

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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Physical Culture is Published Monthly and is Devoted to Subjects Appertaining to
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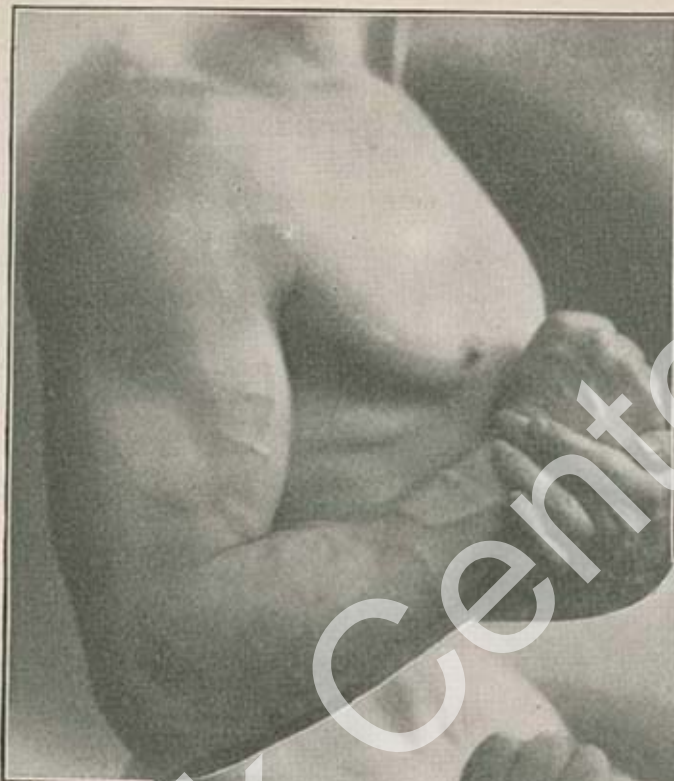
Stories and articles of unquestionable merit and photographs suitable for publication in "Physical Culture" invited. The editor does not assume responsibility for opinions of contributors.

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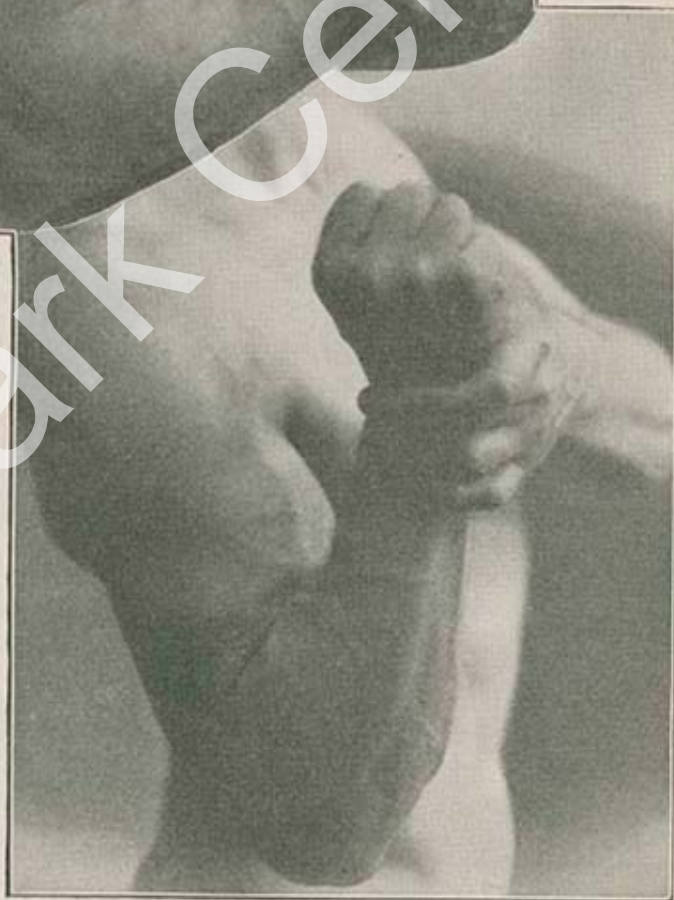
This book will contain elaborate yet simple and detailed instructions, without apparatus, for developing to the highest degree of perfection all parts of the muscular system.

Not only is every muscle used, but they are used in all the various actions.



Grasp right hand just back of wrist, as shown in first photograph, then resisting slightly with the left arm bring right arm upward and far outward at the side, as shown. Same exercise with each arm. Continue until tired.

Two selected from a list of nearly 150 photographs of the editor's muscular development, that will be used to illustrate the exercises described in his new book now being prepared, entitled "Physical Development Simplified."



EDITORIAL SUPPLEMENT

NO student who believes in a higher development of the human race, and who fully realizes the vast importance of developing men and women to all their attainable mental and physical perfection, can avoid condemning in most scathing terms the condition existing in this modern so-called civilized age.

Pick up a newspaper! What do you find therein which is of real advantage to the average individual? They are called newspapers, and they are supposed to disseminate news, but in reality they are in most instances composed largely of revolting records of criminal events, which appeal only to the lowest elements of the human mind.

*A New Weekly
Publication.*

Murders, suicides, divorce cases and everything which indicates human degeneracy is recorded in all its most glaring detail. This is the average newspaper editor's idea of news.

Why should they pick out of the sewer of human life all the filthy, stinking mass of slimy details and flaunt it before the eyes of the public? Any real thinking, clear-minded student would suppose that happenings of such dirty, noisome nature had better be covered up, or at least merely recorded without detail.

Then comes money! What a Gorgon influence this exerts! It is a god they all worship. They bow down daily to this mighty colossus. Money! Money! It is their one and only aim. It is the acme of their ambition. To them there is nothing higher, nobler or grander than the mere acquirement of cash. Usually they will do anything to attain this one object.

Many newspapers claim that they represent the American people; that they are fighting for the interest of the general public; that they help the weak; raise up the fallen and favor the masses against the classes.

There was never a more absurd lie than this. Usually, they are simply serving their money god. They are fighting for nothing but to add to their piles of wealth. They are struggling for nothing but to serve this one end.

Work for you or for me? Don't be a fool and believe such trash. Their heaven is represented as a place to count gold, and they would sacrifice you and me, and frequently honor, home or anything to serve their own degraded purpose.

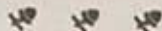
I am tired of all this; tired of reading distorted views of life presented by these fake publications, whose idea of news is the portrayal of human degeneracy, and whose every article and editorial is influenced by the money market or their perverted impression as to the demands of a decent public. Many publications have started into life with nobler and grander principles, but their managers usually lack business acumen and as a rule they attract but little attention.

The time is ripe for a publication, the policy of which will be to make a grander race of the American people. Some time ago I stated editorially that if I could assist in bringing about the changes essential to the accomplishment of this grand object, I would myself start a paper or a publication devoted to this. For some time I have given the matter serious consideration. I believe, however, that it is deeds not words which count in this world, and beginning sometime during the next three or four months I expect to launch a weekly paper which will be called—

“THE CRY FOR JUSTICE.”

Who, in his travels through life, does not have to cry out again and again for justice?

I want every American man and every American woman who believes in, and is willing to fight for justice, for the higher elevation of humanity, to support me in this effort to better human life. The publication will be sold for five cents and will be on sale at every news-stand where PHYSICAL CULTURE is sold, and will discuss every subject of interest to thinking, intelligent Americans.



I STAND ready now or at any time in the future to join forces with a National Society or with a number of men, who will, with me, deed all they own or may acquire in the future beyond what is actually needed for their support in comfort, to any institution, company or society that is devoted absolutely to the reform work which my magazines have so well started.

Who Will Join Me?

For I believe—

That a man who works all his life to acquire a fortune, and then founds a family of drones, is a fool;

That any values inherited beyond what are necessary to support one in comfort, are a curse;

That it is only by and through the experience secured in earning money, that one learns how to wisely use it.



The photographs of the Editor's arm on another page, and bust view on the front cover, taken just after finishing in four weeks a novel entitled *A Strenuous Lover*, that contains nearly three times as much matter as his other novel, *The Athlete's Conquest*, and which will make over four hundred large pages, indicates that hard mental work need not injure one's physical condition if the body is cared for intelligently.

Bernarr Macfadden

A Gladiator of To-Day

Harold Stuart Eyre

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



THE fight was near at hand, and as the time grew shorter, Andy Flynn's anxiety increased. Andy knew that this was bad for him, it being the first duty of a man in training to keep his mind free from care. But in Andy's case that seemed impossible. He had too much at stake. His whole

future depended upon the outcome of the approaching contest.

The fact that if he won he would receive a purse of fifty dollars, Andy regarded as of secondary importance, although the money would substantially help to furnish a certain four-roomed flat he had in mind. The vital point was that if he did not win he would have no use for the four-roomed flat. Joe Kearney, whom he was matched to box, was also his rival in love, and Miss Jenny Price, the object of their affections, had signified her intention of bestowing her hand upon the victor in the combat. The young men had protested against this method of settling the question, but Jenny was inexorable. As she put it, she could not marry both, and she did not want to hurt the feelings of either by rejecting him. Since they were to compete in this match, why not fight the other matter out between them, and relieve her of an awkward situation? She was sure, she added, that the man who loved her best would win.

Accordingly the young men had trained hard, especially Andy Flynn. Joe Kearney, who disliked routine, had not worked so steadily after the first week. But then he did not need to. Not only was he bigger and stronger than his rival, but his occupation was one which promoted bodily vigor. Joe was an iceman;

Andy ran an elevator in an office building.

Hitherto Andy had flattered himself that Jenny regarded his occupation as socially higher than that of his rival. For Andy wore a distinguished-looking pearl-gray uniform, with brass buttons. Also, his duties brought him into daily contact with commercial magnates. Joe Kearney, on the other hand, rode around in overalls and a red flannel shirt, and transacted most of his business with servant girls. But when it came to training for a boxing match, Andy realized that his rival's occupation was greatly in the latter's favor.

Joe was in the open air nearly all day—an important feature. Then, too, handling heavy pieces of ice was a fine muscular exercise, strengthening the arms in particular, and the whole upper part of the body in general. Moreover, in apartment houses Joe hoisted the ice on the dumb waiter, which was good for wrists, forearms and shoulders.

Considering these things, together with Kearney's advantages of weight, strength and reach, Andy Flynn realized that he would be handicapped. True, he was a better boxer than Kearney, and in sparring for points would have had the advantage. But in twenty rounds at catch weights, brute strength and endurance count for much. Wherefore, Andy utilized every available hour in training. He did as much outdoor work as possible, running five miles twice a day. Every night, at the athletic club on Third avenue, where the fight was to take place, he punched the bag, drilled with light dumb-bells, and sparred with whomever would put on the gloves.

The fateful day arrived. In the evening Andy went to the tenement in which Jenny Price lived with her mother. Jenny was very anxious to see the fight, al-



though the presence of her sex was forbidden by the rules of the club. The girl had persisted until the young men arranged to escort her jointly to the building on the night of the contest, the janitor's wife having promised to smuggle her into a corner whence she could see without being observed.

It was early when Andy reached the tenement, but Joe Kearney had already arrived, and Jenny was putting on her hat. Andy saw a decided change in the girl's attitude toward Joe and himself. Hitherto diplomatically neutral, tonight she treated Andy with coldness and Joe with obvious warmth. Could it be that she thought Joe would win the fight, and therefore favored him? This thought was maddening.

As they all walked toward Third avenue, Andy was practically ignored. He felt very unhappy, but fresh misery was in store for him.

Approaching a gaudily lighted ice cream and soda water establishment, Jenny paused, and guilelessly observed that "it was awful warm." Andy suggested refreshments at his expense. But Joe grinned triumphantly. "Not dis evenin'," he remarked. "Dis is my treat, an' you ain't in it. So long—see you later."

Andy glanced at Jenny. She smiled saucily. "Joe's right," she said. "Two's company and three's none. You go take a walk, Andy."

Andy turned away, thoroughly sick at heart. The truth was out—Jenny did not care for him. Never before had he felt so blue. He wondered why a mere girl should have the power to turn the world upside down for a healthy young man and make him feel, as he expressed it, like thirty cents. No longer did he look forward to the fight with a thrill of excitement. What matter now whether he won or lost?

