

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

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## AN IDYLL

By Hugh Van Sully

They were married, bound and bonded by an indissoluble tie. Not that the beautiful marriage ceremony in itself so surely made them as one.

A holy and a sacred love was theirs. His for her, hers for him. None other might come between them. With their God they had covenanted, and in the perfection of their physical, mental, and moral powers, they would possess each the other, and cherish with a mutual passion those little ones to spring from their union.

Ah! The beauty of Manhood in a magnificent man.

Ah! The beauty of Womanhood in a superb woman.

Such were these children of their love; noble, perfect specimens of that humanity upon whom the Infinite breathed a portion of His own undying life and splendor.

Theodore, glowing with health, a giant with a giant's strength, yet with an intellect subserving mere brute force to the uplifting and betterment of himself and his fellows.

In comeliness of face and figure an Apollo, in manner and bearing a Petronius, he had compelled and won the love of a latter day Diana, who, with the incomparable grace of true womanliness, united the soul of a Madonna, so pure was she and fair.

When the joyful wedding-feast was over they found themselves alone. Alone in a Paradise of Bliss, with the mystic awe and the half-lingering reticence of a love that exalts the spiritual over the merely animal.

When Adam courted Mother Eve, his sole garment was the wondrous power of that first love, that saw nothing else, nor felt any shame. For were they not given, that they might embrace and render homage to their Maker in another generation? First came Sin—then Shame.

In a holy love there must be nor Sin nor Shame in the sight of God or man.

With the first weakling of our race came Shame. Remember the part Satan played in the degradation of man.

"Shame!" was his cry then, now, forever. "Shame," a vile mockery, in which there could be no true love nor life.

He stood, more God-like than in the fleece of dead creatures, in the deceitful vestments of a climatic necessity.

His bosom heaving, swelling with pride in his conquest; his eyes glowing, flashing; now subdued with the soft light of Love, he stretched forth his arms and bade her come.

Trembling, she came.

Woman-like, she whispered: "My Lord, will it last for always?"

From the depths of his soul, he answered:

"God grant, it may! I know not. But this I know, I have thee. God is good to me. Yet, in this bliss we transcend Nature. 'Tis a heavenly joy. Oh, God's gift, come!"

"My husband! Gift of God!" she murmured; and her heart fluttered on his bosom.

Verily: in the earth; above the earth; nor in the regions under the earth, is there aught to compare with the transcending love of a perfect man and a perfect woman.

He was one and she was one; and they were two. And, lo! they were many.



## 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 II.

CONTAINING BREATHING, AND A GENERAL EXERCISE, AND SPECIAL EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE SHOULDERS. REMARKS ON THE ADVANTAGES SECURED FROM DEVELOPING THE BODY.



**I**n my last lesson I tried to emphasize, in the strongest possible manner, the great importance of learning how to breathe properly, and to acquire a habit, while in the open air, of frequently inhaling deep, full breaths. It is impossible to impress too strongly upon the physical culture student the

extreme necessity of this. If you are breathing improperly you cannot expect rewards of consequence in physical development.

And when I speak of deep breathing, I literally mean deep breathing. That is, I mean that the air should be brought down into the lowest parts of the lungs. The movement should be in the abdominal region, as shown in the illustration of previous issue. There is no need of any movement of consequence in the bony framework of the chest walls. This part of the body was not made to expand, unless a very deep, full breath is inhaled. And when one breathes in this superficial way, that is, breathes from the upper chest, as most corseted young women do, the lower part of the lungs will remain unused. The air stagnates there, and thus hardly half of the lungs are given the use required for the perfect performance of their functional processes. No one can breathe in a shallow manner from the upper part of the chest only and possess perfect health.

When breathing properly, every one of the minute cells of the lungs is inflated

to its fullest extent. The blood as it circulates through the body also gathers up an appreciable amount of impure matter, much of which is eliminated through the lungs.

It is needless to emphasize the value of pure blood. Every reader of this magazine thoroughly realizes its importance. Every part of the body, the bones, nerves, tissues, are first created and then maintained in strength and health by the blood. If this blood is pure, and rich in those elements essential to the building of a vigorous condition, the functional processes of the body will be performed far more perfectly.

Let me also again warn my readers against the baneful habit, recommended by many athletes, of holding the abdomen drawn in as far as possible at all times in walking or standing. This is unnatural and injurious. It interferes with the digestive process, as well as with free and natural breathing. This part of the abdomen should be relaxed, allowing perfect freedom to expand and contract with the downward and upward movements of the diaphragm essential to proper breathing.

In filling the lungs to their greatest capacity, while taking breathing exercises, it is always well to first force out all the air you possibly can, and this requires you to draw in the abdomen as far as possible, but, under ordinary circumstances, the abdominal region should not be made tense and rigid, or held in.

There are two other breathing exercises illustrated in this issue that can be practiced with great benefit, and can be com-

bined with the full expansion of the lungs, and the necessity for which has been so strongly emphasized on several occasions.

A great many will ask, on first awakening to the importance of physical culture obtained through muscular exercise, what advantages do you gain from a thorough development of the body? Now in order to convince those students who may be undecided as to the value of all this, and furthermore to furnish enthusiasts with arguments that they can use to fully explain the value of a thoroughly developed body to those who might be interested, I will proceed to consider this phase of the subject.

Now look upon the body as a machine, which follows your commands, for from one standpoint it is nothing more than a machine. The brain is the engineer, and the body is composed of various mechanical parts, that are capable of moving and working at our behest.



**PHOTO No. 9—Exercise No. 6.** Form the mouth so there will be a very small opening, then draw in the breath very slowly yet forcibly until the abdominal regions and chest have been filled to their fullest capacity. If desired you can draw the air through a small pipe stem or breathing tube when taking this exercise, or you can partially close the nostrils with the fingers and draw in the air slowly through the nostrils. This exercise greatly strengthens the muscles used while drawing in the breath.

No mechanic or engineer would question for a moment the advantage that would accrue to him in exchanging a poorly and weakly constructed machine for one strong and perfectly constructed. Not only is a perfect machine capable of exerting more energy, but its every effort is more evenly and more economically directed. Now, the more perfect your

bodily machine, the more capable you become, and the better you are equipped to accomplish your objects in life, whatever they may be.

Happiness is, to a certain extent, a matter of comparison. If you possess a poor, weak body, the mechanism of your machine will always be out of order, and weakness and disease will make happiness for you unattainable.

If one is continually worrying about the ills and weakness of the body, he has but little time to exert for other and more satisfying efforts. The first duty of every human being is to perfect the mechanism of his own body as nearly as possible. That should be the starting point, and the body cannot be a perfect machine unless it is developed as thoroughly as possible. All that delicately sensitive acuteness of the nerves, and the intuitive powers of the mind, are only acquired in their highest degree of perfection when the body has been thoroughly and perfectly developed.

Then, too, the body can aptly be compared to a chain. A chain is as strong as its weakest link. The body is as strong as its weakest part. If a chain with one weak link is subjected to any unusual strain, the weak link snaps and the chain is ruined. Whenever the body is subjected to any debilitating influence, the weak part is attacked, and death fre-

quently ensues. Therefore, it is not only necessary to develop parts of the body, but the body should be developed as a whole. No part of the muscular system should be neglected, and it is well to remember that the development of the external muscles of the body, when combined with proper breathing and dieting, increases the vigor of the entire internal functional system.

The possession of a strong external muscular system in nearly every case indicates strength in the digestive and other internal functional parts, if an ordinary amount of intelligence is displayed in the selection of foods. It will therefore be noted that the development of the human body to its highest possible degree of perfection, not only increases muscular powers, but the internal vital organs, which really furnish and maintain life, are greatly strengthened when the external muscular system has been thoroughly developed.

When the external muscular system is used regularly, it makes a

tissue, and when the blood is thus made rich in muscle-making material, every part of the muscular system, both internal and external, is made stronger and more perfect; and the nerves, that great telegraphic system by which the human body is made to manifest all the various phases of life, are brought to their highest degree of perfection when supplied with those virile elements with which the blood is thoroughly pregated, when it is rich in those elements essential to building muscular vigor.

It is to the nervous system that we owe all the various phases of emotion, that reach from one extreme of an exalted degree of happiness to the other extreme of excruciating agony. But the more perfect this nervous system, the more delicately and acutely you are capable of feeling, the more you will be securing from life, and the more successful you will be, providing, of course, you have made proper use of your powers.

Strong muscles



**PHOTO No. 10—Exercise No. 7.** This is a similar exercise to the preceding, though the force is exerted while expelling the breath instead of while inhaling it. First fill your lungs completely, then forming the mouth into a small opening, as described before, force the air out very slowly yet vigorously. A pipe stem or breathing tube can be used through which to force the air in this as in the preceding exercise if you desire, or it can be taken while partially closing the nostrils with the fingers. This exercise is for strengthening the expelling muscles of the chest used in breathing.

strong demand upon the blood for those elements which are essential in building muscular vigor. This influences the absorbent glands, which take up the nourishment from the contents of the alimentary canal, to select those elements needed in building muscular

in nearly every case indicate the possession of strong nerves. There may be a few exceptions to this rule, but such results have been produced by dissipation, unnatural stimulation, or other gross errors in the habits of life.

No matter what may be your objects

in life, no matter what profession, business or occupation you may select, your energy, or capacity, or power, will be vastly increased by the mere development of your muscular system. A clear brain, strong nerves, and an abundant supply of energy are essential to success and to happiness, and these much valued powers cannot be secured in their full completeness unless the body is developed to its highest degree of perfection.

Then, too, there is much value in the mere possession of physical comeliness. Power to create a favorable impression by one's mere appearance is of great value in life.

To a woman it frequently means the ability to gratify her every ambition, and though it may not be so valuable to a man, it is nevertheless of great importance. In the business or professional world, a wholesome, vigorous appearance is of great value. It frequently

bright eyes, and a well formed, shapely body, are always preferred by business and professional men, other things being equal.

In other words, if you are applying for a position in some large mercantile establishment, and if in experience and ability you were the equal of other applicants, and if you appeared healthier and stronger and had a certain physical comeliness not possessed to a similar degree by the other applicants, in nearly every instance you would be given the preference.

It would be well also to remember that the possession of a strong and beautiful body usually indicates the possession of a full amount of magnetic power. This is recognized as a force of which one can make splendid use in influencing others.

You could hardly imagine a great orator as a weak, effeminate man.

He must be strong, magnetic, forceful, masterful, and possess that extreme sensitiveness of nerves and power of in-



**PHOTO No. 11—Exercise No. 8.** Form one finger of each hand like a hook, then locking them together as described in the first lesson of the previous issue, and balancing the body on the toes, as shown in the photo, take the exercise described in the previous lesson, namely, slowly raise the arms forward and upward, all the time pulling vigorously outward and attempting to pull the fingers apart (see next photo).

makes friends and gives one opportunities that might never offer under ordinary circumstances. A clear complexion,

tuition which are essential to impress and influence an audience.

And that magnetic charm which is

always possessed by attractive women, is simply evidence of high physical health, and the more perfect the physical comeliness the more acute will be the nervous power of intuition, which is the foundation of that fascinating force called magnetism. This can be developed and perfected by a woman as easily as the muscles of the arms can be strengthened, by simply perfecting every part of the body and properly training the mind.

It is, therefore, an important duty that every human being owes to himself, or to herself, to develop to the highest degree of attainable perfection all the muscles of the body. You do not reach manhood in all its most complete sense until this duty has been performed. Many go through life under the impression that

they are fully matured men and women merely because they have reached the age that should denote their possession of these complete powers, but the strength, emotions

and instincts that accompany adult life in all its most perfect development, are never felt by them in all their acute intensity. You are not a complete man, you are not a complete woman, until you have fully developed your body. If this duty has been neglected in early youth, you have serious reason for regret, but it is far better to begin late than never. Those who have reached thirty, or even forty, years of age, with a weak body and stiff, shapeless muscles, cannot expect to develop the same amount of strength and bodily beauty which they could easily have acquired in youth, but they can still be immensely improved.



**PHOTO No. 12—Exercise No. 8—Continued.** Continue to slowly draw the arms upward until they are far back of the head, as shown in the above photo. Be sure to make vigorous effort to pull the fingers apart while bringing the arms upward. Use each of the fingers of both hands in this manner. This is a very good all-round exerciser for strengthening the fingers, arms, chest and legs. As a variation, if desired, you can raise up and down by straightening the knees. If you have difficulty in maintaining your balance while taking this exercise, when first attempting it you can lean against a chair or table. This exercise is also specially good for rounding the knees and making the legs shapely.

The bony framework can be but slightly changed, but the cartilages, the muscles, the shape and general contour of the body can be greatly changed for the better.

It may be a surprising statement to many, but it is nevertheless the fact, that there are degrees in life, and to a certain extent degrees in death. When your brain is clear and every sense is alive and alert, when every emotion is delicately sensitive to the slightest influences, when your body quivers with life and health and strength, then you have reached the highest degree of life. Then do you really and truly live, in every sense of the word.

When dead cells are allowed to accumulate and collect, they cause an abnormal action of the bodily functions, and accordingly deaden and make torpid the senses of the body. Under such circumstances you have advanced a long way toward your



**PHOTO No. 13—Exercise No. 9.** Grasp the right elbow with the left hand, as shown in photo. Now bring the right arm downward and backward (see next photo).

final end, and in the same proportion that the accumulation of this dead matter increases, to the same degree does one approach death.

The difference between youth and old age, life and death, is represented simply by these dead cells. The youth is active, energetic. The body is kept free from this torpid matter by and through this activity. As one grows older, as the

activity of youth ceases to be a habit, these dead cells accumulate. You carry around a load of them continually. It grows heavier and heavier, year after year. It is not altogether age that causes the decrepitude, weakness, ugliness and wrinkles that usually accompany old age. It is simply inactivity. The condition represented as old age should not exist in these modern times. There is no excuse for growing old in feeling and energy, or even in strength, and there is little excuse for growing old even in appearance. One should maintain bodily vigor and energy almost to the highest degree, nearly to death.

Activity and youth!

Youth and activity!

They represent similar conditions. Neither can exist without the other. As long as you are active you will possess youthful powers, you

will be youthful, feel youthful.

Let us therefore especially note, that the exercise

of the external muscular system keeps you young. It keeps away old age. It enables you to enjoy all through life the greatly desired possession of youth. When stiffness, weakness and senility appear, they do not indicate merely that you are growing old. They simply show that you have allowed dead matter to accumulate, that you are carrying around dead cells, and the internal



cleansing influence of regular muscular activity is required to eliminate them.

I herewith repeat the daily régime with a few minor changes.

#### DAILY RÉGIMÉ.

Immediately upon rising take the exercises illustrated in the previous issue, in the order which they are given, and follow with the exercises illustrated in this issue.

Take each exercise vigorously and be sure to continue each movement until the muscles are tired. Of course, if not very strong at first, it might be well to stop before there is a very noticeable feeling of fatigue. If you are a beginner, you can take merely the exercises shown in this lesson until you feel sufficiently strong to take the exercises illustrated in both lessons.

The exercises should



**PHOTO No. 14—Exercise No. 9—Continued.** To position shown in this photo. While the right arm goes downward and backward, resist vigorously the movements with the left arm, making it require considerable effort to bring the arm back to the position shown. Take similar exercise with the left arm, reversing the position until the muscles are thoroughly tired. This exercise is for strengthening and developing the muscles in the back part of the shoulder.

be taken in a room with windows wide open by all means, and without clothing. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Have the windows of your sleeping room wide open at all times. The colder the air, the harder you will have to work to bring a feeling of warmth to the external surface.

You need not fear catching cold provided you are not eating too heartily and are taking general good care of yourself. It might be well, however, to use considerable care in adopting the fresh air habit. Do not go from one extreme to the other. Gradually inure yourself to the cold air. I wear a summer suit the year

round; hardly ever wear an overcoat. Never wear underwear, except in the summer, to absorb perspiration. I do not advise my pupils, however, to go to this extreme all at once.

To be able to feel comfortable in a winter atmosphere with but a light summer suit as protection, it requires very active circulation throughout all parts of the body and this cannot be acquired at once.

Follow the exercise with a dry friction bath, taking a rough towel and rubbing

the body thoroughly all over, rubbing back and forth over every part, until the skin is pink from the accelerated circulation brought to the skin by the friction.

I would like to call my pupil's attention to the special benefit that can be derived from this friction bath. The

pores eliminate a vast amount of impurities, and if they are kept thoroughly active the blood is pure and there is far less liability to disease and one can more easily acquire the highest degree of strength under circumstances of this nature.

Follow this exercise with a cold sponge bath, having the water as cold as you can bear it, and still be able to recuperate with a feeling of warmth afterwards.

Remember that a cold bath is beneficial only to those who can recuperate from its influence with a feeling of warmth. Usually those not accustomed to this bath can enjoy it if preceded by the exercises and the friction bath, but if this does not enable you to glow with warmth after a sufficient time has elapsed to enable you to recuperate from the



**PHOTO No. 15—Exercise No. 10.** Grasp the right arm with the left hand behind the back, as shown in the illustration. Now, strongly resisting the movement with the left arm, bring the right arm forward as far as you can (see next photo).

shock of the cold water, it would probably be better for you to omit the bath until you have developed more vigor.

Unless working at very hard manual labor, two meals a day should be sufficient, and even under such circumstances, many prefer two meals to three.

It is not of very grave importance

when these two meals are eaten, provided that at least six hours intervene between them. You can eat at morning and night, noon and night, or in the morning, and an hour or so after noon.

If you do eat three meals per day, I would at least make one of those meals

very light. I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that you cannot improve while eating three meals per day. I advise two meals per day because there is less liability of over-eating, that is, eating more than you can digest. If, however, you are careful not to eat more than you can conveniently assimilate, there is no harm in the three-meal-per-day habit and you can improve about as fast when eating three meals as two.

Try and acquire the habit of drinking one or two glasses of water either before or after these exercises. If not thirsty, drink a

few swallows, gradually increasing the amount each morning, and finally you will acquire a natural thirst. At all times during the day, pure water should be at hand, and you should drink freely of it.

Some have acquired the impression that because I recommend the advisability of drinking freely of water, that it

was necessary to imbibe vast quantities. This is a very serious mistake. You can overload your stomach and the functional system with water and benumb their powers. You should avoid either extreme; ordinarily one should drink from three to six pints of water every twenty-four hours.

Masticate every morsel of food to a liquid. Avoid all liquids at meal times, unless specially thirsty. If you drink freely of water between meals there should be no thirst during the meal. If accustomed to a hot drink at meals, and it seems difficult to break off the habit, you can use

can be taken in the evening before retiring, instead of in the morning, though under such circumstances it would be advisable to take a few movements in the morning, to brace you up for the day's duties.

If you are working hard at manual labor the same advice is applicable to you, though when exercises are given that use the same muscles that are required in your occupation, those particular exercises may be omitted.

Two or three evenings during the week a



PHOTO No. 16—Exercise No. 10—Continued. To position shown in this photograph. Continue the exercises until the muscles are thoroughly tired, being sure to resist the movements vigorously each time. Take same exercises with both arms, reversing the position. This movement strengthens and develops the muscles in the front part of the shoulder.

cocoa or a cup of hot milk after having finished the meal, drinking it very slowly.

If preferred by the pupil, the exercise

hot bath should be taken before retiring, and in every instance the exercise should precede it and the impurities eliminated by the pores will thus be washed off.

## PHOTO No. 17—

Exercise No. 11.  
Grasp the hands as shown in the photograph. Now bring the right arm outward and upward at the side (see next photo).



## PHOTO No. 18—

## Exercise No. 11—

Continued. To position shown in this photograph. Strongly resist the movement of the right arm with the left, then reverse the movement, bringing the left arm out at the side and resisting with the right arm. Continue this exercise until the muscles on the sides of each shoulder are thoroughly tired, and if you are taking the exercise properly this will not require very many movements. This movement is for strengthening and developing the muscles on the outer part of the shoulder.

# SCIENCE OF WRESTLING

*Some Effective Tricks*

*Illustrated by the Famous Wrestler, John Piening*

Beginning with this issue we intend to give our readers a few lessons in the muscle building sport of wrestling. The "holds" shown here are illustrated by John Piening, the famous Græco-Roman heavy-weight wrestler, with the assistance of Prof. Anthony Barker. In the next issue we will give a lesson illustrated by Thos. Jenkins, champion wrestler of the world.

Those who are in the habit of wrestling are nearly always vigorous, hearty specimens of manhood; in fact, the exercises will develop vigorous bodies in every case. One should, of course, be careful

*Two excellent portraits of John Piening, showing wonderful development of neck, chest and arms.*



in the beginning to avoid the possibility of strain, though if you wrestle with one who is about your strength and do not become excited, there is but little danger of injury. The body is required to be strong in all parts in order to become a wrestler of ability. Strong neck, arms and back are especially required.

The "holds" here shown are used in Greek and Roman wrestling.

When you have succeeded in getting your opponent on his hands and knees, the object, of course, as most of my readers know, is to force him until he lies flat on the floor on his back, both shoulders touching the floor.

In the recent exciting contest between John Piening and George Bothner,

### 1. HALF NELSON AND BODY HOLD.

Place right hand under your opponent's arm and over his neck, as shown, then left hand under his body, as shown. Force the head down and the body up and turn him clear over. This should be done quickly and you should use your weight to assist in forcing your opponent to the floor and you should succeed in securing a fall from this hold.



### 2. QUARTER NELSON.

Place the left arm under your opponent's arm and grasp the forearm of your right hand, as shown. Now, using your right hand as a pry, force your opponent's head downward until he is compelled to turn on his back.

### 3. HAMMERLOCK AND HALF NELSON.

Put right hand under your opponent's arm and over his head; then grasp his wrist with left hand, quickly bringing his arm up and turning it, as shown. Force the arm gradually up toward his neck until he is compelled to turn on his back.



which took place at the Grand Central Palace, New York, Piening overcame Bothner twice by virtue of his "Hammerlock Hold."

This was one of the most exciting and closest contests Piening had ever engaged in. He tried every trick in the game and had he not had recourse to this excellent "hold" the issue would have been doubtful indeed. Bothner promises great things in the wrestling arena and with great apparent ease eluded and broke from the veteran Piening. In this contest, Piening undertook to throw Bothner four times within an hour, but when the sixty minutes expired there were only two throws to Piening's credit.

#### 4. DOUBLE FULL NELSON.

*Putting right and left arms under your opponent's arms and over his neck, locking the hands, as shown; now force your opponent's head down until he turns on his back.*

#### 5. STRANGLE HOLD.

*This is a dangerous hold and is not advised in friendly wrestling. Lock your arm under your opponent's chin as shown, forcing head backward and at the same time using your right hand for a pry, under your opponent's arm and over his back, to turn him over.*



## A JUVENILE ARMLESS WONDER

PLAYS VIOLIN, HARP AND GUITAR, AND RIDES AND DRIVES  
REMARKABLE RESULTS OF PERSISTENT PHYSICAL CULTURE

*By Edward Wm. May*



THE most remarkable case of successful physical culture under difficulties I ever witnessed or heard of is that of a boy whom I recently saw and conversed with in Binghamton, New York. The little fellow was born without arms, and so was handicapped from birth. His name is J. Russell Brown, and he lives with his mother and his stepfather, Daniel S. Gardner.



Playing a Sonata



Master Brown with his Harp and Drum

place of his missing hands and arms.

Unlike most deformed and crippled persons Master Brown is of a cheerful and merry disposition, and became a favorite with the neighbors and their children the moment he left his cradle and began to toddle.

This lad is a fair-haired, ruddy cheeked, robust and athletic youngster with a bright eye, a steady nerve and muscles strong as iron bands, and is only ten years of age.

If Nature denied Brown arms and hands, she compensated him with a quick wit and a keen perception, by which he foresaw that by persistent application he might so cultivate and educate his legs and feet that they might take the



Perhaps the most admirable and surprising feature of the boy's mental make-up is his supreme independence and frank contempt of offered assistance in dressing, undressing and eating. His physical deficiencies have been amply compensated by his mental activity, which finds expression through the medium of will power, and his remarkable independence of spirit.

He is a precocious boy, and, although armless, can dress, undress and eat his meals as well and with as much ease as the boys and girls of his own age, whom nature has endowed with arms, hand and deft fingers. By dint of persistent application and practice his legs are now as controllable as arms, and his feet and toes as dexter as hands and fingers.

He can button his collar, tie his cravat, lace his shoes

"Au revoir, Mabel"

Preparing  
for a spin  
across  
country



Master Brown going  
the "splits"

and brush his hair  
with the best of  
his playmates. At  
parties, to which  
he is so often in-  
vited, he uses his  
knife, fork and

Ready for a run on  
the Speedway



spoon with as much gusto and dexterity as any of his little companions. On these occasions, his own private and specially constructed chair has to be sent ahead of him, and so well groomed are his feet, and so carefully manicured, or, rather, pedicured, are his toes, that, though partially concealed by black silk mittens, which permit of their free use, it is quite a treat to watch the little fellow help himself with milk and sugar or pass the same on to somebody who wants attention, or resting his feet on the edge of the table between courses, with as much comfort and grace as if they were hands.

