

# PHYSICAL CULTURE

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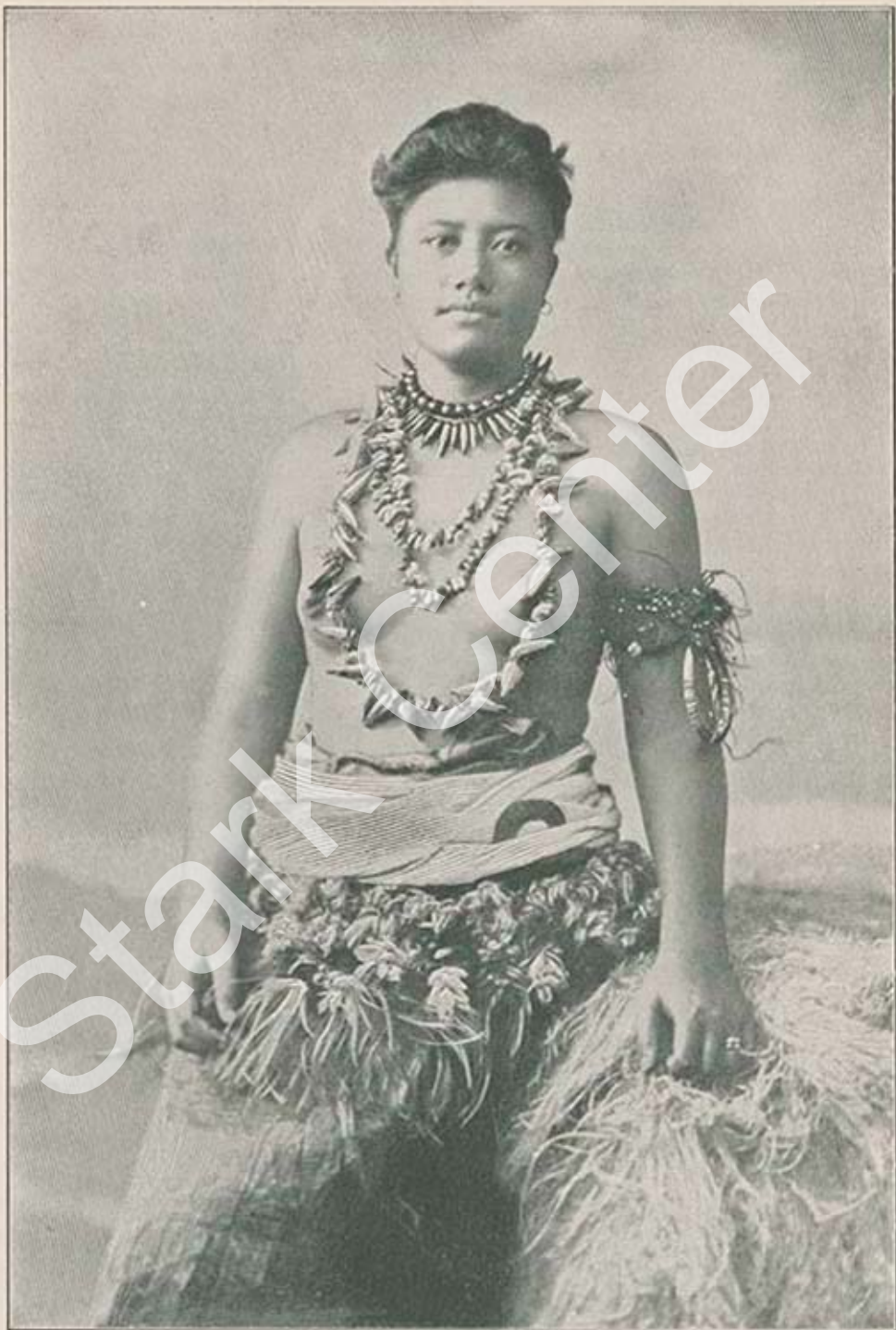
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**An Excellent Specimen of Physical Development from Hawaii**

# 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 by the Editor Himself

## LESSON VI.

RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE REQUIREMENTS IN THE BUILDING OF BODILY VIGOR

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

EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE MUSCLES OF THE NECK—REMARKS ON HOW MUCH TO EXERCISE—SLOW OR SPEEDY MOVEMENTS—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN FATIGUE AND EXHAUSTION



ANY puzzling questions confront the student on beginning his efforts to build a perfect physique. Those referring to the amount of exercise that should be taken as a rule assume considerable importance. How many of each movement should be taken? How long should the exercise be continued? What degree of fatigue is essential to indicate that the exercise has been continued long enough?

Usually I would say that each movement should be continued until a slight feeling of fatigue is noticed. The time devoted to exercise should also be regulated in a similar way. If all the muscles have been slightly tired, if you feel as though you would enjoy resting, it is usually advisable to stop at this point. In a general way this rule can be safely followed, though what is best for individual needs would depend largely upon the objects in view and upon the degree of robust and muscular development to which you aspire.

If you simply desire a high degree of

health and the nervous, functional and general vital vigor necessary to the possession of an almost continuous exhilarated sensation, the exercises should not be continued too long, and at no time should they be extremely violent. They should never be continued until extreme fatigue is produced.

Between the student who desires those powers that accompany the highest degree of health and him who desires to possess the greatest degree of strength, there is a decided difference in the quantity and quality of the exercises that should be taken.

For the student who simply desires health, when the muscles begin to tire, the moment the exercises assume the form of hard work, it is time to stop. All your efforts should be marked by extreme moderation.

Health should always come first, and, if exercising for health only, it is always safer to avoid violent exercises of all kinds.

Mild use of the muscles is all that is required in building the highest degree of vital, functional and nervous vigor, and in referring to vital vigor I must not be misunderstood. By vital vigor I

mean the power to live long, that power which enables every function of the body to perform its offices in a perfect manner. I do not wish to convey the impression that extremely vigorous exercises are always baneful in their influences, for one can so train the muscles that they are enabled to endure such exercises without the slightest possibility of strain. Such a conclusion, even if presented, could

The average man or woman should simply strive for an all-round and evenly developed body, with powers that are normal in the fullest sense. You can easily develop big bulging biceps and muscles all over the body of a similar character if you are willing to make the hard continuous efforts essential to their acquirement. But if you expect to use them but slightly in your life work, and

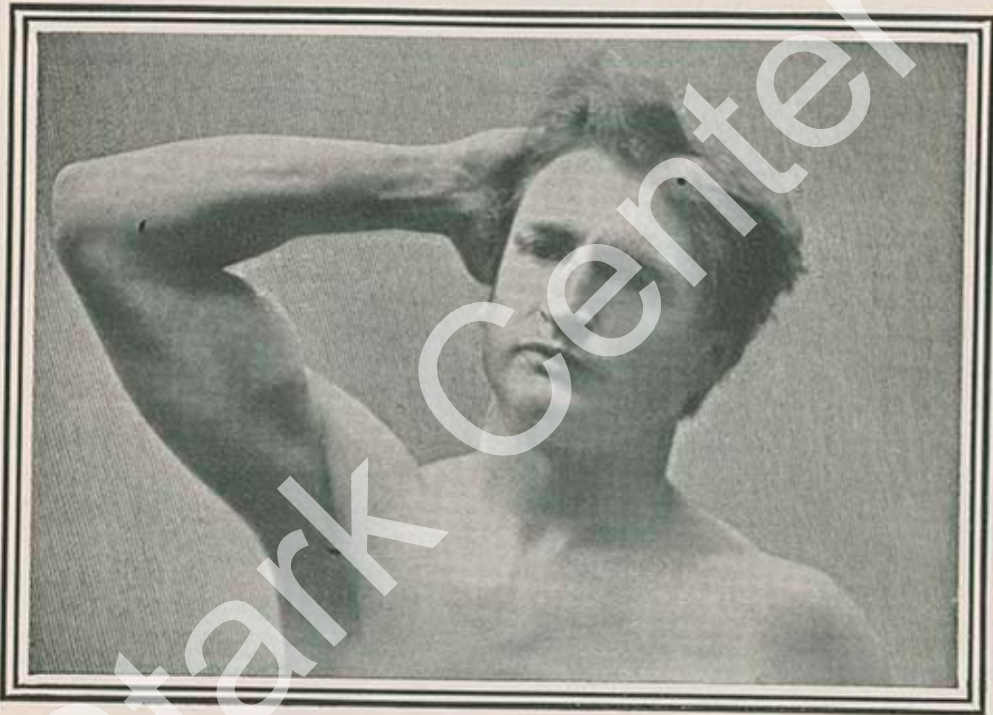


PHOTO No. 52, Exercise No. 29. Place the right hand on the right side of the head, as shown in the illustration. Now, resisting the movement slightly with the right arm, bring the head towards the right, (See next photo.)

only be largely theoretical. It could not be proved either one way or the other.

But it is unquestionably true, if one has no particular use for a great amount of muscular tissue, and desires it simply for show purposes, and expects afterward to allow it to waste away for want of use, he will gain but little because of his efforts.

have not the desire for outdoor sports essential to maintain such a development, you will gain but little by having acquired phenomenal muscles,

But if it is your desire to secure this great strength and then to continue using it all through life, your objects are to be encouraged and commended and considerable time will have to be given to your

exercises. Each exercise, after you have grown accustomed to the work, should be continued until the muscles are thoroughly tired. The movement should not be continued until the feeling of fatigue becomes so intense as to be painful, but the muscles should be well tired in every instance. Each muscle, or series of muscles, should be thoroughly exercised once or twice daily to the point of fatigue.

opportunities for you to indulge in outdoor sports that are pleasurable, you should take long walks, and run quite a distance each day. Considerable attention should also be given to the breathing exercises which have been given in previous issues. In the acquirement of endurance, diet is also of great importance, and this phase of the subject will be discussed in detail in a later issue.



PHOTO No. 53, Exercise No. 29—Continued. As shown in the above illustration. Take the same exercise with the left hand, pressing against the left side of the head. Continue each exercise until tired. This exercise develops the muscles on the sides of the neck.

This exercise can be taken slowly or speedily just as you may desire. If it is taken slowly and the muscles flexed very strongly, the development will appear more speedily.

If you are also desirous of increasing your endurance while you are striving for superior development, you should add to your régime a great deal of outdoor exercises. If there are no

Careful consideration of my remarks will make it plain to the student that the amount of exercise to be taken will depend altogether on the results desired. It would be well for business or pro-

professional men, who work with their brains only, to remember that if they are not particularly anxious for great strength, or showy muscles, they will gain but little by making strenuous efforts with a view of developing strength of this character. They need, most of all, good nervous powers, strong vital organs, and that amount of exercise which is essential to accelerate the circulation to

possess your greatest possible degree of strength, you should gradually make your exercises more vigorous, but even under these circumstances it is always well to have force in reserve. Never lift every ounce that you feel or know you can lift. Avoid running at the greatest speed you can develop. But it must be remembered that in order to possess great strength you must use



**PHOTO No. 54, Exercise No. 30.** Place the fingers of right and left hands on the forehead as shown in the above illustration. Be sure to start with the head as far back as possible. Now, resisting the movement slightly by pressing the fingers against the forehead, bring the head downward and forward, (See next photo.)

every part of the body, and which is sufficient to assist in building normal powers in this way.

In answering the question whether the exercise should be vigorous or mild, it is necessary again to refer to the objects desired. If you desire to pos-

your powers very frequently, and very near to their limit. Always be careful of this line of demarcation, for if you make a habit of overstepping it the injury to you may be incalculable.

The development of great muscular power, after all, depends very largely

upon utility. In other words, before deciding to develop large muscles you must anticipate use for them. You must require and use them in your exercises or in your occupation. You cannot develop them under any other circumstances. If strength of this character is not especially desired, all exercises should be mild and easy to perform; they should not call for any great effort

ments should be made slowly or fast. In answering a query of this nature you will have to again turn to the objects desired by you in taking the exercises. If you wish to be quick, graceful and agile, if you wish to be able to handle and control your body with ease, you must take exercises which require quick movements. Exercises taken very slowly and which require the muscles to



PHOTO No. 55, Exercise No. 30—Continued. To the position shown in the above illustration. Continue the exercise until the muscles are slightly tired. This exercise is for developing the muscles on the front part of the neck.

This exercise can be varied slightly by bringing the head forward to the right, then bringing the head forward to the left. The movement can be taken slowly or fast as you may desire, though the remarks in the preceding movements apply also to this.

in their performance. Easy light movements that use the muscles without the least possibility of strain will be advisable under these circumstances.

Many will also ask whether the move-

be flexed very strongly will, in many instances, increase the size of the muscles far more quickly than fast and easy movements, but when your exercise is confined to slow movements you are

sure to become slow and awkward. I do not by any means advocate that slow movements should be avoided altogether. They are unquestionably of some advantage, and each student should vary the speed of his exercise, taking movements of all kinds, fast and slow. If light movements, similar to calisthenics without weights in the hands, are used there is but little danger of your becoming

and can be made vigorous or mild as desired. That is one advantage of a system of this character. It is adapted to the young and the old, the weak and the strong. You may regulate the resistance in each case to suit yourself. You can graduate the resistance so that it only requires a mild effort or, if you have the inclination, you can exert your strength to its limit.



PHOTO No. 56, Exercise No. 31. Interlace the fingers behind the head and then bring head far forward until the chin almost touches the chest, as shown in above illustration. Now, resisting the movement slightly with the arms, press the head as far back as you can, (See next photo.)

slow or "muscle bound," as it is commonly called. When the exercise is properly varied you can become very strong and yet become swift and graceful in your movements.

The student has, no doubt, noted that the exercises given in this system I am illustrating can be taken slowly or fast,

But no matter what degree of strength or development you may desire it should be remembered that nothing can ever be gained by continuing your exercise until the muscles are completely exhausted. There is quite a difference between exhaustion and fatigue. When the muscles are fatigued you are simply tired



for the time being. There is still some reserve force remaining. You could continue longer if necessary, and, after resting a little at the point of fatigue, in a few minutes you should have recovered, and should feel able to resume. But when you have continued the exercises until exhausted you are liable to feel fagged for several hours.

When, for instance, one is tired from

from side to side for some time before slumber comes to his relief.

Let me here warn every reader against continuing the exercises until exhaustion is induced. Benefit can never be secured by going to this extreme. It will always be harmful. When you do not feel completely rested a few minutes after the exercises it is an indication that you exhausted your strength, and care should



PHOTO No. 57, Exercise No. 31—Continued. As shown in the above illustration. Continue the exercise until the muscles are slightly tired. This movement develops the broad muscles on the back part of the neck.

This exercise can also be varied slightly by turning the head from the right to the left, while the above position is maintained. This movement is especially beneficial for strengthening the muscles that are used in wrestling. The muscles on the back of the neck must be very strong in order to resist the many difficult holds that are used in this strenuous exercise. To get the best possible results from the exercise be sure to bring the head far forward when the movement is made.

a day's work he drops quickly into slumber, but if he is exhausted, worn out and nervous, he will frequently toss

be taken not to repeat the error.

In the next issue I will take up the subject of foods. A general discussion

will be given, and following this the diet will be given for gaining in weight and also diet for decreasing weight. The food question deserves most serious consideration by every one interested in building superior health. No human being can follow the usual habits of modern civilization and maintain health very long unless he possesses the vitality of an ox. I shall discuss this

#### DAILY RÉGIME.

I herewith repeat the daily régime.

The pupil should now be advanced sufficiently in this course to determine fairly well just what particular parts of the body are most in need of development. I would, therefore, advise each one to select from the exercises previously given those particular movements that are apparently of special value in remedy-



**PHOTO No. 58, Exercise No. 32.** With the head turned well to the right, press the fingers of the hand tightly around and against the forehead, as shown in the above illustration. Now, resisting the movement slightly with the arm, turn the head from the extreme right to the extreme left, (See next photo.)

subject in a practical common-sense manner, and will give my pupils information that should be of vital importance to every one striving to acquire and maintain the highest degree of physical vigor.

ing defective parts, or building strength, wherever it may be the most needed. Of course, if you have plenty of time and are fairly strong, the entire course which precedes the movements herein shown can be taken, though these are

hardly necessary if you are merely exercising for health and do not care particularly for possessing an extraordinary muscular development.

About the best all-around exercises to precede those shown in this lesson, if you are simply desirous of accelerating the circulation throughout the entire muscular system, are exercises Nos. 12 and 13, though, of course, the exercises

the muscles are rather tired. The exercises should be taken in a room with the windows wide open and with as little clothing on as possible. Cultivate the fresh air habit. Leave the windows of your sleeping room wide open at all times. The colder the air the harder you have to work to bring about a feeling of warmth to the external surface.

Follow the morning exercises with



**PHOTO No. 59, Exercise No. 32—Continued.** As shown in the above illustration. Take same exercise with positions reversed, using the left arm instead of the right. Continue each movement until the muscles are slightly fatigued. This exercise develops the muscles that twist the head from side to side and which are located on both sides of the neck. The action of these muscles can be plainly seen during this movement.

for building vital strength, Nos. 14 to 18, inclusive, can be added with advantage.

If you are weak, and are just beginning, rest when the slightest feeling of fatigue is noticed. If you are fairly strong, each exercise can be continued until

a dry friction bath. This can be taken with a dry rough towel, which should be rubbed back and forth over every part until the skin is pink from the increased amount of blood brought to the surface by the friction. Follow this exercise

with a cold sponge bath. Have the water as cool as you can bear and still be able to recuperate with a feeling of

more than you can comfortably digest. I do not by any means wish to convey the impression that you cannot improve by eating three meals a day. I advise the two-meal plan to guard against the liability to overeating.

Acquire the habit of drinking one or two glasses of water before or after exercise, before retiring and on arising in the morning. Although I advise that you drink freely of water, I do not by any means recommend that you imbibe vast quantities. You can overload your stomach with water to disadvantage. Ordinarily you should drink from three to six pints of water each twenty-four hours, though if you perspire freely the quantity required increases greatly. Masticate every morsel of your food to a liquid. Avoid all liquids during meal-times, unless especially thirsty. If



PHOTO No. 60, Exercise No. 33. With the head inclined far forward, place right hand as shown in above illustration. Now, pressing slightly against the movement, bring the head backward over towards the left shoulder, (See next photo.)

warmth. Unless working very hard at manual labor, two meals a day should be sufficient, though many working men are able to thrive better on two meals each day than on three. If you do eat three meals a day, be careful not to eat

thirsty, satisfy your thirst freely, but do not use liquids to assist you in swallowing food that you have failed to thoroughly masticate. If accustomed to a drink at meals, and it seems difficult to break the habit, you can use cocoa or

a cup of hot milk after finishing the meal, drinking it very slowly.

If preferred by the pupil, all this exercise can be taken in the evening before retiring, instead of in the morning, though ordinarily it is advisable to take a few movements in the morning. It will thoroughly awaken you for the day's work. If you are working hard at manual labor, the exercises which demand the use of the same muscles as are employed in your work should be omitted. Two or three evenings during the week a hot bath should be taken before retiring, and in every instance the exercises should precede it.



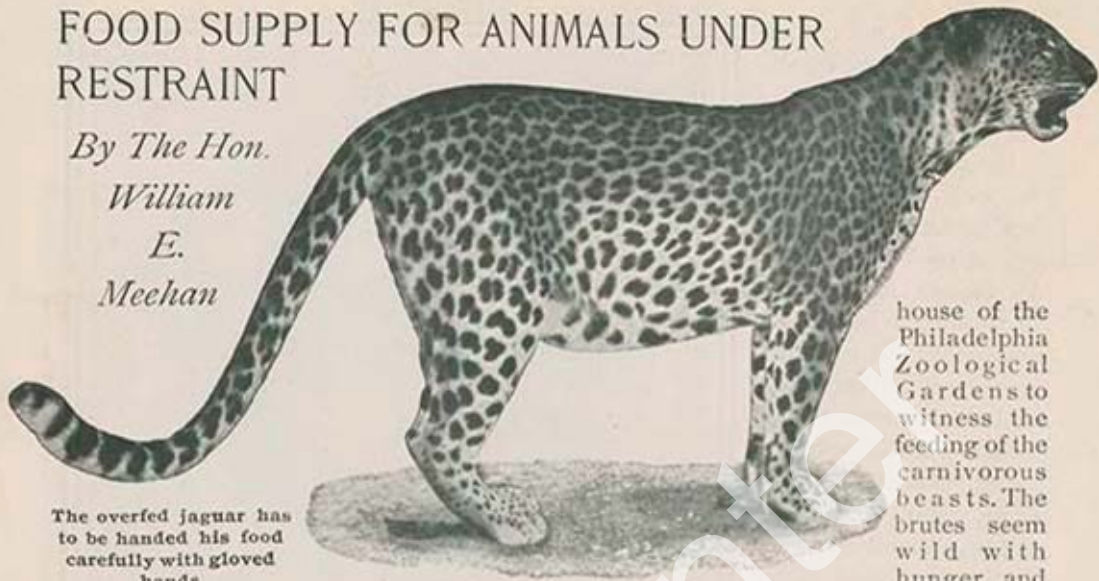
**PHOTO No. 61, Exercise No. 33—Continued.** As shown above. Same movement, bringing head backward toward right shoulder, then forward and back again over left shoulder. Continue alternately from one side to the other until the muscles are tired. This exercise is for the broad muscles on the back of the neck and those converging with the slope of the shoulders. It can be varied by using the left hand instead of the right, or by using both hands, if desired.

This is another exercise that can be most emphatically recommended for those who are desirous of strengthening the muscles of the back of the neck that are used so vigorously in wrestling. In fact, these muscles should be well-developed if one desires a proper carriage and desires the body to appear well-formed in every way. Very frequently the lack of development of these muscles makes one appear round-shouldered.



## FOOD SUPPLY FOR ANIMALS UNDER RESTRAINT

By The Hon.  
William  
E.  
Meehan



The overfed jaguar has to be handed his food carefully with gloved hands

house of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens to witness the feeding of the carnivorous beasts. The brutes seem wild with hunger and impatiently



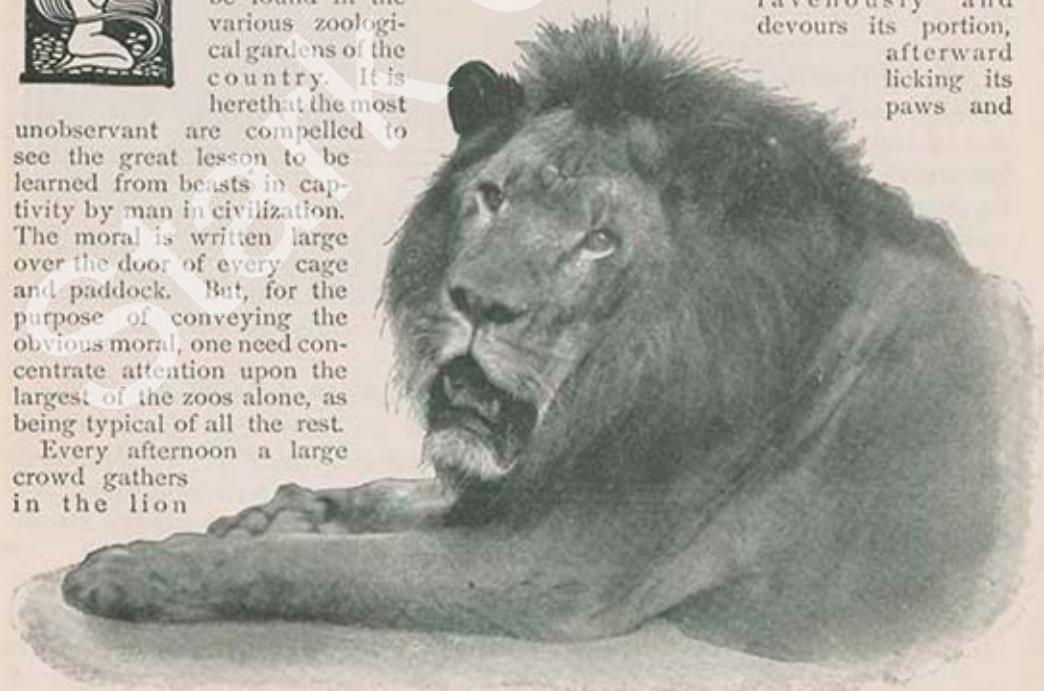
HE greatest object lessons the world affords to the animal, man, of the obligation that rests upon him, under pain of death, that he live and eat as nature ordered, are to be found in the various zoological gardens of the country. It is herethat the most

pace their cages for an hour or more before the regular feeding time. They emit sullen roars and glare hungrily at the spectators.

Promptly at 3.30 a keeper appears and tosses into each cage a large chunk of raw horseflesh. Every animal falls to ravenously and devours its portion, afterward licking its paws and

unobservant are compelled to see the great lesson to be learned from beasts in captivity by man in civilization. The moral is written large over the door of every cage and paddock. But, for the purpose of conveying the obvious moral, one need concentrate attention upon the largest of the zoos alone, as being typical of all the rest.

Every afternoon a large crowd gathers in the lion



The Monarch of the Forest after a Well Regulated Meal



Natural instinct prompts the pink snake to roll up his napkin when he has just enough, and no inducement will tempt him to eat more

the floor of the cage so that not a particle of food or blood may be lost. Each acts and looks as though it had not enough to eat. The unsatisfied appearance of the lions and tigers moved a spectator to remark one day that it was a shame the animals were starved; that they ought to be given a great deal more to eat. The remark was overheard by Head-keeper Manley, who responded:

"If we were to give most of the animals here all the food they could or would eat, there would soon be none in the Zoo to feed, for they would be dead in a few weeks. You may think these lions and tigers are underfed. But compare their sleek condition with the apparently emaciated appearance of the bronze lion at the entrance of the garden. If we had a live lion looking like that in the cages we would have the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals after us. Yet the bronze figure represents a lion as he actually appears when in a wild state. When free, the lion sometimes gets nothing to eat for four or five days; then it may capture a deer or some other animal and feed to repletion. Gorg-

ing under the circumstances does not harm the lion, because it has the instinct to rest afterwards; subsequent activity and the freedom it enjoys eliminate any possible harm. It is different in captivity. The animal has little chance for repose after feeding. Activity and full freedom of action are impossible. We find here that animals in captivity are much like human beings cooped up in towns and cities, or leading a sedentary life. It is far better for their health to be given a scant meal, just as it is better for a man to rise from the table with the conviction that he could have eaten and enjoyed more food."

No creature, whether beast or man, can habitually eat to repletion and remain healthy. An animal in confinement, which has once been "stalled" or overfed, will find itself in the same condition a second time on a less amount of food; and a "stalled" animal is a source of anxiety to its keepers, because a normal appetite is essential to its health. If, by chance, a beast is observed to mince its food instead of devouring it with zest, the supply is at once reduced; but, as a

rule, keepers believe that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure. They feed carnivorous animals only once a day, and then with a little less than they evidently want. As long as an animal eagerly devours the amount of food allotted, there is no apprehension felt concerning its health.

It is a curious fact that herbivorous animals, when in confinement and deprived of their accustomed exercise, require closer attention to the character and quantity of

theirs by nature. The error of an unnatural diet is too plainly manifest in overfed, asthmatic pet dogs belonging to ladies and in the mangy-looking "spot" which afflicts so many Southern dogs. A setter, pointer or other dog may apparently thrive on a diet composed principally of corn meal mush, such as is given in many Southern States; but it will not possess the staying power or do as much hard work in the field as the Northern dog to which is given one hearty meal of meat



food furnished them. They are more liable to the serious and fatal diseases resulting from overfeeding than those which subsist exclusively on a meat diet; yet they must be fed twice a day. Neither must they be given anything but hay or grass; a judicious mixture of vegetables is essential to their health and wellbeing. An overfed herbivorous animal is liable to contract an "impacted stomach," and one fed exclusively on hay or grass will probably become "stomach bound." Both complaints are often fatal. A valuable giraffe in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens died in five days from the effect of one day's unrestricted feeding; and another prized animal went the same way when it was deprived for a short time of its accustomed side dishes of carrots, apples and turnips.

Keepers in zoological gardens and menageries do not make the mistake of putting the animals on a diet which is not

Our friend the bear looking forward to feeding time

every night, an hour or so after the day's work is done.

Considering the watchfulness that is required to

maintain the health of animals in confinement, it is perhaps fortunate that very few species have the average business man's habit of bolting their food. A zoo keeper, on one occasion, observing the rapidity with which a long row of men were shoveling in their meals at a quick lunch counter, exclaimed:

"Thank goodness, my beasts don't bolt their food like that, or the entire collection would be suffering from indigestion or other stomach troubles within a week!"

Instinct leads most animals to masticate their food more or less thoroughly.



It is only wolves, hyenas and other members of the dog family and birds, which



A model lesson in yawning while enjoying the luxury of a bath

nature has laid down similar rules for preserving the health of both man and beast—that is to say, suitable foods and abundant physical exercise, with proportionate reduction of food supply where circumstances com-

imitate the average man by swallowing food without mastication. But in their case the habit is, to some extent, natural, since nature has provided for the proper assimilation of food swallowed in that manner.

