

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

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A New Generation of Spartans Now Being Reared in the Black Forest of Germany by a Wealthy Philanthropic Farmer
These children are being educated to live a free, untrammelled life in the open air. They are being reared on a vegetarian diet and are eloquent representatives of what Physical Culture and a natural life can do in developing superb health and perfect bodies. (See article, "The Cultivation of a New Spartan Race," Page 460.)

DEVELOPMENT OF VITAL VIGOR

HOW THE IMPORTANT INTERNAL ORGANS CAN BE GREATLY STRENGTHENED BY BUILDING MUSCULAR STRENGTH IN ALL SURROUNDING TISSUES

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

THOUGH physical culture is undoubtedly of great importance as a means of beautifying the muscles and strengthening the nerves of the body, yet as a means of developing vital or functional vigor it assumes far greater importance. The length of life is determined largely by the vigor of the internal vital organs. These organs are needed at all times to maintain life and health and strength.

That remarkable organ, the heart, which pumps the blood through the body during our entire life, probably performs the most important offices of any of the vital organs. But there are other organs

emanate from the nourishment secured from the organs of assimilation, which absorb from our food all the elements needed to maintain the health and strength of the body.

What the furnace is to an engine, the stomach and intestines are to the body. The chemical changes that take place in the furnace produce the necessary heat required to give power to the engine, for it is a truth of chemistry that there can be no chemical change without the production of heat. The chemical changes in the food while in the stomach and intestines enable the organs of assimilation to take up those



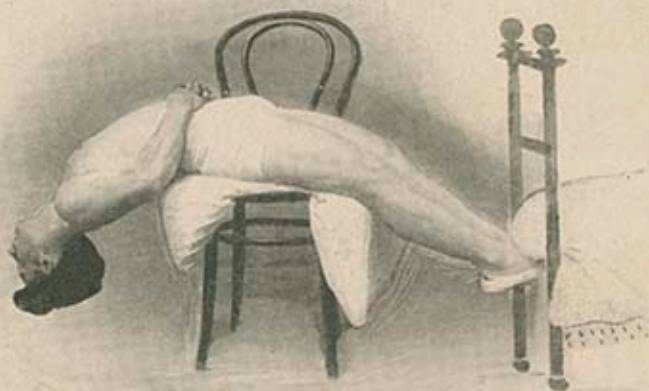
Exercise No. 1. After securing a chair, on which a pillow or cushion should be placed, put your feet under the cross-pieces of the bed, clasping your hands together over abdomen as shown in illustration. Now bend backward (See next photo.)

of perhaps almost equal importance. For instance, should the functional processes of the lungs cease for even a few minutes life would be extinct.

But all the power evidenced in the pumping of the heart, in the contraction and expansion of the chest, in all the various muscles and nerves of the body,

elements required in nourishing that remarkable engine, the human body.

With all our so-called science, man knows but little of the vital processes of the body. They are to a certain extent a mystery. Conclusions in reference to digestion and assimilation are in many cases largely theoretical. We know that

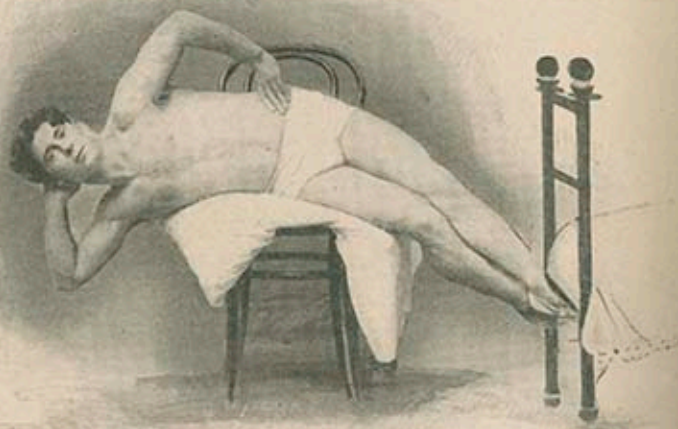


nication with every part of the human body, is still shrouded in mystery.

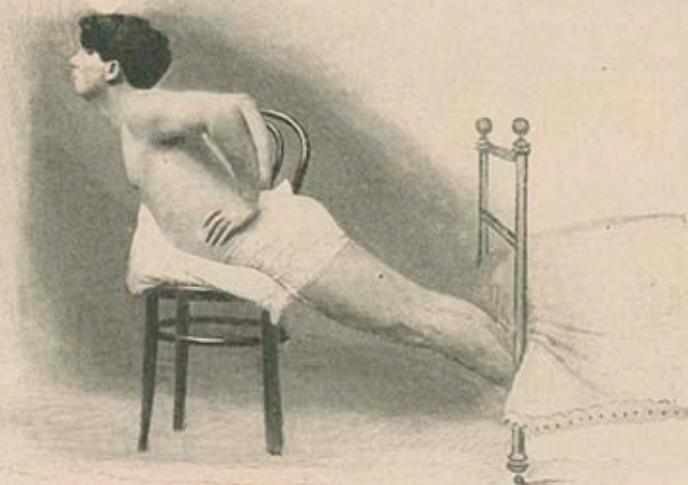
From my remarks in reference to the stomach, intestines, and other organs located in that region, it can be realized readily that the functional processes performed in this part of the body assume vast importance. Proper digestion and proper assimila-

Exercise No. 1—Continued. To the position shown in the above illustration. Rise to the former position, and continue the exercise until tired. If the exercise makes you dizzy when holding your head back in this manner, keep your head forward, your chin on your chest, during the entire movement.

the nourishing elements of the food needed at a particular time by the body are absorbed as the food passes through the body. We know that the body is furnished with power and heat by this process. But the chemical processes that produce heat are unknown to the scientific world. The mysterious telegraph system, by which the brain keeps in constant commu-



Exercise No. 2. Recline on your right side, crossing your left leg over the right, and placing both feet under the cross-pieces of the bed, as shown in illustration. Now bend down as far as you can, then raise as nearly as you can to a sitting position, keeping your body in a sidewise position during the entire movement. Continue until a feeling of fatigue is induced. Same exercise with the position reversed, reclining on the left side.



known fact that the strengthening of the muscles in any part of the body beneficially affects adjacent muscles, whether they themselves have been used or not. Following out the same theory, it has been proven beyond all possible doubt that the strengthening of the muscles in the region of the ab-

Exercise No. 3. Assume position as shown in illustration, putting the heels under the cross-pieces of the bed, hands on hips. Now bend forward as far as you can, then raise as high as you can. Each time you raise upward, hold the body in this position a moment before returning. Continue the exercise until a feeling of fatigue is induced. In this exercise, if you place the chair far enough back, so that the weight of the body rests upon the thighs of the leg, the exercise will require much more effort. Also when regaining the upward position, if you will stretch your arms far out in front, it will add to the difficulty of the exercise. Placing your hands on the back of the head while taking the exercise will also increase its difficulty.

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Exercise No. 4. This is an exercise similar to No. 1, except that the arms should be stretched far outward, as shown in the illustration. Keep the arms in this position during the entire movement. I would not advise anyone, unless very strong, to attempt this exercise.

domen has a decidedly beneficial effect upon the digestive processes. When exercises of this kind are regularly taken, digestion is performed more easily. There is always less trouble in case one has been in the habit of suffering in this way. The bowels are always more regular, and diseases of all kinds are far less liable to attack one when these important organs of the body are kept in a healthy condition.

Of course, the movements required in taking exercises of this character will affect the entire internal system beneficially. The organs are moved about, squeezed, massaged to a certain extent with every motion of the body, and naturally are benefited by this.

In previous issues of this magazine I have given exercises especially for building vital power. They are all beneficial. Whenever you build strength in the external muscles of the abdominal region, you are to a certain extent increasing your vital power. But I can say conscientiously that the exercises I am illustrating in this issue will have a more immediate effect upon the internal organism than any that have previously been illustrated in the magazine. Of course, I must admit that they are a trifle rigorous, and that considerable care must be used not to strain or over-work the muscles in the beginning.

The apparatus required, as will be no-

ticed, is a large pillow or a cushion and a bed, or any heavy piece of furniture under which your feet can be conveniently placed. The less clothing worn while taking the exercises the better, though it is well to wear a shoe or a slipper to protect the upper part of the feet as they press against the hard cross-pieces of the bed.

Though I have experimented with all sorts of exercises, and have tried nearly every system I have heard of, these exercises, which I devised for my own use about fifteen years ago, have perhaps been used more frequently than any others. They supply a very speedy method of developing the muscles and awakening the muscular and vital systems.

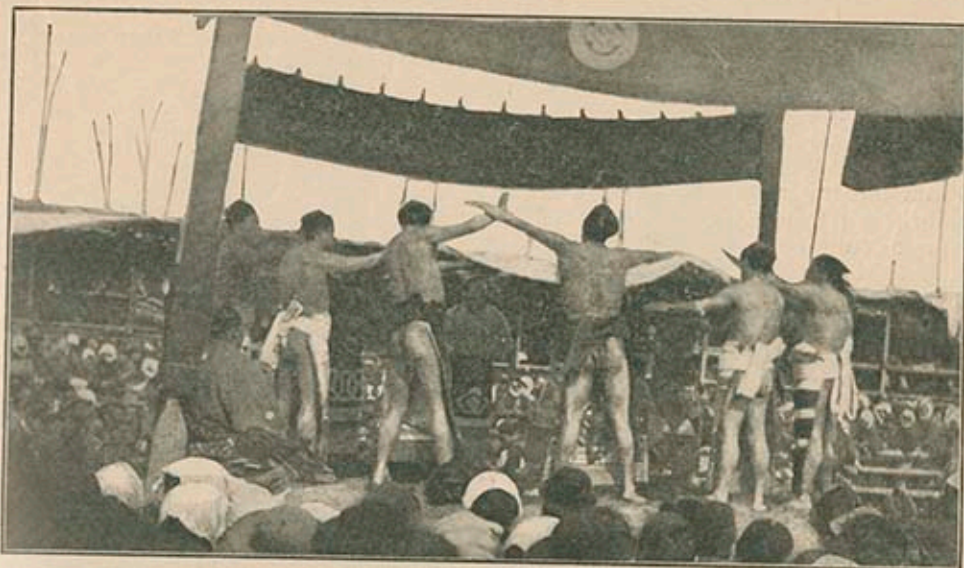
Not only are these exercises very valuable as a means of building vital vigor, but they so harden and strengthen the muscles of the back, sides and abdomen that it is far more easy for one to maintain an erect, normal position of the body while walking or sitting. In fact, I consider the lesson that I present in this issue to be one of the most valuable, if not *the* most valuable, that have ever been given in the magazine to my readers. They are equally applicable to both sexes, but the greatest possible care must be used when there are any weaknesses present of the kind to which women are peculiarly liable.

HOW THOMAS A. EDISON SUSTAINS HIS TREMENDOUS MENTAL POWER

It is interesting always to know how brainy people accomplish the vast amount of work that seems to be the great part of their lives, and how they sustain the tremendous amount of nervous supply that is consumed constantly in the course of their labor. Edison is a mental giant. More vital fuel is consumed, perhaps, by his brain than is consumed in the energy required by a digger of the soil. His manner of keeping himself in good health is, therefore, especially interesting in this connection, and perhaps is described best in his own words.

"I keep my health by dieting," he says; "people eat too much and drink too much; eating has become a habit with most every one; it is like taking morphine—the more you take the more you want. People

gorge themselves with rich food," he said, earnestly. "They use up their time and ruin their digestions and poison themselves. Diet is the secret of health. I eat almost nothing. I eat less than a pound of food a day; three meals, but just enough to nourish the body. I don't really care whether I eat or not; it is not my pleasure. One soon gets out of the habit of caring much about his meals. If the doctors would prescribe diet, instead of drugs, the ailments of the normal man would disappear. Half the people are food drunk all the time. Diet is the secret of my health. I have always lived abstemiously. It is a religion with me. My father before me practiced dieting and he instilled the idea into me."



The Wrestlers of Japan—A Scene Characteristic of the Sport—Saluting the Judges Before the Contests Begin

WHEN EXTREMES MEET IN WAR

A PHYSICAL CULTURE STUDY OF THE DIET, PHYSICAL CONDITION AND HABITS OF THE RUSSIANS AND JAPANESE NOW ENGAGED IN A DEADLY PHYSICAL CONTEST

By G. B.

The interesting article which follows has been prepared at our request by an official of the United States Government holding a responsible position that has enabled him to become thoroughly familiar with the training, discipline and diet of the soldiery of Russia and Japan, now engaged in the tremendous conflict on which the attention of the world is fixed. Under the recent proclamation of President Roosevelt, forbidding all government officials from expressing opinions on the subject of the war and the people engaged in it, we are compelled to limit the publication of the author's name to the use of his initials.

BERNARR MACFADDEN.

IT was said of ancient times that when Greek met Greek, then came the tug of war. Nowadays comes this query: "When opposites meet in combat, what will be the outcome?" In its final analysis, the present Japanese-Russian conflict will have to be fought out on land, and in that fierce contention the strength, endurance and training of the individual combatant will decide the destinies of empires.

Climate and diet, no less than cleverness in the art of war, will be great factors in what may prove to be one of the mightiest struggles of modern times. Russia and Japan are widely different in their territory and methods of existence,

but not in any lesser degree than are the individuals who make up the populations of these two important empires.

The Japanese soldier and the Russian soldier present a unique study in contrasts. In color, physique, habits, manners and methods, they differ as widely and as emphatically as it is possible for men to differ. One is the creature of impulse, the other cool, calm and deliberate. One, in his physical make-up is short and sturdy; the other, slender and supple and well trained in the strategy of warfare. One, in time of war, lives almost entirely upon rye bread, while the other exists with rice as his staple diet. One has accustomed himself to the hard-

ness of extreme winter, while the other is accustomed to a somewhat milder climate.

From time immemorial particular attention has been devoted to the development and strengthening of the soldiers of the "Land of the Rising Sun."

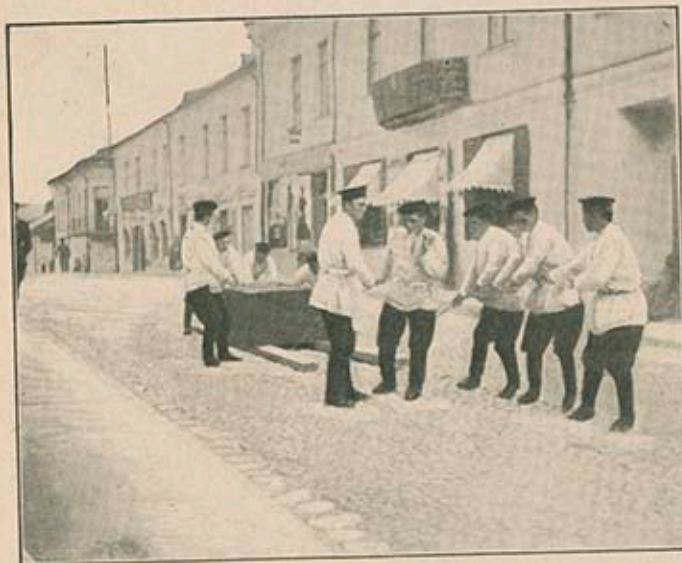
The victory over China not only increased the importance of Japan in the eyes of the world, but it also gave the individual Japanese a more exalted opinion of himself than he ever had before. As a consequence, the men in the Japanese army have entered into the military spirit with zest and enthusiasm, and have co-operated more

than ever with the authorities in obtaining the benefits that go with severe training and exact discipline. The Japanese soldier, because of his physique and the natural suppleness of his body, takes to physical culture with the ease and enjoyment with which a duck takes to water. He is well fed, but he is fed in a scientific manner. Rice, of course, forms the chief article in the military bill of fare. It has numerous advantages. It is economical, nutritious and palatable. To this are added various kinds of fruit, which in time of war are carried in their dried state, and form an essential part of the mess.

For some time past, gymnastic drills have taken up a large portion of the time which is devoted to the training of



The Best Type of Korean Soldiery—The Body Guard of the King who Appears, Slightly Elevated Above the Men of his Guard, Against the Wall in the Background



Russian Soldiers Engaged in their Ordinary Day's Work—Men Hauling a Heavily-Laden, Improvised Wooden Sled Over a Rough Cobblestone Roadway



A Russian Cossack on His Way to the Front

the Japanese soldier. The drills include all of the motions of the body that are necessary to develop the nerves and muscles of the soldier. A special effort is made to harden the muscles of the arms and legs. This gives great powers of endurance in the case of forced marches and other emergencies of war. Surprise is frequently expressed by strangers at the ease, rapidity and dexterity with which the diminutive Japanese soldier handles his musket. Under the present state of affairs in the Empire, all males between the ages of seventeen and forty are liable to be called upon for the public defense, and physical disability is the only thing that exempts a Japanese from military service.

Perhaps the most notable feature of the literature of the Japanese-Russian war as published in this country, has been the absence of definite information regarding the individual Russian soldier. These men have been noted at all times in Europe for the hardiness of their bodies and for their faithfulness to their superiors; like the Spartans of old, yielding unquestioned obedience, being subject to a rigid discipline, and being ready at all times to make any sacrifices for the sake of country. The Russian army was

originally composed of serfs who worked for sweet liberty and the solace of a pension in their declining years. Now the conditions are radically different, and there is a mutual spirit of patriotism existing between the noblemen in command and the plebians in the ranks.

All males over twenty-one years of age are liable to be called upon for military duty, and the most interesting feature of it is the fact that most of them are called upon. The military establishment of Russia consists of the actives, the reserves and the irregulars, the duties of which are sufficiently indicated by the names. The irregulars include the Cossacks and such other independent military organizations as are not usually included in the regular army. The men carry sixty rounds of ammunition, in two pouches, and are

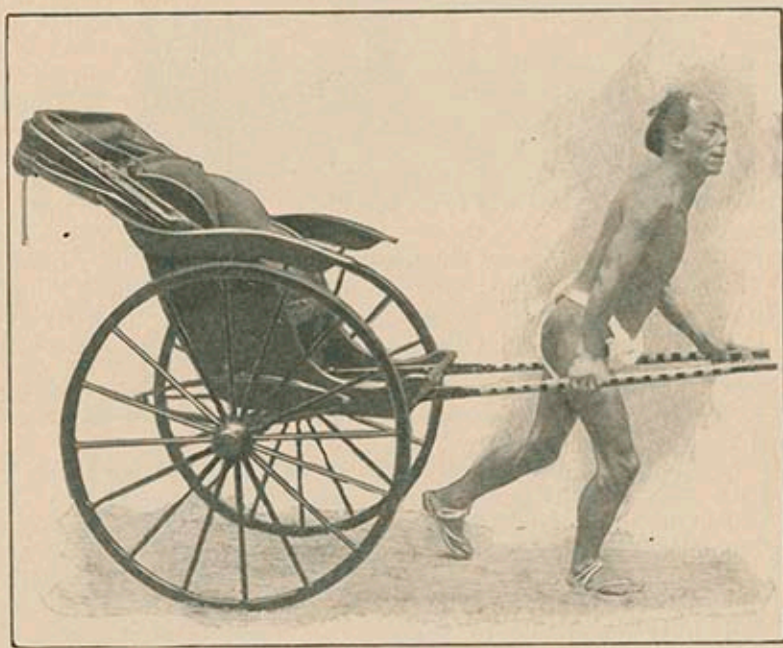


A Japanese Post Runner. Note that, Notwithstanding the Herculean Development of the Knee Muscles and the Thighs, the Whole Body is Symmetrically Muscular

equipped with a breech-loading rifle with a fixed bayonet, and carry besides this a two-edged sword. The dark green tunic, and the trousers tucked in the long boots, which are so familiar to the people of Russia, are made of the coarsest kind of material; but the attire is so light that it does not handicap the soldier, and it has also the merit of being the best uniform possible for the health of the men.

The Russian soldiers are drawn almost entirely from the farming classes, and the standard height of the men is 5 feet 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. The staple food, as has been indicated, is black bread, made of whole

possibility of obtaining inferior bread from a contractor is avoided. The men are very fond of the "staff of life" when it is made in this particular way, and those who are competent to talk intelligently upon the subject say that a diet of black bread would in itself be amply sufficient to sustain the soldiers during an entire campaign. However, they are not limited to it. When the men are in camp they get fresh bread; but when they are on marches they are furnished with dried bread of the same kind. The kitchen and the bakery are always essential portions of a Russian army.



Japanese Jinrikisha Man—Showing the Remarkable Muscular Development of Men Who Run Scores of Miles Per Day Without Exhaustion

rye, which is ground up and then baked without yeast. In addition to this, the men have, in the winter time, what is known as sauerkraut soup. Pea soup is another article of food that is used very freely. Fish is furnished to the soldiers once or twice a week, and consists usually of salt herring, or the particular kind of fish that is afforded by the locality in which the men happen to be garrisoned. The black bread is baked generally in 100,000 pound lots, and is manufactured by the regular army cooks. Thus the

The Cossacks and other soldiers in the south are given a diet that varies slightly from that furnished to the regular troops. Where the winters are not so rigorous the men get more fruits. Salt is the only condiment that is given to a Russian soldier, pepper being allowed only in exceptional cases, and then very sparingly. In recent years the Russian officers have experimented with German army foods, but they did not prove popular with the men, and were not regarded as palatable for that climate.

In short, it may be said that the Russian soldier is fed very well. The food is extremely simple; but the main thought in selecting it has been to secure the largest amount of nourishment with the least amount of debris. The army records show that when a man first enters the military service the food does not agree with him, and for some months he is in a weaker condition than when he enlisted; but after a recruit has served for a year he becomes remarkably strong upon the diet which is given him. Tea is a great drink with the Russian soldiers, but it is not furnished to them by the army commissaries. It is regarded as a luxury, and hence the soldiers, when they desire tea, are compelled to buy it out of their pocket money.

Perhaps one of the most interesting features, both in the Russian and in the Japanese army, is the total abstinence habits of the men. Alcohol is rarely used in any form, while tobacco is not furnished at all. During recent campaigns the Russian soldiers manufactured for themselves a new beverage, known as Kvass—a beer that is made by taking quantities of stale and fresh black bread and putting it in a large tub and then pouring boiling water over it. This ferments of itself, and when a little molasses is added it becomes a pleasing drink—none the less so because of the absence of the usual intoxicating qualities. The Russians are very fond of onions, and the large black calf-skin knapsack which is thrown over their shoulders, and carries several days' rations, is sure to contain onions as well as black bread and salt.

The Cossacks are natural born soldiers, and have been of inestimable value to the Russians in all of their wars. Their expertness in riding and in fighting on horseback have justly won them an international reputation. One who has lived in their midst says that the Cossacks are practically brought up with the horses. As soon as a child is able to know anything he is furnished with a pony, and he begins to ride it in his tenderest years, and pony and child grow up together, thus establishing an intimacy between child and horse that lasts for a lifetime.

Under the law of 1871, the military service performed by the Cossacks, as well as by other non-Russian inhabitants

of certain portions of the Empire and the population of the Grand Duchy of Finland, was under special laws enacted for their benefit. In the case of the Cossacks, they are usually exempt from taxation, with the understanding that they are to become part of the army and to serve in the defense of the Empire whenever necessary. It has proven to be a desirable arrangement on both sides. The Cossacks have always been free men, and neither serfdom nor other dependence upon the land has ever existed among them. One interesting feature of their military life is the fact that every Cossack is obliged to equip, clothe and arm himself at his own expense and keep his own horse. While on service beyond the frontiers of his own country, he receives rations of food and provender and a moderate sum of money in payment for his service. The Russian government has always aimed to be liberal in its dealings with the Cossacks, and, as a consequence, it has not only exempted them from taxation and paid them a small amount of money, but has also granted pensions to the widows and orphans of those who have been killed in the war, or who have died of injuries received during the war.

From this rapid sketch it will be possible to obtain an intelligent idea of the character of the individual soldiers whose courage and persistence will have to determine the outcome of the present war. While differing in many respects, the soldiers of both countries are well fed and well clad and subjected to severe discipline. This in a sense puts them upon equal terms, and after all will make the result of the battles hinge upon the natural and national characteristics of the contending soldiery. The men in both armies are unusually temperate in their habits, suffer rarely from contagious diseases and, barring exposure incident to warfare, are not liable to severe physical suffering. The pluck, persistence and agility of the Japanese will count for a great deal when the infantry face one another on some decisive field of battle; but on the other hand, to express the opinion of a great expert, one does not need to probe the philosophy of history to understand the advantages belonging to a people who fight with the north wind at their backs.

LUST OR LOVE—WHICH?

By George G. Pendell

IN an article in the February PHYSICAL CULTURE, Mr. H. Irving Hancock treats of Mormonism in a manner that, for the most part, deserves cordial indorsement. But he makes one statement to which exception may very properly be taken, as Mr. Hancock will doubtless concede when he realizes the point that is made. He says:

"It is difficult, sometimes, to draw the dividing line between love and lust. Probably there must be *some* lust between husband and wife in order that the most perfect sympathy may exist, in order that nature's demands for the rearing of children may be met."

Love, as I view it, is the consummation of the highest ideals of the spiritual nature of man. Lust, on the other hand, is remaining evidence of the debasing influences of the bestial origin of the human animal. Love is the greatest and best result of the evolution of life; lust, in humankind, is a reversion to the worst and most disgusting forms of animalism.

I cannot consider the human body as other than a temple which the Lord God has made for the indwelling of the spirit of divinity which makes mankind superior in mental and moral qualities to all other animals.

The Hebrews, in the ancient days—so the story runs—erected a tabernacle or temple of magnificent proportions and luxuriant adornment, wherein they might worship the great Jehovah. From scattered portions of the record we learn that it had its outer court, wherein even Gentiles might gather. It had its inner court, where only the Chosen People might enter. It also had the inner sanctuary, wherein was deposited the Ark of the Covenant, with the tables of commandments, the manna, or "bread from heaven", and Aaron's rod that budded. Into this Holy of Holies only the high priest might enter and offer incense and sacrifice, and even he might not pass the portals to the sacred place except at stated

times, and under prescribed conditions. On these occasions the Shekinah of the Lord hovered over the temple and the glory of God shone round about. Once two sons of Aaron attempted to profane the Holy of Holies and were stricken dead on the moment. It was a most sacred place, not to be lightly or irreverently approached.

Viewed as a legend, or as authentic history, the record cannot be regarded as other than divinely inspired. It is symbolical of the greater temple, not made with hands—the human body.

There is no part of the body that is shameful. There is pleasure in looking upon the beautiful face of a pure woman; there is gratification in the strength and virility of virtuous manhood. But those parts of the organism which form the differentiation of the sexes are the Holy of Holies of the human temple. The entire structure should always be regarded as dedicated—set apart—for the service of God, through service to our fellow-men. But the organs of sex are the inner sanctuary, guarded by the commandments to revere the temple as the dwelling-place of God; the storehouse of the covenant of God; the safeguard of the bread from heaven, and the depository of the life which springs forth therefrom.

Into this sacred place no irreverent son of man may enter. That privilege and duty are reserved for the high priest and high priestess alone, and they by no promiscuous arrangement that might lead to profaning the sanctuary, but reverently to offer together their mutual incense and sacrifice to the God of love and of life. It is when the conditions are thus perfectly met that the Shekinah of the God of love shines over the temple, and the glory of the God of life is made manifest.

And whoever would break through the restraining influences of virtue, modesty and self-respect, to defile and profane the most holy place of the most high God,

let him be anathema maranatha—cursed above all curses.

Is it possible to conceive that lust is necessary to compass so holy a relation as that? Is it not true that lust and true love—"the real thing"—are as far apart as the east is from the west? Lust is selfish. Love "seeketh not its own."

Lust is debasing. Love "thinketh no evil." Lust is impatient. "Love * * * is kind."

Blessed are the children born of a union where lust is completely and forever banished and love is eternally dominant—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven".



THE CULTIVATION OF A NEW SPARTAN RACE

ORPHANS BEING REARED ALONG PHYSICAL CULTURE LINES
IN THE BLACK FOREST OF GERMANY

A WEALTHY farmer of Sarkingen (Baden), Germany, who is an enthusiast in physical culture, has taken a number of orphans from the different asylums, averaging from three to nine years of age, and with these his object is to start a generation of young Spartans.

These children are being educated to live a free, untrammelled life in the open air. They are clad in porous linen shirts reaching a trifle below their knees, and which are worn next to their strong, sunburnt bodies. These shirts are fastened with a loose belt around the waist. Their winter garment consists of trousers and jacket of the same material.

They are allowed eight hours' sleep. They are accustomed to rise together, at

an early hour of the clear, fresh morning, and their first object is to go for a plunge in the swimming tank situated near the house.

Their diet is made up for the most part of raw food, consisting almost wholly of nuts, fruits, cereals, salads with olive oil, whole wheat bread and milk.

The children receive school instruction, but it is out in the great, bountiful classroom of Nature. Study is only of about three hours' duration daily.

The philanthropist, Mr. Kringle, who has undertaken this laudable experiment to demonstrate the high plane of existence that a well-reared human being can reach, hopes to live to see a new race of perfect men equal, if not superior to the Spartans of another day.



Secure two bottles from one to two gallons in size, according to the capacity of your lungs.

A HOME-MADE LUNG TESTER

HOW A SIMPLE DEVICE MAY BE MADE AT HOME TO ENABLE ONE TO INCREASE THE SIZE AND CAPACITY OF THE LUNGS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

THE average man and woman of to-day know but little about breathing. They breathe in an automatic and indifferent manner, just as they perform many of life's duties.

There is a joy, an exhilaration in breathing that can be secured in no other way. To learn how to breathe, is to get the best there is in life. A happy man or woman is always a good breather. Full, deep breaths and happiness are closely connected. The blood must be purified, must be free from all foreign elements which dull and deaden the body, if one expects to enjoy that degree of health essential to happiness.

Deep breathing means that every part of the lungs is brought into active use, every air cell is assisting in the process of cleansing the blood of impurities. Shallow breathing means that only the upper part of the lungs is being actively used. Shallow breathers only half live. They cannot wholly live, for they only live in the proportion that the air cells of the lungs are being used.

Various devices have been invented for the purpose of measuring lung capacity, and for developing the strength of the lungs. Nearly all of them possess some merit, but about the only advantage they can claim is, that one becomes more interested, and with an apparatus of some kind is able closely to watch the

increase of lung capacity. Apparatus of any kind serves but little purpose beyond enabling you to test your actual improvement day by day.

An abnormal lung capacity does not possess any advantages. In fact, one can over-exercise the lungs, just as you can over-exercise the muscles of the arms. I knew an athlete on one occasion who made such extraordinary endeavors along

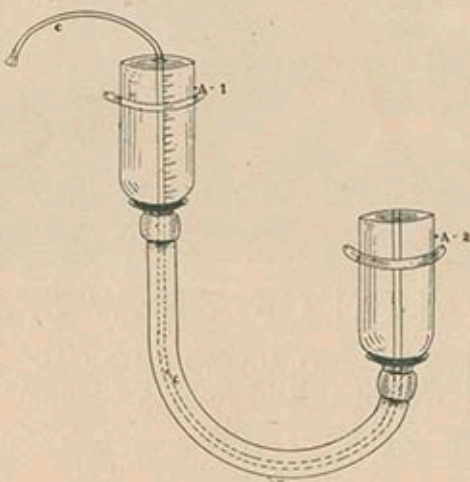
this line that he seriously stretched or strained the tissue of the lungs. I remember, years ago, when I first became interested in breathing, that I followed it out in such an enthusiastic manner that a slight injury was induced, though entire avoidance of special breathing exercises for a time enabled me completely to recover.

But it should be remembered that there is very little danger of results of this kind. One must indeed be abnormally enthusiastic to

induce serious results of this character.

The best time to take breathing exercises is while walking in the open air. The active exercise naturally induces a certain amount of full, deep breathing, and it is then much less difficult to draw in a full natural breath.

Though the device herein presented can be used for breathing exercises, it should always be used out-of-doors, or else the room should be very well venti-



A 1 and A 2 Large bottles. B Large rubber tubing. C Narrow rubber tubing into which the air is blown.
Line Drawing of the Lung Tester, Dotted Lines Showing How the Inner Tube Extends from the Top of the Lower Bottle Down Through the Large Tube and Out the Upper Bottle

lated. It accomplishes its purpose really when it simply induces you to practice deep breathing, and is used simply as a means of measuring your improvement from time to time.

The following articles are required to make the device illustrated. If your lung capacity is large, secure two bottles of one and one-half or two gallons in size. If your lung capacity is very moderate, a gallon bottle will do. A piece of rubber tubing, five feet in length, with an opening of about one-quarter of an inch. A large rubber tube, about eighteen inches or two feet in length, capable of stretching over the necks of the bottles. A slip of white cloth or surgeon's adhesive plaster for pasting on the outside of the upper bottle to provide a means of measuring.