At school he turns the leaves of his books and writes his exercises with per-

fect ease, and at home he crochets and embroiders in most dainty fashion.

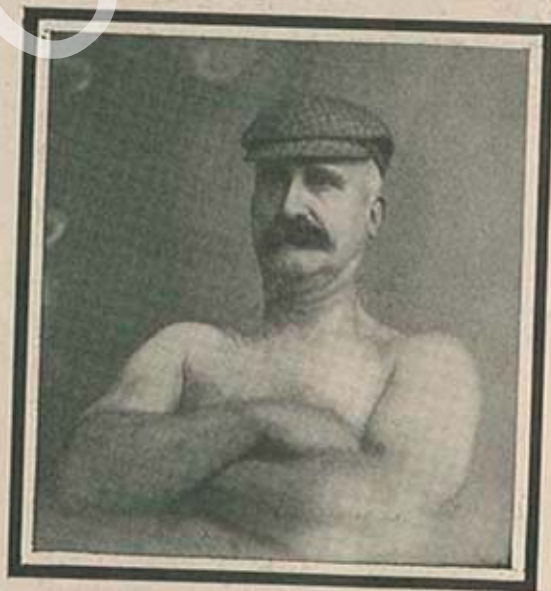
He plays the violin, drum, harp, guitar, and is expert at ball, boxing and leap-frog. His father had a bicycle designed and made expressly for him, and he drives his father's buggy, handling (?) the reins and whip with one foot, while with graceful politeness he raises his hat with the other to his little fair friends. He is an amateur photographer and printer, and, having learned a simple method of telegraphy, rigged a line to the house of his sweetheart, four streets away, over which the child-lovers plighted their troth and daily transmit flashes of love.

*NOTE.—After this article was sent to press we received a note from Mr. May stating that he wrote to 10-year-old Miss Lizzie Driscoll, of Binghamton, a few days ago, asking for Russell Brown's present address, and that her answer was "I do not know the present address of Russell Brown. He died recently of diphtheria."—EDITOR.*



Fred Smith,  
Haworth, Yorkshire, England

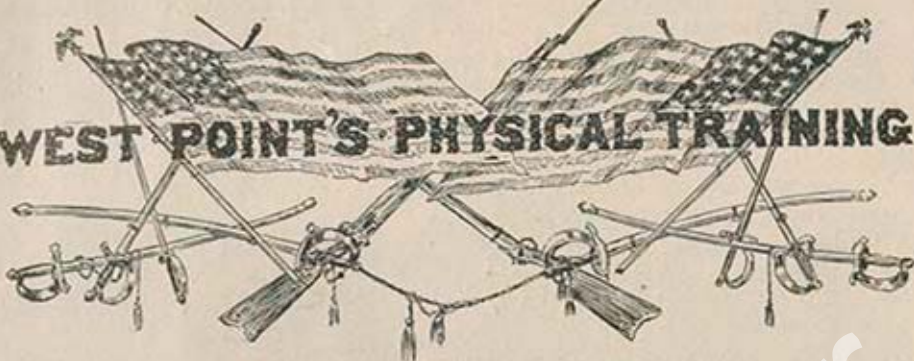
Mr. Smith shows excellent pectoral and abdominal development.



James W. Graham,  
St. Louis, Mo.

Age, 36 years. Still youthful in his appearance and energy. Mr. Graham has all his life been an ardent physical culture advocate and is an expert fencer, swimmer and all-round athlete.

## WEST POINT'S PHYSICAL TRAINING.



*The methods by which Cadets at the United States Military Academy are developed into the Finest Specimens of Physical Manhood in America.*

*By H. Irving Hancock, Author of "Life at West Point"*

### FIRST PAPER

(Illustrated by photographs taken specially for PHYSICAL CULTURE, by courtesy of Colonel Mills and Lieutenant Koehler, U. S. A.)



**N**O better specimen of physical manhood walks the earth than the young lieutenant who has just graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point. He possesses superb strength, wonderful agility, great endurance, and the perfection of poise. He is "every

inch a man."

When it is remembered that the West

Point cadet is kept at study, recitations and other duties nearly all the time from 6 a.m. until 10 p.m.—that he goes through a life so busy that in civil life his case would almost invariably result in nervous collapse—the result shown in the person of the graduated cadet seems tenfold more wonderful. The secret—no, that is really the wrong word, for no mystery is made of the methods—lies in the work that is begun in the gymnasium and kept up in various ways throughout the entire four years' course.

Physical training at West Point is



**Dumb-Bell Exercise**

"Leap to straddle bells overhead, bend trunk forward and swing bells back and recover."

under the direction of Lieutenant H. J. Koehler, United States Army, who has held his important position for some eighteen years. It was he who originated the present system of physical training, and who through long years of accumulating experience has succeeded in making the bodily instruction at the Academy just what the mental training is—the finest to be found in any military training school in the world. The system, now that it has been perfected, is simplicity itself. Some of the later work done in the gymnastic course is done with the aid of "machines," but there is enough of the work that can be done with nothing but the apparatus furnished by nature to make any resolute follower of the exercises I am going to describe a model of physical health.

Machine for strengthening arms, legs and back



It must be understood that, while West Point produces many splendid athletes, that is not the aim of the training. The real athletes are made by practice in the various outdoor games that are not a part of the curriculum. The aim of the physical director is the development

Abdominal Stool and Leg Machine



of normal health and strength, and the building up of a system which, in the hour of hardship and stress will have a vast reserve of strength and endurance to be drawn upon. No man is called upon for more severe tests of endurance than the fighting men in the field.

nostrils, but may be let out through either the nostrils or the mouth. Cadets are cautioned against holding the breath as long as possible before expelling it. This is considered as being particularly dangerous to the health.

Next in order is learning when to in-



Horizontal Bar Drill  
"Leap to backward hanging position."

West Point graduates have always shown themselves equal to the test.

In looking over the photographs that accompany this paper it must be borne in mind that the young men who have posed are not representative of the finished product of four years' training at West Point. They are all "plebes," or cadets in the first year of their work. It is only in the first year of the course that gymnastic work is insisted upon, its place in the three following years being supplied by various outdoor drills and work in the Riding Hall. All through the course, however, cadets are privileged to use the gymnasium, and nearly all of them are regular attendants for instruction more advanced than that given to the "plebes."

When the cadet first enters the gymnasium he is taught to stand erect. Then the utmost attention is paid, first of all to instructing him in the art of breathing correctly. At the beginning and ending of each drill the young man is required to spend some minutes in properly inhaling and exhaling. The breathing must be slow, regular, and as deep as possible. Air is taken in through the

hale and when to exhale. Breath should be taken while going through such an exercise as raising the arms sideways—such exercises as tend to raise and distend the thorax. Breath should be released when lowering the arms from overhead or from a lateral position—such exercises as have a tendency to contract the walls of the chest. If the breath becomes labored it is a certain sign that the strength is being over-taxed. Palpitation, or any other feeling of distress gives the same kind of warning, and the cadet is instructed to leave the squad and rest. The best relief from over-exertion is found in lying flat on the back, with arms and legs spread.

Bathing is always expected to follow exercise. Mere surface cleansing does not suffice. Plenty of sustained muscular work brings out perspiration in such a way that it effectively flushes the body. As soon as the squad is dismissed, the cadets go to their baths. In this connection no hard-and-fast rule is laid down. Each man's judgment is a law unto itself. Some require hot baths, others warm, still others tepid, though the most popular bath is the cold plunge. No bath of any degree whatever of tem-

perature that leaves the bather in a condition of mental or physical depression is regarded as beneficial. The bath that is the proper one will cleanse and stimulate. It is a matter of experience that many of the cadets receive the most benefit from sponge baths taken in tepid wa-

cise that has been found most valuable. In this the cadet stands with his hands over shoulders, elbows sideward, fists tightly clenched, and the knuckles turned up. Whatever command is given, the stroke must be given with as much vigor as possible, and the return to original



Mass Exercise on Horizontal Bars  
Eighteen cadets exercising at the same time

ter. Interior bathing is strongly insisted upon. This is accomplished by drinking very freely of cool water upon rising and at retiring, and at any other time of the day when thirst comes on. During gymnastic exercise very small sips are advised, and, better still, the use of water for rinsing the mouth only.

Among the first exercises taught is the one called "thrusting." One arm, or both, are thrust in the direction commanded, the arm or arms being extended with speed and vim. When thrusting forward or sideward, the knuckles are uppermost. In thrusting upward, the knuckles are kept out, and in the downward thrust they are held forward. Thrusting comprises, with the use of either arm, or both, forward, sideward, upward and downward movements, combined with thrusting in the various oblique directions—starting always with forearms held horizontally at height of waist, elbows forced back, hands closed, knuckles down.

"Striking" is another beginner's exer-

position is equally vigorous. After taking position, the commands are: (1) Strike right, or left, arm sideward. (2) Strike both arms sideward. (3) Strike right, or left, arm forward. (4) Strike both arms forward.

Then comes "circling," which consists of swinging the arms in as large circles as possible. In this the arms must be kept straight and the fists clenched. One arm, or both, are circled forward, then backward, then inward, and next outward. Then the right arm is circled forward and the left arm backward, after which the exercise is reversed. All these "circling" exercises begin from a position in which the arms are held overhead, knuckles outward.

Wrist and finger exercises come next in order, the arms being extended horizontally sideward, with palms down. In this there are seven commands, as follows: (1) Bend wrists downward. (2) Bend wrists upward. (3) Bend wrists backward. (4) Bend fingers downward. (5) Bend fingers upward. (6) Bend

wrists downward and upward. (7) Bend fingers downward and upward.

For strengthening the neck, the head is turned as ordered, pains being taken to bring the chin directly over the shoulder in each instance. For a few times the head is turned to the right, next a

and backward. (8) Circle shoulders forward or backward.

If the foregoing exercises are intelligently studied and faithfully pursued, together with the preliminary hints, enough work is presented for anyone to master during the next month. In the next pa-



**Dumb-Bell Drill**  
"Twist trunk right and left."

few times to the left, and finally it is turned alternately to the right and left.

Bending the head forward until the chin rests on the chest, and then bending the head as far back as may be, and sideward, comprises the drill known as "neck-bending." Each part of the exercise is performed a few times. For the benefit of those who want an exact way of doing this work, the following commands from the West Point course are reproduced: (1) Bend head forward. (2) Bend head backward. (3) Bend head sideward, right. (4) Bend head sideward, left. (5) Bend head forward and backward. (6) Bend head sideward, right and left.

"Moving shoulders" accomplishes more than would be expected at first thought. The closed hands are held just over the hips, with forearms horizontal. The commands are: (1) Move right shoulder forward. (2) Move left shoulder forward. (3) Move left shoulder backward. (4) Move right shoulder backward. (5) Move both shoulders backward. (6) Move both shoulders forward. (7) Move both shoulders forward

per, to be published next month, the writer will describe in detail the various trunk and leg exercises that are used with such splendid results at the United States Military Academy. The "leaning rest" exercises, on which great stress is laid as a means of bringing the body to its most perfect development; will also be fully explained.

West Point cadets have often been suspected of wearing the corsets of commerce. They do nothing of the sort; they wear the best and most effective kind—those made of muscles. Any man who will follow the West Point system will develop the fullest grace of figure of which his body is capable. The woman who will follow the same training—for all of these exercises are as applicable to her case as to her husband's—will find the need of corsets gone after a little while.

At West Point forty-five minutes a day are given to the gymnastic drill. People in private life may prefer to divide the three-quarters of an hour into two periods of twenty to twenty-five minutes, morning and night.

## THE ELECTRIC BELT FRAUD

*We have received quite a number of letters anent the above article, but the most interesting, from every point of view, is one, received as we are going to press, from Mr. M. Clark, of Chicago. The following is an exact copy of it. For the spelling, the distribution of capitals, the placing of periods and commas, we do not ask the credit. It is all Mr. Clark's.*

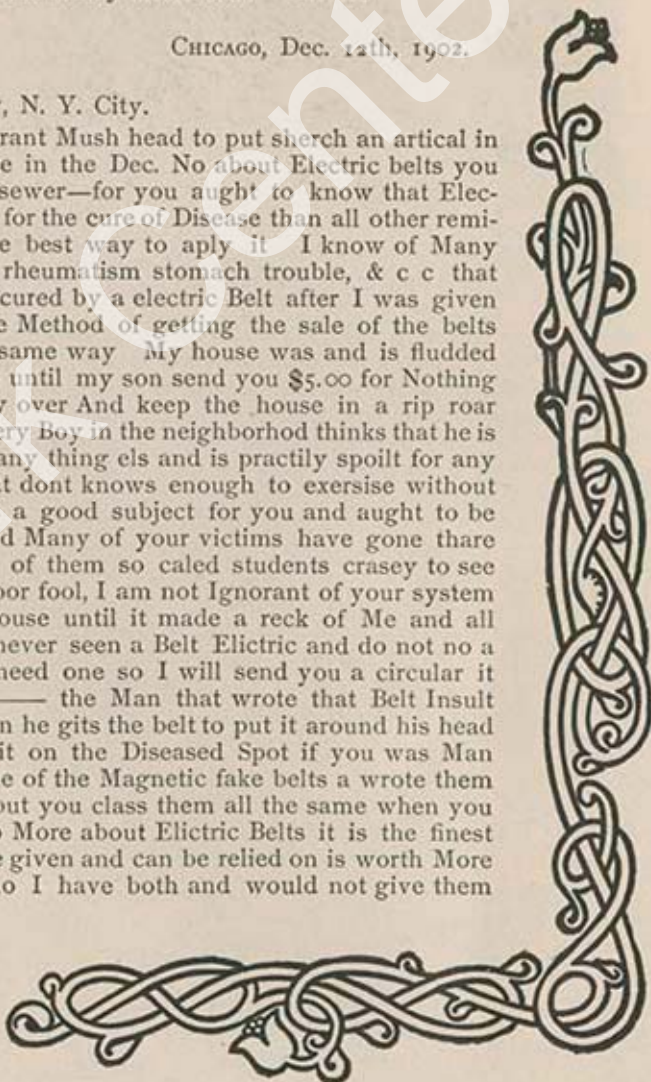
*Mr. Clark's son, we are pleased to note, is at variance with his father as to the relative virtues of outdoor exercise and quackery, and the statement of Mr. Clark, Senior, in reference to the rapidity with which his son developed into a muscular young man at a cost of \$5.00 turns off the "currant from the Electric Battery" in the sale of which we have a suspicion Mr. Clark is vitally interested. —EDITOR.*

CHICAGO, Dec. 12th, 1902.

BODY & MIND RECKING Co.,  
1123 Broadway, N. Y. City.

if you will allow that Ignorant Mush head to put sheer an artical in your book as the one I see in the Dec. No about Electric belts you aught to be dumped in the sewer—for you aught to know that Electricity is doing more to day for the cure of Disease than all other remedies and Electric belts is the best way to aply it I know of Many Cases of chronic cases of rheumatism stomach trouble, & c c that have cured by belts I was cured by a electric Belt after I was given up by three doctors as to the Method of getting the sale of the belts all goods are worked in the same way My house was and is fludded with your advs. and Skeams until my son send you \$5.00 for Nothing onely a fad to git him crasey over And keep the house in a rip roar with the so cald exercise Every Boy in the neighborhood thinks that he is a prize fighter and wont do any thing els and is practily spoilt for any thing. Any boy or Man that dont knows enough to exersise without your Book of Instruction is a good subject for you and aught to be put in the reform school and Many of your victims have gone thare the fighting saloon are full of them so calcd students crasey to see some one hurt some other poor fool, I am not Ignorant of your system for I have had it in my house until it made a reck of Me and all coserned you have Probely never seen a Belt Elictric and do not no a thing about them you may need one so I will send you a circular it will cure Varicoseal & ——— the Man that wrote that Belt Insult May Need one, tell him when he gits the belt to put it around his head a few tims before he puts it on the Diseased Spot if you was Man enough to af picked out some of the Magnetic fake belts a wrote them up it would of been proper but you class them all the same when you git older you will probely no More about Elictric Belts it is the finest and best currant that can be given and can be relied on is worth More than any Elictric batery altho I have both and would not give them for all the doctors.

M. CLARK,  
Woodlawn P. O.,  
Chicago, Ill.





# THE MEDICAL INSTITUTE FRAUD

## HOW THE GAME IS WORKED

By Justice



EVER since I, through personal observation, became intimately acquainted with the inner workings of the Electric Belt and Medical Institute fraud, I have never ceased to marvel at the fact that such business can be carried on unchecked year in and year out. The mails are freely used, and the very newspapers that are most loud in their assertions of love and sympathy for the poor and oppressed, are those in which you most regularly will find the advertisements of these conscienceless and heartless rascals, whose sole aim and object I will try to convince you—starting with my recent article, "Exposure of the Electric Belt Fraud," and going on with the subject through a number of papers, giving needed publicity to their methods—is to get "the last penny" out of the patients who ignorantly and trustingly apply for help. If you will follow me through the articles, I trust that at the conclusion you shall feel, not only that your writer has given you straight facts and simple, uncolored truth, but also with me that it is almost incredible and unbelievable that such things can go on in the midst of a civilized community, where laws—supposed to protect the weak and simple-minded against the strong and cunning—are in force. And if you feel this way when I have concluded, then let all fair-minded, humane men and women and newspaper editors who have the best interest of their readers at heart, do what they can to eradicate this evil—this shameful traffic in the disease and misery of man.

In the advertising columns of the popular newspapers you will daily find numerous advertisements, displayed generally by cuts, representing old, bearded doctors, sagacious, venerable and kindfaced

specimens of their distinguished profession. The advertisement usually reads something like this: "The venerable, old Dr. B., head of the faculty and director in chief of the ——— Medical Institute, has devoted his life to the study and cure of the diseases of men or the ailments peculiar to women. After years of patient research he has perfected a method of treatment which never fails. Weak men are made strong and vigorous; women relieved of her manifold ailments; lost vitality restored, gloom dispersed, despair turned into joy."

Take up your newspaper, look over the advertising pages, and you will soon find this specimen of an advertisement, making you feel as you read it that, thanks to the self-sacrificing, learned, old humanitarian, at whose likeness you gaze admiringly, medicine has at last been reduced to a positive science (we cannot fail, says the advertisement), and that you need suffer the pangs of disease no longer. For these medical advertisements thrown together represent pretty nearly all the ills flesh is heir to, and which have found a name on the tongue of man.

Enter we now together one of the offices of Dr. B., in whose employ I formerly was. This especial place is called the ——— Medical Institute, and the picture of George Washington adorns our letterheads. We also have letterheads on which is the likeness of a Chinaman, "Gee Woo Chang, the great Chinese doctor, who infallibly cures diseases caused by opium, morphine, etc." This is what we call the "Dope Department" of the business, and the Chinaman on the letterheads and in the literature is all the Chinaman there is about it. Asking the manager, shortly after entering this office, where the Chinaman was, he wittily answered "down in the cellar, washing shirts." These two types of letterheads are not by any means the only ones we use; we have several others with

the names of different medical institutes, sanitariums, etc., whose foundations exist only in the imagination.

Dr. B. is a millionaire several times over, as the reward of his thirty years' labor in humanity's service. I find his advertisement in the newspaper I bought last evening. On the last page of this are the portraits of popular newspaper literateurs, expounding in various ways the cause of humanity. On the next page is the large advertisement of Dr. B., with a half-tone cut—not of himself, as he is an extremely nervous, dissipated-looking individual, with features which would look anything but well in a medical fakir's advertisement—but one of these venerable, old, bearded gentlemen mentioned above, the flesh and blood likeness of whom you shall search for in vain. In this advertisement Dr. B. styles himself as "The World's Greatest Specialist," appeals to you to come to him if you have been cheated out of your money and health by conscienceless quacks and charlatans, finding yourself growing steadily worse, as he can cure you and will. He further tells you that he will treat you honestly, that he has nothing but your sincere welfare at heart, and that nothing which science can devise is lacking in his office equipment. I note with surprise that his medical staff is not with him in this advertisement; but never mind, we will get that full force on the letterheads and in the literature which he sends out. Before we proceed—in order to give you at a stroke a fair idea of the character and mental make-up of the man responsible for this advertisement—let me repeat here a couple of lines, which were among the first to catch my eye when I entered his office. They were scrawled on the fly-leaf of a book, and no doubt written by the doctor himself:

There stood: "*If you want to force the hand of fortune, scheme! scheme! scheme! Outscheme the other fellow!*"

There in a nutshell you have the psychology, the mental make-up of this the "World's Greatest Specialist," who cures when others fail, who will treat you honestly, who has your welfare alone at heart. There is the man of to-day, who some thirty years ago stole bodies from one of the ——— cemeteries in order to make his way through college; he and

his brother being at one time fired upon by the police, as they in early morning hauled a cadaver through the streets of ——— and whipped up their horses when a couple of officers, suspecting something wrong, held them up. One of these brothers once went West, and returned as a great Indian Doctor. The business at this period was run under the name of Dr. ———'s Private Sanitarium, and literature from them is yet in use in the office in special departments.

Let us now make a simple analysis of the ——— Medical Institute, what it contains and the motive which directs it. In my recent article in *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, on the Electric Belt Brand, I mentioned a letter in which the manager for a nervous diseases specialist (Dr. B.) recommended a friend of his to his employer for a vacant position, on the strength of the gentleman's versatility in the writing of "strong letters," thereby getting "the last penny" out of the patient. I may add here that the letter in which this recommendation was made was dictated to me in person in my capacity as stenographer, and I can, therefore, vouch for the incident. There, then, you have the motive to which we sacrifice everything else: "Get the money, by any and all means; get out of him all the cash you can; if the idiot has \$100, get them; if he has \$50, get them; and if he has only \$10 or \$5 or \$3, get them by all and any means." Thus are they spoken of, and in this way are they treated, the poor, suffering men and women, who, allured by shrewd advertising in the newspapers, letters and pamphlets, the latter prepared with such skill and insight that we are almost forced to believe that at an earlier period they were written by men who really knew and had the welfare of their fellowmen at heart—afterwards to be plagiarized by the swindlers whom we are discussing. This is the truth, and on this bait the sick are landed. They come to these fakirs trusting and confiding, and stake their last hope on them; this they know, and on the strength of their knowledge, by aid of a cunning play with words, they lure from their victims "*the last penny.*" With this object gained, their interest in them ceases.

If I could but express myself in a way that would make you see it all in its

true light, feel it as I felt it before the routine of the business had dulled my sensibilities, and the impression of its whole fierce contemptibility was fresh upon my mind, then, if there be a spark of true humanity and manhood in the editors in whose papers these shameless advertisements are displayed, they would close their pages for such business, even though it should cripple the paper. Writers to whom justice and truth are dearer than their bank account, would refuse to contribute to papers carrying such advertising making hypocrisies of themselves by, on the one hand advocating the cause of humanity, and on the other partaking of the revenue collected by such means. The slumbering sense of justice, of love for truth and of sympathy, which is within the people—all too slow to see and think and act—would then rise in indignation and revolt and demand retribution. The postoffice would close, sudden and tight, on all such business; Congress, Senate and legislature would cease to be inactive, and the curse would be stamped out.

These articles will, with the permission of the editor, be continued in the next number of PHYSICAL CULTURE. By the way, I notice that since my recent article on the "Electric Belt Fraud," *Politikken*, the leading newspaper of Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, and the authorities of this city have taken it up with one of our big electric belt concerns, which has recently invaded Denmark and established offices. As the representative of the concern, according to *Politikken*, intimates that exercise of discretion and leniency is advisable, as plenty of capital, enabling it if necessary to carry its case to the highest courts, is behind the concern, *Politikken* predicts a lively scrimmage between "American humbug and fraud" and the descendants of Hamlet. The number of PHYSICAL CULTURE in which is the article exposing the methods of these establishments will be mailed to *Politikken*, and later I may find an opportunity to intimate to PHYSICAL CULTURE'S readers how the matter comes out.

## A CONTORTIONIST OF SEVENTY-SEVEN

"Daddy" Wentworth, the oldest contortionist in the world, is now living at Bedford, Mass., aged 77 years.

He has outlived two physicians, each of whom paid him \$100 for the privilege of dissecting his body after death. These strange contracts were made with the idea that "Daddy" Wentworth's dangerous life would bring him to an untimely end. He has had the best of the bargain though, and is looking around for another doctor who wants to take chances on buying his body.