Animals which bolt their meals with impunity appear to have little or no sense of taste and often swallow articles other than food, sometimes to their undoing. A curious example of this occurred in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens less than a year ago. Among the animals was a rare and valuable dog, which suddenly refused food and began running around his cage in an extraordinary way. His stomach began to distend in a terrible manner. The trouble continued for five days when death occurred. On opening the body to ascertain the cause, it was found that the stomach was literally packed with hair which the creature had licked from his body and swallowed.

The more closely animals are observed, the more apparent it becomes that

business man and frequenter of the Quick Lunch restaurant only roused himself a little on Sundays and spent an hour doing the rounds of the nearest Zoo, he would have many excellent lessons on dieting well brought home to him and would not look so blue starting his week's work on the Monday.



A well cared for tigress who has grown accustomed to the camera

## OTTO PETERSEN

THE DANISH STRONG MAN, AND HOW HE HOPES TO CROSS NIAGARA FALLS



This shows how Mr. Petersen hopes to cross Niagara Falls with a man his own weight harnessed to his body



HE subject of this sketch is Otto Petersen, Physical Culture Director of the Danish Athletic Club, South Brooklyn, who has recently declared his intention to cross Niagara Falls suspended from a wire extending from the Canadian to the American side. Mr. Petersen has also undertaken to handi-

cap himself by carrying another man weighing about one hundred and thirty pounds harnessed to his body while crossing the Falls.

Mr. Petersen is only five feet in height, and claims to be the only athlete who ever dreamt of attempting anything of this kind.

The main Falls at Niagara are over three thousand feet across. The wire will form an incline plane, and, if all goes well, the velocity acquired by Petersen's own weight and the weight of his friend, which will make a total of about two hundred and seventy pounds,

will enable him to cover the distance in about five minutes. Mr. Petersen is now in vigorous training, and is already rehearsing this feat in a small way, and uses for the purpose a pulley and a patent mouth-piece. He recently held a one and one-quarter inch bar of wrought iron between his teeth, while six men—three at either side of him—bent it in the form of a crescent. Mr. Petersen has also been suspended by his teeth from a wire for twenty-five minutes, and with a weight of one hundred and forty pounds attached to his body during all that time. He has also, on many occasions, broken No. 8 steel Jack chains. The strength necessary to accomplish this feat, according to Mr. Petersen's own calculation, is equivalent to the force re-



Mr. Petersen breaking four steel chains with his teeth



Mr. Petersen holding a bar of wrought iron, one and one-quarter inches in thickness, while three men on each side of him bend it into a crescent

quired to haul a freight or elevated car.

His chain-breaking feat is illustrated in this article. It will be observed that the chains are four in number, and that in breaking them there is no mechanical leverage brought into play.

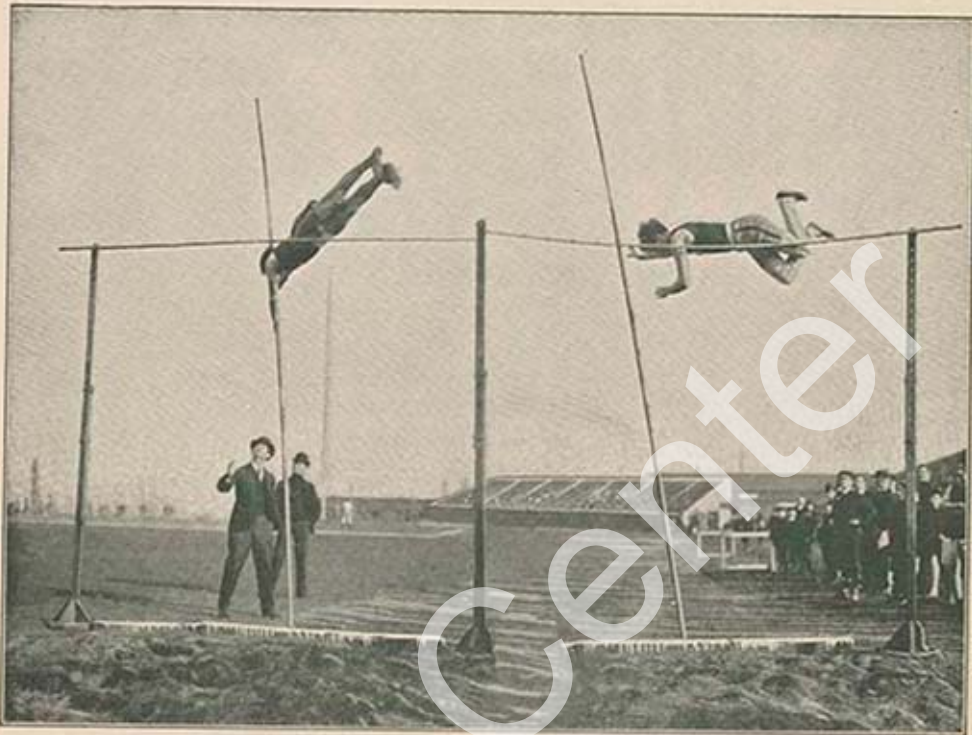
It is also recorded of Mr. Petersen that he has lifted seven hundred pounds clean off the ground in a similar manner.

All arrangements for carrying out his plan to cross Niagara are expected to be completed before this issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* will be in the hands of its readers. He has every confidence in his ability to pilot his friend safely across, and we ourselves and, we are sure, all readers of this magazine, will watch his efforts with much interest.



Balaclava—After the Charge

Elizabeth Thompson (Lady Butler)



Baird, University of Pennsylvania, is doing wonderful work at the pole vault

## THE YEAR'S PROSPECTS FOR COLLEGE ATHLETICS



**A** CRITICAL survey of the intercollegiate athletic situation reveals the mournful fact that stars are scarce this season. In some of the colleges the unpromising outlook is that there are few stars to come out; in others the stars refuse to twinkle for the disconsolate trainers, either deeming studies of more importance than the athletic reputation of their alma mater, or else indifferent to the entreaties of their less muscular fellow-students to work overtime for the honor of the college colors.

At the University of Pennsylvania there is an air of settled gloom, for not

a man has shown himself to champion the cause of the college in the "weights" at the intercollegiate contests. Hammer-throwers and shot-putters are in a class by themselves. A student must be built for the work. Pennsylvania has no men who would be picked out in an instant by a keen-eyed director of athletics as a likely candidate for the weights. Neither is there any one at the university with sufficient confidence in his powers to try for a place in this department of the athletic field. It is safe to predict, therefore, unless something very unforeseen happens, that the red and blue will be nowhere this season in the hammer-throwing and shot-putting part of the intercollegiate program. She has a fair track team, and Baird is doing wonderful work in the pole vault. That sums up the situa-

tion at the Philadelphia institute of training. With Orton, Gill, Klaer, Smith and Terry in the half-mile, Captain Boyd in the two-mile, McClellan in the broad jump and Boyd in the high jump, there is a possibility of the U. of P. team coming through the intercollegiates with some credit, but not in championship form. The director of athletics, Dr. J. K. Snell, is not an optimist on the subject of his team's chances. He considers it an off year for old Penn., but dark horses have not been unknown in college sports, and there may be surprises when the teams line up.

Yale, as usual, is fortunate in its athletic department this year. Moulton is in fine trim and can be entered in the quarter-mile or wherever he may be thought likely to do the most good, with every confidence that he will carry the colors of old Eli to victory. Franchott is a

will probably be Yale's choice in the mile run. He is believed to be in the best of condition. In the weights, Yale has good men in Glass and Shevelin. Clapp is sure of winning points at least for Yale in the hurdles. He won both events two years ago and lost both last year. He is burning to retrieve his reputation and is a likely man to pick as a winner.

Harvard has some good men among the veterans who are to enter for the intercollegiates this year. Robinson and Tingley are promising candidates for honors in the weights, and Kernan may be expected to do some phenomenal work in the high jump.

Princeton is rich in men who are showing championship form. DeWitt will probably win the shot-put and hammer-throw for the Tigers, and Baird of Pennsylvania will find his most formidable antagonist in the pole vault in Horton,

the present intercollegiate champion, who holds the record of eleven feet seven inches.

Cornell has a number of fairly good men, but it is not this variety of athlete that wins nowadays. The competition is so keen and the men so finely trained that a contestant must needs be a star to win. Cornell, if she has any stars, is managing to cloak their identity very successfully. She has a good two-miler in Shutt and a good pole vaulter in Phillips. But any one searching for intercol-



University of Pennsylvania Relay Team of Swimmers

promising man in the two-mile and Kane a most dangerous opponent for the other college men in the half-mile. Jacobus

legiate champions would not hesitate long at Cornell.

Some see in this dearth of great men in



Field Games at Berkley Oval—120 Yards Hurdles

the intercollegiate athletic field portents beneficial to university athletics. It is doubtless true that many good men are lost to the athletic field because of the presence in the track teams of giants whose athletic prowess is so great and indisputable that to take a place beside

them is deemed impertinence by the sensitive freshman. With the lists filled with smaller men than the average of other days, it is possible that timid collegians who are likely to develop into stars of the cinder path may be tempted to try for athletic honors in greater numbers.



# THE ART OF SWIMMING

By *H. S. Horan*

Illustrated by photographs of Mr. Horan specially taken for PHYSICAL CULTURE.

*Mr. Horan is a teacher of swimming and physical training at Harvard University, and is contemplating swimming the English Channel from Dover to Calais.*—EDITOR.



IT is scarcely necessary to preface my first lesson on the art of swimming by any very extensive remarks on its beneficial effects on the muscular and nervous system. It is conceded by all that no other form of exercise calls into play at one and the same time all the various muscles of the body, and no other form of exercise is as well adapted as swimming for the uniform development and strengthening of the external and internal organism of man. Apart from all this, swimming has many other advantages which must be apparent to everybody; and not least

of these is its use in saving others from drowning.

Swimming also has an artistic and classic element, which carries with it a certain amount of commendation. It is not a sport or game acquired or developed in modern times. The praises of adepts in swimming were sung even long before the Christian era. It is recorded in the book of Exodus that the Egyptians were in the habit of swimming and bathing in the Nile, and we are all familiar with the zest with which Pharaoh's daughter went in for swimming. Caesar also, the man who conquered Britain, was a wonderful swimmer. There were times when he swam across rivers when leading his army on forced marches in his great campaigns.



Figure 1. Breast Stroke. Spring off your toes and assume this position with hands brought up near the chin



Figure 2. Breast Stroke. Then send both hands and arms well out in front at full length

In olden times the education of the cultured Greek and Roman was incomplete without a knowledge of swimming. Homer in the tenth book of the Iliad says of Diomed and Ulysses :

"From nocturnal meat and sanguine stain  
They cleanse their bodies in the neighboring  
main;  
Then in the polished bath refreshed from toil,  
Their joints they supple with dissolving oil."

Shakespeare, too, must have been a

swimmer. In "The Tempest" he gives the following description of a man saved from a wreck :

"Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,  
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
The surge most swollen that met him; his bold  
head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
To the shore."

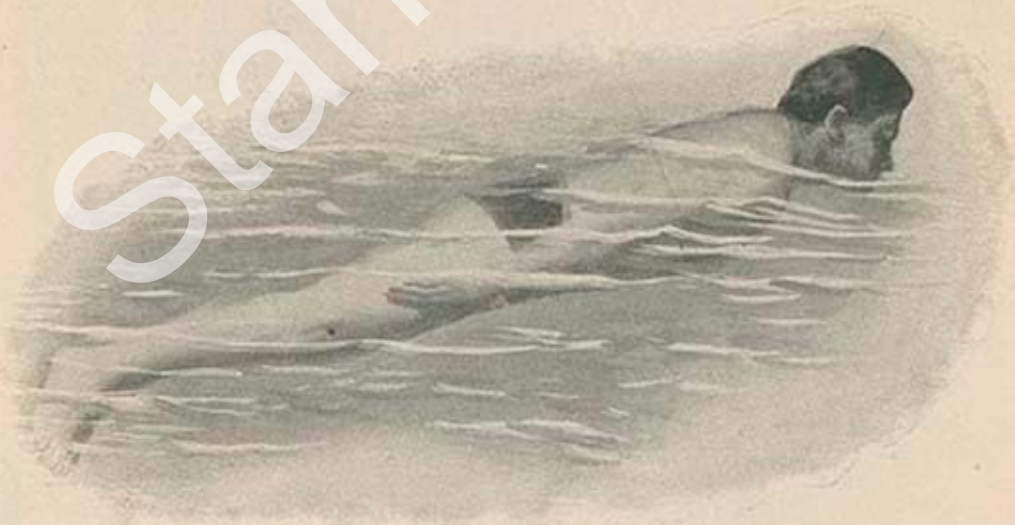


Figure 3. Breast Stroke. This illustrates position after reversing the movement and finishing the stroke





Figure 4. Side Stroke. Turn on right side with arms braced by firm tension at elbows and shoulders

In our own country we have only to refer to Franklin. He was an authority as well as a great advocate of swimming.

These and very many other reasons which would be *a propos* to the scope of this article, ought to be a sufficient inducement to our universities and public schools to include swimming as part of the curriculum. To refer to the hygienic side of swimming—it purifies

the skin; strengthens absolutely every muscle; increases vitality; develops self-confidence and courage, and is about one of the best cures that could be suggested for consumption. It promotes a healthy condition of the lungs and normal development of the chest, and brings into play all the abdominal muscles, and its beneficial effects are very marked on the heart muscles.

The first of this series of lessons will



Figure 5. Side Stroke. Make motion with right arm as in breast stroke and send out left arm with a semi-circular movement and reversing as described

be confined to the *breast stroke* and the *side stroke*.

#### BREAST STROKE.

Wade into the water until you feel that you have gone deep enough to displace a quantity of water nearly equal to the weight of your body; then inhale a deep breath; spring lightly off your toes and begin the first motion by assuming the position shown in the first figure introduced in this lesson. Then send the hands from under the chin, well out in front, and at full length, palms downward, fingers closed, thumbs pressed against the forefingers and the hands nearly touching each other. Keep the mouth closed and breathe through the nostrils. Then turn the palms out as much as possible, and reverse the movement by making a sweeping stroke backward until the arms are brought down under the body, and almost touch the thighs.

#### SIDE STROKE.

Get the body into motion with the *breast stroke*; the *breast stroke* is the ground work for all styles of swimming. Turn on the right side so as not to interfere with the action of the heart. Have the head partially immersed in the water, keeping the nostrils well above the surface for breathing purposes. Shoot the right hand straight in front and in line with the body. Be careful to keep your mouth closed, breathing only through the nostrils. This first motion is illustrated in Figure 4. When starting keep the arms braced and straight by firm tension of the joints and muscles at the shoulder, and make an outward semi-circular movement with the left arm and reverse, sweeping it well back as shown in Figure 5. In performing the negative part of both *breast* and *side stroke* endeavor as much as possible to go through the movement in a manner

which will offer the least resistance to the water. You will do this instinctively after a little practice. Remember the less resistance the palms of your hands offer, the greater will be the speed that you will develop. This disposes of the positive and negative movements of the arms for both strokes. Let us now go to the leg movements.

When you have about completed the arm stroke, the legs should be drawn up toward the body, until the heels nearly touch each other. The knees should be turned well outward right and left, until a right angle is formed inside each knee; then reverse the motion, and kick the feet out as far as possible, keeping the legs stiff at the knees, and bringing them well in line with the body. Great care should be given to practising the movements of the legs, as the propelling force required in swimming is exerted by them. See also that the legs and arms always work in harmony, and at one and the same time. Having mastered the two fundamental strokes above described, you must next give your attention to acquiring grace and economy of movement. Awkward and unnecessary movements are nothing but waste of strength and energy. In no other form of exercise is economy so essential. No amount of word description or professional talk will convince you of what might be called the vital importance of husbanding and storing up every atom, so to speak, of energy better than an attempt at swimming, even so small a distance as a hundred yards in choppy water or against a fairly strong current. Swimming in such conditions will require all the strength and energy a man can put forth, and the effect of the exercise on the lungs and chest, to which I have already referred, will be strongly brought home to beginners in the art of swimming and also to consumptives.



FIVE LIKELY COMPETITORS FOR \$1000 PRIZE



Foster, Indianapolis



Geo. Dillenberger, Shreveport, La.



Fred. Giesel



Maurice Goodman, New York



Harry Guthmulle



she was now ready for the stage. She found an "angel" in N. K. Fairbanks, the lard and soap man, who agreed to foot the bills for launching Mrs. Carter as a star. Without any previous experience she made a bluff at being a star in 1891, in a play called "The Ugly Duckling." Since she started her theatrical career later in life than actresses usually do, her appearance as a duckling was taken by many to mean that she was not a spring chicken. Her effort was a complete fiasco. She made her second trial in "Miss Helyett." The name suggested that the flame that warms things in Chicago was still glowing. This play failed as completely as the previous one.

She was rated as a "ham fat" actress, which she attributed to the fact that she was backed by Fairbanks, the lard man. She passed up Fairbanks and began to study the cause of success of other famous actresses. She found that Amelia Bingham took Dr. Greene's Nervura, Mme. Modjeska took Paine's Celery Compound, and Sara Bernhardt took Duffy's Malt Whiskey. Mrs. Carter as a last resort turned her case over to Dr. Hartman, the Peruna man, who billed her as the most prominent actress in America cured by Peruna. Once on a testimonial she had plain sailing. Then followed her successes in "The Heart of Maryland" and "Du Barry," and she soon found herself on the high road to prosperity.

Recently she again clashed with her former husband, who was now also on the prosperous highway. The particular highroad on which they clashed was the Southern Elevated Railroad of Chicago. Mr. Carter objected to the posting of Mrs. Carter's lithographs on this road, and having the necessary swing with the road he ordered her pictures turned toward the wall.

Mrs. Carter's form has already been immortalized, her image in wax has been placed in the Eden Musee, and occupies a conspicuous place in the testimonial writers' corner with Anna Held, Marshall P. Wilder, Doctor Parkhurst, and others who have waxed into like prominence.

In the testimonial here reproduced Mrs. Carter sees bags of money coming her way. It is understood that testi-

monialists have an eye on the coin when they write testimonials. They do not always do it for their health.

\* \* \* \*

#### THEODORE J. SHAFFER.

Theodore J. Shaffer, labor leader, preacher, steelworker, storekeeper and testimonial writer, was born in 1856. At the age of six he went to the public school and, like the good boy in the story books, he learned his lessons well, and on Sundays went to Sunday-school. As he grew up he became a victim of the delusions about the nobility of labor, that nothing is gained without hard work, and of the rest in heaven for those who work themselves to death on earth.

To realize this nobility he went to work in a rolling mill and worked like the proverbial beaver. He realized neither the wealth nor the nobility that the preachers and school teachers tell about, but at the age of seventeen awoke to the great truth that the man who does the work never gets rich. After mature deliberation he decided to quit the steel mill and become a testimonial writer, although he had neither the reputation nor the pains necessary for a booster of patent medicine. On looking over the field of opportunity in this line he found that there was a great demand for preachers as "pullers in" for the various patent medicine concerns; not only did the great preachers of the country endorse the various cures, but the little ministers all over the country were getting their pictures in the papers and giving testimony regarding the wonderful effects of the regulation "three bottles."

Shaffer decided to become a Methodist minister. He attended the Wesleyan Theological College in the daytime and worked in the steel mill at night. He wrote his Latin conjugations on the walls of the mill and studied rhetoric and practiced oratory in the roar of the steel mill. He was soon able to tell the story about Jonah swallowing the whale, the rib story about Adam, the story of the talking snake in the garden of Eden, and all about the famous animal trainer Noah, who was the P. T. Barnum of his time.

When he had finished his course he forsook the steel mill for the pulpit. Unfortunately by this time the market was glutted with preachers' testimonials, and

the struggling preacher realized that he was too late. With grim determination he held on for eight years and then gave up the pulpit to become a storekeeper.

He tried to run his store on sacred lines. He gave his customers the glad hand and never complained when they worked off ancient eggs or strong, unhealthy butter, in exchange for his goods. By slow degrees all the mutilated and counterfeit coin in the neighborhood found its way into Shaffer's till. This ingratitude on the part of his customers was too much for this scrupulous storekeeper. He gave up this business in disgust and returned to work in the steel mills.

The second coming of Shaffer to the steel mills was an *advent* among the steel workers. He gave up his ideas about the good times in the hereafter, and at once joined the union and took steps to get his reward on earth. He soon became a prominent labor leader and, having gained the confidence of his fellow workers, was made President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers, on the retirement of President Garland. Flushed by his promotion, he decided to annihilate the United States Steel Trust. He called together the tube workers, the steel hoop workers, and the tin plate workers. He unfolded his pipe dream to the tube workers, told the hoop workers how to whoop things up for higher wages, and put the tin workers next as to how to gather in the tin, and then called a strike against the Steel Trust. After a protracted starvation, lasting several months, the steel workers gave up the fight and

returned to work. They attributed their defeat to the fact that Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, gave them no assistance when they were in sore need. During the strike the Socialist Labor papers bitterly denounced Shaffer. They declared that he was a labor fakir, and that he was getting fat while the rank and file were starving. They further asserted that the Steel Trust was benefited by the strike, and that Shaffer was a labor lieutenant of capital. The quarterly dividend of the Steel Trust

showed that they had made a profit of \$37,000,000 during the strike.

To square himself, Shaffer hunted up the scales and tried to weigh himself. His avoirdupois was so great that he broke all the weighing machines in the neighborhood, and as a last resort he tried hay scales. When this weighing instrument recorded Shaffer's avoirdupois as two hundred and fifteen pounds, he realized that he had given himself a *weigh*.

As a last resort, he made a move by which he killed three birds with one stone. He boldly announced that he had taken Paine's Celery Compound and that he had gained in weight from one hundred and forty-one and one-half to two hundred and fifteen pounds. His strike having proved a failure he pointed out in the testimonial that there was but one cure for those suffering from overwork, namely, take Paine's Celery Compound. Thus he realized his life-long ambition to become a

**PRESIDENT SHAFFER'S**  
Life Saved by  
**Paine's Celery Compound**



NATIONAL LODGE, Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of the United States.

GENERAL OFFICE, Glass Block, 407 Seventh Avenue.

PITTSBURG, Pa. October 15, 1901.

In 1899 I was compelled to abandon my profession, because of nervous prostration consequent upon exposure, hard study and overwork.

A number of physicians declared I would never recover, but I tried Paine's Celery Compound and in less than a year increased in weight from 141-2 pounds to 215 pounds.

During the recent strike of the steel workers, finding myself ready to collapse and fearing a recurrence of my former trouble, I returned to my former friend, Paine's Celery Compound, and already was feeling more vigorous and able to meet and discharge the duties of my office.

Yours truly,

**T. J. SHAFFER, President.**

Reduced facsimile of full page advertisement which ornamented a recent issue of the Sunday New York Journal



Reduced facsimile of advertisement taken from a recent copy of the Evening Journal

his inconsistency of advocating Paine's Celery Compound as a cure for over-work, and not declaring for the public ownership of the patent medicine factories.

#### TOM SHARKEY.

Tom Sharkey, prizefighter, saloon keeper, jawsmith, sailor and testimonialist, broke into the world *via* old Ireland in the early seventies. As a boy he spent little of his time at school. In the career that he proposed to follow "he did not need to know nothin'." In early youth he became prominent in Irish society. He was welcome at all the wakes, christenings, saloon openings and other affairs when etiquette required the knock down and drag out at the finish. He was rough housed so often that he became invulnerable. Life with him was a constant battle and he could start a fight without an argument.

His favorite hang out was at the

testimonial writer, explained how he got hog fat, and solved the problem of over-work that the unions have tried to solve for centuries.

This testimonial made him famous, and brought him forward as one of the big guys in the labor movement. He was appointed as a member of the National Civic Federation, an organization for the object of perpetrating the illusion that labor and capital are brothers. At the last convention of the American Federation of Labor at New Orleans it was expected that Shaffer would advocate the public ownership of patent medicine factories. His failure to do this has caused him a great loss of prestige. His constituents could not stomach

saloons along the water front. He greatly admired the sailors who congregated in these joints because they were so tough. The pursuit of his ideal led him to become a sailor. He sailed around the world, stopping at all the islands and continents on the way. Wherever he landed he was "agin the government," and at once set up his claim as champion of the island. He fought for anything from a canoe full of coconuts to the King's jewels. He finally joined the navy, but unfortunately his influence was detrimental to the service. The other sailors became land lubbers and deserted after Tom came aboard, because he knocked the tar out of them.

About eight years back he landed in San Francisco and at once went to work to wipe up the water front with any one who cared to do him battle. After gathering in all the loose change around the docks he tackled Joe Choynski. The bout was fast and furious. Choynski knocked Sharkey through the ropes several times, but the sailor managed to get on his feet and return for more. The bout continued for eight rounds when it was turned into a free-for-all family fight, in which police, referee, seconds and spectators took part. Sharkey was at home in this style of fighting and after the human wreckage was cleared away the referee decided that Tom had won.

He next tackled Jim Corbett, who touts Ripans Tabules and Kilmer's Swamp Root. This bout also wound up in a free fight and the decision was again in Tom's favor. He tackled all the heavy-weights and came near winning several times. He finally met Jeffries at Coney Island. Jeffries convinced

#### Two Fine Specimens

##### Of Physical Method.

No form of athletic exercise demands such perfect physical condition as prize fighting. In the body must be fully developed and supple, and the heart, lungs and stomach must get to perfect condition.

Whether we follow prize fighting or not, it is nevertheless interesting to know the nature of which men strive to reach such physical perfection.



James Jeffries, the greatest champion heavy weight of the world, and his greatest opponent, Tom Sharkey, in the greatest pugilistic encounter that has ever taken place, both pursued through the same course of training, and the first and most important part of this training was to get the stomach in condition, and to keep the digestive apparatus absolutely perfect, so that every morsel and nut would be at its highest capabilities.

This was not done by a secret patent medicine, but both of these great pugilists used a well-known natural digestive tablet and by *Druggists* under the name of *Stearns' Tripepsin Tablets* and composed of the *Esigence Fermentis* which every stomach requires for healthy digestion.

Champion Jeffries says: "Stearns' Tripepsin Tablets prevent acidity, strengthen the stomach, and insure perfect digestion. They keep a man in the physical condition." Signed, James J. Jeffries, champion of the world.

The illustrious fighter, Sharkey, says: "Stearns' Tripepsin Tablets insure all disorders after eating. They rest the stomach and restore it to a healthy condition." Signed, Tom J. Sharkey.

Two fine specimens culled from a recent issue of the Evening Journal

the sailor that he ought to go into some other business. After this fight Sharkey announced his retirement and gave his attention to boosting Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. He suffered the usual loss of appetite, had that full feeling in the stomach, etc., etc., and was promptly cured. This venture drove his friends to drink. Sharkey, with his characteristic business instinct, promptly opened up a beer store where he dispensed the regulation poisons to his thirsty following. Sharkey next turned philanthropist. He opened up a home for homeless women in connection with his joint. He supplied them with free beer, free lunch, and free concerts. All single or unescorted women between the ages of eighteen and forty were welcome at any hour of the day or night.

After retiring and emerging from retirement about forty times, Sharkey fought Gus Ruhlin and, later, Bob Fitzsimmons. Both Gus and Old Bob knocked it into Tom's head that he never was the real thing. His next venture was to bring out a cigar called "The Tom Sharkey Favorite." To popularize these cigars he smoked them himself. He was troubled with dizziness, loss of appetite, rheumatism in the jaw, and pains in the back. He tried all other remedies and many doctors, as all testimonial writers do, and then took Kilmer's Swamp Root.

He praised this in the same terms as he had previously praised Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, overlooking the fact that he was again being cured of all the diseases of which he was already radically cured.



Another Pair of Likely Candidates for the \$2000 Prize

H. Bennett

Phil M. Cades



# THE STRENUOUS LOVER.

Original Story by *Bernarr Macfadden*

Revised with the Assistance of *John R. Coryell*

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

## XV



WHEN Arthur left the breakfast table, the morning following his interview with Mr. Bernardo, he was followed by his sister Margie, who drew him into her room when they reached it.

"Arthur, dear," she exclaimed, as soon as she had closed the door, "I have something to tell you which I am sure will please you."

He took her by the arm and led her to a chair by the window, with so much of his old cheerfulness of manner that she looked at him wonderingly and demanded:

"Has Herbert told you?"

"He hasn't told me anything particularly pleasant lately."

"Well," said Margie, "I haven't seen you looking so cheerful for a long time, and if Herbert hasn't told you I don't see how—you haven't been talking with Amelia, have you?" she demanded suddenly.

"No," answered Arthur, with sudden seriousness, "I have not."

"Well, I have," cried Margie, with a return of enthusiasm as she was reassured as to her secret. "Sit down there, and I'll tell you something to make you happy."

It was rather a startled than a happy expression that leaped into Arthur's eyes at his sister's words, and he sat down

and looked out of the window in such a way as to prevent her from seeing his full face.

He could not have told himself, if he had tried, why he was embarrassed and why he should wish to hide his embarrassment from his sister; but he was perfectly conscious of a singular sense of disturbance within him.

"I haven't said anything about it before," Margie went on, "because I didn't feel that there was anything definite to speak of, but now there is. What would you say if I told you that Amelia wore no corsets yesterday?"

"No corsets!" murmured Arthur, with a sudden sense of depression, instead of the joy he felt he should have experienced.

"No corsets," cried Margie, triumphantly. "And what is more, she says she doesn't mean to wear them again."

