTURE during the year ending March, 1904, we will award a prize of \$100 in addition to our usual space rates.

Terms of the competition are:

First. No story is to exceed 5,000 words or be less than 2,000 words in length.

**PHYSICAL CULTURE Short
Story Competition of
1903-1904**

Second. All stories entered and published in PHYSICAL CULTURE will be paid for at our ordinary space rates.

Third. The copyright of all accepted stories in this competition vests in PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Fourth. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must be sent by mail, addressed as follows: "The Editor Prize Story Competition, Physical Culture Publishing Co., 1123 Broadway, New York."

Fifth. Entries must close by 1st February, 1904.

There is no limit to choice of subject or location of events, though preference will be given to fiction embodying a physical culture element cleverly interwoven and worked out throughout the story. Every competitor must be a subscriber to PHYSICAL CULTURE.

We would also call attention to a similar contest in our other magazine, "Health and Beauty," where a prize of \$100 is also offered.



NOT long ago the New York Board of Health issued a circular on the prevention of malaria. "Malaria," they state, "is frequently called ague, chills, chills and fever, and dumb ague." They also call attention to the mistakes that have been made in the past as to the cause of these troubles.

Medical science now corrects these erroneous impressions. The circular states that it has "been proven beyond doubt that malaria originates from the bite of a certain kind of mosquito (called 'Anopheles'). This mosquito is not born with malaria, but gets the germ into its stomach by biting a person already

*A Remarkable Discovery
in Science*

infected. To prevent malaria they, therefore, advise that we must either destroy the dangerous mosquito, or avoid its poisonous bite. As the malarial mosquito bites as a rule only at night, one will usually be safe by protecting the bedroom with screens, but before going to bed one should kill all the mosquitoes resting on the bedroom walls, clothes, and articles of furniture. Moreover, all cases of malaria already developed must be carefully isolated from mosquitoes until pronounced cured by a competent physician. For, if otherwise, malarial mosquitoes biting these persons and then flying out of doors again, may carry the infection some distance in all directions. Various epidemics in our suburbs in the past summer have been thus begun."

What a wonderful science this is! All who have been ailing before can from now on simply avoid mosquitoes and remain free from malaria. What a pity we did not know of this before. If malaria is communicated only from one person to another by mosquitoes, if you cannot acquire the disease in any other way, as they are desirous of making us believe, where did the first case originate? How do you acquire malaria in winter, spring and fall, when mosquitoes are nowhere to be seen?

These are questions that the readers of this magazine would probably like to hear answered by some of the profound intellects that compose the New York Board of Health. It may be that the physical culture theories in reference to the cause and cure of malaria are all erroneous. Perhaps it is not caused by over-eating, breathing bad air, lack of exercise and neglect to bathe regularly, but I believe that any student with a fair degree of common sense will endorse the physical culture theory if his mind is not biased with the great importance and infallibility of the so-called modern science.

EVEN in Russia the science of medicine is having trouble. One would think in that country, where everybody is supposed to be muzzled except Tolstoi, that physicians who possess that extraordinary "thing" called a conscience, would keep quiet should they have any opinions that would be inclined to awaken the public.

The famous Russian physician, Dr. W. Weressajew, has written a book entitled "THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHYSICIAN." He has laid bare all the professional secrets that are exploited only behind closed doors or in hushed voices by the members of this exalted (?) profession. We believed that in the past we had good grounds for many of the charges we have made against the theories of medical science, but this learned doctor has made statements far more condemnatory in character than we ever made. It is to be hoped that some American physician will have his conscience awakened in a similar way, and that we will soon have "The Confessions of an American Physician."

*The Confessions of
a Physician*

The experience of an American physician, beginning with his course at a medical college, and giving in detail all the information that would be of interest to the public, would be read with interest everywhere.

We quote the following from the literal translation of this Russian doctor's book:

That the young physician kills as many patients as he cures.

Medical science would come to a standstill were it not for the poor, for no man or woman knowing what a hospital—open to medical students—is, will go there if able to get credit for attendance and with the druggist.

Taking it all in all, our mothers, wives and sisters suffer most in public hospitals where students are admitted. To this day I blush at the recollection of the indignities imposed upon poor women for science's sake while I with a hundred or more others watched them like pieces of soulless bric-a-brac.

One day I assisted at an operation upon a forty-year-old woman suffering from a tumor. The next day she lay on the marble slab. "Died of peritonitis after the operation, eh?" said our professor of pathology to the surgeon who killed her.

"Yes," answered the most Jupiter-like of our teachers, who always boasted of his infallibility.

The pathologist demonstrated within thirty minutes that the peritonitis was due to the fact that the surgeon put the knife to the wrong place. "But accidents will happen," he added, "and in difficult operations like this are almost unavoidable." Then the two "great men" shook hands and departed.

Our teachers treated the death of a patient as a bagatelle scarcely deserving of explanation, let alone excuse—and this before a body of young sawbones expecting to be let loose on humanity in a year or so!

The further I prosecuted my studies the more I became impressed with the utter inadequacy of medicine as taught. At the side of the widely advertised cures that had attracted me to the profession stretched a limitedless domain of human sufferings where our science stood aghast, where it was helpless, subject to error—nay, where it lied infamously, pretending to cure maladies that could not even be diagnosed, and which, as every pathologist well knows, are wholly incurable.

Again and again I heard and read the phrase, "This malady can only be diagnosed on the dissecting table." We were constantly asked to "try" certain remedies, though the professors knew that the result would be negative and might be harmful.

"Never leave the patient without medicine," we were told; "prescribe something anyhow, so that the patient may see that something is done for him. And when a diagnosis is wholly impossible, search for one; that is, dose the patient with certain medicines, trying one after the other.