At the age of fourteen he became a contortionist, having run away from home to join a circus. One of his especial acts, originated by him, was the "Box Trick." He packed him-

self in a box twenty-three inches long, nineteen inches deep and sixteen inches wide. One hundred and three soda water bottles were put in the box with him and the cover was shut down. He stayed in this box from ten to twenty minutes, as a rule. One time in England, on a wager, he rode from Rugby to London in this box. It took one hour and forty-five minutes to make the trip. He made \$2,500 on the bet, but he says he would not like to try the journey again.

He has retired now and is living in a pretty little country place in Massachusetts. Beyond doing the "split" once in a while, in the back yard, "Daddy" Wentworth has given up his life work.



# FACTORS IN THE PRODUCTION OF GOOD HEALTH, BUOYANT SPIRITS AND HAPPINESS

By Rev. John Scudder



AMERICA has made great advance in athletics during the past 25 years, placing the ideal of good health prominently before the young men and women of the country. Tennis and golf are comparatively newcomers in the United States, and have contributed much to the improvement of our national stock, being participated in by both ladies and gentlemen.

I have always been a strong advocate of outdoor sports, thanks to a sensible father, who believed in sticking close to nature. He made me learn to swim shortly after I knew how to walk. If he was a minister of the old school, he taught me to shoot a gun at 10 years of age, and made me learn to box at 12. If my mother said "John, you had better not play baseball, for it will twist your fingers out of shape," my father would say: "Go in and win, my boy, and enjoy the national game to your heart's content." In such cases I always obeyed my father.

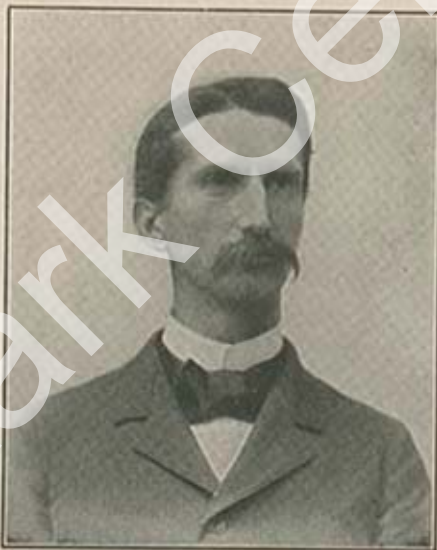
At Yale University I played first base on the college team, was a member of the football team, and rowed a "double scull" regularly for exercise between times.

As a minister, I have always encouraged athletics among my young people, for exercise is a principal factor in health and happiness. There is great virtue in the command to "eat thy bread in the sweat of thy brow." Every man, woman and child should get the equivalent of at least a three-mile walk every day. It will keep the digestive apparatus in good working order, promote sound sleep, and drive out the "blues." *I am no believer in long-faced Christianity. If you are melancholy, go and perspire. When life seems gloomy and hardly worth the living,*

*get out of doors in the sunshine and breezes of heaven. Instead of hugging registers in winter, go out on the pond and skate, or slide down hill on a toboggan or "bob-sled." You will come in with glowing cheeks and a vigorous appetite. Indoor life is unnatural and depressing, and the man or woman who will not develop and maintain a strong, muscular system, is worse off, and has less sense, than the low-*

*er animals, who are always on the move.*

*Again, physical culture is naturally opposed to dissipation, and hence I declare it to be the handmaid of true religion. Anyone who has an ambition to be strong must be temperate in his habits if he would attain his ideal. Drink and debauchery do not promote physical strength, and all athletes of prominence*



Rev. John Scudder  
First Congregational Church, Jersey City

must go into training, become abstemious in their diet and regular in their habits. Those who smoke and drink, and sit up late at night in a riotous career, can never be strong in body and excel in competition with their fellows. Athletic emulation tends to make people virtuous and obedient to the laws of health.

Athletics is closely related to religion also in that it makes people more cheerful and agreeable in their manners. They

are more magnetic as Christians, if they have sound bodies, and possess that "goodnaturedness" which usually accompanies vigorous health. A physically weak and somber Christian is a very poor representative of Christ's religion of joy and hope. The Lord deliver His Church from that style of saint, which was well enough in the dark ages, but woefully out of date in this twentieth century.

## R. P. WILLIAMS, CHAMPION ALL-ROUND ATHLETE



show in this illustration Mr. R. P. Williams, director of the Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium, at Sydney, N.

S. He is an athlete of unusual ability,

having broken the running record at a performance at a meet, which, however, not being regularly sanctioned by the recognized authorities of amateur sports, cannot stand as official.

The one hundred yards was run in 9 2-5 seconds at South Brookfield, Nova Scotia, on September 13, 1899.



He claims to have made records as follows: 100 yards in 9 2-5 seconds. 220 yards in 21 2-5 seconds. 440 yards in 48 1/2 seconds. 880 yards in 1 min. 58 seconds. One mile in 4 min. 29 seconds. Standing jump, with weights, 12 ft. 7 in. Two standing jumps, with weights, 24 ft. Three standing jumps, with weights, 38 ft. 2 in. Running broad jump, 22 ft. 8 in. Running hop, step, jump, 45 ft. 1 in. Running high jump, 5 ft. 11 in. Running high kick, 9 ft. 8 in. Baseball throw, 136 ft. Discus

throw, 109 ft. 16-pound hammer throw, 119 ft. 16-pound shot put, 41 ft. 5 in. Chined bar 33 times. Dipped on bar 29 times.

### Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I will add a few lines in testimony of the efficacy of physical culture and plain diet. When I was fifteen years old, living in Nebraska, where I was reared, our family physician warned me that I could not possibly survive the age of twenty-one, as I had bronchitis in its most aggravated form and was coughing my life away. And I was weak and undersized. My father, who is a perfectly healthy man at sixty-seven, and who has practiced deep breathing and other exercises since his college days, decided I had better go to Colorado. After the usual family session it was agreed that I try roughing it.

I became infatuated with the life of the cow-puncher, and spent four years almost constant-

ly in the saddle, on a mustang, in the sunny San Luis Valley among the Rockies. I slept in log cabins with chimks big enough to admit of the freest ventilation, and ate the coarsest and plainest food. Many times, when away from the base of supplies for two or three days, I lived on nuts and prickly pears and mountain water.

The pure mountain air soon had my diseased lungs in perfect condition and I passed a very rigid examination for life insurance.

I am now a good example of the efficacy of physical culture and pure air.

Very truly,

W. F. SEYMOUR.

Newark, Ohio.

## THE CRIME OF FOOD ADULTERATION

By Emil Hendrich



ACCORDING to Professor Wiley, who is the chemist for the Agricultural Department at Washington, D. C., 90 per cent. of all the manufactured food products in this country are adulterated. This percentage of adulteration is introduced before the food leaves the factory. The 10 per

cent. residue that escapes adulteration has still to run the gamut of the grocery, the pantry and the kitchen, and, by the time it reaches the consumer, very little, if any, escapes adulteration.

The stomach makes the man, and he who cheats his stomach is morally guilty of the worst offence on the calendar. Adulterated food poisons the system and impoverishes the blood; as a result, the various organs in the body fail in strength and go to decay. Weak eyes, decayed teeth, unstrung nerves and weak backs, with all their allied mental disorders, are but the outward and material evidence of the fraud that has been perpetrated on the stomach. The first evidence of impairment, resulting from the continued use of adulterated foods, is the loss of the sense of taste. His deadened nerves no longer rebel, and the victim continues to poison himself until his whole nervous system is affected. To quiet any rebellion on the part of the nerves that still live, such nerve paralyzers as whiskey and tobacco are resorted to, and the victim eventually becomes a shambling horror and a thing of shame.

The growing tendency to using canned goods all the year round is a menace to the public health. They contain various preservatives, for to preserve food without the use of chemicals requires a high grade of raw materials, which would leave the dealer no margin for profit. The manufacturer adds greatly to his coffers by using inferior material, and at little cost he increases his stock appreci-

ably by the addition of cheap preservatives, such as benzoic and boracic acids, formaldehyde, sulphites and borax. There is no escape from poisoning in some degree from these canned and doctored foods, and, though no class is exempt, the poorer classes are, naturally, the greatest victims. The writer held the position as pantryman in a first-class hotel not long ago, and was surprised to find all sorts of cheap and adulterated groceries on the shelves of the hotel pantry.

Enter a cheap restaurant, and what do you get there? You find a lay-out such as this: A victim comes in and calls for pork sausage; the sausage served him is not pork, but a hash made from miscellaneous beef scrap. This beef comes from an inferior grade of stock, known on the market as "sausage cattle." It has a bluish appearance, but when doped with saltpeter and borax it assumes a fresh, reddish appearance. Your sausage is fried in pure (?) lard, which contains cotton-seed oil and other adulterants. You call for coffee. It is served in due course, and you drink it in your ignorance of the extent to which it is adulterated with chicory and roasted flour. The milk with which it is colored is also adulterated, and contains starch, chalk and formaldehyde. The sugar, added "to taste," contains barium sulphate. You have a leaning for buckwheat cakes, but do you know that "buckwheat" is the smallest ingredient? You add maple syrup, not knowing, perhaps, that it is a purely chemical mixture, composed of glucose and sulphuric acid and flavored with corn cobs. You lay oleomargarine thick on your bread. This is an apology for butter. The tomato catsup, with which you smother the sausage, is made of ground pumpkin and tomato peelings dipped into benzoic acid and colored with aniline dye. Your pickles are colored green with copperas and immersed in a diluted acid, masquerading as vinegar. You wind up with a desert of jelly-roll

and lemon ice. The roll is colored yellow with aniline dye, and looks as if real live and fresh eggs were used in the recipe, while the jelly in the roll is an aniline-colored starch paste or glucose. The lemon ice contains lemon extract, which is not a product of lemons.

It is quite a common sight to see a victim of adulterated food chew this food with artificial teeth, and quite as common still to see him look at this food with artificial lenses in the shape of eyeglasses; the natural teeth and eye lenses having refused to work on such rations. The indigestion tablet is then called into force on unnatural digestion. There can be but one result of this abuse, and that, unfortunately, is also a common result. The whole physical system is thrown out of gear and the mind is perverted accordingly. Not only does the human race suffer from this evil, but business enterprise has helped the traffic on, and has so developed the field that this wholesale adulteration is now extended to the food we give our horses, dogs and cattle, and as a result our domestic animals are in their masters' wake, and are degenerating with the same deplorable rapidity.

Recent reports from the cattle ranches of Virginia complain of the loss of cattle from eating cottonseed meal, impregnated with clay. Some years ago the story of the man who put green glasses on his mule and who gave him shavings instead of grass was used to illustrate the stupidity of the mule and the intelligence of man. Things have changed since then; man is now wearing the glasses.

The most popular combination in which we find food and adulterants is as follows: Butter with oleomargarine and

butter color; meat, with borax; yolk of eggs (dried), with annoto; catsup, with ground pumpkin and salicylic acid; pepper, with linseed and sawdust; vanilla, with cumarin; cinnamon, with ground redwood; tea, with beech leaves; cheese, with cottonseed oil; cane sugar, with glucose; powdered sugar, with baryta; dried fish, with boric acid; olive oil, with cottonseed oil; ginger, with tumeric and mustard hulls; jelly, with starch paste and glucose; milk, with borax and formaldehyde; canned corn, with benzoic acid; maple syrup, with glucose and sulphuric acid; strawberry and raspberry extracts, with coal tar dyes; wine, alcohol and sugar, with coal tar dye; malt liquors, with glucose and bitters, etc., etc.

The Southern States of our glorious Union offer the most fertile field for the sale of adulterated foods. The Northern manufacturers make a special grade of goods "for the Southern trade." These goods are known as "Nigger groceries" in the South. The ignorant negroes are easily imposed upon, and the poor whites want as large a quantity for their money as they can get.

Will food adulteration ever cease?

It will cease as soon as the chain of influences that causes it snaps, and no sooner.

Adulterated food causes disease, disease supports the patent medicine industry, the patent medicine men support the newspapers, the newspapers support the politicians, who in turn support the manufacturers, by refusing to pass any laws prohibiting adulteration.

Each one in this chain makes a profit at the expense of the consumer. Why do they do it? Because they would rather do that than work.



# THE STRONGEST MAN IN SPAIN



SECUNDO de Acha, 25 years of age, and a native of Bilbao, holds the coveted title of "Champion Athlete of Spain." He is an enthusiast in every kind of sport, but weight-lifting is his particular forte. His recent challenge to Spain and Portugal for weight-lift-

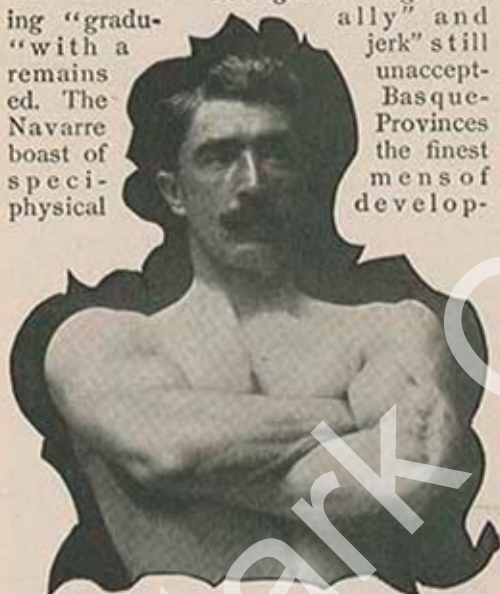
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with a breast covered with medals.

He recently distinguished himself in the Grecian-Roman games in Bilbao by defeating the famous athlete who won second prize in the Roman games in Paris.

Signor de Acha attributes his success as an athlete to the careful and judicious system of training received by him at the hands of the celebrated Professor José-Zamacois, who, up to his death, was known as the strongest man in the Peninsula, and whose name



Secundo de Acha, as he looks to-day  
25 years of age



Shows  
excel-  
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ment in Spain. In this part of the country cycling tournaments are more fre-

prominent athletic association in Spain. "The Sociedad Gimnastica Zamacois," the members of which were all pupils of Zamacois, and of which Signor de Acha is vice-president.



quent than  
any other  
Signor de  
only just  
from the

Shows great breadth  
of chest

sport of  
kind, and  
Acha has  
retired  
track



This photo  
shows the  
fine develop-  
ment of  
Secundo  
de Acha's  
biceps

Signor Secundo de Acha has entered for our \$1,000.00 prize.—EDITOR.



# THE STRENUOUS LOVER.

Original Story by *Bernarr Macfadden*

Revised with the Assistance of *John R. Coryell*

## IV



ARTHUR'S heart beat violently when he found himself confronting Charles Morgan, and if he had followed his first impulse he would have turned and run away; but that was only the first impulse, and as he was very far from being a coward, he faced the other, head well up.

Both were silent for a few moments, Arthur waiting for Morgan to speak, and the latter slowly taking an up-and-down glance over him, a sneer gathering on his evil face.

"Oh, violets!" he said presently, his tone fairly charged with insult.

Arthur had been mastering himself, and was sufficiently under control now to simply look at Morgan without speaking; though there was a world of meaning in the way he slowly carried the bunch of violets to his face and inhaled their delicious odor.

"What are you going to do with those flowers?" demanded Morgan, driven into open anger by Arthur's appearance of nonchalance.

"Is that any business of yours?" Arthur demanded quietly.

"If I make it my business, it is; and I do make it my business. See here, young fellow, you and I might as well understand each other right away."

"I certainly would like to understand what you mean by stopping me and talking to me in this way," Arthur answered.

"Don't be afraid; I'll let you know," Morgan sneered. "Oh, you needn't look around for help; I shan't hurt you unless I have to."

Nevertheless, he took a step nearer to Arthur, and betrayed such malignity in

his expression that his words were far more a threat than an assurance of peacefulness.

"I'm not afraid of you."

"Oh, aren't you? Well, you'd better be, for I'm the wrong sort of a man to run up against; and I take this opportunity to warn you of it. And I want to tell you that there's a certain house you'd better make it your business to keep out of as much as possible."

"Certainly," retorted Arthur indignantly, "you take a very gentlemanly way of making your wishes known. Do you suppose I would be so mean spirited as to retire in the face of a threat, even if I would retire at all? You are a poor judge of human nature, Mr. Morgan."

"You're a worse, or you wouldn't anger me with your fool talk. Don't you know, you sorry excuse for a man, that I could handle you as I would a baby? Now, take my advice, and don't cross my path; it won't be healthy for you, if you do."

Arthur could have cried with rage at his own impotence. To think that he must stand there and listen to such words, unable to knock down the man who uttered them.

"You are stronger than I am now," he retorted passionately, "but the day will come when you will not dare address such language to me. If you were a gentleman you would not do it now; but I suppose it is all one should expect from such as you."

He turned as he ended, and moved on his way, his legs trembling under him, so great was his disturbance. Charles Morgan sprang fiercely after him and caught him by the arm with such a grip as told Arthur what strength the man had.

"Don't drive me too far," Morgan hissed, his face distorted, and looking all

the more evil for the half light it was in, "or I'll be tempted to give you a lesson now." He shook him as a terrier might a rat.

Arthur whirled about, livid with wrath at being so used, and, perhaps, the angrier that he felt himself so unequal to coping with the other.

"You cur, you coward!" he cried, and struck at Morgan with all his force.

But Morgan warded off the blow with an indifferent ease that was maddening in itself, and then threw Arthur from him as if he had been a child.

"You fool!" he cried, with a jeering laugh, "don't you know a man when you meet one? Count yourself lucky that I don't take you over my knee and spank some sense into you."

Arthur picked himself up from the grass, on which he had fallen, panting, and mechanically brushing his clothes.

"And mind you, Arthur Raymond, if you come calling at the Bingham's when I'm there, I'll give you a lesson before little Amelia, and one you won't forget in a hurry; and here"—he leaped forward as he spoke and snatched the violets out of Arthur's hand—"give me those flowers! I'll show you!" He began tearing the bunch in shreds, when Arthur, with a cry of rage and despair, threw himself on the bully and tried to rescue his flowers.

"You will, will you?" hissed Morgan, and with a refinement of cruelty and malignity, caught Arthur as if he had been a child, and literally spanked him.

The man's strength, his own impotence, and the indignity, brought from Arthur's heart a sob of shame and humiliation, and he burst into tears as Morgan released him. He staggered against a tree, and there he stood, trying in vain to choke back the convulsive sobs, while Morgan laughed at him.

"You puny caricature!" sneered Morgan, "are you convinced now that I am the wrong person to fool with? Go find some other girl who will admire your good looks without caring whether you are a whole man or only a puny half one. I won't be crossed," he added, with the ferocity of a wild beast, "and if you don't take warning by what has taken place here, worse will happen to you. Keep out of my way, and I'll say nothing of

taking you over my knee; but if you try to brave it out, and come sneaking around Amelia, I'll make you the laughing stock of all your acquaintances."

Arthur stood silent, taking deep, convulsive breaths. Morgan passed him on the way across the park, but turned once to shake his finger warningly at him and to say: "Mind you, you whelp! I'm always better than my word."

He walked on, his head erect, his broad shoulders swaying slightly in harmony with his elastic, swinging stride, the perfect picture of a strong, stalwart athlete.

Arthur, still panting, still livid, still leaning weakly against the tree, gazed after him and noted these signs of masterful strength.

"My God! My God!" he moaned. "I am shamed and disgraced! How can I ever look at Amelia again? He will let her know, he is sure to, and I shall see her laugh at me. Oh, my God! My God! Why didn't I die rather than live to be like this? But I will shoot him! He shall not live to say he has so insulted me. I do not care what becomes of me; but he shall not live to laugh at me!"

He started off at a rapid, unsteady pace, so frantic with his shame and impotence that he recked nothing of being seen by strangers in such a disordered condition.

He was unconscious whither he went, excepting that it was away from home; but, fortunately, the park was almost empty, and it was now so dark that his features could hardly have been distinguished save by one close to him. Still his steps were so unsteady, his manner so wild, that he must have attracted attention if there had been anyone to see him.

"I will shoot him! I will shoot him!" he kept repeating to himself, though hardly conscious of the meaning of his words, for his emotions were all concerned with his humiliation.

"Arthur! Arthur! for heaven's sake what is the matter?"

He started, and stared, at the sound of the voice; and when he recognized Herbert Courtney in the speaker, he stopped and burst into tears. It was the culmination of his agony of mind.

Herbert was shocked and alarmed, fearing anything, and his thoughts natu-

rally leaping to Margie, he caught Arthur by the arm and cried anxiously:

"What is it, Arthur? Is—is anything wrong with—with Margie?"

"No," gasped Arthur, shaken with sobs, "nothing. Oh, let me go! Let me go! I hate myself! I hate myself!"

Reassured, but still alarmed and troubled, Herbert put his arm through Arthur's, and with a glance about to see which way was most clear of passengers, led him in that direction.

He walked slowly, and by his calmness and reserve force seemed to soothe Arthur, for the latter's sobs ceased in a little while, and he walked quietly and silently until Herbert spoke.

"What is the matter?" the latter asked as soon as he felt that Arthur was in a condition to speak with sufficient self-control.

Arthur hesitated. He had not meant to tell of his disgrace to anyone; but there was something in the strong, self-contained man by his side that gave such promise of help that he could not withhold his confidence from him. He began in broken phrases, and with averted looks, and ended in tears and fierce denunciation.

Herbert listened with a growing sternness, with a growing pallor, with clenched hands and with tightly closed jaws. If Morgan had been there the disparity in their height and bulk would not have prevented Herbert Courtney from springing at his throat.

"The brute! The cur!" he interjected under his breath, as the recital was in progress. When it was ended he turned and caught both Arthur's hands in his, and cried warmly: "It was the act of a low-bred cur! The shame is his, not yours, Arthur."

"I'll shoot him! I'll shoot him!" Arthur cried passionately.

"You'll do nothing so cowardly, or so foolish," said Herbert promptly, master of himself in a moment as he saw how Arthur needed guidance. "What good would it do you to shoot him? And think of the harm!"

"He has degraded me! He can make me a laughing stock! He will tell Amelia, and she will laugh at me!"

"He has not degraded you, but himself.

He cannot tell of what he has done without bringing more shame on himself than on you. As for Amelia, she would turn to you at once with her sympathy if she knew of the mean advantage he had taken of a man still half sick; and, Arthur," he added, with slow, impressive gravity, "to shoot him would be the act of a coward; and you are not a coward."

"I will not rest under the insult! I will not! I will not!"

"I do not ask you to. If it would do any good, I would make your cause my own and force him into a fight; but that wouldn't set you right with yourself."

"Will anything set me right as long as he lives?" Arthur said gloomily.

"Would it not set you right to give him a dose of his own medicine?"

"A dose of his own medicine! What do you mean?"

"What if you were to whip him; whip him thoroughly?"

"I whip him!" cried Arthur, with all the bitterness of self-scorn.

"Why not?"

"I was a baby in his hands. Herbert, he is a giant in strength. You will never know the humiliation of the moment when he caught me in his hands and—Oh, my God! I cannot think of it! But I was powerless; powerless, I tell you! I whip him?"

"I do not say to-day, Arthur, nor to-morrow; but I do say that if you will take the time you can build up a strength to which his is far inferior. I do say that if you will join a good gymnasium, and put yourself under the care of a competent instructor, you can learn to spar better than he can. You are as tall as he; you are endowed by nature with as good a frame; you are now free from disease. Would you really like to beat him at his own game?"

Arthur could not listen to the convincing tones of his sister's lover without being affected. Besides, the progress he had already made was such as to make him ready to believe that Herbert was not promising too much. He took the other's hand in his and pressed it with passionate warmth.

"I consider that already I owe you my life, Herbert," he said. "Set me in the

way of accomplishing as much as you say, and I shall owe you my honor, without which my life is of little value. Tell me what to do."

"Remember, I promise nothing for tomorrow, nor next week, nor next month."

"If I know I am on the way I can wait."

"Can you wait a year, two years, three years, maybe?"

"So long?"

"You will be moving toward the goal all the time. It is a great result, Arthur, to begin with a man just off a sick bed, just saved from the grave, in fact, and in three years make him fit to cope with one of the best athletes, one of the best amateur pugilists in the country."

"And lose Amelia while I wait?"

"Is honor or Amelia most dear?"

"Honor!" was the passionate response. "What would Amelia care for me, dishonored, shamed?"

"Then don't let Amelia stand between you and honor."

"I can't give her up, either."

"Why need you? You can see her while you avoid him. You may win her love long before you are ready to try conclusions with him. Besides, you are only twenty; and if he wins Amelia, it will be because she loves him better than she loves you."

"You can talk calmly because you are successful in love."

"Never mind me, Arthur," Herbert laughed, "but tell me, do you want Amelia unless she loves you best?"

"No."