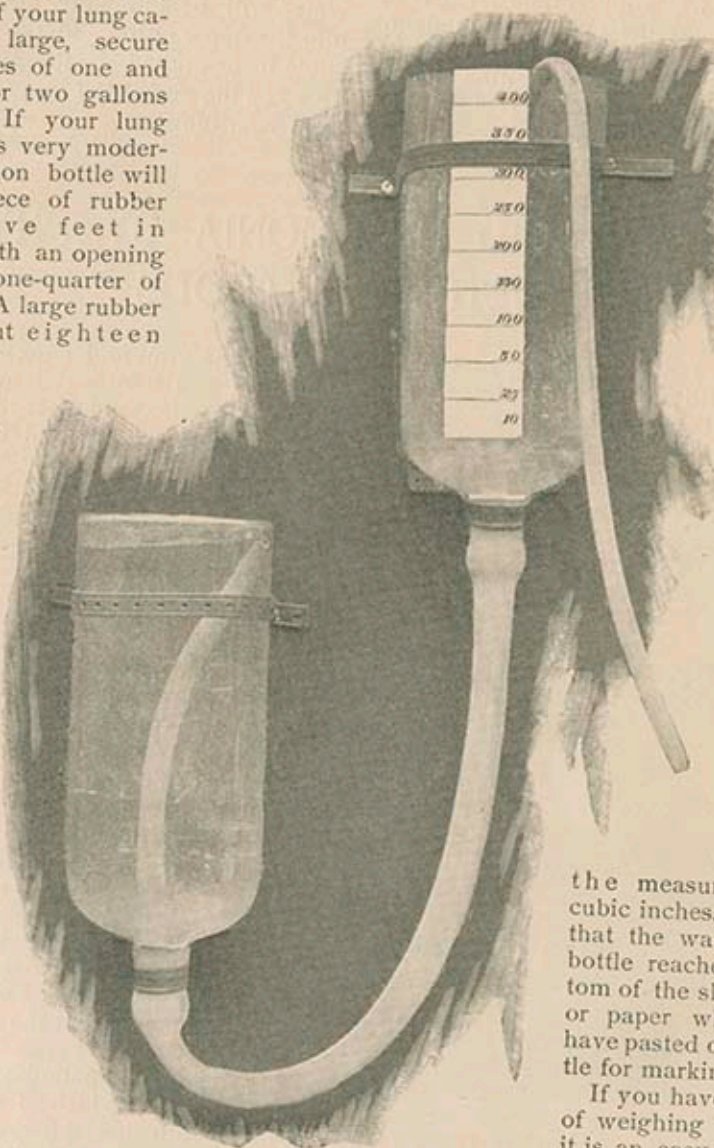
After having secured the above articles, take one of the bottles to a glazier and have the bottom part of the bottle cut off, or else cut a hole of sufficient size to admit the small tubing. Now take the two bottles and fasten them on the wall as shown in second illustration, tacking a strap around the neck, and around the

upper part of each bottle. The bottle with the hole in the bottom should be placed at the top. Now place one end of a large piece of hose over the neck of the lower bottle. Now force the small hose in through the free end of the large

hose until it reaches the upper end of the lower inverted bottle. Then pass the small hose up through the neck of the upper bottle, and force the large hose over the neck. The device should then look something like the one illustrated. After pouring in water until it has reached the full swell of the upper bottle, you are ready to

mark down the measurement in cubic inches. Be sure that the water in the bottle reaches the bottom of the slip of cloth or paper which you have pasted on the bottle for marking.

If you have any way of weighing the water it is an easy matter to ascertain the weight of the water contained in the bottle, and then placing the total number of cubic inches up at the top; after which, you can divide it as often as you please. But if you have no means of satisfactorily weighing the water,



As the Lung Tester Appears When Ready for Use

you can start putting down your figures in the following way: A quart of water contains 57.6 cubic inches. Pour a quart of water in the bottle and mark down on your measure at the point which the water reaches 57.6. Put in another quart and mark 115.2; another quart, marking 172.8, and continue on in this manner. Of course, each quart can be divided in halves and quarters and tenths, if desired, that you may get the exact number of cubic inches you may blow.

After having completed your measurement data, remove from the bottle the exact amount of water poured in for measuring purposes. Now fully fill the lungs, and with one breath blow slowly all you can into the small tubing. The water will be gradually forced upward into the upper bottle and the number of cubic inches noted on the measure will give you the amount of air you can expel from your lungs.

CURED TYPHOID PNEUMONIA BY PHYSICAL CULTURE METHODS

IT was on January 5, 1901, that I took sick with a cold, which turned into typhoid pneumonia. I became rid



of the trouble, but it left my lungs in a sore condition, and abscesses formed

both on the front and back of the right lung. I was informed I must have an operation performed, for the abscesses were so far developed that there was no other way of passing the fluid out. I submitted, and when it was over I commenced to feel better; but friends, when they saw me, began to think I had only a few more weeks to live. I was a living skeleton, weighing only 112 pounds when I got out of the house. I began to exercise and take up deep breathing, and soon I felt that I was gaining strength, and it was not long afterward that I returned to work. Everybody thought that I was doing a very foolish thing, since my trade (printing) is considered very unhealthy work, but I thought that it was no more unhealthy than a factory, or any other place of toil, as long as a person can get plenty of exercise and fresh air. I have been working at the printing business ever since, and intend to for some time to come, and I don't think I ever felt better in my life than I do at the present time. My measurements at present are: Age, 22 years; weight, 185 pounds; height, 5 feet, 9 inches; chest, 40 inches; waist, 32 inches; neck, 16 inches; biceps, 14½ inches; calf, 15½ inches; thighs, 23 inches.

MIGHT GET IT.

"Has the baby had the measles yet, Mr. Popps?"

"Sh-sh! Don't speak so loud. Whenever he hears anything mentioned that he hasn't got he cries for it."—*Chicago Ledger.*

HAPPINESS OR SORROW?

A STORY OF LOVE AND AMBITION

By Harria Gray

"Of course, I'd rather he saw it when it's finished; but there is little more to do, and Danton can tell, now, whether or not it's to be the success for which we hope. Think of the happiness it will bring us, Alicia, sweetheart, if it is good!"

Together they stood in front of the easel, the artist and his wife, and looked at the picture there. It showed a young woman, sweet and youthful, but with a look about the eyes that betrayed mature feeling. One hand was at her bosom, and in her lifted face the soft blue eyes were slightly narrowed, and the curves of the red lips were suggestive almost of contraction. Indefinably, but surely, there was pictured woman's longing for motherhood.

Was it told in the eyes, with their look of blended sadness and hope? Was it the mouth, yearning to press a baby's soft cheek with maternal joy? Was it the pressure of the hand on a bosom that craved a baby's lips? Or was it all these together? The picture was called "Woman's Prayer."

As they gazed at it with rapt and hopeful interest, one could see that Alicia, herself, had posed for it. Posed? No! Had you looked again, you would have seen that she had not posed. The picture was the translation of Alicia's feeling. It was Alicia's self.

Two years before, when John Howard had married Alicia Waring, he had said to her:

"If ever I can do it, I shall paint a great picture now." But, although he had done things that sold, this was the first one that he had hoped was really good.

The man who had been master, teacher and friend to John Howard was to be in New York for a few days, and had sent a telegram to John to expect him. Consumption had taken this man to Denver, and this was his first venture eastward

since the day when, three years ago, he had said good-bye to New York.

"I shall rely absolutely on Danton's verdict, little girl. If he tells me it is no good, its fate will be sealed. I wouldn't even try to finish it. And I should know I never could paint the picture I've hoped and longed to do!"

John Howard sank into an easy-chair and drew his wife down upon his knees. She was wondering if an artist's disappointment that he could not create the picture he wanted to could be anything like the pain in her heart, when she sometimes felt that perhaps motherhood was not for her. But she did not fear for John's success. She put her arms about his neck and looked confidently into his eyes. "You will succeed, dearest; the picture is good! And Danton himself shall tell you so to-morrow."

"Love or sorrow brings out the best there is in a man," Danton had been wont to say. "Either love a woman and paint a great picture in the first ecstasy of your happiness, or else—and this is much the surer way—love a woman, and wait until disappointment comes, and do your work in the desperation born of bitterness."

And John would laugh the secure, hearty laugh of inexperience, and say that he wanted neither prescription, although of the two he preferred the former.

"I told him once," John said, as Alicia and he talked of their hopes for the morrow, "I told him once, though, that I'd rather the woman I loved played me false than that I did not paint, some time, a really great picture. But that was before I knew you, darling!"

John had known little, and cared less, for women until one day an accident had sent him to a hospital, and then Alicia had come into his life—Alicia, with her sweet, tender ways, and her motherly, young heart, that all combined to make her an ideal nurse. They had loved each

other from the first. John Howard, with all the belated strength of his thirty years; Alicia with all the fervor of a girl denied many of the family ties that should have made her young life sweet. Her mother had died at her birth, and her father, a busy physician, had been so absorbed in his profession that he gave little thought to his daughter, except to feel vaguely that she was in some measure responsible for the loss of his wife. And when, after her father's death, Alicia had entered a training school for nurses in connection with a large hospital, it had been with all the pent-up love of her nature longing for expression in helpfulness to others. But she had consented very readily to John's entreaties that she limit somewhat her sphere of usefulness, and three months after they met they were married.

"I'm going to leave you all to yourself, so you can work on your picture, John," Alicia said the morning of the day Danton was expected. "I'll be back just in time for luncheon." Then she told him she was going down to a free kindergarten on East Twentieth street to help with the babies, as she often did. John kissed her good-bye tenderly, and answered the question that seemed to be ever present in Alicia's eyes when she spoke of children, with a low, gentle: "Sometime, darling, sometime."

And she said, hopefully: "Yes, John, sometime."

And then she had smiled and said she was going to be very proud of her husband after Danton had pronounced him to be a great artist, as Danton surely would do that very afternoon.

The babies seemed to need a great deal of attention and care that day, and, sure of a loving welcome in Alicia's arms, had kept her quite beyond her usual time.

"But it has been all the better for John," she said to herself, as she went out into the brisk winter air, and up toward their studio apartment on Twenty-eighth street. She walked upstairs, instead of taking the elevator, and opened the door with her key. Hearing voices, and her husband's name, she stopped.

"John Howard's chance is gone, if he ever had one. He is happily married and quietly peaceful, and he'll never do any great work. He seemed so glad to see me that I hoped he had accomplished

something worth while; but not one of his pictures is anything but passably good. I've looked in vain for evidence of some of the promise that he showed years ago. It's not here!"

Alicia waited to hear no more. Slowly she closed the door and went out into the hall and downstairs. Danton had come while she was gone, and, seeing John's picture, had rendered his verdict. Now the picture was "passably good!" "Passably good," she repeated to herself as she went outdoors and drank in the winter air in short gasps. She couldn't bear to see the man who had sounded the death-knell to John's hopes. John, who had so longed for success, and who had worked for it so hard and so faithfully; John, whom she loved, and would have made happy at any cost, if it only lay in her power! A fearful thought came to her. Danton had said that happiness or sorrow would make a man do great work, more likely sorrow than happiness. She had brought John happiness. There could be no doubt of that; and his picture had been "passably good."

Was she brave enough to bring him sorrow—to let him have his one remaining chance? Could she do it? Would she? She was dazed, at first, and could not answer the questions that crowded themselves into her mind. But, with a great effort, she forced herself to meet them; and she decided at once that she both could and would, at whatever cost to herself, leave the husband she had made so happy, to a sorrow that should help him to do great work.

John was probably telephoning for her at that moment. Avoiding the drug store at the corner, she took a car to the Forty-second street station. Where was she going? She did not know, only that she was going away from John, away from all that she loved and all that made her life sweet. She could do it, because she loved not with the affection that demands happiness for one's self in return, but with the affection that would make the man she loved happy at any cost. She wondered that it did not hurt her more. She was surprised at the numbness of her heart, and she wondered if it would last until she could come to John again.

She made her plans before she reached the station. She had only a little money

with her, and she decided to go to a small city near by and take up her old work of nursing. She told herself that she must never look at a newspaper, never see the story of John's inevitable search for her, or she could not stand it. She must do everything possible to make herself as unlike the description that would be sent out as was possible. Her first step to that end was to take off her wedding ring. As she dropped it into her pocketbook she kissed it. "Good-bye, dear ring," she said, "for just one year!" In a year's time, she thought, she could go back—one year of loneliness, grief and desolation unspeakable; but it would mean that John had had the second chance—Danton thought it the best chance—to paint a great picture. As the train swept through the city she looked with longing, aching eyes at the last she expected to see of New York for many a long day.

It was not hard to find a sanitarium where she was wanted, and those in charge did not ask too many questions. Alicia worked with fierce satisfaction that the work was hard. She took neither sleep nor rest that was not forced upon her. She tried with all her might to keep thoughts of John out of her mind. When they would come she would try to comfort herself with the thought that she was sacrificing herself for his sake. Ah! the days were so long! Could she stand it for a whole dreary year? Yes. She must. And then how happy they would be again. That thought alone buoyed her up. Her hard work was a blessing, and it was with never-ceasing zeal that she ministered to those under her care; but all the time with a heart so sore, and longing with a grief so poignant that only the fact that it was self-inflicted kept it from crushing her.

At the end of each week Alicia knelt at her prayers with thanks that one more week out of the year had gone by. Several weeks had so passed when, one day, the superintendent called her into the office.

"Miss Forbes," she said kindly, "you must see a doctor to-day. You do not look able to stand up."

Alicia smiled wanly. "I'm all right," she said. "I am really very well. There is nothing the matter with me." But the superintendent insisted, and Alicia had to promise to do as her superior wished.

Something prompted her to go to a doctor outside of the institution, instead of to one of the staff physicians. "One who has never seen me before won't be quite so apt to find out that there is nothing the matter with me but a breaking heart," she explained, sadly, to herself.

The doctor she went to didn't tell her that her heart was breaking. He asked her a few questions, and then, picking up one nerveless hand from her lap, he said, quietly: "Child, where's your wedding ring?"

Alicia had her story well planned by this time.

"Oh," she said, "I am not married."

Then something she saw in the doctor's kindly gray eyes made her forget where she was, made her forget that she had left John's love and care and home, made her forget everything of the nightmare of the last few weeks. Her face was transformed with a hope she hardly dared to voice.

"Do you mean," she breathed, "do you mean—?"

"Yes, child, it is too true."

Alicia never knew just how she got away from the doctor, or what really did happen, until she found herself on a train for New York. Nothing mattered in all the world, except that she get back to John and tell him their good news—John's good news as well as hers. Why had she left him? Oh, why? She must have been insane, she thought. Of course, John had been too grief-stricken to work. And it had been only because she had refused to allow herself the satisfaction of thinking of him that she had not understood that before. In two hours she would be with him again.

But what if he were not then at the studio? And then there came to her the assurance, born of no reason but of intuition solely, that she would find him. She felt that the glad, happy news must be shared that very night, or her heart would break. Excitement painted Alicia's pale, thin face with rosy hues. Her eyes were bright, and her step buoyant with gladness, as she alighted from the cab that took her from the station.

When she opened the studio door it was to call, quickly: "John, sweetheart!"

And though John sat at his easel, with his head bowed upon his hands, he did

not turn. He had heard her voice calling just like that every hour of the day. In the street, above the noise and turmoil of traffic—in the office of the detective bureau, where he went to hear the men report the progress they had not made—in the studio, to which he returned after a day spent in fruitless effort to find his wife—it mattered not where he was, again and again the voice he loved sounded in his ears.

She called a second time, as she moved toward him, and the element of reality made her husband start and rise from his chair. Alicia was in his arms, as he cried: "Alicia, my darling!"

But before she could speak, she fainted. John put her on the divan and unbuttoned the long blue coat that covered her nurse's uniform. If he wondered dimly what it all meant, his joy at her return overpowered for the time every other thought.

"You're not to talk, darling; you're not to say a word until you feel quite strong," Alicia heard John's voice say, tenderly, when she began to regain consciousness. And so, for a while, she lay quite still, so happy to be again with her husband that she forgot even why she had come

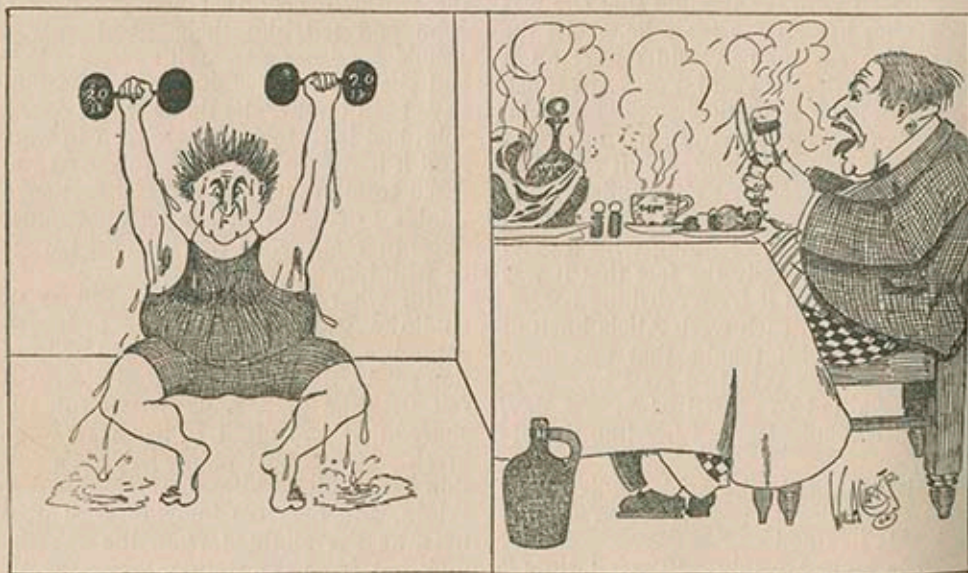
back. When she was strong enough to speak it all came to her again, and her first words were:

"John, sweetheart, the time we've longed and hoped for has come!"

And with his arms about her, and her head again on his shoulder, she told him her happy news. Later, there followed the story of how and why she had gone away. And John told her she was the bravest, dearest little girl in the world.

"And so you thought, darling," he said, "that I needed sorrow to make me do a great picture? Sorrow may help some men to work, but happiness has been the best incentive for me. Can you stand further joy to-day, darling? Danton had not seen 'Woman's Prayer' when you heard him speak. I had saved that especially to show him when you were here. When he did see it, he said to me: 'If that's what your wife inspired you to do, she's one of the few women who understand how to make a man actively, not passively, happy.' He said the picture was all we ever had dreamed it might be."

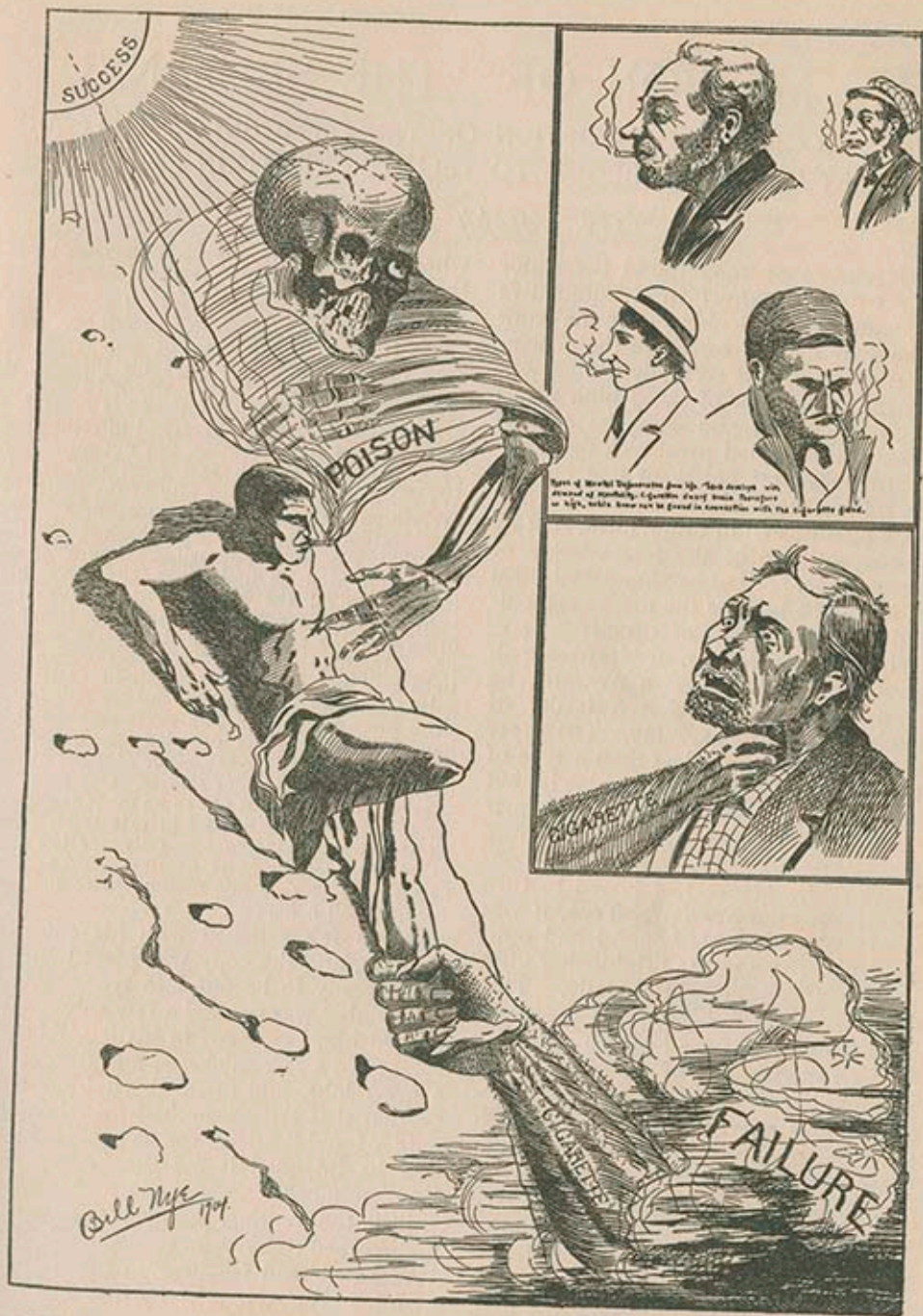
"John," said Alicia, softly, and solemnly, "I'm the happiest woman in all the wide world!"



TAKING IT OFF

PUTTING IT ON

Human Inconsistencies in Regard to the Exercise of the Body



THE CIGARETTE SMOKER A MISERABLE FAILURE IN THE STRENUOUS STRUGGLE OF LIFE

The man who smokes cigarettes is fighting continuously two elements as he tries to struggle up the hill to success. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred smokers are pulled down to a miserable life of failure.

THE MISSION OF "THE SENTINEL"

A VERY ACCURATE DESCRIPTION OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT ARE MET WHEN ONE BEGINS TO TELL THE TRUTH IN PRINT

By Joseph Milton

THE close of 1902 found the editor of the *Sentinel* in a ruminative mood. On looking over the work of the year he was forced to the conclusion that the results certainly did not exhibit the realization of those high ideals that had actuated him when he entered journalism. He had prospered financially—in a measure; but what had become of all those lofty resolves, those campaigns against evil in every form, that he had conceived to be the sole mission of the newspaper? Had he abandoned them that he might become the mere mechanical driver with pen or pencil?

When Watts Moore, fresh from college, bought the *Sidetown Sentinel*, he had purposed to make it a leader of thought in Wayback County. The paper was nothing more nor less than a type of the country weekly that is slowly but surely dying out, the progressive farmer and ruralist deriving his mental food from the many-paged daily from the metropolis. But Mr. Moore had hoped to turn the tide with the *Sentinel*. True, it was but a weekly, but his hopeful and optimistic vision saw in the brightening vista a growing and influential daily. That promise had cheered him amid the many discouragements of the last five years.

But on the last day of the old year the old hopes were rekindled, and he dedicated himself anew to the cause in which he had engaged. Evil would find in him a stern and unrelenting foe. The monetary remuneration would be a secondary matter, and he would exemplify the lofty purposes and ambitions that had distinguished him in college. So long as he had the means he would follow the path marked out. This determination had its limitations, for Watts Moore possessed nothing in the world beyond the plant of the *Sentinel*.

Let us peer over his shoulder and read

what he has written as his "leader" for the first issue of the new year:

"With this number the *Sentinel* consecrates itself anew to the sacred cause of reform. The editor is painfully conscious of derelictions of duty in the past, but renews his pledges of amendment. Words, words, words have been in evidence too long. The time has come for action. The enemy is entrenched in solid phalanx, defying us to combat, but not an arrow or a javelin has been sent from our ranks. We consider the press the ally of the pulpit in everything that makes for righteousness. The co-operation of every reader is invited. Without that, success is impossible. The *Sentinel* knows too well its limitations, and feels that it cannot fight the battle alone. Have you knowledge of wrongs crying for redress?—bring it to the editor and he will make it public. Are there men in high places whose actions will not bear the searchlight of truth?—let us know who they are and we will make them known. Reader, you sneer and say you have heard the same promises made before. Try us—that is all we ask. The columns of the *Sentinel* are now at your service. One word of caution: This paper is not to be made the vehicle for the gratification of private spite. The matters which concern you only are the last to be considered. 'The greatest good to the greatest number' is our motto. With this we wish you all a happy New Year."

Watts felt satisfied with his editorial effusion, and the copy was placed on the hook, ready to be put into type. When the number was printed a few subscribers wished him Godspeed in his laudable resolve; not a few snickered and thought it a good joke, and made the unkind suggestion that the editor had mistaken the date of publication, for it was evident that he intended it for the "All Fools' Day" number.

Still, the *Sentinel* pursued its even and undisturbed course. In several exchanges Watts had read frequently of late of the awful havoc wrought by the cigarette habit. The statistics were appalling. Coupled with these was the frightful increase of drinking and crime. His breast heaved with indignation as he thought of the men who had fattened and grown rich

on the weaknesses of their fellows, and he seized his pen and dashed off this invective:

"Last week a ten-year-old boy was picked up on the streets of New York City suffering from the effects of cigarette smoking. The authorities at first did not know what ailed the lad, but the telltale yellow-stained fingers revealed the cause. The boy confessed that for the last year he had smoked an average of ten packages of cigarettes a day. Only a few days before that a man, crazed with drink, murdered his wife and child in Cleveland and then made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide with the same knife that had sent his family out of the world. The murderer stated that he became infuriated at his wife because she had warned a saloonkeeper whom he had been patronizing not to sell or to give him any more liquor. This is one of the evils that the *Sentinel* has engaged to destroy. Even in Sidetown this monster Gorgon has reared itself. There are reputable dealers who sell cigarettes and tobacco to children, in spite of a law against it. They should be prosecuted. And as to the saloon, no words of ours are needed, for they are ever with us."

The day after the publication Watts received the following curt note from the well-known brewing firm of Ahle & Buehrs:

"Sir: In the current issue of your paper we read an editorial on the prevalence of crime, in which you stated, among other absurd things, that a man out West, while drunk, had slain his family, and slyly insinuating that the crime was due to the liquor he had drunk. We admire your purpose to reform the world, or some such impossible thing; but let us tell you that you are treading on very thin ice. Know, sir, that you have mendaciously attacked one of the principal industries of Sidetown. We patronized your lying sheet only because we took pity on you. It benefited us not a particle in our business. You will kindly leave us off the subscription list, and withdraw our advertisement as soon as present contract expires."

"I was not aware," said Watts to himself, "that the paper was being read so closely. However, I have done my duty, and one subscription or advertisement more or less will hardly cause the paper to suspend." Then he wrote the following for the next issue:

"Down with the liquor business! It is eating at the very vitals of our nation. It must be put down, and the *Sentinel* here engages to suppress the traffic. The cigarette must go, too."

After the next publication the editor received this communication:

"Publisher of the *Sentinel*: Please leave out our 'ad,' which has been running in your paper since you took charge. It is hardly necessary for us to give the reason, but when you advise

your readers to leave off buying tobacco and using cigarettes you aim at the destruction of one of the businesses which has contributed to the success of Sidetown. Why, if we stopped selling cigarettes, we might as well go out of business. If anyone has the price, be he man or child, we will continue to sell these articles. From our standpoint, we do not consider the smoking of cigarettes as harmful."

"From your standpoint," thought Watts; "of course not. I will try another broadside. I did not know that my words would strike so much fire. Here goes for the next number!" Then he wrote:

"If the truth were known about some of our most respected lawyers, doctors, opticians, principals of schools, vocal instructors and men-about-town, they would be shunned by their fellows as were the lepers of old. It is not necessary for us to particularize. Perhaps some of the species reside in Sidetown. If such be the case, the sooner the fact is known the better. Sidetown is not populous, but she can well spare these vultures in human form."

Watts was beginning to regret that he was not the publisher of a daily paper, so that he could hurl shafts into the enemy's camp six times a week instead of remaining inactive the greater portion of the time. Six shafts like the last one, as the sequel showed, would have wrecked him financially. His last editorial brought forth these protests:

"Dear Sir—Your facetious article needs an amendment. You should have included in your list of subjects of public execration editors who pose as reformers.

"Respectfully yours,

"Adam Swindle, Lawyer."

"Mr. Watts Moore: Has your experience with doctors been so costly that you consider the entire noble profession harpies?"

"I. Curem, M.D."

"Office of Glass & Lentz, Opticians."

"To the Publisher of the *Sentinel*:"

"After reading your editorial in a recent issue we consider that your unwarrantable attack upon our business should not go unrebuked. Strike our name from your list of subscribers and advertisers. Know that you are not the first of your class to engage in pretended reforms of this kind, and perhaps you will not be the last. But know, also, that they do not last long. Where are they now? Look among the inmates of the almshouses."

"What do you mean, sir, by classing me among the human vultures? My school is the foremost of the kind in the country. I have taken your paper for the sake of helping you along. Please take my name off your subscription list.

"Professor Knowitall."

"Dear Sir: My vocal methods have been highly commended by Madame Grande, and I give, if anything, too much attention to details. To have my efforts stigmatized as—I

will not repeat it—has ever been the reward of disinterested labor.

"Noyes E. Howler."

"I consider myself your equal, sir, and I strike your name from my list of acquaintances.

"Hy Roller, Man-About-Town."

Affairs now were losing their roseate hue, and while Watts Moore was experiencing the joys of having exposed by his articles some of the more apparent evils in his own town, the paper was barely paying expenses. The loss of several of his advertisers was greater than he had supposed at first, and he endeavored to fill the space with other advertisements, but had not met with marked success. Shortly after his last incident he printed the following:

"The editor of this paper is of opinion that if persons who imagine themselves sick would leave off taking some of the vile nostrums that are being foisted on the public they would attain to those joys of life that they now escape. Health is the supreme blessing, and not to be attained through the diluted and alcoholic stuff classed as patent medicines. My ailing friend,

avoid these as you would the deadly shade of the upas tree. Strive by natural methods to cure that indisposition, and thereby discourage those who prey on human infirmities."

In the course of the week this letter reached his desk:

"Dear Sir: Do you wish to ruin us? If people were healthy there would be precious little use for our medicines. Then, too, our 'Pearly Pellets for Pallid People' and 'Tried and True Tonic for Tired Men' are highly recommended by the profession, as witness our testimonials from numberless doctors. 'One good turn deserves another,' it is said. 'One bad turn deserves another,' is our motto. Please withdraw our 'ad.' from the *Sentinel*.

"Respectfully yours,

"Sharpe & Sharkey, Mfg. Chemists."

Did Watts Moore deviate from his chosen path? No, for he is still assaulting the breastworks of the forces of darkness, and he is being encouraged in his work by appreciative readers. Is his a hypothetical case? Thank God and enlightened humanity, the dawn of day is reddening in the East, and soon the truth shall make us ALL free.

HAS TOBACCO ANY VIRTUES?

By L. Weintrob

LET us be honest and give attention to the claims put forward in defence of the weed. Suppose a person has soggy tissues, on account of a lack of electricity to keep the same in a dry, healthy condition; by the aid of the acrid fumes of tobacco he is benefited a little by somewhat diminishing the mucous discharge.

Is that any reason why a being radiating with the glow of good health should smoke? And suppose a chronically constipated person finds a cathartic in tobacco, what excuse has a being with healthy digestive juices for using it, except to bring on the very trouble the other is trying to cure?

And lastly, medicinally used, some neuralgic persons, while smoking, stimulate the nerves to the extent of shifting that destructive cargo of calcareous matter lurking in them, and this gives them a little relief. But remember this is no cure, for, like a drift of snow, if it is not piled up in one place, it is in another. A little sunshine will melt it.

Whether the tobacco comes from the pauper's pouch, or the Sultan's bejeweled tobacco bowl, the result in the end will be the same. The nervous system may tolerate this abominable habit, after it is once formed, as long as it possibly can, or until the smoker becomes a nervous wreck, but at no time does it enjoy it. In order to be convinced, let any smoker stop smoking for a while and then try it again. He will experience the nauseating feeling of the first smoke. If it is not as revolting to his nature as at first, the effect upon the motor centers is the same.

