

PHYSICAL CULTURE 5

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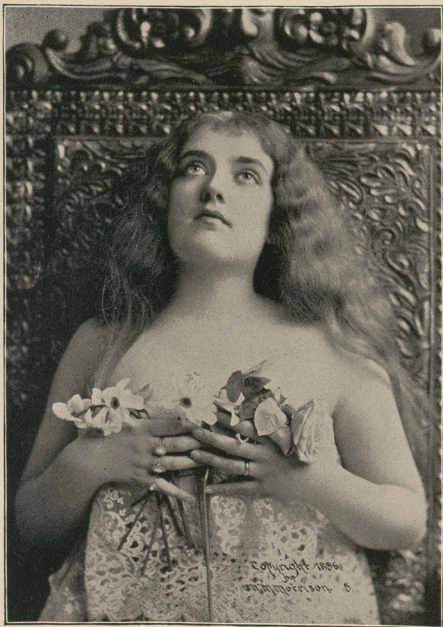
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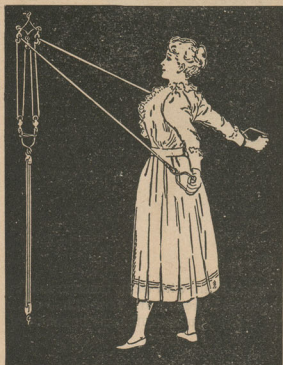
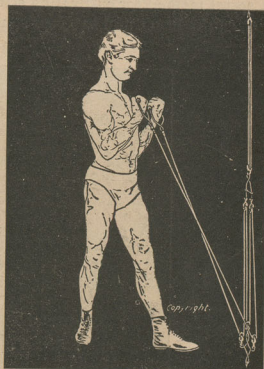
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CONTENTS.

Cause of loss of hair may be local or constitutional. Massage of scalp with scalp masseur and by pulling process. How it is done. Partially dead hairs must always be removed. Loss of hair often caused by neglect of this. How often should scalp be washed. Refuse animal filth must be removed. Scalp covered with long hair needs washing less often.

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General information. Importance of bathing. Tight-fitting or heavy hats. Excessive dietetic indulgence—its effect on the hair. Emotional life. Can baldness or thin hair be inherited? Importance of fine physical health. Why men grow bald more than women. Dissipation—its effect on the hair. Sun baths. Abbreviated instructions for both sexes on ordinary care of the hair.

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Physical Culture

A monthly publication devoted to subjects appertaining to HEALTH, STRENGTH, VITALITY, MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT, AND THE GENERAL CARE OF THE BODY.

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TOWNSEND BLDG., 25th STREET AND BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Stories and articles of unquestionable merit suitable for publication in PHYSICAL CULTURE invited. Liberal compensation.

I feel that while editing this magazine I am engaged in philanthropic work.

The Gospel of Health, to my mind, is of far more importance than any religion. *It is a religion*, and I am proud to be working for a cause that promises so much to converts now, here, to-day and to-morrow.

It is not a theory—the rewards are palpable to the sense of sight and of feeling almost immediately. I may make errors occasionally—there are but few who do not—but the foundation of every fact proclaimed in this publication is NATURE.

Man is an animal—and in order to enjoy the happiness and successes of this life, he must first be a fine, strong, wholesome, beautiful animal. That physical power is the "foundation stone" upon which should be built all that is elevating, inspiring, ennobling. When that exquisite power of superb manhood or womanhood is thrilling every nerve with the sense of life's

pleasures and possibilities, one is buoyed with confidence and energy.

A great number of letters have been received from sufferers who have spent all their available funds in drugs and other useless remedies. Of course it is impossible for me or the practicing physician on our staff to take all such cases and give them the necessary attention, though we have ignored no communication of this nature.

If those whom I have benefited gratuitously will assist in spreading knowledge of the Gospel of Health, I will feel amply repaid for my trouble. I will, however, make a proposition to such cases who are able and willing to conscientiously follow advice. If they will allow an accurate description of their condition, with address, name—and photograph if desired—to appear in PHYSICAL CULTURE when starting treatment, and again when a cure is effected, a limited number can be given the attention necessary to effect a cure.

THE MURDER OF CHILDREN BY PARENTAL IGNORANCE.

LIFE HAS NO CHARMS FOR THE WEAK.