"Then why not let her make her own choice? Teach her to love you if you can, but be manly enough to rejoice in her happiness, even if some misery comes to you by the way."

"Rejoice if she gives her love to a man like Morgan?"

"If she is the kind of girl to love that sort of man she is hardly the sort for an honest, upright, manly fellow like you."

"As if a good woman could not love a bad man!"

"A weak and ignorant woman may. Weakness and ignorance are not goodness, though sometimes mistaken for it."

"Yours is an odd philosophy, Herbert. I wonder how well it would serve you if

Margie were to throw you over. I think you'd squirm a little."

"My squirming has nothing to do with the correctness or incorrectness of my philosophy. Anyhow, I cannot comprehend a man wishing a woman who does not love him. If there is anything in this world that should be free, it is love. For that matter, you cannot coerce it, if you will; but this has nothing to do with gymnasium work. What do you say? Shall I have you made a member of my club?"

"Morgan is a member."

"Morgan, I am happy to say, has resigned, and has joined our strongest rival, so that you will not meet him there; and he will know nothing about what you are doing."

"Then I'll join; and I'll work as man never worked before to be strong."

"And I'll be there to see that you don't overdo it," laughed Herbert, putting his arm through Arthur's, and so walking toward the Raymond house with him.

#### CHAPTER V.

How far right was Herbert Courtney in saying that only a weak and ignorant woman would love an evil man? Well, ignorance is a word to cover a great deal of meaning.

If a savage torture his prisoners, and takes the life of his enemies by stealth, thereby following the custom of his kind, is he doing wrong? According to the code of the civilized man he is; according to his own code he is doing well, and naturally. Call him ignorant, if you will; but may you fairly call him weak, or imply that he is evil? There may be in the torturing, murdering savage the making of what we would call a high-minded gentleman. As he is, he is simply what his environment has made him.

Amelia Winsted was what her environment had made her. Good women have loved and married bad men. Charles Morgan went into Amelia's presence filled with a desire to please her, bringing all that was best in him to the surface so that he might win her.

Is it not the way of our world? Was he false and a hypocrite in doing as he did? Was Amelia any more open and frank than he? May she not have been

putting in her room, sulking over some grievance, the very minute before she went down smiling to greet him?

Is it not the destiny of girls to marry? Must they not let their suitors pass in review before them, so that they may make their choice? Shall a girl study phrenology and physiognomy and palmistry and graphology, and what not, so that she may get a look at the soul of the man who comes courting her?

No. Is it not rather a girl's business to be as stylish as possible, as good tempered as possible, as coy as possible, as winsome as possible? And if a man be handsome, and virile, and masterful, and successful in business, is a girl to go into psychology to find out if the man be all that he pretends?

Amelia had been brought up as other girls are. She had known few boys, and many girls. She had gone to school with girls, and played with them; and she knew them pretty well.

Boys and men? Well, they were delightful but unknown quantities. Wait until she was married; then she would know men.

In the meantime Charles Morgan was undeniably handsome, stalwart, masterful, devoted to her, successful in business. Other girls envied her when she went out with him, and she felt perfectly safe when her hand was on his arm. She had a comfortable assurance that when he was by her side she was safe from the real or imaginary terrors that lurked in the city streets.

She and Arthur had been playmates and friends all her life. She was three years younger than he was, which made them just the right age for good comradeship; but they had not been lovers in any sense of the word, although for a year or more before he was confined to the house through illness Arthur had been growing out of companionship into love for her.

It was while he was shut up in the house, dying, as almost everybody believed, that the strength and virility of Morgan had come into Amelia's life. Perhaps she did not know it, but it was true, nevertheless, that she was attracted to Morgan because he was such a contrast to the poor, feeble, dying boy next door.

Then Arthur was saved almost with his foot on the threshold of death's door, and had entered into her life again, drawing on her sympathy by his weakness, having a place in her heart by reason of being an old playmate, and manifestly in love with her, and striving to win her to love him.

So there she was with two real lovers, attracted to the one by his virility, and to the other by his weakness; but she felt herself strong with Arthur, and weak with Morgan. Arthur amused her, and won her something as a child would by his honesty, ingenuousness and frank affection. She was always delighted to see him, but she generally had an engagement with Morgan when it came to going out for an evening, whether for a walk or to the theater; and yet she was ever more her sunny self with Arthur than with Morgan, and ever more a young lady with Morgan than with Arthur.

After the meeting of the two rivals in the park, Amelia was no longer entertained by their meetings in her parlor; but between them Amelia found all her spare time occupied.

Arthur had joined the athletic club, and was working there regularly and steadily, but kept in check by Herbert. He had also taken up his work in his father's office, but only staying there for half a day. He gave as much of the remainder of his time as he could to besieging the heart of his pretty little neighbor.

He grew better and better in health, stronger and stronger in muscle, and he was sure that Amelia was taking him more seriously. She often went out walking with him now, and sometimes went to the theater. Instead of smiling with amusement at his fervid speeches, she more often blushed and looked the other way.

Arthur went deeper and deeper in love, and grew more assiduous than ever. He would have faced the man who had so humiliated him but for the insistence of Herbert that he must do nothing of the sort.

"Can you not see that you are winning Amelia?" he asked one day. "She goes out oftener with you than with Morgan, now. Win her first, and let that fellow do his worst afterward."

Arthur took his advice, and so it happened that Morgan saw nothing of Arthur, and was unaware of the strides he was making in health and strength; and Amelia no longer talked to Morgan of Arthur, avoiding the subject when Morgan tried to sound her on it. This was a good sign for Arthur, but, unfortunately for him, he knew nothing of it.

The weeks wore into months, and June had come around again. A great many times recently Arthur had tried to pluck up the courage to open his heart to Amelia, but it always seemed as if the right moment had not come.

One afternoon at the gymnasium the director stood watching Arthur as he went through a series of exercises on the parallel bars. A marvelous improvement had taken place in Arthur's appearance; he had filled out all over his body, especially about the chest and shoulders. To the director his progress had been one of the most interesting sights he had ever seen, and he was particularly anxious that nothing should happen to interfere with that progress.

"Stop a moment, Arthur!" he cried suddenly, "something's the matter with you. Twice I've noticed your elbows give as you made a hand-stand on the bars."

Arthur went toward him, shrugging his shoulders. "Yes," he said, "I don't believe I'll do any more to-day."

"Not feeling ill, I hope?"

"No. A little disturbance; that's all."

The fact was he had said to himself that morning that come what may he would speak to Amelia that day. He had been unable to settle his thoughts on his work at the office, and had betaken himself to the gymnasium in the hope of working himself into a steadier condition.

He usually walked home, but to-day he took the elevated train so as to get to his destination in the shortest time possible; and when he was there he rushed to his room and changed his clothes, partly to do honor to Amelia, but partly to put off the crisis as long as he legitimately could.

As it was somewhat earlier than his usual hour of visiting her, Amelia was obliged to make him wait, for she, too, had to make a toilet in his honor. Ar-

thur passed the time of waiting in pacing up and down the parlor until he heard that rustle on the stairs for which his ears had been alert, and which always sent his heart into a flutter of expectation.

He sank quickly into a chair, trying to give himself an air of composure, and not succeeding in the least. Nearer, nearer came the rustle, while the light pit-pat on the hardwood stairs told him Amelia was coming in her quick, childish way.

Then she stood in the doorway, holding the portière in one hand, and peering into the room in a certain bird-like way that just suited her charming little figure, and which seemed to Arthur quite the most ravishing attitude ever a girl stood in.

And certainly she was a bewitching picture: rounded and plump as a partridge, with a perfect pink and white complexion, and a mass of golden curls to frame as pretty a face as the eyes of man ever looked at and adored. She had a mouth like a rosebud, and blue eyes that danced with innocent mirth most of her happy life, but which could take on an expression of pleading affection calculated to drive a lover to distraction.

"Oh! is it you, Arthur?" she said, quite as if she were surprised at seeing him there.

"Yes. I'm home earlier than usual, and"—

"Came in to see me to kill time," she pouted playfully, as she seated herself at the piano and ripped off a few bars of a popular song.

"No," answered Arthur, getting up suddenly and going over to her side, "I did not come to kill time, Amelia. You know I come here whenever I think you won't object; you know"—

Amelia, struck at once by an unwonted tremor in his voice, had looked up at him, and found her heart beginning to beat furiously.

"Oh!" she interrupted hastily, and speaking at random, "who ever said I objected? This is one of Sousa's latest, have you heard it?"

She plunged into the performance of a march, and Arthur, breathing like a man who has had a respite from some

sentence, listened—or had the appearance of listening—until she stopped and looked up.

"Amelia," he said, putting his hand on her arm.

"Oh! didn't you like it?"

"Amelia, I want to say something to you of great importance to me. I—I have been thinking of it all day—all day! Why I've been thinking of it for months!"

"I—I don't think I have time now," murmured Amelia, making a futile attempt to rise, Arthur keeping her in her seat by a gentle pressure of his hand.

"Yes, Amelia, you must listen to me. You know what I am going to say; you must have seen the words on my lips a hundred times; you must have known what was in my heart. Oh! who could know you without loving you? I love you, Amelia dear; I love you! Oh, how I love you! Have you a word of hope for me?"

"Oh, Arthur; please!"

"Don't answer me yet," he cried in trepidation. "Listen to me first. I know very well I am not half good enough for you; but nobody is that. All I can say is that I love you, and will do anything, everything, to be worthy of you. I've loved you for so long, Amelia; long before you suspected it, I am sure, Amelia dear!"

She had risen in spite of the pressure of his hand, and was standing in front of him, her bosom heaving, her eyes down. His voice was very pleading, and she found it hard not to look up and give him the answer he asked for; but she was in a cruel uncertainty about her own feelings.

"Oh, Arthur! I am so sorry," she murmured softly, "but I can't answer you; indeed, I can't."

"You love—love him?" he gasped.

"You ought not speak like that, Arthur."

"No, I ought not, Amelia. I am sorry I said it. Forgive me, won't you? And oh, Amelia! I want you to know that I love you so much that I want you to be happy—the happiest you can be; and if loving somebody else will really make you happier than loving me, why—why—well, I'll try to be happy, too."

"I'm sorry I can't answer you, Arthur," she said regretfully. "We've always been such good friends. Why, the very first thing I remember in my life is you drawing me in my little express wagon. Do you remember it?"

"Yes."

"And if I were sure, I would answer you now; but I'm not sure, Arthur, and I ought not say anything, ought I?"

"But you don't tell me not to hope?" he demanded eagerly.

"Oh no."

"And you don't think you love anybody else better? It isn't wrong to ask that, is it?"

"I—I don't think I love anybody else better. You must not make me say too much, Arthur. I—I don't know my own mind. Oh, mayn't I go upstairs, Arthur, and not answer any more questions?"

"Oh yes, Amelia."

"And you won't feel hurt?"

"No. You did say I might hope?"

"Oh yes, you may hope. You won't mind my going, please, Arthur?"

"No."

She looked up at him out of a pair of troubled eyes, and then fluttered out of the room, stopping at the door to flash back at him a bewildering glance that filled him with a hope her words had failed to convey.

He could not go home immediately after that interview, so went for a long walk, trying as he strode along to settle in his mind whether or not he might permit himself to hope.

Amelia, on the other hand, locked herself into her room and did the best she could to take stock of her feelings. Did she love Arthur, or not? Certainly he had never looked so noble and handsome as when he stood there telling her that he wished her to be happy at any cost to himself. Certainly she had never been so near loving him as then.

But did she love him? She felt a very delightful thrill run over her as she recalled the look in his brown eyes; and there had been a tremor in that rich baritone of his which had made her heart beat very quickly, and which was very pleasant to recall.

It came over her that if he had been masterful like Charles Morgan, and had

taken her in his arms, as she was sure Charles Morgan would have done, she might be in his arms still, her flushed face on his breast, her heart beating in tune to his.

Ah, yes! that was the difference between them. Charles Morgan was so self-assured, so masterful, while Arthur was so diffident, so anxious to first be sure of her. A knock at her door disturbed her meditations finally, and she demanded to know who was there.

"Mr. Morgan is in the parlor, Miss Amelia," the maid said.

"Mr. Morgan at this time of day! Oh, I don't want—say I'll be down in a few minutes, Jane."

Amelia looked in her mirror, and received a very good report from it. She could not help knowing she was very pretty. Did she not, in fact, do everything she knew to make herself attractive? All her friends agreed that there wasn't a more stylish girl than Amelia Winsted to be found, and nature had been lavish.

"I wonder why he comes at this time of day?" she asked the pleasant face in the mirror. "It is very unusual. I hope, oh I hope"—She would not tell even her reflection what it was she hoped, but shaking her head doubtfully, went downstairs to see her masterful lover.

It is a proverb, if not a truth, that it never rains but it pours. The law of chances no doubt will explain why it is that when a thing happens, another thing of the same kind is very likely to follow.

Amelia had two lovers, between whom she had been hovering for some time, and whom she had kept at a reasonable distance all the while simply because she was hovering. Arthur had been driven to action at last, and what more natural than that Morgan should have been similarly acted upon.

Anyhow he was waiting in the parlor to see Amelia, determined to ask her to be his wife, and feeling comfortably certain that she would not say no. He was very much in love with her, and had recently ascertained the amount of her father's fortune.

"Amelia!" he cried, stepping forward quickly as she came in, his voice as well

as his black eyes telling her how much happiness there was for him in the sight of her.

He held her hand in a grasp so firm that she could not easily take it away from him, and so allowed it to remain in his while he led her to a seat. She almost sighed audibly as she thought how much more masterful he was than Arthur; and yet she really did like brown eyes the best.

She wondered why Morgan had come at such an unusual time, but she did not ask him, and he did not tell her at once. On the contrary, he got her into a very pleasant mood by telling her a number of entertaining things about actors and actresses, and other persons in the public eye.

"But this isn't what I came up here to see you about," he said suddenly.

"Didn't you come to see me?" she asked archly, quite at her ease now.

"Indeed I came for nothing else," he answered fervently; "not that I come whenever I want to see you, for in that case I should be here all the time."

"I suppose you know how to make such pretty speeches because you are a lawyer."

"I assure you I don't always make pretty speeches in court," he laughed. "I talk from my head there and from my heart here."

"Oh!"

"But I don't always say there all that is in my head, nor here all that is in my heart. I'd like to, though."

"Well, won't they let you say all that's in your head in court?"

"Will you let me say all that's in my heart?"

There was such a look in his glowing black eyes that her heart came up with a leap into her throat. Was he going to ask difficult questions like Arthur?

"I don't know that I would care for that," she answered, trying to laugh. "Don't you want me to give you some music?"

"I want you to give me music all my life, Amelia. That is why I came up here this afternoon. I came up to tell you that I loved you and wanted you to be my wife. Ah! my little darling!" His arm was about her waist in spite of her





"Now then, you want to know all about it, don't you?"

*Drawn by Gilman Low.*

terrified effort to keep him away. He was masterful, indeed. "You do love me, do you not?"

His face was nearing hers, his black mustache brushing her cheek, when a cry of despair broke from her lips, and she pushed his face away.

"No! no! no! You must not! Oh! I do not know whether I love you or not. I—I am afraid I do not. I don't know. Don't kiss me! I won't have you! Please let me go! Oh, Papa! He wants me to marry him, and I don't know!"

Her father had entered the parlor, drawn by her excited words, and now caught her in his arms. The reaction was a very grateful one to Amelia. She felt so very safe where she was, and a moment before, with the arm of Charles Morgan about her waist, she had felt like a bird caught in a net.

"You speak to him, Papa. Tell him I don't know yet; that I must think," she whispered to her father, while Charles Morgan looked on, seeking in his ready brain for the right word to say to the father who had come only just in time to save his daughter from the masterful man.

\* \* \* \* \*

## CHAPTER VI.

"I love your daughter, sir, and I believe I have reason to think she loves me," said Charles Morgan to Mr. Winsted.

Amelia had given him a glance half shy, half triumphant, as she flitted from the room.

"She has never said anything to me about it, and I do not know," replied Mr. Winsted, carefully.

"She is such a dear, shy little creature," said Morgan, feeling his way so as to know when to stop, "that I think she was frightened when I told her what I could no longer keep to myself. I love her, sir, and I am able to take care of her as she has been used to being cared for. You know I am a lawyer, and I think I am justified in saying I have the promise of great success."

"Amelia will decide for herself, Mr. Morgan. I shall only assure myself that the man of her choice is one calculated to make her a good husband. I had no

idea that matters were so advanced as this. Indeed I did not know that you—that she had what might be called a lover. I shall speak to her and hear what she has to say."

"I hope I have your good will, sir."

"At least you have not my ill will."

"I will call again to-morrow and hear what Amelia has to answer me. I would not hope for something favorable if I did not think I had some reason for doing so."

"I cannot say what Amelia's answer will be."

Morgan left the house cursing in his heart the father who had come in so inopportunistically, but with his lips saying as many pleasant things as he could think of.

When he was gone, Mr. Winsted went to Amelia's room, where she was expecting him, and expecting him without any tremors, for it there was a man in the world she was not in the least afraid of, that man was her father. It is not an unusual thing for an American girl to feel that way toward her father.

"Well?" he said inquiringly, as he entered the room.

"Oh, do sit down!" she said, with the playful imperiousness of a spoiled child. "I want to get on your lap. Now, then, you want to know all about it, don't you?"

"Why, I suppose I ought to, oughtn't I?"

"I don't know about the ought part of it, but I am going to tell you just the same. That was the second this afternoon."

"The second what? What do you mean?"

"The second proposal. Oh, you didn't know what a popular girl your little Amelia was, did you?"

"The second proposal! and you are—how old?"

"Seventeen."

"H'm! And who was the other infatuated young man?"

"Arthur."

"Oh! And what did you tell him? You know I wasn't here at that proposal."

"I told him just what I told Mr. Morgan, that I didn't know. Why, I don't know. That is, I didn't know as well

then as I do now; and now I don't say I am at all sure."

"Oh!"

"Don't sit here and say 'oh!' as if I had done something strange. How can I tell which man I love in such a hurry? I didn't know Arthur was going to say anything about it this afternoon; and I'm sure nobody could have guessed that Charles Morgan would come up to-day, of all days, to propose to me. Oh! but I'm glad you came when you did."

"Are you? Why?"

"Well, if he'd kissed me, I do believe I'd have said yes. He has such a way of—of—well, having his way."

"H'm! and you would have been sorry if you had said yes to him?"

"I am afraid so."

"You like Arthur best?"

"Lately I think I do; but you know I haven't had time to think about it, and so I couldn't say; but I really do think that if Arthur had been as enterprising as Mr. Morgan I might have given him a little more hope, anyhow."

Mr. Winsted, who loved his daughter better than everything else in the world, frowned, got up, letting Amelia sit in the chair, and began to walk up and down the room. She watched him with great interest, knowing that he was pondering some problem, and that it would be useless for her to ask any questions until he was ready to answer them.

"My dear," he said at last, stopping in front of her with a very serious expression, "I have been thinking of something you ought to do."

"Nothing disagreeable, I hope. I am so afraid of the things I ought to do. They are almost always unpleasant."

"I have been thinking of this for some time, so that what you have just told me only has the effect of hastening my decision."

"Then it is something I must do whether I like it or not?"

"I think you'll like it, my dear; I hope you will."

"Well, go on!"

"How would you like to go to Europe, London, Paris, Rome—anywhere—"

"Oh, Papa!"

"And leave these lovers without any answer until you come back?"

"Just a little hope, Papa?"

"Hope for both of them!"

"Well, a little for Arthur. He's an old playmate, you know. Though I don't want to say exactly no to Mr. Morgan. Don't you think he's handsome, papa?"

"Of a certain type." Mr. Winsted was a small, light man himself.

"And oh! he's awfully strong. He could pick you up as if you were a baby. That's the way he lifts me into a carriage."

Mr. Winsted rather resented the idea of being picked up by anybody. "For my part," he said, "I think he is very much less of a gentleman than Arthur. But you are to do as you please. We go to Europe, then, do we?"

"Of course we do, you dear, old Papa! And when do we go? Soon? I don't want to wait at all."

"Suppose I can get tickets for next Wednesday week?"

"Gracious! Oh do! What fun! I'll get Arthur to go down with us, and I'll have Mr. Morgan meet us at the steamer; and I won't see either of them till then—not alone, anyhow."

Arthur stood on the deck of the steamer, by the side of the dainty little creature, whose shining eyes and flushed cheeks betrayed her delight and excitement to the throngs that surged about them. Mr. Winsted, with a kindly glance at Arthur, betook himself to the rail and looked down at the crowded wharf.

"You will let me write to you, Amelia, won't you?" Arthur asked, tremulously.

"Oh yes, I guess so. I wonder where papa is. Oh! there he comes!"

"And, Amelia, you will write to me, won't you?"

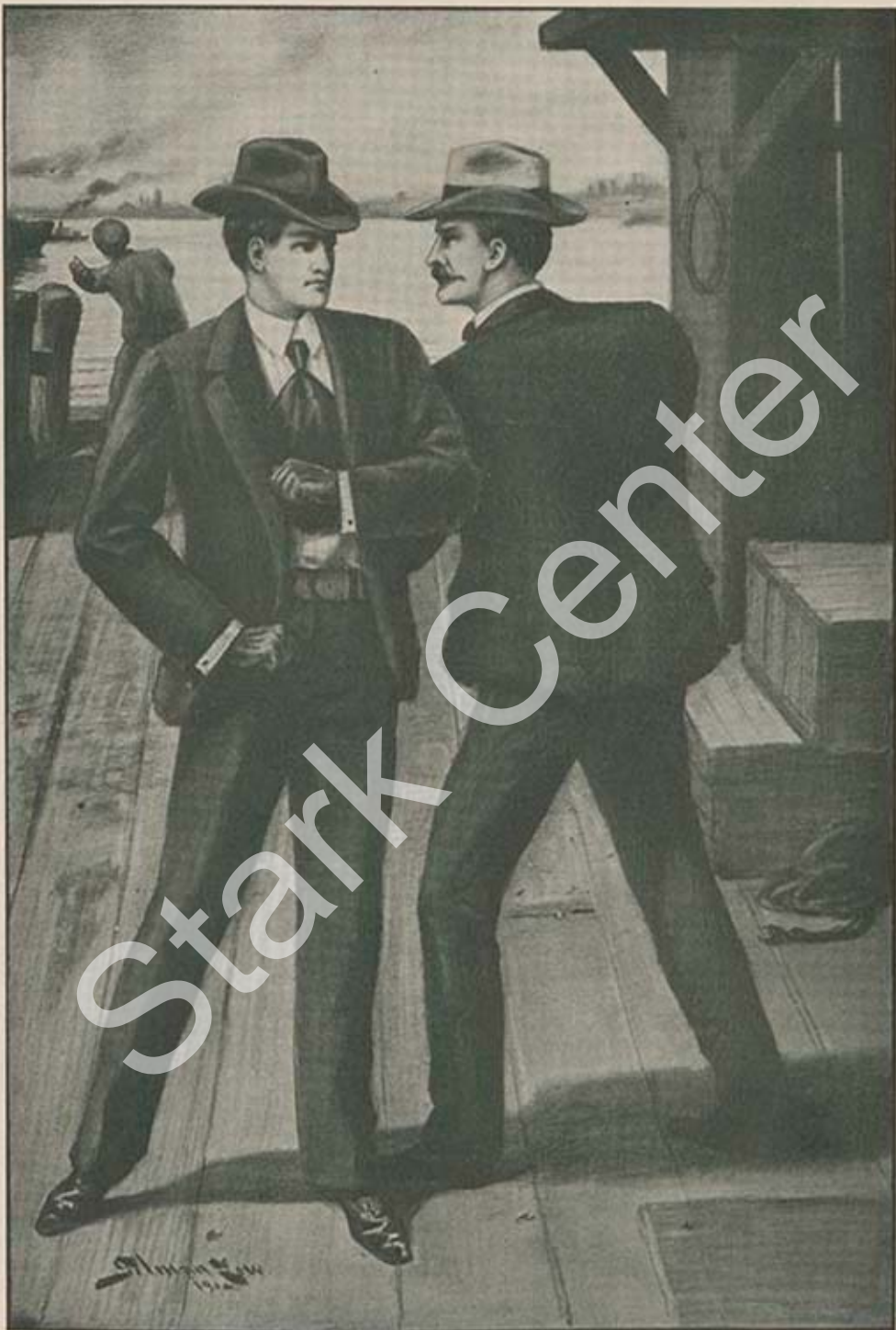
"Yes, yes, I will. I will, Arthur."

"Mr. Morgan is coming to see you off, Amelia," said Mr. Winsted, carelessly enough, but with the same kindly glance at Arthur, as if to assure him on which side his sympathies were. "He is coming up the gang-plank now."

Amelia looked around helplessly for a moment, then drew a deep breath, and turned with a pleading smile to Arthur.