"No?" he said, in a low tone, his eyes still fixed in a stare out of the window.

"Doesn't that make you happy?" she demanded, joyously.

"Oh, yes."

"I didn't go to her, though I wanted to from the very first," she went on, eagerly. "She came to me. The best of it is that it was mother and Maude who drove her to me by their condemnation of you. She came frankly and told me she wanted to hear my side."

"If she had only come to me!" Arthur said in a low tone; his thoughts busy all the while with the wonder that he did

not feel more enthusiasm.

"Now, don't be a simpleton, Arthur," cried Margie, her affectionate tone robbing her words of any unpleasantness; "you know she couldn't very well do that after you'd had a quarrel over the matter. I think she has shown not only very nice feeling, but a great deal more courage and honesty than many girls under the same circumstances. It won't hurt you to make the first overtures. You're not going to be obstinate about it, are you, Arthur?"

"Obstinate about what?" he asked, slowly.

"Oh, well, I know it's not my business, Arthur; and I don't mean to meddle. Let me tell you first all about what has happened. Don't you want me to?"

"Certainly. Oh, yes!"

"Well, she came to me—oh, it must be two weeks ago—and asked me to tell her how I made myself so strong, and if I really was as well as I looked, and did I actually have no aches and pains inside of me."

"Poor little Amelia!"

"Dear little thing! She is an honest little creature and has lots more sense than any one would suppose who only knew her from her pretty, petulant ways; hasn't she?"

"Yes, indeed."

"We talked it all over. I told her all I knew and urged her to try the natural methods first. Maude all the time was urging her to try an operation, as the doctor advised."

"I think he's as much knave as fool," cried Arthur.

"Maybe he is. Anyhow, Amelia has been exercising under my instruction—of course, Herbert told me just what to do—and has been feeling so much better that yesterday she discarded corsets for good and all, she is so convinced of the benefit of our way."

"She is sure to get well, then," Arthur said, in a low tone.

"Maude doesn't know it yet," Margie laughed. "How outraged she will be when she does. But oh, Arthur!" with a sudden change to seriousness, "did you know that Maude was going to undergo an operation?"

"No," cried he, starting to his feet.

"Yes, she is; it was decided yesterday. She doesn't wish you or Herbert to know anything about it for fear you will make a fuss. I have said everything I could against it."

"I'll speak to her now," Arthur said, moving toward the door, perhaps not realizing, himself, his relief at being able to end the conversation about Amelia.

But Margie had no notion of permitting the subject of Amelia to be so summarily dismissed; for she had worked eagerly with their little neighbor with the one end in view of bringing the two lovers together once more.

"But, Arthur!" she cried, "you must know more about Amelia. She and I have had ever so many talks, and I know that she means to give up all her old foolish notions. She is quite converted to the belief that you were quite right in taking the stand you did about her health and its relation to motherhood."

She paused and looked inquiringly at Arthur. He looked studiously at the floor, tracing the pattern of the rug with the toe of his shoe.

"Doesn't it make you happy to hear that?" she demanded, suddenly.

"Surely it does."

"And you won't be so mean as to hold out for an apology or anything of that sort from her, will you?"

"I hope she won't think of such a thing," he answered, hesitatingly.

"She has been so womanly and so sensible," said Margie. "As soon as she had made up her mind to look into the matter she did it with a will, putting all prejudice away. And I am sure she expected to please you by doing so, Arthur. Not that she would have done it for that alone, of course."

"No, I suppose not," Arthur said, lamely; so lamely that Margie cried out:

"What is the matter, Arthur? Why are you not pleased with what I have told you? Are you angry with me for meddling?"

"Oh, no, Margie! You have done what I should have expected you to do. And I am glad that Amelia means to resort to the natural method of cure for her ailments; very glad."

"But you don't seem glad—not glad in the way I would have supposed. It isn't

because you are too proud to make the first overtures for a reconciliation, is it?"

"Oh, no, Margie."

"There wasn't anything else in your quarrel excepting about her health, was there?"

"There was hardly a quarrel, Margie," he said, evasively.

"Well, won't you go in to see her this morning before you go down to the office? She is such a dear little thing, Arthur! and I know it will encourage her to know that she is back in her old place in your heart. Will you go in? I know I have no right to urge you, Arthur dear, but when I know your happiness is at stake, how can I help saying more than strict propriety sanctions?"

"I won't go this morning, Margie. I want time to think it over."

"Oh, Arthur!" Margie cried, going close to him, a startled look in her eyes; "don't you love her any more?"

"Don't question me, Margie," he answered, in a troubled tone.

"But, Arthur," she said, "I've watched you night and morning ever since the trouble, and I've felt so sorry to see how wistfully you've looked up at her house as you passed it. You have looked at it, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have."

"And, Arthur, you ought to know that Amelia has stood there behind the curtains just to see you go——"

"Don't, Margie! don't!" he interrupted, a frown of pain furrowing his brow; "you mustn't tell me any more. I don't know what is the matter—I mean I am not sure; I don't understand myself. I must take time to think. Forgive me, Margie, dear! I know how strange this must seem to you, but it is just as strange to me. If you had told me yesterday, perhaps——" He stopped suddenly, his own words bringing up before him the image of that perfect woman he had seen yesterday, whom he was to see again to-day if he would. And, as if a door had suddenly been thrown open on the truth, he understood why he had not rejoiced in the possibility of winning Amelia back.

"Yesterday!" repeated Margie, shaking her head sorrowfully. "Oh, Arthur! is there some one else?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you engaged to some one else? Have you allowed your anger to——"

"No, Margie, no. I have not been angry with Amelia; I am not angry now. I am not engaged to any one, nor likely to be. I have not spoken twenty words to any woman since our engagement was broken. Now, don't question me any more, for I don't want to answer."

"Oh, Arthur," sighed his sister; "and suppose Amelia loses interest in getting well?"

"I hope she won't do that, Margie. Why should she? She isn't trying to get well for my sake, but for her own."

"I am sure she will not care for health unless she has you, too."

"Would that be reasonable?" he asked, in a pained tone.

"When one loves, one does not expect to be reasonable," Margie answered, in an offended tone. "The time was, Arthur, when you did not set so much store by reasonableness. I am afraid I don't understand you. I was sure you loved Amelia or I would not have taken the interest I have in trying to bring about a reconciliation."

It seemed to Arthur that if he had chosen he could have said something to the point on the subject of being saved from his friends; but he knew that Margie had been disinterested, and he loved her too well to hurt her feelings. Besides, he was not prepared to say anything definite; he was not sure whether he did or did not love Amelia.

Indeed, he knew that he did love her, perhaps as much as ever he had, but it seemed to him that he now had quite a different idea of what the love of a man for a woman might be.

But he was sure of nothing excepting that a new element, hitherto undreamed of, had entered his life, putting all his thoughts and ideas in confusion. He turned to his sister and took her two hands in his.

"Margie, dear," he said, "please don't be offended with me. I want to do just what is right and best, and surely it is not my fault if I don't see my way clearly. I am grateful to you for all your loving anxiety to help me. I can't tell you now what is troubling me, but when my mind is made up I will come to you. You are

the best friend I have; and I don't believe any other fellow ever had a better sister than I have."

The ready tears filled Margie's eyes as she listened; and when Arthur had bent over and kissed her, she said affectionately:

"All right, Arthur! I'll trust you to do what you think right. Forget my petulance and go talk to them downstairs before father goes away. I don't believe he half likes the idea of the operation."

Glad to escape any further discussion of his relations with Amelia, Arthur hastened from the room and went back to the dining-room, passing Herbert on the stairs, and being thus assured of finding only his father, mother and sister there.

With his brain all in a turmoil with the thoughts aroused by his talk with Margie, he would have been glad to avoid such a talk as was before him if possible; but as he did not know how soon the operation might take place, he felt that he must not delay; for to him an operation under the circumstances was nothing less than a crime.

They were evidently through breakfast when he entered the room, and it was equally evident that his coming interrupted a conversation which probably had been started on the departure of Herbert from the room.

"I'm afraid I'm in the way," he said, noting their embarrassed silence, "but I want to say something before I go down to the office. I hope you won't think I'm intrusive, Maudie; but I want to say something about your operation."

"Margie has told you," she cried, flushing angrily. "She had no right to do that. Well, it doesn't make any difference, and you may as well save your breath, for nothing you can say will alter my determination."

"Don't be so positive, Maude," her father said; "I'd like to have Arthur's opinion, now that he knows about it."

"Well, I don't mind his giving his opinion," said Mrs. Raymond, "but I must say I don't see how he can know anything about such a matter. In my time such a thing as a boy having any opinion on such a subject was unheard of. I suppose it is all a part of the new method."

"Now, mother," said Arthur, going around to her chair and lovingly caressing her, "you mustn't take sides against me right away. Besides, I am not going to try to make Maudie do anything against her reason."

"I should hope not," was Maude's uncompromising ejaculation.

"Somehow," said Mr. Raymond, "I don't altogether like the idea of an operation myself. It seems as if it were a thing that once done could never be undone."

He spoke slowly and almost wearily; and as Arthur looked anxiously at his face it seemed to him that he had never seen it so drawn and haggard; but it was no time to dwell on that, for Maude had spoken up quickly:

"Of course it can never be undone; that's why it is done."

"That would be a fine thing," said Arthur, "if the operation were entirely successful; but if a failure, then what?"

"Well," retorted poor Maude irritably, "if you are a prophet and can see into the future, tell me what the result will be; but if you are not—and I never heard that you were—why do you set up your judgment against that of a doctor who has spent his life in gaining the knowledge you presume to despise. For my part, I refuse to discuss the matter with you. I should think you had had enough of interfering."

"Maudie! Maudie!" murmured the mother, whose heart went out to Arthur in the hour of his trouble.

"Well, I don't mean to say unkind things, mother, but Arthur is unreasonable in pretending to know better than the doctor. Just because he became well at the time he began to exercise, he thinks he cured himself, forgetting all the skill and the medicine of the doctor."

"I shall never forget his medicine," said Arthur.

"Maudie is right about that," Mrs. Raymond said. "I don't see how you can have the courage to set up your opinion against a doctor's."

"I suppose you have some better reason for doing so, Arthur," interposed his father, "than simply because your return to health and your giving up the doctor were coincident."

"Yes, I have. In the first place I have looked somewhat into the history of medicine, and I have learned that from the earliest times the doctors have persecuted those who tried to drag the practice of medicine out of the ruts into which it had fallen."

"That is an easy charge to bring against any system, my son," Mr. Raymond said, gravely; "but conservatism is a good thing, notwithstanding."

"I understand that, father. It would be unwise to change at the word of every hare-brained fellow who came along with a theory; but at least the men whose pawns are life and death should not play their game recklessly, refusing to listen to the remonstrances of their victims—patients they call them. Why, do you know that the first victim to the witchcraft delusion in this country was a sacrifice offered to the conservatism of the doctors?"

"I am afraid you are willing to distort the facts in seeking arguments against medical men," said Mr. Raymond, deprecatingly.

"No, indeed; it's an historical fact. It was in the year 1648, and the poor woman was Margaret Jones, of Charlestown, Massachusetts. The doctors in those days believed in bleeding their patients, giving them violent purges and emetics; Margaret Jones had the sensible notion that such measures weakened and injured sick people. She gave herb tonics and simple prescriptions and her patients got well where those of the learned doctors died; so the doctors brought a charge of witchcraft against her, and she was hanged. Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts is the authority for that story."

"Anything might have happened two hundred and fifty years ago," said Maude, scornfully.

"Well, the story shows what the attitude of the doctors was then; and that doctors haven't changed much since. Why, they went on with their bleeding and purging for one hundred and fifty years longer, refusing to learn anything, until at last they killed the best man in the world at that time with their wretched conservatism, which was only another name for hide-bound ignorance."

"Arthur, Arthur! don't be violent."

"I don't mean to be, father. And I tell only the truth. It is admitted now that Washington might well have lived through the bad cold he had but for the way the doctors bled and purged and vomited and blistered and poulticed him. He was in full vigor except for a cold he had taken. Then the doctors got at him in the good old way, sanctified by use, and bled him three times, taking a quart of blood from him the last time. Think of that!"

"It probably isn't true," said Maude.

"But it is a matter of record," answered Arthur. "But the bleeding was only a part of their scientific treatment. They gave him great doses of calomel to purge him, tartar emetic to vomit him, blisters to scarify him and poultices to finish him, I suppose. And just for a cold from which he would have recovered in a day or two if he had refrained from food and had drunk freely of water."

"To-day isn't a hundred years ago," said his mother; "and it would be singular if the doctors hadn't learned something."

"Of course they have learned something; but the chief of their learning is to despise the common-sense of a layman. What use have they for natural and easy methods when they live by their mysterious Latin and poor writing?"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Raymond, "of course there is something in what you say; but how does all this affect Maude's case? Do you pretend that you can cure her?"

"I can't, father; nor do I pretend to; but I do say that when a rational and absolutely harmless system of cure is offered, it should be tried before resorting to the knife. If my way fails, it will be time then to think of the surgeon."

"What do you say, Maude?" inquired her father.

"I say no; I say I am sick of Arthur's preaching. I know what will be demanded of me; I must take off my corsets, I must eat two meals a day—perhaps they'll give me only one—I must drink water just when I don't want it—between meals. I must stop eating meat, and, for all I know, eat raw food. Oh! it is enough to make one tired of life only to hear them. Loog at Margie! She eats two meals a

day, goes without corsets, has no style at all and—Oh, I just won't listen to a word more."

"Maudie, dear," said Arthur, affectionately, "I know it must seem to you that we are a lot of cranks; and I admit that we are enthusiastic and talk more about the matter than must be quite agreeable; but I am thinking only of your good. It isn't to have my own way that I urge this; I wish you would believe that."

"Well, I don't mean to be cross, Arthur, and I am sorry if I have said anything to hurt your feelings, but I would rather trust the doctor, and I will."

"But Margie is well and strong, Maudie. See what color she has! how bright and clear her eyes are! how vigorously she walks! And mother will admit that she never knew a woman get well so soon after the birth of her baby. And Margie was no stronger as a girl than Maude; was she, mother?"

"No-o."

"I don't care! I don't care! I won't be tormented any more. I have a right to decide for myself; and I will not make myself hideous to please anybody," cried Maude, starting to her feet and at the same time bursting into tears. "One would think operations were always failures, instead of successes."

"Successes for the surgeons," murmured Arthur, sorrowfully.

"Well, say no more, my son; Maude must decide. She has heard what you have to say, and she makes her choice."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

And so ended Arthur's effort to save his sister from the hands of the surgeon. He tried to discuss the subject with his father and mother, but they only assured him that Maude was determined, and that nothing but hard feeling could come of his insistence.

Saddened by this painful discussion, saddened also by thoughts of his new attitude toward Amelia just at a time when it was certain that he had only to go to her to renew his old, pleasant relations with her, and under the very best auspices, Arthur put on his hat for his walk down to the office.

But as he did so a sudden thought

flashed into his brain and caused him to start. For a month he had passed the house next door, looking each morning and again each night at the windows of the hospitable parlor, seeking some sign from the little creature who was mistress there.

Now he knew that she had seen him go by, had watched him as his eyes had scanned the windows; he knew that she would be there this morning, that she had been there last night. And now he recalled that for the first time he had last night failed to look up.

Should he now, knowing that she hid behind the curtains with a wistful heart, look up? Dared he do so, knowing that another, an utter stranger to him, too, had the power to thrill him as Amelia never had done?

And what was the meaning of this power over his senses of this beautiful stranger? Was it love? How could it be love when he did not know her? Was it passion? Not if passion were a degrading emotion, for whatever it was that stirred and thrilled him, even to think of her exalted him.

Suddenly he made up his mind and strode from the house. He passed the windows next door, his eyes fixed steadfastly straight before him.

"He did not look up! He no longer loves her!" Margie murmured, watching him from her room.

"Why didn't he look up?" wailed little Amelia from her covert behind the curtain.

Why, indeed? It was still as much a riddle to him as to her. He felt that he still loved her as much as ever; there was no diminution in his interest in her; he was glad she had turned to natural methods for the cure of her ailments; he hoped she would become as strong and as beautiful as it was possible to be.

But when he thought of Helen Bertram his blood quickened; when he thought of Amelia it was only with affectionate concern.

He thought much of Amelia during the first ten minutes of his walk; then gradually less and less of her and more and more of Helen, whom he was to meet again that afternoon.

He recalled with delight the tones of

her full, rich voice, the droop of the long, heavy lashes on the rounded cheek, the sweeping curves of her magnificent figure; the assured, elastic step; the superb carriage.

The walk had never seemed so short to him as on that morning. His head was very near the clouds. As he passed along Broadway there came a jarring note into the harmony of his delightful imaginings, for as he crossed Thirtieth street a chance glance toward Sixth avenue showed him Charles Morgan engaged in earnest conversation with some one whose back was turned toward Arthur.

His feud with Morgan, if it could be called such, had ended, so far as he was concerned, with the struggle at the gymnasium for the championship; but there was something in the man that antagonized him.

He passed on with accelerated step, his pleasant thoughts dissipated by the sight of his enemy. Then he became conscious of a peculiar operation of his brain; he was dwelling on a sense of familiarity in the back of the person he had seen talking with Morgan.

He dismissed the problem and came back to it again, trying to connect the back with any person known to him, but always in vain. He reached the office with his thoughts still on the irritating problem.

It seemed to him that the bookkeeper looked at him in an odd way, but he dismissed the thought at once; though at a later day he recalled the circumstance, and had reason to wish he had given more heed to it at the time.

There was so much work for him to do, however, that he was soon oblivious of everything else, and so remained for hour after hour; for he had thoroughly cultivated the faculty of completely absorbing himself in the task he had to do.

It is possible that during all those hours there was a sub-consciousness of the gracious personality he was to know better when his work was done, but, if so, it rather helped than hindered his efficiency; for all that he did was characterized by a buoyancy that had been lacking in him for a month past.

Then, at last, the moment came for him to set out for the studio. He freshened

himself with a dash of cold water on his face, and left the office with a beating heart, and with such a joyous expression shining in his eyes that one of the clerks said to the other:

"I'll bet he's landed a good commission to-day."

But the largest sum of money ever made never filled the soul of a money-getter with the exultation that thrilled Arthur as he left the office and its cares and strode away toward the studio of the sculptor.

It was little wonder that as he passed along the street both men and women turned to have a second look at him, as if they found in him the embodiment of that exultation in mere living which every human being craves.

But at the door of the studio, Arthur's exultation in the mere fact of living gave way to a timidity quite new in his experience. It struck him that he was going to meet Helen Bertram with a joy to which she probably was quite a stranger. For anything he knew she might regard him with even less than indifference.

So it was in a very subdued condition of mind that he entered the reception room to wait for the coming of Mr. Bernardo.

He tried to allay his growing nervousness by looking at the pictures that hung on the walls, but in spite of anything he could do his thoughts would dwell on Helen Bertram.

Perhaps, having seen him the previous day, she had decided not to meet him. What could be more natural, in fact, than that she should not care to meet him? Why should she care to? One so beautiful would probably be so sought after by men that she would be indifferent to him. Yes, of course, he must prepare himself to have the sculptor come in and say Miss Bertram had already gone home.

He had never in his life been so sure that he was a very foolish young man. Here he had engaged himself to pose for Mr. Bernardo with no other object in the world but to meet Miss Bertram—he was painfully conscious of that fact at that particular moment—and now he realized that the probabilities were that she would not care to meet him.

"No," he murmured to himself, "I don't see why she should care to meet me; but"—and he made a sudden gesture of determination—"I want to meet her; and meet her I will."

At this moment the sound of a footfall reached his ear, and he almost stopped breathing in order that he might determine whether or not two persons were approaching.

He was sure but one person was coming, and his heart sank; then he was sure he heard the swish of a skirt; but, of course, that was only the big apron the sculptor wore.

He knew better all the time, but fortified himself against disappointment by offering himself explanations. It was a woman's skirt he heard rustle; then, of course, it could not be Miss Bertram, for she would surely be accompanied by Mr. Bernardo.

He kept his back to the door even after the lady had entered the room, determined not to allow himself a delusive hope; although he was fairly quivering with the hope and the actual belief that Helen Bertram stood in the doorway.

"Is this Mr. Raymond?"

He was face about and half way across the room in an instant. It was the voice whose tones were still ringing in his memory. It was Helen Bertram who stood there smiling frankly at him.

"Ye—yes," he stammered. "And you are Miss"—he swallowed a little lump in his throat—"Miss Bertram."

She laughed softly and held out her hand with a charming absence of conventional reserve.

It seemed to Arthur he had never listened to such music as the low laugh that came rippling through the parted, red lips. As for the hand he grasped in his, the touch of it sent such a thrill through him that he dared not hold it.

"This is a very informal way of becoming acquainted, Mr. Raymond," she said, gaily, "but it is all Mr. Bernardo's fault. He would have business of extreme importance to take him suddenly away, so that I could not refuse to present myself to you, and at the same time make his apologies and be sure that you did not escape him."

Her manner was so simple, her speech

so frank and she bore herself with such a gracious dignity, that Arthur felt himself put instantly at his ease at the same time that the hopelessness of ever winning so peerless a creature overwhelmed him.

For that he wished to win her he knew positively. He knew as well as if he had studied the matter for ten years that he was in the presence of the woman who embodied for him the perfection of her sex and the complement of his own individuality.

"So far from accepting Mr. Bernardo's apologies," he found himself saying, with an eagerness he tried in vain to wholly suppress, "I feel that I owe him my gratitude. I wanted to meet you again when we met at the doorway; and after I had seen—" He stopped in confusion, wondering what she would think of so tactless a fellow as he was showing himself. "Pardon me!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, and with an ingenuous frankness that dissipated at once the expression of hauteur that had crept into her eyes at his evident reference to her effigy in the group in the studio; "and please do not misunderstand me. Beauty of form is so impersonal to me that I had no idea of paying you a compliment."

"I am glad of that," she answered, her beautiful eyes glowing with earnestness; "for I abhor pretty speeches in just about the same degree that I love honesty and frankness."

"But," cried Arthur, so ingenuously that Helen could not help smiling, "if I allow myself to be honest and frank with you, I cannot help making pretty speeches."

"Well," she laughed, "I am sure I know a cure for your trouble. You want to tell me how beautiful you think me, and Mr. Bernardo that you really know what I shall not mind at all since I know from beauty of form is; so say whatever you please; only remember that I shall watch you for errors and shall know how to distinguish flattery from truth."

"I can only say I have no wish to flatter you," Arthur answered; "but it is true that I could not help being impressed by the magnificence of your form because so few women pay any attention whatever to their physical development, but give



all their thought to the false and inartistic semblance which the dressmaker prescribes."

"That is only because women are ignorant as yet, and men are not much wiser than they, Mr. Raymond. We are speaking frankly and without foolish vanity, so that I may bring it home to you as you have to me. Mr. Bernardo tells me, and I have no difficulty in believing him, that you are the most perfectly developed man he has ever seen; but that a few years ago you were a physical wreck."

"That is absolutely true; I was thought to be dying."

"And why did you develop your body?"

Arthur flushed and hesitated; then spoke frankly:

"I don't know that I am altogether proud of the reason that animated me, Miss Bertram, but I suppose you want the truth. I had been grossly insulted by a man who was greatly my superior in physical strength, and I wished to conquer him."

"Charles Morgan?" she gasped, involuntarily.

"Yes. How did you guess? Do you know him?" he demanded, in a startled tone.

"I have heard of him; and—and you know it was with him you had the contest."

"Oh, yes, of course. I am glad you don't know him. I—I would not like to think you knew that man. Yes, I worked so hard to make myself strong in order that I might punish him for his insults to me."

She made an effort, which escaped Arthur, to control her agitation, and then went on in a tone of simulated indifference:

"And you had no thought of striving for mere beauty of form at the time?"

"Why, at first, I would have laughed at anybody who had spoken to me of such a thing; but while I was at work at the gymnasium something called my attention to the Greek and Roman athletes; and from that I was almost forced to see the artistic side of development. I bought plaster casts of famous sculptures and studied them, until I became more an enthusiast on the subject of beauty than of strength."

Helen Bertram listened with delight, and cried out the instant he was silent:

"You can understand me, then, when I say that men are not much less ignorant than women. What does the average man think of beauty? Why, to him that woman is beautiful whom the artist knows to be deformed. We are so afraid of the real man or woman—the nude—that few of us have any conception of what real beauty of form is. We admire that which is deformed and distorted, when we should be glorifying only that which is perfect."

"That is true! Oh, how true it is!" cried Arthur, "Why, excepting a sister of mine, you are the only woman I have ever met who held such views."

"Then, you see," she went on, so charmed at finding a sympathetic soul that she forgot everything but the opportunity to express herself, "our notions of beauty being so false, we look upon beauty rather as an accident and are vain of it, when in fact we should only rejoice in it and strive honestly and openly to attain to it."

"Yes," he said, "I know I am called vain, when I am only frankly conscious of a good body. I did not know until Mr. Bernardo praised me that I was so much better formed than most others."

"Speaking of Mr. Bernardo," she said, "he told me something I had never thought of before, but which I have found to be true since. He said that many men are called handsome and many women called beautiful who have not good health; but that it is impossible for one to have a really beautiful body without health."

"What you meant, then, about men being as ignorant as women was that they knew no more about real beauty?"

"Yes," she answered; "and I think we shall not be better men and women until we know what beauty is and try to attain it."

"Ah," murmured Arthur admiringly, "you don't know how much good it does me to meet such a wholesome woman as you."

"If I did not feel as I do I could not pose as I do for Mr. Bernardo," she said. "It is true that I pose because I need the money, but if I needed it a thousand times

more I would not pose unless I felt the glory, the dignity, the purity of a beautiful body. I assure you, I enjoy the beautiful curves of that clay figure in the studio quite as much as if they had been copied from a body I had never seen."

Listening to her musical voice, looking into her clear, truthful eyes, it seemed to Arthur that he was in the presence of a superior being who, by the mere emanation from her person, kept all impurity and baseness from her.

"I shall take a higher view of things from having had this talk with you," he said, earnestly. "I hope we may be good friends, and that we may meet again. You know I have engaged to pose for Mr. Bernardo, and shall be here daily from this time forward."

It seemed to him that she gave a faint start as she listened, and seemed to wrap herself in a new reserve as if she regretted the freedom of the talk she had already had, and would avoid its repetition.

"I am afraid," she said, gravely, "that I shall not be able to meet you soon again. It is inevitable that we should meet sometimes, but we would better recognize at once the fact that our ways diverge from the studio. In that group in there lies our only common ground."

"Why should you say that?" he demanded, almost passionately. "Are not our views of life, our daily and hourly thoughts of a similar character? It seems to me that on every side of us is common ground."

"You say that because you do not know," she said, sadly. "There is no common ground for you and me; and I hope you will take my word for it and not seek for a closer acquaintance than already exists. If I were not so impulsive I would have been more reticent to-day."

"I am glad you are impulsive, then," said Arthur; "and you should be, for you have done me incalculable good by what you have said. You say you like honesty and frankness; then let me say that I want to be good friends with you. I am sure there is no reason why we should not be."

He spoke of friendship, but he left no doubt in the mind of his hearer that friendship was but a mild term for a much more ardent emotion; and it was

with difficulty that she controlled her agitation.

How much troubled she was by his insistence on continuing the friendly intercourse so auspiciously begun might have been guessed by the relief she betrayed when the front door of the house opened to admit Mr. Bernardo.

"Here he is!" she cried; "and now I must go. Good afternoon, Mr. Raymond! I have played hostess for you, Mr. Bernardo," she said, "but I must hurry away, for I am late. Good afternoon!"

"You will be here to-morrow, Miss Bertram?" the sculptor asked.

"If nothing prevents. Good afternoon, Mr. Raymond!" and she was gone.

"I am so rejoiced to see you, Mr. Raymond. I was afraid by going out I might lose you, and yet it was impossible to remain at home. You liked Miss Bertram, I am sure."

So said the sculptor, as he warmly shook Arthur by the hand. Arthur murmured an assent. Mr. Bernardo, in his energetic way, led him into the studio, descending on the delight of having him for a model, and explaining to him just what he wished him to do.

Arthur listened in a preoccupied way for a while, and then turned abruptly to the sculptor and said:

"Mr. Bernardo, I owe you an explanation, which I am loth to make, but see no way of avoiding."

The sculptor stared at him in surprise. Arthur went on:

"To be perfectly frank with you, I came here to pose only because I wished to meet Miss Bertram again, after encountering her at your door yesterday."

"Really!"

"Yes, sir; and now that I have had a brief—too brief—talk with her I wish to meet her again. Mr. Bernardo, I am so drawn to her that I cannot be satisfied unless I am privileged to see and talk with her often. Please don't say anything for one moment! I know how extraordinary this must seem to you, but it is as I tell you. I owe it to you to tell you this, and I beg of you to find the means to enable me to meet Miss Bertram."

"But, sir—permit me to say that I honor you for your manly, straightforward

conduct as well as admire your judgment—I really know of no reason why you need appeal to me for assistance in the matter. She comes here each day, and you have only to come also. I wish you joy, Mr. Raymond."

"She says she does not wish our acquaintance to ripen into anything more than exists at present. She says our ways diverge from this studio."