Half an hour later he felt better. His heart still ached, but some of his interest in the match had revived. He said to himself darkly that he would push in Joe Kearney's face, or know the reason why.

When the men appeared in the ring, Kearney's big pink body, with its sharply defined zone of sunburn around the neck, glowed forth strength and vitality. Andy Flynn was particularly impressed by the

muscles at the back of his opponent's arms. He wondered whether their prominence was due to the dumb-waiter exercise.

As for Andy's appearance, the experts thought that he had trained a bit too fine.

The men sparred for an opening.

To save his strength, Andy let his antagonist assume the aggressive. This was evidently satisfactory to Joe, who tried to rush matters from the beginning.

During the first four rounds honors were about even, but in the fifth Kearney scored a knockdown. Andy got up dazed and shaken. Joe saw his opportunity, and landed a number of body blows before Andy had time to recover.

By the eighth round Andy's muscles ached, and he was badly winded. He feared that he could not stand the pace much longer. He had received severe punishment without administering much in return.

Once, delivering his left in Kearney's face, Andy was met by a punch which sent him against the guard ropes. Joe's friends yelled for a knockout. Joe grinned back his intention of complying—but his grin seemed suddenly a trifle forced.

In the twelfth round Andy Flynn made a discovery. Joe Kearney was losing his steam! He rushed things no longer, and the sledge-hammer force of his blows had diminished. The knowledge that his rival was weakening put new strength into Andy's tired frame. Forthwith he assumed the aggressive, and began to even matters. In the fifteenth round, Kearney, plainly distressed, was unmercifully hooted by his late admirers. Their jeers spurred him to a frenzied rally. He made one of his bull-like rushes, and aimed a blow that would have felled a horse. But Andy was alert, and, ducking neatly, countered with a left hander clean on the point of the jaw. Joe Kearney dropped like a log.

Andy's name went up in a roar of approval. But the young man scarcely heard; he was watching his rival as the seconds were counted off. To his intense relief, Kearney did not stir until too late.

Andy had won. Yet the victory brought him no elation; he was not enjoying his triumph in the least. As soon as possible he escaped from his new friends, and the drinks they pressed upon him, and left the building. On reaching the street, he found Jenny Price awaiting him.

"Oh, Andy!" cried the girl, impulsively, "you was great! I seen it all, an' I'm proud of yer. Say, that was a daisy smack you fetched him at the end."

Andy looked at her sternly. "So dis is de game," he remarked, "playin' up to me now 'cos I've come out on top! Not on yer tintype! After de way yer treated me to-night, de bluff don't work. You kin go back to Joe Kearney!"

The girl's face grew pale. "Andy!" she gasped, "you ain't goin' to turn me down, are yer, just 'cos I tried to help yer win?"

"Help me win!" echoed Andy. "You did dat for fair! It's a wonder I had de heart to put on de gloves at all!"

"I done the best I could"—Jenny's voice was beginning to quaver—"I thought the ice cream would fix him, an—"

"De wot?"

"The ice cream," repeated Jenny, very shakily. "I'd heard it was bad for a man in trainin', an' I thought if I could make Joe—"

"Do you mean to say," demanded Andy, "dat you hypnotized dat stiff into eatin' ice cream to-night?"

"Sure!" affirmed Jenny, tears trickling down her cheeks. "He had two plate-fuls—an' cake, too!"

Andy regarded her admiringly.

"Hully gee!" he exclaimed. "No wonder Joe lost his steam!"



Japanese Physical Culture

Part II — Continued
from August Number

By
Arthur T. Buswell,
M. D.

(The illustrations printed herewith are from the book on Physical Culture by Prof. Tsuboi. The exercises are for two persons, and they combine all the benefits in the way of quick development, and promoting suppleness and health. Heavy japanned iron rings should be used, and they may be employed as dumb-bells, as well as for the purpose illustrated. The exercises illustrated in this article will be found a very effective method of development).



PROFESSOR T SUBOI said his people were delighted with baseball, and it is likely to become the national game of Japan as well as of our own country. A chief holiday for boys is the fifth day of the fifth month. For several days prior to this occasion, the stores have on sale a great variety of novelties specially designed for the forthcoming holiday, including banners, streamers, flags, guns, and many toy implements of war. Then there are effigies of famous generals and wrestlers, all calculated to please the juvenile fancy. It is the custom of the parents to buy a set of these toys for each boy in the family.



11. Stand with both arms hanging at sides grasping ring. Bring the ring on one side high over head, then around to other side, as shown in illustration.

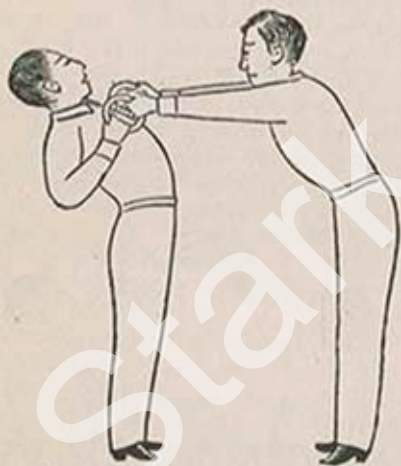
This universal holiday is well called the "Feast of Flags," for everywhere, and of every description, one sees them, not the least conspicuous being the large paper fish, dangling from a bamboo pole, which, being hollow, is filled with wind and floats aloft in the breeze quite like a veritable monster of the deep. When this fish is thus seen over a residence, it is supposed to signify that a son has been born during the year just passed, or that the family is blessed with boys.

A most interesting and healthful game with the boys of Japan is that called "Genji and Heiké," the names representing the two clans or classes—Minamoto and Taira. The boys, well provided with flags, form in two squads, those representing Heiké having red, and those standing for Genji white. The drum beats and the boys rush at their opponents to seize their respective flags. The company which succeeds in getting the larger number of flags wins the victory. Sometimes the boys number many hundred, and march like soldiers in battle array.

A similar game used to be played, the boys having the flags fastened to their backs, and bamboo swords, with a piece of flat earthenware, or other substance, secured to the head as a kind of helmet. All being in readiness, the sign for attack would be given, and the combatants would rush at each other, the object being to break the earthen head piece, in which case the unfortunate lad would be obliged to leave the field of action, the company having the larger number of broken shields being the vanquished army. It is interesting to note that the Japanese Government, finding that many a boy was in-



12. Stand straight as shown in dotted lines, bend over as shown in dark lines, first to the right, then to the left.



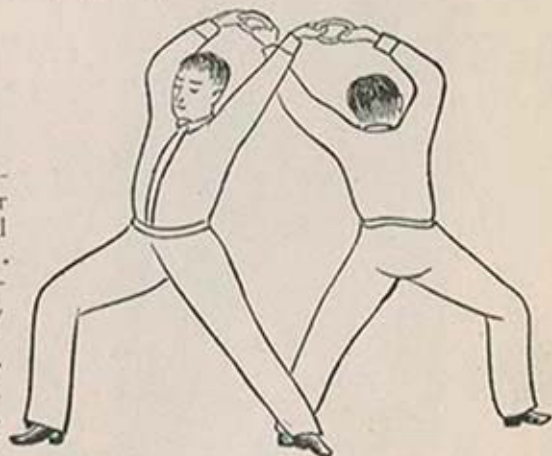
13. Stand straight. Pull your assistant as far over as you can, bending far backward. Same exercise to be repeated by each.

is confronted with evidences of a general gala day, until he imagines an epidemic of fun and frolic has turned a nation's head.

In that far-off country the club or gymnasium is not as common as in our country; the Japanese boys and girls are only just beginning to have the advantages of this kind, institutions having been recently established by government aid. The girl of Japan must still carry forward, especially outside of the large



14. Stand as shown in dotted lines. Step forward with right foot as shown in dark lines.



15. Stand with rings high over head backward. Step out as shown in the illustration.

jured in playing this game, has recently prohibited it.

About the beginning of the new year commences a round of games and amusements ingeniously designed to cultivate both the intellectual and bodily powers of the child and adult alike, for both heartily engage in these universal seasons of pleasure, and go where he will, the foreigner



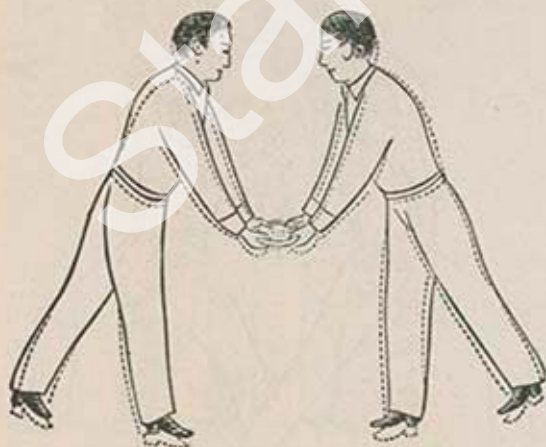
16. An exercise to be taken with two beanbags being thrown at the same time.

cities, her own amusements and physical training, either in her own room, or in the grounds about her home, accompanied by the song of birds as happy and free as herself, and surrounded by the beauties and fragrance of the chrysanthemum and lotus flower.

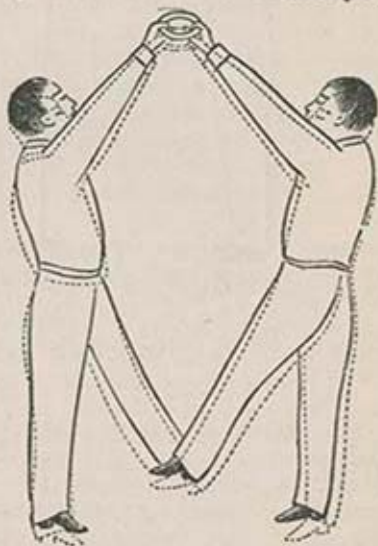
Contrast this free and natural life of the Japanese girl, costumed in the simple, loose-fitting kimono, a stranger to corsets or even tightly-fitting waists, and shoes, allowing perfect ventilation to the skin, a simple non-meat diet, her living rooms peculiarly open to fresh air and sunshine, and that of the average young

girl of our own country, whose dress, from top to toe, must be in keeping with the prevailing style, without regard to health, and whose chief exercise must be a carriage ride, or, perchance, a restrained walk, under constant surveillance, and we have a possible reason for the fact that so many of our girls die before they become of age.

Most interesting, too, is the fact that the Japanese women outlive the men, as is proven by statistics. It is the custom of the Emperor to present a beautiful sako (wine dish) to all his people who have passed the eightieth year at each census, and while comparatively few men attain that age, many women come forward each year to receive the coveted prize.



17. Stand as shown in illustration, keeping muscles quite tense, now endeavor to shake each other as much as possible.



18. Stand as shown in illustration, keeping the muscles all tense, now endeavor to shake each other as much as possible.

Physical Culture Our Only Hope for Regeneration

By A. O. Opperman



PERHAPS there is not now a sane physician living who would not admit, when conscientiously questioned at his death-bed, that the standing of the so-called science of medicine in the 20th century, is a garbled conglomeration of vague, false, unproved theories and hypotheses; that the

action of all drugs administered are uncertain, unreliable, and mere guess-work.

It is the truth that the first manifestations of ill health are increased bodily temperature—fever and inflammation.

And it is also true that no up-to-date medical professor is able to define and demonstrate what a fever is; where it comes from, and what its mission is.

All the physicians try to accomplish is to subdue fever and inflammation, and they very often succeed—by killing the patient. What generally is called disease, is only an effort to equalize abnormal actions of the organs of our animal organization.

The eternal, God-given laws of nature have imbued our bodies with an instinctive power of self-preservation of life, and what we try to suppress is only a wholesome action, which should be enhanced instead of frustrated.

That the practice of medicine is not a science, everyone can find out by consulting ten different best physicians; each one will give a different name of disease, diagnosis, prognosis, and different prescriptions for the same affliction.