"You'll stay and see me off, won't you, Arthur?"

"Yes, indeed, I will."



"Curse you, hissed Morgan in Arthur's car, I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget."

*Drawn by Gilman Low.*

And in his heart he was vowing he would remain with her until Charles Morgan left her, if he had to go to Europe to accomplish it.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan! How do you do? So kind of you to come down to see me off. And I know you must be busy, too. This is Mr. Raymond; you must remember him. Mr. Raymond, Mr. Morgan. Thank you so much for the beautiful flowers, Mr. Morgan. It was so thoughtful of you. I shall enjoy them so much. Oh, Arthur, there is Maud, and some of the girls, too! Won't you bring them here?"

"I shall write to you, Amelia," said Morgan, half savagely, as Arthur turned to do her bidding, "and you will answer me, will you not?"

He was not pleading and humble, like Arthur, but almost imperative. Amelia, secure in the presence of so many of her friends, smiled sweetly up at him.

"I'll ask papa about it," she said. "Oh girls, I am so glad to see you! If I write to you, you'll write and keep me posted about everything, won't you?"

There was a clamor of acquiescence; there was a hurry of introductions to Charles Morgan; there was a babel of talk until the order came to go ashore.

Morgan scowled fiercely at Arthur, but Arthur ignored him completely, feeling ready to meet him now, not only in a crowded spot like this, but even in a lonely one, if necessary.

At the last moment, and just as the gang-plank was being drawn up, Morgan gave Amelia's hand a fierce pressure and darted away. Arthur followed him, his departure sweetened by a smile from Amelia.

"Curse you!" hissed Morgan in Arthur's ear, as they stood on the wharf, "I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget. I should think you'd had enough."

"You cur and you coward!" was the contemptuous response.

"You dare not cross Morningside Park at eight o'clock to-night."

"I dare, and I will."

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be continued.)



## PHYSICAL CULTURE

# A CENTENARIAN PHYSICAL CULTURIST

By James Mackay

Thomas Burton, whose photograph adorns this page, enjoys the rare experience of having lived in three centuries. He was born on the 1st of August, 1789, and during his long life has never been more than a few miles beyond the boundary of his own parish, St. Ann, Jamaica, in the West Indies.

"Father" Burton, although over a hundred years of age, looks as if he might see another decade at least. He retains to a remarkable degree the physical vigor and activity of his earlier years, and reads without the aid of spectacles. His intellect is clearer and keener than that of most people a score of years his junior. His memory is marvelous, and his mind is always being carried back to the incidents and scenes of his youth.

Mr. James Mackay, of Brown's Town, St. Ann, Jamaica, West Indies, who was good enough to send us the above facts, in writing about the longevity of the inhabitants of Jamaica, adds:

### EDITOR PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: As an inspiration toward longevity and the noble health work set forth in your PHYSICAL CULTURE, I send you a portrait and brief life sketch of a 72-year-old athlete.

James Hennessey was born in Ireland in 1831. His ancestors were a sturdy, vigorous race, some of them living to be 112 years old. His boyhood days were spent in outdoor life on a farm. In 1855 he came to America and led a strictly temperate life. Proper habits of living and simple and regular diet have enabled him at 72 years of age to perform the following feats, which many men under 30 years cannot do:

1. To run a mile in 7.10 on a saw-dust 24-lap track (without apparent fatigue).
2. To turn a hand spring.
3. To jump four feet in height.

Mr. Hennessey was a moderate smoker in early life, but he has not touched the weed now in 19 years.

Salem, Mass.

W. H. PEARCE.



Thomas Burton, 103 years 7 months old

"I would like to state that men and women are very often to be met in the different parishes of Jamaica who have had as long, if not a longer lease of life than Thomas Burton. Here are two instances of individuals, with their respective ages, who are alive and strong at this present time:

"1. In the Parish of St. Ann there is an old man who was a driver of slaves, on the same estate as Thomas, and remembers him (Thomas) as a lad. According to the book, Thomas is 103 years of age. This would make the other chap about 112 years.

"2. Again in the Parish of Montego Bay there is a woman who states that she was a young woman when William IV. visited Jamaica, and relates that, being a young fellow, and full of fun, he kicked over a cake bowl; but promptly paid for the damage when the owner made a noise. Her age must be at least 112 years."

Thomas Burton and

his comrades attribute their long life to activity, open air and plain diet.

### EDITOR PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: About 15 months ago I applied for a policy from the Equitable Life Insurance Company. It was refused, biliousness and gravel being the cause of their rejection. I then consulted my own physician, who informed me that I was troubled with diabetes. About that time a friend suggested reading and following the advice of PHYSICAL CULTURE. Under the guidance of your magazine I followed a regular course of exercises, and was astonished at the rapid improvement in my health and strength. I will say, if people would use more physical culture and less medicine, the human race would be healthier, stronger, and better able to contend with the physical and mental diseases which naturally present themselves in the course of human life.

BATH BEACH, L. I.

MAX MILLER.

## THE DEMANDS OF THE STAGE

By La Pierre



NOWHERE is physical culture so in demand as upon the dramatic stage. Not only here, but on the operatic stage and in vaudeville the physical culturist is the one who wins out every time, and the man or woman with a good figure can outclass a physically imperfect rival in every cast.

Olga Nethersole, Maude Adams, Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Julia Marlowe are unhappy instances of great mental and vital dissipation, which the physical organism was unable to withstand. Result: partial, and in some cases, complete pros-

tration, but it is to be hoped that with rest will come renewed vigor and commonsense. If such leaders in the mimic world would take the same care of their bodies that Patti, the queen of love and beauty, does of herself, how much better for themselves and their audiences.

The actor owes

it to his audiences to be at the acme of physical perfection. Just as the athlete is required to be in the pink of condition

so should the dramatic artist

be at his best, both in body and mind.

We are beginning to demand of our stage favorites

that they look as well as act

the part.

And what

is more soul-stirring

than the sight of

a splendidly developed

and controlled

man or woman, untrammelled by the disfiguring dress of modern inanity, living some heroic part in full view of a tremulous and adoring audience? This love for the beautiful is inherent in every human heart, unless suppressed and distorted by unclean associations and custom.

There is something sacredly elevating in the sight of a well cared for, strong and graceful nude figure. Artists declare that so far from a study of the nude suggesting thoughts immoral, it is a cure for such evils, and that the form divine in all its original loveliness, at once refines, ennobles and purifies the mind of the beholder. Actors may endeavor to conceal natural, or rather unnatural imperfections, by the illusion of dress, paint and scenic accessories, but the glare of the footlights clearly reveals disfigurements that no art can cover; besides, the magnetism and



Wm. Faversham  
(An adept fencer)

Whose career on and off the stage is so full of those admirable incidents which bespeak mental and physical grit and ability.



Mrs. Patrick Campbell  
An occasional victim of nervous prostration.

vitality that is only the result of perfect health cannot be counterfeited. I know an actor and stage manager who is prevented by ill-health from taking his rightful place upon the boards. How many broken-hearted failures, how many shipwrecked lives and lost ambitions are caused by overworking the brain and neglecting the body? How many inmates of asylums might be with us to-day if it were not for physical neglect and decay?

To the stage aspirant I would say: "If you want to know how to act, learn first how to live; if you would portray strength and beauty, then be strong and beautiful. Seeing is believing!"



**Julia Marlowe**

The talented and graceful actress whose spells of indisposition are few and far between and whose success in portraying strong and leading parts is attributable to her excellent physique and common-sense.

David Belasco in the Christmas number of "The Theatre" is very frank in his article "How I Stage my Plays." He confesses that in preparing plays for the stage the first requisite is to see that it is properly cast, and so important does he consider this part of the work that he often spends a year

in selecting a company.

On such an occasion, he states, a manager must call in to service all his knowledge of human nature, and he must study the author's meaning as to appearance and temperament, and he



**Jas. K. Hackett**

(A finished swordsman)

Remarkable for his well-developed and graceful lines.

must find an actor who not only can think the part, but who, in addition, has a special and particular ability to give life to the author's creation.



**Olga Nethersole**

Who so frequently succumbs to the strain of her emotional parts.



## UNNATURAL MAN

By John R. Coryell



JOHN STUART MILL, in the course of a very beautiful tribute to his gifted wife, in his autobiography, says, among other things, that she is utterly devoid of superstition, even that commonest of all superstitions, the belief that nature is infallible.

The truth is, of course, that nature is such an elastic term that it is made to cover, like charity, a multitude of sins as well as of virtues; but in the sense in which Mill uses it this definition from Webster probably defines it: The existing system of things.

It is worth while noting that the definition does not say the correct system of things, or the final and absolute system, but only the existing system. This recognizes the fact that the relation of things to each other is subject to change—not necessarily for the better or the worse, according to any known standard; also that a thing may change in its own character. Therefore it is that Mill characterizes an unreasoning belief in nature as a superstition. He means that because a thing is so it is not therefore best so.

Man, for example, is as he is because of the operation of certain laws, which work blindly, as we say, meaning, rather, mercilessly. If you will jump off the roof of a skyscraper you may reasonably assume that the consequences will be unpleasant. If you will eat a proper quantity of strychnine you may safely make your preparations for death. And the fact that death is not absolutely certain in either case only goes to show that it is not possible to be sure of the sequence of events. The main thing, however, is to bear in mind that you need not jump off the skyscraper nor eat the poison; that, in fact, you have a choice.

And this choice is not merely as to whether or not you shall risk your life in

an act of folly so apparent, but it is a choice that confronts one all through life to the end of making the best of one's self. And the fetich of nature is such an evil one because it constantly stands between its worshipper and progress.

The person who eats meat or refuses to eat it because of the character of his teeth is guilty of a crime towards himself, since he should realize that whether he elects to be carnivorous or herbivorous his conduct should be guided only by the desire to do that which will be best for him. Any other rule of conduct is likely to lead him into boggy places. So one should wear clothing or go without, as is discovered to be best for the physical being; one should live in a heated house or a cool one as health, not custom, determines. It is always easier to accept a custom than to demand the reason for its existence; but it is the blind acceptance of that which is that prevents man from progressing as it is in his power to do.

Do not fall into the error of supposing that nature is striving for your betterment; nature is concerned only with deadly logic. Swallow poison and die; eat wholesome food and live in health. It is for man to decide whether he will become his best or his worst; nature is quite unconcerned as to that. Live along the line of least resistance and you will certainly grow towards your worst. You may suit yourself to your environment and lead the easy life or you may set for yourself a high ideal and strive for that, living the strenuous life of which we hear so much now, and approaching your ideal all the while.

The pigmies of equatorial Africa are the creatures of their condition, never having striven to conquer their conditions in order to reach a higher plane of life. They live according to nature. They inhabit the dark forests, into which the sunlight seldom penetrates; they kill not by courage, agility or strength, but by poisoned darts; they have few words, be-

cause they have few and simple ideas to express; they are small and puny and misshapen. It is plain their conditions have conquered them.

The Marquesan Islanders live in a land of sunshine and plenty; they wear no clothing; they perform little labor; their food is mostly fruits; they are the finest race of men in existence physically—the average height being over 6 feet, and a height of 6 feet 4 inches being not uncommon. But they live on an island, practically undisturbed by their fellows, finding their food grown to their hands almost. They have had no reason apparent to them for trying to alter their condition. They are cannibals; they are given over to the most childish superstitions. If you demonstrate that a thing is better for them than something else they are doing, they find it a sufficient answer that it is their custom. These, too, have been conquered by their conditions.

The pigmies and the Marquesans are natural men—they have yielded to the system of things—to nature. It would seem better, then, to fight nature and to conquer nature—to be unnatural. We do this when we build houses, when we manufacture cloth with which to cover our naked, shivering bodies, when we mine coal and the minerals, when we do the countless things which the pigmy and the lordly Marquesan refrain from doing. The main difficulty is that we are not frankly unnatural, but try our best to maintain that the natural is better than the unnatural; and that if we only do an unnatural thing often enough it will become natural. And this is one reason why we do not progress as rapidly as we are easily able to do.

Here is this matter of clothing. Clothing should have but one use—to protect the body from undue cold. The wearing of clothing in propriety is one of those unnatural devices which has done much to raise us above the natural man in enabling us to conquer a force of nature. But we now declare that the wearing of clothing is fundamental, and that it must be worn, whether for the good of the body or not. We make a fetish of clothing. We laugh at the Marquesan for his superstitions, but are manufacturing superstitions of our own by wholesale.

Food. We turn away from the raw flesh of the natural man and cultivate the fields to make them yield us wholesome grains and fruits and roots. But from gathering the harvest and storing it to keep away starvation we begin to eat for the sake of eating, quite losing sight of the important fact that the social side of eating is its pleasantest, but least important. We eat three and four meals a day as a matter of custom, and without ever asking ourselves whether we are hungry or not; without ever inquiring how best to produce a healthy body. We eat to eat, cultivating a desire for food that we do not need; making a fetish of food; cramming it into the unwilling stomach even if we have to make new mouths in extraordinary parts of the body in order to accomplish our purpose. We say it is natural to eat so many times a day and make that our reason for doing so, when, in fact, eating regularly is a most unnatural thing—the natural man seldom does it.

But, as with clothing and food, so with many and most other unnatural things that we have invented or discovered for the use and benefit of man, we are losing sight of the end in the means. Warmth is a good thing to enable man to live and remain strong in a cold climate; so we overheat our houses and render ourselves liable to all sorts of disorders. We even learn to be mortally afraid of fresh air because we find warm air desirable. We become confused between warm air and stale air, because both are confined. The unnatural house, which should enable man to do better in his fight against nature by protecting him, becomes almost detrimental to its creator by reason of his singular perversion of its use. Windows and doors are used to shut fresh air out. Think of that!

The body, meanwhile, is accommodating itself to all this abuse—being natural in that, anyhow. But because the body suits itself to clothes which clog the pores of the skin and throw double work on liver and kidneys and lungs, do not suppose the body is better for it. It is being natural, that is all. It would be better if you would keep it unnaturally. Why learn only through natural selection and survival of the fittest? Why make death and disease the only teachers? There is

not much to be learned of them. Go to life and health for lessons, and accept the teachings of truth even if they take you far away from where you are now.

Perhaps the wretched little pigmy of Africa can teach a lesson of health and happiness; it certainly would seem as if the Marquesan with his marvelously beautifully body might teach a lesson. How does he come by his physique and his beauty? Is it by living on fruit? Is it by exposing the whole surface of his body to the sun and air? Is it by bathing so constantly? Perhaps it is because of the pork he eats, or the occasional missionary. Get at the truth and practice it. The truth never hurts anybody; be sure of that.

We were once so unnatural as to better our condition by doing something outside of the system of things. Why fall back into the natural way of accepting the thing that is as the only thing? Why not determine to live a magnificent, unnatural life? Why not throw custom and all its fetiches to the winds and make up our minds to do what is best for us morally, mentally, physically? Let us not be afraid of the truth because it threatens to shrivel up some pet fetiche. And do not be afraid of being misled by false doctrine. Listen to what John Milton, the great poet, says:

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth so truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the

worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing."

Be unnatural then, in this sense, that you will not be content with the thing that is only because it is. Insist that there shall be a reason for your doing a thing better than that your grandparents did it. Why, it might have been the best for them and the very worst for you. Or discover why your grandparents did the thing, and if the reason for it is good in your case, do it too.

And if you find yourself opposed to doing something injurious to yourself, but which society insists shall be done, nevertheless, remember that Benjamin Kidd has pointed out that the best good of the individual is almost always opposed to the best good of society. Society, you must remember, is always governed by the rule of the dead past. It is always a laggard in the race of improvement and progression; always striving to pull back the individual; always eager to make martyrs of the very warriors who are fighting in the advance guard, of the very pioneers who are clearing the way for it. And the warriors, the pioneers, the thinkers are always in the front, while society takes its solemn and important stand on the very ground it despised while the advance guard stood on it.

It is always worth while to remember that the orthodoxy of to-day was the heterodoxy of fifty years ago.

Let the unnatural man triumph!

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## IGNORANCE

Ignorance of Nature's laws  
Of all diseases is the cause,  
A knowledge of them will detect,  
Remove the cause and the effect.

—Wilbur F. Gearhart.

# FROM THE LAND OF THE PEACOCK THRONE

## THE PEOPLE: THEIR LIFE AND SPORTS

*By Fred. A. Pape*

**T** IS a sunny land and a happy land on the banks of the broad and mighty Irawady river, and the folk who dwell there are what their country and surroundings have made them — of good stature, fair to look upon, and contented. For centuries they have not been

bothered much by foreign wars or internecine disturbances. Their religion, Buddhism, is by no means gloomy in its teachings; it counsels frugality and continence, and love of nature, and its beauties and creatures, so that the

result upon the people has been a most felicitous one. There is plenty of all, and for all, in this happy land of Burmah! Nature has been most

lavish in bestowing a profusion of good things — fertility, a good climate, hills and woods and valleys and rivers, and birds and beasts and fishes, and fruits of the earth

in abundance. But the big river — their venerated river — that is the veritable artery of life. It comes in a mighty body from the country in the north of the eternal snows, from the land of the

“Kalâhs,” or foreigners, so far away that no one knows the exact location — and no one cares — for your Burman leaves not his own land, is not restless and seeking to dwell in other parts. When the rapids and boulders at Bhâmo and beyond make it too difficult for him to ascend the river further, then is he content to rest on his oars and with his knowledge. The strenuous unknown beyond has no charms for him. But below this frontier-post, when the mountain tribes come down with their ponies and mules to barter their guns and minerals and gold and stones for the low-country commodities of grain and oil and dried fish and textiles, there the agile and dexterous river navigator is abroad with his keen-prowed boat and canoe. The country is intersected by thousands of tributary rivers and creeks, and up and down these shoot the graceful vessels, propelled by the sinewy arms and backs of Burmese men and boys, and very often women as well. Their work of rowing is like that



**Burmese Housewife**  
Perfection of Human Beauty sustained on a Vegetable Diet



**Burmese Child**  
Bunga Mas, say Pooniah Cassi-la,  
Chiam, Chinta!

of the Venetian gondoliers standing upon the extreme stern of the canoe, and pushing the long and limber oar away from them. Standing as they do upon such a scanty foothold, scarce a foot square, their dexterity and power of propulsion and endurance are truly marvelous. The body of the oarsman is naked except for a loin-cloth, permitting one to behold the play of the muscles of the arms and the back and the thighs with a peculiar and easy lithe grace. Endowed by nature with tall, lissome bodies, this unique and long-continued pursuit has developed these sunny children to the very perfection of human beauty. And all this is made possible and is sustained on a vegetable diet, eked out by some dried fish or an egg or two at rare intervals. So ad  
verse are these people to the

the tips of the fingers grasp the heels. Massage is very popular and universally practiced, which salutary habit no doubt accounts for much of the grace and health of the people. But they seem to rely more on the animal magnetism, transmitted from one body to another for the good they expect to derive from massage than forceful manipulation, and in this they seem to differ from our methods.

The greatest game in popular favor is a sort of basket-ball, which is played by preferably a dozen youths in a circle; any open space or road-crossing serving for a ball ground. The ball is made of thin rattan, laced together tightly, of about the size of our round foot-balls. It is, of course, springy, but not very buoyant. Once in play, the circle of men try to keep it in the air and in motion within the circle, and whoever lets



**Burmese Honeymoon**  
Fair to Look Upon and Contented

taking of a creature's life that the stranger, when traveling in their midst, is often compelled to kill his own chickens for his meals, if he wants anything in that way of nutrition at all.

Athletic games of all kinds have a most fostering care, and are indulged in by young and old. One often wonders at the agile and nimble feats most Burmese youngsters are able to perform in the acrobatic art. It is counted but a trivial thing to be able to bend back the body with arms extended over the head till

it come to the ground is counted out, and one of the spectators takes his place. The skill of some is truly marvelous. They kick not only front but sideways and backwards, and so nimble are their feet that they oft seem to be both in the air at once. The chaffing and laughing and joking are keeping all in breathless good humor during the game, which often lasts an hour or more without the ball once touching the ground. What this means to the lungs and limbs of the players can be easily understood.

## MAINE'S HATLESS ATHLETE

By V. G. Eaton



**M**OODY BROWN, sparmaker and athlete of South Brewer, Maine, is still a boy in sentiments, agility and in a constant desire to enjoy himself. He was 82 years of age on July 4, 1902, and having a day off from the shipyard where he is employed, he walked to the wilds of Stumbrow,

twelve miles from his home, picked ten quarts of gooseberries in the hot sun and carried them home in time for an early supper.

All his long life Mr. Brown has practiced the tenets of an advanced physical culture without knowing it. Until three years ago, when a paper mill was built near his home and new houses began to go up, compelling him to observe some of the forms of society, he had never worn a hat or a head covering of any kind. About the shipyards, in the heat of summer, and in the deep woods, carving out sleds when the temperature was below zero, he has gone bare-headed, and with coat and waistcoat discarded, and his chest bare to the winds of a northern winter. In stormy weather he came to camp from his work with his hair and beard so thickly matted with ice that he took more than half an hour to thaw himself out.

His diet has been simple, and taken sparingly. Whole wheat bread, Indian

hoecake and lean meats have always been his favorites. He will drink coffee or tea when they are placed before him, but he prefers milk or plain water to either. For half a century he smoked a black pipe, and took an occasional glass of rum, but these have been discarded, as he believed they made him too fleshy for comfort. He has 32 sound teeth in his jaws, and can crack a hickory nut as quickly to-day as he could 60 years ago. He stands six feet one inch in his stockings, weighs 200 pounds, and his heart and lungs are as good as new.

Working in many unhealthy towns, and plying his trade among pest houses filled with yellow fever and smallpox cases, he was never sick for a whole day in his life, though he lost a few half days from his work on account of headaches. Though he has made spars with his adze for more than 60 years,



Moody Brown

he is still working at his trade, and earns \$3 a day on an average. He expects to round out a century of hard work, after which he proposes to take things easy. For the past 10 years he has been losing his hair, until now he has a large bald spot on top of his head.

"That's something which I inherited from my grandsire," said Mr. Brown, rubbing his shining crown. "He was scalped by the Indians when he was 36 years of age, you know, and was bald-headed after that; but it didn't hurt him any, for he lived until he was 113, which is as long as anybody ought to stay here."

## THE GERMS, AND DOROTHY'S HUSBAND

By Hattie Preston Rider



DOROTHY herself was sitting on the veranda steps when the germs came up the walk. Incidentally, they were accompanied by a good-looking young man carrying a black satchel. Dorothy tilted her chin and watched his approach through narrowing lids, like a cat who

spies a chicken.

Everybody knows an agent at sight, but in that brief gaze Dorothy, by some unerring instinct, divined also that he was new at the business. Her lips curled in resentful derision.

"How perfectly abominable to waste such splendid muscles lugging around salve and extracts to bother womankind with!" she thought, and she yearned to give the black satchel a hearty kick as it was set down temptingly near her feet.

"I am traveling under the auspices of the St. X. Children's Hospital, in Chicago," blandly began the owner of the fine muscular outfit. "We treat patients with every sort of complaint, making a specialty of scarlet fever and diphtheria. I dare say you are acquainted with the fact that all contagious diseases are traceable to a bacillus, or germ, which, under favorable conditions, finds lodgment in the human system." Stooping, he opened the satchel briskly, and took out some tiny vials. "I have here some very fine specimens of the bacilli, which, if you care to look at them—"

He broke off, suddenly conscious of a pair of hazel eyes leveled quizzically with his. A hot flush mantled his face. He stammered, struggling to recover himself, and then collapsed entirely.

Dorothy seized the opportunity mercifully.

"I'm quite sure that my husband would not like the children sent to a hospital," she said gravely, "and, of course, I should agree with him; so I, myself,

wouldn't care for any of the germs. I might speak to my aunt, however."

Without a suspicion of a smile, she turned toward the open door.

"Aunt Dolly!" she called, clearly; "would you like any scarlet fever germs to-day?"

There was an oppressive silence; the sound of a smothered laugh. Then a motherly voice answered:

"No, Dorothy, I think not."

The agent stood dumb, uncertain whether to laugh, or swear, or run; but Dorothy got up.

"I suppose I oughtn't to criticise a stranger," she said, patronizingly, "but really, don't you think it would be more worthy of a great, strong man like you to find some other occupation than peddling out sickness to helpless children? I'm sure, too, that you would be just as successful in some higher calling, for you look like a person who would not be daunted in anything he undertook."

This last sarcastic fling, like a pinprick, brought the victim to himself. The red went out of his face, and his black eyes flashed. He replaced the vials and lifted his cap, with exaggerated politeness.

"I shall certainly act upon your valuable suggestion," he answered, acidly; "and since it is evidently all you desire, will bid you good afternoon."