"You surprise me. I only know of her that she is poor, and has a mother to support. I discovered her in a gymnasium where she was teaching girls, and I persuaded her to pose for me. She had never done such a thing before, but when I made it clear that I was a man of honor, she came. I believe that she was as much drawn by her love of beauty as by the reward, much as she needed the money."

"And you know of no reason why she

should refuse to know me? You do not know of anybody else who has any claim on her?"

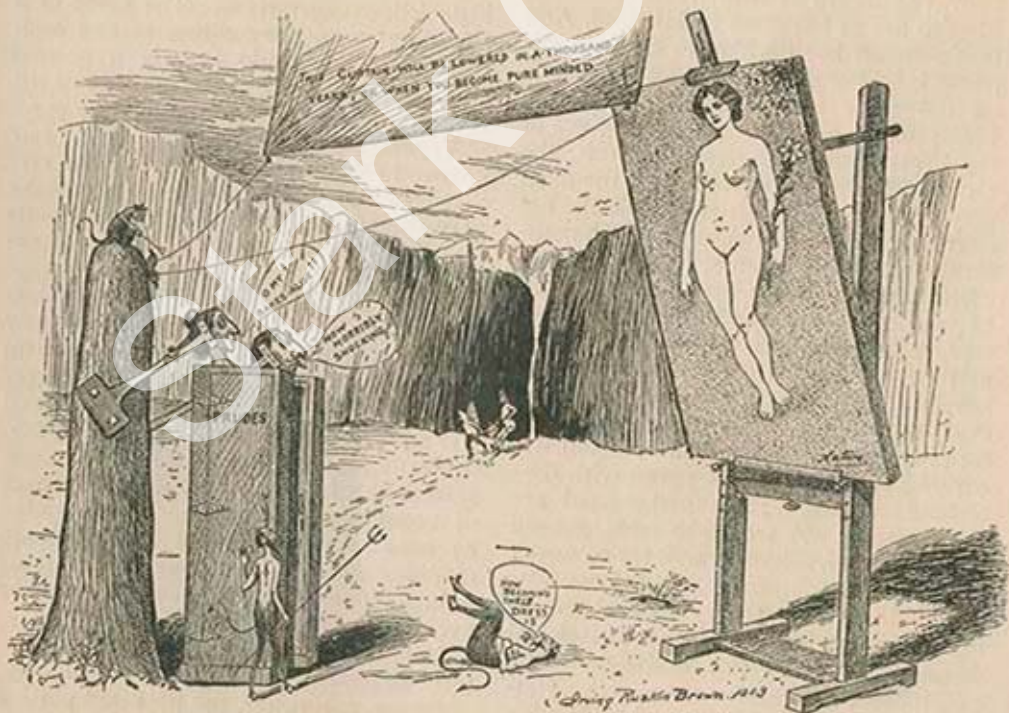
"On the contrary, she has told me more than once that her mother was the only person who held any place in her life."

"Then," cried Arthur, "it can only be some dislike for me that moves her. Well, I will conquer that! I must conquer it!"

"Dislike of you!" repeated the sculptor, with an amused glance at the handsome young man. "I don't believe that. I hope you will not give up too easily, Mr. Raymond," he added earnestly, "for if ever I saw two human beings suited to each other for the highest purpose of marriage, you are the two."

"Give up easily!" cried Arthur, his eyes flashing. "I'll not give up at all. I cannot give up. No. I mean to win Helen Bertram."

(To be continued.)



## THE VEGETARIAN PROBLEM

By *F. L. Oswald, M.D.*

**S**HOULD men slaughter each other to settle their political controversies? is a question not more passionately debated by the apostles of perpetual peace than the flesh-food problem has for years been discussed by dietetic reformers of the Alcott school.

Their arguments against butcher-meat are not limited to the sanitary advantages of vegetarianism. A carnivorous diet, they maintain, tends to infect habitués with wolfish instincts. Our beef-gorged Redskins once manifested all the truculent propensities of beasts of prey, but those penchants disappeared with their supply of buffalo meat, and their vegetarian kinsmen in southern Mexico are as harmless as Hindoos. And that contrast has nothing to do with climatic influences. In the same latitude—on the same islands often—where the Lucayans, or cabin-building aborigines of the West Indies, subsisted on fruit, the Carib tent-dwellers devoured all the meat they could get hold of, and while the orchard planters would hardly commit manslaughter in self-defense, the flesh-eaters often waged war for the special purpose of procuring a supply of spare-ribs. They were man-hunters, as well as pig-hunters, and often killed their prisoners under horrible tortures, fought butcher-knife duels and flew into a rage at the slightest provocation. The road to passion, according to Dr. Alcott, is paved with porterhouse steaks. Hash and hatred are concomitants. A would-be saint, gorged with bull beef, might as well try to watch and pray after fuddling with opiates.

The Darwinian theory seemed to endorse these views, and the anatomical demonstrations of the flesh-renouncers are, indeed, not easy to controvert. Nature announces her purposes by the visible adaptation of means to ends, and of the fifteen or sixteen structural characteristics peculiar to carnivorous creatures

not a single one can be found in the organism of a human being, either of the present or past, though some of the skeletons examined by competent biologists are older than the grave of Nimrod. Our teeth, our hands, our finger-nails, our digestive organs correspond in all details to those of the fruit-eaters.

Dr. Graham added an equally plausible appeal to the evidence of instinct. "Bring up a child on a mixed diet of bread and meat," he says; "never hint at the existence of such a thing as tree fruit; then make him fast for a day, give him access to a room filled with orchard products, and see how quickly Nature will tell him what apples and cherries are good for. Then lock up the same youngster with a lamb and a pet monkey, and, rather than attempt to preserve his life at their expense, he would lie down to die with his little fellow-vegetarians. The scene of a slaughterhouse, gory carcasses and puddles of blood would horrify a normal child, but would excite the appetite of the carnivorous puppy and omnivorous pig."

Vegetarianism, in fact, had a fair chance to win a plurality vote of the civilized nations, but missed it by a mistake very similar to that of the Puritan fanatics. Under the pretext of a moral reform, Hudibras & Co. attempted the suppression of field sports and harmless amusements, and instead of limiting their efforts to a protest against carnivorousism ("corpse eating," one of their lecturers called it), our vegetarian friends waged war against butter, milk, eggs, and honey.

Yes, against honey. "The saccharine secretions of flowers," says an exponent of vegetarian teetotalism, "are collected by bees in whose bodies they undergo modifications. Hive honey is a sort of animal food, and, as such, should be avoided."

Milk and eggs were denounced as bitterly as peppered pork fritters.

As a consequence, the unbiased portion of mankind rose in revolt. Visions of tough roots and cresses were conjured up by the mere mention of vegetarianism,

and the modern Pythagoreans lectured to empty benches.

They could not hope to fight a combination of butchers and bee keepers, egg dealers and dairy men. The very ghost of their old friend, Prof. Charles Darwin, F. R. C. S., rose to bear witness against them. Very few of our four-handed fellow creatures would prefer pork sausages to starvation, but, *without one single exception*, they are ravenously fond of eggs, milk and honey.

What becomes of the "argument by appeal to the lessons of instinct"?

In the treeless uplands of the Soudan several varieties of baboons feast on grasshoppers—the gods of locust-eating St. John will forgive them—but swarms of the Darwinian forest-dwellers (some 250 species in Southern Asia alone) subsist on tree fruits, berries, nuts and bird eggs. Those turned loose in the Zoo Park of Rio Janeiro destroyed so many bird nests that they had to be captured and caged again.

They cannot milk cows, like the "satyrs and field devils," mentioned in the chronicle of St. Jerome, but, with the assistance of their biped protectors, they will put themselves outside of dairy product enough to bankrupt a Vermont farmer.

And honey? It is the one thing on earth or below that can reconcile them to the taste of alcohol. From raw rum a starved baboon would shrink as from a dish of petroleum, but a few drops of brandy, mixed with a quart of honey, will make him forget his self-respect and family duties.

The gospel of the herb-eaters is becoming untenable. Instinct opposes it. Its physiological theories are founded on incomplete or misconstrued premises.

The arguments of the Beefsteak Club involve less serious mistakes. "Beef and Liberty" was the motto of a British patriot league, who maintained that a diet of flesh food is a main condition of mental and physical vigor. They pointed out the numerous victories of carnivorous Northlanders, their energy, progress and self-reliance; the immense superiority of the beef-eating Briton to the rice-eating Hindoo. They quoted the experience of a railroad contractor who found that his French laborers could not compete with their British comrades, but that, after

their diet had been equalized, John and Jean worked side by side with equal efficiency.

A rice-fed Esquimaux, they say, would speedily perish. It must be admitted that even in the latitude of northern France, a craving after a "calorific," or heat-producing diet, asserts itself rather emphatically at certain times of the year; the influence of a low temperature has to be counteracted by an organic fuel, i.e., by some kind of fat; but that fat need not come from the ribs of slaughtered fellow creatures.

Butter, milk, and numberless varieties of vegetable oils would serve the same purpose at a lower rate of tax upon the digestive organs.

"The human system," said Isaac Jennings, M.D., the author of "Medical Reform," can digest flesh food only under protest," and the significance of that fact can be ascertained by any meat eater who will remain frugal for a month, and then watch his physiological sensations during the twenty-four hours following his return to his flesh-pots.

"There will be more or less gastric distress, a quickened pulse, restlessness, irritation and troubled dreams. Physical vigor can be purchased on better terms. The stoutest men of our latter-day world are the Turkish longshoremen, who on the wharves of Beyroot and Constantinople can be seen shouldering burdens of several hundred pounds, and carrying them, unassisted, across swaying planks, or up the stairs of elevator-less warehouses. They subsist on rice, butter, barley bread, and fruit, and though free from the dietetic prejudices of the Brahmins, are generally too poor to buy meat oftener than once a month. The Holstein peasants, who furnish the best recruits for the Prussian navy, substitute dairy products and eggs for meat; and nobody would dispute the athletic competence of the men who rely upon milk and potatoes in the Irish moors, and upon milk and oatmeal in the Scotch highlands. Archibald Forbes, the accomplished war correspondent, vouches for the fact that four-fifths of the Russian troops in active service are fed upon peas, bread (rye bread) and vegetable oils.

The Pythagoreans, whose apostle seems to have adopted the dietetic tenets

of the Hindoos, were enthusiastic patrons of gymnastic training schools, and converted the South Italian Samson, the all-round athlete Milo, who knocked several rival bruisers out of time into eternity and performed the memorable feat of carrying a steer around the half-mile circuit of the Crotonan arena. Two horses failed to pull him off his ground in a hippodrome where he had braced his right foot against a slightly projecting stone, and on one occasion he is said to have saved hundreds of men by grasping the gate pillars of a tumbling temple and holding them steady till the assembled worshippers had effected their escape.

The idea that physical vigor is incompatible with vegetarianism is even more strikingly refuted by the exploits of our near relatives, the man-apes of the Asiatic and African tropics. With five rifle balls in his bowels and lungs, a Borneo orang maintained his clutch on the branches of a falling tree, survived a stunning blow on the head and a moment later wrested an axe from the hands of one of his assailants and a spear from the other, dodged a shower of missiles with the agility of a panther, and would have effected his escape if a close-range shot had not pierced his skull from ear to ear.

The South African rock baboons have arm-muscles like bears. They tear up the sun-parched soil in quest of roots, and can kill a hound by snatching him up by the hind feet and slamming his head against a tree.

But it might be questioned if these champions of the veldt could keep in fighting condition on roots alone. They feast on the eggs of partridges and rock pigeons, and in default of such tidbits eke out their staple diet with all sorts of oily nuts.

The very name of "vegetarianism" is misleading by suggesting a restriction to truck-farm vegetables. "Frugalism" would be a more appropriate word. Our next zoological relatives are not herb-eaters, but fruit-eaters. "Frugality," in the original sense, meant literally reliance on a fruit diet, as distinguished from the tidbits of the flesh-pot worshippers.

"From the egg to the apple" was a Latin phrase commemorating a time when *entrées* of butcher-meat were omitted from an ordinary bill of fare.

The poet-philosopher Shelley thus explained also the misfortune-proof equanimity of the ancient Romans, and confessed that he was afraid to meddle with a diet that might arouse a whirlwind of passion and prompt him to avenge his wrongs in a manner not limited to his present practice of bantering his foes.

Nor is it accident that all the great religions of the world prescribe "fasts" in the sense of temporary abstinence from flesh food—as an aid to mental peace.

"How did you get along on that trip—didn't half your boys desert?" I asked a highly non-denominational Texas teamster, who had mentioned a camping ground where all the meat rations of his caravan had been stolen by sneak thieves.

"That's what we expected," he said, "but our wagon master took the responsibility of issuing extra rations from the cargo. We had no meat, but all the butter, crackers and sugar we wanted, and there was no quarreling for the rest of that trip; it seemed as if our new rations had put us all in a sugar-cured good humor. The first time those border rowdies got their hide full of meat they started growling and snapping like coyotes again."

And there is no doubt that dietetic influences have a good deal to do with the sexual excesses of the Kamtschatkans and other immoderate flesh-eaters. The blubber-gorged Yakoots, according to Krusenstern's chronicle, are the most incontinent bipeds of our latter world, English sparrows hardly excepted, and, in spite of their grim climate, about the most precocious. The females of that race begin to flirt at an age when even young Hottentots would limit their affection to their dolls.

"More gospel and less gin would soon mend matters," said a revivalist in his comments upon the social evil among the Southern darkies.

"No doubt it would," remarked Dr. R—, of Atlanta, "but I would suggest a supplementary plan of reform: More pasture and less pig-stye"—more specific than the "milk vs. meat" cure of the Alcott school. Pork-eating prudens are as inconsistent as rum-soaked peacemakers.

## A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON PHYSICAL CULTURE AND HEALTH

By *Eustace Miles, M. A.*

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

### SIXTH LESSON—TILL LUNCH TIME



THE last article has brought the reader from waking-time to breakfast-time; the deep breathing and other exercises, the self-suggestions, and the washing have been given this precious interval. And now for breakfast—or no breakfast.

In the past I used always to eat a very solid meal some time between eight and ten; this is what most English and American people do, if they can afford it. The heavy breakfast, however, is still the exception on the Continent, where the light coffee and roll serve till mid-day. Nor do all of our hardest workers find it good. Two of the busiest journalistic proprietors in England take hardly any breakfast at all; one of them often has a game of tennis after his fruit meal, and then works till lunch time, which meal he enjoys thoroughly. The Hindoos frequently take nothing whatever till the evening.

Now the Hindoos differ from almost all other people who hold strong views, in that they do not proselytise and force their views on others. Dr. Dewey, on the other hand, is absolutely dogmatic in his assertion that the No-Breakfast Plan must suit every single person. This is where reformers do their harm, for I have a large number of letters from various people of various ages and occupations; some find the plan excellent, others find it execrable after a very fair and honest trial, others find it "not bad," others find it good in a modified form—for instance, if a cup of cocoa or China tea, with or without toast or a biscuit, be taken instead of the great meal.

It is the half-way plan, corresponding to the new and popular pledge of "No alcohol between meals," that many will find most pleasing, since even the few

mouthfuls of food give people some *faith*. It is to this feeling, this idea that one *must* take *something*, that certain much-advertised food companies owe their reputation. The few spoonfuls cannot be called a complete and sustaining meal at all; but they have bridged the great gulf between all and none; they have nerved the nervous to make the effort. One may almost without hesitation assert that those people who attribute their health to this or that patent cereal food for breakfast are just those who have all their lives needed either a light breakfast or no breakfast at all. These are legion. But there are still left enough who find that a light lunch is better.

My own experience may be of interest. When I first tried the Dewey plan, which one may call the revival of the plan of many great early nations, I felt faint and weak for two or three days; then I tried a lighter breakfast, and by degrees got it down to no breakfast at all. Although I remember well how any exercise on an unfed stomach used to make me sick, now I find I can walk 15 miles or play an hour's racquets, or two hours' tennis, or do five hours' work with comfort. To numbers, therefore, I should recommend, first the light breakfast, then, if that agrees well, the No-Breakfast Plan; the main meal might be at any time between 10:30 and 1:30. But if neither the light breakfast nor the no breakfast agrees with *you*, then don't let any amount of Dewey's dogmatize. Rather try the light lunch plan instead. For it seems that the most generally agreeable of all the three meals is the evening one, especially if a couple of hours be left between it and bed-time, and then some hot or cold water be taken.

It may be well to explain what will puzzle the experimenter and make him doubt and fear, namely, the sensation of emptiness. He could swear that his stomach is utterly vacant. And so it may

be, if he has a good digestion, and if his last evening's meal has been thoroughly absorbed. But the very same sensation may be caused by fermentation and over-acidity; a person who is the victim of this fallacious craving is like the dipsomaniac. Both crave something; both are relieved, for the time, if they get it; both are taking that which can only remove a feeling and cannot build up the body.

Is there any test of whether the stomach is empty or over-acid? Yes, there is the stomach tube; secondly, there is the effect of some alkaline drink, such as a little carbonate of soda and water, or some apple tea; if this removes the sensation, then probably fermentation was the cause, not genuine hunger; thirdly, there is the effect of a glass of cold water sipped slowly; fourthly—and this is the best test though it is the one that fewest have the courage to try—there is the test of whether the faintness will pass off after a week, or at any rate after four or five days. I could easily get hundreds of letters to support me when I say this: the absolute conviction that the No-Breakfast "does not suit me" has given way to the equally absolute conviction that it "does suit me," in cases where the unpleasant weakness of the first few days (from about 10:30 to 12:30) has been put up with. It has gone then and has never returned.

Therefore no one should condemn the plan of light breakfast or no breakfast after less than four or five days' trial. Let every one who is keen in his search for fitness be assured that if either plan suits him at all it will probably suit him excellently.

I have only mentioned a few varieties of the principle, omitting, for example, the method of taking nothing till 10 or 11, and then eating an apple or banana. But the principle itself is clear enough.

An objection to it is the danger of over-indulgence at the mid-day meal; this is serious, if one habitually eats too fast; otherwise there is no such risk. Another objection is that, if it takes us five hours to assimilate our food, then with this plan we shall not assimilate any food till about 6 p.m. Can we last all this time? I should say that those who work all the morning and then take exercise at 2 p.m.—the English public school boy is an example—would not find the plan altogether good.

A real advantage—if the plan suits—lies in the freshness of the body and brain for exercise and work, since all the well-rested energies can be concentrated on the exercise or work instead of being divided between digestion and assimilation. Another real advantage, besides the focusing of energy, is the saving of money and of time.

But no man can lay down hard-and-fast rules about such details as this. For the question of which should be our light meal is a detail. The underlying truth is that three heavy meals are wrong for nearly every one. Let every one give the two plans a fair and square welcome till they disagree. Some may find that several small meals at short intervals may be most appropriate. I can think of at least three good athletes and four hard brain-workers who have thrived best on this plan.





# THE NATURAL SCHOOL OF ACTING

By La Pierre

The attention of professional and amateur actors and actresses is directed to the editorial note which heads the current installment of "The Strenuous Lover," which appears on page 481 of this issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE. We are in urgent need of capable and leading actors and actresses to fill the different rôles in the dramatized version of the novel.—EDITOR.



YOU have heard a great deal about the different styles of acting—the classic, the romantic, the heroic, the ultra-dramatic, the melodramatic, the modern-society, etc., etc. Their



Irving

fascinates and enchants you with his dignity, intensity, depth and largeness of view. His historical characters appear to be clothed again in the flesh.

names are legion and I will not weary you enumerating all of them. It would be a Herculean task, and space has its limits, astronomers now tell us. They can, however, be classified under two great heads—the Old and the New Schools. Any one who reads the dramatic criticisms in our pa-



La Pierre

pers must know that of late years a great change has been going on behind the footlights. Many of us have seen that change take place in our favorite playhouses. Some of our greatest actors, notably Edwin Booth, have exemplified the best in both schools; while not a few of us have seen some stage-friend metamorphosed from a representative of one into an exponent of the other. Now this change, all-powerful and radical as it has been, is nothing more nor less than a return from the devious and artificial to the simple and natural. Every great actor (it matters not of which school) is natural. When he is not he ceases to be "great." But for the rank and file, the army of incompetents who stagger in his footsteps, this is a well-nigh impossible task. They copy and distort his mannerisms, and what is

merely ornate in the one becomes grotesque in his disciples. The rare old actor's "attention to detail" is changed into meaningless smirks and clawings of the air by his slavish followers. There was much to be admired in the old school (the real old vintage), but little in the counterfeit that is served us to-day. Better no gesture than an unmeaning one. Better an ordinary tone of voice than an unnatural one. And so we have the new school—the apotheosis of the simple—in other words, the natural.

Now, of course, there are different phases of what I may term "Natural Art." For instance, the art of a Frenchman is not that of an Englishman. Coquelin delights with his drollery, finesse, microscopical character work. Irving with his dignity, intensity, depth, and largeness of view; his historical characters really appear to be clothed again in the flesh. The acting of the young Salvini in heroic rôles, requiring the display of strong muscles and well-shaped limbs, differed materially from that of Bellew or Sothorn in similar rôles—the difference of the Italian and American temperaments. Of course, there are cases where the peculiarities and preferences of some individual genius may modify these national characteristics. Eleanora Duse, surrounded by wildly gesticulating Italian actors, remains as calm and acquiescent as a nun attending benediction. But the art of to-day is the art of repose. It is the art of Duse. It is to be and not to seem to be. Truly a wonderful change from yesterday!

Now, while this transition has been going on behind the curtain, the audience has not been idle. The desire for something more nearly approaching the beautiful in nature is everywhere apparent. The people have been educated of late years to the fact that strength and grace, resulting in beauty of form and capacity for masterful and intelligent action, can be obtained by physical culture methods, and that ill-health and ugliness are boon companions. Resonance of voice and strength and quality of tone are as much an outcome of good health, resulting from correct breathing and judicious exercise, as are a well-developed torso and shapely limbs. The

result is that to-day a badly-formed woman or an ill-developed man cannot essay heroic rôles with any degree of success, because a discerning public will not be imposed upon. And although, as in the case of one prominent actor whose "shape stood all ready for him to step into," padded weaklings may occasionally hold the boards, yet the sight is not illusioned, for silk-covered cotton and gutta-percha cannot take on the curves and vitality of flesh and blood. The man in tights is very often at a disadvantage. Nature seems to have been more generous to the fair sex, and he finds that development very slow in coming where it is most needed to allow him to be a truly inspiring and welcome sight, as a gay cavalier or a noble Roman. Nor are such things to be slighted. At a recent presentation of Julius Caesar the audience was moved to laughter in a solemn scene, by the sudden entrance of a bow-legged messenger.



Eleanora Duse surrounded by wildly gesticulating Italian actors, remains as calm and quiescent as a nun at benediction. The Art of to-day is the Art of Repose—it is the Art of Duse. It is to be and not to seem to be.

The key-note of the natural school of acting is simplicity.

For instance, if instead of depending upon a "worked-up" entrance and chesty tones



**Robert Edeson**

says, "Personality is the secret of his success," and shows a preference for playing parts embodying the strength and freedom obtained from Michigan woods or Virginia hills.

coupled with Delsartian motions, the actor will enter in a simple, unassuming way and speak his lines in a purely conversational tone, depending upon clear enunciation, facial expression and his personality to produce the desired artistic effect upon his audience, he is playing his part well. And the reason why the expected effect is so rarely produced is because the ordinary actor has not an attractive or

convincing personality. Instead of being magnetic it is too frequently repulsive, while in physique he is apt to be ill-developed, ungraceful, and totally inadequate to express the eternal verities—truth, beauty, justice and charity.

In the old school a high-flown manner, a melo-dramatic delivery and carefully "worked-up" effects commanded attention; but the actor of to-day has none of these aids. He depends mainly upon his personality. If he be a physical degenerate, with flabby muscles and unstrung nerves, how can he have a "strong appearance" or "hold his audience?" He is not allowed by the rules of his "school" to rant and roar, to "tear passion to rags," to "chew up scenery;" and a "commanding voice" is not the possession of one who does not know how to breathe correctly or who is cursed with diseased lungs. Believe me, there is no one who is so

utterly dependent upon his physical well-being as the up-to-date actor. And the stage shows many inspiring examples of manly bodies and gifted minds transformed by physical culture from what were

**Young Salvini**

The acting of Young Salvini in heroic rôles requiring a display of strong muscles and well-shaped limbs, differs much from that of Southern in similar rôles



once frail, diseased, undeveloped, inanimated specimens of forsaken humanity—caricatures of real life.

Nearly every actress lacking in contour will now-a-days take the pains to supply the deficiency. If she has a scrawny neck, she will go through sundry gyrations before a mirror until she has at last gained the desired result. To her a beautiful chest and throat are a necessity. We are waking up all along the line. No comic opera or musical comedy can hope to make an extended "run" without a bevy of young, beautiful, well-shaped chorus girls. The cheapest of low-comedians is urged from motives of self-interest to give up his "booze" and nightly dissipation. All healthy animals are good to look upon, and the human animal, trained and gifted, is no exception to the rule.

Robert Edeson, who says "personality" is the secret of his success, would rather play a part embodying the strength and freedom obtained from Michigan woods, Texan forests, or Virginia hills, among which he spent a great part of his life, than meander through society drawing-rooms and scenes of domestic intimacy such as John Drew dearly loves to perpetuate. The gospel of good health, preached so successfully by PHYSICAL CULTURE and its followers,

must react upon the stage in no uncertain manner. The influx of sound, healthy, vital thought upon life and art has modified the conservative, orthodox, and traditional teaching of the press, pulpit and stage. When we remember that a few years ago PHYSICAL CULTURE was the only "voice crying in the wilderness," we must wonder at

so great an effect being produced in so short a time. But the day is at hand when the desert shall blossom with the

rose, when the crooked back shall be made straight, when the weak shall be made strong, and the lame man shall leap! Such is a "consummation devoutly to be wished for." The stage, as the

mirror of the world, must needs reflect the "signs of the times." Dignity, power, reserve, virility, grace, suppleness, magnetism, beauty, versatility—all result from what I will term the "natural school of artistic expression." A sound mind in a healthy body! Can any one be satisfied with less? And yet how many members of the theatrical profession are slaves to artificial stimulants, worn-out methods, exploded ideas, false principles of art, and distorted, repellant views of nature. Let us then show our discrimination by aiding and applaud-

ing those actors of the "natural school" who give us living pictures of heroic manhood, of glorified womanhood; who move us not by tricks of gesture, nor yet by vocal gymnastics, but by the all-pervading power of *Personality*.



Coquelin

delights with his drollery and microscopical character work.



## THE ART OF BOXING AND SELF-DEFENSE

By Prof. W. J. Lee

*Ex-Lightweight Champion of the East*

*This Series of Boxing Lessons is illustrated by instantaneous photographs of Professor Lee, ex-lightweight champion of the East, and William Rodenbach, amateur middle and heavyweight champion of America. We have arranged with Professor Lee for a complete series of lessons, and the third of the series is presented herewith—EDITOR.*

## THIRD LESSON



TRUST that my pupils have diligently practiced the two preceding lessons on preliminary movements and blows so necessary to all beginners. Do not for a moment think that the positions of feet and hands in the first paper are of small importance.

They may look so to the beginner, but if you were forced to box with a strong experienced man daily for months you would soon realize the importance of protecting your hands from injury by adopting the proper methods, such as I have described in the first lesson, which appeared in the April issue of this magazine.

No one can help enjoying this form of exercise if injury is avoided. It has the advantage over many other sports in that the eyes, the brain, the legs and arms—in fact, all the muscles of the body, are in action, and a hundred thoughts are called and collected at the spur of the moment. One goes through an entire line of human emotions in the course of a spirited bout with the gloves.

Not a few women are expert boxers. I was treated to a rare exhibition recently at one of the leading New York clubs, where a pair of lady boxers surprised me by their exceptional speed, endurance and nerve. Some disgruntled opponents of the manly art characterize

boxing as a rough and rude sport. The boxer who has not learned with what speed and strength to "let go" has not yet acquired the art of scientific boxing, since the man who is forced to "hit hard" at every move can be led by a clever foighter into a trap that will be his undoing. Learn to gauge your strength by this method. Thus you will also husband your vitality and prevent any false moves. The sport, properly and manly conducted, generates strength and endurance.

POSITION 16. See Fig. 16. Straight left lead to jaw, fall short; left hook landed on jaw—this prevents the head from slipping to the right. This is a very popular blow and a very dangerous one,



Figure 16. Straight left falls short; left hook to chin, preventing drop of head to right. Note position of palm, inward

as the whole power of the left arm is brought into play. While you

**Figure 17.**  
Blocking left hook with right. Straight left slipped by turning head and body slightly.



have your opponent in the position send your right hand straight to the jaw or body inside his left arm. This is the blow with which "Young Corbett" finished Terry McGovern at Hartford, Conn., when he won the featherweight championship.

**POSITION 17.**—See Fig. 17. Left hook blocked with forearm, palm of hand turned outward. This gives one better support and guide to block blows. Straight left counter slipped by the slight turn of the body and head. My opponent is in the position to send his right to my body and do great damage. The figure on right of this photograph shows the advantage

of "avoiding blows" for defense instead of blocking them, as you don't "tie up" your hands as you do in blocking. James J. Corbett, in his fight with John L. Sullivan, never blocked a blow. He avoided them and proved himself the master of ring craft on that occasion.