How many reports have been made in the last 30 years by physicians in Europe and America stating that they had successfully treated almost all of the different diseases by *placebos*? That means



something to please, imaginary medicine, or colored water!

The highest aim of a physician should be to make himself dispensable, by teaching the people how to live healthy lives, and prevent abnormal functional activity of the organism.

Have we doctors (teachers) done this, or even striven to reach this goal? No!

Statistics teach us that out of ten children born, six die before five years old. Has the medical profession ever tried to teach the masses how to avoid this

calamity; or has it ever tried to ferret out the cause?

Has ever any board of health in any city of this broad land of the free and home of the brave endeavored to teach the people how to live, and what methods to pursue, in order to avoid all prevalent, death-dealing diseases? No!

The answer is only to be found in this: The profession of medicine is here to stay, for the money that is in it—to dupe the ignorant, to keep superstition rampant, to form a gigantic trust—only for commercialism!

How to Cure Smallpox

By Elmer Lee, M. D., New York



HERE is the story of a case of smallpox successfully managed from first to last without drugs. The sickness began May 18, the fever lasted just six days, and at the end of two weeks the patient was well. The spots came out on the third day, and at the close of the third week not a scab remained. The patient was a young lady, 19 years old, living near Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and a favorite with all who knew her. She had been "vaccinated successfully" less than two years ago. It was a case of self-generated smallpox, that is, it originated within her own body, and not from the body of some other person. During the sickness there was at no time after the first two or three days any pain, headache, or other bodily discomfort; all went well from day to day, and the patient was always cheerful, and even merry. Her one cause for anxiety was dread of pitting of the skin, but not one pit occurred, and the face will not show a trace of smallpox. The treatment consisted practically of four things. First, no food allowed for the first week; after that two small meals of plain, or elementary food, as I term it. Second, all the pure, cool water she could drink. Third, sponging

the entire surface of the body and face with sapona and water. I might state that sapona is liquid soap. Fourth, plenty of fresh air and sunlight admitted to the room.

Smallpox is not the dread disease pictured by scare writers, and if treated as a fever, under the foregoing scientific plan, it is quickly and safely terminated. If each one who reads of this will ever remember that the case was a characteristic example of true smallpox, verified by three physicians, acting separately, it will help to allay that fear which is felt on the mere mention of the word smallpox. The treatment of this young lady is suitable for every case. Mismanagement of smallpox is the cause of complications and death. Use no drugs, but use fresh water internally; sponging with a solution of soap and water; fresh air and sunlight; and, above all, omit feeding till there is no longer any fever; and really that is all there is to it. The new era in the practice of medicine (not the practice of chemicals and drugs) is gaining confidence. Five years ago it was with difficulty that physicians could secure practice upon the higher yet simpler plan, while at this moment the new light is fast spreading.

Smallpox, when properly managed, is not a "dread disease," and is seldom fatal. It is a disease similar to remittent

fever, plus the eruptions. The smallpox eruptions are droplets of serum from the blood, which ooze through the true skin and push up the outer layer into pimples, at first, and increase till they sometimes are as large as the end of the little finger. At the end of one week the serum in the raised skin begins to dry up, and a yellowish scab is formed. This scab crumbles and falls off during the second or third week, leaving the skin underneath slightly raised, but which again becomes smooth in due time. Pitting is caused by prolonged fever and ulceration, with destruction of the true skin lying underneath the drop of serum. The first thing, then, is to do that which allays fever, and that first step in the cure is to keep away all food, solid and liquid, so long as there is fever; after that the treatment is an easy matter.

Could this plan of management gain acceptance, much of the anxiety of the world would disappear. It would at the

same time make the treatment of smallpox as simple as measles; indeed, one would not be feared more than the other. Again, smallpox is not a dangerous, contagious disease, and the manner of the cure of Miss Agnes, as recited, is the proper treatment for any human being who acquires smallpox.

It is seldom that physicians are privileged to retain and treat smallpox cases at home, owing to the habit of taking such patients to pest houses, a practice supported by the sentiment of the people under the present misguided judgment. In the future it is hoped better counsel will prevail. It is my hope, also, that the readers of *PHYSICAL CULTURE* will be benefited by the description of this case.

The over-zeal of the inspectors of the Board of Health was the source of much annoyance to the family and neighbors. The enemy of the race is ignorance, not disease, and hope of better things lies in the spread of enlightenment.

Lost Manhood Restored



OF all the goose-heads outside of the asylum for idiots is that old fool who has passed the natural age of sexual virility, and is seeking some doctor's compound to restore what he calls his lost manhood.

Of all the knaves outside of the penitentiary is that doctor who seeks through advertisement and similar pretensions to find sale for a remedy which he affirms will restore lost manhood to an old, frazzled out libertine.

Neither of these men has had any manhood to lose. Neither of them will ever find any manhood until he gets decent enough to turn his mind to some better purpose. The patient ought to be sent to some institution for the feeble-minded, while the doctor ought to be sent to the workhouse for a long term.

It is a blessing to the world that the doctor cannot restore such lost manhood. Such a doctor is a knave. Such a patient is a fool. They ought to be yoked together like oxen, and hitched to some poor man's plow about six weeks, breaking earth in some back stump-plot, with a loud-voiced, strong-armed driver. This would be almost sufficient to cure one of his lost manhood, and the other of his lost sense of honor.

The prescription, then, to restore lost manhood to an impotent, old, senile whelp would run as follows:

Harnessed up with fakirs.....	1
Hitched to plows.....	1
Excoriated with whips.....	1
Hours exercise	10

To be applied with vigor every day, Sunday excepted, for six weeks. Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Name blown in every bottle. Be sure that our signature is on the label. Beware of cheap imitations.—*Medical Talk*.

Prurient Prudes

John R. Coryell



MERELY as an abstract proposition, no one would question the right of any human being to ask, "Is it true?" Yet, as a matter of fact, from childhood to old age, there are certain dogmas, certain conditions which the world forbids us to question. With one breath we cry out, "This is the age of progress; investigate!" in the next we solemnly warn the investigator, "But beware that you do not make any assault on the ideas, which time has sanctioned, and which the custom of belief has made sacred."

We declare that the truth is mighty and must prevail, but we do all we can to make good the proposition that "whatever is, is right." Challenge the right of any old habit or custom to continue to rule us, and see the horror-stricken faces of the old fogies and fossils, clustering about you to condemn your heresy. And their shrieks of terror, when you seek to drag out and expose to the light of truth, one of their most cherished and usually most false conventions!

"That is one of the things we have always done," they cry. "How wicked to question it! Why, our fathers and mothers always did that." They not only cry out in horror, but they turn their batteries of sneers and ridicule on you, and are quite content, if they can make noise enough, to drown the voice in which you try to reason against their unreasoning beliefs.

There is the voice of authority, too! It belongs to the solemn cad who never in his life had the courage to entertain an honest doubt. The voice of authority never tells you *why* not, but always thunders *shall* not. If you gave heed to it, you might as well take your place with the clams, and rejoice in only two sensations—high water, and again high water.

But don't take your place with the unenterprising clams; better far challenge everything in sight, than accept everything as it is. Honest doubt and free discussion never in this world brought injury to the truth. The more you discuss a truth, the brighter and more glorious it will seem. So challenge and challenge, and once again challenge, remembering that if you challenge a truth, you are so much the more working in the interest of that truth; for the more it is discussed, the firmer will be its establishment. And forever beware of the man who rolls his eyes skyward, and bids you leave a subject alone, because it is one that may not be questioned. There is nothing that may not be honestly questioned; not even omnipotence.



But I am out for smaller game than omnipotence. Oh, I am out for the very smallest of game—the prudes. Have you ever noticed how nicely alliteration serves us in the case of the prudes? Prurient prudes! Perhaps they don't mean to be, but it is fate—prurient prudes! How the words combine and roll off the tongue! I challenge them. Why do they exist? Have they a right to exist? Do they serve any good purpose whatever?

If a horrible example serves a good purpose, then are the prurient prudes of use in the world. But no, they are even too horrible; they stand in the way of progress—Ah, how solemnly and sanctimoniously they stand with folded hands and rolling eyes, assuring the world that they, and they alone, are the repositories of true morality! So on with the car of progress! There will be nothing worse than a soft "squash!" when the wheels go over them, for they are the flabbiest of creatures, and have no real power of resistance. You can't even kill them off, for no sooner has the car of progress passed quite over them, than they are up and proclaiming the new idea, and asserting it is the only true one. They will be there still when the next car comes along.

When the word *prude* was coined it was evidently meant to describe a certain class of women only; as if so contemptible a trait as prudery were not possible in so fine a creature as man! Caustic old Jonathan Swift describes the woman prude: "Her elbows were riveted to her sides, and her whole person so ordered as to inform everybody that she was afraid they should touch her." To-day we may add to this description that she wears her lips in a half-packing droop, while in her dull eyes is the subdued light of self-conscious righteousness.

But after all, it is the man prude, who is the fine flower of perfection. Infallibility enthroned, oozes from every uncovered pore of him. You may be sure his lips are full and flabby, his chin is small and weak, though inclined to double itself at the expense of an already too thin throat; his voice is smooth and fat; there is something in his eyes that makes clean-minded folk turn uneasily away.

Of course, the prude is essentially nasty. That is not a pleasant word, which is why I use it in this connection. He puts nasty thoughts into the pure minds of young people by a series of carefully calculated suggestions. It is his joy to make mysteries of the simplest and most commonplace facts, in order that he may secretly gloat over them. Take a sample instance: A little girl sits down. Indeed, that is all there is



of it—a little girl sits down. It is true that her gown is so made, that it will not readily cover her knees, when she sits on a chair. If her knees should be covered when she sits down, why is her gown not made so that they will be covered? But is there any reason known to a clean mind why a little girl's knees should be covered? Now watch the prudes when the little girl sits down! The man prude rolls a gloating look over the innocent knees, and keeps his eyes turned conspicuously away; while the woman prude gasps: "Pull your dress down!" If the little innocent asks why, the lips of the woman prude purse themselves, and deliver themselves of this conclusive reason: "Because it isn't nice for little girls not to pull their dresses down."

Consider the attitude of the prude toward the nude! PHYSICAL CULTURE, in doing a really great work for the regeneration of the human species, gives in its pages illustrations of the human form—plus the fig leaf, of course, the prurient prude of the world having insisted that the imagination should be stimulated, by covering that which would otherwise be commonplace. But even with this concession to their pruriency, the prudes are not satisfied; they find that their jaded imaginations need a severer pricking, and ask that the figures should have still more covering. They declare that a nude body is an indecency. Of course, they do not prove their statement. Do you suppose they would not, if they could? The fact is, that they ask that more of the nude be covered, in order that they may make a mystery of what they wish hidden—mystery being the most luscious food for their diseased imaginations. When anyone tells you there is something indecent and shameful in the nude, ask for a reason that will prove the truth of the contention.

I know it will seem to some of those who read these words, that they are over harsh; I know, too, that many good, clean persons object to the nude only because it is nude; but I am attacking no sincere person. A sincere person will wish to know the truth, and will not be afraid of it. He only needs to know the truth to accept it. If I speak for myself, I will say that I wish to know it, if I am wrong. I realize that the moment I believe myself

the repository of the whole truth I am convicting myself of being a fool. I ask, however, something more than mere assertion from the voice of authority.

Can anyone show that it is right that any part of the beautiful human body should be called shameful? Is any function of the body shameful, because it seems desirable that it should be performed in private? There is no need to carry a Chinese gong with you, to advertise to the world your intention to pay due heed to the monitions of your organs, but, on the other hand, it is far wiser and more natural to pay that heed, even to the noise of a gong, rather than come to injury through respect for the opinions of those prudes, who decry in a loud voice and with averted eyes whatever is natural; and who reserve their fiercest condemnation for those acts which are most important.

Why, the prudes have actually robbed us of words with which to describe the most important organs of the human body, taking the ground that they are too shameful to speak of. Latin words are, indeed, used and the Latin word which describes the generative organs means just this: That of which one ought to be ashamed. Well, certainly we ought to be ashamed of the word, and still more of the spirit which prompted its use.