As he gained the street, a peal of laughter came to his ears that did not help restore his lost equanimity. Inside the house, Dorothy was saying:

"Aunt Dolly! Oh! You should have seen his face! Rude? Of course I was! I meant to be. If there's a superfluous creation on the face of this earth, it's that legalized hold-up, a patent medicine agent. For, I suppose it was something of that sort he was trying to sell."

Frank Arnfield walked half the length of the pretty village street before he collected himself sufficiently to make another call. When he did so, he stated concisely that he had for sale a new disin-



"I have here some very fine specimens of the bacilli."

*Drawn by Gilman Low.*



fectant which had been used very successfully in a Chicago hospital. He did not even mention the germs; and it was hours before he got anything like peace of mind back again.

Not many days after the unexpected, as is usual, happened. Whether a "strange dispensation of Providence" or the stagnant pool at the foot of Main street was accountable, or some of the young medical students' specimens escaped their captivity to devastate the land, no man knows; but an epidemic of scarlet fever of severest type laid hold upon the community.

The five resident physicians found their hands full—at least they filled them—and Arnfield himself fell into line with his limited acquirements. Down in the poorer quarter, where ignorance ran riot and filth abounded, he worked like a hero. Here it was, too, that he met Dorothy again.

He did not recognize her at the first glance, in her plain dress and big white apron. At the second, they both blushed vividly; then, like a butterfly's chrysalis, the ridiculous antagonism of their first meeting was left behind forever.

Between the half-fledged doctor's washes and potions and Dorothy's hydropathic treatment, applied as vigorously to the premises as to the patient, their initial case came out beautifully. Others crowded upon them. Day and night for four indescribable weeks the two worked, so to speak, hand in hand. Meantime, three revelations came to Arnfield, creating in his soul a chaos like to the great Original One.

In the first place, the disinfectant, the sale of which had netted him a fair share of good dollars, failed to disinfect; he was young and sincere enough to care. Next, he came to acknowledge in his honest heart that out of the score and more of cases saved, the majority would have died on his hands but for Dorothy's briskly-enforced sanitation and drugless system of common sense treatment. For the first time he saw applied to the healing of sickness that cleanly abstemiousness to which he owed his own perfect freedom from disease. Purification—not more of poisons—was the cure! He saw the wisdom and skill which he had been

working so hard to gain, the toil of self-denying years, going out like a bubble.

Third, and greatest calamity of all, he had grown to love with his whole strength the sweet, tantalizing, wholesome creature who had wrought the ruin. Always, for the sake of the ideal he saw realized in her, he had kept his young manhood pure and unspotted; and to what purpose, he asked himself, since she was already another's? For though their daily interest had been too full to admit of personal themes, it was not likely he had forgotten the first words she ever spoke to him.

Worn with the misery of his shaken faith in the life-work he had chosen, and his constant vigil lest by a word or look he might betray his secret, he grew thin and haggard in spite of his superb strength. He told himself that as soon as this inferno of disease abated, he would go away and begin all over again; that he would put Dorothy forever out of his thoughts, and make his profession "go" by sheer force of will. Yet he could not help counting as golden every moment spent with her, when the chance contact of their fingers sent electric currents all over him, and her candid pleasure in his presence was like paradise. So the battle won each day had to be fought all over again on the next.

One afternoon he met her coming out of the postoffice with an open letter in her hand. For some occult reason his moral barometer promptly fell.

"News!" cried she, waving the sheet at him joyfully. "My Fred is coming tonight! I'm taking a furlough from nursing, and you must share it. Don't fail to come over. I've been longing to have you two acquainted."

She passed on, leaving him, with a gleeful wave of the hand, to a round of calls that, despite the satisfactory condition of their joint patients, sent him home at night wild with loneliness and futile jealousy. But the day's close brought with it a mighty resolve to attend strictly to his work, cutting all other issues. Alas for human resolution! On his table he found awaiting him a note from Dorothy's aunt, saying they had received bad news of their expected guest, and, as her niece was rather shaken up

over it, would he step in a little while that evening?

He found Dorothy among the heaped-up cushions of the divan. Her pretty color was gone, but she was not ill, as Arnfield had half counted on finding her. Then, for a time at least, it might have been his blissful right to care for her. A bunch of velvety Duchess roses stood on the table beside her. Their sickening perfume made the room turn black before his eyes. She sat up.

"Wasn't I a baby to let aunty send for you?" she laughed, unsteadily. "I shall be myself in the morning. We'll hear from him again then, though they were quite sure he would be all right. The train had started, you see, and in his hurry he slipped." She closed her eyes and then opened them again with an effort. "He was bringing me these roses," she continued, "and he insisted they should be sent on, just the same, to keep me from worrying." She smiled bravely into her visitor's eyes.

Arnfield told himself afterward that no one but a brute would have lost his head at such a time; but he was weak with his conflict and the sense of double defeat engulfing him. He sat for a moment and looked at the girlish woman for whom his whole being clamored, who seemed to him every way so divinely his mate, yet whose smallest finger he had no moral right to touch, and the storm of revolt within him broke suddenly. Rising, he plucked the Duchess roses roughly from the vase, and before Dorothy's startled eyes tore them

into a thousand fragments, scattering them in a perfumed litter all about him and grinding them savagely into the carpet with his foot. Then, with two quick strides he dropped on the divan beside her and gathered her close to his heart.

"Dorothy! Dorothy, darling!" he groaned, "the ruin I've made of your husband's flowers, there, is nothing to what these last few weeks have made in my life. I wish he were dead as his cursed roses. Are you deaf and blind, that you can't see how much you've taught me besides the unsatisfactoriness of medicine?"

Then, blackly, all at once, the hopelessness of his fight again enveloped him. He put her away, and, with a hoarse, dry sob, buried his face in the nearest cushion.

There was a portentous silence, during which, to his surprise, Dorothy did not even draw back in shocked resentment. Instead, a warm little hand crept under his, and a sweet, tremulous voice said:

"Is it possible, Frank, that all this while you've remembered the wicked nonsense I said that day? You shall not give up your work. The simpler way is going to help, not hinder you. And—and—I'm not married, the tiniest bit, dear—least of all to Fred, my own twin brother."

Dorothy keeps the little vials ranged in a row on her dressing-table, as a sort of benediction, she says. Her husband has no more need of them, anyway, for he has adopted the common-sense treatment of diseases, following her first advice, and giving up the germ business forever.



## WHAT THEY TAKE AND WHY IN AMERICA

By F. Akirk Iller

\*"WHAT THEY TAKE AND WHY IN AMERICA," is the heading we have decided on for a new feature we have introduced into *PHYSICAL CULTURE*. The feature will be a permanent one, and in each issue of this magazine will be set aside from four to six of its pages to a résumé of the medicated lives of our leading statesmen, legislators, divines, congressmen and senators, actors and actresses, and all those prominent in the public eye. Our attention will also be given the gentler sex, and that we may not be suspected of attempting any innovation on modern conventionality we will, with becoming gravity and gracious gallantry, proceed to give our first and careful but, we trust, not best attention to Belva Ann Bennett Lockwood, whose foreign address was Congress of Charities and Corrections, Geneva, Switzerland, 1896; but whose recent address was 619 F Street N. W., Washington. We hope these articles will have their own reward and that they may tend to suppress the present baneful system prevailing in the advertising departments of patent medicine and drug institutions is the earnest wish of the writer.—EDITOR.



**B**ELVA A LOCKWOOD, A. M. and B. L., politician, lecturer, lawyer, peace commissioner, Presidential candidate and testimonial writer for patent medicines, born in Royalton, N. Y., October 24, 1830. In early infancy she evinced a taste for soothing

syrup, and took same in such quantities as to alarm her parents. Fearing that she was overdoing the thing, her parents took away the syrup and tried to wean her from this habit. This angered young Belva. Meanwhile she had learned to read by studying the printed labels on the soothing syrup bottles that were given her, and in being refused a second time, raised herself to her full height in her crib and said, "Keep your old soothing syrup; just you wait till I get big, then I'll get all the tonics I want." At the age of three she read and knew by heart all the patent medicine almanacs in print. She attended public school at the age of five, and being already expert in chemistry learned what else there was to know in a few months. All who knew her predicted for her a great career, and pronounced her the brightest girl in the country. The comparative stupidity of other children gave her a pain, and as she graduated from one institute of learning

after another, the stupidity of her classmates and of the public in general, aggravated what pains she already had and added pains of all descriptions to her already long list. When she received the degree A. M., in 1871, she was not only a walking encyclopedia of knowledge, but a walking encyclopedia of pains as well. After taking a course in law she went to Oxford University, England, and acquired more knowledge with more pains.

On returning from Europe, she settled down to her life-work—namely, writing patent medicine testimonials and being cured. She was naturally much sought for by the various patent medicine concerns of this country. She first tried Dr. Green's Nervura, which, according to her own testimony, cured her of nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness, fainting spells, loss of appetite, melancholia, tired feeling, and other afflictions. This testimonial made her famous. Her picture and testimonial were printed by all the papers in the land. Sixteen different issues were gotten out to supply the demand. This testimonial reached the forty-seven million mark in circulation, and as a result of the popularity gained by it, she was nominated and ran for President of the United States. The platform on which she ran was for woman's rights and Nervura.

She made a strong campaign, but failed to be elected by a few votes. The

principal objections against her were, that if she was elected, women would gain the control of the country and would make men take their medicine. Although defeated, she continued to teach her doctrines, namely, that a bottle of cure is worth more than a pound of prevention, and that women were superior to men, be-

their legal sense and not as referring to thirst parlors or love-making). About this time the new woman craze was at its height. She advocated in favor of the new woman, claiming that three bottles of Nervura had made her a new woman. Her bold stand on this question caused Doctor Parkhurst, the famous reformer

TUESDAY

THE NEW YORK

## WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES

Regard Peruna as Their Shield Against Catarrh and Catarrhal Diseases.



MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, LATE CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood, the eminent lawyer of Washington, D. C., is the only woman who has ever been a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. She is the best known woman in America. As the pioneer of her sex in the legal profession she has gained fame and fortune. In a letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., she says:

"I have used your Peruna both for myself and my mother, Mrs. Hannah J. Day and, now in her final years, and I find it an invaluable remedy for cold, catarrh, hay fever and blooded diseases; also good tonic for feeble and old people in their old days, and with nervous weakness."

Any one who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Peruna is the only absolute safeguard against it. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure coughs, to cure chest catarrh and all its victims, Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and so forth. Address the Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free book on catarrh.

Facsimile of advertisement which appeared in the New York Evening Journal

cause they could endure a greater number of pains than men.

She received the degree of Bachelor of Laws from the National University, at Washington City, and secured the passage of a bill admitting women to the bar and to court (the terms being used in

MOST PROMINENT PEOPLE IN THE WORLD CURED BY DR.

## Dr. Greene's Nervura Cures Belva A. Lockwood, Foremost Woman of the Day.

Belva A. Lockwood, the Acknowledged Leader of American Women, Has Been Cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, and Recommends Its Use to all Weak, Tired, Nervous, Run Down, and Suffering People.

Dr. Greene's Nervura the Greatest and Grandest Medicine in the World.



BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, WOMAN'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, D. C., who is recognized among women as their mightiest leader and champion in all woman's movements, who has been twice nominated for President of the United States by the Equal Rights Party, says she owes her present good health and strength to the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

"I have used Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and am pleased to say that it has improved my digestion, relieved the sleeplessness under a great nervous strain, and I believe that sleep would otherwise have been impossible, and since in every way to have built up my general health. The attacks of faintness to which I had previously been subject have entirely disappeared. It increases the appetite, tends to cheerfulness and general good feeling, and works so ill effect."

"I can freely recommend it to all persons afflicted with nervous diseases, or that tired feeling which is so common. I recommend it also to nervous people, aged people, and to all persons in delicate health."

BELVA A. LOCKWOOD, A.M. and S.L.,  
Secretary American Equal Rights Party.

Of course the contents will relate to the wonderful cures performed by taking articles of general interest.

and testimonial writer, to denounce the new woman in the most bitter terms. In the next Presidential campaign, she was again a candidate—she believed in the old adage, "If at first you don't succeed, fail, fail again." The country was dumb-founded when it was learned that she renounced Nervura and announced that she

would make the second campaign on the Peruna ticket.

To prove the benefits of Peruna, she made a practical test, took three bottles and was cured of catarrh, hay fever, cold, feebleness, unstrung nerves, exhaustion and kidney diseases. (See testimonial.) This second testimonial exceeded the first in circulation, and it was acceded by both Democrats and Republicans that Lockwood and Peruna would carry the election. To counteract this sentiment, the Congressmen and Senators began to acquire pains and be cured. The U. S. Congress was converted from a hall of legislation into a sanitarium—some had catarrh, some had pains in the eyes, others pains in the ears, some couldn't sleep, and others couldn't keep awake. They all agreed on one thing, however—they all took Peruna. The political battle was the fiercest ever seen in the history of the country. Belva was only defeated by a fusion of the Republican, Democratic, Peruna, Paine's Celery Compound, Electric Bitters and Nervura votes. Her defeat was brought about by the Nervura mugwumps, who failed to uphold her when she declared for Peruna.

She was married to Doctor Ezekiel Lockwood, of Washington, D. C., and is said to live in great domestic felicity with

her husband, despite the fact that her opinions on the medicine question have greatly injured his business. To compensate for this loss, he had the distinction of being Belva Lockwood's husband. He views this distinction from an entirely different point of view as did the husbands of Carrie Nation and Mary Ellen Lease.

In the field of testimonial writing, Belva Lockwood was not alone. Frances E. Willard, of the W. C. T. U., was her bitter rival. Mrs. Lockwood's testimonials for Peruna and Nervura were offset by the testimonials of Miss Willard for Paine's Celery Compound and Warner's Safe Cure. This deadlock continued for a year, when Miss Willard endorsed Rumford Baking Powder and raised herself above her competitor; she did not stop here, but followed up this move with an endorsement of Wool Soap. She lathered it all over Mrs. Lockwood and made her look like a shrunken flannel shirt. Unfortunately, Miss Willard died at the height of her fame, and Mrs. Lockwood again took the lead. While not equal to the late Miss Willard, she makes such testimonial writers as Julia Marlowe, Jessie Bartlett Davis and Mrs. Leslie Carter look like twenty cents.

## A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL CULTURE AND HEALTH

*By Eustace Miles, M. A.*

*Formerly Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, Amateur Champion at Tennis and at Racquets; Author of "Avenues to Health," Etc.*

Arrangements have been made whereby EUSTACE MILES, M. A., will furnish our magazine exclusively with all his articles regarding his latest researches along Physical Culture lines. The second of the series appears this month.

### SECOND ARTICLE

#### CONCENTRATION AND SAMPLES OF MANY EXERCISES.



T the close of the first article I pointed out the importance of concentration throughout the whole of life, and especially in the matter of exercise. I pointed out that the habit of concentration is a habit that can be extended from muscular work to brain-work, just as can the faculties

of arrangement, classification, discrimination, and so on. I pointed out that concentration was necessary for every kind of muscle-culture, whether it were fast full movement, fast arrested movement, strain-movement, slow movement, relaxed movement, or any other sort. I ended up the article with the question: How can we secure concentration? To this question, the first and last answer must be: By interest and strong motive. The stronger the motive, the greater the concentration.

First of all, then, we must get the mo-

tives for taking exercise, and hence for focusing our attention on it. Why should we take exercise at all? First of all, for health by use and growth, and also by removal of refuse and cleansing; then for strength and activity and endurance; for self-control; for promptitude; for rapidity; for balance; for fame; for money; for better intellectual work; for better moral habits; and (ultimately we come to this) for happiness, including the actual feeling of health and of fuller sensation. Let us decide that for any or everyone of these reasons right exercise is worth while. Then let us make exercise a hobby, if not *the* hobby. Let us be on the lookout for inventions of importance, remembering that the history of muscles has yet to be written and that we may write some chapter or paragraph of it. This gives us the spur of ambition in a good cause, and, I may add, in a paying cause. For people will pay to learn about their muscles, and why not?

This brings us to our second help, to concentration—that we should regard the muscles and their users as a special subject, about which we can find out something—a field for original work. We can find out what muscles are being used on any given occasion and why. Let us take the common habit of stooping to pick up something, and the muscles which we use then. A plan of the abdominal muscles would be interesting, though it is useless to learn from diagrams alone. The human body in motion would be the best diagram. Of course, the biceps is one of the easiest muscles to watch, and therefore one of the best with which to begin the study.

A great help will be to watch either the muscles themselves or their reflection in a looking-glass. By watching them we can more easily send the mind into them, throw the will-force into them. Experiment by thinking of your right hand. Hold both your hands in front of you, but think of your right hand and look at it. Do this for five minutes. This will send more blood into that hand to feed the muscles and to carry off the muscle-sewage, if there be proper circulation of the blood stream. Keep the mind there; bring it back again and again; tether the mind to that hand as

if it were fastened to it by an elastic string. You can look at the hand from several points of view. Or you can watch the fingers one by one, pretending that each of them is a child at play. In this article it will be sufficient to take the first or index finger, and to exercise with that. By this means we shall be able to learn about the chief uses of all the muscles in the body.

Stretch out the first finger as far as it will go; that is a *full extension*. Now let the end of it sink down loosely and heavily, as if indeed the nail were a heavy leaden weight; that is not extension but *relaxation*. Now stretch that finger out sharply to its extension as far as it will go, and briskly say to yourself "1." Then bend it, double it up as it were, as far as it will go and as quickly as it will go, saying to yourself "2." Repeat this movement while you repeat "1-2, 1-2," gradually increasing the pace. That is a fast and full extension and contraction. Pay attention; call back the mind through the gateways of the eye and ear and the "muscular sense." Attend. Gently insist; be the kind master to that mind, yet be the master always.

Now do the same exercise; sharply extend the first finger, but keep it there at its full stretch. Then add the extra part of a cubit to its stature. This is an *extension held as well as made*. It is surprising how, when you think you have reached the limit, you find that there is the additional fragment of an inch possible. So it is in life. We can do far more than we think we can if we really intend to do so. As the conserve of this press in the top of the finger (still keeping the finger straight) towards your hand; press it in as far as it will go. There should be quite an appreciable distance between the full extent while you press out and while you press in, even while the finger is perfectly stiff. Do you feel something pushing in right up to your shoulder, even to your chest? That is right.

Now bend the whole straight finger up toward your face, then away from your face to its full distance again. Do this briskly, "1-2, 1-2, 1-2-1, 2-1-2." Now from side to side, still keeping it straight

while moving it briskly count "1-2" as before.

Now for a harder exercise. It will perhaps be the hardest for you, just as it is harder to check horses than to let them go. Move the finger *very slowly* from the full extension to the full contraction. No; do not hurry. That is much too fast; and attend, for goodness sake, for money's sake, if you like. Slowly from the full extension to the full contraction; then back again; then toward you and then away from you, then from side to side. No; you must go more slowly, slowly, more slowly than that.

Hitherto we have had a full extension made and held, a full contraction made and held, a brisk change from this to that and back again; the brisk movement in various directions, then those same movements done slowly. The brisk, full movements belong to the Macdonald-Smith system. To this system I have added my own, the arrested movements.

Make the full extension of the finger, giving that finger always full attention. Now make a quick movement of the top of the finger toward you, but stop it half way. Then from this half-way place carry the movement through to the end, that is to say, to the full contraction. We may represent this by 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -2, instead of by the Macdonald-Smith 1-2. Similarly we might practice it with 1- $\frac{1}{4}$ ,  $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ ,  $\frac{1}{2}$ -2, and so on. It is easy to vary this exercise.

Hitherto we have only had one strength or straining exercise—the pushing out, then pushing in. Later on, though it would not be time yet, if we were going in for the Physical Culture of the whole body—imagine a heavy weight resisting that finger, or else use the other hand to push against the finger when it is contracting, and to pull against it when it is extending. In Physical Culture strength must come last or nearly last—never first.

Such are some, though far from all, of the different kinds of exercise. All

kinds are equally essential, not to all muscles but some to some muscles, others to others. I suppose that the arm should be able to do all these exercises. The right order of exercising will probably be as follows:

First of all there will be correctness, and therefore there must be slowness together with attention. Then, with attention still, there may be increase of endurance which will come by sheer repetition; of pace, which will come partly by increased ease, but also by the intentional use of greater nerve force. Then will come control of the pace, ranging from a scarcely perceptible movement to a movement of extreme rapidity; then control by an arrest at any given spot; then promptitude to start; then variety and power to use any given movement at a moment's notice. Throughout there must be, when necessary, relaxation of the muscle which is not being used. Relaxation is the opposite of tension. Then, last of all, strength. If strength were developed first, probably in most cases freedom and pace would never be developed at all. It is by too early strain and stress that we lose freedom.

If to these essentials we add balance, which I have specially omitted from this article lest it should complicate matters too much, we should have here some of the chief principles of exercise. But the greatest of these is concentration, and the secret of concentration is interest, and the heart of interest is the desire for happiness, and the best happiness is that which hurts no one, detracts from the happiness of no one, but rather contributes to the happiness of as many others as possible. The most harmless of happinesses is that which comes from health and the simplest means to health.

In the next article I shall begin some definite instructions with regard to exercise and other "Avenues to Health." In these articles I shall deal not only with exercise and rest, but also with diet.



## THE ADVENTURES OF TROCHILLES

By R. W. Walters

Illustrated by Gilman Low

This story is entered in the Prize Competition and we would be pleased to have any interested readers write us their criticism. The stories which arouse the most favorable comment will win the prize.



In a remote corner of my scrap book there is pasted a slipping from the London *Times* of March 18, 1899. The head lines read thus:

FAMOUS STATUE OF  
TROCHILLES STOLEN!

GRECIAN GOVERNMENT OFFERS  
25,000 DRACHMAS FOR APPRE-  
HENSION OF THE CRIMINALS.

In the column next to this there is another clipping, this from the New York *Herald* of July 2, 1899, which reads:

"One of the most prominent passengers of the 'Kaiser Wilhelm,' which arrived from Liverpool yesterday, was James A. Morson, professor of Greek at Harvard College. The famous scholar, when interviewed by a *Herald* reporter, announced his complete recovery from the illness which necessitated his trip abroad last winter. Professor Morson will resume his chair at Harvard this Fall."

It is with these two clippings that my story deals, for strange as it may seem, there is a connection between them. Most people will remember the excitement produced by the theft of the famous Greek statue, Trochilles. The fame of this marble warrior, who has been universally accepted as the perfect type of masculine beauty, together with the peculiar circumstances surrounding the theft, made it of unusual interest. It seems that on the afternoon of the 16th of March, the Greek guard, whose duty it is to patrol the eastern part of the Acropolis, had seen Trochilles standing as usual on the great marble base before the temple of Zeus. On the morning of the 17th, the same guard discovered that the statue was missing. A thorough search was instituted throughout the city, and the Athenian police telegraphed to all the larger towns and sent messengers to the smaller ones, bearing tidings of the great theft. The ports were carefully watched,

and the principal cities of Europe and America were cabled to hold all suspicious persons. Several days passed and not the slightest clue was obtained. The thieves and their precious booty had vanished as though swallowed by the earth. A meeting of the Greek cabinet was hastily called, the situation discussed, and eight days after the memorable 16th the Grecian Government offered 25,000 drachmas for the capture of the criminals. Every part of Greece, from Athens to Macrea, was scoured, with not a trace of the ancient warrior. The weeks slipped by, and then the months, and though the Grecian Government doubled the reward, the marble base before the temple of Zeus remained vacant. Finally nine months passed away. Interest flagged, and the chief topic of conversation changed from the theft of Trochilles to the threatened war with the Boers in South Africa. Then one morning the great dailies came out with big headlines, announcing that the statue of Trochilles had been mysteriously restored! Again the guards had been eluded, and during the night the marble warrior, none the worse for his nine months' vacation, had been replaced on the great base on the Acropolis. A house-to-house search of Athens and the outlying districts revealed no trace of the criminals. They had restored their prize in the same mysterious manner in which they had stolen it. The Athenian police shrugged their shoulders, exclaimed "Perachmos!" and were content to let the matter rest. For a time the discussion of the mystery was again resumed, and the Sunday editions of the American newspapers contained long articles by special correspondents at Athens, together with photographs of the restored Trochilles. Nothing further was ever heard of the criminals, and the entire case has remained a mystery from that time to this.

This story is written to explain the dis-



appearance and reappearance of the famous Trochilles. It aims to tell what the Professor of Greek at Harvard knows of the affair which aroused so much interest and speculation three years ago. It is best told in his own words:

One morning in January, 1899, I received a communication from the board of trustees of the college in which I hold a chair, announcing my temporary dismissal, at full pay, for the period of one year; which time, the communication stated, was to be spent in securing a much needed rest. It closed with the hope that I would be able to return to my labors a year hence with renewed strength.