**POSITION 18.** See Fig. 18. This is one way to avoid a long reach as shown here—to lead first and land, but there is

**Figure 18.**  
"Beating out" left rip or swing; landing straight left on chin, jarring head back, taking full advantage of length of reach

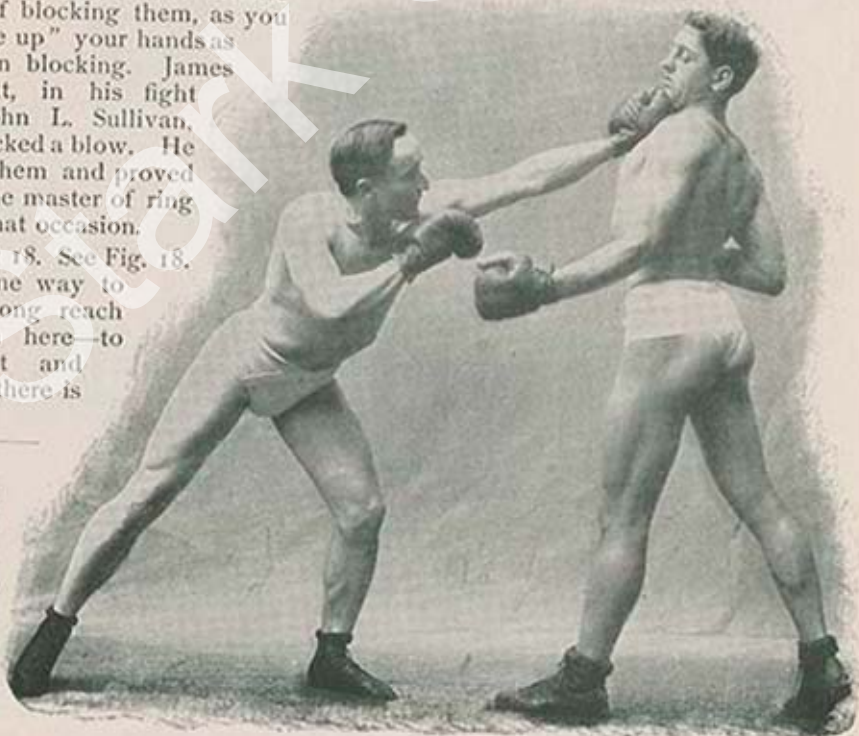
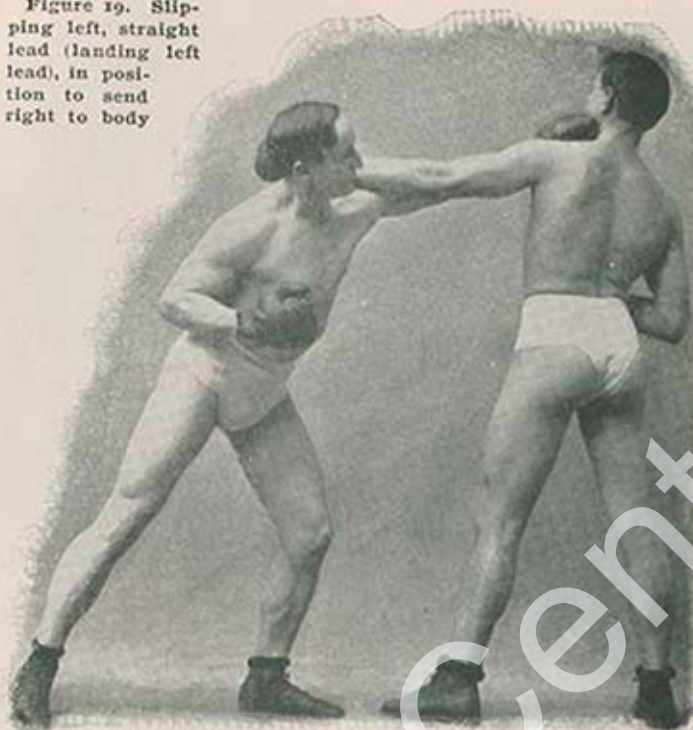


Figure 19. Slipping left, straight lead (landing left lead), in position to send right to body



a decided disadvantage in leading. At times you will note that the blow is almost "spent" when it reaches the mark. My opponent is in a better position to counter than I. Should he try it, I would advise drawing back out of reach and assuming straight position unless your lead had force.

POSITION 19. See Fig. 19. There is no blow in boxing that has so much to do with making a man clever as the left hand straight lead, and its defense to avoid it. Figure 19 shows it landed and avoided. In landing it you hold your opponent at bay;

in slipping it you are in a position to send right hand counter to body.

POSITION 20. See Fig. 20. Again we see the advantage of the straight left lead brought into play. Figure 19 shows how the blow is slipped. Figure 20 shows how the blow is blocked with palm of right glove, or "spinning" it, and the left counter sent to the jaw at a slight outward angle so as to catch the head as he dodges to avoid. (Moral: Find your opponent's head with your left glove.)

POSITION 21. See Fig. 21. Straight left lead to jaw, right hand cross counter,



Figure 20. Left lead blocked. Left drop jab and spinned, finding your opponent's head as he endeavors to slip, straight left lead



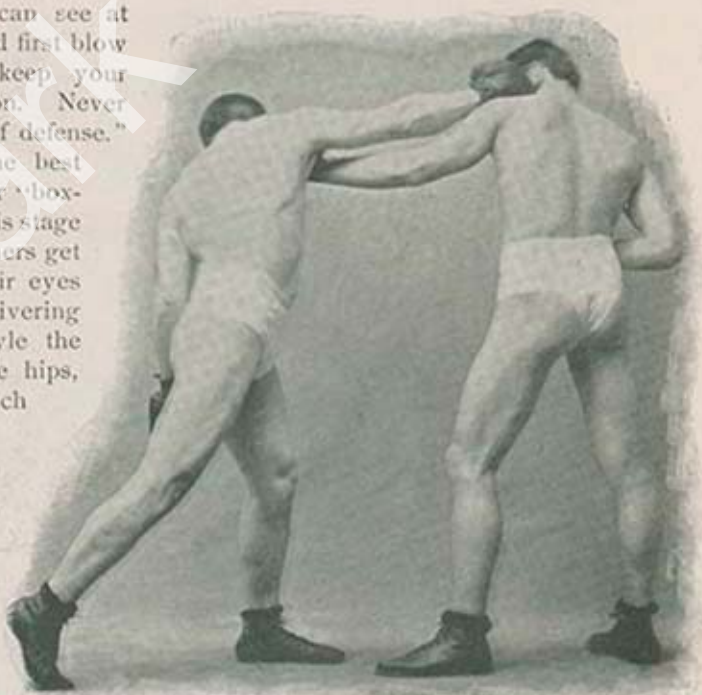
spent by raising shoulder and dropping head slightly. Never hold your head up straight when you lead your left, but always keep your eyes on your opponent. As in Fig. 21, both hands are in good position for a second attack.

POSITION 22. See Fig. 22. Shows you the second attack left swing, once under right hand, cross counter. Figure on the left shows the left arm dropped in the wrong position. Figure on the right has arm in correct position. Should

Figure 21. Front view. Straight left lead and right hand, cross counter. Both guards ready for second attack

we cross again you can see at a glance who will land first blow and best. Always keep your hand in striking position. Never lose your "weapons of defense." This shows one of the best methods of testing your "boxing sight." It is at this stage of the game all beginners get the "blinks," shut their eyes and go at it. In delivering the blow in this style the body is pivoted at the hips, lending force and reach to the blows.

Figure 22. Left swing under right hand, cross counter, both landing together, mixing it up

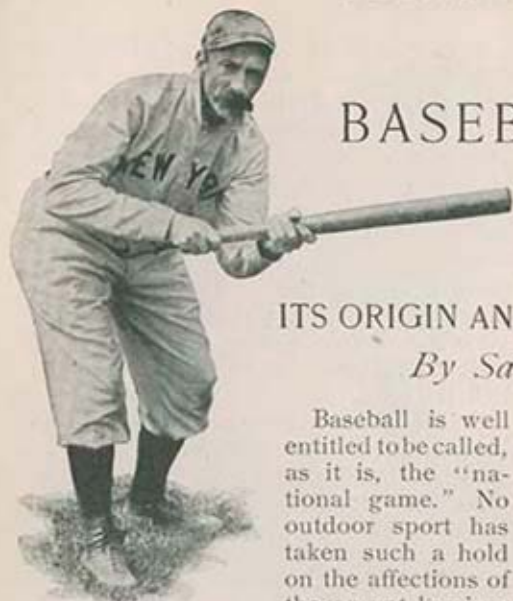




## BASEBALL

## ITS ORIGIN AND ALL ABOUT IT

By Sam Crane



Geo. Van Haltren  
one of the best batters  
in the "Giants" team



Mertes uses the full length  
of his bat, holding it  
close to the end of  
the handle

Baseball is well entitled to be called, as it is, the "national game." No outdoor sport has taken such a hold on the affections of the sport-loving public of the United States as the game that has evolved from "two old cat,"

"barnball," and "townball." Baseball is strictly and purely an American product, developed by American genius and temperament. What cricket is to England, baseball is to America, but the English national game is far too slow to suit the excitable temperament of the busy, hustling American mind that craves for life and action. In England, two days are often necessary for the completion of a cricket contest, while in this country a baseball game is usually played to a finish in less than as many hours.

Baseball, too, "follows the flag." Wherever the thorough American goes, he carries the baseball fever with him. In Cuba, in Porto Rico, in the Philippines, the soldiers of the United States have introduced the game, so that now the sport is as popular in those countries as in the land of its birth.

It is little short of wonderful the number of people that are interested in the game. There is hardly a village, no matter how small or how far back in the backwoods, that is so "down at the heel" as not to be the proud and loyal possessor of a ball team, and the good-natured rivalry that is developed by games between neighboring towns is healthy and invigorating.

At the present time there are upwards of 3,000 professional ball players in the country, and the money invested in baseball plants is up in the millions.

The game originated in Philadelphia in 1833, just 70 years ago, as far as any reliable records go. It did not get a firm hold in New York until several years later, but when it did New Yorkers pushed it prominently to the fore. In 1858 the first National Association of Baseball Players was organized, and then the first code of playing rules was adopted. Professional baseball came into existence in 1868, when the famous "Red Stockings" of Cincinnati were organized. The present National League was formed in 1876, and since that time has been the chief promoter of the pastime.

Salaries of players at that time were comparatively small, but now they make many bank presidents' stipends appear like stage money. \$30,000 was offered to Napoleon Lajoie, a crack second-baseman, last Fall, by the New York club, for a three years' contract, with \$10,000 in advance—and the player refused the offer.

The game of baseball presents all the characteristics which carry a furore of interest with them. As a national pastime it has been the means of begetting that love of athletics and athletic sports so distinctly American and so valuable to our existence as a

proud and brave nation—foes to be feared and friends to be cultivated.

Baseball, too, has been the means of bringing into existence that distinctively American product, the baseball "fan"—a fierce and loyal "rooter" for his favorite team and a dire enemy to every other.

To play baseball successfully requires all the physical qualifications of the typical athlete, together with quickness of thought and mental activity of the highest degree. Brainy ball players make the best, and consequently are in the most demand. It is for that reason that John J. McGraw, the present manager of the New York "Giants," was secured for the important position he now holds.

Baseball has progressed from mere mechanical play into a system of team work that has done wonders in the short time that it has been generally adopted.

"Ned" Hanlon is the originator of the present system of team play, and to such a degree of perfection did his Baltimore team arrive that it won the championship three years in succession. McGraw is a graduate from the Hanlon "school" and has improved on his old manager's methods. The present New York Giants have shown surprising improvement this Spring under McGraw's coaching and promise, instead of being last in the cham-

pionship race as last season, to be a decided factor in this year's battle for the pennant.

There is no club in the country that has a pitching staff superior to that of the Giants. The

star twirler of the cluster of pitchers is Christy Mathewson, who is famous the country over. Mathewson has tremendous speed, excellent control and most puzzling curves and drops. In his picture accompanying this article he is shown delivering an out curve. The ball is held between the thumb and two first fingers and just as the ball leaves the hand a side motion of the hand and a quick snap of the wrist is given which gives the ball a rotary motion, which, with the resistance of the air, causes the ball to curve.

Scientists for a long while refused to believe that a baseball could be made to curve in the air, but a public demonstration of it given in Cincinnati in 1883 by "Will" White, then pitcher of the Cincinnati club, convinced the scientific gentlemen that they were wrong. Arthur Cummings, a Brooklyn boy, is credited with being the discoverer of the "curve." He acquired the trick by accident, but was sharp enough to see its value and worked it for several years without its becoming known to others. "Bobby" Mathews, once a famous pitcher, used a "curve," soon after Cummings and, without knowledge that the latter had it, Mathewson not alone has an "out-curve," but an "in-curve" and a "drop" to his delivery. The pitching depart-

ment of the Giants is well fortified with McGinnity, Taylor, Cronin and Miller, besides the great Mathewson.

Among the best batters on the Giants team is George VanHaltren, the dean of



Behind the bat



Gilbert is perhaps the quickest and surest fielder among the Giants, and has the faculty of always having his hands in the right place at the right time

the baseball profession, who has been in continuous service since 1886. "Van" excels as a bunter—that is, in dropping the ball from off his bat directly to the ground, out of the reach of the opposing infielders. To do this successfully requires a remarkably quick eye. The bat is caught several inches from the handle and held loosely in the hands. McGraw also excels in this scientific point of batting.

Of the heavy batters on the team, Mertes, McGann, Lauder, Browne and Bresnahan are the cracks. Mertes in a recent game made two home runs. He has an easy position at bat, standing with both feet together, and when he strikes, his left foot advances straight to the front and with a quick wrist movement he meets the ball squarely on the "trade mark," and it is usually all over but the long chase after the ball by the outfielder. Mertes uses his body together with his arms to give additional force to his swing. He uses the full length of his bat, holding it close to the end of the handle. McGraw, who is also a remarkably good batter, has an altogether different style from Mertes. He is a "wrist hitter" exclusively, and grasps his bat nearly in the middle. He "snaps"

at the ball, and usually runs up to meet it before it curves. His peculiar style at bat makes him necessarily a short field hitter, although at times he "pulls" the ball and makes long drives to right field. There are no particular rules to go by to become a good batter, only not to pull away from the plate, but to step up on the ball and squarely to the front. A successful batter is one who "hits 'em where they aint," as one witty player once remarked.

In fielding, the Giants are fast and ac-

curate. Gilbert is, perhaps, the quickest and surest fielder among the lot. He plays second base, covers an immense lot of territory, and has the faculty of always having his hands in the right place at the right time. He is also a good short thrower, and wonderfully quick on double plays. He thinks quick and always knows what to do with the the ball. Practice, and lots of it, is the only requirement besides natural ability to make a successful fielder.

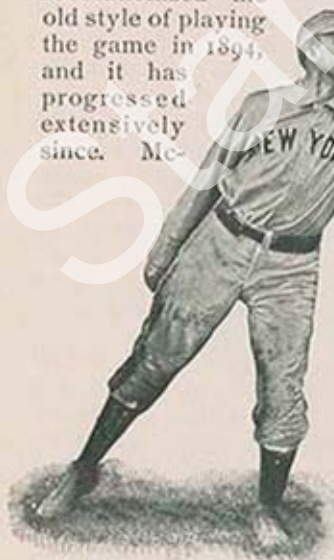
McGann, at first base, is also a splendid fielder, being good with either hand, and a very accurate thrower. His position requires him to dig the ball out of the dust as well as to pull it down out of the "ambient" on poorly thrown balls, and McGann does both. He is depicted on the next page making a one-hand catch of a high-thrown ball.

As base runners, the Giants excel. Mertes, Gilbert, Browne, McGraw, Lauder, Bresnahan, Van Haltren and Babb, are all very fast, and pilfer bases with encouraging frequency. Mertes is, perhaps, the best. He led the American League last season in runs and stolen bases, and has kept up to his big record so far this year. In a recent game he performed the rare feat of stealing home

from third base while the opposing pitcher was winding up preparatory to delivering the ball. Mertes has the knack of throwing his feet one way and his body another when sliding to a base, and he wriggles away from the baseman with all the slippery elusiveness of an eel. Mertes is a very speedy runner, but it is not always the swiftest runners that are the *basest* thieves. It is the judgment one uses in getting away on the pitcher. "Buck" Ewing, one of the best players in the country in his day, was a crack base stealer, but he was far from being a fast runner.

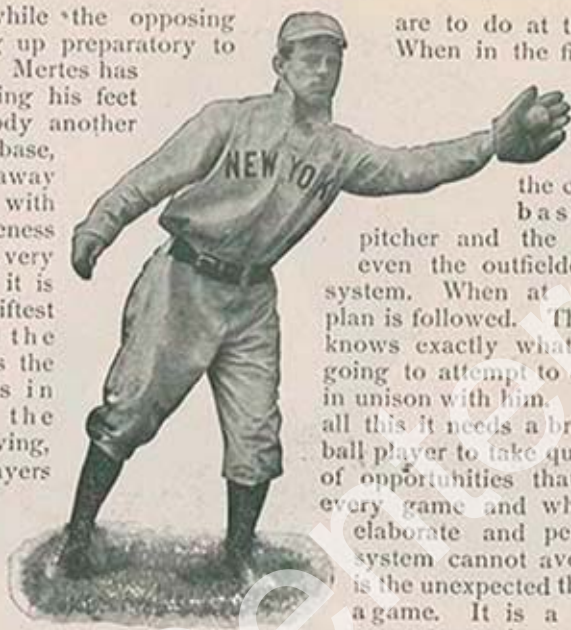
But an all-star aggregation is comparatively useless without team work.

The day of the individual player—the one who carries his batting record in his hat—is past. No mere mechanical playing will do. It is now the man who will throw individuality to the winds and work for his side as a team. Ned Hanlon revolutionized the old style of playing the game in 1894, and it has progressed extensively since. Mc-



McGann is a splendid fielder and accurate thrower

Graw has a system of signs and signals which he insists upon being used. Every player knows just what to do when a certain play comes up and what his associates



John J. McGraw  
present manager of the  
New York Giants

are to do at the same time. When in the field, there is a code of signals between the pitcher and catcher and the basemen; the pitcher and the basemen, and even the outfielders are in the system. When at bat the same plan is followed. The base runner knows exactly what the batter is going to attempt to do, and works in unison with him. But even with all this it needs a brainy, a heady ball player to take quick advantage of opportunities that come up in every game and which the most elaborate and perfected signal system cannot avert. Again, it is the unexpected that wins many a game. It is a player's best move to put in work a play that his opponents least expect, and which they are in a position not to be able to counteract.

In no previous year

have the prospects of the game been brighter for

a successful season than this.

Immense crowds have witnessed exhibition games all over the country, one contest in St. Louis attracting a crowd numbering

over 28,000 people. In New York city the baseball enthusiasts are hungry for the sport and if the Giants fulfill expectations it will be a banner year in the metropolis.



Christy Mathewson, the star  
pitcher of the New York Giants



The Imperial Viennese Troupe

## THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH FROM A PHYSICAL CULTURE STANDPOINT

*By Gerald Keating*

**N**



OWHERE is there a better opportunity offered for studying physical development than in the arena of the Greatest Show On Earth. In the acrobat and tumbler, the rope-walker, the bareback rider, and all the wearers of pink tights and spangles, we saw fine examples of what Nature meant men and women to be. In the freaks

we saw sad examples of the flights of Nature, and how she hits below the belt occasionally.

Among the animals we admired the spirited and fine-conditioned horses; the powerful and well-trained elephants; the sleek and graceful tigers; the zebras and the lordly lions, in a menagerie where are gathered together specimens of nearly the whole of the animal creation. Perfection in the animal world we are quite accustomed to, however. The human kind alone has so deflected from a

normal condition, that those men and women who have all the muscles of their bodies under control are objects of the greatest wonder and amazement. They are a delight to the eye, and fair to look upon and to see; and so is it with the many attractions presented by Mr. Bailey, who has been managing and collecting physical novelties of the highest order for over fifty years with a success on which he must be congratulated.

The golden rule of the ambitious circus gymnast is careful hygienic living and work, hard work, and plenty of it. He is confronted with many temptations, to yield to which would tend to undermine the health of the most robust, and it is only by sheer will-power, and a determination to combat even the least of these, that an acrobat can ever hope to make his mark in any circus organization.

The vocation is one calling for constant practice and careful living in all respects. In order to keep in continual training the artists practice and exercise with the same regularity and care when the show is laid up or on tour as they do when they pitch their tents for an actual performance. According to a well-known circus authority, it takes as much careful training and study to become a proficient and expert circus performer as it does to become a sound and precise lawyer. In a few months an aspiring beginner, if he works hard, may be able to spring from the floor and turn a somersault in the air, or ride a well-trained animal bareback, but it takes many more months of tedious and hard work before a man can combine both acts, or accomplish them with the grace necessary to qualify him for appearance in the ring.

The cut head on the first page of this article is from a photograph of the clever troupe of aerial gymnasts known as the Imperial Viennese Troupe. It is made up of five women and four men who go through thrilling performances on the flying trapeze. Their flights are

full of daring, and have a very great element of risk attached to them. Their feats of pirouetting and double somersaults involve a high degree of danger, but so accurate are they in their performances that the safety net is very seldom called into requisition. They swing and leap, and pass and re-pass each other in a manner that bewilders an audience. It is difficult to follow the quick movements of their

"throwing acts" as they dive head foremost or exchange positions and alight on the flying bars. They juggle with each other in much

the same fashion as a conjurer does with the variety. The whole Troupe is a splendid performance of heightening from electric bulbs,

balls on stage. The Viennese a splendid performance its effect is ed by the glare of elec

which are lighted to set off their particular act. An idea of the excellent physique of one and all of this troupe can be gathered by a study of their photograph. The reader will notice that even in a position of rest their muscles stand out boldly against their tights.

The photograph of the seven ladies on the next page is that of the troupe known as the Grunath Sisters, who twice daily delight thousands of spectators by their performances. These ladies are under the management of Mr. Grunatho, who accompanies them on their tours all over the world, and who superintends every detail of their training.

The lady on the left is Mrs. Grunatho's sister, and the other six of the troupe are made up of Mrs. Grunatho herself and her five daughters. We have the authority of Mr. Grunatho for stating that his troupe exercises great abstemiousness and care in their diet and mode and manner of living. In large cities they appear at the afternoon and evening performance. They make it a rule to retire about an hour after the night performance is over. They rise in the morning about seven, and partake of



only a very light breakfast of cereals, milk, and eggs or fish. They are very modest and sparing as regards meat. This first meal takes them over their afternoon performance, after which they indulge in a very light lunch, and spend the interval between this and evening in reading, and in long walks when the weather is at all decent.

The Grunatho Sisters are certainly a fine combination of athletes and gymnasts, and we rarely hear of so large a family of women acquiring such a uniformly high degree of muscular development. A glance at their photograph will show how well their muscles are developed all over their bodies. Note particularly the leg muscles. Their precision and accuracy never fail them in the execution of their daring feats. Their exhibitions singly, by twos, by fours, as a quintet, and by the whole troupe, is a sight rarely witnessed in any arena.

The exhibition given by the Ryan-Zorella Troupe is of a very high order of merit also. The troupe, which includes two women, are trained to a nice pitch of physical development. They have devoted their whole life to this kind

of work, and formerly ran an acrobatic show of their own on both sides of the Atlantic.

This troupe go through their movements very heavily handicapped. They are not clad in ordinary trunks or tights, but don boots, stiff collar, and dress suit, for the purpose of heightening the effect of their act. This is a radical departure from the usual acrobatic costume of the circus.

The performance of the Ryan-Zorella Troupe is an aerial one, on a series of horizontal bars and flying trapezes, fixed at a very dangerous height. They perform their leaps, flights and catches with a grace which could only have been acquired by long years of severe training. It is a high order of skill and confidence which enables them to perform, without a hitch, their daring double somersaults from bar to bar or from hand to hand, or from hand to bar and back again.

The *coup de force* of Barnum & Bailey's is the aerial display of the two brothers Clarke, who are professionally known as the "Clarkonians." They are two of a family of originally thirteen acrobats, and were born literally swathed with the



The Grunatho Sisters



The Ryan-Zorella Troupe

circus saw-dust. They took the whole of the European continent by storm in the early part of 1902, and created a great sensation by the dangerous treble somersaults, pirouettes and body twists, which the younger of the two brothers performs. The Clarkonians' turn is performed on the flying trapeze. They are admittedly far and away the best and most sensational acrobats with Barnum & Bailey, and their turn is watched admiringly by the other performers. Nearly all the other troupes have two "turns" at the

evening performance, but the Clarke Brothers appear only once. This is a privilege enjoyed only by gymnasts of the first water. Another sensational feature at Barnum & Bailey's worthy of note, is the "turn," or, rather series of turns of Cyclo, the Kinetic Demon, in an act in which he wheels at right angles on a perpendicular plane. This plane is the concave or inner side of a circle made of steel rails put together in sections. The lower half slopes for four feet obtusely from the ground, and the upper half then runs six feet higher and perpendicular to the ground. How Cyclo generates his initial speed at such very short notice is as yet a mystery to us, and the explanation of how he tears around the circle on his bicycle is a greater mystery. He sticks to it like a fly, and it is claimed that he performs this feat without the aid of any mechanical appliances. If this is so, it upsets all the laws of gravity that we are aware of. The feat puts the "Loop" in the shade altogether, and with no means of ascertaining the secret of this seemingly impossible feat we have nothing but the greatest admiration for the skill of the man who performs it.

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*The next issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE will contain a scientific discourse on the Freaks on exhibition at Barnum & Bailey's. The article will be illustrated by ordinary and X-ray photographs, and will deal with the Freaks from a scientific standpoint which has never hitherto been touched upon.—EDITOR.*





# THE WOONG OF MISS HOOD

BY  
HAROLD EYRE.

Entered for the PHYSICAL CULTURE Prize Story Contest  
1903-04.—Editor.



IT is hardly necessary for me to say that the trouble began with my falling in love. She was an intimate friend of both my sisters, and as she came to our house quite often, I had frequent opportunity to see her. The more I saw, the stronger grew my infatuation. As for

her, whatever might have been her feeling toward me, she did not proclaim it from the housetops. She was one of those girls who, to quote a popular phrase, keep you guessing. As far as I could judge, she liked me very well. There were moments when I was almost convinced that my affection was returned, yet I had never felt sufficiently encouraged to ask her to be my wife. At the same time, I realized that delay was dangerous, for she had other suitors. It was my desire to hasten matters that led to my undoing, as will appear. But first let me make a confession.

It is my misfortune to be afflicted with an extremely sensitive organization. To such an extent is this the case that when confronted by any sudden danger or emergency, my whole nervous system is unbalanced. My face turns pale, my heart sinks, cold chills run up and down

my spine and all power of will deserts me. These phenomena are frequently accompanied by a violent trembling in the region of the knees. The unscientific reader may jump to the conclusion that the foregoing symptoms betoken a lack of physical courage. Of course, nothing could be more absurd. Yet, from bitter experience, I know that there are people who cannot distinguish between cowardice and highly strung nerves.

This constitutional weakness of mine caused me much mortification. What made it harder to bear was the fact that Miss Hood was a passionate admirer of bravery. It was a quality in a man which, to her thinking, covered a multitude of sins. To my secret annoyance, she never lost an opportunity of expressing her views on the subject. I thanked Heaven that she had had no occasion to discover my own shortcomings in that direction.

One evening, determined to put an end to the suspense, I made a desperate effort and asked Miss Hood to decide my fate. The result was not quite satisfactory. She expressed surprise at hearing that I cared for her other than as a friend and thanked me for my flattering offer. But while appreciating the compliment, she had long ago vowed to remain single, unless she could become the wife of a hero. Accordingly, she would accept no man who had not distinguished himself by some deed of valor. She did not, she

explained, wish me to look upon myself as rejected, but merely to understand that before receiving a favorable answer I must win my spurs.

It may be imagined that this did not make me feel very cheerful. With a constitution like mine, I could see small prospect of establishing a reputation for reckless daring. However, I was determined not to relinquish without a struggle my hopes of future happiness. My nervous system, I knew, would not allow me to save anybody else's life at the risk of my own, or, in fact, voluntarily to do anything whatever that might place me in danger. It, therefore, would be necessary to resort to strategy. After earnest consideration, I thought of a plan which, it seemed, could not fail to make me appear a hero in the eyes of the woman I loved, and would yet involve no personal risk. At the time I thanked Providence for the inspiration. Briefly, my scheme was to hire a rig and take Miss Hood for a drive in the outskirts of the town. On our way home a ferocious-looking highwayman should appear and at revolver-point attempt to hold us up. I would offer valiant resistance and either lay him low or force him to take to his heels.

This idea pleased me much. It promised a maximum of result with a minimum of risk. The main point was the selection of the highwayman. Upon him would depend the success of the plan. He must act the part with verisimilitude and throw himself into it with spirit. Furthermore, it must be someone I knew and could trust to keep his mouth shut after the affair was concluded.