A good remedy for smokers is to get out in the open air and practice deep breathing. Those smokers who have tried this experiment know that when the lungs are full of fresh air the best tobacco tastes like burned hay. This is conclusive proof that Mephisto's evil seed will not mature on healthy ground, but is acceptable only to a diseased body.

HOW TO MAKE A HOME-MADE BAR-BELL

By Herbert C. Kaufman

A FINE muscle builder and means of developing a strong, healthy body is found in the bar-bell, which costs only a small sum of money and a little time to make at home.

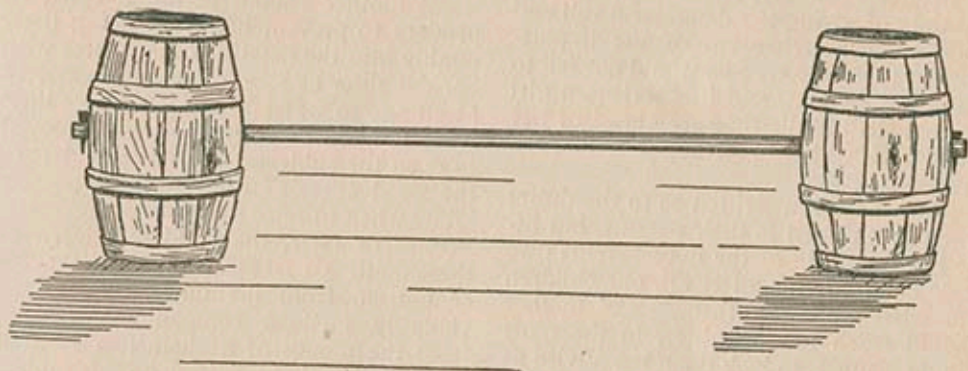
Two ordinary empty nail kegs are the first requisite. They can be about one and one-half to two feet high and about one foot in breadth.

The second need is a curtain pole about six or seven feet long. Any rounded stick will do, but the curtain pole is men-

when you are using the apparatus.

When pole has been fitted into the holes of both kegs, procure two pegs or large nails, and drive through each end of pole to prevent the kegs from sliding. The peg must be run in close to keg to make it firm, and should be driven from top downward, as shown in completed illustration.

If for any reason you cannot obtain the kegs, here is the way to make one quite as good:



How the Bar-Bell Will Appear When Finished

tioned because the most easily procurable.

Now measure one and one-fourth feet from each end. Mark, and cut a notch entirely around. Then cut from these notches down toward end, trimming the one and one-quarter ends until they are square.

It is now necessary to cut two holes in the widest part of each keg, on both sides, just large enough to admit the squared ends of the pole. It would be wise to get exact measure on both sides of kegs before cutting holes, or else it will not be equally balanced when finished. Also see that holes are not too large, or else the kegs will not be firm, and will slide

Obtain a board eight feet long, one to two feet broad, and about two inches thick. Saw into four sections, each section to be two feet long. Into the center of these four pieces of plank cut a hole large enough to admit the pole before described.

Nail two of these planks together to make one. Then you will have two heavy pieces of wood. Fasten one on each side of pole, as in the previous directions with the kegs.

Although it will not be as good and presentable as a bar-bell apparatus, this method will answer the purpose of its maker very well.

PRUDISHNESS OF MOTHERS TOWARD DAUGHTERS TO BE CONDEMNED

By Dr. A. Wilbur Jackson

F. S. Sc. (London), Member of the Soc. D'Electro-Therapie (Paris), etc.

AS one whose lot it has been to deal especially with diseases peculiar to the female sex, I wish to call the serious attention of every mother who may read this magazine to a subject that is avoided almost entirely, and tabooed, through a spirit of prudery and false modesty. If every mother who is responsible for a daughter's welfare, for her future happiness and usefulness in this world, and for her well-being in the next, would look upon the subject with a full sense of her responsibility, she would not shirk the duty of giving her daughter a full and complete comprehension of the importance of the subject. She would not fail to caution the young and inexperienced girl against the pitfalls that are ahead of her steps, and which are fraught with such great danger.

Much has been written as to the duties owed by children to their parents, but little has been said of the duty parents owe their children; for, after all, our children are what we make them. The mother should teach her daughter, in the most kindly manner, to look upon her advice as being beyond question. Prudery is the bane of many people, who fear to offend against the "delicacy" that they wish to preserve in their children, forgetting that by leaving them in ignorance of certain subjects they subject them to the dangers belonging to the very worst descriptions of *indelicacy*. We have every confidence in the solid good sense and purity of the American girl; but she needs instruction upon certain subjects; and who is so well fitted to impart it as is her mother?

When the girl commences attending school, the mother should keep careful watch upon her child's habits, especially those that may be practiced in secret. Recent investigations have disclosed a state of affairs that is as pitiful as it is disastrous to pure and virtuous womanhood. This condition is existing in the public

schools, so-called "boarding schools," and collegiate institutions, where large numbers of children attend, and where young girls board and room in groups of from two to four. We do not advocate the curtailing of any of the rights and privileges of our young girls and women, but we do believe that our girls should be properly instructed, and best from the lips of their parents, as to the blighting dangers that lie in practices which may be brought to the girl's notice by some roommate, companion or friend.

No mother should permit a spirit of prudery to prevent her from going thoroughly into the details of the matter with her daughter as soon as the latter arrives at an age to warrant it. It matters little what method of instruction is employed to open the subject. That may be left to the good sense of the mother, who will know when to seize the right opportunity. Sooner or later, the child will learn of these matters, perhaps from a purient older person, from the unclean lips of a viciously inclined companion, or even from the mouth of a shameless servant. In my personal observation on this subject I know of one entire school, a boarding school for young girls, that became infected with this disastrous body and virtue-destroying practice from the example of a moral miasmatic teacher of mature years, an unmarried woman, who herself, presumably, had possessed honorable but neglectful parents.

The mother should take her daughter into her confidence, and should give her a clear and concise idea of the permanent harm to future womanhood and motherhood which such practices bring about; the effect upon the brain, the heart, the nervous system and the entire body. She should scan her general appearance for any signs of a self-inflicted slavery to such habits. When the girl reaches the age of puberty the mother should inform

her of the changes that take place at this time. She should tell her what the function of menstruation means, and the beautiful unfoldment that her body is undergoing, and which nature is in process of accomplishing by this periodical happening. She should educate her against the baneful practice of binding the waist and its pelvic organs by artificial pressure, thereby displacing the vital organs, and interfering with their normal action, and thus risking diseased lungs, heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, womb and ovaries. The corset and tight belt should be tabooed by every girl who hopes for a healthy womanhood. Exercise is of great importance at this critical period, especially the splendid exercises appearing in the body of this magazine. Deep breathing, cold and warm baths, walking, fencing, basketball, and, in fact, any rational method of exercise that will bring into play the muscles of the body, especially those of the chest, abdomen and hips, are all of great importance. Diet is another important factor during this period, and care should be used in directing it.

The mother should keep a close but delicately-veiled watch upon the young girl's habits. If she notices an acne-like eruption, which appears in small pimples upon the forehead, and on other parts of the face; if the eyes are surrounded by dark rings; if the girl shows a disinclination for society, and seems nervous without cause, and is loath to share her room and bed with a sister or other person, it is time to look into the matter, as these conditions all point in the one serious direction. Habits of this nature are not as prevalent among girls and women, fortunately, as among boys and young men, but are, nevertheless, appallingly universal, and growing, owing to unnatural dress and diet. If the mother discovers that her child has acquired this habit, she should lay the matter before her in such shape that she will understand its full significance, and do all in her power to abandon it.

The wealthier class of young girls, who retire late, feed upon highly-seasoned food, spices, etc., and indulge in confections, which render the blood bad, are especially liable to local troubles that foster these habits.

If the mother finds that these condi-

tions already exist, she should give her daughter all the unobtrusive assistance and care that a mother's love can afford, for it implies a severe battle on the part of the child, and she should not be frightened or discouraged by harsh usage. She should be encouraged to take all sorts of outdoor and indoor exercise, and after having done so should use plenty of cold water bathing especially the region of the pelvic organs, morning and night, if there be any irritation or itching of the parts. The application of a soothing powder, like talcum or starch, will be found also effectual. She should not be permitted to sleep in a soft bed with heavy bed clothing piled upon her, but should employ a moderately hard mattress, thus avoiding the overheating of any part of the body.

It is impossible for a constant watch to be kept up in order to prevent all chance of associating with viciously-inclined playmates or friends, whose example, contaminating conversation and influence might be hurtful; but a girl who is pure-minded, whose mother has won her confidence and trust, will follow more readily that mother's instructions, and obey her, than she will listen to the suggestions perhaps of another person. When the daughter reaches the critical period where girlhood verges upon full womanhood, the mother should again keep a watchful eye upon her child, and should see to it that her young associates of the opposite sex are such as she herself would approve. We do not advocate the seclusion in which the foreign girl is kept.

It is much better that a girl should learn to know a man before she marries him, than to find out, to her cost, that she is bound by links of steel to one whom she can only despise and hate. We do not believe that any girl is in danger of falling into disastrous relations with any young man who is of good habits, pure mind and healthy body, and every mother should use her utmost endeavors to make sure that only such a young man be permitted familiar social intercourse with her daughter.

A most baneful enemy of the young girl is idleness. Every young woman should have some means of employing her spare time usefully, and in a manner that will tend to develop both mind and body.

and "one globule before supper." He also received a quantity of tablets. These he swallowed after dinner, after supper and on retiring. He did not become better and had wit enough to write a letter wherein, after giving the pirate a "good calling-down," he threatened to notify the Post Office Department of the swindle, and by return mail the James W. Kidd Co.—Dr. James W. Kidd, Medical Director—sent him a check for three dollars. The name of this swindled yet fortunate sick one is in the files of the Physical Culture Publishing Company, and can be verified by anyone who desires to take the trouble. The method pursued in this instance is the most effective method at present in dealing with any of the medical pirates infesting the country, since they fear, above anything else, trouble with the post office officials in their trade. With a sufficient number of complaints of fraud on file the post office department starts investigations, and when there is evidence enough the mails are closed against these pirates, as it has been done in the instance of the three bogus "Koch Lung Cure" companies, after their exposure in the columns of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

But to return to the well-groomed pirate who so resembles Captain Kidd in everything except business methods. In the course of plying his trade he performed recently, with his fellows, an adventure that puts Captain Kidd's exploits to shame. It is on record that he and his associates recently swooped down on a minister's good name. The minister happened to live in the locality. The pirates snatched it up, and pasted it to a splendid endorsement which, with others, was printed and sent broadcast as the endorsement of a clergyman to the merits of James W. Kidd and his "Elixir of Life." Poor minister of the gospel! Captain Kidd did many mean things, and perhaps he made many a stray clergyman walk the plank, but he never conceived the daredevil idea of so far besmirching the ministry as to use the good name of one of its members unwillingly to serve in endorsing a concern sending out an "Elixir of Life" which, in the writer's case, was nothing more than a stimulant for the female reproductive organs.

The clergyman's letter, following herewith, explains itself:

C. E. W———, Esq.

Dear Sir: I never endorsed the *The Kidd Company, or Dr. Kidd*. I did, three or four years ago, endorse the *Davis Company*, only as reliable in *business*—nothing more. I have found the Kidd Company using my name in an unlawful way from every point of view. I have warned them, and they have promised to stop. They have now changed the *original note* about the *Davis* people. Will you kindly mail me the endorsement you have. I want to see what now.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM D. PARR.

Another letter relating to the same incident follows:

Mr. H. O. A———, Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Sir: Your letter just received. I thank you, and appreciate your point. I must inform you that the Dr. Kidd you mention is using my name without my authority, just as such men do other names.

About five years ago I, with other gentlemen strong in the business world, *endorsed a firm*, as to *business standing* only. Kidd was a member of the firm then, but is not now, as I understand.

He has no right to our names. I did not know he used them until your letter came. I will go after him and cut him off, if possible, but I do not know how to stop such a chap. I do not know him. The able man of the old firm was my banker, and stood OK as a business man.

I know a sick man wants health, but—pardon me when I suggest it is not wise to bite at such a doctor's bait.

I have never endorsed him or any such, and never will.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM D. PARR.

The clergyman, it seems, did "go after them" when he discovered the unlawful use of his name which had been made, for on all the later literature that is being sent out by the Kidd Company the name does not appear among the endorsements, although the names of two other clergymen are written under endorsements of the company. They are: Rev. L. J. Motschman, Christ's Lutheran Church, Jefferson and Webster streets, Ft. Wayne, Ind.; Rev. John H. Bosch, St. John's Reformed Church, Ft. Wayne, Ind. It would be interesting to know if they know that *their* names are serving to further what *Dr. Kidd* knows as "The Elixir of Life."

The devilish feat just recounted is almost rivaled by the ingenuity of the advertisements and circular letters sent out to round up the great many unwary people who are drifting about in a sea of

ignorance and imagined ills. Captain Kidd couldn't tell his signature from a row of beans, but this modern Kidd has composed a series of neatly-written, mimeographed letters for the ability to compose which the devil would exchange his high seat in Hades. If some good Physical Culture laughter is desired, as an after-dinner treat, the reader is advised to invest a postage stamp for writing to the doctor, or to any other medical concern advertising extensively in the *religious* magazines. Fill out a question blank with the most absurd answers, send it in the envelope marked to the doctor, "personal," and the "sacredly confidential" blank will bring you back the diagnosis and a letter saying, in part: "After making a careful diagnosis of your case I find that it is very complicated and severe, and will require special remedies to effect a cure."

The writer sent a question blank, choosing these questions out of a great list:

"Name _____.

"Age.—Don't like to give my age unless necessary.

"Is your appetite good?—Yes.

"When the stomach is empty do you feel faint?—Yes.

"Do you have sour risings (belching)?—Sometimes.

"Have you bloating after eating?—Sometimes."

In a few days the diagnosis came direct from Dr. Kidd(?) but—joke of all side-bursting jokes—the ridiculous mistake was made, presumably by an over-rushed clerk, of mailing me a "ready-made" female diagnosis destined for women, but with my name inserted at the top—a name the baptismal part of which a child could recognize as belonging to the opposite sex.

The diagnosis I received read:

"Geo. _____.

"I find that you are afflicted with Female Weakness, Irregular Menstruation and Dysmenorrhea."

Goodness! Doctor!

I knew that I had a weakness for the opposite sex, but regarding the remaining two afflictions—Doctor, now really, I think you're Kidding.

Finally, with the above there came also an enormous sized sheet of testimonials, a free book "The Ills of Humanity," a book showing Dr. Kidd's staff of specialists, who come together each morning to think over my case, and showing also a photograph of the waiting room and carpeted offices of Dr. Kidd, and a heap of other literature suited well, the writer found, for the purpose of kindling the morning fire.

To all those unfortunate sick who have written, telling us of the large sums of money which have been snatched from them, of health further ruined and confidence in human nature shattered by medical pirates plying their murderous trade—not with the aid of the pointed dagger, but by deception and body-destroying nostrums, and not on the high sea, but inshore, amidst an unsuspecting body of eighty million people—to these we can extend only our sympathy at the present time, hoping, as every honest man hopes, that with the fight begun by this magazine against all Patent Medicines and Patent Medicine Concerns, a public sentiment will be aroused eventually that will drive these modern plunderers of money and health as effectually from their criminal trade as were the sea robbers of another day driven from their depredations on the seas.

SOME MEDICINAL JOKES

WHEN THE DRUGGIST REACHES HADES

THE SUBSTITUTE-SELLING DRUGGIST:
Great Pluto! Give me a drink of water to cool my parched tongue!

DEMON: We haven't any water, but here's something of our own make that's just as good.—*Life*.

"DURN SHAME"

FARMER HAYRIX (looking over paper): Skinem, the druggist, is closing

out his entire stock uv patent medicines at half price.

MRS. HAYRIX: That's jist our pesky luck! They hain't a thing the matter with any uv the hull family.—*Chicago News*.

ALL THE BLINDS ARE DOWN

DOCTOR: Thomas, did Mrs. Popjoy get the medicine I ordered yesterday?

THOMAS: I b'lieve so, sir; I see all the blinds down this morning.—*Clipped*.

WHAT IS PERFECT DEVELOPMENT OF THE BODY AND HOW SHOULD WE JUDGE IT?

By F. H. Wilken

THE recent Physical Culture contest at New York was the awakening of the judging of human beings for perfect development. It is the beginning of what man ought to have been doing for many years.

It has its parallel in the animal kingdom in the various stock shows, where our animal friends move about in great dignity as they are led by some dyspeptic human beings, and judged as to their fit condition by another of the same species, who carries his excess avoirdupois about his middle.

Thus, for many years, man has judged animals. As a result of the time thus spent, accompanied by hard thought on the subject, our stock people have a system of judging that is quite efficient.

It considers the animal not only physically, but mentally and temperamentally. The stockman recognizes the close relation between these three divisions of the animal. He knows that a bright, intelligent animal with a good nervous temperament, together with a good supply of physical health, will make the best investment for him, whether that animal be used for work, animal products, or for slaughter. Of course, all animals will have nervous temperaments characteristic of their type; for instance, the dairy cow will be more active, more high-strung, than the beef type. But in both cases must the nervous system have good development. The dairy type could never develop the quiet, docile temperament of the beef type. If it should be bred with that in view it would soon lose its milking qualities and be classed as a beef type.

All conditions within have signs without. By knowing these signs we can diagnose the conditions. It is thus that the stockman judges the animal mentally, temperamentally and vitally through the eyes, head, general carriage, and various other characteristics of the body.

In the present systems of stock judging these signs or parts of the body are given points equal to their relative importance to the perfect animal of the type considered. Thus the temperament in a perfect draft horse is given five points. The requirements are that it should be a docile, energetic, but not nervous temperament. The perfect animal in any type scores one hundred.

The judge scores each individual part of the animal equal to its nearness to perfection. Thus the temperament of a certain draft horse may score three, or four. The results of the scoring of the various parts are added, and the animal with the highest total gets the blue ribbon.

In many cases the judge is so experienced in his work that he judges by eye and comparison, using no score card to pick the best animal out of the group of contestants. But in each case the principle is the same, and nearly all stock associations have an official scale of points or standard of perfection.

In the above way everything from a chicken to a horse is judged. Man seems really kind (to his pocketbook) in endeavoring to have an animal reach a certain ideal. Nor is his kindness limited to the animal kingdom. With just as much care he breeds and judges the fruits and seeds of the vegetable kingdom.

I give the above brief description of what is being done in the stock world to show what the stockmen require in a good animal, and because I think a system similar would be entirely practicable in judging perfect development in the human being.

Imagine a red-nosed, alcoholic slave pinning a blue ribbon on a fine, spirited horse, held by a chronic dyspeptic. It illustrates only too well that charity is needed at home. It is not to be inferred we are all as bad as the above. There are

still some good types of the human family in existence.

The "good type" man should be beautiful. He cannot be otherwise if he has that healthy, harmonious development of man's triune nature that a well-developed man should have. The most perfectly developed man should not only be physically, but also mentally and emotionally (morally) so. His head and face should express a well-rounded, fully-developed intellect, a moderate temperament, and a manly determination. The whole man should be a walking advertisement of masculine strength and vitality. With these qualities how could he be otherwise than beautiful?

Beauty should not always be considered as something feminine. There is such a thing as masculine beauty. Nor should

the head only be considered when looking for beauty. The body has beauty as well. How the prize-winning horse is applauded as he lightly prances up and down in the show ring! His intelligent carriage and his slick body are the cause of the admiration. If he has not both, the judgment is hissed in disapproval, if there be a more beautiful animal among the contestants.

So the prize-winning man or woman should be beautiful. Therefore, let us set a standard by which we can judge, so that the resulting winner shall be beautiful. In other words, be most perfectly developed in mind, body and spirit. The standard would not only assist us in judging, but would be something toward which we could work and develop ourselves.

JOY CULTURE A PAYING INVESTMENT!

By Mark J. Wilcox

JOY and health would seem to have as much in common as the rose has with the soil upon which it grows. Joy is a spiritual thing; while health—bodily health—is purely physical and therefore of the earth, earthy. Yet the one depends upon the other just as much as the rose depends upon the soil. You cannot have a perfect rose without the cultivation of the soil, and you cannot have perfect joy without the cultivation of health. Health culture, then, must have a great deal to do with joy culture.

Besides, among human beings joy and health are almost always found together. The strong, clean, vigorous man or woman has such an exuberance of feeling that he or she radiates joy as the sun radiates heat. It is as hard for sorrow to break down a healthful man as it is for joy to uplift a chronic invalid. The grief-stricken athlete is as rare as is the happy sufferer of physical pain. Surely, then, the chief factor in the cultivation of joy is the cultivation of health.

Ye bereaved ones, ye sad ones, ye pained, ye grieved, ye sick, get rid of

your gaunt looks and hollow chests! Fill your lungs with pure air, fill your veins with fresh blood, fill your frames with clean muscle, and you will fill your whole beings with superb, soul-satisfying joy. You will not forget your lost ones; but you will be glad that they are at rest, and gladder still because God sees fit to use your strength for a little while longer. You will realize that the chief pleasure of life is the living—the real living, the eager living, the strenuous living, the "high" living.

But the best of this joy culture through health is the insignificance of the effort required as compared with the effect produced. You do not have to strain in order to be happy. You do not have to think continually: "Now I will be joyful. Now I *will* be joyful." You will be joyful without making any attempt at it. Fifteen minutes of energetic exercise upon rising each morning, followed by a cold bath, is enough to keep the average man or woman in superb health. And health will melt your heart with joy as naturally as water melts sugar.

MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

I HAVE received many letters from our boy readers, making inquiries in reference to diet. All kinds of questions have been asked. Many seem to think that, in order to improve in health and strength, they must follow closely the dietetic régime we advocate in this magazine. This is by no means necessary.

Of course, a boy should try to confine his diet to good, wholesome foods. Do not eat too much pastry or complicated dishes. Always eat whole wheat or rye bread, instead of white. White bread is



an abomination. It will starve your muscles, and make your teeth and bones soft and chalky. In addition to that, it often causes constipation, and when suffering from a trouble of this nature, almost any disease is liable to attack you. Measles, croup, diphtheria, scarlet fever and all sorts of diseases are made easily possible under conditions of this nature.

While I do not advise my boy readers to diet themselves in a strict manner, it will be greatly to their advan-

Exercise No. 1. The above illustration shows the proper manner of taking breathing exercises. Expansion should begin in the abdomen, as shown in the above illustration, and gradually extend to the chest. Inhale all the breath you possibly can, drawing it down as low as possible, gradually filling the chest until it is at its fullest capacity. Now exhale all the breath you can, drawing in the abdomen and forcing out all the air possible. This exercise should be taken in the open air, or before an open window, and should be continued until a slight feeling of fatigue is noticed.

tage if they will familiarize themselves with the nourishing elements of the various foods. Learn their effect upon the body, and though in a general way you must allow your appetite to guide in the selection of foods, yet if you know that certain articles are unwholesome, it will frequently do much to prejudice you against them.

To all newly-converted physical culture boys, I would say:

Try to avoid unpleasantness at home. Eat as nearly as you can what they offer you. If your parents consider your ideas fanatical, and do not believe in the accuracy of the conclusions advanced in this magazine, do not try to convert them at once. Give them time

to think it over, and keep gradually strengthening your own body. If you become stronger every day through following the theories we advocate, there will come a time in the future when your parents will appreciate your ideas, and will be willing not only to allow you to adhere to them, but will often become converts themselves.

At any rate, it should be remembered that the average growing boy has a digestion that can handle almost any article of food. Living out-of-doors, playing healthful games with a mind that is constantly at rest, a great amount of nervous energy can be used in the digestion of foods. Though the stomach and the functions of digestion may have to work a little harder to secure



Exercise No. 2. From position shown in illustration, bring arms high over head, then down at sides. Make the motions very quickly, and continue until a feeling of fatigue is induced.

Exercise No. 3. (Same Illustration.) Bring arms forward on a level with the shoulders and strike hands together smartly. Now bring back to position shown in illustration, allowing them to go as far backward as possible. Continue back and fourth until a feeling of fatigue is induced.

nourishment from poor foods, they will secure it, nevertheless; and I would advise each of our enthusiasts to try to make the best of the diet that is furnished at his own home. Remember, too, that it is not advisable to make dietetic changes too quickly. Begin gradually. Test the foods that you wish to use, not only from the standpoint of appetite, but carefully note the after effects. If a food is supposed to be rich in nourishment, and very wholesome, remember that it is not of advantage to you unless it is thoroughly enjoyed. Food, in order to be valuable, *must* taste good. Anything eaten from a mere sense of duty can never be easily and satisfactorily digested.

But whatever diet you may adopt, don't bolt your food. Eat slowly. Remember that your teeth were made to masticate your food, and the stomach is not supplied with a set of teeth, although in many cases there must be need of them when the food is bolted without being chewed.

Don't wash down your foods with liquids. If, between meals, you drink freely of water, there should be no desire for liquids at meal time. However, if you are thirsty at meal time, drink and satisfy the thirst. If you cannot do without a warm drink, use warm milk, cocoa, or cambric tea—the last being made of hot water, cream and sugar.

BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. After running I hear a beating in my head. Kindly give me the cause.

A. Symptoms of the character you mention are quite usual if you are exercising very violently, as in fast running. Care should be used not to over-do exercises of this character. When symptoms of this kind become too severe you should rest a while.

Q. I have become very strong through physical culture exercises, but my right arm is much larger than the left. How can I remedy this?

A. If you will be careful to use your left arm as much or more than your right, the difference that you mention will in time disappear. Each exercise that you take with your right arm should be duplicated with your left, and if for a while you use your left arm a little more than your right, it will remedy the defect so much quicker.

Q. What is the cause of sweating at night during sleep? I have been troubled this way since birth and would like a cure.

A. Night sweats usually indicate a debilitated condition. Would advise you to cover more lightly, sleep with your windows open, take a friction bath every morning on arising and follow it with a cold water bath. If you adopt this advice, the symptoms you mention will soon disappear.

Q. Please give an exercise for developing the muscles at the side of the chest, under the armpits.

A. Take some exercise in which it will require considerable effort to bring the shoulders forward, and the muscles that you mention will be brought into active use.

Q. I am eleven years old and am five feet four inches high. I am afraid of becoming too tall, and wish to know some method of stunting the growth.

A. I know of no satisfactory method that can be recommended for stunting the growth. I would state, however, that if you develop every part of the body by running and various athletic exercises, together with special exercises for developing the chest, there should be no occasion for you to worry about your height. There will be little or no danger of your growing too much.

Q. What will prevent me from talking in my sleep? I am seventeen years old. Are five-pound dumb-bells too heavy for me?

A. An inclination to talk during sleep usually indicates that you have eaten too heartily at your evening meal. Lessen the quantity of food at this meal, and be careful to allow sufficient time to elapse before retiring, for digestion to be well under way, and the symptom which you mention will disappear. Five-pound dumb-bells are a trifle heavy for a seventeen-year-old boy. A pair of two or three pounds would probably be better, though the weight of dumb-bells should depend altogether upon one's strength.

Q. Would you advise that meat be cooked well-done or rare?

A. The most radical raw food advocates believe in eating meat raw. I am inclined to believe, however, that most hygienists are of the opinion that the best way to cook meat is at a very moderate temperature and to allow it to cook from three to six hours. If baked at this temperature, in the manner described in an article in a previous issue on "How to Cook a Dinner With a Lamp," the toughest kind of meat will be made tender and palatable.

SWIMMING AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

By *L. de B. Handley*

CAPTAIN NEW YORK A. C. TEAM

A GREAT deal has been said and written of the benefits derived from swimming, and the few who now oppose the free use of the pool are like a certain Chicago professor who recently made himself ridiculous by inveighing against the dangers of bathing; they are either crassly ignorant or are in search of notoriety. But there are still a great many who, while acknowledging the hygienic value of swimming, cannot be prevailed upon to look on it as a means of developing the body. They will bring up all sorts of arguments to prove that it is not, and the two favorite ones seem to be: First, that there is not sufficient effort in any part of a swimming stroke to develop the muscles; second, that bathing has a debilitating effect on the system and cannot, therefore, build up the tissues.

That this is sophistry of the worst kind those who understand physical culture at all can vouch for. It is not the heavy dumb-bell, or the gruelling work that gives the body proper and proportionate development, but the easy, prolonged exercise, which strengthens without tiring.

As to the weakening effect of the water, it is a mistaken idea, growing out

of the habit that most athletic instructors have of forbidding bathing to the men in training. The fact must not be lost sight of, however, that nine-tenths of these trainers do not forbid it because they think that a short swim is harmful,

but because they know that, if permission is granted at all, the athletes will abuse it—in winter by spending whole afternoons between the pool and the steam room, and in summer by staying in the water for hours at a time.

Of course, abuse is always fatal to good results, and a long period of immersion will have the same effect on the man unused to it as a five-mile running race has on an untrained athlete, so that trainers are wise in taking no chances.

If swimming is taken up by degrees instead, and indulged in regularly, it soon becomes second nature; and, far from

weakening the body, it will develop it and prepare it, as nothing else will, for any kind of athletic work. Those who have studied the question thoroughly, and are therefore qualified to judge, are unanimous in saying that there is no exercise that will develop the body more gracefully or more symmetrically than does swimming.

This is easily explained; for swimming



Miss Ethel Golding

Photograph taken when she was the Champion Lady Swimmer of America



SOME OF THE CHAMPION SWIMMERS

J. Scott Leary
 Olympic Club, San Francisco, Cal.
 Pacific Coast Champion

Jos. Ruddy
 N. Y. A. Club
 20-yard Record Holder

Fred. A. Wieland
 Milwaukee A. C.
 440-yard Western Champion

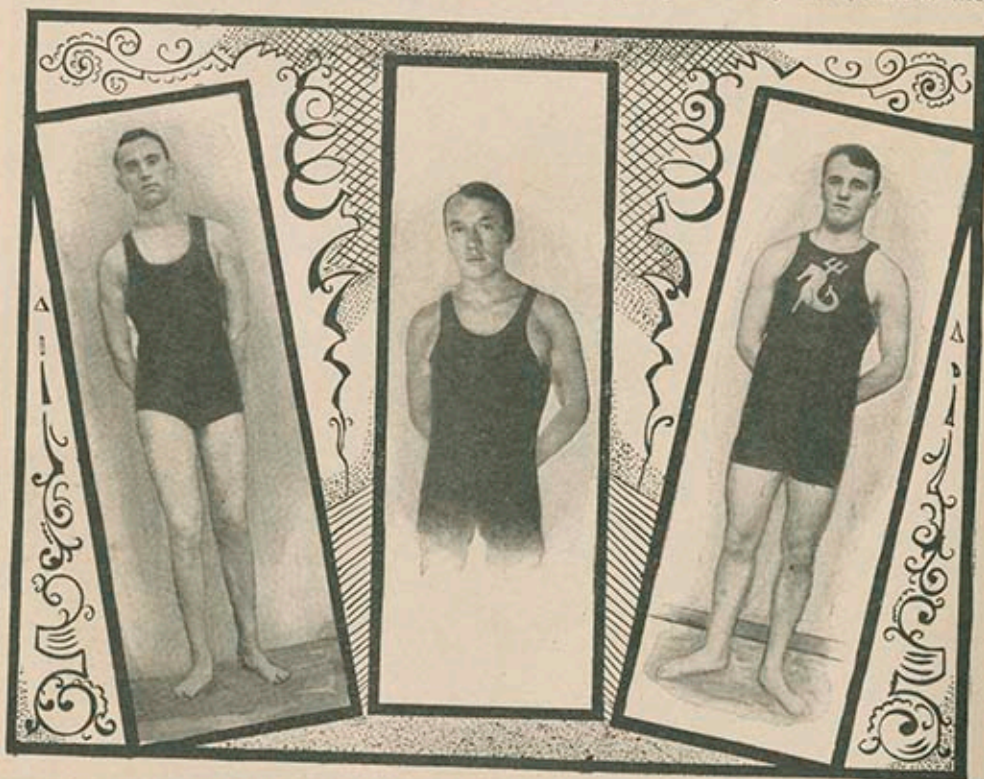
Harry Brooks
 Central Y. M. C. A., Chicago, Ills.
 220-yard Western Champion

W. J. Tuttle
 Chicago A. A.
 40-yard World's Record Holder

exercises every single set of muscles in the body. Take the double overhand stroke now used almost entirely by good swimmers and called "Trudgeon," after the name of its inventor. What system more complete could be found to develop the body in a uniform way? The armstroke takes the hand, the wrist, the fore and upper arm, the shoulder, the chest and the back; the kick takes the feet, the ankles, the calves, the thighs, the hips, the stomach and the back; the

enning the entire system without any perceptible effort.