Needless to say, I was much pleased with the great compliment which my alma mater had bestowed upon me. But, truth to tell, relief came just in time. I was completely broken down. Years of continuous devotion to the study of the Greek language had changed a never-too-strong man into a very weak one. At first I was merely pale and anæmic, but soon the students in my classes began to remark that "The Fossil," as they had nicknamed me, was "looking mighty bad." Then affairs became worse, and I barely dragged through recitations. I took patent medicines, guaranteed to cure "that tired feeling," by the barrel. I visited five different physicians who were successful in depleting my bank account, but unsuccessful in helping my condition. My friends suggested change of climate and rest, but their remonstrances proved futile, and I still dug at Greek roots far into the night. Then came the peremptory order from the board of trustees, and I yielded. Recollections of pleasant tours among the green hills and classic ruins of Greece came to my mind, and I decided to go to Athens.

And so it came about that one raw February morning, in 1899, I stood on the deck of a small German steamer bound for Gibraltar. The voyage was uneventful, save for a rather severe storm as we approached the Azores, and the meeting of a disabled Turkish merchantman, three days out from Gibraltar.

Arrived at Athens, I went to the Chronia, a quiet hotel at which I had stayed during former visits. My first

few days in Athens were spent in my room nursing a cold which I had caught at sea. My health was better—the voyage had benefited me greatly, but I still had the tired feeling of the patent medicine advertisements. Toward the end of the week I started my sight-seeing, and I soon became a familiar figure as wandering around the ancient ruins, tablet in hand, I leisurely jotted down my impressions. The tourist to Athens always comments upon the absence of guides. At Rome he is besieged by a band of chattering ruffians who offer services which he does not want. But at Athens he is left severely alone, and he can wander over the Acropolis and study the quaint inscriptions without having a talkative guide, jabbering like a phonograph at his side.

Day after day I visited the scenes where once Socrates questioned the Athenians; sat on the rock where mythology tells us the father of Theseus waited for the return of his gallant son, and where, because those luckless sails were black instead of white the unhappy father cast himself down; or, seating myself in one of the moss-covered chairs of the Theater of Dionysus, I repeated favorite passages from the satires of Sophocles or the orations of Demosthenes. But of all my haunts, my favorite was the temple of Zeus, in the shadow of which stands the statue of Trochilles.

There, on a fallen column of marble I would often sit and gaze at the splendid figure. There it was that I sat one early spring night, the long-to-be-remembered 16th of March. I had left the hotel after vainly trying to eat my supper, casually mentioning to the portly landlord that I was going for a stroll up the Acropolis. Darkness had just fallen, but the rising moon threw an ample light over the grass-covered way. As I reached the summit of the hill, I paused to look back.

Athens with its hundreds of tiny yellow lights lay below me. All around were the ruins of once splendid temples, casting uncertain shadows in the silvery light. Faintly up from the city below came the music of the Grecian bozueka. I seated myself on the great fallen pillar of the temple of Zeus. I was alone—my only companion the statue of Trochilles.

The splendid warrior had never seemed so grand as on this moonlight night. He stood there with that easy air of conscious strength, his great arms folded loosely across the broad chest, and on his chiseled features that superb look of defiance and power. Those mighty muscles had been matched against the friendly opponents of the Olympian games and the deadly foes of the Persian wars, and had made Trochilles the idol of the Greek nation. Poets had sung his praises, and his name and fame had come down through all these years.

I turned away with a sigh. The realization of my own weakness came relentlessly upon me. To be a Trochilles I would willingly exchange all my humble fame. The uselessness of it all came upon me—the years of toil as an obscure student, the years of toil as a famous scholar. I had tasted the fruit and found it to be ashes. The little Greek lads who sometimes stopped their play to look at the stooped, tired stranger—these had the heritage of health, while I, "poor fool, with all my lore," had not yet learned the lesson of how to live.

I know not how long I sat musing thus. A drowsiness came upon me and I fell asleep. When I awoke the yellow lights of the city had all gone out and the moon was hiding behind some fleecy clouds. I had a vague sensation of unrest and fear. I started to my feet and tried in the uncertain light to see my watch. Somehow, I know not why, I felt an impulse to look up. I saw only the statue of Trochilles, indistinct and shadowy. Then suddenly I fell back upon the marble pillar—my eyes glued all the while on the sight before me. Horror of horrors, *the statue of Trochilles was moving!* First one marble arm was raised and then another; both fell to his side, and the massive head drooped forward upon the great chest! Was I mad or was it a dream? In those few moments of suspense I lived an age. Cold beads of perspiration stood upon my brow. Then the moon came from behind the clouds and shone upon the figure. I stared like one demented. Trochilles had stretched his arms above his head, and was yawning for all the world like a sleepy school boy.

The very absurdity of the act caused me to smile. The intense strain was broken and my scattered senses came back. I knew then that I was not mad. I knew then that I was a witness of a spectacle that would defy all scientific explanation—a puzzle beyond human solution. I am no coward, but when I saw the statue of Trochilles advance to the edge of the great marble pedestal and beckon me, I confess I trembled like a leaf. To save my life I could not have moved from the spot. Then suddenly I heard a deep voice say, "Where art thou, Milliades?"

I finally plucked up courage and stammered in a scared, unnatural voice, "Who are you?"

"My names is Trochilles," the statue replied, "and I seek Milliades. But tell me, whoever thou art, where am I? What means my presence in this strange place?"

I had become more controlled now and answered quite calmly, "It means that you are in the ruins of ancient Athens—the new city lies below. To the best of my knowledge you have been standing on that pedestal for more than two thousand years."

Trochilles started. "Ah! I remember," he said, "the priest was right, the prophecy has been fulfilled."

He leaped from the great marble base to the ground. The moonlight shone clear upon him, and I saw that Trochilles was no longer marble but flesh and blood. The great chest heaved in slow, even movements. Massive muscles showed beneath the smooth, fair skin. He stood there in the silvery light, looking about him with a bewildered air. I was still seated on the marble column, fearing almost to breathe lest I spoil the picture, lest some move of mine should cause Trochilles to hurry back like a guilty sentinel, and become again the impassive statue with the folded arms and defiant look. I remember being suddenly aroused to a sense of reality by a mischievous mosquito, which persisted in alighting on my nose. Then Trochilles, far from returning to his pedestal, began again to speak.

"The priest was right," he repeated. He came across the open space and seated himself on the pillar beside me. He must have seen my frightened look, for he spoke again. "Do not fear, I am not a

ghost, nor even a statue now. See—feel my arm, it is flesh like your own." He placed his great hand upon my shoulder and smiled—a winning smile, most unlike a ghost, and certainly unlike a statue. I began to feel easier. He went on:

"Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Trochilles of Athens. I fell at Marathon, where we drove the Persian horde before us, like chaff before the wind. Hellas triumphed in that final charge where I fell wounded with a Persian spear in my breast. I died that night in my tent with the glory of victory upon me. Long

"The citizens of Athens raised a statue to my memory on the Acropolis, and there I have stood until now. To-night I awoke and fancied myself in my tent. I thirsted and called for Miliades, my faithful comrade, who nursed me when I lay dying. But, tell me, friend, did Athens fall? Did Persia conquer? Does



Horror of Horrors! The Statue of Trochilles was moving. First one marble arm was raised and then another

years before, when I was but a babe in my mother's arms, the old priest of the temple had prophesied that I should, after death, return to earth. The prophecy has come true."

I smiled. The story was as strange as the sight that had taken place before me. Trochilles continued:

"Sparta lead the Confederacy now?"

My pedagogical instinct was aroused. Habit reasserted itself, and as far as fear was concerned, Trochilles might have been a student in the old class-rooms at Harvard. For several hours we sat on the great column, Trochilles asking and I answering questions. And there, on

that moonlight night Trochilles learned for the first time that men no longer war with spears but with guns, that they no longer row or sail their ships, but utilize a new power called steam; that they travel in railroad cars instead of on foot or by horse; that messages are clicked through the air; that men hundreds of miles apart talk over mysterious wires; that towns and cities are lighted by an unknown force called electricity. He learned for the first time of a new continent, far across the ocean, discovered by one, Christopher Columbus, on which was a great nation—the United States of America. He learned, too, of a college, called Harvard, in which the individual beside him was a professor of Greek.

When I had finished, Trochilles eyed me suspiciously. "That sounds like the tales of the Cretan soothsayers," he said, "the soothsayers were extravagant, but thy tale puts them to shame." Whereupon I told him that he could verify my statements if he wished. I was not prepared for his reply.

"Very well," he said, "I will do so. I feel no inclination to climb back on yonder pedestal, it is rather high, and besides I would like to see those things thou speakest of. I will go along with thee."

And so he did. We walked down the hill toward Athens and came upon the outskirts just as a clock somewhere off in the city struck three. As I was explaining the meaning of the striking to Trochilles I happened to think of something.

"See here, Trochilles," I exclaimed, "you can't go into Athens this way. You've got to get some clothes on."

This seemed to surprise him. "I am very comfortable as I am," he replied. "The night is warm, and we soldiers wear cloaks only in winter. Besides, thy garments are most strange. I like not such clumsy apparel."

It was necessary to explain to Trochilles that all respectable people nowadays wore clothes; in fact, that their clothes determined to a great extent their degree of respectability, and that it would never do to enter Athens as he was. With many protests, he agreed to wait

there while I should fetch some clothing from the hotel.

I slipped in a side door unnoticed, and soon returned with a traveling suit of tweed with which I tried to garb Trochilles. It was no easy task to get the too small garments upon the massive Greek, but I finally succeeded as well as possible, and we hurried through the town. The streets were dark, and we met only a few late wayfarers. We found the hotel closed, and the only light came from a far-off corner of the building. By standing upon the shoulders of Trochilles I was able to reach a rusty spouting, and with the aid of some vines I climbed to the balcony of my room above. Trochilles followed a moment later.

The coolness with which I took the events of that memorable evening has always remained a source of wonder to me. As we sat there on the little balcony, looking out over the city, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that the statue of Trochilles, turned flesh and blood, should be there chatting easily, and asking questions about the wonderful earth to which he had come back. So absorbed did we become that I almost forgot that I was to avoid night air. When I did think of it, I suggested to Trochilles that we go to bed. He smiled, and answered: "Thou art welcome to go; but I will remain here. I have just had a little nap, and am not sleepy in the least." Trochilles didn't mind night air.

When I awoke the next morning the sun was streaming in on the bed. I recalled the events of the night before—the moonlight—the temple of Zeus—the statue of Trochilles—the awakening. But pshaw! it surely must have been a dream. I turned to see the little clock on the mantel. There was Trochilles, clad in my suit of tweed, sitting on the window-ledge and reading a paper. He saw me, and nodded.

"Thy landlord came this morning with thy breakfast and this paper," he said. "I told him that I was thy servant and that he should not wake my master. So he left. Thy breakfast is on the table." Then he added casually: "I see by this paper of news that the statue of Trochilles has been stolen. Who, perchance, could have done such a deed?"

I looked at him in amazement. His

face was as sober as a judge. Then he handed me the paper. There, in huge print, on the first page of *The Acropolis*, was the news of the theft of the statue of Trochilles. Trochilles enjoyed it immensely. He laughed, and slapped his knee, and acted in a manner quite unlike a dignified citizen of old Athens. Just then we heard a tramp of feet, and a sudden halt at my door. It was a squad of little Greek soldiers with a warrant for my arrest. Despite my protests they persisted in hauling me out of bed. I explained that Trochilles (I called him Jones) was my valet, and Trochilles, taking the hint, helped me to dress.

Half an hour later I stood before the Chief-of-Police, a quiet old gentleman, with gray hair and kindly eyes. I explained that I was an American professor sight-seeing in Athens, and requested that they search my rooms if they thought me implicated in the theft of Trochilles. The portly Greek landlord testified that I did not steal the statue of Trochilles (which was true), and that I had been at the hotel all the previous evening (which was not true). I was dismissed, with many apologies for the rough treatment which I had been accorded. Outside the door I slipped a banknote into the outstretched hand of the portly landlord.

For weeks and weeks the search was kept up with persistent zeal. Throughout all Greece the excitement was intense, and every inhabitant became for the time an amateur detective. Of course, as everyone knows, the search was fruitless. It was not until a month after the affair that we dared risk leaving Athens, and then I forestalled suspicion and delay by securing from the Chief-of-Police a special order passing self and servant.

It was decided that Trochilles should return to the United States with me, for I realized that he would prove invaluable as an assistant professor of Greek at Harvard. With this end in view, I set about teaching him English, which he in turn practised upon the sailors. I shall never forget the incidents of that pleasant voyage. My health was greatly improved, and those terrible coughs that racked my frame came seldom now. One day, as we sat upon the deck, I was seized with

one of the old-time spells. Trochilles watched me in sympathy until it had passed by.

"There was a time," he said, "when I was as weak as thou art."

I looked at him in astonishment.

"Trochilles was not always the athlete, not always the warrior. As a babe I was puny, and had I lived in Sparta, instead of Athens, I would have been left in the forest to the mercy of wild beasts. As it was, I grew up neglected and despised because of my weakness. I would often watch my brothers, great, strong youths, as they played at their games, from which I was always excluded. And then there was a maiden, Ariadne was her name, and I loved her. But she did not deign to look upon the weakling; her lover must be a man. With a determination born of desperation, I resolved that I would become strong. I would silence the scoffers and win her love. For over two years I trained in secret. In the early morning, and in the evening I would steal away to run in the forest and swim in the lake. One day when I thrashed my strongest brother, a veritable giant, they discovered that Trochilles was a weakling no longer.

"Then came the city sports. All the youths were to compete to determine the representative of Athens at the Olympian Games. I saw not the people, but the laughing eyes of a fair-haired maiden, who waved to me as I finished the race far ahead of the other runners; and when I was victor in the boxing and wrestling bouts, and was being carried about on the shoulders of the cheering crowd, I was happy because of a maiden's smile."

Trochilles paused, and looked out over the water.

"But what of the Olympian Games?" I asked, "where you threw the discus farther than Admetus of Thebes, and ran faster than Hippomenes the Spartan, and defeated Heracles in wrestling, and Nereus in boxing? You see your fame has lasted these two thousand years."

Trochilles went on: "Yes, they placed the wreath of olive branches upon my head, and Athens was proud of her son. To be the victor of the Olympian Games was almost to be a god. I remember it all now, the plaudits, and the glory, and the moonlight night in the Athenian gar-

den, when Ariadne told me that she loved me. My hopes had become realities at last. Trochilles the weakling had become Trochilles the champion of all Helias."

He stopped suddenly and turned toward me. "Thou canst do the same. Follow as I direct, and thou wilt find the health and strength thou longest for."

And I did. From that day on Trochilles became my teacher. "I threw physic to the dogs," and learned the lesson of how to live. And when the old listlessness was gone, when the habitual dignity sat uneasily upon me, and I longed to jump and frisk like a colt, I knew that I had found the long lost boon of health. It seemed that I would have to shout to those slow-moving German porters and the sleepy-looking English cabbies, and tell them that life was worth living after all.

We had decided to make a flying trip of the Continent before returning to the United States, and for one month we "did" Europe, or at least that part of it that interested Trochilles—I had been there before. It was not until the 27th of June that we left Liverpool on the Kaiser Wilhelm, bound for New York. Trochilles received his first impression of the United States from the hustling little reporter who met us as we entered the harbor.

A London tailor had provided Trochilles with an outfit that was calculated to show his gigantic figure to the best advantage, and many were the admiring glances cast at the tall, distinguished-looking gentleman with the fine physique. For another month we traveled, going as far south as Charleston, and westward to Cleveland. We stopped at Newport on the way home to Boston, and Trochilles created an immense sensation when we took our daily dip. Great was his disgust at the timid little fops who played around the water and flitted up and down the beach. From my position of newly-gained strength I, too, could afford to be critical, and we laughed together at the fat beef magnate from Chicago and the dyspeptic little multimillionaire from Wall Street, and the motley crowd that paraded the board walk, so intent upon seeing and being seen.

About the middle of August we left for Boston. I had received a telegram from the President of Harvard to bring Mr. Jonessy (that was Trochille's new name) on to Cambridge. As we arrived at Boston on the late express we met "Pop" Sanford, the football coach, standing in the doorway of the terminal. He came up and shook hands, and remarked how well I was looking. Then he saw Trochilles, who had just returned from buying an evening paper. "Where did you discover that?" he gasped. "Oh what a find for a football team!" I explained that Mr. Jonessy was to be the new assistant professor of Greek, but "Pop" interrupted: "Let him take a course in arithmetic or Greek, or any old thing he won't be liable to flunk, but make him play football."

And the outcome of the matter was that Trochilles did play football on the Harvard eleven that season, and played it—well, every football enthusiast remembers how. Visitors to Harvard are still taken out on Soldiers' Field and shown the exact spots where Jonessy made that terrific plunge through the Yale line for ninety-five yards, where Jonessy stopped Yale's flying wedge on Harvard's five-yard line, where Jonessy kicked the field goal with thirty seconds to play. And when a group of Harvard men get together on an evening, the talk often drifts to the events of that memorable season, and they tell again the deeds of the famous '99 half-back, and wonder why he never returned to college, or was never even seen again. Then the Professor of Greek smiles a knowing smile, and longs to tell what he knows of the adventures of Trochilles; but modesty, or, perhaps, it may be fear of ridicule, has prevented him, until now, from divulging the secret of the ancient Greek hero and his mysterious return to earth.

As I sit at my desk in my bachelor quarters, I can see, just across the room, the chair in which Trochilles sat one memorable evening. It was the night of the Yale game, and from the windows we could see the red lights and the bonfires, and hear the cheers of the happy students as they shouted themselves hoarse for Harvard and Jonessy. Trochilles watched them until the lights were

all burnt out and the shouts came fainter through the trees.

Then in the half darkness of the room he gave what I have always been pleased to call "The Farewell Oration."

"Well, Harvard won to-day, and Cambridge is happy to-night. So it was in the old days, when Sparta was beaten at the games. Human nature is much the same after two thousand years."

He paused while the clock on the mantel struck the hour.

"I read a very learned article the other day on the 'demoralizing tendency' of college athletics. I would like to tell the reverend gentleman who wrote it that the doom of this nation will be sounded, as was the doom of Athens, when its young men neglect the culture of their bodies. Athens, grown effete, fell to Sparta, and Sparta in turn to Thebes. America must beware lest luxury and wealth bring the same fate to her.

"That night on the Acropolis, when I awoke from my slumber, I heard from your lips of the new world to which I had come back; and when I learned of all those wonderful discoveries and inventions, I thought that at last the ideal age had come. Human happiness must surely be completed! But, alas! how far from true! I have seen sights of which we ancients never dreamed. The railroad or the automobile were beyond our wildest fancies.

"But I have seen other sights of which modern civilization cannot boast. I have seen, great cities, where human beings huddle together in stuffy buildings, where pale-faced children grow up and never know the joy of Nature's fields and brooks, where money-mad men grapple each other's throats in the struggle for gold. In Athens we built temples and worshipped art and learning; to-day you build sky-scrapers and worship money and fame. You have advanced in the science of trade, but you have retrograded

in the science of living. The merchant sacrifices health on the altar of business; the scholar neglects his physical welfare for his intellectual advancement. Both seek happiness, and neither attains the hoped-for measure.

"Our old philosophers and poets, whose works you still study to-day, realized that the culture of the intellect and the culture of the body were inseparable. The principle is summed up in the words of Aristotle, 'The end of life, and, therefore, of education, is the attainment at once of intellectual, moral and physical virtue.' That is"—

Here shouts of "We want Jonesy!" came from the street below. I turned to the window, and when I looked back, Trochilles was gone. The "Farewell Oration" was finished, and the speaker had departed.

The students from below came up to my room, but though we searched the house and the garden, Trochilles could not be found. The noisy crowd left, disconsolate.

From the station agent at Cambridge I learned that a tall, hatless gentleman had purchased a ticket for the 11.50 express, and several days later I ascertained, by persistent inquiry among the different steamship companies in New York, that an individual answering my description had taken passage on the *Gulda* on November 25th.

One morning early in December, as I sat in my usual restaurant, the old darkey waiter who always serves my light breakfast, remarked: "Mornin', Professor. Hab you seen de paper? Dat statue ob Trochilles am brung back. 'Spect dem rascals got skeered. Never could see no use stealin' a stone figger, nohow. Chickens ud 'a been a heap moh payin'."

I assented that stealing chickens would certainly have been more profitable, and finished my breakfast in silence.

Then I went to meet the Senior class in Greek.

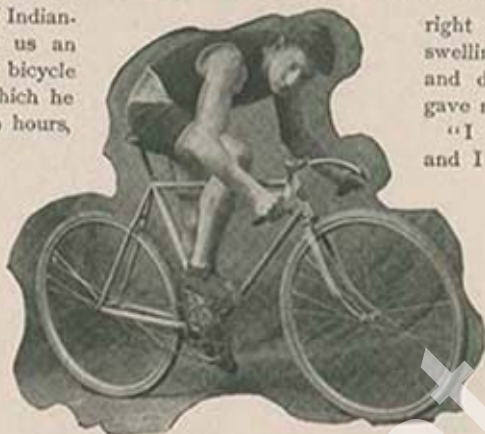


## WHAT PHYSICAL CULTURE HELPED A QUONDAM INVALID TO ACCOMPLISH

Mr. Gordon Wands, of Indianapolis, Ind., in giving us an account of his summer bicycle tour, during part of which he covered 642 miles in 59 hours, writes:

"Now let me explain to you that until a few years ago I had been an invalid. Went around on crutches for quite a while.

"The doctors said that I would always have a running sore on my



Gordon Wands

right knee, caused by white swelling. They operated on me and drugged me, and finally gave me up.

"I took up physical culture, and I want to ask you if you don't think that it was well worth all the hard work which I devoted to it for a few years to be what I am now?"

"Though I am but 5 feet 2 inches tall, I weigh 136 pounds."

## MIZEE'S NOVEL AND MARVELOUS "SUICIDE ACT"



Photo, showing excellent development of Professor Mizze's back muscles

The first of the accompanying two photographs shows Professor J. E. Mizze in the position he assumes in what he terms his "Suicide Act." In this Professor Mizze lies tensed and rigid on his back on the floor. An assistant then mounts a chair or pedestal, and from a height of 6 feet drops an oval rock, weighing

56 lbs., on the Professor's solar plexus. The Professor makes absolutely no movement, nor does he raise his body in an attempt to meet the weight half way. The rock, after impact with his plexus, rebounds to a height of eight-



Professor Mizze "getting ready"

een inches. Professor Mizze performed this feat at the Belleville Athletic Club and afterwards dropped the weight on a piece of timber measuring two by four by eighteen inches, and the impact broke the timber into pieces. Professor Mizze is an ardent advocate of physical culture theories and has been living close to nature for many years.



## QUESTION DEPARTMENT

**Q.** Is there enough waste material when we live on one meal a day to prevent constipation?

**A.** There is sufficient waste matter in your food to accomplish the desired purpose at one meal a day, provided, of course, you have water at hand and drink freely of same at all times. Do not acquire the impression that it is necessary to drink large quantities of water, but you should desire it frequently.

**Q.** Have had weak stomach since an attack of pneumonia; good appetite, but pain follows eating if I eat as much as I feel inclined to.

**A.** Would first advise you to drink more freely of pure water, exercise freely in the open air, take long walks, deep breathing, being careful to expand to the fullest possible extent in the abdominal region. At every meal masticate your food until it becomes a liquid. Drink nothing at meal times, though if you specially crave a drink at this time, a hot drink, such as milk or cocoa, may possibly be of advantage for a while. Confine your meals to two per day, and general exercise for physical upbuilding will be of advantage.

**Q.** Is there a system of exercises to increase the height?

**A.** There is no exercise that will especially increase the height, though if you have not passed the growing age, the cultivation of your physical forces and the general adoption of methods for the upbuilding of the highest degree of physical health will produce such an increase, if anything can bring it about. Persons who have passed the growing age have been known to increase in height under the influence of physical culture habits.

**Q.** Am troubled with a red nose, when the weather is the least bit cold. Have tried cold baths, exercise, uncooked diet. I fasted three days once. Did not feel hungry then, but ate because my tongue was heavily coated and my breath bad.

**A.** The condition of your tongue and breath at the end of the three days' fast you mention, indicated beyond all possible doubt that you should have continued the fast still longer. A bad breath and coated tongue are evidence that the process of cleansing the body is continuing at a very rapid rate and if you had continued your fast for a sufficient length of time, the trouble which you mention would undoubtedly have disappeared. I would advise you to continue the hygienic habits in the way of exercise, diet, etc., and if in addition to this you drink freely of water, you may be able to effect a cure

of your trouble in time, though a fast of ten days or two weeks, or even longer, would unquestionably remedy it at once.