Cry out for mercy, for health, for strength, ye wretched, weak and weary victims of disease. Does the pain, the misery of life ever become excruciatingly unbearable? So much so that the cords binding to life, to earth, could be snapped asunder with a smile of infinite content at the thought that at last there is peace, there is rest.

MILLIONS SENT TO AN EARLY GRAVE.

Thousands of sufferers can look back with the honest conviction in their hearts that parental ignorance was the cause of their weakness and suffering! How many thousands, or rather millions, have gone to an early grave as a result of this ignorance?

FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF HEALTH LAWS.

Murder is a crime! And when it is the result of criminal ignorance, the gravity of the crime is not less serious; but parents may slowly murder their children by weakening or failing to develop their physical forces through insisting on their adherence to false conceptions of the laws of hygiene and health, and it is not considered an offense against the laws of God or man.

CHEAPNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

Human life is cheap! A healthy baby can be bought for less than a pig or a well-bred dog. It should be a crime to allow children to grow to maturity weak and sickly, and there should be a severe penalty; for there is no offense against the community productive of more evil results than this.

WEALTH VALUELESS WITHOUT HEALTH.

How many parents strive, strain and struggle that their children may be left pecuniarily independent. But rarely is one rational effort made to build up that health and strength of physique and character which would be a thousand times more valuable than all the wealth in Christendom. Of what value is wealth without health? "What availeth a man if he gains the whole world" and loseth his own health? Wealth of mind and body is the foundation upon which all "houses" of flesh and blood should be built. Without this nothing of importance can be accomplished—wealth, talents; advantages, social, financial or otherwise, are absolutely valueless.

PARENTS FAIL TO REALIZE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH.

Why, oh, why, cannot parents realize the enormous value to their children of vigorous health and strength, and fully understand that they can be acquired by all—can be developed in every boy, every girl, as he or she grows to maturity. A child which possesses sufficient vitality to have been born with life, possesses sufficient strength to grow to vigorous manhood or womanhood.

OFFSPRING OF ANIMALS RARELY DIE BEFORE MATURITY.

Less than half of those born grow to adult life. Probably less than one per cent. of the offspring from most lower animals die before maturity. Therefore, forty-nine per cent. of our children are killed by ignorance before they reach maturity. How many die in early maturity, or drag along a weak, diseased body throughout life from the same cause, we dare not conjecture. I wonder not why so many die, but why so many live with such awful difficulties to surmount!

WEAK CHILDREN CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

In the days of ancient Greece the laws of Lycurgus commanded that all weakly children should be killed at birth. This was excessively humane when compared to the modern method of weeding out the weaklings. Death with them was

instantaneous, but the slow process of child murder, unknowingly adopted by many modern parents, is a thousand times worse than instant death. "May God protect me from my friends, for from my enemies I can protect myself," is a quotation wherein there is a world of truth.

FAMILIES FOLLOWING NATURAL METHODS DO NOT LOSE CHILDREN.

Does the reader doubt the truth of any of these assertions? If so, investigate the power of natural methods in the treatment of child diseases—children do not die under such treatment; investigate the power of physical culture in the form of recreative games and special exercises to bring children from weakness to health, strength, beauty of body and clearness of mind. After you have seen weak arms grow strong and shapely, badly-formed bodies made straight, supple and beautiful, then visit any of our public schools—these so-called educational institutions that often leave the body a physical wreck—and note the condition of those in attendance.

DEBILITATED CONDITION OF MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN.

You will see thin, frail bodies that could easily be made vigorous and comely; white anemic skins that could easily be made pink and clear with the rich blood of health; narrow, consumptive chests that could

easily be made broad, round and full. Can anyone view all this and fail to cry out in shame at a condition of affairs which allows all these evils to exist, when they can be so easily remedied?

Read what Mrs. Lew Wallace had to say in the *Ladies' Home Journal* some time ago:

"Bethlehem was little among the thousands of Judah. We are told that probably not over thirty children fell under the order of Herod. The murder of the innocents of the nineteenth century is a march to untimely graves, not by order of a wrathful King, but under what is claimed to be the finest free-school system in the world. Go into any public school, and you will see girls pallid as day lilies, and boys with flat chests and the waxen skin that has been named the school complexion. Every incentive and stimulus is held out: dread of blame, love of praise, prizes, medals, badges, the coveted flourish in the newspapers—the strain never slackens. Watch the long lines filing past, each pupil carrying books—three, four, five—to be studied at night in hot rooms by fierce, sight-destroying lights. Time was when spectacles went with age. They are no sign of age now. Many must wear glasses to help eyes worn prematurely old by night work.