Of course, one will not obtain by swimming the big, knotty muscles of the statuesque gladiator, or of the stage poseur, which, though very pleasing to the eye, are not at all practical for long tests of endurance and therefore not useful in athletics; but the ancient masters of sculpture in Greece and Rome have given us many Apollos besides—lithe, graceful and yet powerfully built, and to these



Otto Wahle
New York Athletic Club
Former Mile Champion

Jos. W. Spencer
Columbia University
1000-yard Record Holder

Fred. Aechtler
Capt. Water Polo Team
Brookline Swimming Club
Brookline, Mass.

rolling motion exercises the neck and upper back, and the artificial breathing, forcing one to fill the lungs plentifully at every stroke, is the very breathing exercise advocated by all exponents of physical culture, and is wonderfully beneficial to the pulmonary organs.

What more can be asked for? While taking a pleasant roll through the water every part of the body is in action and doing its full share of the work, gradually forming the muscles and strength-

the swimmer must look for his model.

Has the reader ever witnessed a swimming race in which experts were competing? If so, he or she will have noticed the long, clean, evenly developed muscles, all grace and agility; these are the muscles of the successful athlete without any "tie" or "bind" about them, and the ones that enable the possessor to perform feats of speed and endurance that the heavily-muscled could never hope to undertake successfully.



Leo J. Goodwin
N. Y. A. C.
100-yard Indoor Champion

months, on account of the scarcity of available pools and of the high price of admission charged at them; but nowadays every athletic club and most of the Y. M. C. A. branches have baths where instruction can be had from competent professors, and the sport is within reach of everyone.

Beginners should master the stroke very thoroughly before taking up swimming as a regular exercise; a defective stroke often develops one set of muscles at the expense of another and may be harmful. Once the correct movements are acquired, however, one is quite safe and should make it a point to swim daily. A ten-

At one minute swim at an easy gait is much more beneficial and far less irksome than half an hour spent at the weights in the gymnasium.

Of the hygienic value of cleanliness, acquired by constant bathing, PHYSICAL CULTURE has often spoken.

A few hints and suggestions that all swimmers would do well to read, and remember, are the following:

Wait at least two hours after a meal before entering the water.

Take steam and hot air before the bath, if you like, but do not overdo it; they have a decidedly weakening effect. Place cotton in your ears before entering the pool and dry



Harry Lemoyne
Brookline (Mass.) S. C.
American Champion and Record Holder

them thoroughly on coming out; to wash them with a mild antiseptic solution, is



Jas. E. Greene
Brookline S. C.
Champion of Massachusetts



Snow Frolic in Winter

Some hardy swimmers of the Brookline S. C., Brookline, Mass., who indulged in this sort of sport on the coldest days of winter clothed only in the bathing suits shown in illustration

prudent; the water is often impure and the ear is very delicate and sensitive.

Do not linger around the tank when you are wet; dry off at once and dress.

In drying off, take special care of the hair; moisture about the head often results in colds.

Do not go directly from the overheated

bath into the open air; wait indoors until the body has cooled off and the blood is at its normal temperature.

By observing these rules one will obviate the few little inconveniences that are attached to winter swimming for the careless ones. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

IS WHITE FLOUR NOURISHING?

BY ED. P. SMITH

In recent issues of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* have appeared a number of editorials and letters on the value of white flour as a food, all uniting in condemning it.

Agricultural experiment stations have done a vast amount of experimenting on the value of different foods for animals. To determine accurately the value of a food, they do not feed it alone, but in various different proportions, and in combination with other foods, since it is claimed that a certain food taken alone is not as completely digested as it is in combination with other foods. It is not fair to white flour when one man tests its value by living on the product solely for a certain time. It is well known that products made from white flour and eaten alone are not as completely digested as when taken with other foods.

As to its nourishment if compared with milk, which is generally conceded to be a

perfect food, the figures, from Bulletin No. 142 of the United States Department of Agriculture on "Principles of Nutrition and Nutritive Value of Food," seem to make evident the fact that, pound for pound, white flour contains three times the amount of protein that milk does. The figures are:

	Water.	Pro- tein.	Fat.	Carbo- hydrate.	Ash.	Fuel value per pound.
	%	%	%	%	%	
Flour,	12.0	11.0	1.0	75.1	.5	1655 calories
Milk,	87.0	3.3	4.0	13.0	.7	310 calories

White flour seems to be one of our cheapest forms of protein, since a pound of protein in sirloin costs \$1.60; in milk, 94 cents; in potatoes, 67 cents; in wheat flour, 31 cents. White flour is useful. The great mistake has been that, in using it plentifully as a food such as bread, etc., we have been living on a one-sided nutrition, to the glory of wig manufacturers, "hair tonic" fakirs, and dentists.

NATURE IN FANCIFUL MOOD

By *J. C. Hurley*

CAPRICE is an essential characteristic of freakishness, as is, to some extent, abrupt action. To be in the first class, a freak should have also a measure of gracefulness. Wordsworth says:

"Brisk youth appeared,
With freaks of graceful folly."

Nature's whimsicalities are the corollary of prankish playfulness. Prodigies are deliberate productions—abnormal, of course, but seriously disposed. Yet to draw a line betwixt freaks and prodigies is so bewildering that Barnum and Bailey group them. So it is difficult

sometimes to distinguish the normal from the abnormal, for criteria of the classes merge, and nothing is more puzzling than a merger.

There is charm in variety, and the "Greatest Show on Earth" thinks the wider the variety the greater the charm. Nature makes no repetitions. Similarity there is; but never absolute likeness. As the grades are numberless, extremes lie far apart, until they sit together, when the delights of variation are accentuated by contrast. A stickler for precision once said that the opposite of knocking down a boy is picking up a girl. Conformably, in The Show's Museum there is the leanest man and the fattest woman; a rabble of male bones and a mountain of female flesh. There is the man with legs but no arms and the man with arms but no legs. There is the tallest



Geo. Auger, of Cardiff, S. Wales, the Tallest Man in the World, Posed to Show the Remarkable Height at Which He Stands in Comparison with Other Men and Offering a Contrast with the Hungarian Lilliputians on the Right, Known to be the Smallest Human Beings in Existence

man and the shortest woman; a male giant and a female pigmy—indeed, a family of pigmies, all needed to foil a giant who is so massive that one wonders he was not retained to play Goliath in "The Shepherd King;" while the spritely dwarfs suggest inadvertently animated wax dolls rather than specimens of soulful, sad humanity. But they are adult, miniature artists, who sing and dance, and act as marionettes are supposed to do. These mites were born of normal parents near the Hertz mountains, Dame Nature's odd conjunction of dimensions being a precedent for the comparative limner delineations illustrating this page.

The general sentiment of the crowds who daily press to see these Lilliputians can be gauged. Were the little folk disconsolate it would probably be pity. Midgets seem to be devoid of ordinary, mundane anxieties, although they sometimes create mole-hills of trouble for themselves. General Tom Thumb, his jealous rival, Commodore Nutt, and little lovelorn Minnie Warren, were always smiling.

But there is an element of grandeur about anything enormous. Big men are imposing. Some of us find consolation in the Johnsonian dictum, "The mind's the stature of the man." And we know that John Bunyan characterized his giant as Greatheart—perhaps the most noble quality to emulate. But "for a' that an' a' that," most of us would like to be an inch taller, for we are not haunted by fear that intellect could not stand the strain. Yet true proportion is more important than mere reach or weight. Symmetry matters more than size and, withal, is more attainable.

According to gigantic George Auger, whose height is involuntary, the way to insure great altitude in progeny is to be similarly mated. Hence, as abnormality has its inconveniences, he has chosen a moderately small wife. His parents' ancestors were all tall. In the paternal line four generations back was a general in the French army who, according to genealogical records, stood eight feet. Size runs in the blood. All Mr. Auger's aunts and uncles are tall, as are, for their ages, his six sisters and four brothers. He was six feet high at the age of fourteen and at twenty-two is seven feet eight inches—the greatest cavalier that Wales, noted for its many monstrous men and merry minstrels, has ever produced.

Mr. Auger is musically inclined, and has a low-pitched, well-trained melodious voice. Indeed, he cultivates his physical advantages with considerable prudence. To avoid threatened ponderousness he exercises systematically, working with dumb-bells when opportunity serves. He can raise a pair weighing two hundred and forty pounds with outstretched arms. He also wrestles, and at Copenhagen competed victoriously with a Turk of great European reputation. But his hobby—in sooth, a fitting fancy—is mountain climbing, not in his native country—for, the family home being in Cardiff, he has not even seen Snowdon, which is in the northern part of the principality—but in Switzerland, with some of whose peaks he is sympathetically familiar. Enjoyable as is an ascent of a snow-clad mount, however, the descent, he remarks, with inherited French *naïveté*, is still more delightful. He weighs three hundred and twenty-five pounds.

CANADA'S GRAND OLD CENTENARIAN SENATOR

The Canadian Senate boasts the oldest legislator in the British Empire. He is David Wark, of Fredericton, N. B., and Canada has reason to be proud of this wonderful old gentleman. Senator Wark presents a striking figure in the Capital. He has the appearance of having once possessed a powerful frame. His hair is white and his head is slightly bowed by the weight of years. He has wonderful blue eyes and aristocratic features, mak-

ing him one of the rare men that, once seen, are never forgotten. Senator Wark attributes his long, unbroken life of health to temperate habits. He detests liquor. He detests tobacco and has never smoked. His motto, "Early to bed and early to rise" is an imperative injunction in his life. Almost throughout his entire life Senator Wark took only two meals daily, and those have been always of a frugal character.



THE BICYCLE AS A REMEDIAL MEANS OF EXERCISE

By Luther Halsey Gulick, M. D.,

DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* Dr. Gulick has written an article that, appearing as it does in a journal which generally recommends medicine as a curative agent, is somewhat remarkable. Some parts of the article deserve particular attention at this time of the year when the question of bicycle riding as an exercise has again come to the front.

"Few cases," he writes, "are more exasperating than those which, without organic disease, are constantly demanding treatment for either real or imagined functional disorders—nor does it make much difference whether the disorder is in the realm of the so-called real or the imaginary.

"Many of these cases present similar conditions—muscular weakness—ill-defined pains in the back and shoulders—inability to sleep satisfactorily—digestion uncertain—general feeling of worry and depression.

"The general indication is for an increase of vigor, of vitality, something that will increase cell metabolism. The

agent which meets the conditions presented, both theoretically and practically, is muscular exercise.

"In order to secure the general organic effects of muscular exercise, it is important, indeed it is well nigh necessary, that the exercise involve chiefly the large muscular masses of the body. It is true that considerable quantities of energy can be expended by the smaller groups of muscles, but the amount of neural expenditure involved in order to secure the desired physiologic results is far greater where the muscles are small, than where they are large. The sum total of the effect of this exercise upon the heart and lungs and digestive processes would not be essentially different in the two cases, for the organic effects are directly related to the number of foot pounds of energy expended, rather than to the consciousness of fatigue involved. The amount of will, and indeed of nervous energy, varies greatly in the two cases. A person who has by dint of great effort raised the weight of the body by means of the arms, will usually find that when the

hand is held free the fingers will tremble, indicating over-expenditure of effort. The same amount of work done by the legs will not leave the individual in this undesirable condition. In bicycle riding we find the work done by the large muscles. The muscles around the shoulder girdle are not exercised to any great extent, but all the muscles attached to and descending from the thorax to the pelvis, practically all the muscles connecting the pelvis with the thigh and leg are constantly involved in bicycle riding. In ordinary riding on a country road, or a city street, each push upon the pedal involves but slight effort, but the sum total of work done, because of the large number of efforts, is very great.

Our sense of fatigue is usually from central exhaustion, not from fatigue of muscle. Those activities which are presided over by automatic centers are far less liable to produce fatigue than those which demand conscious attention. Bicycling, after it has become familiar, thus corresponds to this indication. The riding and steering is wholly automatic. The completion of each revolution of the

pedals itself acts as a stimulus to the impulse necessary in order to the next revolution.

"In regard to the psychic accompaniments of the exercise much might be said. The scientific data are not available which completely explain the differences between the effects of exercise when done alone, and when done with pleasurable companions. It is probably due,

however, to the increase in circulation, which always accompanies the pleasurable emotions. But whether we have any hypothesis or not, the facts remain that muscular exercise, under conditions of pleasant psychic associations, has greater beneficial results than where other conditions prevail. In bicycling, bowling, golf, and



With Pleasurable Companions the Exercise is Doubly Valuable as a Therapeutic Agent

such sports, I have found that it is well nigh necessary to have pleasant associations.

"The fact that the exercise is taken out-of-doors is another point in its favor, for but rarely are rooms so well ventilated as to be as perfect in this respect as the country air. Then again the direct effect of sunlight upon the tissues is

secured out-of-doors, and not indoors.

"One of the immediate results of bicycle riding is a large increase in the respiration. Each excursion of the diaphragm is far greater than under conditions of quiet. Each minute includes many more respirations than when the individual is not doing muscular work. The effects of these respiratory movements upon the viscera constitutes one of the important beneficial results of the exercise. All those organs below the diaphragm which include in their circulation the second set of capillaries depend largely for their circulation upon other forces than that of the cardiac contraction. The alternate pressure and relaxation which the diaphragm exerts upon the liver is a large factor in promoting the various circulations within that organ.

"Success or failure depends upon the accurate adaptation of the size of the dose to the individual need. Many of these cases have hearts that are weak. Upon moderate exertion they will often run up to one hundred and twenty, or even higher, per minute. In these cases, in my own practice the rule is to take the heart as a guide, and to increase the size of the dose with the increase of the cardiac power. I determine the size as follows (assuming that the patient already knows how to ride): I have him ride at the ordinary rate of speed for five minutes; I then count the heart rate and note its power. If the rate is below one hundred I continue for another five minutes and count again. If several such periods of work fail to increase the heart rate above one hundred, I conclude that the heart is thoroughly able to take care of the work imposed upon it at this rate of speed. If, on the contrary, at the end of the first five minutes I discover that the heart has run up to over one hundred, the patient must either then sit or lie down for five minutes. If after five minutes' rest the heart has not gone down to between seventy and eighty, it indicates that the heart has done more work than its present degree of strength will warrant it in doing. No further exercise should be given until the heart comes back to approximately its normal rate. Even five minutes of exer-

cise may produce genuine cardiac fatigue in a very weak heart, which may persist for hours or for days. The case is rare, however, in which five minutes' gentle exercise will not be completely recovered from within five minutes' rest. This small dose may almost invariably be repeated for three or four times, the few minutes' rest always intervening. Gradually, with the increased strength of heart, the periods of rest may be made shorter, the periods of riding longer, and ultimately the speed of riding somewhat increased. It is, however, never wise, for therapeutic purposes, to ride at a rapid gait.

"In those cases in which the heart, as shown by the preceding test, is fully competent to meet the work demanded, the test of fatigue is the movement of the fingers when the arm is held extended from the body with the fingers spread. The fingers and hands should be as steady as they are during ordinary daily conditions. As soon as the fingers begin to tremble or to make athetoid movements, the demands upon the nervous system have been greater than is desirable; hence the stimuli to the muscles are not regular, hence the trembling.

"The patient who could not possibly stand fifteen minutes' vigorous exercise consecutively given because of weak heart or an exhausted system, will readily endure with advantage fifteen minutes' exercise divided into three doses, with five minutes' rest between each dose. I have seen patients under this treatment have long, quiet nights of sleep, with appetite that began to increase within two or three days, who thought that they were utterly unable to take exercise.

"The third guide with reference to the size and frequency of the dose is as to recovery over night. Fatigue should never be allowed to become consecutive. Each night should see complete recovery from the fatigue of the preceding day. This must not be understood to mean that a person who always rises with the sense of fatigue shall immediately upon the beginning of treatment lose this consciousness. It does mean, however, that this consciousness of fatigue should not be increased. In the course of two weeks to a month it should be wholly lost. If so much work is

given that the morning fatigue indicates that there has not been complete recovery from the exercise of the preceding day, the result will consist in a gradual decrease in the vigor of the patient.

"I have but one word to say in regard to the position on the bicycle. Aside from the proper adjustment of the saddle, the one other important point is that the spine shall not lose its normal relations. It is not of particular significance that the spine shall be erect or inclined forward, provided the spine itself be not bent in the dorsal or the lumbar regions. If the pelvis is tilted forward, the whole spine may be inclined forward at an incline of even 45 degrees without interfering in the least degree with the respiration or circulation; but if the bending forward is accomplished by the bending of the dorsal and lumbar spine, the result is an embarrassment both of cardiac and respiratory activity. Both the depth and the width of the thorax are decreased. The heart becomes irregular because of the restricted chest when it would not do so were it not embarrassed by the position of the thorax. The height of the handle-bars thus has comparatively little to do with the wholesome-

ness of the position. The fundamental question is—is or is not the spine bent?

"A small caution needs to be given at this point. In learning to ride we have a new element introduced; we have the acquirement of a habit involving a somewhat complex set of muscular co-ordinations. This is in itself a considerable demand upon the nervous system, so that if the patient has to be taught to ride, it should be done with slowness. It may easily increase nervous fatigue and exhaustion.

"To summarize, the bicycle is a useful therapeutic agent in those cases in which it is desirable to quicken the general organic functions of circulation, of respiration, of the whole digestive tract, together with ample diversion and out-of-door air. Its particular advantages are that it gives exercise of the large muscular masses, that the exercise consists of a great number of small efforts, that it is automatic and does not call for great neural expenditure, in proportion to the amount of work done there is but little consciousness of fatigue, that the exercise is out-of-doors, that it is available anywhere, that with it there may be good companionship and varied scenery."

MOTHER PLAYED BASKETBALL PREVIOUS TO CONCEPTION

DID OTHER THINGS THAT THE OLD LADIES OF BOTH SEXES CONSIDER INJURIOUS

To the EDITOR:

The enclosed photo of J. Emerson Carroll, taken when three months of age, speaks eloquently, we think, of the valuable teaching to be found in your magazines. He has never had any drugs or prepared foods; nothing but the old reliable which he sampled an hour after birth. Previous to conception his mother

played basketball, took cold baths, long walks, bicycle rides, ate but two meals a

day and did other things that the old ladies of both sexes consider injurious to a married woman. Needless to say, the evil results which they predicted

have not as yet appeared, but they are confident that she will pay for it yet, and we leave them to wait while we continue to live on in the better and truer way of living that we have chosen.

Yours for a natural life,
J. AND R. CARROLL.

Toronto, Can.



J. Emerson Carroll

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CHAMPION JAMES J. JEFFRIES, PUGILIST

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.



Physical Development of James J. Jeffries,
Champion Pugilist of the World

THE hard, systematic physical culture undergone by professional pugilists is, without doubt, what enables them to win boxing battles and keep in the necessary physical trim to carry on the arduous duties of their calling.

While in Boston, last month, James J. Jeffries, the giant Californian who lays claim to the title of "Champion Pugilist of the World," was examined by Dr. Sargent of Harvard University, who had the pleasure of examining the pugilist four years ago when he was not as great a figure in the pugilistic world as he is to-day.

The two tables of Dr. Sargent's examinations, being, as they are, four years apart, are interesting from a physical culturist's point of view, showing conclusively, as they do, the benefits to be derived from

systematic exercise. Another point that they conclusively prove is the claim that almost any one kind of sport, followed up, does good to one or many parts of the body to the absolute detriment of others.

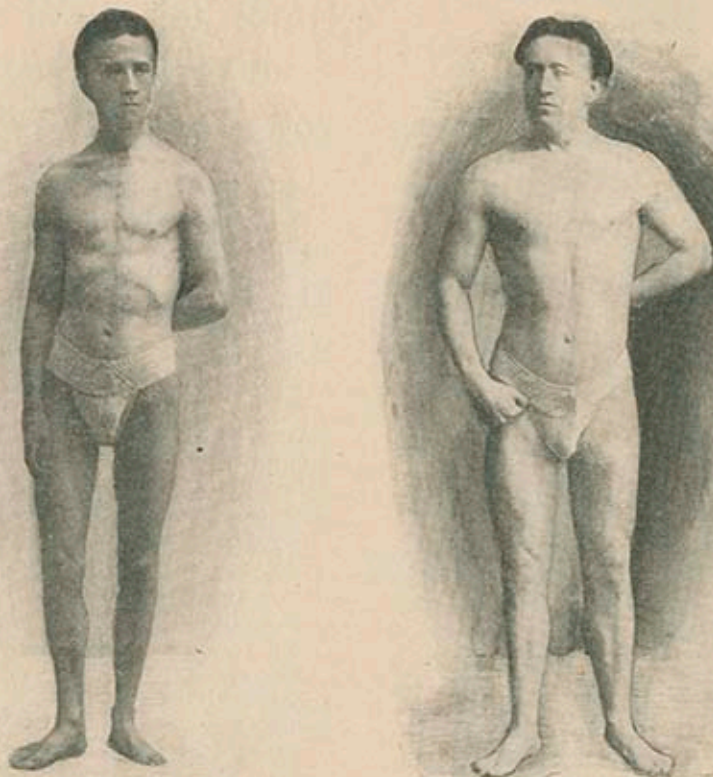
This claim is well proven by the fact that, in 1899, when Dr. Sargent first examined Jeffries, his upper right arm was 16.5 inches, while to-day it is 15.9 inches, and his left arm has grown rigid to an extent that it is hardly possible to straighten it. In spite of the decrease in Jeffries' right arm, its hitting abilities are increased instead of being diminished.

Dr. Sargent is of the opinion that there is no reason in the world why Jeffries will not be as good an athlete ten years from now as he is to-day. In the last four years he has broadened across the chest and back considerably, but otherwise there is not much difference in his figure of to-day compared with that of 1899. His great danger is taking on too much weight. By proper training he can prevent this, and if he does and lives the kind of a life that he has done for the past four years, he has everything before him.

Jeffries' height remains the same, at 6 feet and $\frac{6}{16}$ inch, and his natural chest measurement, 44.9 inches, is the same as it was four years ago. His chest expanded, however, shows a good gain, now measuring 48.4 inches as against 46.9 inches four years ago.

Following are the measurements of Jeffries taken in 1899 and 1903 by Dr. Sargent:

	FEB. 1, 1899.	
Weight	- - - - -	228 lbs.
Height	- - - - -	72 6 ins.
Chest (natural)	- - - - -	44.9 "
Chest (full)	- - - - -	46.9 "
Upper arm (right)	- - - - -	16.5 "
Upper arm (left)	- - - - -	16.5 "
	DEC. 9, 1903.	
Weight	- - - - -	244.7 lbs.
Height	- - - - -	72.6 ins.
Chest (natural)	- - - - -	44.9 "
Chest (full)	- - - - -	48.4 "
Upper arm (right)	- - - - -	15.9 "
Upper arm (left)	- - - - -	16.5 "



REMARKABLE RESULTS FROM FOLLOWING PHYSICAL CULTURE METHODS

WE publish herewith two photographs of Mr. Marquis D. Moore, 164 East 56th St., New York City, who has been following physical culture methods and a raw food diet for a little over a year. The improvement noted in the two pictures, however, shows the change which was brought about in his condition in four months' time, during which he gained forty-five pounds.

He suffered for seven years from insomnia and nervous prostration, and was given up by the physicians in Vanderbilt Clinic, New York, who declared that they could do nothing for him. His face was pale, his eyes sunken, his memory was all gone, and while a vocalist by profession he had lost his singing voice entirely.

He has now recovered his voice completely, his color is ruddy and clear, and, as he himself says, his memory is "tip top," and he sleeps "like a log." All of this was accomplished practically in the first three months of his adoption of sensible new habits of life.

Mr. Moore states that he "eats all he can" of raw foods, which consist of wheat and oats, milk, raw eggs, figs, dates, bananas, nuts and other foods. Often he chops up cabbage, celery, onions, and a small amount of green peppers, and mixes these together with lemon juice and sweet oil. His exercise consists of walking and vibration exercises. He is a lover of cold baths, and practically lives in the open air all the time.

HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

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

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN the farmer's wife had gone, Ruth, in a tremor of fear, began to ask herself why Harry's father should be there, wishing to see her. She could not delude herself into fancying that his presence boded any good to her, since, if he knew anything of Harry's love for her, it would be a thing he would surely resent.

"Does he know, and is that why he is here?" she kept asking herself, until she was startled into action by a sudden consciousness of the need to defend herself if her visitor came as an enemy to her happiness.

Rather instinctively, than by a reasoned process, she quickly bathed her face, brushed her hair and changed her gown, then went down, looking very shy and sweet and gentle. Her heart was throbbing painfully, but she was outwardly composed.

Henry Thorne was sitting in the dim and musty parlor, impatiently tapping the floor with one foot as he looked out of the window, and Ruth was conscious of a faint likeness between him and Harry, which disappeared instantly, however, when he started up at the sound of her entrance, and said curtly:

"Miss Warner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shall we have privacy here?"

"I will close the door, if you wish, then we shall be in private." She closed it as she spoke, her heart sinking lower and lower under the depressing effect of this ominous opening.

Henry Thorne, looking at her with eyes of dislike and prejudice, and comparing her always with magnificent Elizabeth Mowbray, saw in Ruth an undersized, insignificant schemer. The composure that she strove so hard to maintain he con-

strued into the coldness of a calculating nature; he could not see the wistful pleading of her big, blue eyes, nor the sensitive quivering of her lower lip. She represented to him the adventurous type of girl—one who was bent on taking his boy from the great work to which he had been dedicated.

"I have something of importance to say to you," he said; "won't you please sit down?"

She did so, studying his face for a clew to his errand, and gaining from her study of his set features only added fear.

"I do not need to ask you if you know my son," he said, after a long pause. "I know that you do, and that you have met him daily for some time. I assume that you will not deny this?"

"There is no reason why I should deny it," she answered, with a faint ring of indignation in her tone. "I do not know your object in coming here, Mr. Thorne, but it may facilitate your purpose if you understand at once that I have no reason for concealing anything that I have done."

"Thank you. That being the case, will you tell me what relations exist between you and Harry? You see, I take you at your word."

What relations existed between them! She had not thought of that before—had not put the thought into so many words, anyhow. They were lovers, of course. Lovers! A thrill ran through her, even then, when she was facing what she knew was a dire menace to that relation. There was a moment when she dreamed of resorting to subterfuge, or to refusal, in order to protect her threatened happiness; but it was momentary fear that prompted that thought, not the courage that was an essential part of her nature.

"I think I may say that we are lovers,"

she answered, in a low tone, her lips lingering over the final word.

"Lovers!" burst from him in an explosion of scorn. "How long have you been—lovers?"

The slender form straightened, and even that stern, unromantic observer could not help noticing, as Harry had done, what a queenly poise there was to the little head.

"I will answer you, sir, because you are Harry's father; but surely it must strike you, whatever your feelings are for me, that my frankness deserves courtesy, if nothing else. Your tone toward me is one of dislike, and yet it is almost impossible that you should know me well enough to be justified in any feeling whatever; your manner is that of an angry judge, and yet, even if I were a culprit, you should be just if you could not be kind."

The very justness of her words only set him harder against her, for it seemed to him that they came from cool craft rather than from the wounded sensitiveness of an honest, simple nature.

"I cannot split hairs with you, Miss Warner. I am even willing to admit that you are too clever for me in that. Pardon me if my manner offended you. You said you would answer me; will you, then?"

Ruth rose, unconsciously, from her chair and went to the window on the other side of the room; the question she had to answer brought so much to her memory. She stood looking out through the small, old-fashioned window panes, but with unseeing eyes. How long had they been lovers?

"Well? You said you would tell me how long you had been lovers."

Ruth turned from the window with a start, conscious that she had been dreaming, forgetful of the stern man.

"How long Harry has loved me I do not know," she answered slowly, "for we have known each other only a few weeks. The afternoon before the fire Harry spoke to me for the first time. He may have seen me before that time, but I know he had no consciousness of my existence."

"You are the girl he rescued from the tramps?" queried Mr. Thorne.

"Yes; that is how we became acquainted, how he came to speak to me. But,

Mr. Thorne, I had loved Harry long, long before that."

Henry Thorne made a gesture of disgust and annoyance, and interjected:

"I wish you would use terms of reason and not of cant. When you say love, you mean physical attraction."

"I mean what I say, Mr. Thorne. You may interpret it as you will, but at least permit me to use the terms that convey my meaning. I rejoice in the physical attraction which Harry has for me, but it is far more to me that he inspires love in me. And he did inspire it months before he knew I existed."

"You loved him without knowing him?" Mr. Thorne demanded, with a scornful laugh.

"That seems impossible to you, sir, I know, for Harry has told me how you regard such matters, but it is the truth. If I had doubted it before I know it now."

"No doubt. Moreover, you are sure that you and Harry were made for each other?"

"I am sure we could make each other happy."

He did not mean it as an insult, but he looked her over as she stood there, and she knew he was noting how slight, immature and muscularly undeveloped she was. She could see his lip curl with scorn as he repeated:

"Make each other happy!" He stopped himself on the verge of an outbreak, and, controlling himself, asked abruptly:

"You knew that Harry was engaged to marry Elizabeth Mowbray? He must have told you that."

"He told me you had brought him up with that end in view. I knew your views as to her and him."

"And knowing, deliberately——"

"Do you not think, sir," she interrupted, "that it would be wiser to tell me at once your errand? You must have a strange misconception of human nature if you fancy you can further your object by insulting me. You are Harry's father, and I wish to treat you with due respect, but you are not winning that respect by your manner toward me. Please tell me why you are here."

She was slight and undeveloped in figure, but even the strong, dominating man felt the force and dignity that animated her. Only, charged with prejudice, and

filled with the belief that he had to do with an adventuress, her force and dignity presented themselves to him as evidence that she meant to cling to what she had robbed him of.

"I came here," he said, bluntly, "to induce you to give up Harry. I did not know how far he had gone, but I feared the worst, and it seems that I was right. Has he made any engagement with you?"

"There is no engagement between us."

"What compromise can we make, then?"

"I do not understand you."

"You understand that I do not wish Harry to make you his wife?"

"Yes, I understand that; but I do not understand why you come to me, instead of going to Harry. There is no engagement between us. I have no hold upon him besides this love that you so scorn; and if I had, I would not exert it to keep him. Go to him, sir!"

"I prefer to deal with you."

"I think it is impossible that there should be any dealings between us, sir. You do not treat me as if you believed me sincere and honest. How can there be dealings between us?"

"You have me at your mercy, Miss Warner. I am frank in admitting what you so well know. If I go to Harry I shall arouse his antagonism, and so my life's hopes and plans will be shattered. But you can end this infatuation of his and leave matters where they were before you so unfortunately came into his life."

"And you come to me, sir, with scorn and contumely in your every word, look and gesture, thinking by such methods to persuade me to immolate myself, my happiness, under the wheels of the car of your senseless fetich? Can you not see that you are not asking this sacrifice of me even for Harry's happiness? It is for your own. You are asking both Harry and me to give up happiness in order to enable you to try an experiment foredoomed to failure. You may say what you will of regenerating the world by this scheme of yours, but, although I am only a girl, I am sure that any plan of regeneration must fail that leaves love out of the account."

He waved aside her argument.

"If I had come to you in any other way,

would it have made any difference?" he asked.

She wondered if his manner had really made the difference, and asked herself if anything would have made her give up Harry.

"I do not know," she answered. "I do not recognize your right to give or to withhold happiness from either Harry or me."

"You think a parent has no right to concern himself about his child's future?"

"He has no right to control it. It seems to me that you have strangely misunderstood your duty to your child if you have thought that he was your property to deal with according to your will. A child is the highest of trusts, and it is the duty of a parent to strive for the happiness of the child."

"I did not know I had to do with so advanced a theorist," he said, bitterly. "But meeting you on your own ground

"You cannot think you are doing that until you recognize my sincerity as I do yours."

"Your sincerity in what?"

"In this," she answered, vehemently, and with tears starting to her eyes, "that I am thinking more of Harry's happiness than of anything else. There is nothing I would not suffer or do to make him happy."

"Ah! if I could believe that!"

"You could believe it if you were not so intent on your own selfish game, in which Harry is but a pawn. I know that you think me determined to have him at any cost, and you come to me, thinking to bear me down with your man's strength. Why can you not believe in my honesty and sincerity? What have I done that you should doubt them? And if you are so prejudiced and unreasonable in your treatment of me, how can I credit you with more wisdom in regard to Harry?"

In spite of her angry resolution not to break down, as she had been several times on the verge of doing, her voice trembled and her lip quivered as she ended; and then the sobs came.

Henry Thorne started to his feet, and strode up and down the room; then stopped in front of Ruth and placed his hand upon her shoulder, for she had

turned her head and was wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"I am very sorry for having misjudged you, Miss Warner," he said, gently. "I should have known that Harry would not have made a friend of one as unworthy as I had suspected you of being. Will you forgive me?"