**Q.** I have a thick growth of hair, but it is dry and crisp. Can you suggest something to make it soft and silky?

**A.** If you are keeping your scalp properly cleansed—that is, washing it with a high grade of castile soap at least twice a week—the process of pulling the hair once or twice a day, running your fingers through it and closing them tightly as you slightly pull the hair, the effects of the pulling and polishing process will be of advantage and should in time remedy your trouble. Would not advise the use of an oil of any kind.

**Q.** Will you give me a remedy for epileptic fits?

**A.** The trouble which you mention is usually caused by debilitated condition and by over eating. In order to effect a cure in your particular case it will be necessary for you to take several short fasts of about two out of four days. Drink freely of water at all times and especially during the eating periods. Adopt the methods of building up your physical health, and strengthening your internal and external muscular system.

**Q.** Have suffered from general debility, piles and kidney trouble. Will you give me a remedy for a permanent and radical cure?

**A.** The most definite cure for your particular trouble will be a long fast. If you find this extremely difficult, would advise you to take a series of short fasts, fasting three days out of six, and during eating periods subsist entirely on uncooked food, such as fruits, nuts and green stuff, and drinking quite freely of water.

**Q.** Will you give me a cure for asthma?

**A.** Fast one day out of three, eating only two meals a day during your eating periods; practice deep breathing and take long walks.

**Q.** I want to reduce my weight. I am forty-five years old and weigh 265 lbs. I am employed in a sedentary way from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m., so have found it impossible to exercise much.

**A.** The best method to reduce your weight would be to eat one meal a day. Do not drink too freely of water. Avoid all liquids at meal time, take long walks daily, and during these make it a habit to take deep breathing exercises. Do not expect beneficial results in a few days. It takes time to reduce weight without specially severe methods. A long fast would, of course,

quickly reduce you, but you would acquire such an appetite thereafter that you might eat so freely as to gain beyond the amount you lost. Extra weight is only stored-up energy, and you can live on the fat of your body as well as food.

Q. Have been a nervous dyspeptic for 10 years. Top of my stomach is sore as a boil. I have to teach and so cannot fast for any length of time.

A. If you will adopt the one meal per day habit, and masticate every morsel of food until it becomes a liquid, making this one meal very light, for at least two weeks, and drink freely of pure water at all times, your trouble should in time be remedied. It will be well also to note that exercises which tend to bring into use the muscles that surround the great vital organs will be of advantage. Long walks and deep breathing will also be especially beneficial.

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## THE LIGHT SIDE OF LIFE

Friend.—“Good stars, old man, you’ve got a frightful cold. What are you taking for it?”

Sick Man (hoarsely).—“Advice.”

Young Doctor.—“I have just come back from a case of suspected appendicitis.”

Wife.—Surely you told the patient an operation was necessary, didn’t you, dearie?”

Young Doctor.—“Why do you ask?”

Wife.—“I need three new gowns!”

Old Lady.—“Young man, where do you expect to go when you die?”

Reckless Young Man.—“Maybe to the grave, ma’am, but the chances are that I’ll haul up in some medical college or other.”

Wife (timidly).—“I read to-night that people would feel better going without their customary breakfast.”

Husband (sarcastically).—“Wonder what labor-dodging cook wrote that?”

“For goodness sake!” exclaimed the irate patient to the dentist. “How can you persist in asking questions of one whose mouth is crammed with a napkin, a sheet of rubber, two forges and several clamps and your horrible revolving drill?”

“I am going to send my son to college,” said the proud father.

“That is wise. He seems in need of exercise.”

Among the dusty leaves of a colonial dame’s diary, dated 1780, this extract was brushed out:

“This day we had a small roast pig for dinner, and Doctor S—, who carved, held up the rib on his fork and said: ‘Here, ladies, is what Eve was made of.’ ‘Yes,’ said Sister Helen, ‘and it was from pretty much the same kind of creature.’”

Small Daughter.—“Father, at what age does a man become bald?”

Father glancing toward mother.—“Well, ’er, what kind of a man, Edith, married or single?”

Priggish Lover.—“Some scientists conclude that man has developed from an ordinary oyster.”

Girl (yawning).—“Yes, into a wearisome lobster.”

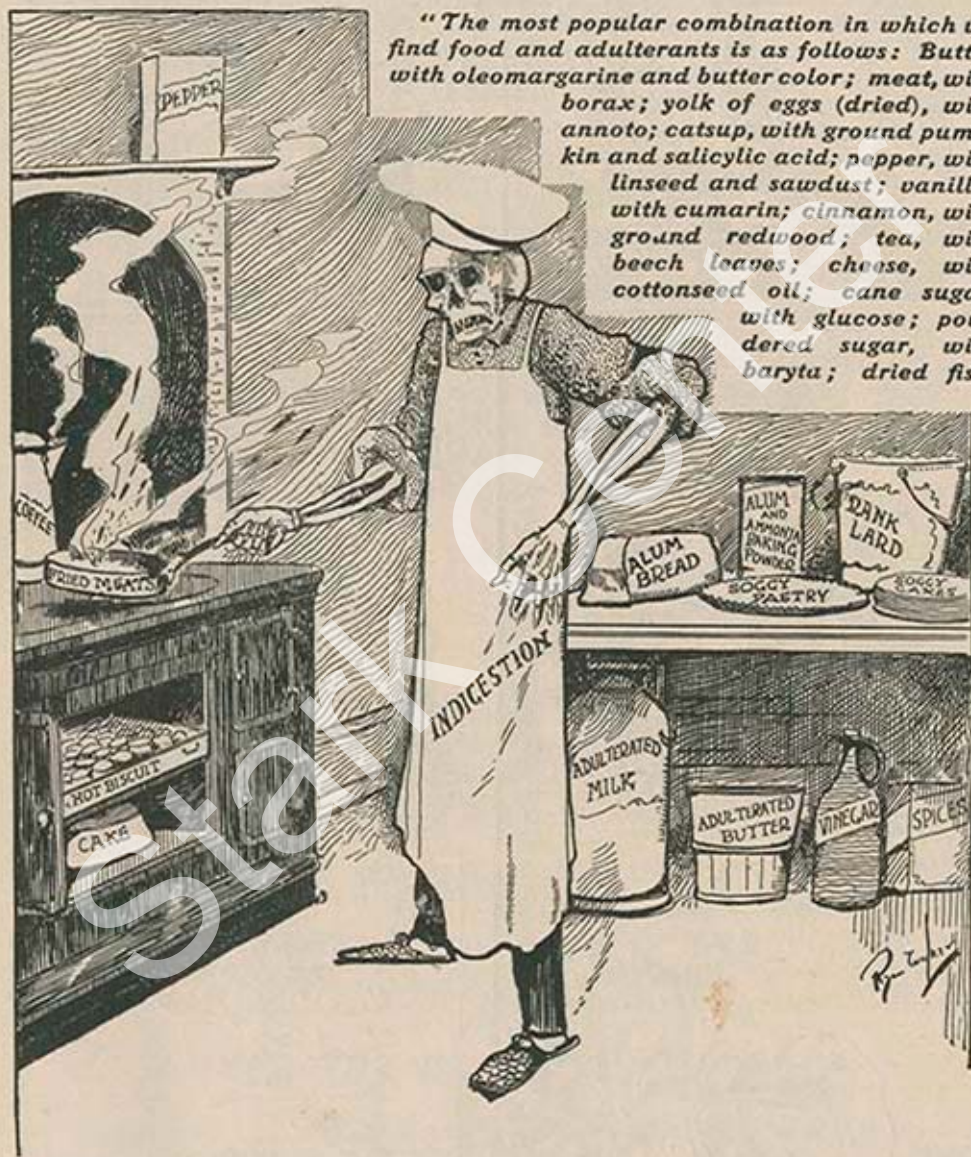
Tragedian (after the empty house).—“Give it out to the press that I will not appear to-morrow night—that I am suffering from throat trouble.”

Manager.—“Throat trouble?”

Tragedian.—“Yes, fellow! Did not this town give it to me in the neck?”

## THE MODERN COOK

Cartoon by Ryan Walker



"The most popular combination in which we find food and adulterants is as follows: Butter with oleomargarine and butter color; meat, with borax; yolk of eggs (dried), with annoto; catsup, with ground pumpkin and salicylic acid; pepper, with linseed and sawdust; vanilla, with cumarin; cinnamon, with ground redwood; tea, with beech leaves; cheese, with cottonseed oil; cane sugar, with glucose; powdered sugar, with baryta; dried fish,

with boric acid; olive oil, with cottonseed oil; ginger, with tumeric and mustard hulls; jelly, with starch paste and glucose; milk, with borax and formaldehyde; canned corn, with benzoic acid; maple syrup, with glucose and sulphuric acid; strawberry and raspberry extracts, with coal tar dyes; wine, alcohol and sugar, with coal tar dye; malt liquors, with glucose and bitters, etc., etc."—EMIL HENDRICH.



According to statistics Uncle Sam is now the greatest Drug and Patent Medicine fiend in the world.—Ed.

# Editorial Department

That no prospective subscriber may complain of increase in price, we give you an opportunity of subscribing for this new 10-cent magazine, for one year, at the old price of 50 cents, if received at this office before February 1st.



**I**N the past we have received a few letters from those who condemn our policy of being so free with the nude. Because we have allowed a few articles to appear which have told some plain truths in reference to prurient prudes, it does not by any means indicate that **WE INTEND TO ADVISE OUR READERS TO DISCARD CLOTHING.** Such extremes are not necessary or desirable.

In some respects such a change might be of advantage. There also might be many disadvantages. But all those interested in this subject, regardless of their conclusions, will be compelled to admit that familiarity with a perfectly formed body means a thorough knowledge of what your own body should approximate. If you have no ideals to study, if you know nothing as to the shape of a normal, healthy, beautiful body, how can you discover the defective parts of your own body? And if you know nothing of your defects, how can you remedy them?

**THE PRUDES ARE NOT INTERESTED IN REMEDYING DEFECTS. THEIR POLICY IS TO HIDE EVERYTHING—UGLINESS, WEAKNESS AND DISEASE.** Merely cover it up, and as long as others cannot see it there is but little difference. At least, this is the theory they seem to hold. Everywhere you find these prurient victims of mock modesty, harping on the baneful influence of the nude.

*We want to harp on the purifying, elevating, ennobling, strengthening influence of the nude.*

*We admit that the nude, if viewed from the standpoint of the prude, is disgusting, degrading, vulgar. The minds of some persons are so narrow, so evil and so perverted that they could see vulgarity and indecency even in the Bible. Is that any reason why others should take a similar view? But this is the conclusion of a prude. He desires to force every human being to accept his own indecent conception of the human body.*

**THERE IS NOTHING NASTY, THERE IS NOTHING VULGAR,**

AND THERE IS NOTHING IMMODEST IN THE NUDE. The nastiness exists in the minds of those who view it, and those who possess such vulgar minds are the enemies of everything clean, wholesome and elevating. Their imagination would be capable of seeing immorality in a lamp-post or in the undraped legs of a piano. If an angel were to come down from the heavenly realms in all her naked purity these prurient individuals, who so often parade in the hypocritical cloak of Christianity, would cry out against the indecency and immorality of such an exposure.

LET US RID THE LAND OF THESE FOUL BIRDS OF PREY. Why should the rottenness of their minds be allowed to contaminate every boy and every girl in this enlightened age? Why should their depraved intellects be a guide for men and women with clean minds and wholesome bodies? LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN TO EVERY BOY AND EVERY GIRL, TO EVERY MAN AND EVERY WOMAN AS TO WHAT CONSTITUTES PERFECTION IN THE HUMAN FORM, for only in knowledge is there any actual purity. If this freedom in reference to the nude were once to become popular, many evils that now feed upon the vitals of civilization would be speedily eliminated.

That terrible device, the corset, which lessens the vital strength of every growing girl, which destroys the beauty and power of her body, which causes untold misery in nearly every home, and which does much toward producing weakness and disease in children, would be discarded entirely. The corset would be discarded, for then every man would know of its terrible influences. He would fully realize the deformity that it produces, and on no occasion would he be guilty of admiring or marrying a victim to its use. Knowledge of and familiarity with the nude would eliminate the corset, and it would only be one of the many evils that would disappear as a result. I say, furthermore—and I fully believe that any intelligent, unprejudiced student will come to a similar conclusion—THAT FAMILIARITY WITH THE NUDE WOULD ULTIMATELY CLOSE THE DRAM SHOPS, THE GAMBLING HELL AND THE HOUSES OF PROSTITUTION.

I care not how much the prurient prudes may denounce such a conclusion. It represents truth and fact. Know Ye that there is within every man and every woman a love for health and strength and beauty of body, a love for all that is natural, wholesome and clean. It may be deeply hidden in the minds of some, but it is there. It only needs to be aroused and brought into life and action, and when a man is made thoroughly familiar with what is needed in order to acquire and maintain a superb body, when he fully knows the appearance and condition that his own body should assume in order to acquire and retain that perfect manhood which every man so strongly desires, he will earnestly, willingly and thoroughly take any steps that are essential to secure these greatly desired results. He will cease to waste his vitality in dissipation, cease to consume whiskey, beer and champagne, cease to harden and dull the sensitiveness of his nervous system with tobacco dope. His desire for a perfectly formed body and the superb manhood which is supposed to accompany it, will be aroused to an intense degree, and he will work in every way for these greatly desired rewards.

Hark Ye, prudes and hypocrites, who are disseminating filth that exists only in your own minds—why not change about and give your attention to disseminating purity and true cleanliness of mind and body? Why not encourage men and

women to know themselves and to know each other? Let the body be studied in all its perfection, with as much care as we now study grammar or arithmetic, and the evils which you preach against and which you apparently desire to eradicate, will disappear like dew before sunshine. Stop talking of filth, begin to talk of purity, and the world will be cleaner because of your efforts.



**W**E have arraigned in many articles and editorials the outrageous and even murderous theories held by the medical profession in reference to the necessity for feeding as usually prescribed by them in the treatment of acute diseases.

The professors of this intricate and often mysterious science refuse to recognize the indubitable fact that every animal, with the exception of man, refuses absolutely to eat when suffering from an acute illness of any kind.

*The Death of ex-Speaker  
Thomas B. Reed.*

The lower animals may not be gifted with man's power of abstract thought, but they do possess a normal instinct, and it is a better

guide than human intelligence, no matter how superior it may be.

The medical profession appears to believe that man is too superior to be guided by instinct. He is above instinct. When they are called to treat a patient, it is the character and quantity of nourishment that receive the most important consideration.

No matter how much nourishment the patient may have stored up in his body, it is necessary to feed him still more. They are crazy on the feeding theory, and absolutely ignore the fact that the body can feed upon itself until the skeleton condition has been reached.

**THE PATIENT MUST BE NOURISHED! OH, YES!** All kinds of broths, teas and various other mixtures are introduced into an unwilling and protesting stomach. The stomach is not supposed to know anything about its needs. The doctor must decide when it shall be fed. The great Omnipotent Power, the Creator of this universe in all its mysterious and intricate workings, failed to understand His business when He made the human stomach, according to the theories of the latest medical scientists.

**"OH, YES, YOU MUST EAT TO KEEP UP YOUR STRENGTH,"** they will tell you. They do not seem to realize that food eaten during acute illness is never digested, and does not nourish, but simply adds to the functional difficulties. The functional strength is used in its elimination.

In all acute diseases—and I except none—the entire strength of the nervous and functional system is marshalled with the one object of curing the body. It has no time, no need, to digest food. The blood of the patient is loaded with impurities. All these poisonous elements must be eliminated in order to save life. Acute disease is never an enemy—it is a friend. It accomplishes an important purpose. It rids the blood of impurities that might cause death if allowed to remain. Every depurating organ of the body is worked to its utmost capacity to assist in this curative process. The lungs, kidneys, bowels and pores throw off a large amount of impure matter. In fact, so impure is this corruption, this effete excretion, that is thus eliminated from the blood, that on frequent occasions a most disagreeable odor comes from the patient.

Now, if all acute diseases are simply curative processes, the principal object of which is to remove foreign and impure elements from the blood, it should be quite evident that any means which will assist in cleansing and renovating the entire internal system will also aid in more quickly curing the disease.

A thickly coated tongue and a strong breath accurately indicate the foulness of the body. The coating on the tongue shows a condition identical with the entire inner surface of the alimentary canal. This coating is simply poisonous matter that is being eliminated through the bowels. The entire alimentary canal is changed

from an absorbing organ to a depurating organ. It is being used to eliminate impurities, to throw off dead, foetid matter that must, in some way, be discharged from the body, and when in such a condition the stomach cannot digest anything. It is not prepared to digest. Food eaten at such times frequently becomes almost as poisonous as strychnine. It ferments and adds more filth to an already foul body.

But the super-scientific physicians of to-day utterly ignore these plain facts.

They Feed! Feed! And Feed for ever and evermore! "Never stop feeding a patient" is their maxim. And it is food that really keeps up the disease. It is food that prevents the functional system from freeing itself from the disease.

If you really wish to know something about the care of the body, you had better buy a pug dog or a bull pup, and, by studying his habits, learn the value of following normal instincts, rather than be guided by the doctors who depend on medicine alone.

Not long ago the country was startled by the news of the death of that great, strong man, ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed.

He was a man who apparently possessed great vitality. He was taken with an acute disease. The high feeding methods were, naturally, adopted. The great medical men know of nothing else. We note in the daily papers that "it was not until his stomach refused to retain food of any kind that they lost all hope of his recovery." **THEY WERE KEEPING UP HIS STRENGTH, MIND YOU,** feeding this great fleshy man, who could no doubt have retained life for two or three months without food. And still these poor simpletons imagined that food was necessary to give him strength.

Who dares to say whether he would have lived, or whether he would have died, under a different treatment? **STIMULANTS, STRONG DRUGS, CHEMICAL POISONS AND FOOD POISONS,** were used upon him without stint. Four saline injections were given him during the last twenty-four hours of his life. They were used with the hope of stimulating him back to recovery. Who knows but what they may have stimulated him into a stupor from which there was no awakening?

We pass no opinion. Our readers can form their own conclusions. Maybe these physicians were right. Perhaps their theories are correct. Perhaps the death of this great and strong man could not have been avoided.

And then, again, perhaps, under proper, rational, non-poisonous, non-stimulating treatment, carried out in accordance with nature and the laws of the great Omnipotent Power that controls this universe, he might be with us to-day, alive and well, and might have remained with us for at least half a century.



*What the Corset Does: It Destroys the Beauty Lines of the Body.*

- (1) It weakens and sometimes ruins the digestive power.
- (2) It retards development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately sours 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 movement, interfering with normal circulation and thus lowering 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, profligacy in women, and from which every woman 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 displacements.
- (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 marital misery and divorce.

**A**LL women wish to be beautiful, and although beautiful features are much desired, the average woman realizes that a far more important element to womanly beauty is a "well-set-up" figure, nicely rounded arms, full well shaped bust, finely formed hips, and well shaped limbs. Such elements of womanly beauty indicate not only vigorous, well sexed womanhood, but also the possession of qualities that are admired and sought for by the best specimens of the sterner sex.

**THESE PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF BEAUTY COME ONLY**



**WITH SUPERB HEALTH.** They accurately indicate superior digestive powers, and the possession of pure blood which is allowed free circulation to every part of the body. But tightly lacing the body at the waist line interferes with the circulation of the blood to and from the heart. It lessens the supply furnished to the external muscular system and the great vital organs which perform such important functional processes, and thus you have influences which will seriously mar and, in time, absolutely destroy the beauty lines of all parts of the body.

**A SUPERB WOMAN MUST HAVE VITALITY,** she must possess functional strength, and in order to possess and retain for a long period the power and beauty of perfect womanhood, she must have bounding health.

She must allow her lungs every opportunity to expand to their fullest extent. She must allow her digestive organs plenty of room to perform their important functions. She must remain a youthful girl in appearance, in action and in thought, if she wishes to retain the beauty of a well sexed woman. **SHE SHOULD NOT GROW OLD, DIGNIFIED, STIFF AND UNGAINLY.** She should retain her birthright of youth until old age, and even until death, for with this youth she retains all the beauty and strength of body that may have been hers in earlier life.

But if she restricts the great vital center with tight bands and steel ribs, which interfere with the eminently important functional processes, she must pay the penalty in full. Her bust usually sags to an unnatural and unsightly position and every part of her body will in time lose beauty of contour to a similar degree, though she can blame no one but her own ignorance and the corset.

Search for a woman, my friends, who has discarded or has never worn this body and soul crushing device. Do not be discouraged; there are a few to be found and they are growing in numbers at a very rapid rate. It is better to wait a while, even for years if it is necessary, if waiting will enable you to secure a woman who will in reality be a help-mate. You could not be wished a worse fate than to accept the poor weak, deformed substitutes which are now presented to the eyes so frequently everywhere in cities and towns in this country.

**T**HE white flour manufacturers are beginning to awaken to the dangers which confront them. The deficiency of that fake "Staff of Life," which they are foisting on the public, is being detected on all sides, and they are beginning to fear for the future of their business. This so-called food which they ship in such large quantities all over the world is gradually being known in its true character.

**IT IS STARVING PEOPLE BY THE WHOLESALE.** It is one of the principal influences which have given us the white faced wrecks that stare us in the face in so many homes. It has starved thousands upon thousands and, perhaps, millions and millions of children into weakness and sickness, disease and death. It has robbed them of their birthright, health and strength, and manhood and womanhood. It has starved their bodies and their minds and their characters; but still the so-called "Staff of Life," which is really the "Staff of Death," continues its terrible work. But the handwriting is on the wall.

**THIS FALSE FOOD IS BEING GRADUALLY EXPOSED,** and its use is gradually decreasing. This has caused the millers to become alarmed. Like the patent medicine and electric belt distributors, they are searching for methods of protecting their financial interests, and as a result we hear of experts who are examining into the nourishing qualities of this starvation food. After elaborate scientific experiments many of them have proclaimed in the most emphatic manner that "superfine white flour" is far superior to that made from the whole grain, just

**White Flour Mill Owners  
Scared.**

as nature created it. Notwithstanding the fact that athletes the world over almost universally attest to the inadequacy of white flour, these experts continue to maintain that it is of high value.

"Superfine white flour," as ordinarily sold on the market to-day, IS THE GREATEST FAKE FOOD that has ever been foisted on civilized man. It may fill your stomach, but it does not nourish your system. IT IS A PARTIAL FOOD ONLY. If you can secure nothing better than white flour to eat, you may as well fast. In fact, if you were to attempt to live on superfine white flour alone, and if you possessed an abundant amount of flesh, you could probably fast entirely and live longer than while eating white flour alone. Throw a piece of white bread to a dog. He will sniff at it and turn away. He has better sense than to eat it. Throw a piece of whole wheat bread to the same dog and watch the zest with which he devours it. IF YOU HAVE NO INSTINCT OF YOUR OWN, BUY A DOG AND USE HIS.

About fifty years ago there was a great discussion in France as to the relative merits of white flour and whole wheat flour. At the order of the French Government, Prof. Magendie conducted an experiment. He took a large dog and fed him exclusively on the ordinary white bread and water. The dog died at the end of forty days. He then took another dog, same size and pedigree, and fed him on whole wheat bread, and at the end of forty days he was apparently as healthy and vigorous as ever. This will indicate very accurately the relative values of the two articles of food, and to these scientists who are lending their influence and their so-called knowledge to impose their financially biased conclusions in reference to white flour upon the gullible public, we will say, THAT THIS MAGAZINE CAN FURNISH A NUMBER OF INDIVIDUALS WHO WOULD AGREE TO FAST ABSOLUTELY FOR A LONGER PERIOD THAN ANY ONE OF THESE SCIENTISTS CAN EXIST ON WHITE FLOUR.

### Photographs.



IGNOR SECUNDO DE ACHA, Spain's strongest man, whose photographs appear in this issue, has been awarded the monthly \$5.00 prize offered for the most desirable photograph.

Send in your photographs. We pay \$1.00 each for all that we use, and give a \$5.00 prize each issue for the best one published.



We are receiving letters from readers all over the country who are seeking more information about the \$1,000.00 prize which we are offering for the best and most perfectly developed man in the world.

### \$1,000 Prize Offer.

Many have suggested that this prize be offered to the one making the greatest improvement in a year, or that we offer another prize to specially encourage those who are desirous of securing all possible physical improvement.

We would be pleased to have the opinions of our readers. We have not sufficient time to answer all letters, but we must admit that many of them contain advice that is valuable in conducting this contest.

Many maintain that they would like to enter a prize contest for the greatest improvement in a year, but the necessity for long preparation in order to secure the chance of winning the prize for the most perfectly developed man arouses a fear that there would be no possible chance of winning.

Bernarr Magadden