Upon consideration, I resolved to try Harry Walton. In theory, Walton was a hard-working law student; actually, he was an overgrown schoolboy, ever ready for mischief. I had always regarded him as a scatterbrain, but now he was just the man I needed. Enjoining him to secrecy, I divulged my plot. As I had anticipated, he was delighted at the prospect of an adventure, and gleefully undertook the rôle of highwayman.

The night was perfect and we were thoroughly enjoying the drive. At least, I was, for never before had Miss Hood appeared so tender and sympathetic. She seemed, indeed, almost affectionate. I was accordingly in high spirits as we

drew near the spot fixed for the encounter. It had struck me as being well adapted to the purpose. The left side of the road was skirted by a thicket of dense underbrush and shrubbery, from the center of which arose a solitary poplar, withered and decayed. To the right a brilliant moon shone down upon a wide expanse of corn fields. By day the scene was perhaps commonplace; just then it looked picturesque and impressive.

No one was in sight as we approached. I began to fear that my confederate would fail me. But suddenly a man sprang out from the shadow and appeared before us in the middle of the road. So clear was the moonlight that I could see distinctly the broad-brimmed hat, the black mask and the false beard—accessories with which I had furnished Walton.

"Hands up!" shouted the man in a fearful voice. He flourished a revolver.

My companion screamed. I turned to her with calm assurance. "Have no fear," I said, encouragingly. "Just keep your seat and hold on to the reins. You will see me make short work of this fellow."

I felt that despite her terror she regarded me with admiration as I descended from the vehicle. At the same time, it occurred to me that a real highwayman armed with a revolver would hardly be so accommodating as to stand still while his victim prepared to grapple with him. But it was too late to remedy this, and I hoped that Miss Hood's agitation would prevent her noticing the inconsistency.

The little contest which was to follow I had arranged with care, going even to the length of rehearsing it with Walton in order that there might be no hitch at the critical moment. I was to knock the revolver from his grasp, close with him and, after a brief but effective struggle, throw him to the ground.

I aimed a blow at the hand which held the revolver. In place of dropping the weapon he gave me with its barrel a rap on the knuckles that made me utter an exclamation of pain. "What in thunder are you up to?" I muttered, savagely. He laughed and coolly replaced the revolver in his pocket. I grappled with him.

To my dismay it soon became evident that Walton was not following the program. Instead of allowing himself to be gracefully overpowered, he was appar-

ently doing his best to overpower me. And his best meant a good deal, for he displayed unexpected strength. Suddenly, as we wrestled, my opponent's hat fell off. I gasped in astonishment. It was not Walton at all. The law student's hair was straight and very light, almost flaxen, in color. That of my antagonist was dark and curly.

Scarcely had I time to realize this, when, with an unexpected movement, he lifted me off my feet as if I had been a child and planted me on my back in the dust. Having me at this disadvantage, he put his knee on my chest and placed the cold barrel of the revolver against my forehead.

To say that I was alarmed expresses it feebly. I felt convinced that I was in the hands of a madman. My nervous system went to pieces.

"For heaven's sake, don't kill me!" I implored.

He began to laugh in a mocking, irresponsible manner that chilled my blood. Suddenly he stopped. The grating of wheels met our ears and the buggy moved slowly down the road. Either something had startled the horse, or Miss Hood was trying to escape.

My assailant sprang to his feet and ran after the vehicle. I, too, jumped up.

Now, for my part in what followed I have no defense to offer. I know, of course, that it was my duty to rush to my companion's assistance and protect her, if need be, with my life. That I failed to do so is due entirely to the unfortunate constitutional defect already referred to. I can only say that my condition was such that I was not responsible for my actions. I was oblivious to everything save a frantic desire to escape from the man with the revolver. Without knowing what I did, I plunged into the thicket on the left. From this strategic position I could see and hear what was going on and at the same time I was screened from observation.

The highwayman soon overtook the horse—which was walking—and led it back to the spot where he had left me. "So the bird has flown!" I heard him say, with a chuckle. Then, with a hand on the bridle, he turned to Miss Hood. "You wanted to give me the slip, did you?" he remarked, derisively. "I shouldn't have

thought you'd leave that brave young man to take care of himself."

She took no notice of his remark; my disappearance must have puzzled her.

"Now, miss," he continued, more civilly, "I'm sorry to trouble you in this little matter, but I happen to be badly in need of cash, and as the young sport has deserted us"—

"The wretch!" she interjected.

"—I must ask you to hand over your pocketbook and any jewelry you have about you."

At this brutal demand my indignation became so great that I was almost on the point of emerging from my concealment. Just then the light of a bicycle lantern appeared in the road a few yards away and a man dashed up on a wheel.

"Hello! what's this?" he exclaimed, quickly dismounting.

To my amazement, I recognized the voice of Harry Walton.

"Pardon me," he said, addressing the girl, "is this fellow annoying you?"

"He is trying to rob me," she answered.

"To rob you!" echoed Walton. "Then it seems I have come just in time. Don't be alarmed; I'll attend to him."

"Will you?" sneered the highwayman. The revolver clicked. "Just come near me and I'll bore holes in you!"

He had hardly completed the sentence before Walton knocked the weapon from his grasp and grappled with him.

Imagine my feelings when I saw the two go through every detail of the struggle which I had arranged and rehearsed with my faithless confederate.

In a few moments the highwayman was motionless on his back. Walton turned to Miss Hood. "I hardly think," he observed, "that our friend will want to rob anybody during the next half hour or so."

"How brave you are!" she exclaimed. "You have acted like a hero."

I gritted my teeth.

"Pshaw!" said Walton, with an affectation of modesty. "Any man would have done the same under such circumstances."

"You are mistaken," she returned, bitterly. "Not every man would have done the same. The—the gentleman who drove me here, for instance. He ran away."

The scorn in her tone was withering.

"What! and left you to the mercy of this ruffian?" exclaimed Walton, with a

great show of indignation. "The contemptible coward! He ought to be horse-whipped."

My blood boiled. I was tempted to disclose myself, but felt that it would make me appear even more ridiculous.

"After this painful experience," continued Walton, presently, "you must be quite unnerved. You can hardly drive home alone. If you will pardon my presumption, I would suggest that you let me escort you."

"That is most kind of you," she responded. "Under the circumstances it would be foolish for me to stand on ceremony, wouldn't it? I'm sure I could never find my way home alone from this horrid place."

It seemed to me that Walton was taking a liberty, but I could do nothing. He climbed into the buggy. After he had arranged the lap-robe with unnecessary solicitude, he started off at a pace which I knew the horse would not keep up very long.

As the vehicle disappeared, the man on the ground, who had been lying appar-

ently stunned by his fall, regained consciousness with surprising rapidity. Jumping on Walton's bicycle, he rode away in the opposite direction.

I am not suspicious by nature, but during my walk home that night—the distance was a trifle under nine miles—the thought that I had been made the victim of what is vulgarly called a put-up job haunted me with unpleasant persistence.

The local paper next morning contained glowing accounts of Mr. Henry Walton's heroism in rescuing Miss Hood from a murderous highwayman. They made cutting allusions to the valor of the unknown cavalier who had disappeared in the moment of danger, and whose identity Miss Hood, with rare generosity, refused to disclose.

My cup of bitterness was nearly full. It brimmed over when, a few weeks later, their engagement was announced. I feel convinced that she accepted him simply because she believed him to be a hero. It would afford me gratification to enlighten her on that point, were it not that I have excellent reasons for remaining silent.

## BACHANALIAN FEASTS

By John Kowalski



ONCE upon a time, in a far-off sunny clime, there lived a very clever monkey. This monkey was clever because it was driven to think and act by want—want of food especially. The reward for his troubles was the pleasure derived from eating.

One day this monkey hit upon a brilliant idea: He saw a wolf feasting upon the carcass of a rabbit, and forthwith set to thinking. If a wolf is nourished on the flesh of a rabbit, thought he, why not I? Monkey was never a rabbit's enemy, so the unwary bunny was an easy prey.

The monkey soon developed a liking for rabbit flesh and, since they were abundant, he fairly revelled in luxury. He no longer ate when he was hungry,

or waited to get hungry, but instituted the *meal time system*. In other words, he ate as much as he could and as often as his belly could make room for more, which happened about three times per diem.

As stated, the only or the highest pleasure known to monkeys, was eating; so this monkey of course looked to his meal-time as a time of pleasure, and having abundance, he naturally grew extravagant. The flesh was now prepared in many ways to tempt the appetite, which was wanting, and even stimulants were served to increase the capacity.

Soon the old monkey grew very lordly, invented many "foods" and "drinks," devised a code of etiquette (the slightest transgressions of which shocked (?) his hoggish majesty), invited his friends and neighbors to revel, even unto destruction, in the highest pleasure known to him.

## CONCENTRATION IN PHYSICAL CULTURE

By *H. Aylmer Harding*



ALL desire springs from the mind, the hope of the business man, the aspiration of the artist, the ambition of the athlete; the intention to excel in any particular branch of life work proceeds from a thought held so strongly as to control and dominate the individual mind of man, and find expression in his acts and life. As we think, so we are, and so we color our lives, our sport and pastime, all our various pursuits in work or recreation by the character and altitude of our dominant thinking.

Now, the writer has watched for years and with deep interest the progress made along the line of athletic development in our schools and Y. M. C. A., both on this continent and in the old country, and despite unquestioned improvement in numerous ways, there is a one-sidedness always present in most (and even the best) organizations who aim to foster the interests of physical culture. This feature shows itself in a too great regard for mechanical perfection of appliances and externals, and mere discipline in bodily posture and exercise. Environment has become the watchword, apparatus, the means, and discipline the autocratic rule. Now, these things are good, but applied psychology finds something better yet in the application of mental exercises, which, accompanying the physical means used, provide for that more perfected voluntary co-operation of all the faculties without which an all-rounded development cannot be attained.

This is an age of environment, when too much stress is laid upon mere externals. We forget that these things are the manifestation and product of thought, which, after all, "rules the roost," and deep down in our hearts we know that our successes or failures are the result of

our thinking. Now, the aspiring athlete may have either of the following reasons for taking up physical culture. He may be a health-seeker, a truth-seeker along the physical plane; he may wish to teach others, or learn self-discipline, mastery of control; he may wish to link himself for social reasons with the sportive element in some busy city. In any and all of these aims, he has to consider the conditions which go to make up the required success. Success even in physical culture is wholly a matter of complying with laws, and in the compliance faithfully of law we both make and keep right conditions. There are two practices comparatively little known, but worthy of special mention, viz.: Relaxation and deep breathing.

The muscle-bound condition into which so many muscular men get is a result of lack of proper relaxation, and where such condition of perfect rest can be observed daily for a few minutes after any arduous labor, most beneficial results always accrue. To relax completely lie at full length on your back and suspend the will; consider each limb to weigh a certain number of pounds; now when thoroughly relaxed, the leg or arm once lifted by some one will immediately drop like a dead weight. In this condition of self-induced relaxation, all tension is removed from the nerves, the currents become distributed normally and a free flow of blood is the outcome. This condition may now be augmented by abdominal breathing, performed slowly and rhythmically for five or ten minutes in the following manner:

Inhale a full deep breath through the nose, thrusting out and completely filling the abdomen. This should occupy five seconds. Now, by drawing in the abdomen, force all the air into the upper chest, and hold it there fifteen seconds; exhale slowly; this should occupy fifteen seconds. This breathing exercise should be repeat-

ed about twenty-five times. This system may be termed the Science of Rest, and may be used after any physical exertion with advantage, and regularly at night-time for ten minutes before retiring. It is a cure for insomnia, and a wonderful stimulant to the solar plexus. In nervous prostration and many chronic ailments, besides all throat and chest affections, it is a specific.

This physical relaxation should be mastered first and then a still deeper state induced by the intelligent concentration of the mind upon one thought to the exclusion of others, viz.: "I invite repose, I rest, knowing that Nature works on and recuperates me as I lie quiescent, quiet, free from care, relaxed, reposeful." This mode of inviting rest is a powerful and effective auto-suggestion.

Having shown you how to intelligently rest, I will now show you how to work, and as an easy illustration will pick up McFadden's grip machine in place of some dumb-bell exercise. Grasping these and lightly compressing the springs, until my muscles are rigid I gaze fixedly at some one point, a nail on the wall or a black spot. Now drawing a deep breath abdominally I transfer to the upper chest

and slowly go through the usual dumb-bell movements, using the grip machine in lieu thereof, keeping, however, this thought as fixedly in my mind as my eyes are fixed and rooted on the black spot. "I am strong; I am one with all that makes for strength, vitality, energy and life." Or this: "All power is mine; I choose health, vigor, mastery of self; I will be strong."

Now for the philosophy thereof. If I hit a nail on the head with even a small hammer—say fifty times—that nail goes in to stay. The same with thought. If I repeat vigorously a strong thought accompanied with corresponding action—say ten times a day for one month—I have driven in an idea 300 times, and it is going to stay. The mechanical side of physical culture is good, but a combination of simple, concentrated movements, with fixity of eyes and purpose and the co-operation of the lungs, is a mighty strong combination, and will accomplish more in ten minutes daily than two hours in the ordinary gymnasium under ordinary circumstances. In this manner indicated the mind becomes poised, the body perfectly in correspondence with the action of the will, and full rounded and perfectly developed growth is the result.

## LEARNING CORRECT ENGLISH

*By A. G. Fuss*



ALMOST daily teachers and editors receive some query about learning correct English and its value. The oft-repeated fallacy that correct English cannot be acquired requires only a little reflection on the process of learning any language in order to dispel it from the mind. We come into the world without any knowledge of language or its use. We inherit nothing except the organs of speech and the faculties for acquiring language. In childhood one

language may be learned as readily as another, and the language we learn depends upon the instruction we receive from those among whom our lot is cast. In other words speech is an art.

The speaking of correct English requires a thorough knowledge of English—its words and expressions, and their combinations in expressing delicate shades of thought.

The first step in acquiring correct English is the learning of words. Dr. Holmes says, "Words lead to things." Truly, in getting words you get many things; therefore, study words. These become your weapons, your tools, your

fortune, or your friends as you need them. In them lies the secret of the power and eloquence of "the gods."

The second essential is grammar—the arithmetic of language. "Grammar is the humble, oft-despised, but truly loyal handmaid of thought's best expression." It is a classification of the forms and arrangement of words which have been found, by long use, best adapted to the order of thought.

The violation of a rule, the omission of a comma, may reverse the meaning of a sentence. The misplacing of a phrase may present to the mind a picture as ridiculous as a mule's ear on a cabbage-head. An apt example occurs to me: "This man saved money for a year and then died on a new installment plan." The mind intuitively corrects this, but in some less glaring examples it often becomes a task to divine an ignorant or careless writer's meaning—when there is any.

Neither should you despise rhetoric. Learn the pleasing combination of letters and words in picture-painting phrases. Study the masters. See how they fit the sound to the sense. Learn the power and delicacy of the figures of speech. They are the secondary colors the word-artist must use. From the more than two hundred you will soon find those most pleasing to your taste or best adapted to your use. Study satire, wit, humor and ridicule; but use them charily. Learn why the epigram is bitter-sweet:

"How much corn may a gentleman eat?"  
whispered P.

While cobs lay on his plate in tiers.  
"As to that," answered Q, as he glanced  
at the heap.

"'Twill depend upon the length of his  
ears."

Learn "apt alliteration's artful aid." Ask yourself why popular ping-pong plays the part of a fad among games under its sonorous nickname. It is not a Chinese game. Then why should some wag scribble, "Wu Ting Fang has caught the ping-pong pang"? Why do we say milk man and butcher boy instead of the reverse? Why have many generations quoted with pleasure the most rasping of all the old saws, "Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws"?

Then turn to logic, the geometry of language.

When you have accomplished this work, turn again to word-study—philology, the love of words. You will then love to meet old words as friends and learn their many traits. And you will wish to welcome some from other tongues as you sometimes wish to add a stranger to your list of friends to cure the ennui.

We can never be too careful in using words. Many a man has made himself the object of sympathy or ridicule by the misuse of a single word. Words live and die. They decline (obsolescent) and fall from use (obselete). They are sometimes revived and live a second life. Some spring into popularity (slang) and live so short a life that, like the ephemeral insects, they leave no trace of their existence. Others meet with popular favor and grow strong. Here you must use your own judgment to supply your needs as in dress. Study their history before you introduce them to your friends. "In words as in fashions the same rule will hold,  
Alike fantastic is too new or old."

What teacher must you employ? First, yourself. Then, him who speaks the best English. If you need new words imitate the example of one of the greatest word-artists of the modern pulpit. Go to him who uses them, and despise not a humble teacher. Accept what is good of that which he may give you and forget the rest. Master the accumulated knowledge of centuries and then you may feel safe in embarking, with charts and compass, on a voyage of new discoveries as your own pilot. You can then sail the known waters with pleasure.

To him who masters the principles of of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, the dull, unmeaning laws there set forth will become bright beacons, shining in the windows of his soul, that will guide him to wondrous treasure-troves of power, precision and melody—possessions that will enable him to attract, amuse, convince, and delight his fellow-men; for these are rewards for him who truly masters all the grand resources of our language, so delicate, so flexible, so rich, so strong, and so majestic.

## THE OLD-TIMER ON PHYSICIANS, THEIR PATIENTS, PILLS, PAREGORIC AND POISONS

By E. S. Willard



ALL, I'll tell yer people, sum folks sets a heap more store by doctors 'n I do.

'Pears t' me they never find out 'zactly what's the matter 'til the patient's been in Glory some time. Then the Town Medical Society takes a vote on 't.

They hed a purty hard time a-decidin' what old Uncle Oscar Peters died uv.

The first vote stood a tie 'twixt Cholera Infantum, Bright's D'zease 'n 'pendicitis. After votin' a time er two more, 'pendicitis won by three votes.

They tried t' keep et quiet, but's a fact, Uncle Oscar's brother Si says, the 'pendix wuz cut off 'n a' operation ten year ago. He! He! He! By gum! He ought to know.

A feller named Simon Potts doctored in our family 'til he run out o' patients, as I wouldn't let him tinker with me, fer which reason I'm here yit.

He wuz a harmless sort o' feller 'til he begun practicin' medicine; but then he wuz worse 'n more dangerous 'n a Kansas cyclone.

He wuz cut out to treat hog cholera er dehorn cattle; but when he begun work on a human subject he seemed t' lose interest in the case. He would prescribe fer 'em the same as he would fer a horse.

The way he got started in our community wuz sort o' out o' the ordinary.

At that time the only invalid anywhere around wuz Ezery Simms' wife, 'n no doctor hed ever settled nearer 'n twenty mile from us. So Doc Potts advertised t' give free treatment t' everybody fer a month. A good many people went jist fer curiosity, even though they wuz perfectly well. Since then this neighborhood hes hed more sickness 'n anything else. By gum! 'n that's right.

When you'd ask him if he wuz a horse doctor, he always seemed hurt like, an' sed: "No. I'm practicin' medicin'."

Everybody thet he ever treated admitted thet he was practicin' medicin'. That's the reason I'm alone in the world. He practiced on my family. I thought of he ever showed signs o' learnin' how, I'd let him treat my rheumatic leg; but last I heard o' him he wuz still practicin'.

My old 'oman held out longer 'n the children, fer she wuz older 'n tougher; but he finally found out her trouble, 'n told her how t' cure it. She jist grew weaker 'n weaker, 'n suffered with her side. Doc Potts first sed she hed what they call distemper in horses. He didn't seem to know what it wuz called in the human bein'. He next thought she hed a complication o' glanders 'n botts. I ast him why she breathed so hard 'n painful like. He sed he hadn't noticed thet, but guessed she wuz developin' a case o' heaves.

He went on treatin' her, first fer one thing 'n then another; but he always gave her the same medicin', an' my old 'oman all the time a-growin' weaker.

I knowed she couldn't last long.

One mornin' Doc kem in all smiles. He said he knew what wuz ailin' her. I wuz durned glad he did, fer he'd been about five year a-findin' out.

He said he hed jist red the symptoms 'n treatment in a new medical book.

He said accordin' t' the book she hed shortness uv breath, an' what she needed wuz to be left alone amid quiet surroundings.

He wuz right fer wunst. Her breath kept gittin' shorter 'n shorter, 'til 'long 'bout sundown she took a long one, rooled her eyes upward, an' we knew Doc hed dosed her fer the last time.

We left her alone amid the quiet surroundings o' the tall oaks, with a little headstone to show thet she got what the doctor prescribed.





**T**HE law offices, which served as headquarters for the Young Men's Debating Club, were furnished with the usual accessories of bachelor comfort. Chairs hard enough to seduce the feet upward to the long and long-suffering center-table, the air-tight stove and inevitable spittoon, and stalls of solemn-looking books all around, completed the equipment. Of course, the young fellows preferred looking at each other to any trappings of art, yet there was nothing extraordinary about most of them. In short, they were such representatives of the different avocations as are likely to be interested in the flow of wit, the display of learning and the pleasant bantering of good fellowship.

On a certain night some of the members were usually late in arriving, and those present were grouped about the table discussing things pertinent (and impertinent)—an indulgence not allowed after the rap of the gavel.

"Do you know," the secretary was saying, "there is no nation in history whose people have not been addicted to some kind of intoxicants?"

"You don't get that out of Blackstone?" someone inquired facetiously.

"Here is my authority," answered the secretary, reading from a recent publication, "and the author concludes that since all civilized and semi-civilized peoples have thus discovered some process of preparing an intoxicant that stimulants are indispensable in civilized societies."

"Sounds reasonable," said one fellow, indifferently, relighting his cigar, and stretching his legs. "I don't know as I agree," said another, whose enthusiasm for social science study made him formidable in a debate.

"What's that?" inquired a bookkeeper, who heard the last two remarks as he strolled in. "That writer knows what he's talking about," he declared upon hearing the assertion repeated. "I tell you what," he said, dropping into a chair; "after a fellow's been poring at rows of figures over a desk for nine hours he feels like taking a drop of something to give him a little interest in life."

"There! You have proven the point I was about to make!" said the social science student.

Just then the door opened, and a tall, well-built fellow, named Winston, entered briskly, and after greeting everybody, walked unobtrusively to a window and

lowered it from the top, while the smokers winked at each other. "What's the nature of the discussion?" he asked, sitting on the edge of the table. After a résumé, he turned interestedly to Weissman, the sociologist, and asked him to continue.

"I was about to declare," said Weissman, "that the craving for stimulants is consequent to an unnatural pressure of living, which would not obtain in a right form of civilization."

"I don't see how that alters my case any," grumbled the bookkeeper.

"Yes, but your nine hours stretch of mental pressure is a symptom of false conditions in this civilization, and as such disproves this writer's summary assertion."

"We all know you are full of your ideals," retorted the bookkeeper, "but"—"I tell you what, Peyton," interrupted an athletic young fellow, cheerily, "you get a punching bag, and play a few rounds on that, and then try a cold sponge off instead of the dram, and you'll take a new lease on life."

"That's more to the point," said the stalwart Winston, who had been listening intently, "and I propose as the question for our next debate something like 'the priority of physical to mental culture!'"

"If we're going to be humbugged into hearing of how many persons are dying annually from nicotine poisoning," said Chapman, a lengthy and indolent-looking specimen, brushing the ashes off his cigar with his little finger, "and how you must walk ten miles in the morning to have sufficient appetite for an 11 o'clock breakfast, and this to be finally reduced to a tabloid composed of acorns and huckleberries, I think I'll turn up missing."

This raised a laugh, but the proposed subject was endorsed by all with avidity, it being an interesting departure from the drier civic and industrial questions previously debated. Before adjourning that evening the question for the next debate was thus formally adopted:

"Resolved, That physical culture is more essential than mental culture to the happiness of mankind."

Ray Winston, who proposed the subject, was appointed to support the affirm-

ative, and the president maliciously named as his alternate Arthur Fanning, a young musician of slight physique, whom one scarcely identified with material things. On the negative side, Fred Weissman was named, and the athletic stenographer, Enderly, as his second.

Arthur Fanning was the butt of merciless joking when these announcements were made, but he concealed his irritation and took their raillery with apparent good humor. What he had been taught to consider his sphere of action suddenly seemed contemptible, and he was seized with a tumultuous longing to have the man in him over and above the musician.

"I suppose you'll go in training now, Fanning," said Chapman, "and deliver your discourse in tights, with appropriate illustrations."

"No"—Fanning smiled pensively at the suggestion. "I'll have to content myself for the present with theoretical formulae, and let Ray satisfy you in person of the logic of our theories."

They all turned their glances on Winston, who had just stepped to the corner for a drink. An observant spectator might have noticed a wistful look in the faces of many of these clerks and students, who followed the ways of modern city life, for the man before them seemed intended by nature to embody all the nobility of her designs. Six feet high, he carried his hundred and eighty pounds with the conscious poise of perfect muscular development. His face bespoke a cheerful serenity—the highest type of culture.

However could he have matured to such symmetry of mental and physical grace and escape the taint of vice, the swagger of the bravado, or the flippancy and conceit that envelops the victim of his own talents? One ceased to marvel after meeting his parents, in whom a rare liberalized conservatism and uncommon sense blended. His father, though a man of erudition, was so sanely balanced that his love of learning, especially of geology and fossil life, did not warp him into a fossil of collected data, but broadened him into a practical philosopher. Mrs. Winston had an exuberant joy in living naturally transmitted to her children.

During Ray's boyhood he frequently accompanied his father in search of fos-

siliferous relics, and the elder Winston took a keen interest in imparting to the unfolding life under his tuition as clear a conception of the universe as he could give. Thus accustomed from his youth to consider problems of life from the viewpoint of epochs of time, it is no source of wonder that Ray easily threw off the superficiality that usurps the ordinary person. Not only in these rambles with his father, but while in companionship with young friends he scoured the fields and woods for birds' eggs, insects or curios of nature, he was laying the foundation of his excellent health, as well as acquiring useful knowledge.

He would have been the last to have claimed credit for the success of his education, since he well understood the value of training. "Let a boy learn in the school of experience," say some, with a wise wag of the head. "Not so," Mr. Winston was wont to say; "experience does not prepare for contingencies. It is true that most education is the transmission of experience, but the recipient of other people's experience and wisdom thereby develops the best use of his faculties (the end sought by all education), and that is tantamount to training. If each generation were compelled to think out independently all the problems of life, mankind would still be groveling in the dust of ignorance."

Ray was not coddled at home, crammed at school, nor allured by vicious cunning during adolescence. To be forewarned is to be forearmed. Thus his father had guided him to a correct use of his powers of mind and body. Such a type represents generations of superior living.

Before the boys adjourned that night someone moved that the club members be privileged to invite their sisters or sweethearts to the forthcoming debate. This motion was carried, though several of the appointed speakers protested, and the lecture room near by was suggested as the arena of battle.

"Don't you think that will seem too conventional for us embryo orators?" said Winston. "Why can't you make it a trolley party, and come out to our place on the interurban line? I know the family would enjoy giving you the freedom of the ranch."

"Hurrah!" cried Peyton, "that's a fine scheme."

"Yes," said Hawley, the modest president of the club, "I was about to offer our house, but it'll be lots nicer to go out of town."

The boys were all enthusiastic, and the secretary promised to notify all the members. Soon the club disbanded, each member leaving with a feeling of pleasant anticipation.

## II.

A more ambitious farmer than Mr. Winston, with larger acreage than his, would probably have to exclude literary pursuits if he scorned vicarious farming; but the Winston place was managed with the very idea of furnishing only needful occupation to offset other pursuits.

While busied about the general work, Ray made a mental outline of his phase of the debate. Philosophy and history were his favorite studies, and he followed the line of least resistance in his method of presenting the subject.

But down in the city, his aide-de-camp was not having such smooth sailing. Never before had Arthur Fanning thought so profoundly on the issues of life, though he was morbidly given to introspection. After a brilliant performance his utter exhaustion often caused him to doubt the supposed value of art. He had tried to broaden his intellectual outlook, to develop a sympathy with every phase of life, and stopped nothing short of the expenditure of his entire energy, that his art might thereby be comprehensive and ennobled.

Those wisecracks who are always stimulating the young to perseverance in speciality, to throw all else overboard to attain the haven of "success," might point triumphantly to Arthur Fanning, whose extraordinary accomplishments had won him wide distinction at 23. Now he was forced to ask himself if the result justified the sacrifices he had made, and it seemed to him as if he were emasculated to serve an idea. Such searching analysis began to produce a distinct revolution in his purposes, which he surprised himself and his friends by disclosing the night of the debate.

Fred Weissman was of that perverse cast, fond of argumentation for the sake

of argument, and he took great interest in preparing a defense, no matter which side had his sympathy. It must frankly be said of his second, Enderly, that he was apparently in the world for a good time, and it seemed like a gladiator making a defense of poesy to imagine Ralph Enderly discoursing on the intellect. "I have a big notion not to go," he exclaimed one day, when it occurred to him that he might appear ridiculous; but he did go, and so did they all, for it was one of those irresistible autumn nights when but to live and breathe is pure bliss.

### III.

The reporter found himself in an animated gathering at the Winston home that night, just as Ray was being presented as the first speaker.

As Ray mounted the platform provided for the occasion, Arthur Fanning thought of the oratorio passage, "See, the god-like youth advances!"