Ruth hastily turned, and looked eagerly into his face, doubting a little if the overture, so unexpectedly and so suddenly made, could be in earnest; but she saw instantly that it was, and she put out her hand to him with a little cry of joy.

"You do believe I am honest?" she cried.

"I would never have doubted if I had not been dominated by my anger toward you. Please forgive me!"

"That is not necessary, sir; but I will, if you wish."

A long silence followed, broken, at last, by Ruth faltering:

"I am afraid you don't give up your opposition to me, just the same."

"I cannot."

"Well," murmured Ruth, with pathetic resignation, "let us talk it over. You won't be cross with me, will you, if I don't give in to you? I love Harry, even if you think there is no such thing, and I can't give him up unless for his greater happiness."

"But if I can convince you that it is for his happiness?"

"Yes—yes, I will give him up then," she faltered.

CHAPTER XVII.

If this sudden change had been adopted merely as a device, it would have been a most clever one, for Ruth was eager to come into friendly relations with Harry's father, and was instantly softened by his sudden admission of faith in her. But it was not a clever device at all. Conviction of her sincerity had been growing all the while, and it only needed her pathetic sob to break down his show of incredulity.

It was characteristic of them both, however, that neither abandoned anything because of their changed relations.

"You will pardon me if I speak with great plainness?" he said to her.

"If you speak kindly I shall not mind how plainly. And I want to assure you again that, whatever you may think of

love, mine for Harry is of such a nature that if you can convince me that he will be happier for having me go out of his life, I will go out, though I know lifelong misery will be my lot in consequence."

"And you must believe me when I say that I believe the greatest happiness to Harry will come from following the path laid out for him. He is dearer to me than anyone else in the world, and my life has long been wrapped up in his. I say this to relieve myself of the charge of selfishness."

"I am sorry for anything I said, in the heat of anger, that has caused you pain."

It was the shy, sweet girl who stood before him, looking up into his face out of a pair of wonderfully expressive blue eyes, and a dim consciousness of what Harry had been drawn by made itself felt in the father's heart. But, firm in his conviction that he was right, he felt that he must carry out his purpose, no matter what the pain to this frail girl.

"Do you know Elizabeth Mowbray?" he asked.

"I have seen her, but never talked with her. Harry wished me to meet her, but I did not care to. Perhaps I could not bear to be put in comparison with her magnificent beauty."

"She is a perfect woman."

"Not unless she has loved."

"Physically perfect, then."

"Harry has said so, and to my eye it has seemed so. I never saw anyone so beautiful, so graceful, so magnificent."

"At least, you do not stint your praise. I think, from what you have said, that you know how she and Harry have been brought up with the one great purpose of marrying, so that a child as perfect as they might be brought into the world."

"Yes; Harry has told me."

"And do you know that the institution of marriage can have no reason for existence except as a preliminary to parenthood?"

"Ye-es; Harry has convinced me of that. I had never thought of it until he explained it to me."

"Then you will have to admit that fitness for parenthood is an absolute essential to a correct marriage?"

"Ye-es."

"And unfitness an insuperable bar?"

"Yes."

Henry Thorne looked at Ruth now with a pitying eye, and she understood all that his look implied; for, if he had tried, he could not have helped betraying the meaning of the glance that swept over her slight figure.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "do not your answers make a sufficient argument for me?"

"An argument, but not a sufficient one. I admitted, at the outset, that I could not bear comparison with Miss Mowbray. But Harry knows us both, and he loves me, not her."

"Are you physically what a woman should be to take the responsibility of bringing a child into this world? You know you are not; so why speak of love, since that is not a factor in the case?"

"If I were physically fit, according to your notions, would you then withdraw your opposition to me?"

Henry Thorne hesitated. Perhaps he had never realized before how bent he was on having Harry fulfill in every detail the task that he had set for him.

"I think if you were as fit as Elizabeth," he answered slowly, "that I would make no opposition. But you are not, and never can be."

"Suppose it should be that Harry's happiness were dependent upon marrying me, would you take any account of that?"

"If anyone should tell me that his happiness was dependent upon the commission of a crime, I could only say that he must be morally diseased. Even if I admitted your contention as to the importance of what you call love, in a union which has for its object the performance of a purely physical function, I should still be obliged to believe that unfitness for the performance would be an insuperable objection. And you have admitted as much yourself. Tell me, do you believe yourself physically fit for motherhood?"

"I am not, now," she answered, bravely, "but I know I can be in time. I am slight, but I am constitutionally well; and, in time, I can be what I now know a woman should be before she undertakes the sacred duty of motherhood. You profess to despise the sentiment of love, perhaps to deny its very existence by confounding it with physical attraction. You love Harry, do you not? Or is he really

only a pawn in your game? Do you care nothing for his happiness in the years to come? Are you thinking only of your experiment? Consider, sir, that you cannot eliminate love by saying it does not exist. Love *does* exist, and it rules the world."

"Such love as I bear Harry exists, but it is sexual passion that rules the world; and that is what you call love, because it has pleased a hypocritical social system to plot its own downfall and degradation by a shocking pretense that the dominating and essential emotion of the human animal is impure."

"But I don't think so," she said, earnestly; "and yet I say that love is a thing apart from passion. Passion is fundamental, necessary to the existence of the race; beautiful, if you will; but love is higher and greater, including and controlling passion. And, if you tie two human beings irrevocably together, without love to soften and ameliorate the conditions of their lives, it is you who will be committing the greatest of crimes."

"Reason is a finer factor than love, and more potent for good."

"Reason is too cold and hard. See how you, who are so strenuous in insisting that a child must not be born unless its parents are equipped to give it that health which is necessary to happiness, yet ignore the happiness of your own child, and wish him to please you instead of living his own life. If you could be responsible for the results of his going your way, it would be a different matter; but you cannot be."

"I am wishing him to take the right way. And I am asking of you only to be true to yourself. You are not fit now, whatever you may be in the future, to be a mother; and, therefore, you have no right to consider being a wife, which is but another way of expressing the same idea."

"And you are not willing to give me the opportunity to try to make myself fit?" Ruth asked.

"I don't feel that you have any right to ask that."

"And what right have you to ask me to sacrifice my happiness to what is, after all, but a whim of yours?"

"I am working in the interests of all humanity. You cannot believe that I am

actuated by selfish motives. I ask you to look around you, and see the wretched, unhappy specimens of humanity—wretched and unhappy because of the ill health which was criminally forced upon them by unthinking parents. I wish to show what a splendid man and a splendid woman can do as parents. I wish for an object lesson that shall demonstrate the wickedness and absurdity of our existing system, which degrades and belittles the most important function of life by stigmatizing it as impure, and making that an excuse for the mystery and shame and vileness with which it is surrounded."

"And, believe me, I sympathize with you, sir. I felt as the world feels about sex matters, until I knew Harry and had talked with him; but you will commit a worse crime than that of which society is guilty if you ignore love in your calculations. When two persons are tied to each other by bonds that cannot be broken, you cannot say that fitness for parenthood is all. If they do not love each other, hate will soon come into their lives; and with hate comes almost every condition inimical to the welfare of their children."

"If what you say be true," he answered, "it is only an argument against the binding them together with a hard and fast knot. The English church service says that marriage was 'first ordained for the procreation of children.' And that, indeed, is the only excuse for the institution of marriage. It should serve that purpose, and no other; and, if sex matters were freely talked of, men and women would soon come to know their duties toward each other, and the unhappiness that now exists in married life would cease, as would the foolish talk that love is a prime factor. I say nothing against love, but I do say that it has nothing to do with parenthood. You say you and Harry love each other. I have no objection to that. Be friends till you die, if you wish, but don't make a fanciful, intangible emotion the basis for so purely physical a matter as parenthood."

Ruth flushed, and bit her lip, hesitated, then cried, vehemently:

"I don't know how I have the courage to talk of these things to you, sir, but I suppose it is because I am fighting for what is dearer than life to me. You speak

slightly of love, but the weight of experience is with me when I say that love is the controlling power for happiness in life. Passion is a force that works blindly, and, uncontrolled, works brutally for the reproduction of the species. Without passion, it is true, the race would die out. If I say these things so positively, it is because I have read the books Harry has given me, and because I have studied myself, and have thought about these matters. Passion, uncontrolled by love, becomes a hateful lust; controlled, it becomes not only the force by which we are impelled to reproduction, but it becomes the beautiful means of expressing love in its highest, most beneficent character. Passion moves not only to procreation, but to all creative achievement; and love constantly demands expression through passion. So, if you can succeed in bringing about a marriage between Harry and Miss Mowbray, there being no love between them, some day one or both of them will crave the love that is necessary to the growth of the soul, and which the soul will have, and then will come that misery for them which has been called hell on earth—for they will turn away from each other with loathing and hate."

"You argue warmly, if you do not argue well," Mr. Thorne said, rising, his face set in hard lines; "but you do not answer my demand that you give up such hold as you may have on Harry."

"I have no hold upon him but his love. I could not give that up, if I would."

"Will you give me no other answer than this?"

"I can give you no other answer to-day. To-morrow I will be more definite. It seems, I think, a small matter to you, but to me it is as if you had asked me to throw life itself away from me."

"And you will do nothing, write nothing, hold no communication with Harry in the meantime?"

"If you cannot trust me without a promise, you cannot with one. I will do what I think I have a right to do."

"Forgive me! It was an insulting demand. Then I may come here to-morrow?"

"No; I will go to your house to-morrow afternoon."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Deeply impressed, and amazed as well, at the strength of mind and character displayed by Ruth, though not a whit moved from his purpose by anything she had said, Henry Thorne drove swiftly to the Mowbray mansion, anxious to consult with his friend and fellow experimenter at this crisis.

Mr. Mowbray was not at home, but Elizabeth heard his voice in the hall, and came running down to greet him. She was dressed in bloomers, and made a very charming picture in them. Mr. Thorne could not help making a comparison between her, radiant with health and strength, and developed into a robust roundness, with the slight form of Ruth.

Ruth had irritated him even while she had compelled respect and admiration for her character; Elizabeth soothed him at once. He smiled affectionately as he took her strong hand in his and listened to her.

"Uncle isn't home; gone to New York. But you must come up and see me chin myself with one hand. Either hand! And say! where's Harry?"

"He's in New York on some business of mine." He wondered how any man in his senses could consider Ruth for a moment after seeing this splendid creature.

"Well, I'm going to give him a surprise when he comes back. I haven't seen much of him lately; I suppose that miserable fire has kept him pretty busy. But I had to be doing something, so I sent for a Japanese wrestler, and have learned some tricks from him. Won't I surprise Harry, though! But come up and see me chin myself."

He had not meant to do such a thing, but even his strong nature demanded sympathy, and of a sudden he determined to take Elizabeth into his confidence in regard to Harry. He knew she had no nonsensical notions about marriage to make his confidence dangerous.

"No, not now, Beth; I want to talk to you about Harry. I meant to talk it over with your uncle, but perhaps you will do even better."

"About Harry?" and she frowned in perplexity.

"Yes. Sit down, Beth. Yes; you have noticed that he has not been here much lately?"

"Yes."

"Well, he has not been busy over my affairs, but his own."

"His own?"

"I am sorry to say he has become interested in a girl, a school teacher in the district school over on the Berkeley road."

"Really!" said Beth, in a tone of kindly interest.

"He thinks he is in love, Beth."

"Harry in love! Isn't that funny? What sort of a girl is she?"

"A slight, frail thing, no more fit to be a mother than she is to fly. A very clever girl, I will admit, but she has no strength to give a child."

"Why don't you go see her and explain? What a pity if our beautiful experiment should fall through! Oh, we musn't let it. Tell me all about it!"

It was a great relief to him to have this strong, serene, well-balanced girl to discuss the matter with, and he told her all that had taken place between him and Ruth.

Elizabeth listened judicially, and with sympathy, interjecting a word now and again to show her appreciation of the points Mr. Thorne had made in his argument with Ruth. When he had finished she said:

"I am sure that when she thinks it over she will see that she is wrong. She seems to be conscientious. Of course, she must see how foolish she is. I suppose she is lonely, and Harry is a dear fellow, you know. It isn't strange that she likes him, is it?"

"No; but I'm afraid she won't see our side as readily as you think. But never mind! I feel better for having talked it over with you. You have such poise, Beth. I believe, you know," he added, as he regarded her with profound admiration, "that if I could get you and this girl together for Harry to make a comparison, it would end his singular infatuation."

"It might be a good idea," she assented, gravely. "It would be a pity to spoil our experiment."

Mr. Thorne went home in a more hopeful frame of mind; it seemed to him that perhaps it did not rest altogether with Ruth to say whether or not the experiment should take place; perhaps an absence of some weeks, and then a comparison at close quarters between the two

young women, might effect the proper result.

Elizabeth shook her head pityingly two or three times, and then went serenely upstairs to the gymnasium to chin herself with one hand.

But she did not dismiss the subject from her thoughts. The next day she pondered it a great deal, and finally, in her matter-of-fact way, came to a conclusion. She would go and talk to Ruth, and try to make her understand how much this experiment would mean for the world.

She knew where the little school-house was, and timed her visit so that she would reach there at closing time.

It was not by intention that she looked very beautiful. The fact was that she would have had to try not to look so; and she had given the matter absolutely no thought.

She wore a blouse waist, a short skirt, and a pair of stout shoes. And she had on what the world would have considered shockingly little else besides, namely, stockings, bloomers and chemise. She strode along with the ease and grace of reincarnated Diana. Perhaps her face would have suggested Aurora, it was so beautifully flushed with exercise, health, and the very joy of living.

Ruth was ending a school day of keenest distress by patiently helping a few of

the duller children with the next day's lessons, when she looked up to see what was, indeed, to her, this hateful vision of blooming health and beauty enter the little room.

She comprehended in a moment that Elizabeth came filled with the knowledge of her love for Harry; and anger, resentment and dislike took possession of her. What had that magnificent animal to do with her love?

"This is Miss Warner, of course?" said Elizabeth, in her self-assured, breezy way. "I am Elizabeth Mowbray. You know of me. I thought school would be over by this time. It is, too, isn't it? Some last lessons, I suppose. Shall I sit down and wait? I want to see you about something. Or can you send the children home?"

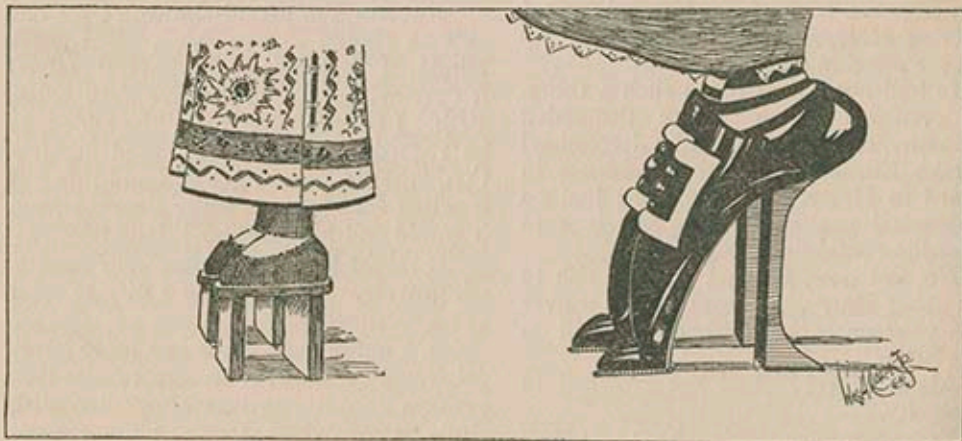
"You may go now," Ruth said to the children, who were staring hard at the beautiful visitor. "I shall be at leisure in a few minutes," she added to Elizabeth.

"I'm in no hurry," said the latter cheerfully, her eyes studying Ruth with what Ruth hotly denominated cruel criticism.

The children got ready to go with exasperating deliberateness, but Ruth found trifles to do until they were finally gone, when she turned to her visitor, and said, icily:

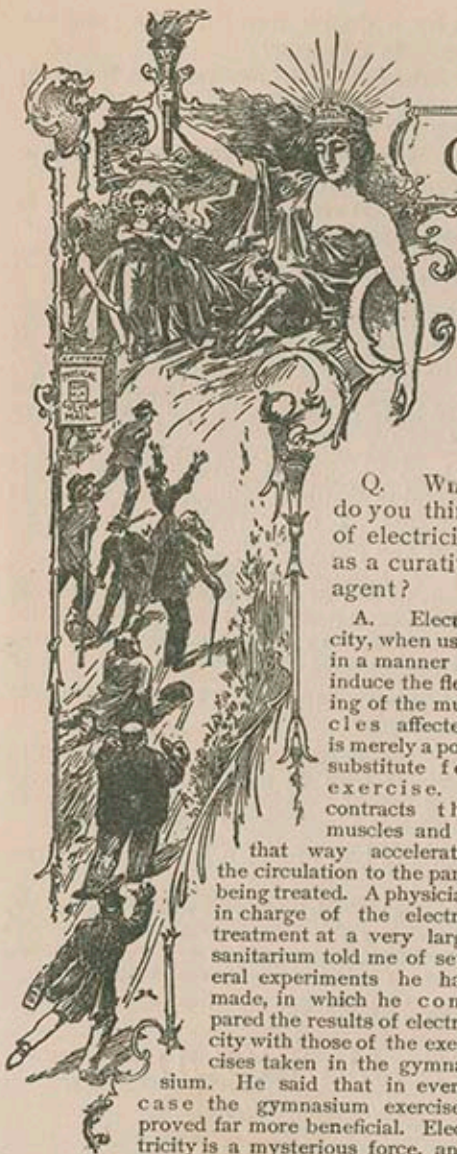
"Now I can listen to you."

(To be continued.)



Is Civilization Really Advanced So Far Ahead of Paganism?

The Pagan's shoe may pinch, but it does not affect and ruin the brain and spinal column as does the modern high heel shoe



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

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

Q. What do you think of electricity as a curative agent?

A. Electricity, when used in a manner to induce the flexing of the muscles affected, is merely a poor substitute for exercise. It contracts the muscles and in

that way accelerates the circulation to the parts being treated. A physician in charge of the electric treatment at a very large sanitarium told me of several experiments he had made, in which he compared the results of electricity with those of the exercises taken in the gymnasium. He said that in every

case the gymnasium exercises proved far more beneficial. Electricity is a mysterious force, and so vaguely understood that it furnishes an excellent field for frauds of all kinds.

Q. Does heavy exercise, such as heavy weight-lifting, injure the heart? How would you cure heart trouble?

A. Lifting heavy weights, if continued too long, is inclined to strain and injure the heart. Over-working the muscles in any part of the body will, in many cases, bring on a similar trouble. For treatment of heart trouble I would refer you to a recent issue of the magazine giving full advice on this subject.

Q. Would you kindly advise the best method of curing what is known in the

baseball world as a "glass arm"? I suffer severely with a lame right arm every time I attempt to play ball.

A. Massaging and kneading deeply the affected part is usually beneficial. A wet cloth applied to the affected part, and allowed to remain all night, can always be recommended. Regular and vigorous exercise of the muscles all around the shoulder and adjoining the affected part will usually prove of benefit also.

Q. In spite of all I can do in the way of physical culture training, I am still afflicted with pains in the back. Please name a remedy.

A. You might try wearing a small wet towel, folding until it is three or four inches wide, around the waist, allowing it to remain all night. However, if you take proper exercises to bring the muscles of the back into regular and active use, the pain should unquestionably disappear ultimately. You may be suffering from kidney trouble, and in that case it will be necessary for you to remedy this disease before the pain will disappear entirely.

Q. Since a fall some time ago I have been troubled with pain in hip, and limping. No broken bones, but seems to be a muscular strain. How can I strengthen this?

A. The symptoms that you mention may be induced largely by rheumatic tendencies, or it may be by sciatica. In either case, general work to build up the entire body will be beneficial, and the application of cold wet cloths to the affected part, allowing them to remain all night, usually will produce immediate benefit.

Q. Kindly state if there is a natural cure for a fistula, which is usually operated on. Also remedy for piles.

A. A thorough cleansing of the lower bowel with the flushing treatment, a fast of several days, and the adoption of the fruit, nut and cereal diet following this, usually will remedy troubles of this character.

Q. What would you advise for an over-worked set of muscles which, after five or six hours' rest, become so sore and tender to the touch as even to prevent sleep?

A. A hot bath usually will give relief. Also a thorough rubbing of the affected muscles after the bath usually will hasten recovery. It should be remembered, however, that extreme soreness of this character from exercise sometimes will remain for two or three days in spite of any and all remedies that may be adopted. If you are careful, however, not to exercise too vigorously in the beginning, and rub and knead the body thoroughly afterward, there is but little danger of serious soreness.

Q. Can the tobacco and drink habits be cured by physical culture?

A. The tobacco and drink habits can be cured by physical culture methods. It requires, first of all, that the highest degree of physical health be secured. An article will be devoted to this subject in a future issue of the magazine, giving detailed instructions as to how to proceed.

Q. Will you kindly give cure for nervous dyspepsia, accompanied by dizziness and great distress after eating?

A. I would refer you to the article that appeared in a recent number of the magazine on "The Cause and Cure of Stomach Troubles," which will be found in Volume IX. of PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Q. Please advise the best method for ridding the system of intestinal worms.

A. A short fast, followed by a natural diet of nuts, fruits, cereals, and vegetables with freedom from all meats, should remove the trouble you mention.

Q. I have been taking from two to four gin-milk punches a day, having been

told by a doctor that this is a splendid drink. Is this true?

A. The milk can be recommended, but gin is a stimulant and a poison. The alcohol it contains would be injurious in every case.

Q. Kindly advise treatment for a case of gout, rheumatism and dyspepsia.

A. I would refer you to previous issues of the magazine, Volume IX. of PHYSICAL CULTURE, containing complete treatment of rheumatism, and of stomach troubles.

Q. Please advise whether one can become injured by bicycle riding, and, if so, in what way?

A. A moderate use of the bicycle will prove beneficial in every case. It will result in injury only when used to excess.

Q. Will you please suggest some method of dealing with an uncontrollable appetite? I am always hungry and never can get enough.

A. An abnormal appetite can be made normal usually by two or three short fasts of from one to three days' duration, though you should abstain from meats and from all stimulating foods and drinks during eating periods.

Q. How can one avoid an approaching cancer?

A. Approaching cancer can be avoided by abstaining from all meats and stimulants, by taking regular exercise, and keeping the body generally in a high state of physical vigor.

Q. Is bad breath a sure sign of dyspepsia?

A. Bad breath is always a sign of a disordered stomach, or else serious catarrhal trouble. In either case the remedy is to cure the disease through natural methods, and then the symptoms will disappear.

THE INSIGNIA OF MANHOOD

By H. S. Fisk

What constitutes a man?
 Not padded clothes on stunted limbs,
 Nor fashions made to hide the body frail
 Which many a dandy shames to own.
 No! Clothes did never make a man.
 Or is that wretch
 Who soaks himself with drink,
 Reeks with tobacco's fumes,
 Foul in his body, mouth and mind,
 Is he a man?
 No! A man would seek a nobler death
 Than he will find.
 Or is that feeble creature
 Who uses medicine's vile aid,

To add new tortures to a frame
 Worn out by drugs,
 Is he a man?
 No! Poisons, whate'er they be,
 Can never make a man.
 Not these, but strength
 In body and in mind do constitute a man.
 The power to dare and do, to will and act,
 A body free from ills, a mind as sound,
 Muscles strong and firm which do not
 need a doctor's aid,
 A heart courageous, brave and kind,
 These constitute a man.

CAUSE AND CURE OF DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS

By Bernarr Macfadden

THE NATURAL TREATMENT OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS COMING UNDER THE HEAD OF CONGESTION, HEMORRHAGE AND INFLAMMATION

DISEASES of this character are prevalent everywhere in civilized communities. Advanced Bright's disease is considered incurable by many members of the medical profession. In fact, when the disease is too far advanced, but little hope can be offered by any method of treatment. When one considers the dietetic habits of the average person, it is not by any means surprising that so many suffer from this disease. In character it is very insidious. Sometimes its presence may not be recognized for a long period. In chronic Bright's disease the kidney actually loses its ability to perform its duty. This disease is far more common than is generally supposed.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.

Congestion of the kidneys is usually indicated by one extreme or the other; the urine is either very abundant and very pale, or else scanty and highly colored. Hemorrhages are indicated by bloody urine. Acute Bright's disease is usually indicated by a pain in the region of the kidneys, frequent urination, suppression of urine, urine very dark, dirty color, and dropsical swellings in various parts of the body. If the disease has become chronic, the bodily strength gradually decreases. Bronchitis, watery diarrhoea, pleurisy, enlargement of the heart, and frequent headaches often accompany Bright's disease in its advanced stages.

GENERAL CAUSES.

Acute diseases of the kidneys, coming under the head of congestion, inflammation and hemorrhages, may be in some cases the result of an accident, or may be accompanied by some other disease. Inflammation of the kidneys is not infrequently a complication of scarlet fever,

measles, diphtheria, and diseases of this character. The most usual cause, however, is the very free use of all alcoholic beverages, whiskey, beer, wine, hard cider, etc. The use of stimulating and improper foods also has much to do with inducing the disease. The use of alcoholic liquors and excessive feeding are evils that usually are closely associated. Alcoholic liquors, unless used to an extreme excess, always stimulate the appetite and incline one to eat more freely. This is especially true of meats, very highly seasoned dishes, and other articles which, if one desires to continuously enjoy normal health, should be religiously avoided.

Persistent neglect to drink a sufficient quantity of pure water, and the lack of exercise, are also very prominent causes. The circulation becomes sluggish, and the activity of the depurating organs is greatly lessened when one follows a sedentary occupation. Smoking is often an active cause, and when addicted to this habit the disease is frequently far harder to cure. Wearing too heavy clothing and persistent neglect of the necessity for regular bathing lessen the activity of the excretory organs of the skin. This adds to the work of the kidneys, and unquestionably makes one more liable to ailments of this character.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

One of the first methods to adopt in treating the acute manifestations of this disease should be the application of very hot cloths to the small of the back. The flushing treatment should be used to thoroughly cleanse the lower bowel of all impurities, and following this the patient might be wrapped in warm blankets to in-

duce copious perspiration. Large quantities of the purest distilled water should be drunk daily. If distilled water cannot be secured, pure rain water will do as well.

In the acute stages of the disease absolutely no food should be allowed until the inflammation, congestion or hemorrhage has subsided.

In the treatment of chronic Bright's disease, every possible endeavor must be made to build up the body to the highest state of attainable vigor. Mild exercises of all kinds that tend to accelerate the circulation all over the body are advised. Deep breathing in the open air and long walks can be taken with the greatest possible benefit.

Frequent fasts of from two to seven days in duration are absolutely essential if a speedy recovery is desired. Between fasting periods only two meals a day should be eaten, and pure water should be kept at hand at all times and used freely between meals. Drink no liquid at meal time. Avoid absolutely all stimulating drinks, tea, coffee, and alcohol of all kinds. Meats, spices, and every article of food that would be inclined to stimulate the appetite or make one ever-eat, should be religiously avoided. The use of tobacco must be tabooed absolutely, if a complete cure is to be expected.

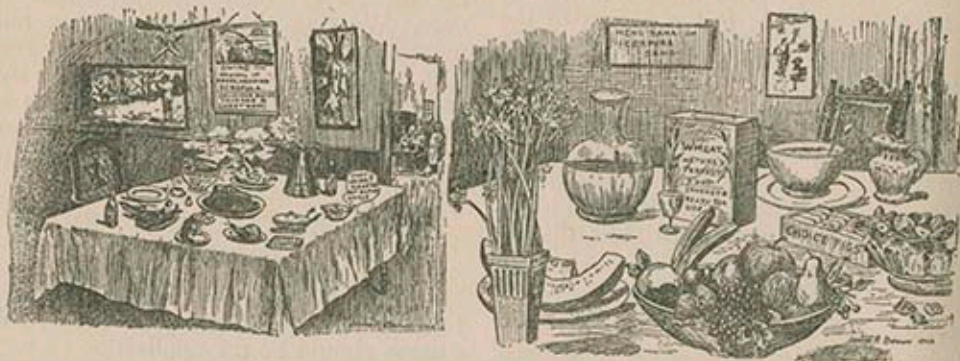
Live in the open air as much as you can. Very thoroughly ventilate your

sleeping room. During fasting periods, if your circulation is very poor, and feet are cold at night, use a hot-water bottle to maintain warmth.

Special endeavors should be constantly made to keep all the depurating organs extremely active. If the bowels are not regular, foods must be used to insure regularity at all times. In case this change cannot be immediately made, use the colon flushing treatment for a while, at intervals of from one to three days, to secure thorough cleansing of this important sewer of the body.

A thorough friction bath, taken with brushes, or with a very rough towel, such as was described in a recent issue of the magazine, should be taken immediately upon arising. If sufficiently strong, this should be taken immediately following the exercise, wiping the body off with a cold, wet towel directly following the dry friction bath.

Bright's disease can be cured in nearly every case by these methods. It should be remembered, however, that the most remarkable effects can be secured almost immediately from an absolute fast, drinking water to the extent of your desires during the fast. The inflammation subsides, and improvement is almost immediately induced, if the fasting methods are adopted in connection with the other regime advised.



The Old and the New Spread of Food at the Table

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

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

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

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

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

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a noxious draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never meant His work for men to mend.

AND it is better, likewise, to hunt in food for health unbought than to "fee the doctor for a noxious draught." These menus contain everything that is nourishing and that tends to the best of health.

It may be said the matter of the number of meals taken regulates itself. Almost all who are living in this way, unless dominated by habit, find two meals quite sufficient, and often one of grain, nuts and cream, or its equivalent, for the first meal, and fruit only for the second meal. This seems to be all that is desired, but the appetite, rather than the palate, becomes the guide, and food is taken with rare enjoyment, because it is needed, rather than because habit dictates or because the time has arrived for eating.

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER from five to fifteen minutes before eating, with limes used as lemons.

STRAWBERRIES, ORANGES.

FRUIT BREAD, CORN MEAL GEMS, EGGS.

SECOND MEAL.—CARROT SOUP.—Grate a carrot very fine, or, better still, pound in mortar, or grind. Let it stand for three hours in three pints of water and milk. Add to this two or three stalks of tender, well-bleached celery, finely cut, or, in its absence, celery salt may be used. Two spoonfuls ground or broken wheat

must be added at first. When needed, make hot, adding butter, salt, and spoonful cream. Serve with croutons of brown bread.

WHEAT PATTIES.—Chop rather fine one dozen Brazilian nuts and one dozen almonds. For a half dozen patties, with a sharp knife cut out a square an inch and a half on the top of a wheat biscuit, scraping out shreds to make room for nut mixture. Add what is removed from biscuit to chopped nuts. One-half cupful cream, butter and salt. Make biscuit quite warm in oven in the meantime, and heat mixture of nuts and cream, but do not cook it. Fill shells, and serve with some of the cream, if desired.

OLIVES, BAKED APPLES, FRUIT BREAD.

SALAD.—WATERCRESS AND STRAWBERRIES, with MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

DESSERT.—APRICOT PUDDING. If fresh apricots are not to be obtained, soak a half pound evaporated apricots all night. It is better to lay them in a shallow granite pan, and only cover with water, which probably will all be absorbed by the fruit. If not, drain and chop. Add one cupful of chopped pine or Italian nuts, one teaspoonful vanilla and one-quarter cupful of sugar. Serve either cold or hot, with whipped cream or plain cream and sugar, mixed with one-half teaspoonful vanilla.

CEREAL COFFEE, CHEESE.

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT LEMONADE.

CORN MEAL GEMS, HONEY, STRAWBERRIES.

FIGS, DATES.

SECOND MEAL.—TRISCUIT.

CUCUMBER SOUP.—Pare a large cucumber, cut it in quarters, and remove the seeds. Cut in small slices and put on a plate, with a little salt to draw the water from them. Drain after they have stood for fifteen minutes. Put in stewpan with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, salt and pepper, one quart milk and water, two spoonfuls barley, soaked all night in a very little water. Have well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and when the soup is quite hot put the yolks in soup tureen and pour hot soup over them, stirring carefully. This soup may be improved by adding one-half cupful of chopped pecan nuts.

FRUIT BREAD, PEANUT BUTTER.

Most peanut butter is improved by adding to it from one to four spoonfuls best olive oil and mixing thoroughly.

TOMATO SURPRISE.—Cut the tops off six fine, large tomatoes, and scoop out as much of inside as can be done without breaking the skin. Chop the removed portion finely and add one-third of a cup of chopped cucumber, two spoonfuls of grape nuts, a small onion, chopped, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt, one large tablespoonful of lemon juice, two of olive oil, and fill tomato shells with mixture. Serve on lettuce leaves, after first standing on ice for three-quarters of an hour.

TRISCUIT, BUTTERMILK, GRAHAM GEMS, COCOANUT CROQUETTES.