The prude hinders us from informing the minds of our boys and girls on the most important subjects which enter into their lives and happiness. It must be "Hush! and do not ask such questions. There are some things that are not to be talked of." And then, what does the child do? A very few children turn away from the forbidden subjects, but the vast majority go to secret corners, and exchange their ignorance for that of their fellows, building a superstructure of hideous misinformation on the innuendoes, suggestions and mysteries which the prudes have scattered broadcast for their gathering. Babies are found in hollow trees; babies are fished out of the water; babies are brought by storks; babies are brought by angels. Can anyone tell me why a lie is beautiful? Does any sane person doubt that one of the most beautiful facts of life is this one: A baby grows within its mother's womb. Suppose a banker were to educate his

son for his business, by sending him for information and example to gamblers, thieves and murderers. It is unthinkable; and yet we educate our boys and girls, at the behest of the prurient prude, for the greatest, the sweetest, the purest, the fundamental affair of their lives—parenthood—by teaching them, by word and deed, that parenthood is arrived at through shame and indecency, by way of the lowest animal instinct; by refusing them the knowledge on the subject, that they eagerly demand, and by sending them to other boys and girls, and to ignorant or depraved servants, to be taught.

Down with the prude! out with the prude! Why, it is the prude who makes

one standard of morality for the man and another for the woman; as if morality were a matter of sex. It is the prude who says with a leer: "Oh, I know men; they are all alike." What he means is that he believes all men as foul within as he knows himself to be. It is the prude, in short, who strives to convert all the natural purity and sweetness of life into something foul, unsavory, degrading.

So once again, I say, let the car of progress run over the flabby things, so that humanity, unhindered by their noise-some presence and exhalations, may grow into knowledge and appreciation of self, and into a consciousness of the sweet purity of sex manifestation.



The above tombstone tells a tragic story, doubly tragic because so unnecessary. A sweet young life just beginning to taste the joys of existence has Disease, in a foul and loathsome semblance, thrust upon her.

Sir, what if this had been your child? Madam, what if your golden-haired baby, the delight of your home, had been poisoned by vaccination? Would you not want to do what you could to prevent other mothers and fathers being so bereaved?

An Answer to a Faster's Warning



OME time ago there appeared in the *Evening Telegram* the following:

"Faster warns against fasting.—Boston woman who went without food three weeks a cumbrous wreck.—Special to the *Evening Telegram*."

"Boston, Mass., Monday, June 8, 1902.—Mrs. J. A. Kurtz, of Clifton-

dale, who conducted a sensational fast at her home here a year ago, is out with a warning to all people, young and old, to avoid the evils of a temporary abstinence.

"She says that going without food for twenty-one days has wrecked her whole life. Mentally and physically, that fast has cast its baleful influence upon her. She says that unless relief comes, she cannot live long; and as it is, all joy has dropped from her existence.

"When Mrs. Kurtz announced that she was to fast all Boston looked on and waited. Thrilling bulletins of returning vitality came from the home of the faster; Mrs. Kurtz began to fall away most encouragingly; she lost pounds during her fast. But shortly after her resumption of solid food she began to pile on weight, and now tips the scales at two hundred and forty-one pounds, a net gain of twenty-one pounds.

"If I had only been contented to eat my three meals a day, and a bite just before bed time," she said, "how much better off I would have been. That fast did me up. My health is shattered; I am getting stouter every day, and I don't know what peace of mind is."

A person reading the above in my presence, remarked to me that he was of the opinion that the woman was right in warning the public against fasting. "Food we must have," he said; "food sustains life; without it we cannot live; to fast is unnatural. The plant that is not watered, dies."

"Good for you, my wise and learned

friend," says I, "that was quite a pretty little speech. But your argument is founded on ignorance.

"Your idea is that we are in constant danger of dying, and that we must constantly feed, feed, feed—gormandize, 'pile it in' to keep alive; that the more we eat, the better off we are; that we don't eat enough, unless we load up until we're about ready to burst. Well, most people think the same way as you do.

"Instead of realizing that only what we can digest and assimilate benefits us, and all the food that we take over and above our capacity to use, harms us, you and the majority of people think that the more we put into our mouths, and force down our throats the better we will be nourished, as though overloading the stomach were an impossibility.

"Now, to answer the rest of your argument, the picturesque, the hyperbolic portion of it. If you give a plant too much water it'll rot—we all know that. And if you give a human being too much food, that human being will get sick. The sickness will manifest itself through such diseases as colds, smallpox, consumption, tonsillitis, diphtheria, fevers, rheumatism, gout, and a host of other filth diseases.

"This 'eating subject' should be correctly understood. If it were, there would be less misery and disease in the world.

One part of the foregoing newspaper clipping states that a twenty-one days' fast has wrecked Mrs. Kurtz's whole life; another portion informs us that "thrilling bulletins of returning vitality came from the home of the faster. Mrs. Kurtz began to fall away most encouragingly; she lost pounds during her fast." It further says that shortly after her resumption of solid food she began to pile on weight. Then it was *not* the fast, but the *improper breaking* of it that is the cause of her troubles.

Mrs. Kurtz, you have gone about your weight-reducing in the wrong way. You started right, but you finished wrong. A fast alone is not sufficient. You must

abide by several other rules if you wish to be successful in reducing weight.

You admit that as long as the fast lasted you improved; that you felt "returning vitality" coursing through your veins and making you feel as you had not felt for years—good! You admit that you lost pounds during the fast. You appear to have been under the incorrect impression that all that was necessary to reduce your weight was to fast and rest; sit down for three weeks and do nothing; take it easy, expecting fasting to do all the work; then to go and eat as much as you could hold, fill up on all those eatables which you liked the best—presumably fat meat, heavy vegetables, white bread and pastry. And yet you cannot understand why you are gaining weight.

Your present condition is a natural consequence of the conduct you have described; it was to be expected. The organs of digestion are greatly strengthened and invigorated by a fast, and will perform their function much better as a result of the rest they have had. When you fast you store up energy, and when your digestive apparatus is again called upon to perform the work for which it was created, it is going to do it to much better effect. Rest benefits the stomach and intestines, as it does your head or your arm. Consequently, after a fast you must be careful how you begin to eat, and what you eat.

You say you eat at every opportunity—at least four meals a day; that's too

much for a thin person—certainly too much for you. Adhere to your present feeding program and you'll be smothered to death in your own fat. You are eating too much.

Fast, but instead of three weeks, make it a month, and if you haven't got an appetite at the end of the month, keep on fasting till you have. You will get an appetite all right, and when you have got a good, hearty, natural appetite, be careful how you satisfy it.

While fasting, drink copiously of distilled water. Take about three hours of middling vigorous exercise daily—more, if you have time. Take hot baths every day, as hot as you can with comfort.

Break your fast with oranges, peaches, plums, or any fruit obtainable, but only fruit.

After this confine yourself to one meal per day. Eat your single daily meal at the time of day when you have the most time to eat it, enjoy and digest it, and rest. Eat very moderately, eat slowly, masticate thoroughly.

Let your meals consist chiefly of fruits, a small portion of vegetables, not more than one kind, and little meat, whole wheat or rye bread, and some kind of cereal coffee.

Continue the rest of the program regarding bathing and exercise, as before laid out, until you have attained a normal figure.

Follow these directions, Mrs. Kurtz, and you will have an opportunity to retract your statement against fasting as publicly as you made it.



Meat Eater vs. Vegetarians

By Otto Carque



HERE prevails a wide-spread opinion that meat is essential to bodily and mental vigor and that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races owe their prestige to their carnivorous habits. But modern scientific researches, as well as many practical examples have proven that the food-value of meat is very much over-estimated and that remarkable feats

of both physical and mental endurance are done by those who abstain from flesh foods altogether.

The rise of so many false criticisms of vegetarianism lies in the fact, that numbers of people who call themselves "vegetarians" or others who for one reason or another have abstained from animal food, have no real physiological knowledge. They often fail to put in their daily bill of fare an adequate quantity of nitrogenous material (protein or albumen) in place of meat. This is found in nuts and certain cereals in a larger amount and in a much purer state than in meat. The result has been that the nutrition of those who started a meatless diet has often more or less failed either to quite satisfy themselves, or to recommend their methods to others.

A rational diet, consisting of fruits, nuts and well-prepared cereals, free from all alcoholic beverages, tea, coffee and similar alkaloid-containing substances, is recognized by all those who have given this matter careful attention, by far the best for training and athletics.

A very striking demonstration of this fact was furnished by the recent international walking contest, held in Germany, where twenty vegetarians and twelve meat eaters started for a 125-mile run from Dresden to Berlin. Of the vegetarians nine, of the others only three covered the distance in the prescribed time of forty-five hours, as it is shown by the following table:

	Hours.	Min.
1 Karl Mann—Berlin.....	26	52
2 Hermann Zerndt—Bruenn.....	28	58
3 Martin Rehayn—Berlin.....	30	29
4 Allar d'Heur—Berlin.....	30	57
5 Thuss—Chemnitz.....	32	46
6 Poetzsch—Erfurt.....	34	09
*7 Runge—Berlin.....	34	32
*8 Schmidt—Berlin.....	35	05
9 G. Gahde—Rendsburg.....	39	58
10 Biber—Berlin.....	41	55
11 Petersohn—Berlin.....	44	06
12 Debes—Elberfeld.....	44	53
*13 Matz—Berlin.....	44	58

Those marked with a * are meat eaters.



The ninth on the list, Gahde of Rendsburg, deserves also special mention, as he covered, in spite of his sixty years, the distance in less than forty hours. Allen, the English champion, who also started, had to give up after seventy miles, partly on account of the very unfavorable weather, partly on account of pains in the stomach caused by a glass of bad milk.

Mann, besides Zerndt and Rehayn, reached Berlin in the best bodily condition, while Runge, the first non-vegetarian, arrived entirely exhausted, 7½ hours after the champion, who also lowered the 70-mile walking record to 12 hours, 59 minutes, in spite of heavy rains, hail and wind.

Mann, who is now twenty-eight years of age, has been a vegetarian for nine years, taking but two meals a day. At the age of seventeen years he was a weak and sickly looking boy, but regular gymnastics combined with a rational vegetarian diet have worked wonders with him. For two years Mann has even discarded from his bill of fare foods which are derived from the living animal, such as eggs, butter, cheese and milk. He asserts that pulses which are generally taken by many as a substitute for meat, require too large an amount of vital force for digestion and are therefore not very well adapted as a daily food, especially for those who depend for their livelihood on indoor work. Mann's bill of fare consists of fresh and dried fruits, fruit juices, whole wheat bread, also other well prepared cereals, and nuts (peanuts, filberts, and almonds, generally taken in the form of butter), four ounces of the latter being enough for the daily need of the body. Wine, beer, brandy, coffee, tea, cocoa and similar stimulants are of course always rigidly excluded.

During a long march at a high rate of speed—against the usual habit of two or three daily meals, every two or three

hours some light nourishment should be taken, such as fruit juice, sweet fruits. Mann especially recommends California dried fruits, such as figs, peaches, prunes, pears and apricots, which have been soaked in water just long enough to bring them back to their original volume.

Experiments have amply furnished the proof that the main function of fruit sugar, as found in the blood, is the production of heat and energy. By ingenious devices the blood going to and from a muscle of a living animal may be analyzed, and it is thus shown that more blood traverses an active or working muscle, and more sugar disappears from it than is the case with a muscle at rest. It has been also shown, that all starch must be converted first into fruit sugar, before it can be used in the system. Sweet fruits are therefore always advantageously substituted for starch foods, since the former do not burden the digestive tract and less force is required for their digestion. A large amount of vital force is thereby saved which can be used in the voluntary muscles, thus increasing endurance.

According to the researches of Dr. A. Haig, the celebrated English physiologist, the principal cause of fatigue is the presence of a poison in the blood, called "uric acid," which more or less paralyzes the nerves controlling the muscles. His numerous and very carefully conducted experiments prove that meat always produces an unduly large amount of that poison which cannot be quickly removed by the excretory organs. Meat eaters generally feel tired after their meals or yearn for stimulants, such as alcoholic beverages, tea or coffee, which again weaken the nervous system.