"Mr. Chairman, fellow members and guests," he began, "your attention is called to-night to a question whose moment you can appreciate when you reflect on the growing complexity of human relations. With the tightening of the struggle for existence has come increased complications in social and industrial conditions. Therefore, we may well ask ourselves, 'What is really essential to human happiness?'"

He then analyzed popular theories of the motives of human action, and sifted their applied results. He declared that man's physical nature has been a polarity of contention since the advent of thought. After comparing the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies, he continued: "While moderns have not deviated much in theory from these systems of thought, yet our highly commercialized civilization prevents a wide application of either. Nowadays we are continually chasing an *'ignus fatuus'* of future competency. The poet sings:

'Hope springs eternal in the human breast;  
Man never is, but always to be blest.'

"But what does life mean to us right here and now? I hold that health is the chief source of human happiness. With health a man may be happy, though he

be ignorant. Not so a man of intellect with health gone. Though he may stoically ignore pain, his life is, nevertheless, shortened.

"Strictly speaking, one may have a fair degree of health without knowledge of physical culture. This we witness in the unenlightened who lead a simple, natural life; but when the mind awakens, when mental culture begins, physical culture must be co-extensive, or disaster is sure to follow. Physical culture, indeed, presupposes action of mind, the mind being conscious of its absolute dependence on the body, seeks the bodily well-being intuitively; and when this is attained the mind discovers the most pleasurable sensations in the natural use of the superabundant energy of the perfect body.

"In no literature of the past is this theory of health for health's sake emphasized. It has remained for modern apostles to declare this gospel. The realization is dawning that we art out of plumb with the universe until we have perfect health—a perfectly developed body; and this ideal excludes that voluptuous type of physical beauty, for the undue contour in the flower of youth results from inactivity, and degenerates with increasing indolence to unsightly bulk and disease. Nature's laws are nowhere more clearly defined than in physical development, and 'He that will not exercise, neither shall he eat,' is one of them."

Ray then depicted the joys which are the heritage of perfect health, and the lavishness of nature with healing power for those who seek to understand her laws, and made a plea for a more hygienic life for woman. "For," said he, "when we approach that phase of the question we are at the portals guarding the fountain of life." After a short, concise peroration, he sat down, amidst the most cordial display of interest and approval.

When the chairman called Weissman forward, he proceeded immediately to demolish the preceding speaker. His countenance had that insignum of the student, "the pale cast of thought," and the effect of his oratory was heightened by confidence born of positiveness. He said in part: "That one man should die without knowledge, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen thirty thousand times in the

twenty-four hours, as is claimed by some computations.' We may take these words of Carlyle as representative of the estimate philosophers of all time have given to the acquisition of knowledge.

"The study of the *genus homo* has always been of profound interest to thinking men. The intellectual side of human nature is especially the source of endless interest.' It is the universal experience that the higher man is in this intellectual development the more useful member of society he becomes. Conversely, the more he approximates a strong animal, with undeveloped mentality, the lower we find him in existence and social status.

"What is it that has made the nineteenth century pre-eminent in the history of the race? Is not the fact that during this epoch man's skill in harnessing nature to do the work of the world has surpassed in inventive genius all that has preceded it? Is not this, I ask, sufficient to reduce to an absurdity the proposition before us?

"Pope, from whom the gentleman just quoted, Shelley, Stevenson, Chopin, and many others, who, though weak and afflicted in body, have given us some of our noblest creations in art and literature; and such men as Newton and Descartes, some of the greatest contributions to science. Again, behold the heroism of General Grant, manfully writing all through his tortuous and fatal struggle with a cancer, that the world might be enriched with his memoirs.

"My friends, there are moral traits acquired in sickness, of immeasurable value, or God would not permit suffering. Moreover, the fact that the mind can rise above pain, and pursue its development while the body is wasting away, proves the contention of psychologists that the mental processes have a reality which cannot be assumed under physical action. Some even affirm that consciousness stands in a causal relation to nervous action."

He then rhapsodized on the wonders of the mental phenomena, and drew parallels of the intellectual and moral progress of the race. In closing, he said: "The preceding gentleman has mentioned the social and industrial complications of the present, and I ask what is to solve them, if not the awakening of thought in the

masses? With millions of children in factories, and other millions with long hours of arduous labor, would it not be a mockery to approach them with physical culture as a panacea? No, my friends, if man's happiness depended on physical culture this would be a hopelessly wretched world."

At his conclusion he had worked his auditors up to a tensity of interest, and they now turned eagerly to Winston, who had been jotting down notes, and now arose to reply.

"I wish, first of all, to express my admiration for the way the speaker has just treated an overworked subject. Give him the pulsation of perfect health, and that for his theme, and he would convince the most skeptical.

"The Germans have an adage, '*Im Anfang war die That*,' and the English, 'Before forks were fingers,' and these teach us when difficulties are conjured up to seek the practical facts in the case. Now, the paradox is self-evident that with all these marvels of mechanism—the results of skill—we have an heritage of unrest. It is notorious that an astonishing number of people with fine intellects suffer the most miserable existence. The wise words our orator first uttered were given us by a man befogged by indigestion into a soured, scolding, unlovable man, who had better, for his wife's happiness, if not for his own, have used brain less and muscles more. While admiring the heroism of Grant, we can scarcely regard it otherwise than as an expiation, if his death were due to nicotine poisoning from excessive smoking.

"In spite of your examples of spirituelle lives, unconscious of the grossness of bodily existence, if every individual had the bodily and mental balance Nature demands, there would be no need of pedantic freaks to create fanciful wonders to entertain vacant, restless minds. As far as these pedants being free from the passion besetting the well-sexed child of Nature, they sometimes suppress an instinct to the distortion of other faculties, but oftener their hysterical natures are uncontrollable. Asceticism and licentiousness are opposite swings of the pendulum, equally distorted, and fatal to happiness. The final weakening of the minds of

Newton, Ruskin and Emerson instances this.

"My opponent infers that the mental processes, because intangible, are more wonderful than the more tangible physical ones. But I ask, 'Is the known less wonderful than the unknown?' What is more marvelous than the human organism? The fact that the mind can influence the growth and healing of the body, and the body in turn support the mind, is the wonder of most consequence to us.

"It is to be deplored that the masses of artisans lack opportunity for proper balance of mind and body, but physical culture can refresh and rejuvenate them while their minds are being liberated for better conditions.

"There are wise and otherwise even among psychologists, and the wisest affirm the interaction of mind and body. In the evolution of consciousness the mind may develop phenomena that make it seem disparate from material or physical life; but such a conclusion is fanciful. The interdependence of mind and body is to all practical purposes a certainty."

When Weissman replied he still maintained stoutly the superiority of intellectual joys, and affirmed that abnormal physical conditions seem indispensable to incite some of the finest creations of man's arts.

"Until your superb animal becomes more than merely clever," he said, "the intellectual type must be considered far superior; for as long as the former is worshipful, but not wise, lovely but unloving, the devotion demanded of its devotees is revolting, abject slavery." He also ridiculed the idea of exercising for the sake of exercise, and claimed that with a wider diffusion of knowledge work would universally be so regulated as to be only sufficient to keep the body in health. In concluding, he proclaimed that increased strength is not so much needed in this civilization (though he admitted its advantage), but increased cerebral capacity. "For," said he, "the demands of our civilization point clearly to this type as the fittest to survive."

When he had finished, it was Arthur Fanning's turn to sustain the affirmative. As Fanning arose his face assumed a determination almost defiant, curiously at variance with the quiet abstractions which

had been the order of the evening. His tall, slender figure had that liteness peculiar to restless activity, his complexion the clearness of abstemious living, and in his dark lustrous eyes the fire of genius smoldered. People said of him that he would be strikingly handsome if stouter. His look now begot in those around him an intuitive fearfulness like that instilled by the approaching of a storm.

"Mr. Chairman, gentlemen of the club, and guests"—his tone impelled the gravest silence—"before I came here to-night my brooding over this subject of mind and health had never resulted in a final decision affecting my own course of action. This discussion has been for me the parting of the ways, and to apply the question of the evening to my own life is the most significant evidence I can offer.

"I ask you first to consider how little volition we have during immaturity. In the only two hereditary spheres—tissue and temperament—I was too weak in the one, too acute in the other. Soon my abnormal emotional nature was mistakenly stimulated, for it was decided that a wonder should be made of me; and as the wonder of it grew the less must the joys of childhood be indulged. A musical wonder was the achievement sought, a physical monstrosity was the perversion wrought." He spoke bitterly, and his mood led him further to declare passionately: "And when I think of the two or three million children in America coerced into studying music in addition to the merciless cramming in school, I am filled with misgiving and horror at the probable results. Not only is this kind of forcing to be witnessed all around us, but the child's emotional nature must needs be cultivated and harrowed in every possible way. Under the guise of developing his moral nature, little Johnny (on parade before an audience when he ought to be in bed), recites 'I want to be an angel, and with the angels dwell.' It is a lie! He wants to be a man, and ten thousand such fancies would not make him wish otherwise."

Mopping his brow, he continued: "My pitiful longings to be like other boys gave way in time to the vanity begotten of praise. The gymnasium was prohibited for fear of broken arms; all other facul-

ties were to cower before the ostensible crowning one. And what is the reward of all this? The strongest craving in my life is for that natural development so falsely denied me. Nature demands fair treatment from us; put her out the front door, she slips in the back. So now, beauty of physical perfection seems the most priceless boon to me, and probably so to a morbid extent. I confess that I am always abashed in the presence of physical superiority, no matter if the embodiment of my longing is quite inferior mentally. Emerson says 'We are haunted by a consciousness of our right to grandeur of being, and offer our petty talents as a substitute for real worth. We may throw dust in the eyes of others, but it does not vindicate our own manhood, nor give us the tranquillity of the strong when we walk abroad.'

"If I knew that the strength I covet were unattainable, I might console myself like many, with a sour-grapes philosophy: 'For the fox not only declares that the grapes he cannot get are sour, he also insists that the sloes he can get are sweet.' But I am so convinced to-night that perfect health is attainable, that I am resolved that its pursuit shall now be my first concern.

"William Morris thus voices my desire: 'First of all I claim good health, and I say that a vast proportion of people in civilization do not even know what that means. To feel mere life a pleasure; to enjoy the moving one's limbs and exercising one's bodily powers; to play, as it were, with the sun, and wind and rain; to rejoice in satisfying the due bodily appetites of a human animal without fear of degradation or sense of wrongdoing; yes, and therewithal to be well-formed, straight-limbed, strongly knit, expressive of countenance—to be, in a word, beautiful—that also I claim. If we cannot have this claim satisfied, we are but poor creatures after all; and I claim it in the teeth of those terrible doctrines of asceticism, which, born of the despair of the oppressed and degraded, have been for so many ages used as instruments for the continuance of that oppression and degradation.'

"Now look at the reality: 'The wear and tear of our extreme civilization leads to many cases of neurasthenia and gen-

eral uselessness, and to many sorts of hysteria and insanity.' So says an eminent pathologist. What motive could possibly tempt to such enslavement? Is it greed, or glory, or gravitation?

"Avarice is not necessarily a strong motive, political economists to the contrary. Economic anxiety for the future is doubtless a prevailing evil, but after all, man's natural wants are few, and excess is always injurious. So our amassing wealth at a prodigious rate, even if justly distributed, is no finality.

"And what is glory? What good does it conserve? We pursue the rainbow of glory and must cast aside love, health and liberty as impediments in the mad race, though they are the natural joys of life, and are finally disillusioned when our energy is dissipated. Glory is a monstrous humbug!

"Gravitation is the force inherent in all things, and love is to the social fabric what gravitation is to the cosmos. This motive force is responsible for our gregarious life, and with herding together come the artificial wants and over-civilization. Social life is ennobling and pleasurable when consistent with health, love and liberty; otherwise, the gregarious instinct is morbidly developed. Better learn to love a few in some obscure orbit 'far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' than be a superficial puppet on parade before a host of other shallow and ridiculous puppets who do not care the slightest for you, save as you divert them. Of course, those used to intense emotional pleasures, rather than discard them for a simple healthy life, choose to expend their life forces rapidly, but we must exalt the standard of ideal physical perfection, until people cease to ignore such palpable imperfection.

"The idea of civilization developing a race of cerebral marvels with minimum physical development is preposterous, for everywhere these worn-out emotional specimens are being supplanted by those with natural healthy instincts, until they, in turn, or their children succumb to the high pressure.

"The all-important thing is to start right. Let the child's emotions remain dormant, for if the youth be nurtured in perfect health, the mind can then soar to

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the loftiest heights, and none of the simple joys of life be diminished thereby."

In contrast to Fanning's earnest and impassioned harangue, the speech made by the genial Ralph Enderly was such an anti-climax of satirical humor that the people were convulsed. He sustained his reputation as "the life of the club," but made an inopportune slip in delivering something like the following: "The preceding gentleman appears to be needlessly losing sleep wondering how it would feel to be muscular. Now, I daresay if he were stout, had red hair, a crooked nose and a wart on his chin, he would be equally inflamed over beauty worship. If he were also ignorant or simple-minded, he would agree with Hugo in excluding all worship but genius and beauty."

Here the gavel came down with a resounding rap, and the chairman said: "We can't permit you to make such a noticeable point for the affirmative. Since you infer that only ignoramuses and simple-minded are given to intellect worship, the audience will undoubtedly give the palm to the physical culture exponents." Winston and Fanning applauded in high glee, and the whole crowd laughed heartily, while Enderly sat down with a gesture simulating tragedy.

Thus everybody was in the best of spirits when the debate ended that night, and the reporter is sure that he, for one, while returning homeward in the clear, moon-lit air, inflated his chest with a keener realization of what it means to live.

## THE VALUE OF DIET AND FASTING

By G. R. Darroch



ON reading a back number of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* recently, I was reminded of an experiment I tried when in Cornell University, as to the amount of food necessary for the best activity and endurance of mind and body. I freely give credit to Mr. Macfadden for the inception of this idea. His vigorous advocacy of fasts led me to do a good deal of thinking.

The work I was pursuing in the mechanical engineering department was rigid and exacting; the hours were long, and between the time spent at the college itself and that spent in study, I found myself breaking down. No matter how hard I studied my brain refused to retain the knowledge for more than a few hours. I was living prudently, taking regular, daily exercise in the gymnasium, but each day grew harder for me; my muscles diminished in size, and a total breakdown seemed imminent.

Naturally, all this worried me greatly, and I consulted a physician. "Impoverished blood" was his verdict, and a liberal quantity of medicine, with the injunction to "eat plenty of everything," was his return for the two dollars I left on his desk. I religiously followed this prescription

for the next two weeks, but instead of growing better, I steadily grew worse. Finally, I determined to follow physical culture teachings. I fasted two days completely. Then I began to diet myself, eating entirely in my room. I bought a box of whole wheat biscuits, a dozen eggs, two cans of concentrated soup, and had a milk dealer leave me a pint of milk daily. A ten-cent bowl and a two-cent spoon completed my culinary outfit; I was already provided with a chafing dish.

These arrangements completed, I began my course of dieting. Every third day I fasted entirely, and the other days I ate but two meals a day, these consisting only of a wheat biscuit with milk, and an egg, or the wheat biscuit and a bowl of soup.

This regimen I followed strictly for three weeks, keeping on with my exercise and college work all the while, and at the end of that time I had a good, honest hunger, such a hunger that it overcame my resolution, and I bolted into a restaurant I was passing and had a good, square meal. Never, I think, had beefsteak tasted so good. My fast prepared the way for the diet, by partly relieving my surcharged system of its impurities; my brain was again clear, my muscles alert and elastic, and throughout my whole body I felt it was good to be alive.



# COMPLETE AND AUTHENTIC EXPOSÉ

of The "Free Electric Belt" Fake as Worked by The Heidelberg Medical Institute of St. Paul

By Gerald Keating

After the following article was set up, another communication came to the writer's hands, offering the belt and medicine for **98 cents!**—EDITOR.



As indicated by the heading and the cut which is introduced on this page, our attention this week is given to a gang of fakirs who carry on an extensive business throughout the States by means of the endless chain and follow up system of correspondence.

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, with head offices at St. Paul, Minn., pay large sums for the square yards of ad-

We took the Heidelberg Medical Institute of St. Paul at their word when we made application for their Free Electric Belt, and it is only their word we have for stating that it is an institute capitalized at \$100,000, and that it is giving away thousands of its great Electro-Chemic belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power, and that it recently restored 18,976 ailing men to vim, vigor, health and happiness.

There is practically no beginning and no end to the circle of diseases which this belt can cure. It embraces and "quickly cures" rheumatism, lumbago, lame back,



## ELECTRIC BELT FREE

**To All Men Who Write to the Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul, Minn.**

Just send your name and address plainly written and they will send their great "Electric Chemic Belt" without one cent of cost to you. It is yours for the asking. Not even necessary to send a postage stamp.

**FOR MEN ONLY**

"Good as any Electric Belt in the World."

**REMEMBER** The Belt is not sent on trial but is yours to use forever without the payment of one cent. Be sure today for the great Electro-Chemic Belt. Free.

Address Dept. No. 5,  
**HEIDELBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE, FIFTH AND ROBERT STS., ST. PAUL, MINN.**

The Heidelberg Medical Institute, capitalized at \$100,000, is the largest and richest Medical Institute in the Northwest and is giving away thousands of their Great Electro-Chemic Belts to prove and advertise their wonderful curing power. The Great "Electric-Chemic" Belt will restore you to health and happiness. 18,976 ailing men recently restored to vim, vigor and perfect manhood. It quickly cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Nervous Exhaustion, Varicocele, Failing Vitality, Kidney Troubles, Liver, Stomach and Sexual Diseases, General Weakness, Lost Nerve Force and many other ailments. It is worth from \$30 to \$50 to anyone. It is given away absolutely free by the Heidelberg Medical Institute to all those who need the one great curative agent, electricity.

**"Older in Years, Cured as Last."**  
Case 1755. Eighteen years ago I felt noticed symptoms of nervous trouble that afterwards caused me great misery and suffering. I had pain in my back and spent many restless nights. I had no relief of my suffering, so that I was always at a disadvantage in whatever I undertook. I have been using the Electro-Chemic (Great) Belt of the Heidelberg Medical Institute about six weeks, and I considered myself cured once more, and to be well it is worth all a man has.  
F. T. H.

**"Long in Bed Winded Age"**  
Heidelberg Medicine 18-18164 St. Paul, Minn.—Four of the 17th of last. My anginal has been through cardiovascular. I have worn your most valuable Electro-Chemic Belt and it has proved a miracle in my case. I am strong to have been a wretched old man. I am strong to have been a wretched old man. I am strong to have been a wretched old man. I am strong to have been a wretched old man.  
J. H. Woodard, Wis.

**"Varicocele Cured"**  
Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul, Minn. Dear Doctors—Will you please send me a Free Electric Belt as promised, and I am happy to say that I am cured at last. My varicocele is cured, my health is coming back again. My general health is improving. I am the happiest man alive. Now I can get up and work, and I can sleep at night, and I can eat a good meal. I thank you very much for the belt, and I would advise you to give it to my brother as he has varicocele. He is getting up and working again. I will write you a few more letters. I am grateful.  
F. E. Marlock, Minn.

Reduced facsimile of advertisement setting out the virtues of the great Electro-Chemic Belt and the Free Gift

vertising space they occupy in the leading provincial dailies and fireside journals. The first advertisement reproduced by us is taken from a journal "Devoted to the Idealization of the Home."

nervous exhaustion, varicocele, failing vitality, kidney, liver and stomach trouble, female weakness, and "many other ailments," and this charitable institute, incorporated for the physical welfare of the

weak and decrepid, declare that they give this belt away "absolutely free to all those who need the one great curative agent, Electricity." "Remember," they state, "the belt is *not sent on trial*, but is *yours to keep forever* without the payment of one cent. So write to-day for the great Electro-Chemic Belt, Free. Address Dept. 5, Heidelberg Medical Institute, St. Paul, Minn."

We wrote in due course and this is how they tried to work us. They acknowledged the receipt of our application for their electric gift. They went on to express what happiness it would afford them to send us the belt absolutely free of charge, if we in turn would do them the small service of taking them sacredly into our confidence and fill out their diagnosis sheet, which they enclosed, and return it at once. They stated that if, after examining our case, they thought it a curable one, they would immediately "forward the New Electro-Chemic Belt without one cent of cost to us." They would do this, because they knew it was without doubt one of the best belts ever manufactured, and that their *gift* was for advertising purposes only, knowing that for every Electro-Chemic Belt they gave away they would be able to sell *twelve* in our locality, and that after that their belts would be put on the market for sale at \$28.00 each. All this in an imitation typewritten letter which is run off on the neostyle or mimeograph machine at the rate of about 1,000 a minute.

We returned the diagnosis sheet without delay. We were as promptly favored with a further letter of over 900 words of the usual stereotyped gag of which the fake medical institute is parent. They told us that the diagnosis sheet had received their "careful attention," and that our case had been given a "most thorough" examination, and that they found us suffering from a frightful complication of troubles, which were the direct results of causes which they knew all about and understood. They impressed upon us that we allowed our ailments "to advance to such a severe stage that ordinary or common treatment would be of no avail."

So hopelessly wrecked did they diagnose us that it was their conviction that none but the most skilled specialists should attempt treatment of us, and that

it was their "Electro Medical treatment we should have by all means." No ray or spark of hope lay in any other treatment. It would act directly upon our entire system and give us new life and strength.

In this letter—another stock-printed effusion, with spaces at intervals to stick the name of prospective victims in for the purpose of gulling poor fools into the impression that a letter was written specially to meet the requirements of each individual case—they were pathetically sorry for us—for us, mentioning our names and appealing to us directly. They took paternal interest in us the moment they examined the diagnosis sheet. They addressed us now confidentially. It was no business, or commercial, or skin game. They had our name and case already fixed indelibly in their philanthropic minds. But the sad thing about us was that they found us to be in such a deplorable condition that "*No Electric Belt could cure us without being used in conjunction with proper medicine.*" Notice how the veil was gradually lifted. Electricity was all very fine in its way and, indeed, it would perform wonders if properly applied; but there was a limit to it, as there must be to faking and to all things else. In our case, *per exemplum*, their Electro-Chemic Belt would not rid us of our complications without the assistance of medicine properly taken and applied, but what the Electro Belt, given away absolutely free by the Heidelberg Medical Institute of St. Paul, would do for us, *no other electric belt in the world* could accomplish. They were not backing out of their promises in the newspaper, undertaking to send us one of the Electro-Chemic Belts free of all charges and without the cost of a single cent to us. No! they would keep their promise as honorable men. They were not incorporated for the purpose of swindling and faking. They had a capital of \$100,000, and their already long list of 18,976 (eighteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-six, or thereabouts) of ailing men, recently restored by them to vim, vigor and happiness, was a sufficient and noble reward for their self-sacrificing interest in humanity. They repeated that "Besides electricity our case required a special course of medicine, for the Body



Reduced facsimile of portion of letterhead of the Heidelberg Medical Institute, with a drawing showing how their X-Rays are used, and the "Man at the Plough," followed up by the North Star.

Battery, without this special treatment, could not effect a cure." They, of course, promised to send us their belt, and they promised to present it to us as a free and irrevocable gift. But, like everybody else who makes a promise, they had reserved to themselves the privilege of waiving, or modifying, or breaking it altogether. From their careful and correct diagnosis of our physical collapse it was apparent to them that the Electro-Chemic Belt could not, *per se*, effect a cure. It would now be "absolute folly" to essay our cure by electricity alone in our advanced stage of disease. As a matter of fact, they could not thus help us, nor could they afford to take chances, for a single failure would bring opprobrium upon them and dim the fair name of the Heidelberg Medical Institute of St. Paul and eventually switch them off the market as a group of deceiving fakirs.

However, our case was an exceptional and special one. They appreciated our promptness and frankness in filling out and returning their diagnosis sheet. They appreciated this, and would carry out their promise to the spirit and the letter, and were sending us their belt free. They were, in addition, sending us a special course of medicine for internal use and external application. This they prepared specially for us, and it must be taken and used while wearing the belt. Their regular charge for this medicine, which would carry us over about two months, was \$20.00, but we were so prompt and frank in taking advantage of their generosity that they decided to let us have it, the

whole business, belt thrown in, for a mere song—not for the \$20.00 they regularly charged others, but for \$5.98 (five dollars and ninety-eight cents of Uncle Sam's hard cash). The \$5.98 scarcely paid for the labels on the bottles; the belt alone was worth \$28.00. This did not matter. Their desire was to cure us, and they did not mind losing over it.

They were sending the box containing the belt, and the medicine—to take on the side—by express. They knew how sensitive we were about anybody suspecting we were under treatment. It was only natural we should be so, but long experience and unbounded tact enabled them to devise a way out of this difficulty. They would send the parcel carefully packed and labeled as if it came, not from the Heidelberg Medical Institute, but from a friend named Franklin, who, for aught anybody might know, could be a personal pal out in Minnesota. Nobody could thus suspect the contents of this package, and even though it passed through the hands of the curious they would not be one whit the wiser. It was already, in fact, at the express office at our end, so all we had to do was to drop in and examine it carefully and take it home. We were in immediate need of the treatment, and as they wished us to be rid of our disagreeable symptoms at once they decided that no time must be wasted. This was why they took the kindly liberty of sending us the package so quickly. They urged us to go right ahead and win—not to worry about payment; there was no hurry about that. Call for the free belt, any-

how, at the express office; call for it at Adams' and pay for the medicine when we conscientiously felt we were cured. It would cost us nothing for the belt, of course. They would keep their promise. The only condition they would impose on us in the matter would be an expression of our gratitude and appreciation by acknowledging in a letter how they cured us and *how honorably* we had been dealt with by them.

Now, let us analyze their honesty and their honor. It is a very easy task, for you will find that the virtues of this and all similar concerns do not include either one or the other.

This belt was advertised and offered us free of all cost in the first instance. Then the veil was lifted. The merits of the belt were ingeniously relegated to second place and all importance given to a special course of medicine, of which, *after mature and careful consideration*, they found us to be in real and urgent need. They sought to inveigle us into this trap by insinuating that the \$28.00 belt was being given us *free*, and that we were asked to pay only for the two months' course of medicine, and to report progress occasionally, so that more medicine, and more still, might be forwarded to us at the usual rates, and in the usual discreet manner. They offered this at \$5.98—not \$6.00, but at two cents less than \$6.00. The price was cut down to the cost of manufacture, and no margin left for profit. They did not seek profit. The more they thought of us, or rather, the longer we kept them waiting, the more hopeful they grew. They now felt sure that instead of 12 they would be able to sell 20 belts at from \$20.00 to \$28.00 in our locality, as soon as our cure was completed. This bait did not work. They could not understand us. They pointed out how "*fair*" and "*honest*" they had been with us so far. Why, therefore, did we let such a trifling sum as \$5.98 stand between us and speedy cure. They would now let us have the whole outfit, bottles and belt, for \$4.65; they would knock off

\$1.33. Surely, we now had no excuse.

But we had. We decided to play the game out. We delayed still further, and ignored their letters—the same style of stock-printed letters right through, with the usual provision for our name, which was introduced at critical periods in the body of the letter to give it the semblance of good faith and genuineness.

They were now prepared to lose further in order to induce us to take immediate steps to prevent our untimely death. They would charge us now, not \$5.98, as originally demanded, but \$3.60! Just think of it! A two months' course of medicine for internal and external use, and a \$28.00 Electro-Chemic Belt, all for \$3.60—all for 360 cents. This they assured us was their *last offer*. "*This offer*," they said, "*is final—it is our last offer.*" But we were not wrong in assuming that it was not their "*last offer.*"

We have been four times approached by an emissary from the Express company's office, offering the case for \$2.90. But we have also declined this offer, which we feel sure is not their bottom price. We declined this, and we have now told them, politely, to give us up as hopeless.

It has come to our turn now to endeavor to light the ignorant and the unwary out of the darkness into which hordes of unscrupulous harpies of this class inveigle those broken down in health, who are always too credulous and always too ready to be influenced by the flamboyant, stereotyped twaddle which these electric belt and patent medicine institutes introduce into their advertisements, circulars and "follow-up system" of correspondence.


As for the belts themselves. We have known cases where the source of the "static current" was little pads of cayenne pepper, and also pads of mustard, which generated, not electricity, but painfully raw blisters when perspiration from the body came in contact with the pepper or the mustard.

THE  
**HEIDELBERG**  
MEDICAL  
INSTITUTE

Fifth and Robert Streets  
ST. PAUL, MINN.

The Master Specialist of the Heidelberg  
Medical Institute, famous for his cures

MASTER SPECIALIST



Famous for His Cures

## DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, THEIR CAUSES AND CURE

*By Bernard Macfadden*



**T**ELL me what you eat and I will tell you what you are." Tell me the condition of your stomach and your general physical health can easily be determined. The stomach is to a large extent a barometer which indicates the bodily condition. It is one of the important internal organs, and in those cases where the stomach has been removed for cancer and the patient has lived and apparently enjoyed good health, the work of the stomach is performed by the duodenum, that part of the alimentary canal lying next. The greater number of our physical troubles begin with the stomach. Nine out of ten persons at some time in their life suffer from indigestion, and other troubles that have their origin in the stomach. Numerous diseases affect this important organ. Medical science has many names and varying treatments for these troubles. But in nearly all disorders of the stomach a cure can be effected by natural means when this is varied to suit the patient's needs.