"Said a thoughtful father, 'My children have no child life. They are straining up a grade, talking about examinations. When is their playtime if not now, and what has

become of the light-hearted boys? School is never out. Even in the fields the butterfly and the tree-toad are turned into object lessons, and the grasshopper is torn to pieces in order to be instructive. When I was a boy, and school let out, we were gay and free. We studied in schooltime, and in playtime there was no thought of anything but play.'

"I do not undervalue education; it is greatly to be desired, but over-education is slaying its thousands.

"The burden is books. The tasks imposed on the young are fearful. The effort seems to be to make textbooks as difficult and complicated as possible, instead of smoothing the hill so high and hard to climb."

IMPORTANCE OF WEALTH OVERESTIMATED.

We are so extremely occupied with making money and inculcating the knowledge essential to this in our children, we have lost sight of everything else. Money is unquestionably of great value; very little of importance can be accomplished in life without it; but if one had the choice between enormous wealth, with a frail, sickly body to accompany it, and abject poverty, with the vigor and vitality of superb health, which would he select?

STRENGTH, HEALTH NECESSARY TO SUCCESS.

It is not merely a matter of muscle—the vigor of pulsating health has a marvelous influence on the

general character. There will be found more determination, more mental stability, more tenacity of purpose, more of those powers essential to life's successes in a strong body.

PRINCIPAL CAUSE LACK OF MUSCULAR
ACTIVITY.

But what deters children from growing into the natural vigor of superb manhood and womanhood? The most important cause is the lack of muscular exercise in the form of games or a system of physical culture. The tendency of many parents is to discourage the natural desire for activity which all children possess. **THIS IS A CRIME!** for that activity is as essential to the development of vigorous manhood and womanhood as the sun is to daylight. No fine, strong man or woman ever grew to this physical perfection without that activity in youth essential to its development.

FEAR OF FRESH AIR AND SUNSHINE.

Then we have the fear of fresh, pure air and sunshine that is somehow instilled into children by many parents. This one evil has caused millions of deaths from consumption alone. The nearer one can live to Nature, the stronger he will be. Fresh air and sunshine are as essential to health as food. The breathing of enclosed air over and over again has made health impossible to many poor sufferers. Ventilate, ventilate, ventilate—have the

air in your rooms as rich in oxygen as it is when not confined. A draught will never harm anyone unless the blood is overloaded with impurities.

GROSS VIOLATIONS OF HEALTH AND
HYGIENE.

Should the fact that children grow up weak and sickly cause wonder, when every known law of hygiene and health is grossly violated—when, in addition to this, they are stimulated by every human means to study, study, until their poor little brains ache from the terrible strain?

INDIFFERENCE TO IMPERATIVE PA-
RENTAL DUTY.

But the climax in this most astounding perversion of the human parental mind is in the neglect to convey to boys and girls at the proper age that knowledge of the laws of sex absolutely essential, if they are expected to grow into wholesome and vigorous maturity. They are usually launched on this great change of life without the slightest knowledge or warning. A new emotion, a new power is given to them, and they are totally unprepared as to its use or control. May some higher power take pity on these poor, struggling souls that find themselves suddenly thrust into these new conditions, for no information or help can usually be expected from parents. One of the most imperative of all parental duties is the necessity of teaching their children the laws of sex. The want

of knowledge of these simple laws is a matter of life and death—it may mean the utter ruin of every physical power.

No one can read this letter without crying SHAME to the parents or guardians who are, no doubt, responsible for the tragedy in this young man's life :

TO THE EDITOR :

Is there any hope for those suffering from weakness or lost manhood? For myself, I believe the only cure is the grave, of which I am not afraid. But there are others who may mourn. I have a dear little friend who does not know, and she never shall. I know she wonders sometimes if I care for her, but, then, I cannot help it now. What can be done? Do you know? If there is no hope for loving wife and healthy children, kindly say so—I don't want to build on false hopes or fool my dearest friend longer. And, another thing, I have no money, though my prospects are good if I had health. What I fear is total collapse—it's awful.