Flesh foods should therefore be avoided as much as possible, especially by all those who enter a contest in which physical endurance will lead to victory.



A Leap for Life and Love

Or

The Romance That Failed

By Horace Williams

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



N Central Park West, not far from Seventy-second street, are located two large apartment houses. They stand very close together and are of almost equal height.

One summer evening during July a young man was seated near a window of the top story in one of these houses.

The air was warm and sultry; hardly a breeze was stirring. During the day the hot sun had heated the walls and roof of the building and this added to the discomfort.

The young man appeared to be about twenty-five years of age. He was strong, well built, and his features indicated the possession of refinement, and an emotional nature of more than average sensitiveness. He was apparently a musician. Musical instruments of various kinds were scattered about his room. A large concert piano stood in one corner.

"I'll roast in here," he suddenly said, rising. "Not a breath of air seems to be stirring."

He took up his hat; went out of the door and rang for the elevator.

"Why not go on the roof?" he suddenly thought. "It should be cool up there." He wondered why this had never occurred to him before.

He was well rewarded, for a fine breeze was stirring, and seating himself on the stone coping that ran around the edge of the roof, he gave himself up to the enjoyment of the fast approaching night.

He noticed that one corner of the roof of the next house had been converted into a miniature summer garden. His eyes turned again and again to the shrubbery and flowers growing there.

"Whose cosey nook can that be?" he

wondered, as he admired the tastefully decorated garden.

The moon was beginning to shed its brilliant radiance. He turned his eyes to the park opposite, and for sometime was deeply absorbed in admiration of the scene before him.

He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the sound of a guitar. He turned and saw that the little summer garden had an occupant.

She was apparently a young girl. She was playing a soft pathetic air which pleased, and yet made a feeling of sadness creep over him.

He tried to see her, but the shrubbery hid her from view. She suddenly stopped, rose and moved to another low seat facing him, and he saw for the first time that she was dressed in a strange costume. As the moonlight shone full upon her it seemed to resemble that usually worn by the Japanese.

He could not see her face at first, but he noted the beauty of her hand and arm as she picked at the strings of a peculiar shaped guitar.

She slowly raised her head and began to sing. The soft rays of the moon lit up her features. As the sweet melody of her tones floated out into the atmosphere, he was thrilled. The song seemed like a pathetic appeal, there was a peculiar sadness in her well-rounded features. Her large lustrous eyes looked off into space; her general demeanor indicated that the depth of her own emotional nature was being stirred. He seemed strangely attracted toward her.

"What an exquisite voice," he mused to himself as he studied her, and enjoyed the harmony of her song.

Her head was thrown far back, and her dreamy eyes seemed to grow soft with feeling as she continued. It was indeed a beautiful picture, and as Edmund gazed



The Song Seemed Like a Pathetic Appeal.

at her, he felt an uncontrollable desire to know her. "Here is a soul that might be congenial," he thought to himself.

He had many friends, or they might more correctly be called acquaintances. He liked them in a moderate way, but there was always an insatiable desire for a sympathetic soul whose presence would satisfy the longings of his intense nature.

His musings were interrupted by the last verse of the song. She seemed to throw her very soul into the harmony and expression. It seemed to convey the sadness of her own nature. He felt its influence as deeply as she.

When her song was finished she sat quite still, enjoying the quietude of her surroundings, and entirely oblivious that she was being observed.

He realized that it was not gentlemanly conduct on his part to spy upon her, but the temptation to study and admire her was beyond his power to resist.

He stayed until she disappeared, and as he returned to his apartment, he thanked the sudden inspiration which had taken him to the roof.

He visited the roof for several evenings following this experience. Sometimes he would see the fair occupant of the garden, and at other times she would not appear.

One night about a week after Edmund had first seen his neighbor, he mounted the stairs which led to the roof a little later than usual. For the first time he noticed two persons in the garden. The moon was not especially bright that evening, but he could see that the girl's companion was a man of perhaps middle age, tall and of gaunt appearance.

Edmund frequently heard the man's voice in low querulous tones, and it was quite apparent that it was difficult for her to pacify him. On two or three occasions he rose and walked up and down the roof, apparently greatly excited at something.

"Now, I won't have it, Ardrena," he heard him remark, crossly.

"Uncle, it will be just as you desire," he heard her reply as she tried to soothe him, walking to and fro with him.

"So that strange individual is her uncle, and her name is Ardrena," mused Edmund. "I should think she would be afraid of him; he certainly has a wild expression."

"You had better go to bed now, uncle, and you will feel better," Ardrena said taking his hand and apparently trying to lead him to the stairway.

"No! No! Ardrena, I won't go!"

"Oh, please, come," she said in pleading tones, endeavoring to assist him to rise from his seat.

"I tell you I won't come," Edmund heard him say in harsh tones.

"You know it is best for you," she replied.

"But I won't come," pushing her roughly aside.

She stepped back and came very near falling over a stool.

Edmund was greatly angered at this,

and he glanced across the opening between the two houses to determine the difficulty of assisting her in case it was necessary.

The roofs of the two houses were at least eighteen or twenty feet apart. He had been an athlete in his college days, and with a good run he could have easily jumped the distance on the ground, but he knew to attempt it without a satisfactory place to run and rise from, would be dangerous.

She finally induced her uncle to accompany her. But the knowledge that she lived in the same apartment with this strange, ill-humored man made him fear for her safety.

The next day his thoughts continually reverted to the fair maiden in the picturesque Eastern robe, and he wished that there had been no uncle to mar the harmony of the charming picture so vividly imprinted upon his memory.

"Would she appear to-night? Was her uncle disagreeable during the day?" were questions that were continually coming to him.

He visited the roof that evening, as soon as daylight disappeared. No one was in the garden.

He was there but a short time, however, before his neighbor appeared. She had her guitar and she began to sing in those low melodious tones that were so pleasing to him.

As she was singing, he suddenly saw the gaunt figure of her uncle emerge from below and slowly approach the stool where she sat.

He suddenly turned, and Edmund secured a clear view of his face. The wild glare in his eyes was intensified. He seemed to be strangely affected by the song. Edmund could see him clench his hands. In a moment his fears for Ardrena's safety were aroused to the highest pitch.

He was sitting on the coping on the edge of the building. He looked far down into the depths below and again noted the distance between the two buildings.

Ardrena had continued her song, unaware of her uncle's presence.

Edmund was still studying him closely. His irritation at the song seemed to suddenly grow beyond control.

He rushed toward Ardrena.

She stopped singing, and looked up in a frightened way.

"What's the matter, uncle?" he heard her say in tremulous tones of fear.

"Matter enough," he said, quickly approaching her, jerking the guitar out of her hand and throwing it on the roof.

"Oh, uncle, why do you act so?" she said, rising, grasping his hands and apparently trying to soothe him.

"Let go of me, I'll act as I please," jerking his hands from her.

Edmund could hardly control himself. He knew it would do no good to shout, and he seemed to scent serious danger in the tones and voice of the man.

Again he measured with his eyes the distance between the two buildings.

He was inclined to descend and secure help and he started with this in view, but again the man's actions indicated there might be more immediate need for assistance and he remained.

"Why do you play and sing such songs?" her uncle said to Ardrena in harsh tones. "You surely do not desire to live; you cannot be happy singing such sombre songs."

"Why, uncle, I am happy," she said, soothingly, but Edmund noticed that her smile was sad.

They had moved away from the garden and were standing near the center of the roof. He suddenly turned to her with a peculiar glare in his eyes.

"Why do you want to live? Think how easy it will be to die, then we sleep, sleep for ever," he said in strange, wild tones.

Edmund was gazing at them like one fascinated. He must risk the leap if Ardrena was in serious danger.

"Why, uncle, you should be happy; you have everything you desire."

"No! No! Everything I want is dead and gone. I want to die, too, and I want you to die with me," suddenly grasping both her hands.

"Uncle! Uncle! Don't press my hands so tightly, you hurt me."

"Hurt you! Why do you care? A moment's pain is of no consequence. Think how high this building is; you and I can jump off and then all will be over," madness in his tones.

"But not now, uncle; wait until to-

morrow," she replied, realizing her danger and endeavoring to be conciliatory.

"No, not to-morrow, to-night! Now!" glaring down at her and slowly forcing her along.

"Uncle! Uncle! Please wait until to-morrow."

"No! No! Now!"

She looked around as he slowly drew her toward the edge of the roof.

"Help! Help!" she cried in loud tones that vibrated with fear.

"Here! Here! What are you doing?" loudly shouted Edmund, now thoroughly alarmed, appearing to view.

The madman looked around in his direction.

"Shut up, you fool! We're going to die! Don't interrupt us!" he shouted back in harsh, emphatic tones as he caught sight of Edmund.

"Wait! I tell you, wait!" frantically shouted Edmund.

"Yes! Wait! Uncle! Wait! Wait!" pleaded Ardrena.

"I'll not wait, I tell you!" again slowly forcing her along.

She began to struggle to free herself. Edmund realized that the time for immediate action was now at hand. He gazed down momentarily at the chasm between the two buildings. He measured the distance between them again.

His eyes quickly traveled over the graveled roof. He must secure a speedy running start to make the frightful leap.

"Help! Help! Murder!" were the tragical cries that resounded on the still night air.

The frightened tones thrilled him strangely. There is not a moment to lose. The leap is a great risk, but he believes he can make it.

He quickly glances along the coping at the edge of the roof in his search for a sure footing. He runs to the other side, measures the distance and starts for his perilous leap.

He reaches the center of the roof; slips on some pebbles, and barely saves himself from falling over the edge.

He quickly rises and runs back. Now he starts again, and runs with lightning rapidity. Gravel scatters in every direction as he speeds along.

He reaches the coping flying like a bullet. He gives a mighty spring, rises

in the air, as he hears again Ardrena's cries.

He lands safely, stumbles backward, but quickly gains his equilibrium, and rushes toward the struggling pair, now almost at the edge of the roof.

He slackens his pace as he nears them. Undue haste might cause all three to fall into space.

He sees the wild light in the madman's eyes. He braces himself, grasps his shoulder, and a mighty pull brings them both toward the center of the roof.

The madman turns as he recovers, and sees Edmund. He drops Ardrena's hands and turns to him.

"You will die with me!" he hisses, glaring at Edmund.

"No, I won't!" shouts Edmund, as he closes with him.

Ardrena is panting hysterically as she gazes at the struggling men.

The maniac is larger than Edmund. He seems possessed of superhuman strength.

Ardrena realizes how the frightful contest may end. She rushes to the stairs.

"Help! Help!" she cries, her voice resounding in terror-stricken tones throughout the building.

She turns again toward the terrible struggle before her.

Edmund trips the madman. He falls, but quickly regains his feet.

Again they near the edge of the roof in the struggle that means life or death.

Again and again Ardrena's terror-stricken voice resounds throughout the building in her cries for help.

She hears steps. Someone is coming.

Both men are near the edge of the roof. A moment more and they will be hurled to the depths below.

Her uncle's attention is momentarily attracted to her. Edmund takes advantage of this, and sways with him toward Ardrena.

She clutches Edmund, frantically endeavoring to maintain the advantage gained.

The maniac glares at them savagely. He struggles with superhuman strength to accomplish his murderous object.

A man appears at the stairway. He sees the struggling trio, and rushes toward them.



Another man appears. In a moment they are pulled to safety far from the edge of the roof.

After a short struggle the madman is subdued.

The police are called, and the men all gather closely around him as he is taken to the stairs leading from the roof.

"Where will you take him, officer?" inquired Ardrena, as they were stepping into the elevator.

He gave her the address where her uncle could be found.

Edmund and the men assisted the policeman until the madman was placed in the patrol wagon.

It was the janitor of the building who first

He Gives a Mighty Spring,
Rising in the Air as



rushed to Edmund's assistance.

"Well, friend, how did you get on the roof?" said the janitor to Edmund, as they were returning after helping the policemen.

"I jumped across from the adjoining building."

"You jumped across!" turning and gazing at him as though he might be another maniac.