Grate half a fine, fresh cocoanut, carefully removing the milk. Add one-half cupful ground wheat, previously soaked for three or four hours in a cupful of milk. Beat very light the yolks of two eggs, add salt, butter the size of a walnut, and milk of the cocoanut. Shape into croquettes, and lay on baking pan rubbed over with olive oil. Set in oven until thoroughly warm, but not cooked.

DESSERT.—THISTLE BALLS.

Pare and core eight tender, juicy apples. Fill opening with chopped raisins. Stick in sides of apples quarters of English walnuts and three or four cloves or bits of cinnamon. Pour over them a cupful of water in which has been melted a dessertspoonful of butter and two of sugar. Bake until tender. Serve with or without cream.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CEREAL COFFEE, STRAWBERRIES, ORANGES, HOT WATER.

RAW EGGS AND GRAPE NUTS.—Beat whites and yolks of eggs separately, adding a teaspoonful of sugar to each egg, and a spoonful of cream. Add a spoonful of grape nuts to each egg.

BAKED POTATOES, RHUBARB, FRUIT BREAD.

SECOND MEAL.—SOUP OF ASPARAGUS, ONION AND NUTS.

Chop one-half teacupful of tender asparagus tips and one small, white onion together, and let stand in three pints of milk and water for three or four hours. Have chopped one-half teacupful of English walnuts. Add these and one spoonful of ground wheat, with butter and salt. Make hot, and serve with triscuit.

CELERY, BAKED TOMATOES AND BROWN BREAD.

As there are often members of the family who are not wholly converted to natural food ideas, we give occasionally simple, easily digested dishes that combine well with those that are uncooked.

For baking tomatoes, if preferred, the skins can be removed by pouring over them boiling water; otherwise, the tomatoes may be simply washed and cut in inch cubes, the brown bread broken or cut in small squares. Fill baking pan with tomatoes and bread alternately, adding butter, salt, and a little paprika. Finish with bread and butter. Bake slowly for twenty minutes. Sugar may be added, if desired.

FRUIT BREAD, PEANUT BUTTER, CHEESE, CEREAL COFFEE.

SALAD.—LETTUCE, with MAYONNAISE.

The lettuce must be washed, each leaf separately, in a stream of water, tearing off any portions bruised or brown, and looking carefully for little creatures of the same color, that may lodge in the creases, and are not easily seen. Drain the lettuce on a fresh napkin. If leaves are wet, dressing will not cling to them. Next tear leaves in pieces with fingers, put into a deep bowl, and pour over them a French dressing, turning it lightly with salad knife and fork until each piece is well covered with the dressing. If served in this way, many persons who object to the use of salad oil, which is

a most desirable article of food, will find it most agreeable.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD, HONEY, BUTTERMILK.

DESSERT OF PRUNES.—Wash carefully and soak one-half pound best prunes over night, and, if quite dry, a few hours longer, in just enough water to cover them. Remove pits, and chop quite finely. Add two shredded wheat biscuits, two spoonfuls sugar, teaspoonful vanilla, and the water in which the prunes were soaked. Use an eggbeater and make very light. Serve with cream and sugar.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT LEMONADE, CEREAL COFFEE, ORANGES, STRAWBERRIES, or RHUBARB.

Natural wheat, ground, and served with English walnuts and raisins. Cream or hot milk.

GRAHAM GEMS, MAPLE SUGAR.

SECOND MEAL.—APPLE or CHERRY SOUP.

Two cupfuls apples, two cupfuls water, one spoonful ground wheat, one-half cupful chopped pecan or hickory nuts, one teaspoonful sugar, one stick cinnamon, saltspoonful salt, teaspoonful butter. Make this very hot, and serve with peanut butter and crackers.

TOMATO OMELET.—While the egg is subjected to cooking, the heat is not sufficient to cook the tomatoes, so it is really a combination of uncooked and cooked food, which concession is often necessary where persons of different tastes are dining together. Beat four eggs slightly with a fork or eggbeater until you can take up a separate spoonful; add two saltspoonfuls of salt, half a saltspoonful of paprika, four tablespoonfuls of cream, and mix well. Butter an omelet pan, and before the butter browns, turn in the mixture. Then with the point of a fork pick or lift up the cooked egg from the center and let the uncooked egg run under. This leaves the butter on the pan, and is better than stirring. Continue the lifting till the whole is of a soft, creamy consistency; then place over a hot fire and brown slightly. Fold and lay inside thin slices of tomato slightly seasoned with salt and pepper; or the tomato may be tucked into omelet after folding. Omelet with parsley may be made in same

way. To prepare the parsley, break off the stems and roll the rest into a little ball. Then, holding it firmly in the left hand, cut slices from it or chop it on a board. Stir it into the omelet mixture before it is cooked, in proportion one teaspoonful to each egg.

Potatoes roasted in the embers or ashes for about half an hour, according to size, are more nutritious, and have more flavor than when cooked any other way. Either baked or roasted potatoes are delicious eaten with English walnuts, cream and salt.

SALAD.—When cherries are ripe, press out the pits from a pint each of red and white ones. Have a cupful of almonds blanched, or, if preferred, use without removing the skins. Put two almonds in each cherry. One half will be inside and one half outside, looking like white tongues. Place alternate rows of red and white on lettuce leaves. Pour over or around this a dressing justly famed for its deliciousness.

DRESSING.—Whip one-half a cupful of sour, thick cream, adding slowly three spoonfuls olive oil, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt, and spoonful lemon juice. Put on ice for short time before serving.

FRUIT and NUT COFFEE.

STRAWBERRIES, ALMONDS and WATER-CRESS.—After washing and carefully examining watercress, dry it on a soft towel. Place it around edge of salad bowl, or shallow dish, and sprinkle with salt. Put among the green leaves strawberries and blanched almonds. Use a carefully prepared French dressing, and if for a lunch party, it can be made delightfully appetizing and attractive by garnishing with nasturtium blossoms or very small white roses, if such are convenient to be had.

DESSERT.—HAZEL-NUT CREAM. Put a pint of hazel-nut kernels into a slow oven until they are thoroughly dry and rather hot, but not enough to destroy the life principle or change the flavor. Rub between two coarse towels to get rid of as much as possible of the skins. They cannot be entirely removed. Blow away loose hulls, pound to a paste, or chop very finely. Beat whites of four eggs very light, add six or eight teaspoonfuls powdered sugar. Whip one-half pint cream stiff. Mix cream and one-half the egg together lightly, adding one-half tea-

spoonful almond flavoring. Put mixture in glass bowl, with remainder of egg, to which add a spoonful sugar, over the top in separate spoonfuls. Garnish with strawberries or cherries.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—MILK LEMONADE.

One tablespoonful of sugar, one cupful boiling water, one-quarter cupful lemon juice, one-quarter cupful grape juice, one-quarter cupful milk. Pour the boiling water over the sugar, then add lemon and grape juice. Stir it until sugar dissolves; add milk, and stir again until the milk curdles. Strain through a jelly bag. It may then be made hot or set on ice.

ORANGES, FIGS OR PRUNES.

Sandwiches of thin slices of Graham bread and nuts, using peanut butter.

SECOND MEAL.—PEA SOUP.

Soak all night in one pint water one-half pint fresh garden peas, thoroughly washed. That water may be used for soup, which needs then only very little cooking. Add three or four Brazilian nuts, a large spoonful ground wheat, salt, butter, and one pint milk, and serve with triscuit.

RADISHES, BUTTERMILK.

RICE AND EGGS.—Thoroughly wash one-half cupful best rice. Soak for several hours in cupful of water; add half cupful milk and one-half teaspoonful salt, and as it cooks raise it from bottom of pan to prevent burning. In fifteen minutes it should be tender. Break into it two or three eggs, well beaten, and small piece of butter. Toss lightly with a fork, and serve immediately.

FRUIT BREAD, NUT BUTTER, RADISHES, BUTTERMILK.

CUCUMBERS AND ONIONS WITH HORSE-RADISH SAUCE.—Pare and slice three cucumbers, and let them lie in cold salted water for half an hour. Drain. Have chopped finely three white onions, add one-half lemon pulp and juice, one teaspoonful sugar, saltspoonful of salt, a little paprika. Add sauce.

HORSERADISH SAUCE.—Three tablespoonfuls finely grated horseradish, one teaspoonful sugar, a little salt. Let stand an hour. Stir in three tablespoonfuls thick cream, whipped solid. Garnish with parsley.

As onions are so desirable as an article

of diet and so objectionable in odor, it is well to know that parsley, whenever it can be served with them, and several sprigs eaten afterward, destroys the odor.

COCOANUT CREAM.—Grate the meat of a fresh, sweet cocoanut, having first peeled, washed and wiped it dry. Mix with it one-third cupful granulated sugar. Melt in as little water as possible three-quarter ounce of gelatine. Whip the whites of three eggs. Mix with them one-half pint rich milk, and stir over the fire until it thickens. Sweeten with three tablespoonfuls sugar. Stir in the gelatine and half the cocoanut, with the nut milk, into the custard. Whip one-half pint cream solid and stir carefully into the custard. When the latter is quite cold, and before it sets, flavor with vanilla or lemon. Mould and set on ice. Before serving, put on top reserved cocoanut and place on top slices of oranges or strawberries.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—STRAWBERRIES, ORANGES, CHOCOLATE.

Chocolate, if delicately and carefully made, is as nice as cocoa, much more nutritious, and less expensive. Put one-third of a square of chocolate, with one cupful boiling water and a tablespoonful of sugar, into a saucepan. Set the pan on the fire and stir, moving the piece of chocolate through the water until it is melted. As soon as it reaches boiling point add a cupful milk, and when it again reaches the boiling point it is ready to serve.

A most desirable drink, and particularly for children, is made by putting one-half cupful ground oatmeal in a pitcher and filling with cold water. It may be set to cool or it may be wrapped up in numerous layers of newspaper, which will keep it cool for many hours, as also will water.

POPOVERS OR CORN MEAL GEMS.

Prunes which, after being thoroughly washed, are soaked in water, and served with Brazilian nuts.

SECOND MEAL.—Soup made from hop sprouts and butternuts. This is especially for people in the country, where hops are raised, and where often in early spring it is difficult to obtain fresh material for soup or salads. It is discov-

ered that when cooked, hop sprouts cannot be distinguished from asparagus, and they may be cooked together. Cut the tender sprouts into inch pieces, a cupful of which calls for one-half cupful butternuts, which are very rich in oil. Add one pint water and one pint milk, butter and salt, and spoonful or two of ground wheat, or oats. Make very hot, and serve with brown bread croutons.

SALAD OF LETTUCE AND TOMATOES, WITH MAYONNAISE DRESSING.

POTATOES AND CHEESE.—Bake large potatoes until just tender. Cut off the tops, and set aside. Scoop out potato, but do not break the skin. Mash with butter, salt, pepper, and Parmesan or imperial cheese, a teaspoonful of butter and cheese to each. Beat mixture, and replace; put on covers, and heat again in oven. Cover with napkin and send to table.

DESSERT.—LEMON WATER ICE.

SUNDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT LEMONADE, CEREAL COFFEE.

STRAWBERRIES, CHERRIES, FRUIT BREAD, NUT BUTTER.

CREAMED NUTS IN SHREDDED WHEAT.—Chop any kind of nuts most available. To a cupful of nuts add half a cupful rich cream, and butter and salt. Cut from shredded wheat a piece two inches square. Crumble that in with nuts and cream. Put biscuit in oven until thoroughly hot. Set mixture over fire until hot, but *not cooked*. Fill opening, which needs to be made larger by scraping out shreds.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.

Cut very tender white celery into very small pieces. Soak all night two spoonfuls ground oats; add one pint each of milk and water, one spoonful almond meal, two spoonfuls chopped English walnuts, butter and salt. Make very hot, but not cooked. Put well-beaten egg in soup tureen and pour soup over it, stirring till mixed.

SALAD OF LETTUCE, CUCUMBERS AND TOMATOES.—Cut cucumbers of medium or small size into thin slices, lengthwise. With these build a little fence inside the lettuce leaves, on each plate, and inside the fence put round slices of tomatoes, and mayonnaise or cream dressing.

NUT CROQUETTES, RICE.

APRICOT WATER ICE.—Sweeten one quart water with three tablespoonfuls sugar, or to taste. Mix with this one cupful apricot jam or best evaporated fruit, soaked in water all night and until needed, when it must be chopped finely, adding teaspoonful vanilla and one-half pint whipped cream. Freeze. Pound a dozen macaroons. Stir into them a pint whipped cream and two whites of eggs. When pudding or ice is turned out, cover with cream, and decorate with cubes of peach or apricot jelly. There is nothing to be feared in eating ices, if it is remembered to eat them very slowly.

CEREAL COFFEE, CHEESE, CRACKERS, BREAD.

“PREPARED FOR THE WORST” BY DROPPING MEAT AND TAKING EXERCISE

It is surprising to note the remarkable hold that the common-sense method of treating disease is acquiring among business men, who, generally, have so little time to attend to their health and bodily needs that they leave these requirements to the care of a well-paid physician.

Charles E. Drouet, a wealthy property owner in Somerville, Mass., and the largest individual taxpayer in that community, was an invalid for a period of two years. He gradually became so ill that his physician told him and Mrs. Drouet to “prepare for the worst.” Mr. Drouet, in speaking of what followed this grave announcement, says:

“I did not die, as you may see. After thinking the matter over I became convinced that I ought to abstain from meat in any form. I cut out meat from that day.

“I also thought that my body should be given more exercise, and so I became a lover of walking.”

Mr. Drouet’s diet is simple. His breakfast consists of fruit, preferably oranges, stewed prunes, stewed figs, boiled wheat and whole wheat bread.

“My sense of taste,” Mr. Drouet said, “was never as keen as it is now. I never realized how that sense was debauched until I quit eating meat.”

ROOSEVELT'S COMPANION-AT-ARMS

HOW PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, IN THE MIDST OF A DAY OF ENORMOUS WORK AND NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS, TURNS ASIDE TO RENEW HIS MENTAL AND NERVOUS ENERGY BY A FIFTEEN MINUTES' EXCITING PHYSICAL BOUT WITH GEN. LEONARD WOOD, HIS COMPANION-AT-ARMS

By Willard French

"EX-CUSE me, pardner, but was that the President?"

A door-keeper, sitting at his small desk in the shadowy silence of the War Department corridor, looked up at a long, bony, Western fellow with a saddle gait, who had sidled up to him, then asked:

"Who?"
"The big bull-bison that thundered past me and bolted through that door as though it hadn't any business being in his way."

The door-keeper drew across his face the patient smirk that hall-men in all the public buildings keep ready on ice, to serve to benighted wanderers, and replied:

"That was General Wood."

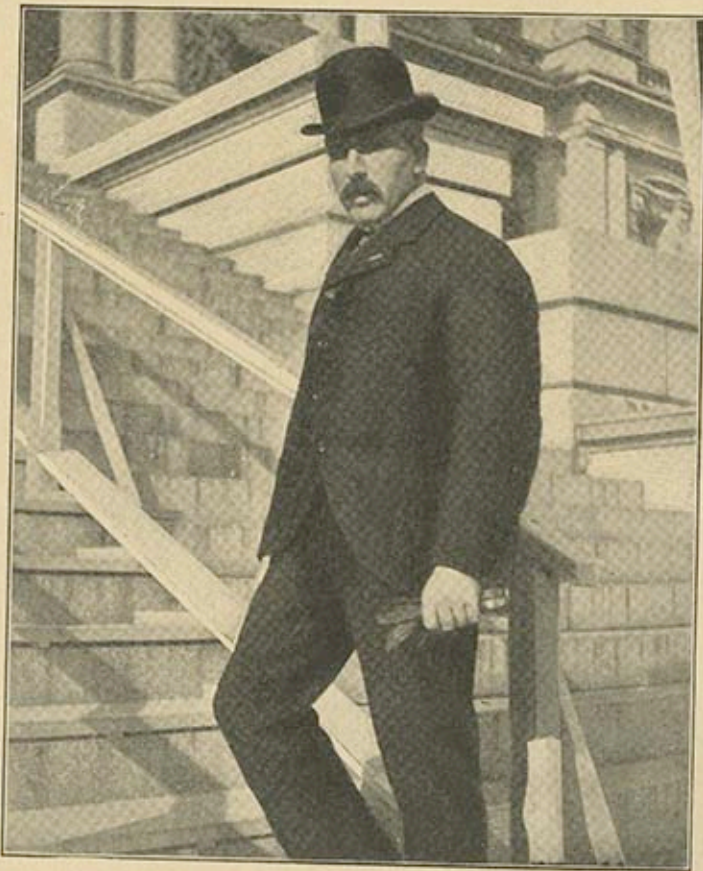
"Waal, I'm ready to put up that the President couldn't cover ground any more decided like nor he did."

"A good guess. That's the man who, they say, can get the best of President Roosevelt in a fair fight," was the reply.

The gaunt fellow grew bonier than

ever. He was all eyes—eyes fixed in dreamy ecstasy on the massive door that had closed behind the only conqueror of Roosevelt. Repeating the name, he said:

"I wonder could he be related to Dr. Wood—Dr. Len Wood, who used to be with the Fourth Cavalry, out in Arizona and New Mexico; who went out with the Rough Riders; the fellow that



One Feature of the Exercise—General Wood's Regular Morning Walk White in Washington, on His Way to the White House, for a Contest with the President

President McKinley caught onto, as something worth while, and made Governor of Cuby?"

Again the storage-smile veiled the hall-man's sentiments as he replied: "That was Brigadier-General Wood himself."

"Now you're guyin' me," the man said, pulling himself up, with something suggestive of the soldier in his own bony angularity.

The hall-man frowned.

"No offence, now, pardner. We just mean different men, that's all," said the bony man. "Maybe you think I don't know Leonard Wood, already. Waal, I do, then. I was one of the Fourth Cavalry myself, through the Geromino campaign, when Len Wood got his breakin' in. I reckon I know someabout that lean, stoopy, yellow-white, floppy-haired contract doctor who come to us, and how he made a go of it, too, by gosh! I know him too well to mistake him for that Bull o' Bashan that thundered past me. Why, I saved his life

once, up in the hills, when a few of us got tangled in with a big bunch of red-hot Apaches, and found it expedient to retire, P. D. Q. His broncho split and pitched him. I was the only one who see it, and, somehow, I don't just remember how, I managed to get the two of us clear. He wasn't much to look at, but we soon caught on that what little stuffin' there

was in him was all right; and before he was with us long there wasn't a man could best him.

"Time and again that fearful sun of Arizona and them everlastin' mountains of New Mexico would knock the fellows out, but Doc was always there to pull them 'round.

"We used to pull his leg some, at first, he looked so uncommon green; but you could never get enough words out

of him at once to call it answerin' back. We came to think a powerful lot of Len Wood before he got through with us, back there in '86; for, when it was doing instead of talking, he was always front. There wasn't a man of the Fourth Cavalry surprised when President McKinley spotted him as the one to do it, if there was anything to be done. He had an eye in his head that I'd know anywhere, even if he turned into an elephant. He——"

The old soldier paused, for the heavy door swung open with a sudden swish! An in-

stant the man was in the aperture, then he was striding down the corridor. There was something Herculean about him; so massive and ponderous and at once so agile and perfectly poised that it was easy to account for the veteran's impression of "A big bull-bison." He was taller than he seemed. The heavy, powerful shoulders and phenomenally



General Wood About to Mount for His Daily Riding Exercise

broad, full chest, illusively shortened him until he loomed higher as he approached. The swing of his strides was like the poise of his shoulders—massive. He seemed to cover three ordinary steps with one. His feet struck the floor with the solid, firm decision of a truck-horse that knows precisely what it is doing and its unlimited ability to do it properly. His head rested on a short, muscular neck, giving the hint which the old soldier had tried to impart by the help of the "Bull o' Bashan." Hair touched with grey bristled, according to its fancy, about a full forehead and bronzed face marked with a few deep lines of strength—not handsome, according to criterions. It was full, but had almost the appearance of being thin, it was so angular; with a firm, square jaw; with lips which spoke without words, and which the moustache did not attempt to hide. The nose was particularly straight, with heavy brows, over eyes that would have been harder for anyone to forget than to remember. Face and figure were exponents of the courage, intelligence and indomitable ability of a clean-cut, forceful, typical American. The soldier knew the eyes, but simply caught his breath and straightened himself against the wall, to give the conqueror of Roosevelt the whole broad corridor for his ponderous strides.

Directly opposite him, however, General Wood stopped suddenly. There was no commotion of muscles; simply a quiet reversal of energy, as though he had planned it from the start and, extending his hand, he said:

"Hello, Bill! What brings you here?"

The soldier timidly took the hand, but his eyes came no higher than the narrow belt holding the trousers about the waist of a prize-fighter, trained to the limit, as he stammered a story about being disabled and out of the service for years; of trying for a pension, finding discharge papers imperfect and being sent from the Pension office to the War Department.

Looking at his watch, General Wood replied: "I've hardly five minutes, Bill, but I guess that's time enough to set you right. Come along. Lively!"

The General, calmly striding, led the way. The soldier, half running, followed

him. It lacked five minutes of four o'clock.

* * *

As the clocks were striking four, General Wood burst into the sanctum of recreation—re-creation—where President Roosevelt, sure to the second of his punctual opponent, already coatless and collarless, was putting on the heavy protecting pads, preparing for the fray. There was a lightning transformation; not a moment was lost and two of the hardest workers in America, in the midst of a day of national and international vexations and complications, making innumerable and incessant demands, leaped at one bound from all the turmoil into another world—a world demanding of them no less alertness and energy, either mental or physical, but a world so different, so far away!

They faced each other for a bout with the sticks; and, for fifteen minutes, every burden of their busy lives was thrown aside. They grasped the sticks as every other problem demanding the best that was in them, to the exclusion of everything else. The sticks were as strong and stout as heavy canes, a little longer than regulation foils, with large handshields to protect the fingers. In an instant Nature had thrilled every tired nerve with all her wild and restless exuberance. With true eye, quick wrist, strong arm, firm footing and lithe body, each one bent every energy to land, if possible, on the padded head of his opponent.

Sometimes, not often, even through the pads a bump was left on one head or the other—not much oftener on one than on the other. More prominence was given to the President's bumps—not by his own head but by the Press—and possibly General Wood was correct as well as chivalrous in disclaiming the distinction conferred by the unconfirmed rumor concerning the Conqueror of Roosevelt. In fifteen minutes it was over, whoever won, and they were hurrying back to the world again, with brains as clear and nerves as steady to retake its burdens as though returning from a holiday.

Many a man turns from his littered desk with a nerve-exhausted sigh, to pick up a newspaper, smoke a cigar, go out for a drink or stand with his hands in his

pockets in his office window; only half-way out from under his burdens; only so far because he absolutely must, or nervous and mental energy would lose their equilibrium altogether; sacrificing many a fifteen minutes in the lapses and returning hardly more fit than when he left.

Comparing the two methods, one cannot fail to appreciate the secret of the apparently inexhaustible vitality and vigor of General Wood and the wisdom of his philosophy of rejuvenation.

In the mountains of New Mexico and in the torturing heat of the plains of Arizona the frail contract doctor was forced to solve the problem of reserving potential energy, by which he developed and still sustains the powerful frame and brilliant mind that have carried him forward by strides as phenomenal as his own, because they rendered him always capable of the best that was in him for any emergency—and after it capable of as much more. The Augean stables of Cuba were mastered—not the man; the work accomplished, the workman was ready for harder fields.

President McKinley's keen intuitions led him to recognize, in General Wood, a man for emergencies and to promote him rapidly to increasing responsibilities. President Roosevelt was not blind to the national importance of the man in whom his predecessor saw such possibilities; but he found also in the colonel of the Rough Riders a kindred spirit—a man with the same convictions of life and how to live it. It has not restricted General Wood's usefulness, but it is quite possible that the publicity that has been given to this friendship is what has restrained the President from advancing General Wood as fast as his ability merited and as President McKinley obviously intended.

The philosophy upon which he built and sustains himself is as simple as it is effective. Just before he left for the Philippines a friend asked General Wood to put it into words and in his sharp, decisive, characteristic way he replied:

"If you have a weak ankle don't abuse it, but for Heaven's sake don't pet it. Make it work."



The Command of Cavalry, to Which General Wood Was Attached as Surgeon, Returning from the Indian War

A HERO

C. S. Edwards

You saw him with the other boys at play;
Your eyes his form would follow where it led,
And in his face a tale enchanting read;
Nor could you lightly steal your glance away.
You saw a common specimen of clay,
But felt the presence of the Breath of Life,
The image of Eternal God at strife

With all unholy lusts attempting sway,
And he, unconscious of distinguished grace,
Yet nobly seeking true magnificence,
In pride of strength, disdainful passions base,
And low delights, toiled up to eminence.
A hero's deeds were graven on his face,
For he had conquered self's incontinence.

PRUDERY DEBAUCHES MANHOOD AND WOMANHOOD

By Edgar N. Baker

THE logic of events conclusively proves Prudery to be a monumental curse of widespread and colossal influence. Smilingly insistent, ever-present, ever ready to crush Truth beneath her feet, she comes sinuously forward, corseted and deformed, holding in her hand for free distribution the "fig-leaved apron," woven of fashion plates, delusions, lies and deceit, eagerly welcomed by the multitude of her devotees, composed of wrecked, debauched manhood and womanhood. She holds forth to her delighted audience the advantages of a life apart from motherhood and care of children, in diametrical opposition to Nature, while Truth, downtrodden, "lies fallen in the street," an abstract element in the plane of life's economy.

Away back yonder, at Creation's morning, the majestic silence then brooding over a newly-finished earth was broken with one command conceived and born of omnipotent wisdom. 'Twas heard throughout universal creation, in air, earth and sea—heard and heeded by all save man. He, created in image divine, with woman his counterpart, at her suggestion flung defiance in the face of his Creator, special being of God's solicitude though he was, given a prerogative beyond all creatures made—freedom of choice—chose the evil, and the "apron of fig leaves" was made to ineffectually cover a smirched, dishonored sexuality.

This command, the non-fulfillment of which renders all that follow it superfluous and devoid of meaning, comes thundering down through the centuries, keep-

ing stride with the procession of the ages, suffering neither modification nor repeal. Imperative, insistent upon woman more than any other female, inasmuch as she alone, from the dawn of womanhood to the so-called "change of life," has a monthly reminder, a protest against celibacy and non-child bearing, from God Himself, written in blood.

Men of thought, men of affairs—President Roosevelt, President Eliot, of Harvard, and others of like mental caliber and manhood's equipment—have in no uncertain tones rung the changes upon the degeneracy of our age along these lines. Their notes swell loudly above the tumult of this era of sordid calculations and grasping greed. Not a whit behind comes PHYSICAL CULTURE, fearlessly pointing out the dire need of reconstruction and reform.

Physical impairment and mental decay go hand in hand, and cannot be divorced.

Physical perfection and sterling mentality are inseparably welded together, and a clearer conception of life's duties and a doubling of life's pleasures are the inevitable concomitants of their attainment. Their possession, their immense possibilities, turned to account, will enable us to grasp the best of which our age and time are capable of giving, and are essentially Christian attributes, giving Christian parents the power not only to leave "footprints on the sands of time," but to stamp the impress of their personalities in characters of living light, indelibly—imperishable as Jehovah—upon the scroll of the eternities.

EFFECTS OF A FATHER'S EXAMPLE

That I have not been in a drunkard's grave for years, is wholly due to a father's illustrious example, who, in his young manhood, had the courage to organize, with the aid of a few sympathetic souls, the first total abstinence society in his state.

DR. EDWARD H. DEWEY.

A BUSINESS MAN'S PRACTICE.

To the Editor:

I am in the habit of leaving the numbers of PHYSICAL CULTURE on an outer desk of the waiting room of my business office, and thus they are read by many people. I am pleased to do this for the good of the cause.

H. E. H.

Detroit, Mich.



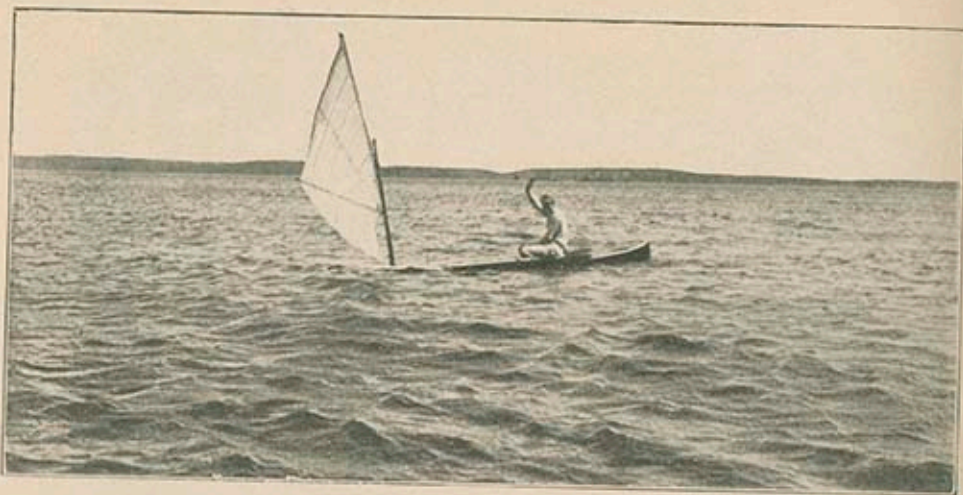
July 13, 1903. Before Entering Competition Nov. 13, 1903. Improvement After Four Months' Exercise
 Comparison Photographs of Mrs. Danforth, Showing Remarkable Improvement in Spite of the Fact that She Suffered from a Severe Complication of Sicknesses at the Time of Taking up the Exercise

WINNER IN THE PHYSICAL CULTURE GOLD MEDAL COMPETITION FOR BEST IMPROVEMENT IN A PERIOD OF FOUR MONTHS

THE accompanying photographs are those of Mrs. Louise L. Danforth, winner of the Eastern District competition for the best improvement in a period of four months. The improvement in Mrs. Danforth's case is all the more remarkable as she was ill when she entered the competition in 1902-3; in fact, she had been given up by the several attending physicians. Mrs. Danforth was suffering with a complication of abscessed kidneys, female troubles and Bright's disease. Nothing but the hardest work in exercising and systematic fasting has wrought this wonderful change in Mrs. Danforth during the three months in which she began improving her condition. The reduction in measurements is nothing short of remarkable. The measurements follow herewith:

	July 13th, 1903	Nov. 13, 1903.
Weight.....	179 lbs.	159 lbs.
Height.....	5 ft. ½ in.	5 ft. ¾ in.
Chest (expanded).....	39 ½ in.	38 in.
Chest (small).....	37 in.	34 ½ in.
Chest (natural).....	38 ½ in.	36 in.
Neck.....	14 ½ in.	13 in.
Elbow.....	10 ¼ in.	9 ½ in.
Wrist.....	6 in.	5 ½ in.
Arm.....	12 in.	11 ½ in.
Forearm.....	10 in.	9 ½ in.
Bust.....	41 in.	38 in.
Waist.....	32 in.	31 ½ in.
Hips at umbilicus.....	43 ½ in.	42 in.
Hips midway between umbilical and os-pubes.....	49 ¼ in.	44 ½ in.
Thighs.....	26 ½ in.	24 in.
Hips at os-pubes.....	45 ¼ in.	42 in.
Knees.....	16 ¼ in.	14 in.
Calf.....	15 ¼ in.	14 ½ in.
Ankle.....	9 in.	8 ½ in.

The small reduction in waist is due to the fact that corsets were worn before entering the competition and are now discarded, allowing the waist to assume its natural condition.



In a Full Breeze—Cutting the Waves at a Rapid Rate in a Sailing Canoe

CANOE SAILING

By Frank McLees

PRIOR to 1870 there were but two types of canoe in this country—the Indian birch-bark and the dug-out. Both were open at the top for their entire length, and were propelled by a single-bladed paddle used continuously on one side of the canoe.

About the year 1867 Captain John MacGregor, nationality self-evident, published stories of cruises made by himself in a small decked canoe named the *Rob Roy*. He used a double-bladed paddle (i. e., a blade at each end), and a sail. The latter was simple in form, and not much larger than a handkerchief, but it was a decided help under favorable wind conditions. When sailing he sat, as in paddling, low down on the floor of the canoe, the mere weight of his body serving as ballast. Captain MacGregor's stories made such an impression on lovers of aquatic sport that several "*Rob Roys*" were imported, and some were built here after the same model.

From that time the sailing canoe passed through an evolutionary process until the modern craft, with its two enormous sails, plate centerboard, hiking seat, thwartship tiller, airtight bulkheads, etc.,

is as different in appearance, as well as in the method of its handling, from the original *Rob Roy* as the automobile is from the old-fashioned buggy. Captain MacGregor sat inside his canoe. The modern sailor sits on a long board projecting at a right angle from the side of the canoe, sometimes a distance of five or six feet beyond the gunwale.