**GENERAL SYMPTOMS.** About the most common symptom is pain or an uncomfortable feeling of heaviness in the region of the stomach; this pain may be increased by pressure. In many instances the pulse is rapid, respiration accelerated, bowels constipated, tongue white and heavily coated. Sick headache is sometimes present. Flashes and spots before the eyes are especially noticed in stooping. Frequently there is a faintness or an "all gone" feeling, which may be felt before or after meals.

**GENERAL CAUSES.** Where the trouble is acute its cause can usually be readily traced to eating unwholesome foods or overeating. If the trouble is of a chronic

nature it is probably caused by bad dietetic habits that have been long continued. It is, however, well to note that although digestive troubles of this kind may have been induced by dietetic errors, these errors are made possible largely by muscular inactivity, the neglect to drink sufficient water, the use of alcoholic stimulants, or too free use of condiments. It is far more difficult for the functional system to keep in a normal condition when inactive habits of life are followed. The stimulus of exercise which brings increased quantities of blood, not only to the exterior muscles, but to every internal organ, vastly aids all the digestive processes, and where this is lacking, it undoubtedly becomes a very important cause of stomach troubles. Late hours, lack of sufficient sleep, dissipation in work or pleasure, are also prominent causes. Eating without appetite is probably one of the most common causes.

This is of especial importance to people who do much mental work, for an unusual amount of blood in the brain cuts off the supply from the stomach. The nervous power, too, which is necessary for the digestion of food, cannot be called into requisition during mental work. Writers and others who have to do hard brain work understand this instinctively and abstain from food. Friends, with a mistaken zeal for their welfare, will often feel greatly alarmed at the omission of a few meals and will try to force food upon them. If food be taken before an appetite has been created for it (which does not occur until there is mental relaxation), it will remain in the stomach and no attempt at digestion be made. Distress will, of course, follow. Every time you eat without an appetite you are putting food into a stomach which is in no condition to digest anything.

**PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.** In a

case of acute indigestion there are two methods of treatment. One is to drink a large quantity of warm salted water, and thus induce nausea, forcing the stomach to relieve itself through vomiting, and following this use the colon flushing treatment, if there is constipation. Cloths as hot as can be borne should be placed over the stomach.

If the symptoms, however, are not very severe, drink very freely of water of a moderately cool temperature. In the majority of cases this will bring relief.

If the trouble is of a chronic nature it must be treated largely by dietetic and constitutional methods. Eat not more than two meals a day in the beginning of treatment. Masticate every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing. DRINK ABSOLUTELY NO LIQUID AT MEAL TIMES. Have pure water at hand at all times and drink freely of same between meals. Adopt some thorough system of exercise that will bring into play all the muscles of the body, and in addition to this take daily the exercises given in the March issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE for building internal vital strength. The development of the external muscles of the abdominal region will have a tendency to very materially strengthen the digestive organs. Once a day (after exercising is about as good a time as any) spend several minutes slapping the body in the region of the stomach lightly with the open hand, striking with the right and left hand alternately, and continuing until a slight feeling of discomfort is felt.

Dieting is of great importance in treating stomach troubles. This is more especially true when the trouble is of a chronic nature. Of course, in acute indigestion, no food of any kind should be eaten until the trouble has disappeared.

First of all, remember that the food must be appetizing, and must be thoroughly enjoyed. This is one particular reason for especially emphasizing the necessity for a keen appetite. It is this enjoyment of the food which excites

the flow of the digestive juices, and it is easy to realize the importance of this where digestive troubles exist. Two meals a day are advised in ordinary cases, though in some instances one meal per day would be better. Avoid eating too freely of meat; do not eat super-cooked foods. In fact, if you could cultivate the habit of living mostly on uncooked foods, your recovery would be far more speedy. If you adopt the two-meal-per-day plan, you can eat your first meal in the morning or at noon, whichever you may desire. In case you have difficulty in digesting your second meal, because digestion is not completed before time to retire, it might be well for you to eat your first meal in the morning and your second and last meal some time between two and four o'clock. If you are too thin, and your assimilation is very poor, it would be well for you to drink quantities of milk after your meals, though it will be far preferable if you eat only uncooked foods when milk forms a part of the meal. Raw rolled oats or wheat moistened with the finest olive oil and eaten with cream or milk, with sweet fruit, will be found very appetizing and nutritious. Food of this kind, combined with nuts and uncooked vegetables with milk should furnish a thoroughly satisfactory meal. Never drink milk as you would water. Sip it very slowly. It should be mixed with the saliva before swallowing, just as it is in infant life.

Mental influence in this trouble is, of course, of considerable importance. Try your best to stop worrying about your food or yourself. Convince yourself that cure is surely within your reach, and that it is merely a matter of persistent work on your part in order to bring it about. Secure all the sleep you may desire, live in the open air as much as possible, and form your habits of life so that you can build the highest degree of physical health generally, and recovery will be materially hastened.





## Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

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

I have been troubled for two years with catarrh of the throat and nose and I believe my stomach is also affected. Have also been troubled with constipation and piles all this time.

Your catarrhal trouble cannot be cured until the constipation and other troubles of the alimentary canal, which you mention, have been remedied. Though catarrhal troubles may be aggravated by local conditions, they are generally caused by constitutional troubles. In other words, it is simply an effort on the part of the functional system to eliminate

foreign matter or impurities with which the blood is overcrowded. To give you accurate instructions for curing all your troubles an extended article would be necessary, but in general would say that if you follow some thorough system of Physical Culture, drink quite freely of water, fast two days out of a week for the first four weeks, eat only two meals a day on other days, masticate every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing, take frequent dry friction, cold and hot water baths, your troubles should gradually disappear.

I would like to know if it makes any difference if one drinks cold or hot water upon retiring or in the morning?

I would not advise that you drink hot water at any time if your stomach is in a normal condition. Although hot water is inclined to increase the functional activities of the stomach at first, the relaxation that follows this stimulating influence is rarely beneficial. Ordinary cool water is the natural liquid, and is far better unless some particular diseased condition of the stomach is to be remedied. Under such circumstances the use of hot water is sometimes advisable. Please note however, that by cool water I do not mean ice water. By all means avoid the ice water habit.

Advise common sense method for treating enlarged tonsils.

The inflammation that is manifested in enlarged tonsils is of course caused by constitutional conditions, the blood is not in a pure healthy condition. The best way to avoid enlarged tonsils is to so conduct your life that you will be in such a superb condition as to make the manifestations of such symptoms impossible. Proper diet, thorough mastication, regular exercises, and the following of Physical Culture habits in every way, should keep you in such a condition.

The general treatment however, when the symptoms have appeared, would be about as follows: Secure some very strong antiseptic solution, and use it for a gargle every hour or two during the day. A very strong solution of salt and water is good. Gargle also at very frequent intervals with water as hot as you can possibly bear it. Drink as much hot water as you conveniently can. Fast absolutely until the symptoms disappear. Hot wet cloths applied to the neck before retiring and allowed to remain there until morning will be found beneficial. In some cases this trouble is serious, as it is possible for the tonsils to swell so large as to interfere with breathing. Where the symptoms are so serious and you cannot so arrange your habits of life as to keep the body in a condition to avoid them, it may be necessary to resort to surgery and have them removed.

I am fourteen years old and cannot breathe through my nose except with

great effort. Doctor has advised an operation. Can you suggest a remedy?

You should first determine whether your trouble is caused by catarrhal symptoms or whether there is a bony formation which prevents your breathing through the nose. If there is a bony formation of course your only remedy is surgery. If it is caused by catarrhal symptoms surgery will be of absolutely no benefit to you. You should adopt the methods for remedying the catarrh suggested in a previous answer. In some future issue of the Magazine the cause and cure of this complaint will be fully treated.

Please advise a diet for me. I had the fever three years ago. I have been in very poor health since illness. If I try to study hard it "knocks me out" right away.

I would advise you to adopt the two meal per day habit, fasting two days out of a week for four weeks. Chew every morsel of food to a liquid. Avoid meats and live largely on uncooked foods, fruit, nuts, raisins, dates, and green vegetables. After having followed this regime for four weeks, if you have not gained in weight and strength as desired, would then advise you to eat one cooked meal in the middle of the day, and one uncooked meal in the morning and one in the evening. Each one of these uncooked meals should consist of raw rolled oats, nuts, dates and raisins, and nearly a quart of milk sipped very slowly.

Half a year ago I had a hemorrhage of the lungs. I cough a little in the morning and expectorate a good deal of yellow matter. Doctor says I have a slight congestion of the right lung and advises change of climate. I feel quite well and strong but when taking exercise heart beats very rapidly even with easy movements.

I do not think that a change of climate would be of special advantage to you unless it would induce you to remain out of doors more than where you are at present. The symptoms which you mention are serious in nature, and if you do not take some radical steps to remedy the trouble you will undoubtedly find yourself a victim of consumption. When one is not accustomed to taking exercise, it is not at all unnatural for the heart to beat very rapidly even with easy movements. By beginning the exercises very lightly and continuing them for some time you will find that the unfavorable heart symptoms will cease. You should adopt some rigid methods for bringing yourself into the highest state of physical health, and continue them until the desired results have been attained. Live in the open air as much as you can, sleep with the windows of your room wide open, take long walks, deep breathing exercises, and every day a dry friction bath should be taken and followed by a cold bath. Thorough mastication of your food, and free drinking of water will also be of advantage.

Suffer greatly with piles. Had operation performed but they have again come back: Give me a good and sure remedy.

The best method of treating your trouble is to begin by a fast of from two to five days. After this live on fruit and nuts, and eat as little cooked food as you can, and have your hunger satisfied. About the best food for you in a trouble of this nature would be raw rolled wheat or oats, moistened with the finest olive-oil, and then eaten with cream and sugar to taste. If you could live on this and fruit, nuts and milk almost entirely for a while after your fast, your trouble should be thoroughly remedied.

Have eczema on one leg. Suggest a cure.

This trouble is entirely constitutional and constitutional methods must be adopted to remedy it. Local applications can accomplish but little, though frequent bathing of the entire body and especially the affected parts is especially valuable. Avoid all meats, eat but little salt or condiments. Live on fruits, nuts and cereals, and vegetables. Masticate everything to a liquid before swallowing. Drink very freely of pure water. This in connection with some thorough system of Physical Culture should in time remedy your trouble.

Give remedy for itch. It breaks out in large red lumps about the size of the end of an ordinary lead pencil. The irritation caused is almost unbearable. Doctors are no good in curing it.

If your trouble is caused by an animal parasite, it would be necessary for you to use some means of destroying it. There are several methods of accomplishing this, but probably the speediest is to bathe the entire body, using soap freely. After drying use sulphur ointment which can be prepared by a druggist or physician, and rub over the body thoroughly and allow it to remain until morning. The irritation however may be caused simply by constitutional conditions, and in this case the general Physical Culture methods for building general strength and health should in time remedy the trouble. Long walks, deep breathing and frequent drinking of water. If the treatment is begun with a fast, recovery will probably be greatly facilitated, the fast lasting from two to five days.

I am fourteen years old and have been troubled with the stumbling habit for years. Can you suggest a complete cure?

The particular defect that you mention is merely evidence of your weakness. As you increase in strength it should disappear, though of course if you will adopt some thorough Physical Culture course for building up your entire muscular and functional system the trouble will disappear more quickly. Take long walks and running exercises, indulge in active outdoor games, and adopt every method for actively using your muscular system, and the defect will quickly disappear.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT



*Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.*

*There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect.*

*No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.*

*If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, does not endorse as truth and fact.*

**N**O contest of this nature has ever been previously conducted, and our readers will, no doubt, realize the many difficulties that arise in making proper arrangements for managing the competition. It has been necessary to make a few changes in the arrangements previously announced, but no changes will be made hereafter, except in a few minor details.

Separate competitions will be held in the following cities in America to decide the winners in each center: New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Denver, San Francisco.

*The \$1000 Prizes for  
the Most Perfectly  
Developed Man and  
Woman*

Separate competitions will also be held in the following cities in Great Britain and Ireland: London, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, Sheffield, Brighton, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Belfast.

The winners of the local competitions in America will be furnished with free transportation to and from New York to attend the semi-final and final competitions to be held at a Mammoth Physical Culture Show in the Madison Square Garden, beginning with the week December 28th of the current year. The winners of the American competition will be decided during the first four days of the exhibition.

The winners of all the local competitions in the British Isles will be furnished with free transportation to and from London, where the semi-final competition will be held to determine the winners on the other side of the Atlantic.

It has been announced in the previous issue that the final competition between the American winners and the British winners would be held in London. This has been changed. The final competition between the winners in America and the European winners will be held during the last two days of the Physical Culture Exhibition at the Madison Square Garden.

Send in your application, with photographs, direct to us. Applicants will please give full information of themselves, the employment, &c., and references.



**O**CCASIONALLY some would-be authority takes it upon himself to rush into print to spout some remarkable theories that have just dawned on him as to the injury resulting from athletic and other exercises. Some time ago a doctor in Chicago stated that no man should exercise after he was thirty-five years of age. His remarkable theories went the rounds of the daily press throughout the country. The papers seem to take particular delight in voicing and giving popularity to every theory, no matter how ridiculous it might be, which would be inclined to dampen the ardor of athletic enthusiasts.

### *Dangers of College Athletics*

Dr. James G. Gilchrist, of the Iowa University, has recently sought prominence by condemning all college athletics. He apparently commends moderate gymnasium exercises, and believes in the ordinary development of the bodily powers, but contends that every element of competition must be eliminated.

The spirit of competition, the desire of one man to measure his strength with another, whether in mental or physical prowess, is everywhere noted, and I must say that it is praiseworthy. It is this spirit of competition, this desire of one man to outstrip another, which has made the world what it is to-day. Without competition, and the strenuous efforts inseparable from it, no man could ever amount to anything either physically or mentally. It is in the spirit of competition that a man loses himself in the pleasure of the strife. It is on competition that the life and health and strength of the individual and of the nation are built. Because one man may be a victim of over-exertion, because there are examples of heart disease and other troubles that have been brought about through too much, too severe and injudicious training, it does not necessarily follow that competition of all kinds should be condemned in every instance. Dr. Gilchrist says that three months of college athletic training wears out a man's heart and arteries more than twice as many years of ordinary life. It is a nice theory, but where is the proof? It is a notorious fact that the average college athlete after graduation goes from one extreme to the other in his daily habits. At college he has plain, simple food; he lives a life of extraordinary activity when not confined by his studies. He develops into a strong, vigorous, well-trained man. But now note what follows. College athletes are usually the sons of the rich or well-to-do. They return home; their active habits cease, but they satisfy their appetites to the extreme limit. They eat three or four hearty meals a day; they drink wines, liquors, and all sorts of stimulants to spur on their desire for food. In time symptoms of all kinds naturally appear; heart and pulmonary diseases develop, and they become easy prey to every disease known in the medical calendar. And, mark you, when these diseases do appear strong drugs are resorted to and their terrible stifling, functional benumbing influence is begun. But all this drugging, over-feeding and lack of exercise do not deserve consideration, according to the theories of Dr. Gilchrist.

It is not athletics at college which brings these physical troubles. It is the want of athletics at home. It is the need of a normal diet, and freedom from drugging and stimulants that cause all the troubles in the after life of college athletes.

**O**NE of the most remarkable examples of the beneficial results of abstemious living is illustrated in the life of Pope Leo XIII. As a child he was a physical weakling, and has been frail all his life. Ever since his election as Pope in 1875 he has toiled more hours every day than many of the hardest mental workers. Wherein lies the secret of his remarkable powers? Here is a man with no particular physical strength

*Lesson Taught  
by the Pope*

and who is still equal to the duties that are imposed upon him in directing the policies of the great church of which he is head. The secret of his wonderfully long life is found in abstemious living, and not in regularity of diet, in exercise, or in sleep alone. It is found in his jealous care in never eating more than his body actually needs. **HE EATS TO LIVE—HE DOES NOT LIVE TO EAT.**

You decide that a certain amount of food is good for your horse; you would not for a moment take the risk of allowing his stomach to decide as to the quantity of food needed; but you—with your superior (?) intelligence—allow your own stomach to do all the dictating as to the character and quantity of your food. Pope Leo XIII. never makes this mistake; his mind directs his dietary in character, in quality and in quantity. He scarcely eats more than the ordinary individual would think is needed to keep a bird alive. Pope Leo XIII. always respects his internal organs; he does not experiment and trifle with them like those who allow their appetites to govern. If, perchance, he



His Holiness Pope Leo XIII.

should overeat, he afterward fasts for a period and gives his stomach and internal organs a rest. He does not experiment with a poisonous cathartic, which, though it may mean temporary relief, ultimately adds to the difficulties by weakening the entire internal functional system.

And in all this we have the secret of the Pope's long life and continued mental powers, and also the secret of his phenomenal memory and capacity for the detail work of that great institution of which he is head.

POSSIBLY you may be startled at the title of this editorial, but the correct definition of these words indicates that anyone who takes the life of another is a murderer, and anyone who takes his own a suicide.

Now, where shall we draw the line? When a life is cut off or shortened, when one dies prematurely through the fault of another, is he not a victim of a murderer? When through his own fault is he not a suicide? And when we know how few persons die of old age, how few actually wear out, how few die natural deaths, then we can realize how large is the proportion of those who die from avoidable causes.

### *Murder and Suicide*

The extreme penalty of the law is inflicted upon those who take life openly and violently; but, in reality, are they not more kind than those who slowly, day by day, take the vitality and life of their victims?

The victim of violence dies immediately; his sufferings are over quickly; his troubles are over and done with; while the other victims must go on suffering day after day, year after year, until the end.

The law makes it a crime to attempt suicide, but one can go on day after day killing himself by inches, lessening his vitality and strength, decreasing his manliness and his powers of body, and continue to follow habits of life that bring him gradually nearer to premature death, which means slow, yet actual suicide, AND NOT A WORD DOES THE LAW SAY TO HIM.

To attempt to kill yourself is a crime, but you can so debilitate your body that you are actually worse than dead, and you can transmit this weakness to your children, and THE LAWS IN THIS COUNTRY SAY NOT A WORD.

Is it not inconsistent? Is it not amusing? Is it not even ridiculous? You may kill yourself by slow degrees to your heart's content; you may by this process pervert your own body and contaminate those with whom you come in contact, and transmit this weakness and physical perversion to your children, and still THE LAW SAYS NOT A WORD.

No wonder we sometimes lose respect for laws when they become so farcical. No wonder there are anarchists to be found everywhere. We demand a law that will brand as a criminal any man who commits suicide by slow processes. Punish those who attempt to commit *quick* suicide if we must; but if this is a crime, the crime of *slow* suicide should be one-hundred-fold more a crime, for the victim of *slow* suicide is a dangerous enemy to civilization and posterity. His influence is seriously detrimental to any community and a curse to his progeny.

*Photographs*:—The \$5.00 Prize for the best photograph in this issue has been awarded to Mr. Otto Petersen.

**S**TRANGE as it may seem, one of the most pitiful objects in this country at the present time is a man who is everywhere envied. He is as rich as Croesus. He has lived for wealth. His every energy has been bent on building an immense fortune, and this great ambition has been satisfied to the extreme limit. *But with sufficient wealth to buy out a nation he is still to be pitted.*

With all his wealth and the power and influence it will buy, the commonest laborer secures more satisfaction, more happiness from life than he. Imagine, if you can, the vast importance of functional vigor, especially strength of the digestive organs. The satisfaction, the happiness of life—in fact, your very existence depends

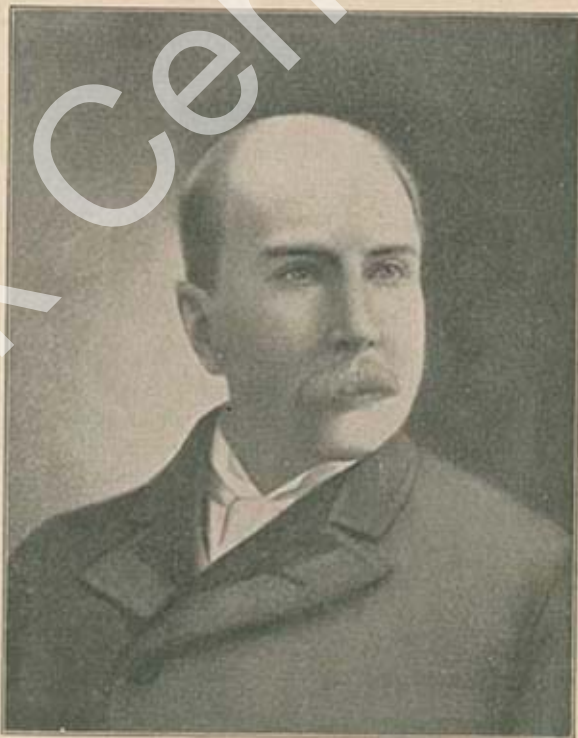
*The Richest Man  
Is Still the Poorest*

upon your stomach. If it is diseased, if it is unequal to the tasks that are assigned in maintaining strength and health, there can be but little pleasure for you. Under such circumstances you are constantly tortured by pain, or at least by a feeling of general discomfort and weakness.

*John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world, is an object to be pitied.* With all his wealth he is not able to buy the pleasure that comes to those who enjoy an ordinary degree of health.

It has been reported that he has at last been cured by continuous golf playing during a recent visit to California. But at this writing this cannot be verified. Imagine, if you can, how he must be tortured! See him doling out his millions to the scientists who have been experimenting upon him for years in their endeavor to relieve his suffering. Every possible method known to medical science has been tried in their efforts to cure his ailment, and in their failure not only to cure his disease, but to save the lives of his children, he has learned their absolute helplessness. They failed to benefit him or cure his loved ones, but still this poor helpless man turns to them for remedies. He has given them millions to be used for investigation and experiments. Surely, he must know that millions upon millions have been spent for this futile purpose in the past.

*John D. Rockefeller's stomach—in fact, his entire body—could easily be brought to a normal state.* He is probably suffering more from the vagaries of medical science than from the results of his own errors. You who gloat over



John D. Rockefeller

the power of wealth, you who spend sleepless nights yearning to possess the power that comes with unlimited capital, take note of this man's pitiful helplessness. With all his financial strength, he is still a mere baby who must be buffeted here and there, compelled to suffer for the errors and the ignorance of men in high places in what is called the healing profession. Here he is giving away millions to facilitate the wild search of the cure for diseases.

"You can have all you want," he says to medical science, while his own body is racked with pain, as he tries one experiment after another.

You have reason to be thankful, my friends, if you are not rich, if you are not surrounded by a vast coterie of super-scientific men who are groping along in the dark searching for some intricate round-about method of cure. Poor, misguided creatures as they grope along in the mysterious unknown and unknowable! Right at their hands are infallible remedies, so simple that it seems even a little child would be able to understand.

If John D. Rockefeller desires to accomplish results that will be of enormous value to every human creature, why does he confine his donations solely to the very medical scientists who have proven their incompetence by their inability to bring relief to him? Why not offer every rational representative of the healing art an opportunity of showing results, and if among these various representatives are the hygienists, or the natural curists whose results are brought about by Physical Culture and natural means, the world and John D. Rockefeller will be astounded at what Nature and a little common sense can do when properly directed.

*John D. Rockefeller, stop bolstering up absurd methods that have proven failures in your own case. Turn your attention to other methods—turn your attention to Nature, to exercise, to diet, to fasting; for in these you have a cure for yourself, and for all others who suffer from like ailments.*

Bernarr Macfadden, Editor.

I have been interested in your career for many years. I saw you in one of your last wrestling matches in this city nearly twelve years ago. As I understand it, you were at that time meeting all claimants for wrestling honors, not simply as a wrestler, but as a physical culture teacher anxious to prove the accuracy of your theories. A more effective method of proving the value of your methods could hardly have been adopted. If anyone is able to defeat the best trained

***A Suggestion from an  
Old Friend Is Given  
Herewith***

champion athletes in an exercise so violent as wrestling, the methods used in preparing for these contests must be the best. I have often wondered why you ceased to be an active participant in the athletic world. The physical culture ranks are full of so-called experts, with all sorts of high-flown theories, though there are but few who can do anything but talk. If you would again enter the athletic arena, after a business career of twelve years, and take an active part in wrestling and make a satisfactory showing, your critics would be effectively silenced as far as the value of your methods is concerned.

J. B., St. Louis, Mo.

**T**HE idea of again going actively into athletics has been one which I have seriously considered, but the many duties connected with the editorial and business management of my publications make it difficult to do so.

To attempt the extremely vigorous training methods required in preparing for a contest of this kind would take more time and energy than I could spare without serious business loss.

Though I may not personally act upon the suggestion, there are many follow-

ing the theories advocated in this magazine who would no doubt be willing to take my place. The object of the Athletes' Home is to train athletes by our methods, and enter them in competition where they would be able to compete with those using the ordinary methods of training. Even should we not be able to start this Home at an early date, we expect to prove by our ability to furnish champion athletes that the theories advocated in this publication are based on reliable facts.

We would like to furnish champion athletes whose habits of life would conform to the following:

(1) Diet composed entirely of uncooked foods, like fruit, nuts, grains and vegetables, with possible addition of milk and eggs.

(2) Methods of training should recognize the vast value of proper breathing, and the necessity for strengthening all parts of the body uniformly.

(3) As we believe a good physique and good morals ought to go together, a clean, wholesome life in every respect would be insisted upon in the athletes we would train.

✻ ✻ ✻

**What the Corset Does:  
Causes Serious Displacement**

- (1) It loosens and immobilizes joints & impairs power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately causes and makes shapelier, flaccid and nervous the flesh at the waist line.
- (5) Destroys the heavy lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and feet by restricting movements, interfering with normal circulation and thus insuring wild power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weakness peculiar to women, and of those which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Causes weakness, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently in expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacement.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of marital miseries and divorces.

**T**HAT the corset displaces the internal organs is comparatively easy to prove. Compare the female form as shown in the famous sculptured works of art with the average woman of to-day, and you may wonder how a normal human body can be so distorted. Every organ at the waist line is displaced by the corset wearer. The form is changed by the corset, and this change means that the internal organs have been moved from their normal position. It means they are pushed downward or upward, and these displacements interfere most seriously with the performance of the functional processes.

Though the organs in the region of the waist are displaced, the most serious results of this pressure and distortion are noted in the delicately constructed organs of sex. Nature is such a good mechanic that the most beautiful balance exists to make the organs fit exactly in their proper places. There is no part of the body where constriction could do so much harm as here. There is no part of the body where a normal condition is so much to be desired. By forcing the waist inward two or three inches, the stomach, liver, spleen, pancreas and kidneys may all be pushed more or less out of their right position, and in turn exert pressure upon the more delicate organs in the pelvis. Some of these organs are suspended by ligaments on either side, and constant pressure from above stretches these ligaments out, and the result is that the organ falls. There being a great supply of nerve filaments to this part of the body, the result of so interfering with the work of the body is excruciating pain. Especially is this so at those times when a great supply of blood is sent to these parts. But few women who habitually wear corsets escape from the effects of this evil. Its influence upon their general health is harrowing to an extreme

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degree. They become weak, ailing and despondent. They suffer from the "blues." Good health is impossible under such circumstances. They suffer continually and all with whom they come in contact are influenced adversely by them.

If you desire your wife to be constantly in the doctor's care, encourage her to wear tight corsets. And when the tragic effects of this perversion have been brought home to men, the man who approves and countenances corset wearing is something worse than a fool. But remember a small waist is no more a sign of beauty than a hunch back.

This is the W. B. Erect Form (Wrecked Form) corset—a corset that may be put on by a young woman in the flush and bloom of perfect health and, if properly laced, a gradual transformation is guaranteed to take place. It will throw her body out of poise by changing the center of gravity, thus giving her a ridiculous mincing gait which is a decided change from the free graceful movements of women who are peculiar enough to want to be as Nature made them. It is further guaranteed to create enough difficulty, by displacing important organs, so that the young woman after she has married will be most of the time under the care of specialists. It is guaranteed to wreck her body, and in so far as a "wrecked body" may mean a wrecked mind and soul, it is further guaranteed to do side stunts along that line. It may make her an unfeeling wife, an unnatural mother, and an undesirable companion. When she is all that, she will look very differently from what she does now.



**A**N interested reader sends us the following: "W. B. Erect Form" (Wrecked Form)  
"A certain Physical Instructor claims that a very large muscular development is undesirable for one who does office work, as it causes increased heart action, which interferes with good brain work."

Increased muscular development does not cause increased heart action, except at the time you are exercising, and it does not interfere with good brain work.

**Large Muscles—  
Brain Work**

Muscular strength regularly used adds to the nervous and functional energy. Nervous and functional energy furnishes the power necessary to mental activity. A weak body and poor, flabby muscles mean a corresponding condition of all the functions of the body. Pure blood, rich in those elements essential to supply the body with material necessary to the perfect performance of all bodily functions, can only be produced and supplied when every organ possesses full strength, and works in perfect harmony. Do not be alarmed when some poor little emaciated and phlegmatic nincompoop endeavors to make the best of his own physical shortcomings by seeking to advance whimsical theories and calling attention to imaginary evils that are supposed to accrue from the development of a muscular system of which he doubtless has abandoned all hope.

Bernarr Macfadden