"That's what I said—jumped across!"

He described in detail his experience, and the janitor seemed doubtful even then.

"It may sound unbelievable to you, but I can prove it by the young lady to whose assistance I went."

"You must be a

great jumper, if you are able to make such a leap."

Edmund informed the janitor that he would be pleased to know if the lady was all right after her terrible experience.

He had just changed his soiled and torn clothing when the electric bell rang. The janitor from next door had brought him a message.

"The lady would like to see you right away," he said. "She wishes to thank you. I want to say myself, that you are certainly a wonder, because I did not believe that jumping tale of yours."

Edmund smiled, and thanked him, and said that he would come over at once.

The janitor was waiting for him when he appeared.

"I'll take you up to her apartment," he said.

Edmund felt a trifle nervous as he followed.

The door opened quickly in response to their ring, and the janitor explained to the servant that this was the gentleman that her mistress wished to see.

She was waiting for him as he entered. She advanced toward him with a genial smile upon her features.

"It will be impossible for me to appropriately thank you for the great service that you have rendered me. You saved my life at the risk of your own. I owe you more than I can ever repay," she said, in emotional tones, as she gazed at him.

He was a trifle confused for a moment.

"You owe me nothing. I only did what I was naturally impelled to do."

"But think of the terrible risk of that frightful jump. I can never, never forget it."

Edmund colored at her tones.

"The jump was not so dangerous. I was a great jumper while at college," he said, as he regained his self-possession, and gazed into her luminous eyes.

As he looked around the room, it was evident that he was in a studio. She was, no doubt, also a musician.

She invited him to be seated. She told him that her uncle was a tea merchant in Japan. They had only recently returned to New York to get the best advice in regard to the melancholia from

which he had suffered since his wife's death. He had formerly been very fond of music, and she had played and sung to him by the hour.

"I am also a musician," Edmund said, as she paused.

"We shall be glad indeed to have a neighbor with kindred tastes," she said cordially, looking up at him with her sombre, dark eyes.

She again repeated her thanks, and impressed upon him how deeply she was indebted to him. Though he wanted to stay longer, he felt that she was dismissing him.

He thought her more charming than ever as he very reluctantly rose to go.

She wore to-night the same pretty Japanese kimona in which Edmund had first seen her. As he looked down into her large, dark, melancholy eyes, and noted the beautiful contour of her white

throat, he was thrilled by an irresistible fascination.

"Why was she so sad? Why those melancholy eyes?" he mused, as he silently admired her.

"I want you to come over to-morrow night, if you can," she said, extending her hand. "My husband will be here, and will add his thanks to mine."

Edmund started, and his expression changed noticeably.

"Your husband!" he repeated, in surprise, though immediately recovering his self-possession, said: "I shall be glad to come," in a voice that contrasted strangely with his previous tones, pressing the hand she had extended to him, and returning her smile as best he could, as he turned and quickly departed.

The only music that floated from the sombre privacy of Edmund's room that night was the "Dead March" from "Saul."



Question Department

NOTE.—Those desiring information in reference to the nervous weaknesses of sex are referred to the Editor's book, "Virile Powers of Superb Manhood."

Q. Fourteen years ago I slipped on the sidewalk, and, in falling, struck on my left elbow. My hand and arm felt numb when I got up, and some time after a slight discoloration showed. This dark spot grew, and became very painful. Some said it was an aneurism of the artery; some said a bit of bone. It is eternally getting hit, and aches and pains terribly. I am 40 years old, of sedentary habits, weight 135 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches. What would you suggest?

A. Practice flexing exercises of the arm, turning it from side to side, and bending and straightening at the elbow, 5 to 10 minutes, three times daily; also massage firmly the adjacent tissues twice a day, and on retiring at night bind firmly in thick, wet compress, and allow to remain all night.

Q. How long, and when, should deep breathing be practiced?

A. If you breathe improperly; that is, with the upper part of the lungs only, you should practice the proper abdominal method, until you breathe that way all the time. You cannot obtain anything but benefit from breathing deeply constantly.

Q. I am weak on the lift. How can I develop myself until I can lift a 100-pound bell with ease?

A. Practice with light dumb-bells regularly twice a day, and follow the exercise by extending the body at length, supported by the hands and toes, elbows bent, and body near the floor, and lift it first with both hands, and then with one, a number of times each day. In a few weeks you can lift the weight you desire to lift.

Q. I am troubled with constipation, and tire in the legs very easily. What would you suggest?

A. Adopt a natural food diet—fruits, nuts and vegetables—for awhile; take

cold sitz and sponge baths morning and night, and exercise regularly.

Q. I am troubled with a stiffness in the right deltoid, especially on rising. Suggest a remedy.

A. Reduce meals to two a day. Massage the muscle affected, deeply, morning and night, and on retiring wrap in thick, wet bandage, and allow to remain on all night.

Q. Some people claim that injuries result from fresh-water bathing. If so, please tell what they are, and how they may be avoided.

A. The only injuries likely to follow fresh-water bathing are such as arise from a too lengthy stay in the water. The bather should be careful not to remain in the water long enough to lower the bodily temperature very much, and he should exercise generously before going in and after coming out.

Q. My arms are very weak and shaky. The doctors say I have a weak spinal column, and uric acid in the blood. What would you suggest?

A. Adopt a strictly vegetarian diet; avoid water at meals, but drink it freely between meals. Use 2-pound Indian clubs, or dumb-bells, morning and night, and sponge off with cold water afterward.

Q. I am a consumptive. When I take deep breathing exercises I cough; is that harmful?

A. No. It is not the coughing that is harmful; in fact, the coughing is a muscular act, induced involuntarily, by which the lungs are enabled to free themselves of some of the rapidly accumulating impurities. Live out of doors, stick to deep breathing, and adopt an abstemious diet.

Q. Can you suggest a remedy for knock-knees?

A. One of the best is regular horse-

back riding (several miles a day at a good gait), with stirrups short, so as to force the knees to bend slightly; and retain seat by gripping with the knees.

Q. How can I cure an over-taxed heart, caused by too much heavy exercise?

A. Confine your exercises to walking and deep breathing; brush the skin vigorously every day, and sponge off with cool water.

Q. Give me a remedy for malaria.

A. Simply fast till all fever has left the body, and a normal hunger appears.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE,

Dear Sir:—Thirty-seven years ago my family physician (eighty-three) having said that I could not live six weeks (stomach and liver troubles), I hired two hunters to convey me, a walking skeleton, to a rude cabin in the tall pines, at the edge of a beautiful meadow in the Sierras, at the base of Lassen's Peak—elevation, eight thousand feet. The tonic of the cold, pure air and water, gradual walks up and down the mountain, eating twice daily a little hard, unleavened whole wheat bread and fruit, made me, in six months, strong and well and able to resume my vocation—principal of one of our largest public schools. From that time, physiology, hygiene, and especially foods and drinks, have been my hobbies, aside from regular business. Twenty years ago, I quit teaching and devoted myself to planting orchards and vineyards, growing fruits, nuts, unfermented grape juice and wine, the latter taking second prize at the Paris Exposition.

A. W. BRONT, Oakland, Cal.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE,

Dear Sir:

"Those who came to scoff,
Remained to pray."

Six months ago I was a scoffer at physical culture. To-day I am a devotee. Why this sudden change? To use a vulgarism—"I took a chance," and tried physical culture. I now hold with Pope that, "That man is a fool who condemns that of which he cannot disapprove." Six months ago I was a physical wreck. I could not sleep or eat, I had the rheumatism and, I might add truthfully, "all the ills the human flesh is heir to." To-day I am like a person born again without a pain or ache, enjoying life as only the healthy can. At one time how I envied a healthy person! To-day I am as well as any one of them. Six months ago I was a drug fiend; I imagined that it would be impossible for me to live unless my system was impregnated with drugs. But at last I saw my mistake, thanks to a little book called PHYSICAL CULTURE. What a blessing it is to be free from drugs and their prescribers! I have adopted the two-meal-a-day plan without

Q. Is there a cure for gastric ulcer of the stomach? If so, please tell me how to proceed.

A. The only means of curing this trouble is by a series of short fasts, and appropriate diet and habits. Adopt three day fasts, with two days between, when light meals of plain, wholesome food, thoroughly masticated, are eaten. Drink water freely between meals, and on fast days. Walk in the open air as much as possible, and brush and bathe the skin twice a day. Continue this course until the disorder is cured.

tea or coffee, and a strictly vegetable diet. I have but one cooked meal, the other is of fruits and nuts. I wish I had changed my habits of life before, instead of taking medicine. I herewith append my past and present measurements.

Six months ago:	To-day:
Height—5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Height—5 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Weight—115 lbs.	Weight—138 lbs.
Chest, uninflated—30 in.	Chest, uninflated—33 in.
Chest, inflated—32 in.	Chest, inflated—36 in.
Waist—33 in.	Waist—28 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Girth of right thigh—18 in.	Girth of right thigh—20 in.
Right forearm—9 in.	Right forearm—10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Physical culture! Physical culture a la Bernarr Macfadden!

In hoc signo vinces.

EDWARD F. STERNS,
90 Clark St., Auburn, N. Y.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE,

Dear Sir:—Having been a follower of the rules laid down in your "Physical Culture Magazine," I want to let you know the results. Two years ago I was a physical wreck, in the first stages of consumption. I was advised to go to Colorado for my health, and incidentally take medicine. About that time I began to take your magazine, and decided to adopt the methods you advocate, Nature's methods. The result is not only a complete cure, but a physical development that is wonderful, after so short a time. My rules are simple—fresh air, plain diet, proper bathing, and exercise, including work with the Macfadden's exerciser morning and night. One of the feats I do is to push up, with either hand, a 130-pound dumb bell. Bodily fatigue is unknown to me, though I work ten hours a day in a shoe factory. I have no use for medicine or a doctor. I have two children who are pictures of health and the wonder of the neighbors. They are never sick.

I remain yours, in perfect health,

W. A. LANDREGAN,
113 Brookline St., Lynn, Mass.

How One Man Reduced His Weight from 410 to 204 Pounds by Common Sense Methods

By Dr. C. G. Percival

JAMES BUTLER, of Boston, whose photograph is shown here, by a common sense method of bathing, dieting and exercise has reduced his weight from 410 to 204 pounds. In March, 1899, he found he had become so stout that he could not walk across the street, and he was told he could not live. Under directions of a physician he went into training—the first five months by careful dieting and vapor baths every day. The first bath was of five minutes' duration, which, after a while was increased to 15 minutes, and the first month found him 20 pounds lighter. During all of his training Mr. Butler carefully refrained from eating meat, sugar, pies, puddings, corn starch, potatoes, beets, peas, beans or starch.

A schedule of his daily menu during the entire training was as follows:

Breakfast—Arising at 8.30 A. M.—Steak, half-pound, rare and lean; three or four crackers or small slice of bread; cup of coffee with lemon juice, minus sugar or milk.

Dinner at 11.30 A. M.—Roast beef rare and lean, three-quarters of a pound; tablespoonful mashed turnip or sometimes squash; fruit and concee.

Supper at 5 P. M.—Cold roast beef; tablespoonful apple or cranberry sauce; slice of bread or two or three crackers.

He drank a gallon of water every day between meals and was often so thirsty that he could have readily consumed two if allowed. At the end of five months of baths and dieting Mr. Butler had lost so much that he weighed about 320 pounds. Then he began active training, still sticking to his diet and his gallon of water. The active and aggressive exercise then commenced. Every day for an hour at the rooms of the East Boston Athletic Association he toyed with dumbbells, Indian clubs, chest weights, and as



the days went on he joined the squad in the handball court. He also did considerable outdoor running of two miles each day. The hour was soon increased to two hours and a shower bath added to the regime. In six months Mr. Butler went down to 240 pounds, and finally to 210 pounds. This was in June, 1900, or after 1 year and 4 months of training.

In height Mr. Butler is 5 feet 10 inches, and at 410 pounds measured 64 inches around the waist, and at the present time only 34 inches.

The following table is interesting, showing, as it does, two years of training.