Canoes are limited by the rules to a width of thirty inches, but the use of this long seat enables them to carry a tremendously large sail area, 150 square feet of muslin being a fair-sized racing rig on a canoe sixteen feet long and thirty inches wide. Ballast is unnecessary, but the sailor must be a gymnast of no mean ability in order to slide in and out on that springy seat, manage two sails, a rudder and centerboard, and yet keep his weight so nicely adjusted against the varying pressure of the wind upon the sails, and of the waves and currents upon the canoe that she will not upset, not to mention keeping her on a straight course and avoiding collisions with other craft.

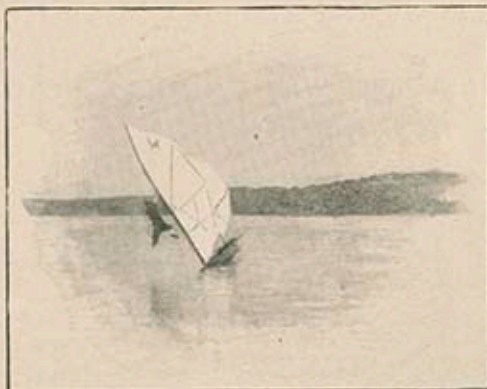
It is most exciting sport. With a good breeze and plenty of sea room there is nothing that will crowd so much whole-



A Stunt Demanding Nerve and Body Control—"Crew" Standing on the Extended Seat and Steering with His Foot

some pleasure and exhilaration into so short a space of time as an hour's sail in a properly designed and rigged canoe. It is more expensive than the open paddling canoe. A decked cedar sailing canoe with outfit costs from \$125 to \$300, but for ordinary cruising purposes one may be built of thin wood with canvas stretched and painted over it for about one-tenth of that for the materials.

The writer has built sailing canoes both of cedar and of canvas for his own use since his first introduction to the pleasures of the pastime in 1885. The sport had just been established on the lower Passaic river. The river was clean in those days before the mills and factories of Passaic and Paterson had succeeded in changing its clear waters into a dark-colored, ill-smelling liquid in which very little if any animal life can exist. For



Going Aloft—A Somewhat Difficult Trick Requiring Considerable Gymnastic Knowledge—While Canoe is at Full Speed "Crew" will go Forward, Climb Mast Hand over Hand and Return to His Seat without Capsizing



Near the End of the Tack—"Crew" Ready to Come About

about six or seven years the canoe sailors of the Passaic river were famous for their skill and daring. Many trophies of races won against the best sailors of New York, New England and Canada are still hanging in the homes of the boys of those days when the Passaic was a stream and not a sewer, and many a youth, no doubt, had the whole course of his life changed for the better by the hours he spent in the open air on the river during the open season.

Owing to the bad condition of this river, the once active club membership of half a dozen clubs, whose homes were on the banks of the Passaic river, has been scattered. Boat houses from whose balconies crowds witnessed hotly contested races are deserted and going to ruin. The river has become so polluted by the waste chemicals from the mills and bleacheries at Paterson, Passaic and other places that

even residents cannot live in comfort within half a mile of the stream on account of the odor. Some have joined clubs on other bodies of water; others, whose means would not permit them to do that, have had to give up their favorite sport, and no new recruits have been made.

The sailing canoe needs more sea-room and deeper water than does the paddling canoe, and its management is not as easily learned, but its pleasures are far greater. Some of the feats of seamanship that can be performed with one would amaze people whose idea of a canoe is a dangerously narrow craft that is very easily upset and very difficult to

manage. The "crew" can throw his craft over on its side till the sails lie flat on the water and by leaning his body out the other way he can raise it to its proper position and go on sailing as if nothing had happened. In case of accidental capsizing this is a useful maneuver. The pictures give an idea of some of the tricks a skillful man can perform with a boat that he can carry in his arms or on his head when the rigging is removed.

There is no prettier sight than a fleet of sailing canoes in a race. They go so fast, and are so graceful in shape and movements, besides being so small, that the sight is one not soon forgotten.

GETS AN "AIR-BATH" EVERY DAY

CHILD IS INURED TO SEVEREST WEATHER AND NEVER CATCHES "COLD"



Marion Evelyn Cook, "a Professed Vegetarian and to a Great Extent a Raw-Food Enthusiast."

THE great value of "air-baths" is only now beginning to be recognized by parents who are giving thought to the health and strength of their offspring. If introduced into the daily life of the child at this season of the year it will have a strong, firm skin, capable of withstanding sudden changes and the rough weather of winter. Marion Evelyn Cook, whose photograph appears herewith, receives her air-bath daily, without exception, and enjoys the treat, for it is a treat to a child, thoroughly. At 6 p. m. her clothes are removed and for an hour she is permitted to romp and play in delightful freedom.

Marion is a professed vegetarian, and to a great extent a raw-food enthusiast. Her diet consists of fresh milk, poached eggs, entire wheat bread, unfired bread, uncooked cereals soaked in milk or mixed with butter and honey. Nuts and fruits of all kinds are eaten freely. Her "sweet tooth" is appeased with honey. The child receives no candy and no meat. She is encouraged to get all the sleep possible, and sleeps twelve hours daily, from 7 p. m. to 7 a. m.



Fishing Beside a Rapid Stream with a Log for a Seat and as Comfortable as a Man Could Ever Hope to be

HOW ONE GIRL WENT A-FISHING

By Miss A. Bell

THE wind of the pines swept my cheeks. The clear, glittering sunlight of the north, that still had a touch of warmth in its rays, sifted through the long, green needles, interlaced above me. The rod's butt was in my hand, with my thumb upon the reel; and the breath of joyous, natural life made the blood tingle in every vein.

I was a city girl, gloriously let loose from the trammels of the skirt and the weariness of pavements, out in God's open, in the woods of wild Wisconsin, free and hale as any of the men whom I, like other women, had envied, so often and so keenly.

In the present age it is as much to one's credit to be strong and well-proportioned as it is to be a scholar. My experience has been that gentle exercise at ten years of age, and then a gradual increase in the duration of the same movements, is of inestimable benefit, although requiring continual determination and perseverance.

In colleges, we find athletics for women in forms much more diversified: rowing, one of the best for girls; baseball, handball and games of English origin; sprinting, leaping, and even boxing, now approved, vary the monotony

of the older ways. But plenty of fresh air, and sleep, and good, plain, wholesome food are the prime requisites for the making of a healthy girl, and largely govern her physical as well as her mental conditions in after life.

Our grandmothers, and those before them, were compelled to carry water, cut wood, weave materials and make all clothing, milk the cows and churn the butter. Such was their exercise and pleasure; we, aspiring to a higher state of education and culture, try to obtain in it our college gymnasium. The life of a conscientious student is sedentary, at best; and, were it not for the so-called "masculine sports," for which we have been much criticised, it would result in much anæmia.

In my earlier days, I was taught the use of gun, rod and reel; and I was taught how to use them well, as compared with other girls. The accomplishments made it both possible and pleasant for me to accompany my brother on his short annual outing. This is the story of the latest trip we made where the average American girl, properly trained, enjoyed all the advantages of an outing ordinarily reserved for men alone.

I was invited to accompany my brother and his two guides on a camping expedition to Northern Wisconsin, and was told to hasten all arrangements, and to remember that I was to be my own "pack-horse." I hurried to the shops. In three hours' time I found myself amid a jostling, cosmopolitan crowd in our second largest city, awaiting the departure of the 10 p.m. train. My woodland outfit and the suit case were heavy and cumbersome; had it not been for my muscular development I doubt whether I should ever have passed through the ticket gate. The crowd, never a respecter of persons, seemed determined to elbow me to the back-ground; but an equal amount of energy back of my own elbows pushed me through.

The morrow found me much refreshed and delighted with the beautiful scenery that was constantly passing: first, the gently sloping meadows, and meandering streams; the fields of corn, oats, wheat, barley, and rye, each of indicative tint and head. Then copse after copse of trees, so bunched and shaded that they were like huge handfuls of foliage plants. And, now and then, a herd of sheep or cows, with eyes half-closed, would come into view, sheltered from the sun by massive oaks, and chewing the cud of satisfied reflection.

Toward noon the change in nature awakened me from my reverie. From the softer country we had come to the thickets of Northern virgin forests. The great, tall, needled pines and hemlock were in profusion on every hand; and

here and there a shimmer of light from some hidden lake would blind the eye. As the grade ascends, we see the Wisconsin River, full of logs, some with their ends protruding from the water—derelects, as they are called; an old log cabin now used by hunters, clusters of them, past their usefulness as logging camps; old, decaying saw mills; log booms still in use; saw-mills, from which the hum of the circular saw is still heard; mounds,

near Hazelhurst, some of which contain relics of centuries gone by; odd looking, gaping people, with wondering eyes, open mouths, bare feet and homespun clothes—all an interesting new world to the inexperienced.

And then, of all things, to alight from a luxurious sleeper in the overflow of a water tank! My education had not included the art of swimming; for the first time since his admonition I was obliged to ask my brother's assistance.

We found our guides, a jolly pair, rough-coated and tanned deep brown, no gloves on their hands, no polish on their shoes. They were in a six-seated spring wagon with a canopy top and a

pair of fine, large horses adapted to the country and its roads.

Comparatively few city people have seen a "corduroy road," much less experienced one. The logs are laid across lowlands, bogs, marshes and sometimes streams, and are small, rough, and round, cut into eight-foot lengths, and laid side by side at right angles with the road. In times past, they were used for the hauling of logs to the railways and the driving streams; in fact, they were made by



Resting on a Windfall, on a Two-Mile Tramp Through Bush and Bramble

the loggers. Now they are rapidly decaying; and here and there a log, or many, have floated away at high water, leaving large gaps between those remaining.

We had some fifteen miles to go, three hundred yards of which was across a very old corduroy road, built upon a swamp and largely afloat on account of the late rains. In spots our horses were made to run, for fear of being mired; the wagon jumped from log to log. It was impossible to keep any particular posture. All one's wits and agility were necessary to remain aboard. That little ride, together with roots, and rocks and wash-outs along the rest of the road, afforded exercise sufficient for one day, and gave me an appetite for any food. Weary and travel-stained, we awaited the first meal; and how good it did taste, eaten from the tin dishes!

I presume we should have slept "wrapped up in blankets with our boots for our pillow." Such was our guides' lot; but we had deer skin sacking, stretched between the logs on three corners with a stake driven into the ground at the other corner of the bed, and two pairs of good blankets and a pillow apiece.

In that part of the country they have an annoying quadruped—the porcupine. It comes into the camp and gnaws everything made of wood, like a rat; and it keeps up the noise until it is killed, or daylight comes and the movements about camp drive it away. I slept like a healthy child throughout the night.

Our two weeks' time was varied in its experiences. We caught eight muskallonge, averaging fifteen pounds—rather light for those waters—and a large number of black bass and pike. Fishing is too lazy a sport for a healthy woman. Sitting in an easy chair, in a safe boat, dreaming of this, that and the other thing, you are suddenly awakened by a jerk; you snatch for the reel-crank, miss it, and find your line playing out rapidly; you reel in, stop, let go again, reel in, and so on until your guide gaffs and lands a large fish.

But it would not do for me. My training had been for the more energetic of

sports; and the muscles of my body, the full freedom of my lungs—the whole, healthy being that was there, out upon the waters—called for action. For a time, the boat, drawn up until its weight moored it to the bank and the line flung out from astern, did



How I Made Real Exercise Out of Some of My Fishing

suffice—when the biting was lively enough to keep one's mind occupied. But it was only a very short time before I graduated to the banks where, at least, I was mistress of my own movements, with no narrow prison of a skiff to limit them. The emancipation of wading boots was still, however, a freedom in appearance only; what if I could make a tree trunk my coign of vantage, and what if I did catch as many fish as my brother? I was still the restful amateur, with some one to come to my aid with a scoop-net.

That scoop-net became a badge of



Fishing in a Boat is Lazy Sport. Fifteen-Pound Muskallonge on Seat

glory in my eyes; it must be won before I could be really happy. I knew perfectly well how to bring my prizes to shore. But how I envied the guide who, net in hand, had the right to stand in the very midst of the rushing, boiling waters, to feel them tug at him and try to drag him down, to always be able to withstand them, and to feel that, in being a man, he was still the idle, wading boy doing a man's work with all a boy's delicious zest of life!

I declared my independence. The guide could do the fishing. He was as glad of the chance at the rod as I was of my chance at the net. We made famous partners. And I was free ever afterward to step into the plunging rapids and know that I was as close as any human being could be to the fluid

soul of elemental nature. My brother adopted me anew, until I came to know the fisherman's heaven of complete equality and frank, hearty companionship.

It abated, after some days—that longing for the ignoble but watery scoop-net. It had not been the net I yearned for; it had been the flying stream itself, with all its grand onrush of life and strength and vigor. After I was assured of my right to it, I was prepared to wield net or rod, as the humor moved me or the need arose.

When the end of the outing came at last, it found a girl reluctant to go homeward, yet glad to carry home the proud consciousness that she had taken no odds from fish or man, and that she was a part with the splendid joy of life that comes of living near—as near as can be—to Nature's heart.

PUBLIC BONFIRE OF CIGARETTES—COMMUNITY RIDDEN OF THE DISGUSTING WEED FOR GOOD

A novel form of war upon the cigarette evil was instituted recently at Hancock's Bridge, N. J., by the Loyal Temperance League of that place. The women who constitute the organization have already secured the exclusion of the cigarette after the present stock of the tobacco

dealers is exhausted, but to celebrate their successful movement, and to hasten the wonderful event when cigarettes will be unknown in their city, they quietly bought up all the cigarettes, cigarette paper and tobacco fillings that remained with the dealers, and, after a public entertainment, made a bonfire of their collection.

MY BRIDE FROM THE OTHER WORLD

A WEIRD ROMANCE RECOUNTING MANY STRANGE ADVENTURES IN AN UNKNOWN WORLD

By Rev. E. C. Atkins

ON the fifth day everything suddenly changed, and there was a great and strange illumination.

A radiance, soft, mellow, warm, wonderful, seemed to pervade everything. The men strained their eyes through the bright waters, but there were no signs of icebergs.

"What think you, Rosco," I said, addressing the pilot, "is it possible that we have drifted out from beneath the great ice fields surrounding the Pole into an open Polar sea?"

"It must be so," he said, thoughtfully; "let us bring her to the surface and see where we are."

I was so elated that I could not refrain from an attempt at drollery.

"Go slowly," I said, "we may be right under the North Pole, and if it should be sticking through very far, we may get a hole punched in us, if we come up against it too hard."

It was a poor apology for a joke and should have been labeled; but, inferior as it was, the pilot laughed.

I may as well say, just here, that laughing on board the Flying Fish (for such I had named my submarine wonder) had been at a discount since that terrible afternoon, five days before, when, because of the violence of the arctic storm, we were compelled to submerge the boat.

A braver set of men never trod the deck of a warship than stood about me at that moment.

For five days and nights every soul on that craft had been kept in an awful suspense. But, intense as was the strain, each respected the other's feelings, and no word of complaint or fear escaped any lip.

Now that the electric engine was again in motion, pumping the air into the compartments and forcing the water out, so that we were slowly rising, a look of eager expectancy was upon every face,

that spoke more eloquently than words at the joy each heart felt at—

At what?

Ah! That was the question uppermost in every mind.

There was not one of us who knew what to expect.

On every side a keen lookout was kept as, moment by moment, we came nearer and nearer the surface.

The closest scrutiny in a light that was now each moment increasing served to reveal no obstacle to our ascent. The coast was evidently clear. Even the end of the hypothetical North Pole was nowhere to be seen. All save the engineer were gathered in the deck house, each with his face pressed closely against one of the ten circular windows in this dome or turret.

"The surface!" exclaimed half a dozen men in concert.

There could be no mistake. The Flying Fish again floated gracefully on the bosom of the deep.

The airtight compartments were closed and everything was put in readiness to go upon the deck.

There was much secret apprehension about the temperature outside, and the possible effect it might have on lungs that for five days had breathed only compressed air.

Bidding my men be silent a moment, I said: "We are about to go forth again into the world; we cannot tell what our experience will be; let us be careful that we incur no unnecessary risk."

Five minutes later we stood looking into each other's faces, too much astonished to utter an exclamation.

At last Rosco found his tongue.

"Where in the name of all that is original are we, captain?"

I had read and studied and thought much for a young man, but this question

was one to which I could not even venture a guess.

Nothing like the scene that now burst upon us was ever vouchsafed to mortals.

Around us lay a sheet of water as tranquil as a mirror and as bright. North of us, and but a few miles distant, the sky, from horizon to zenith, seemed one gigantic crystal curtain, flaming with millions of gems of indescribable beauty and luster.

South of us, stretching away until all outline was lost in the mellow radiance, was an open landscape, through which a broad river ran to the south.

I soon discovered that there was a slight current bearing us slowly away from the great glory of the northern heavens.

Seizing his powerful glass, Rosco focused it for a moment on the cloudy splendor and exclaimed:

"Ice, ice, ice! As I live! What seems yonder to be but clouds, is *ice*, all ice, from one end to the other, and from top to bottom."

Trembling with excitement, I snatched the glass from his hand and leveled it for a few moments at the strange sight.

"You are right, Rosco," I said, "I see it all now. That is the great mass of ice surrounding the Pole. In diving to escape the fury of the storm we got under it, and found ourselves in the gulf stream. No choice being left us, we have drifted beneath the great mass, and have at last come to the surface in the open polar sea."

"I thought so at first," said the pilot, "but now I doubt it."

"What are we in, then?" I asked.

A strange, half comical smile played for a moment about Rosco's finely chiselled mouth; then he added, half mirthfully, half seriously: "When we were about to leave the deck house half an hour ago you said, 'We are now going forth into the world again.' If you had said, 'We are now going forth into the earth,' I think that you would have been nearer the truth."

"Rosco!" I exclaimed, "are you going mad? In the name of reason, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," said the pilot, now quite serious. "I believe that the gulf stream, that has ever been such

a mystery, flows northward through Baffin's Bay until it meets the ice gorge, then it deflects and flows beneath it to a point near the Pole, when it sweeps to the westward, and finally to the southward, emerging, not into an open polar sea, as I have thought probable, but into a subterranean river that flows through the center of the earth and again emerges into some southern sea."

"Then we are in the center of the earth?" I said.

"Just so," said the pilot, "and unless we can find our way out at the other end, where this mighty subterranean river empties, we are here to stay."

I was not long in coming to the conclusion that he was right. This point settled, we turned our attention to an investigation of our surroundings. The river was several miles in width and the shores could be dimly seen in the distance on either hand. By aid of the glass we could make out a distinct shore line, rocky and barren, save for a species of hardy fir trees that clung obstinately to the hill sides.

We were not long in deciding upon our future course, and the Flying Fish, impelled by the mighty electric motor, was skimming over the bright waters toward the unknown Eden land that loomed up on the far away southern horizon. The river varied in width from a little over a mile in some places to eight or ten miles in others, but at no time were we out of sight of either shore.

One peculiarity of this internal world was the entire absence of sun, moon or stars, and yet there was an ever-present, all-pervading light, soft as a moonbeam, but brighter than the average day, when the sun is be-clouded. As day by day we sped on down through the center of the earth, we saw that the great ice wall at the north had ceased to have the peculiar cloud-like effect it at first presented when we were near it, and that it now seemed only a great disk of silvery brightness, which we saw was the source of the mellow light that suffused this underground world.

Another peculiarity that was in striking contrast with the world we had so recently left was the complete absence of storms and atmospheric changes. It was

never hot or cold, but temperate to a degree that was incredible to us.

While no storms ever swept the bosom of this subterranean river, it was apparent that there were currents of air which were in constant circulation, for often the surface of the river was rippled by a breeze that would have made fine sailing.

As we neared the fortieth parallel of north latitude we perceived that the vegetation grew richer and more luxuriant and the country more densely populated.

We were now passing large cities every hour, and towns and hamlets in great profusion spread out on either bank.

Occasionally we passed the mouths of great rivers that ran back for many miles into the rich pasture lands and meadows.

With the aid of the glass we could see lakes and cascades far up the mountain sides, and tiny rivulets, like silver ribbons, winding in and out of the valleys.

Thus far we had not attempted to land on either shore, for, on several occasions, when we had ventured near, we saw that our strange craft had filled the inhabitants with awe and consternation, for they fled wildly back to the hills at our approach.

Another circumstance now attracted our attention. We observed, as we got further south, that the land on both sides of the river had risen gradually until it was much more elevated than that through which we had come. I thought for a long time about this, but at last it seemed clear to me why this was. With an opportunity to study geology that no other man in the world had ever had, I came to see that the scientists and geologists were only in possession of half of the truth, and that while, as they assert, the earth was formed from the exterior inward by the processes of cooling and solidifying, I now saw that, at the same time and by the same process, it had been formed from the inside outward.

That is, the "fire mist," or "mist of things," out of which the earth's crust is formed, was brought together in circular form and had remained thus, whirling round and round like a mighty cylinder, gradually assuming rotundity while cooling off, but remaining hollow within and open at the Poles. I saw that for countless ages there had been two counter currents of air sweeping in at the opposite

Poles and meeting midway in the great hollow globe of fire, and that the cooling process had begun on the surface and interior of the earth at the same time, and had continued thus, so that after the lapse of ages, the upper and under crusts of the earth had solidified to a thickness of many miles, leaving the great spaces between the earth's crusts in their original liquid and gaseous form, with volcanoes and geysers as natural vents.

I also saw that it was the insweeping and meeting of the counter currents at the equator that had caused the gentle rise of the land and the decided elevation that we noticed as we progressed southward.

I now saw that this interior world had evidently remained open at the Poles for a long time, but that gradually the ice had formed, until at last it had covered the Poles, and now, like two gigantic windows of crystal, the formations of ice had closed these openings, shutting out forever the wild storms that swept over the outer world, and at the same time forming two mighty prismatic lenses, through which the light of the outer world fell with a soft radiance upon the indescribable splendor and loveliness of this "other world."

I felt that I was rapidly becoming wise, and so natural did it all seem that I found myself wondering why it had never occurred to me to think of this before as a possibility.

The days came and went almost imperceptibly.

As near as we could reckon, we were at about the 40th parallel of north latitude—central under the United States.

The scenery, that for days had become more enchanting every hour, now became an earthly Eden.

The cities that gemmed the banks on either side of the river grew more magnificent with every mile covered by the Flying Fish.

It was a few minutes of noon by our timepieces when the little vessel turned her sharp prow toward the marble stairway that led up from the water's edge to the lawns, gardens and bowers of beauty that formed the foreground of a palace of such splendor and magnificence as none of us had ever seen in the world we had left.

The marble quay and sloping banks for miles were thronged with curious people, who had crowded each other in an effort to get near the river to look upon the strange sight, but who were now struggling in a dense mass to escape to a place of safety in the hills.

When we reached the landing the quay was deserted, and no one was within speaking distance.

We resolved at once to look about the place and visit the palace.

We were each armed with rifles, revolvers and short swords, besides a light, keen axe of the finest temper was thrust through a loop of our pistol belts.

A sharp lookout was kept as we moved in double file up the grassy slope, but not a soul was visible until we reached the gates of the palace. Here we met armed opposition. A company of soldiers, armed with bows, arrows and javelins, confronted us.

For a moment we were undecided what course to pursue, but while we consulted, a gong sounded through the palace, and in a few moments the king appeared, surrounded by his body guard.

At the sight of the strangers he halted and addressed his men in a language wholly unknown to us.

Although we could not understand the words, we judged by the attitude of the soldiers that it was an order to attack us.

I saw the quick, agile movement of the guard, as they brought their lances to a horizontal position and couched for the charge.

Turning to my men, I said: "The rifles, but spare the king."

On like a cyclone came the warriors, fifty in number. The bright barrels of eight Winchesters gleamed for a moment in the soft light, and eight sturdy forms rolled on the grass.

The effect was like magic. The whole column halted. The astonished king looked upon his dead and dying warriors for a moment; then, with a few words and a wave of his hand to his men, those who had survived retreated to the shelter of the palace, leaving the king standing before us alone.

I had never beheld such a specimen of physical manhood.

Fully six feet in height, broad chested, straight, athletic, the very embodiment of manly strength and grace.

He wore only a fringe of bead work about his loins, and his hair, which was abundant, hung in rich, dark braids to his waist.

He seemed irresolute for a moment, and his eyes wandered from the still forms of the dead warriors at his feet to my men, who now stood leaning upon their rifles, calmly watching him.

After a few moments of irresolution he laid the javelin which he held beside the now lifeless men, and, placing his hands behind his back, strode slowly toward us.

When he was within a dozen paces he prostrated himself at full length upon the ground, and lay quite still.

I accepted this as an act of homage, and as an indication that he desired to secure our friendship.

Seeing that his guards were intently watching every movement from their position on the palace walls, I laid my gun at the feet of my men, and, walking forward to where he lay, I took him by the hand. As he looked up, with my left hand I motioned him to rise. He hesitated a moment, then slowly, but with dignity, rose to his feet. I looked into his face, smiled, and uttered a few words; but the look that he gave me and the slow shake of the head showed me that he had understood nothing of what I had said.

I was at that moment possessed with an intense desire to make him understand that I would be his friend, if he would not fight.

Lifting the spear from the ground where he had laid it, I placed it again in his hand, and, calling my men to me, I gave each of them a spear, which I took from the hands of the slain guardsmen.

Addressing them, I said: "We must, if possible, convince this man that we do not wish to fight or harm him. I will throw the spear I hold as far from me as I can. Each of you follow my example."

I then reversed the javelin, and, taking it by the spear end, or head, threw it from me down the hill. In an instant the other spears in like manner followed it.

"Put your hands behind your backs!" I said.

They obeyed me.

The king, his fine form drawn erect to its full height, his face working with the intensity of his interest, looked upon the scene a moment, and then a look of intelligent comprehension took the place of surprise.

Lifting the huge spear that he held, he took it by the bone lance on its head and flung it from him with all his strength and quietly placed his arms behind his back.

Delighted with the progress I was making in my efforts to communicate my wishes to him, I strode to his side, and, putting my arm about him, I drew him to me and pressed my lips to his brow.

He seemed greatly surprised for a moment, but the next instant he returned the salutation, and I knew that we were friends and that we had nothing now to fear.

Beckoning my men to follow, he led us toward the palace.

Feeling assured now that no further act of violence would be offered us, we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of this novel experience.

We were conducted through the palace and surrounding grounds, and everywhere treated with the most royal courtesy.

It was apparent to us almost from the first that these strange people were Indians, for everywhere we encountered that which reminded us of the North American Indians; yet they were unlike any known tribe.

Their houses, while reminding one of the Aztecs and Peruvians in the days of the Spanish conquests, were far more splendid and costly, and showed signs of architectural design that reminded us of ancient Israel in the days of King Solomon.

There were evidences of prosperity, wealth and luxury on every side. The men were all tall, athletic and superbly built. The women were only slightly shorter in stature, compact, tall, graceful and as straight as Norway pines.

The men and women alike wore only a fringe of bead-work about their waists, except a few of the young women, who wore beads about their necks, and some-

times bracelets and anklets; but this was rare, and, as I afterward learned, was a mark of royalty.

What the complexion of these people was in the generations far remote we had no means of determining, but at the time when we came so unexpectedly into their midst their complexion was of the richest, creamy white, through which the warm blood shone with a pinkish tint, like that of a lovely sea shell.

This was doubtless the result of a climate of unbroken temperature, and the absence of the sun.

Five or six hours after the wonderful treaty of peace with the king at the palace gates we were summoned to a banquet that would have done credit to any potentate of earth.

Fish, fowl of the rarest feather, meats of the finest fiber, fruits and berries never seen on the outer surface of the earth.

We were served by young maidens of the royal household, whose beauty and grace, as they glided here and there, made up a picture of such exquisite loveliness that it can never be forgotten.

Music, rare and wonderful, from instruments the like of which were never before seen, floated through the great banquet hall.

The king sat at the head of the table, while his queen, a woman of regal beauty, sat opposite him at the farther end.

On the right of the king, and near him, I had my place, while opposite me at the king's left sat his daughter, the Princess At-tel-la.

My readers, doubtless, wonder how I learned the princess' name. I may as well say, just here, I am not sure that I did learn it, but I have good reason to think so.

We were seated when she entered and stood beside her father. He addressed some words to her; then, turning to me, he added a few more sentences, not one word of which I now remember save the last—At-tel-la.

I at once concluded that it was her name, and resolved at the first opportunity to test my surmise.

A few moments later, when a new dish was handed to me, I at once said: "At-tel-la," and, as I expected, she looked up quickly, evidently much surprised.

I passed the dish to her, and was gratified that she took it and smiled. I am thirty-two years of age, and have seen much of the world; but I have never seen a woman who impressed me as did this Indian princess. She was about five feet six inches in height, and would weigh 140 pounds. No artist ever dreamed of a creature so lovely as was this young girl, who smiled back at me as she took the bowl from my hand.

How it was that my fingers came in contact with her soft, white hand I will not be expected to explain; and why at that slight touch the warm blood mounted to her creamy cheek I cannot explain; neither do I know why I found it so difficult to swallow the simplest food for the next few moments.

One thing of peculiar interest at once attracted my attention. Of all the hundreds of young maidens whom I had that day seen, and of all the scores who then flitted about the banquet hall, the Princess At-tel-la was the only one who wore aught but the fringe of beads and an occasional bracelet or anklet.

The princess was clad in a garment somewhat Grecian in style, cut circular and low in the neck, without sleeves, caught over her white shoulders by gold clasps, and falling in flimsy folds to her richly sandaled feet.

The texture of the material was so fine that, while it seemed to conceal, it more than half revealed the superb outline of her exquisite form.

I thought, of course, that it was a badge of royalty, and was worn as a distinction, or emblem of her dignity as princess of the realm, but in this I am sure that I was mistaken.

I now think that it was a sacrificial robe and badge, or token that the wearer had been set apart and appointed to be offered as a sacrifice, for scarce had the banquet ended when the great hall became a scene of wild mirth such as I had never before witnessed.

Led by the Princess At-tel-la, the assembled hundreds of maidens whirled round and round in a dance so wild and fantastic that it cannot be described. Every time the princess came near where I was sitting my heart throbbed violently as I watched every movement of that

graceful form, that was to me more a dream of loveliness than a living reality.

The dance ended abruptly as a door at the far end of the hall swung open and a band of white-robed priests from the temple entered. All save the king prostrated themselves as the spectral group slowly advanced. They traversed the length of the room, and disappeared through a portal, before which hung a massive curtain.

The king slowly rose and motioned me to follow.

Signaling my men to keep near, I walked after him in silence.

In a few minutes we were in a dimly lighted chapel, near the center of which was a stone altar. The floor and walls were of stone and the whole aspect was gloomy and sepulchral.

I felt a chilly sensation about my heart, and instinctively my hand found the handle of my revolver.

An awful dread of what I felt was about to transpire filled my heart and, being unable to speak with anyone, the suspense became terrible.

I strained my eyes in the murky light, trying to discover the princess, who seemed suddenly to have vanished on the approach of the priests. Gloomy and silent the priests arranged themselves about the altar. One older and sterner looking than the others stepped forward and stood at the foot of the short flight of stone steps that led up to the altar, the top of which stood a few feet above the level of the floor.

I now saw for the first time that he wore a black sash about his waist, from which hung a huge battle axe in shape not unlike a tomahawk.

I was no longer in doubt. These people were idolaters, and were about to offer a sacrifice to us, whom they had mistaken for gods.

Breathless with excitement, I waited, a secret dread chilling the blood in my veins.

A few moments of silence so oppressive that I could hear my own heart beating violently, and my worst fears were realized.

A slight sound of soft footsteps on the stone floor, and I turned to see At-tel-la, with bowed head, walking slowly toward the altar.

My first impulse was to rush forward and seize her, before she could reach the murderous priest, and, throwing myself between her and the awful death that I knew awaited her, defend her with my life; but before I could act she had reached the steps, and was slowly ascending, closely followed by the priest.

Scarcely had she reached the top before I was at the steps, and the next moment I was standing beside the priest with the muzzle of my revolver against his heart.

Not realizing his danger, he looked at me in much astonishment.

It was a weird scene: The gloomy chamber of death, where many a hapless victim had perished at the hands of these superstitious priests. The silent and awe-stricken multitude, the spectral forms of the priests, now chanting a mournful dirge; the stern executioner, with axe half raised, and the beautiful but helpless girl lying at our feet.

With the muzzle of my revolver still covering the priest's heart, I reached out my hand for the axe.

At that moment the king spoke, and, greatly to my surprise, with reverent dignity the priest placed the murderous axe in my hand.

In a moment I comprehended the situation. The king had concluded that it was my wish to sacrifice the victim with my own hand, and had ordered his priest to deliver the axe to me.