"If he responds to the first, the second, the third or the twelfth treatment, why then is he afflicted with the malady for which this treatment is good, and after that it's easy sailing!"

One fine day I was invited by my professor to diagnose the case of a female patient who was apparently suffering from a tumor. I interviewed the woman, I watched her day and night, I read all the available literature on the case, and came to the conclusion that she was suffering from one of four things. When finally called upon to demonstrate the case before the class I positively refused to give an opinion.

"And cannot you guess at something?" demanded the professor angrily.

"No, sir, and I would not if I could." The professor himself investigated and announced that the woman was suffering from cancer of the left kidney. She was operated on, and when we stood around the dissecting table a week later we learned that it was her liver that had been affected.

Accept the word of an honest physician that to learn medicine by books and hospital experience is impossible. You might as well attempt to make a Byron or Salvini to order. **I know a great many medical authorities, men of immense theoretical knowledge, to whom I would not intrust a dog's life.**

When a hospital physician I heard one of this class of medical gentlemen make this dry statement at the end of a lecture and demonstration: "I hope I have now proved to everybody's satisfaction that this woman (pointing to the body) died in consequence of our (his own) operation. If the operation had not taken place the patient might have lived on for ten, twenty or thirty years. But accidents will happen and the operator should be ever prepared for disappointments."

To the Editor:

I write to make a suggestion. At the coming World's Fair at St. Louis, there will be a stock exhibit in which perfect specimens of every kind of domesticated bird and beast in the world will be shown. Can you not arrange an exhibit of perfect manhood and perfect womanhood? I know that the appearance of cattle, horses, guinea pigs, pug dogs, and bantam chickens are supposed

***Suggestion to the World's Fair—
Offer Prizes for Human Animals.***

to be much more important than humanity, but is not humanity deserving of a little attention? Are we so contemptible that we ought to be crowded out and left entirely unnoticed?

I would like to have you secure the services of at least half a dozen of each sex as nearly perfect as possible, and, also, as well educated and refined as possible. Provide a suitable building on the grounds and exhibit them in such attire as will best display their physique and strength, and have a stock of pamphlets, telling just how they gained it and giving pictures and measurements of each.

Really, is it not strange that in our great educated, enlightened nation, a World's Fair can be held where tens of thousands of dollars will be offered and paid in premiums for the best specimens of all domestic birds and beasts, *but not a penny for any kind of humanity?*

In the exhibit, if you should have one, at least one man and one woman, as near physically perfect as possible, ought to exhibit themselves as nearly nude as possible and still be modest, to impress upon the visitors just what perfect humanity means. JOHN W. VAN DEVENTEN.

THE above letter should awaken a train of serious thought in the mind of every unprejudiced person interested in the welfare of the human race. The health, strength and beauty of our domestic animals seem to be of more importance to the nation than the encouragement of similar characteristics in human beings.

In nearly every county in these great United States there is held an annual fair in which prizes are offered for the best specimens of the various domestic animals—horses, cows and pigs—but never on a single occasion has a prize been offered for the best specimen of man or woman. If an intelligent human being should suddenly drop into our midst from another world, he would imagine that our animals were far more important than human beings.

The suggestion the writer of this letter has made is valuable. Imagine, if you can, the change that would occur in the appearance of men and women of this country if we were to offer prizes and in every way encourage the development of perfect men and superb women? Instead of exhibiting our magnificent specimens of horseflesh, we might have something to exhibit of real value to the race; something that would mean more strength, more health, more stability of character and more power of mind as well as beauty of body.

We suggest to the managers of this great World's Fair at St. Louis, THAT A DEPARTMENT BE ADDED FOR THE EXHIBITION OF A PERFECT SPECIMEN OF THE HUMAN WORLD, and that they offer prizes of a value which will show the relative importance of a perfect man or woman, and a horse, cow and dog.

Thoroughbred horses are of value; superior cattle are of use; guinea pigs, pug dogs and bantam chickens have something about them to be admired; but if you combine all that is attractive, beautiful and advantageous in every domestic animal upon the earth, its value to human life, to human health and human happiness, would be insignificant when compared to that which tends to raise humanity to loftier and nobler ideal in mind and body.

LET THIS GREAT WORLD'S FAIR TRAMPLE DOWN THE PRUDE and rise up and beyond the conservative coward. Let them show broadmindedness that nothing of this character ever dared to exhibit before. If the managers are fearful of their ability to properly conduct a competition of this character, *we will manage it for them.*

In the past, men have grown weaker and wiser. If the proper encouragement is offered, men can be more perfect in every bodily detail than any specimen of the lower animal kingdom. Wisdom does not necessarily mean weakness. Wisdom of the right kind means increased physical powers, and if this great World's Fair can be induced to offer a large financial inducement, it will do more for this great cause than any other influence.



THE names of the winners in the PHYSICAL CULTURE 1902-1903 Prize Story Contest are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE \$100. Awarded to R. W. WALTERS, 57 So. Main St., Bethlehem, Pa. Story, "The Adventures of Trochilles," published in the February, 1903, issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Winners, 1902-1903 PHYSICAL CULTURE Prize Story Contest

SECOND PRIZE, \$75. Awarded to Frank Hammond, Eldora, Hardin Co., Iowa. Story, "The Funeral at Crystal Gulch," published in the January, 1903, issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THIRD PRIZE, \$50. Awarded to A. L. Colcleugh, Mount Forest, Ontario, Canada. Story, "Natur," published in the December, 1902, issue of "Beauty and Health."

FOURTH PRIZE, \$25. Awarded to Harold Stuart Eyre, 155 West 22d St., New York City. Story, "A Gladiator of To-day," published in the September, 1902, issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Bernarr Macfadden