Date.	Weight.	Waist.
March 17, 1899.....	410 lbs.	64 ins.
June 17, 1899.....	350 "	56 "
Sept. 17, 1899.....	300 "	49 "
Dec. 17, 1899.....	270 "	44 "
March 17, 1900.....	240 "	40 "
June 17, 1900.....	210 "	35 "
Sept. 17, 1900.....	206 "	34 "
Dec. 17, 1900.....	208 "	34 "

Exposure of Medical Methods

The Confessions of a Chief Clerk in a Medical Supply Company

By BURT WILSON



HOPE none of the stories that I am telling will be seen by those who will recognize them, for I am sorry to say I depend on my salary for my daily needs. How many men in this day and age have to lie and be hypocrites all their lives, merely because they have to eat and wear clothes! Many a time I have thought of this, but I do not see how it is to be helped. Of course, the average individual must to a certain extent at times be a hypocrite; but of all the hypocrites on this green earth I think the Doctors with whom I have come in contact carry off the palm. It is a big part of their business.

After they get far enough along to have any brains, they lose what little faith they may have had in medicine in the beginning, and from that time on it is a case of jolly. It is like a preacher who has lost all faith in the heaven that he is compelled to preach about every Sunday.

Not long ago I was invited to witness an operation for the removal of the ovaries. The patient was a large, fine-looking Irish woman. She had such intense pain during her periods, that she would almost go insane, and the doctor finally diagnosed the trouble as located in the ovaries, and decided to remove them.

She was placed on the operating table, and an opening made in the abdomen for the purpose of removing the affected organs.

They were found to be perfectly healthy, but the patient died from the shock of the operation.

I asked the doctor afterward, what he thought was the matter with the patient.

"Oh, it is hard to tell," he replied.

"Something the matter with the spinal cord perhaps."

Some day I suppose they will be trying to remove the spinal cord.

For a long time after this operation I reflected on how many poor women were the victims of this cutting hobby. The worst of it is, the mistakes are usually buried or else sewed up out of sight.

I was reading in the daily papers not long ago, where an operation was performed on a woman, and the doctors in their haste had sewed up the forceps they had used inside the abdomen. The patient afterward died, as would naturally be expected, and an examination revealed this murderous error. To one mistake of a surgeon which is published, there are probably a hundred, or a thousand, that are never heard of.

My work frequently requires me to fit trusses on patients suffering from rupture. Not long ago a physician brought in a patient, and asked me to fit on a truss. I examined the patient and found that there was a small foreign growth of some kind near the navel, but it was not a rupture. I called the doctor to one side.

"Say, Doc., this patient is not suffering with rupture."

"Are you sure?" he asked in a surprised tone.

"Why, certainly. There is no opening in the abdomen; therefore, how can there be a rupture?"

"Well, I can't help it. I have diagnosed it as rupture, and we will have to get a truss for the patient, anyway."

There was where I had to work some more of my lately acquired talent in the hypocritical line. I had to do it, though it was against my conscience, but after a while I will no doubt be hardened, and forget I possess a conscience. I fitted on a truss and we charged the patient \$10 for it, though she was no more ruptured than I was.

Editorial Department

WHY should I write of corsets in this magazine when I have a magazine devoted exclusively to women? many readers of this editorial may ask. Ever since men and women began to think, there have been reformers preaching to women of the terrible influence of this device. But do you notice that there is any decrease in its use?

I intend to preach of the corset evil to men:

(1) Because men are miserable or happy as they are influenced by the health and happiness of their wives, mothers, sisters and daughters.

Why Corsets Should Interest Men.

(2) Because no woman can long be a healthy, normal wife, capable of maintaining and appreciating the love of a vigorous manly man, if she is the victim of the corset habit. If you desire to know in detail the facts from which this conclusion

is derived, secure any good physiology, and familiarize yourself with the functions of the body, and there will be no need of enlightening you further.

(3) Because the success or failure of a man's life is frequently determined by the woman he loves.

It has been said that man is what he makes himself. In some cases this is true, but more frequently it could more accurately read: Man is what the woman he loves makes him.

With this fact staring you in the face, my friends, is it not your duty, not only to do all you can to lessen the power of this frightful evil, but to avoid each one of its victims as you would a poisonous snake, lest she entwine her life with yours and make you share her weakness and misery?

Alcohol and its intemperate use is a terrible evil, but its effect upon the happiness, prosperity, and future vigor of the race is of comparatively insignificant importance when compared to the frightful results that follow in the train of the corset curse.

Drunkenness at its worst only attacks and wrecks the lives of a few, but corsets not only wreck the lives of many women, but there is hardly one woman who grows to adult life who is not to some extent weakened by their use.

Note the lung capacity of the average woman! It is barely half that of the average man. It should be nearly the same. This result is produced by corsets.

Think of it! The very center of one's life force! The lungs, which purify and fill the blood with the elements that thrill the body with energy and health, cramped up to such an extent that they do not grow to much more than half of

their natural size. This is the result of corsets which mothers put on their daughters to develop a figure! Do you wonder we hear so much talk about the weakness of women? The real miracle is, not why they are weak, but how they manage to retain the spark of life.

I want the readers of this magazine to be thoroughly familiar with the baneful results which follow the use of this device, and so, beginning next month, I shall devote an editorial in every issue to these charges, until the whole frightful list is substantiated.

WHAT THE CORSET DOES.

- (1) It lessens and sometimes ruins the digestive power.
- (2) It restricts development of the lungs to almost half normal size.
- (3) Destroys absolutely the normal power of breathing.
- (4) Ultimately injures and makes shapeless, flaccid and nerveless the flesh at the waist line.
- (5) Destroys the beauty lines of the body, of the limbs, arms and bust by restricting nourishment, interfering with normal circulation and thus lessening vital power, and by the continuous and unnatural support of the bust in an abnormal position.
- (6) It is absolutely, in most cases, the direct cause of weaknesses peculiar to women, and from which every corset wearer suffers at some time in her life.
- (7) Greatly weakens, sometimes destroys, or makes abnormal, the instinct of sex.
- (8) Produces tumors and the inflamed condition from which women so frequently turn to expensive and dangerous operations.
- (9) Causes serious displacement.
- (10) Prevents the return of the venous blood from parts below the waist line.
- (11) Weakens and sometimes kills unborn babies.
- (12) Is one of the principal causes of marital miseries and divorces.

THE advocates of a meat diet received a blow not long ago from which they will have grave difficulty in recovering. In the recent 125-mile race between Dresden and Berlin in which there were thirty-two entries, twelve being meat eaters and twenty vegetarians, the race was won by a vegetarian nearly eight hours in advance of the best meat-eating competitor. Out of the twelve meat-eaters only three succeeded in finishing the race within the prescribed time of forty-five hours, though there were ten out of the twenty vegetarians who accomplished the feat.

Strength—Endurance— Meat-Eating

There have been many other examples of the special advantage of a meatless diet in building the highest degree of health and strength required in difficult athletic contests, but never before has there been such a startling proof presented. The winner of this race subsisted almost entirely on an uncooked diet of fruit and nuts, and he distanced by over two hours his nearest competitor. A few more examples like this, and even the veriest numskull will begin to think that there is a possibility of there being some truth in the claims of the vegetarian.

A MOST ludicrous farce on the stage of life is being enacted at the present time by the so-called Health Boards in many of our cities.

HEALTH BOARDS! Why, in heaven's name, they call them Health Boards is beyond my comprehension. Many of them could more appropriately be called boards for the distribution of financial emolument to the special few by the propagation of disease, and the perpetuation of medical errors and superstition, assisted by fake newspapers which create and perpetuate smallpox scares and in other ways work on the fears of the general public in such a way as to accomplish the desired results.

Health Boards.

HEALTH BOARDS! One would imagine from the meaning the words convey that such a board would be of the greatest possible advantage to any community. In some cases they are really Health Boards. But against the real ones we have no complaint to make. It is against the fakes, the make-believe Health Boards, that this editorial is written. And they are not scarce. Most any city will give you an excellent example of the make-money-at-any-price Health Boards.

Vaccination is their especial hobby. It pays so much per head. When patients are too healthy, practice becomes slack; then they turn to the smallpox game. A few dollars slipped into the hands of some degenerate writer or reporter on some yellow newspaper, and the scare begins to work by sensational articles, usually mostly lies, and by other means with which they are so familiar.

This work in many instances engages a large part of the time of many so-called Health Boards.

The Health Boards of this country are aware that statistics tell us that about 50 per cent. of the children die before they are five years of age. Go to any modern, progressive and studious physician, and he will tell you that there is no excuse for such a loss of life, and that by far a larger part die because of the ignorance of parents.

In every large city thousands of babies die every year, and do you ever hear of a Health Board distributing literature, or in any way attempting to lessen the ignorance which is the cause of these deaths? Of course not! There is no money in saving babies.

In every civilized community any of the common diseases kills several times more persons a year than smallpox, but the Health Board looks on calmly without interest.

It is the duty of Boards of Health to protect the public health. It is their duty to investigate the various methods used by the various schools of medicine in the treatment of diseases, and to make public the result of their investigation.

Go to any Board of Health and present proof that you have a certain simple cure for a prevailing disease from which a large number are continually suffering and dying. You might imagine that your method would be of interest, but you would be sadly disappointed, if your suggestion did not agree with their long accepted ideas as to the treatment of disease.

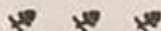
No matter how many lives you may have saved, or how much suffering you may have relieved, if it was not done in the orthodox style, it will not be of the slightest interest.

Just previous to the writing of these lines a physician left my office who has practiced medicine in New York City for twenty years. He is still a member in good standing of all the most exclusive medical societies.

He has never lost a single case of acute disease. He has treated hundreds of cases of pneumonia and has never had a single death, and on inquiring into his methods, I found they were identical with my own.

Physicians everywhere are baffled by pneumonia. The death rate is usually from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent. And why?

Because they are slaves to drugs and drugging methods. In the next issue I will tell how I cured myself of three attacks of pneumonia, and how the disease can be cured by simple methods that never fail. Those who die of pneumonia or any other acute disease are the victims of medical ignorance.



IN the June issue of this magazine, we challenged any member of the various health boards to meet in public debate a member of their own profession, on the vaccination question.

We maintain that vaccination poisons the blood, that it never prevented a single case of smallpox, that it makes you far more liable to attacks from other inflammatory diseases, that it frequently causes useless suffering and death. If this is true, then vaccination is indeed a crime.

Why is it these so-called believers in vaccination are afraid to defend themselves? Why is it they are ashamed to come before the public and tell why they vaccinate? Why is it they are afraid to meet in open debate a member of their own profession, who maintains that vaccination is a delusion, a humbug as far as preventing smallpox is concerned, and is the direct cause of numerous vile and dangerous diseases?

The Vaccination Fraud.

Yes, indeed, why? Why?

Why do they hide behind the lie that the entire medical profession is in favor of this barbarous practice? The most advanced members of the medical profession condemn now and have always condemned vaccination.

Of all the liars on this earth the biggest is the man who believes in vaccination because it puts money in his pocket. Listen to his harangue as he repeats one after another of the base fabrications as to the proven value of vaccination. You may brand each one of his assertions as false, but he will never heless continue to repeat them at every opportunity.

Smallpox is not a dangerous disease; it is not a contagious disease to those in health; it leaves no marks when treated by natural means, according to the instructions published in this magazine in a former issue. Death from smallpox, without complications, is simply the result of a depraved ignorance where the patient has been in the hands of the physician from the beginning of the disease.

Remember our offer: We will agree to take charge of any so-called pest-house, and turn it to a play-house, by banishing the fear of the patients and relieving the suffering they endure under the criminal treatment that is followed by drug doctors. We will deposit \$1,000 to forfeit in case of failure.

AFTER giving the formation of societies in the various cities consideration, it has been concluded to first form one in New York City, and after this organization is in good running order, and has established a definite method of procedure from which others can copy, we will then form societies in other cities.

*Free Lectures Begin in
New York City.*

As stated before in our magazine, the primary object of these societies is to hold free Sunday evening lectures. We wish to familiarize every intelligent human being of this age with the truths in reference to health and strength. We desire to clearly demonstrate how easy it is to acquire and maintain these much desired possessions.