I was not only now certain that my conclusions were right, but I also felt sure that the girl had not only been dedicated to me as a sacrifice, but that in transferring to me the right or privilege to become her executioner she had now become mine to dispose of as I chose, and that whatever I did would meet with the royal approval, since, as I now saw, it was the sole purpose of the king to honor and please me.

No sooner had I come to this conclusion than I thrust the axe through the belt beside my own weapon, and, stooping, took the princess by the hand and, lifting her to her feet, drew her to me and kissed her.

My readers must believe that this kiss was just like the one I had given her father, the king, a few hours before; and that it was given on this occasion for the

same purpose, viz., to prove to his Royal Highness that I was satisfied with the offering he had made and was his friend.

It was some time, however, before even the king could realize that his beautiful child was not to die; but when he finally became convinced his joy knew no bounds, and the next day a great open air festival was held in the spacious grounds surrounding the palace.

It was a repetition of the banquet of the preceding day, save that it was on a broader and more elaborate scale.

Before the close of the festivities it was apparent to me that the sacrifice of At-tel-la was more real than I had at first supposed, and that to her father and to all the nation she was as one dead.

It was also evident that the young girl understood this, and regarded herself as belonging wholly to me; for wherever I went she was always at my side.

A month passed swiftly by, during which we explored the country for many miles in all directions. We learned that there were many other tribes and tribal kings; but they all seemed to be at peace, and an air of temporal prosperity pervaded all sections.

There are many things new and strange in this interior world of which I would love to write, but the space allotted this story will not permit.

At the end of the month we re-embarked, and with the Flying Fish well stocked with fresh provisions again took up our journey southward.

Did the Princess At-tel-la accompany me? Certainly! It would have been impossible to have left her as one dead among her own people; besides, had she not have come, I am quite sure that I would have been there yet.

Nothing of unusual interest occurred until we reached the 30th parallel of north latitude. At about this point the land, which had been becoming gradually more elevated, had now risen to the height of several hundred feet, and in many places the hills were rocky and almost perpendicular. The river also grew narrower every hour, and by the aid of the glass we could see that several miles ahead the mountains had met in a natural bridge overhead, forming a mighty

tunnel, dark and forbidding, into which the river now flowed.

We were soon in the cavern. With the powerful searchlight playing in every direction, the first few hours were spent on the surface; but the overhanging rocks, though yet many feet above us, looked so black and angry that we felt it would be safer under the water.

It required but a few minutes to submerge the Flying Fish to a depth of twenty feet. It became necessary, however, to increase the depth several times, and we could not have been very far from the bottom when, to our inexpressible joy, a flood of soft light told us that we had at last emerged from beneath the land into the waters of some southern sea.

We were about to start the air pumps when we found that we were rising of our own accord. For some cause the waters seemed to be bearing us upward as though a current was flowing toward the surface.

We started the air pumps, however, and in a short while were again floating on a large body of water, with no land that we could recognize in sight. An hour later a steamer was hailed, and we

were informed that we were in the Gulf of Mexico and in the gulf stream.

We at once laid our course east, and soon sighted the Florida Keys. The summer is not yet half over, but remembering that the Princess At-tel-la is about to come into the atmosphere of a world so unlike that which she has left, I fear to trust her in a climate north of the tropics; so we are now heading for the Bahamas, where, for the present, we shall make our home in this lovely south land, until my "Bride From the Other World" shall become accustomed to this.

At this moment she is lying asleep in the cabin. I am sitting by her, writing an account of these strange experiences, but with so much loveliness before me it is difficult to think of anything else.

As I watch the rise and fall of her bosom, with each respiration, and study every line of that perfect face, and remember that all this inconceivable loveliness is mine, all mine, I am thrilled with an ecstasy that threatens to make me forget all else save this white blossom of purity that has so strangely fallen into my bosom—

"MY BRIDE FROM THE OTHER WORLD."

THE COLD WATER BATH



Dorothy Virginia Tucker, Who Receives a Cold Water Bath Daily

THE photograph of Dorothy Virginia Tucker is a splendid example of the value of cold water treatment in rearing a well-developed and strong child. A great many parents hesitate to begin giving the cold water bath to the little one. They do not recognize the valuable benefit to the child. Cold water is a nerve tonic. It also accelerates the action of the pores, enabling the interior vital organs to eliminate surplus filth and impurities. It secures permanent health to the child, and beautifies the complexion and skin. The parent can begin to accustom the body of the child to the cold bath by the use of a wet towel or sponge. In this manner the skin and nerves will soon become accustomed to the shock and the child will gradually take to the exhilarative bath with anticipation and delight.

A TALE OF THE LATIN QUARTER

A ROMANCE OF THE PARISIAN LIFE OF AN AMERICAN ARTIST

By Henrietta Lee Coulling

"IS your mind quite made up, Edith?"
 "Quite, John. Have you ever known me to be changeable?"

Morris gazed earnestly at his fiancée. Her face was turned away, revealing only her pure profile against the dull red of her chair.

He was silent for a moment, then said, with a note of constraint in his voice:

"Do you realize what it would mean to me? My life's work is here."

Edith leaned forward. A deeper rose stained her cheeks.

"That's just the trouble," she said. "You would sacrifice me to your work."

"You are not fair, Edith. It was agreed, when I came to Paris, that we were to live here after our marriage. We—"

"I didn't know Paris then," she interrupted. "I couldn't even imagine how vile it was. And you, John," she went on, with a catch in her voice, "I'm disappointed in you."

As Morris did not reply, she continued:

"You have thrown aside your principles. You have lowered your standards. This life without restraint has made you lax and careless."

"Has it?" he asked. He realized the Puritanism deep bedded in her nature, and was not angry. He wondered dully if she were right. No accusing memories came to him, but that was due more to work, and to his inborn refinement, than to conscious effort on his part.

"Oh, John!" cried the girl. "I can't tell you how I felt when you took me to the studios, and I saw you surrounded by those dreadful models. Such people are not fit—and you were so friendly with them—you—"

"What would you have me do, Edith?"

"Let them feel that your relation with them was merely a business one."

"Why, Edith, I have known some of these people for years, and am naturally interested in them."

"That's what I can't understand," she

interjected; "how can you take an interest in such people. They are not even moral."

"Perhaps not," he admitted, "but they are not the less human. It is impossible for you to realize their struggle for existence—their fierce temptations. Morality is merely a question of—"

He stopped abruptly at her gesture of impatience.

"Don't talk so!" she cried. "A few years ago you would have been shocked at the idea of my going to such a place. Now you take me." She rose impetuously from her chair, and stood facing the man. "Oh, John!" she went on vehemently, "come home! Why should you stay here? You have made a name for yourself in your art. We are both rich. You can have a studio in New York, and—you don't have to work."

He looked at her curiously. "I don't have to work," he repeated. He felt, wearily, that she could comprehend nothing; that she did not enter into his life; that his art was of no moment to her. He silently regarded the elegant salon, and the sumptuously gowned girl, the focus of so much light and beauty. Her brow was as fair and pure as a pearl; her eyes of clear, luminous blue looked fearlessly out at life, which for her held no problems. He did not realize that the negative conditions that surrounded her had rendered her typical rather than individual. He saw only the face of a sweet, good woman whose life had been spent in sheltered places.

Taking her slender, unresisting hands in his, he drew her down on the sofa beside him, and said, with an air of imperious tenderness:

"Edith, dear, what you ask is impossible. This place is the breath of life to my art. To leave it I should—"

"Then you love your art better than you love me?"

"It isn't that, but can't you see that if I were untrue to my ideal I should be untrue to myself—to you? It would be

death to my art, my ambition, my very manhood, to yield to you in this."

She drew away her hands. "Then you choose between me and your art?" she flung out.

"The choice is yours, not mine," he said, harshly.

When Morris reached his rooms in the Latin Quarter, he settled himself in an easy chair and tried to read. The expression upon his face was stern and uncompromising, but a very small thing caused it to melt into tenderness.

A little breeze stirred the curtains and passed over a jar of apple blossoms near the window, and as the faint spring-like perfume was borne to him, an association of ideas came flooding over him with poignant sweetness.

It recalled a spring-time in a little New England village, when he and Edith, as mere boy and girl, had plighted their troth. It seemed long ago, and he had grown old. And Edith—she was just as young and sweet and calm as ever. Five years spent in the quiet byways of life had wrought no change in her. The things in which she had delighted then satisfied her now. She could not understand the striving and unrest of his soul.

Yet she had come like a breath of heaven into the vitiated air of Paris. Morris felt with a sudden yearning that he desired nothing so much as to be with her, to breathe the atmosphere of peace that she exhaled. In giving her up the light of his life would be extinguished. All of his hopes, all of his dreams centered in her. He could see more clearly, now, with the fear of losing her upon him. She was too beautiful, too sweet to share the Bohemian existence of a Parisian artist. It would be like tearing a rare exotic from the protecting shelter of the hot-house and planting it in the glaring sun of a dusty highway. Edith was right. He had been selfish. He would tell her so to-morrow—no, he would send her a *carte bleue* to-night.

On looking in his desk he discovered that there were no blue telegrams there, and determined to go out and get one.

Once in the street, he had soon crossed the bridge and was in one of the brilliantly lighted boulevards. Taking his seat at one of the little three-legged tables in front of a restaurant, he called for a

bock. The beer calmed him. After all, he thought, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, he was disgusted and heartsick with this life.

A burst of laughter caused him to look about. It came from a nearby table occupied by a prosperous-looking bourgeois, his wife and two daughters. The young girls were making merry over some pictures displayed by a street vendor, pictures whose sale would have been prohibited in America; yet, in true French fashion, they ignored the evil and saw only the fun, and their parents joined in the laugh. A grisette with painted face full of diablerie almost touched elbows with them. She was boisterously laughing as she clinked glasses with a student, but in spite of her air of bravado, the eyes that shone from beneath her elaborate coiffure were full of woe.

A moment later a little Savoyarde, in the bravery of tinsel-bedizined gauze, was dancing before them on stilts. The applause was loud. Even gray-headed men laughed at her antics till the tears ran down their cheeks.

"There are no other people like the French," thought Morris. "One minute they are laughing over a street fakir, the next they raise their hats and breathe a prayer at sight of a passing funeral."

A stream of humanity surged by, the beauty and fashion of the gay capital in splendid carriages. Sellers of novelties stopped at the tables in hopes of finding a customer, their shrill cries mingling with the music of the band within. Children with pinched, sophisticated faces held out bunches of anæmic flowers to the gay drinkers. It was the grisette who smiled kindly at them and gave them money, refusing the flowers.

This was Paris, gay Paris—sad Paris. The man's heart throbbed in sympathy. For the moment he regretted that the narrowness of Edith's horizon prevented her seeing the beauty, the charm, the sadness. Yet would he have her changed? Was she not his ideal woman, the love of his boyhood? Her lovely face was before him. He could hear the clear tones of her voice.

While he mused a weird figure was borne upon his consciousness, winding in and out among the tables, now ap-

pearing, now disappearing, and as he drew nearer he saw that the man was a hunchback. Presently he approached the table where Morris was seated and dived under it. When he reappeared Morris saw that he was collecting the ends of cigars and cigarettes.

"Poor beggar!" said Morris under his breath, as he noted the man's sunken, pallid face, which contrasted painfully with his unkempt black hair and piercing eyes. "The burden of poverty was enough without the other," and he threw him a franc. Ignoring the man's effusive thanks, Morris rose from the table, and turned in the direction of the Quartier Latin.

He stopped on the Pont des Arts, and looked gloomily into the dark river that flashed back the reflection of myriad lights, red and blue and green and yellow. A few minutes later he was standing beneath the twin towers of Notre Dame, lofty, grand, unchangeable. The sight moved him, as it always did. The purpose of his life grew stronger. He could and must carry out his ideal far from this atmosphere of art. He must do it ungrudgingly, and Edith must never guess the cost.

* * * * *

Morris glanced impatiently at his watch. An unheard-of thing had happened. His model was late.

The clock on his mantel was chiming eleven when she appeared, so pale and wild-eyed that the words of rebuke died upon his lips.

"Monsieur," she cried, "I have come to tell you that I cannot pose to-day."

"Not pose!" cried Morris.

"Monsieur, it is impossible."

"It is impossible for you to do otherwise," returned Morris, with decision. "You know as well as I do, Mimi, that if you fail me now, my picture will not be ready for the Salon."

"It is impossible, monsieur," repeated the girl sadly, "I cannot pose to-day—nor to-morrow."

"Not pose to-day nor to-morrow! What in the world do you mean?"

"Monsieur, I was awake all night."

"And am I to suffer because you choose to dissipate?" remarked Morris severely.

"Oh, monsieur!" The girl turned away her face, and then, with a sudden rush

of tears, exclaimed: "Do not be too hard on me!"

"I hard on you?" said Morris, impatiently.

"Monsieur," the girl's voice sunk to a whisper, "my child is ill."

"Your child!" ejaculated Morris in amazement. "You have a child?"

Mimi bowed her head. "Oh, monsieur, you are so different from the others! You always treated me as if—as if—you believed I—I—were good. I could not bear—but nothing makes any difference, now that my little Suzanne is ill."

"You did very wrong not to tell me, Mimi," said Morris, soberly. "It is not my place to judge you, and I might have helped you. Here, take this." He pressed a gold piece into her hand. "Give it to the little one, and let me know if I can do anything for her."

"A thousand thanks, monsieur. No, you cannot help me, except to let me go back to my child."

"I can't do that, Mimi; but I'll engage someone to take care of her while you are here, and—"

"No, no, monsieur!" I cannot leave my baby to a hired woman. Monsieur," she looked pleadingly up at Morris, "she is all I have."

"But, Mimi, you must think of—"

He stopped, for Mimi was gone.

Morris paced restlessly up and down. Mimi must return. He could think of no solution to the problem which suddenly faced him. Edith—could he ask her advice? He could see his fiancée avert her face and draw away her spotless skirts at the first mention of the model.

He looked again at his watch. It was nearly half after eleven. Margaret Clai-borne would be returning to déjeuner. He would go to her.

Margaret, his friend, comrade and fellow-worker, never failed him. The intuition that was her greatest charm caused her to divine his thoughts and to find a way out of his perplexities. As he made his way to the Woman's Art Club, Rue de Chevreuse, where Margaret lived, he was thinking of this girl, who, reared in the protected life of a Southern plantation, had come to Paris, pushed onward by her art, and, though hampered by slender means and many anxieties, gave

freely of her time to all who needed it.

Margaret was deeply interested in his story, and before he had finished her honest brown eyes were shining with tears.

"Poor Mimi," she said, and then brightly, "Why, of course I can help you! I'll take care of the child myself. Mimi loves me, and would do anything to please me. She'll trust me, too."

"That's just like the noble girl you are, Margaret!" exclaimed Morris, "but I can't let you do it. Is it the thing for you to do? Is it proper?"

"Proper! Nonsense! Why isn't it proper, I'd like to know? Mimi lives in a respectable quarter, and everybody knows Mimi. I don't care whether it's proper or not. Your picture must be finished."

"But what about your own picture?"

"Oh, mine—mine can wait. I have no assurance that I could get into the Salon. I am not so famous yet. A picture like yours must be finished at any cost." She said it lightly, but she was yielding a great deal, and Morris knew it. The more he protested the more she insisted, and in the end she had her way.

As John was leaving he impulsively kissed her hand, saying:

"I believe you're the sister I have always longed for."

When he was gone, Margaret kissed the spot where his lips had rested. "Sister," she repeated, sadly. Then she thought of Edith.

It was not her nature to be long sad, and she brightened as she made ready to go to Mimi.

Added to her human feeling for the model was the interest of the artist. She had found the solution to the mystery in Mimi's eyes.

Mimi's history was like that of many a model. She belonged to a class that is constantly appearing and disappearing in the flotsam and jetsam of Paris. As a rule, none cared whence they came, nor whither they went, but when Mimi, the most beautiful model in the Quartier Latin, withdrew herself from the studios, there was an outcry.

She reappeared as suddenly as she had disappeared, and was welcomed gladly. She was as volatile, gay, and unreasonable as ever, but the tragedy in her eyes

prevented questions. She was more than ever in demand, for though her brilliant color had faded her face was spiritualized, and her eyes, as a rule hauntingly sad, at times shone with a joy that was almost unearthly in its intensity.

On reaching Mimi's room, Margaret knocked lightly, and, as there was no response, quietly entered.

Mimi was sitting with her face away from the door, and rocking back and forth, she sang:

"*A Pa-ri-s, a Pa-ri-s sur un petit cheval gris,*" and as her eyes rested upon the baby at her breast, the face was illumined by a light that raised her above censure and shame, and Margaret caught a glimpse of the heaven of motherhood into which man may dimly gaze but never enter.

The model's face flushed when she saw Margaret, but the girl's unspoken sympathy with her, and warm praise of the child, soon put her at her ease.

With a tender comprehension which pitied more than it condemned, Margaret talked to Mimi of her baby, a cherub all dimples and curves and soft, sweet color; and, taking one of the little hot hands in hers, she anxiously noted the closed eyes, the burning cheeks, and the pathetic droop of the baby lips.

"*Oui, mademoiselle, ma petite Suzanne ees, ze docteur say, better,*" said Mimi, mustering the best English at her command in compliment to her caller. "Yesterday his face go all white like ze snow, *mais*, now he sleep, an' ze color come."

"Mimi," said Margaret, "you are fond of Monsieur Morris, aren't you?"

"*Mais oui, mademoiselle!*"

"And you would not like to have his picture spoiled?"

"No, no mademoiselle! It is ver' hard for me to leave monsieur an' his pictur' not finish. It ees more gran' than ze one he have in ze Salon *l'année passé*. *Mais*," with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "what would you? *Ma petite* ees what you call sick—he all I have—*voilà!*"

"You like me, do you not, Mimi?"

"*Mademoiselle*, you know I love you."

"Then I want you to do a favor for Monsieur Morris and me. I want you to let me take care of your baby while you sit for monsieur."

Mimi's eyes filled with tears.

"Mademoiselle, how you are good!" she cried. "*Mais, ze pictur', ze one you make—he will be spoil.*"

"That makes no difference. Monsieur Morris must finish his."

"Mademoiselle, I go. I ver' well remember how you are good to me ze time —"

"Never mind about that, Mimi."

"I go," Mimi went on, "*mais, you sen' me word if he not so well.*"

She silently rocked the baby for a time, then said sadly:

"I have nobody to tell me—I grow up in ze *ateliers*, an' if a monsieur like me, I say *bien!*—he give me things—ze *rubans*—ze *bons diners*. I ver' well remember when ze one I—what you say love, come. He not seem like ze others. He smile kind, and when he give me things I am glad here," placing her hand upon her heart—"not for ze things, *mais*—for he smile at me so kind! I am glad to go with him. Then I know never can I let ze other messieurs give me nothing. Mademoiselle, when you love, you are glad to go, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Margaret bowed her head over the child.

"I am all happy that way for a while," Mimi went on, with a quiver in her voice. She paused to lay the sleeping child on the bed; then, taking her place near Margaret, went on slowly:

"One day he go—he tell me he come soon—mademoiselle—I have never see him."

Margaret pressed Mimi's hand in sympathy, but the girl drew it away.

"Then I am ver' wicked. You not like to hold my hand."

"No, no, Mimi, you are very brave!" cried Margaret. "Mimi, do you know what I believe? I believe when monsieur sees your baby he'll want you to pose for a Madonna and child."

"*Mais* no, mademoiselle, never! I am ver' wicked. I try to kill me—they find me—then I say ze *bon Dieu* hate me, but, mademoiselle, when my leetle Suzanne come, an' his eyes smile up in mine, I know He love me. Mademoiselle, you know not ze heaven ze mother find in baby's eyes."

"No," said Margaret, softly, "but I can guess. But now, Mimi," she went on in

a business-like tone, "you must go to Monsieur Morris. He has already lost nearly a day."

Before leaving, Mimi put a medal around the neck of the child.

"It is all bless by the Pope," she explained. She also told Margaret that, in case anything was needed for the child, the little son of the concierge would be within call. Then, tearfully kissing the baby, and whispering, "*Au revoir, mon petit ange. Dieu to garde!*" she was gone.

Every morning Margaret went to the child, and remained while Mimi was at the studio. Though the little one grew no worse, she did not improve.

The picture was finished except for a few last touches, and the day had arrived when Edith was to see it.

Morris was as restless as a schoolboy. He knew Edith's pride in his work, as well as her want of understanding of it, and longed to please her. A dozen times he looked at the picture. A dozen times he moved the easel. Now the light was the best possible, he thought.

When Edith arrived, and was admiring the pictures about the studio, she stopped before the portrait of a girl. It was a face that when once seen defied forgetfulness, a wholesome, winning face, a face to love and trust, and the red-gold hair which rippled away from the thoughtful forehead harmonized admirably with the sympathetic brown eyes.

"What a lovely picture, John! Who is it?"

"That's my friend, Margaret Claiborne, of whom I wrote you. I want her to know you, but she's very busy just now. She's a brave girl and has come to Paris alone to study art, and she's going to succeed."

"You say she's alone? Really, John, I don't care for girls who are so—so unconventional."

"But I'm sure you'll love Margaret—everybody does. She's like a sister to me. She has been very good to me. She—" He broke off and ended rather lamely: "She has helped me with my work." He realized that Edith would find only condemnation for Margaret's noble acts.

"Come, dearest," John went on, "you must see my picture. Into it I have put

the best that is in me, and I have worked always with thoughts of you and a longing to fulfil your highest hopes for me. I only wait your approval to make me perfectly happy."

He raised the cloth from before the picture. It was the head of a woman; the face of one who had pierced the depths of life and known sorrow and shame; a face spiritualized through suffering. The anguished eyes were full of brooding love.

Edith's eyes questioningly sought John's.

"Magdalene," he replied in answer to her unspoken question.

She turned again quickly to the picture, then cried out in a voice full of disappointment:

"Oh, John! Why couldn't you paint a good woman?"

As Edith and her mother left the studio, Margaret came in with a message from Mimi. She intently regarded Edith's cold face.

"She's very beautiful," was her mental comment, "but—her ancestors burned witches. I wonder if she appreciates John," was her next thought. "I wonder if she loves him as well—" she could not even give mental expression to the words, "as I do." She rejoiced in his friendship. If she suffered she lived, and the sun was shining, and there was her art.

"John," she said, as she entered the studio, "I met your fiancée as I came in, and oh, John, how beautiful she is, and how proud she must be of you!"

But John, who was aching with the sting of Edith's words, did not reply.

"Mimi says she can give you another sitting to-morrow, the last one; so I will stay with the baby. Yes, she is better today. And now, John, I must see your picture. I can't wait another minute."

She turned to the picture as John removed the cloth.

Long she gazed at it. With her quick intuition she read the artist in his work. Steadfastness, honesty and purity, and, above all, a tender sympathy that comes from understanding—all were evident to her clear eyes. She spoke no word, but tears came.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked the man.

"It's a great picture," she slowly said. "In a few days all Paris will see it, and you will be famous; but it's so much more, John. It proves what I have always known of you." She turned to him with a little impulsive gesture: "Oh, John, I'm so happy for you—and for her!"

She went over to the window and stood looking out, and when John followed her he found that she was softly crying.

"Why, Margaret! What's the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing," she answered brightly. "I think I'm a little tired. Oh, John, how happy Miss Worthington must be today!"

* * * * *

Morris worked with rapid strokes. His picture was about complete.

A servant knocked at the door. "Monsieur is wanted at the telephone," he said.

As the words, "Mimi's child is worse," were borne to Morris he was startled by a cry—

"*Mon Dieu, mon enfant!*" and his model, white and trembling, stood by his side. She staggered and would have fallen had not Morris put his arm about her.

Morris hailed a passing fiacre, and, getting into it with Mimi, ordered the driver to hurry to her room. The girl, half fainting, leaned heavily against him.

In his concern for Mimi he did not notice the hurly-burly of vehicles which they passed until they came opposite a victoria containing two ladies, and recognized his fiancée and her mother.

He raised his hat, but to his surprise, Edith turned away her face. Her mother gazed stonily at him and did not speak.

On reaching Mimi's room they found the doctor with Margaret and the child.

There was a new tenderness in Margaret's eyes as she bent over the little flushed face against her breast and soothed the baby in a gentle voice.

The sudden light upon Mimi's face as she caught her baby in her arms and listened with tears of joy to the doctor's assurance that the child's condition was not serious gave Morris his inspiration for his next great picture.

At twilight he took Margaret home.

"What troubles you, John?" she asked, divining his mood, as usual.

"I can't tell you," he answered, "but I want to thank you for what you have done for me."

"I've done a great deal more for myself," she said. "Why, John, I can't tell you what Mimi and that child have taught me. I'll put it all in a picture, though."

After dinner, Morris hurried to Edith's hotel and sent up his cards. He was told that Mrs. and Miss Worthington were out.

He penned a hasty note: "Dearest, please let me see you as early as possible to-morrow, that I may explain." He had already forgiven her want of faith in him, though the pain of it lingered.

He passed a restless night. A letter from Edith came to him by the morning's post. He tore it open and read:

"It is impossible for you to explain

after what I have seen. Mother and I leave on the midnight train for Havre and sail for home to-morrow.

"EDITH WORTHINGTON."

Morris staggered out into the street and wandered blindly about, then across the river, and after a time found himself upon the Champs-Élysées. He was unmindful alike of the passing throng and the avenue of horse chestnuts joyously waving their pink plumes in the sweet spring air. He took his seat upon a bench and gazed vaguely about.

A lumbering omnibus rumbled over the paving stones in front of him. He fixed his eyes dreamily upon it, and saw the word "Panthéon" written across the top.

"That goes to the Rue de Chevreuse," he thought, and he swung himself on the platform.

WEIGHED TWELVE POUNDS AT BIRTH



Donald Stuart Vincent

The photograph shown herewith is that of Donald Stuart Vincent, a pleasant, healthy little baby of fourteen months, and weighing at the present time thirty pounds. At birth, Donald tipped the scales at twelve pounds. This healthy little child is the result of a careful physical culture régime which both of the parents laid out for themselves long before undertaking the obligation attached to proper parenthood.

The child has never been sick a day. This is due to a sensible and systematic course of training applied by the father and mother immediately after birth. As can be seen in the photograph, the child is beautifully and symmetrically developed. He is remarkably strong for his age, and his mother writes that his fondest toys are a pair of six-pound dumbbells. By cold water training of the body since birth, his skin has acquired a rich, rosy color. He is active, animated, full of life and fun, and is typically a physical culture child.

Editorial Department

Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.

There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect. .

No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.

If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, do not endorse as truth and fact.

THE season is now at hand when the country is especially inviting. It lures us away from the smoke, the dust and the poisoned air that thickly gather everywhere in large cities. Now is the time when going back to Nature is a delight. Some may find an excuse for huddling together in super-heated houses during the winter, but no intelligent person should resist the pleasures and increased health offered by life in the country at this season of the year.

Don't Live in the City

Do not live in the city one moment longer than is absolutely necessary. City life, city air and city influences dry up your muscles and nerves, and in time actually shrivel the best there is in your character. City life enervates in every instance. The noise and craving for continuous excitement quickly wear out the body. Turn from all this and enjoy the restful quietude and invigorating air found everywhere in the country.

No matter what may be your occupation, you can at least spend your sleeping and recreation hours in the country. In the city you are breathing second-hand air all the time. But if you live close to Nature, if you go out among the hills and valleys, the very act of breathing then becomes a pleasure.

Do not pass this by with the remark that you cannot follow this advice. Regardless of your occupation or salary, opportunities can easily be made that will enable you to secure the health and pleasure accruing from country life. If your salary is small, shun the most thickly populated districts. Go out into the real country, where show and sham have not yet appeared. Go to a real farmhouse, away from the traffic and contamination of city life, and live and breathe and eat according to Nature. I fully realize that many farmers live on very inferior food, which, if it were not counteracted by the rugged exercise and fresh air that they receive daily in the course of their pursuit, would soon poison and weaken their systems. Hog bacon, white bread and foods of this nature should always be avoided; I regret to say that such so-called foods are considered the all-important part of the diet of many farmers. But milk and eggs, whole wheat, corn meal, green vegetables and fruits can easily be obtained, and you should thrive and grow fat on these foods.

Monthly tickets are reasonable in price to and from all stations near the city, and if you will search for a farmhouse a little removed from the city travel, board can usually be secured at a price so much lower than is usual in large cities that you can also pay railroad fare without increasing your usual expenses. Of course, baths

in such homes are taken usually in wash-tubs, but your baths should be taken in the running streams or lakes. Work in the city if you must, but live in the country! And begin to live and enjoy that exhilaration which comes with the superb health that is possible only when one lives a natural life away from the contamination of congested cities.



WHEN the statement that required us to refuse advertisements of patent medicine, tobacco, whiskey, corset and other articles that we could not conscientiously recommend, was first called to the attention of the advertising world, the men who control it considered our announcement a joke. "How is it possible for any reputable publisher to refuse such advertising?" was the comment heard everywhere.

*The Coming Doom of
Patent Medicine Fakirs*

The regular advertisers did not for a moment believe that we were in earnest, for the advertising revenue of a publication usually pays a large part of the expense.

We refuse every month an amount of business that in a year would probably amount to from thirty to fifty thousand dollars. I realize fully that this is not to our financial advantage, though I believe that ultimately it will bring even financial rewards. For I believe our friends appreciate the policy that requires the editors and business manager to protect the readers from unscrupulous advertisers. The results of our good example are appearing in all kinds of publications. Many magazines are following our lead. But newspapers are slow in taking such a revolutionary step. Everywhere they besmirch their columns with a class of medical advertisements that are an insult to intelligent public. The owners and editors of these papers know that many of these medical companies are conducting fraudulent businesses. They know that they victimize every one who appeals to them for aid, and that they defraud them of money and health. And yet the newspapers continue to take the money of these conscienceless charlatans, fully aware of the nature of their business.

That well-known daily newspaper, "The Minneapolis Journal," has recently set an example that the decent newspapers of this country should soon be forced to follow. They have refused to take these fake medical advertisements. They announce that theirs is the only journal in the Northwest that will not accept objectionable medical advertising. They state that they have refused more than fifty columns of this character of business every month. They have realized that it is their duty to protect their readers from these conscienceless scoundrels. They are advertising this change in their policy, and it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when the owners of newspapers everywhere will realize that their frail and suffering readers are entitled to protection from these medical sharks. When the editorial columns of a paper contain a stirring criticism against injustice you are impressed, but when you find the owners to be partners in the crime of defrauding the weak and ailing of money and health, you naturally conclude that their ideas of justice must indeed be distorted.



ANOTHER Presidential election is near at hand. The same old stereotype phrases that are so popular in these great political battles are being heard again everywhere.

Everything is measured from a financial standpoint. In the two last Presidential campaigns it was a struggle between the silver standard and the gold

standard. The standard for which they will fight in the coming contest is hard to determine, but it is absolutely certain that it will refer only to the financial issues.

Take Physical Culture Into Politics

This is exclusively a commercial age. The general public is supposed to be interested only in the making of money. Nothing else is of special importance. Health, strength, manhood and womanhood, in their most superb perfection, have not assumed the slightest importance in the eyes of politicians. There is slight evidence of a coming change. William J. Bryan's recent lecture tour, wherein he called attention to the moral side of politics, indicates that at last he has recognized that there is something else in politics besides financial issues. It is about time for a beginning. The dollar has been the standard about long enough. Why can we not take physical culture into politics?

Never, until this reform becomes a political question, will it assume any importance. Never, until we are banded together into a great moral force, shall we be recognized by those who mould the political policies of this country.

The medical trust, with its compulsive vaccination and medical legislation, is doing more harm to the human race at the present moment than all other trusts. They are sapping the physical as well as financial resources of the people everywhere. How can we take physical culture into politics? How can we make political issues of these important questions which so vitally affect the human race?

I will not attempt to give advice on this subject. It is too important to express an off-hand opinion. I want to hear from my readers. How are we to make political issues of the grave problems that are presented in attempting to reform the human race along physical culture lines? I shall be pleased to receive short, pithy letters giving opinions on this subject. Remember to give your opinions in as few words as possible.

Bernarr Macfadden



The offer of \$100 for the best story submitted before April 1st, 1904, resulted in a deluge of short story MSS. Many of these stories are good, but owing to lack of space could not be published in the magazine within the time allotted.

Prize Story Contest

As these stories are worthy of an equal chance with those that have already appeared, we have decided to delay the award for several months, or until all the prize stories have appeared in the magazine. Due announcement of completion of contest will be made in magazine and prize winner announced. Readers are invited to send in their criticism or praise of stories as they appear.



Correspondence Club

Beginning with the July issue, a page of the magazine will be devoted each month to the Physical Culture Correspondence Club, announcement of which was made in the May issue of PHYSICAL CULTURE.



Physical Culture Dress Department

A Dress Department containing the latest and most valuable hints on hygienic dress is now a part of the BEAUTY AND HEALTH magazine. This addition is destined to be of great interest to every woman desiring to dress tastefully and healthfully.