We will engage a hall or theater centrally located in New York City. The date and location will be announced in October issue.

A full orchestra will be engaged and there will also be posing to illustrate the practical results of following the theories advanced by the lecturers.

The Editor will pose at many of these lectures, and will be assisted by athletes and models.

Admission to these lectures will be free, though a collection will be taken to assist in defraying the necessary expenses.

As an accommodation to those especially interested, seats can be reserved up to Saturday night preceding, for any Sunday lecture, at 25c. each. No reserved seats will be on sale on the night of the lecture. All seats not reserved on or before Saturday evening will be free.

IT will probably interest many to hear that the one-cent restaurant opened for experimental purposes not so long ago, is making money. It is paying a profit of nearly 100 per cent. annually on the investment.

It may be well to add that this profit has not been secured from the one-cent department. We concluded early in the enterprise to have, in addition to this, another department where all dishes were five cents.

*One-Cent Restaurant
Making Money.*

The one-cent department has been conducted at a loss, but the profit made on the other department has been sufficient to make this up, and still pay a profit of nearly 100 per cent. on the investment.

This is the kind of educational work that is satisfying and pleasurable to carry on. In fact, no sort of reform or educational effort is carried on exactly as it should be, until it is at least self-supporting.

It is our intention to spread these restaurants throughout the entire country. Of course, this can only be accomplished slowly, for nearly all the profits of the publishing business are being used to supply additional capital required by the constant increase there.

We had great difficulty in supplying the restaurant with the right kind of bread, and we finally started an experimental bakery. This enterprise is now under way, and we hope to assist in establishing bakeries of this character in every city in the United States.

My readers can well realize that with the number of business plans now on hand an enormous capital can be utilized.

Though these magazines were started a little over three years ago, with total assets of less than \$3,000, a recent statement showed a valuation in stock, machinery and accounts of nearly \$100,000, with an indebtedness of less than \$10,000. If to this total is added the actual value of a business, capable of making a profit of nearly \$50,000 a year, we would have a valuation roughly estimated of about one million dollars.

This, my friends, is only a start.

I want men and women who have made themselves representatives of the benefits of right living, and who have talents or money or both lying idle, to assist me in this work of elevating the human race. One of our most grave difficulties is to find conscientious and capable employees. We have no time to experiment. We want workers who can and are willing to work. If you want a big salary you should be willing to risk your own ability to demonstrate your capability of earning it. We are constantly adding men and women in all capacities to our staff, and where possible, every new employee is selected from those interested in and devoted to physical culture.

Those who would like to assist this cause by investing some money with us should write and let us know how much they wish to invest, and when it is needed we will notify them. The profits may warrant us in paying one per cent. each month the investment is retained, though we reserve the privilege of returning it at any time.

Do not look us up in any of those so-called mercantile agencies. Some of these institutions are about the biggest fakes in business, and when I have a publication in which I can talk about other things besides physical culture, they will be among the first whose methods will be exposed. If you want to know our financial standing, write us and we will give you other and more reliable sources for information.



MANY readers interested in our publication have asked that we extend the prize story contest to January 1st, instead of closing it September 1st, as we originally intended.

Prize Story Offer.

After consideration we have concluded to act upon this suggestion.

In **PHYSICAL CULTURE AND WOMAN'S PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT**, beginning this month, we shall publish the stories entered in the contest. As these appear, interested readers are invited to send us their criticism, commendatory and otherwise.

Our offer as it now stands is as follows:

We offer four prizes: \$100 for first prize, \$75 for second prize, \$50 for third prize, \$25 for fourth prize.

These stories are to be not over five thousand words in length, and are to embody physical culture ideas of living. Originality, cleverness of plot and excellence of style will, of course, be considered. The greatest stress, however, should be laid on originality of invention, and the unusual story will stand the best chance of winning, other things being equal.

Stories that fail to secure a prize, if available for publication, will be paid for at the current rates. The competition will close January 1st, 1908.

THERE are occasions when one may have some respect for a burglar, highwayman or even a murderer, when his deed has been actuated by jealousy, revenge or other human motives which we have inherited from our savage ancestors; but the "fake" athlete, the man who will make a hippodrome of what is supposed to be a genuine contest, who will turn against, deceive and rob his own friends, those who have backed and upheld him, should be classed with the curriish degenerates belonging to the moral and physical ash-heap of modern criminals. They are in mind and character depraved beyond all recall. Penitentiary is entirely too good a place for such as they. The criminals would be contaminated by associating with them.

*Athletic Curs
and Their
Fake Contests.*

As these words are being written, what appears to be a well-substantiated report has been circulated that the fight between Fitzsimmons and Jeffries which occurred in San Francisco was a fake contest, and that it was all arranged beforehand as to who was to win and the number of rounds to be fought. It is hoped that this is false. But if this report is proven true, the American people should put the fakirs where they belong, and the sanity of any man should be questioned who will hereafter pay a five-cent piece to see either of them in another fight.



IN the Question Department we usually receive from fifty to a hundred times more queries than we have space to answer. Many request that we send answer by mail. It would take the Editor's entire time to even attempt this, and many who write are not seriously in need of advice. To benefit those in serious need of advice, and to increase our subscription list, we have organized an Advice Department. We will make no charge for the advice, but you can pay for it by sending us subscribers. If you cannot take the time to secure them, give your subscriptions away to needy persons who will be benefited by the magazine, or send us the amount to cover the subscription price, and we will see that proper persons receive the subscriptions you send us. For an answer requiring only a short letter, send us two fully paid subscribers; a long letter, four subscribers. If you wish the Editor to advise you fully with complete instructions for building strength adapted to your particular needs, send twenty subscribers, \$10.00, and a long question blank will be sent you, which on being filled out and returned, a special course containing complete instructions in detail for daily regime will be outlined for you.

*Advice to
Subscribers.*



An Athlete at 106 Years of Age

*Has lived outdoors nearly all
his life, is a vegetarian
and exercises daily*

By GRACE H. POTTER



Capt. Goddard E. D. Diamond, of San Francisco,
106 Years Old.



CAPTAIN GODDARD E. D. DIAMOND, of San Francisco, is one hundred and six years old, healthy and, therefore, happy. Now, it is a wonderful thing to have lived one hundred and six years, anyway, but it is a much more wonderful accomplishment to be healthy at one hundred

and six.

Would you like to learn how he did it?

If he had taken some mysterious chemical compound and dissolved it in an unknown fluid, and taken 2 1-9 drops every other night just as the stars began to shine, everyone would gladly follow his example. But because his rules are simple and perfectly comprehensible to the average person, there are but few who will be wise enough to do as he has done and accomplish what he has.

Capt. Diamond has written an interesting little book which tells the story of his life. He was born in Plymouth, Mass., May 1, 1796. The blood of the Scotch, Irish, Dutch and English is mingled in his veins, and very proud indeed he is of such desirable ancestry. His parents moved, in the first year of his life, to what is now Oxford County, Maine. Here, in the wilderness of a heavily-timbered country, he grew to young manhood. He felled trees, burned brush, cleared land, and tilled the earth, till nineteen years of age. The foundation for life-long health was laid by this direct contact with Nature.

Swinging the ax, sowing seed, gathering grain, and withal breathing day by day the pure air—to these does the Captain attribute much of the health which blesses him to-day.

He had no education whatever excepting what he acquired in the school of experience. But he laughs scornfully when one asks him if he has ever had cause to regret this, and he points out the fact that he escaped the poisonous air of school-rooms and that his nervous

system was not wrecked with the cramming process of education. In fact, he says that to this very lack of education he attributes his abnormal development of that most desirable faculty, common-sense.

The desire for book knowledge came by contact with the world. At nineteen he went to Boston, and had soon learned to read and write. When he was appointed Chief Government Agent in the Quartermaster and Commissary Department at St. Louis, so thoroughly had he taken advantage of every opportunity to acquire knowledge that he was able to keep his own books and render accurately the long and intricate accounts which this position required.

He has lived all over the United States, building railroads, constructing canals and levees.

When the Civil War began, he was in St. Louis, engaged in railroad building. He enlisted and did not leave till the end of the war.

When he was about fifty years old, Captain Diamond began to give serious thought to means of prolonging his life. He had never used tea, coffee or stimulants of any kind, nor had he married. Life seemed a pleasant enough affair to be continued, and he made up his mind that he was going to keep on living.

That, he says, is the most important part of the undertaking—making up one's mind. The perfect control of appetite is only possible when one has first adjusted himself mentally.

He carefully considered what he had better eat and what he had better not, and once decision was made he held himself to it. Meat was the first important item which he cut out of his bill of fare. It was too stimulating, and tempted him to eat more than he needed. Wild animals keep in a state of perfect health until they die, and Captain Diamond believes it is because they do not clog their system with waste material, inert dead matter that requires a long and arduous process for its elimination.

Captain Diamond says: "So far as observation goes, birds in a state of freedom do not get sick or die natural deaths. They live until some predatory animal makes a meal of them. Senile, drooping,



Captain Diamond lives on two meals a day. To right habits of eating, working and exercising, he attributes his remarkable health at 106 years. He graduated a year ago from a school of Physical Culture.

dripping, driveling old age, a horror worse than death, is all unknown to them.

"Who ever saw a wild bird that showed traces of age? It is because exercise and elimination never cease with birds. Fresh air continually inflates them; even their bones contain air.

"A human body is made of food and drink. It is made by will and work. Right kind of the first, right way of the second; result, a sound body.

"Love rather than fear must be the ruling motive. We must love life more. We should be all alive, every muscle and nerve, every trait and impulse, every faculty and sense. To know that we can be so and to wish for it enough to make us take the trouble to work for it, is all that is necessary.

"There is no secret elixir of life to be secured. The fountain of eternal youth is within us in the primordial protoplasm which never dies. It is merely that we should not clog the body until we drive the spirit away."

As before stated, he never married. Let not the married, therefore, despair, for the ways of bachelor and maiden are known to all and are free for all to follow if they choose.

He eats twice a day. His diet consists of fruits, especially apples, whole wheat bread, vegetables, milk and eggs, and pure olive oil.

"Never use white bread," says the Captain; "it is not worth digesting."

It will be noticed that sugar does not enter into the bill of fare. That is one of the greatest differences between this man's food and what is ordinarily eaten. It is not unusual for people to give up the use of meat, but sugar is a harder trial than anything.

It is eaten by the average person from four to sixteen times a day in the ordinary course of sweetened tea, coffee, cereals, fruit and in various desserts.

Sugar is coming to be admitted as one of the fiercest of nerve stimulants and narcotics.

It is the eating of sugar which tends to overload the stomach by irritating the nerves of the palate. After one has eaten all that the stomach demands, then various frothy or indigestible desserts are loaded with sugar and forced upon the stomach.

Exercise has been another one of Captain Diamond's great secrets of life, continuous work but always without overstraining to break down the tissues and fibers.

Of this he says:

"No amount of the ordinary work of life as it is carried on to-day will give all of the needed exercise. When men in a natural state got their own living from the fruits and nuts of the forest, and the grains of the field, and spent the rest of their time in the avoidance of enemies, then was every muscle of the many hundreds in the body brought into play.

"Disuse of the greater part of our muscles has caused general emaciation, and in most cases a corresponding deposit of unused fat.

"A time of fasting to use up this fat, or else a course of systematic muscle training to turn it into living tissue, is necessary to health.

"In my own case I found that two years ago ossification was beginning to tell on me. I was still able to walk and work, but I could not raise either of my feet more than a foot off the ground. My joints were stiffening so that I could not easily raise my hand to my collar. Rather against my will, I was persuaded to take a course of systematic physical training.

"It seemed unlikely that a man of my age could make his muscles elastic and supple, and his joints as readily movable as a child's, but I have certainly done it. And the best of it is that my method of procedure is one that any man or woman may follow anywhere, at any time they wish."

An illustrated article on the exercises taken by Captain Diamond after passing his 106th birthday, will appear in *PHYSICAL CULTURE* for October.



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