Thousands of American youths are to-day in the deplorable condition described in this communication. The hidden vice causing it is ignored by parents and teachers alike.

How parents heedlessly view their children struggling in the throes of this most terribly destructive evil without reaching out a helping hand, is beyond the comprehension of the writer. No

apology is needed for bringing this subject before our readers. If he had the powers, he would have the facts in reference to it emblazoned on the sky in letters of fire—and millions would be better and stronger men and women because of the knowledge thus imparted.

There is hope unquestionably for those in this condition—but there is no medicine that can be of benefit. The remedy lays in proper habits, in exercise, diet, bathing, etc. Such cases often recover and become vigorous men and fathers of fine happy children, but there is no doubt that they would have lived longer and possessed far more strength, vital and muscular, if their powers had not been depleted in this way.

In this short article only a few hints can be given. This subject is almost inexhaustible. To those interested, I can only say read the numerous works that treat the subject more in detail.

THE EDITOR.

Here is how a correspondent describes his feeling when enjoying an exalted state of physical health : "I and my friend went on a walking tour through the country. On the seventh day we both felt as if we could fly almost,—so light and springy, and every breath was deliciously exhilarating. But few realize the intoxicating effects of overabundant physical health."

BRAIN AND BRAWN.

BY GEORGE RUSKIN PHOEBUS.

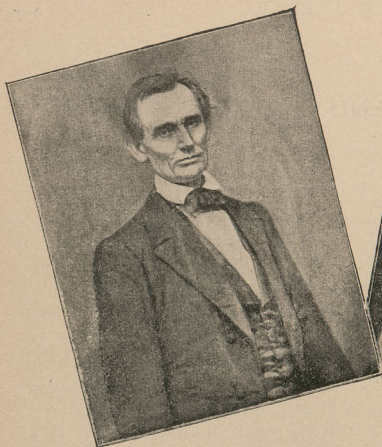
It is curious to note how error, due largely to lack of investigation and real thought on the questions involved, oftentimes receives such a degree of credit that among a large portion of the community it is accepted as truth and fact. How oftentimes, for instance, do you hear a person remark, in discussing some friend who is the fortunate possessor of a handsome and well-developed physique, due to wise exercising and careful training, "X has one of the most handsome figures of anyone I know. He is virile, muscular and strong, but he will never make any mark in the world, for great brains and great bodies don't go together, you know. The student and the philosopher and the athlete are never to be found together in the same personality."

And, indeed, how general has been the opinion that the great student and great mental producer is almost invariably to be found the possessor of a dwarfed or sickly, weak or undeveloped body. Examine with me for a short time the facts in this matter, and let us see how far this impression is removed from truth.

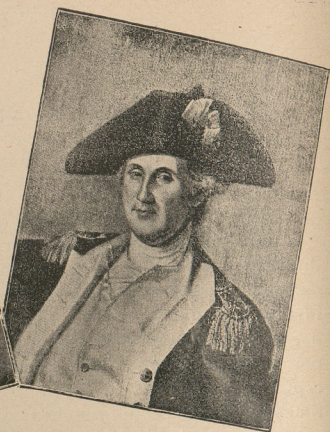
If asked, for instance, to name the great men who have figured in the

construction and development of the United States of America, the greatest republic that the world in all its history has ever known, what names would you be likely to select? George Washington, the Father of His Country, of course, and then Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine would constitute an excellent list of Uncle Sam's great sons. Of course there are many others, but no one will deny or question that the persons named stand out pre-eminent as among America's greatest men. Great fighters, great politicians, great statesmen, great philosophers, great orators, great diplomatists, are named and included in this list. That they were all men of great brain none will for a moment dispute. In consequence, therefore, we must expect to find these men all possessed of small, weakly or sickly and undeveloped bodies. But what are the facts? Suppose we start with Washington.

A prominent physician and historian, in writing of Washington, has said: "He would have been a master in anything he attempted,



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.



LORD BYRON.

FAMOUS ATHLETES OF THE PAST.

whether the undertaking was of the mind or of the muscle."

Washington's measurements demonstrate that he was a more perfectly developed man, physically, than James J. Jeffries, the world's present champion pugilist, or either of his immediate predecessors in the possession of that title, James J. Corbett, Robert Fitzsimmons or John L. Sullivan. Of these four great boxers, Jeffries, the present champion, has the finest and largest physique. Washington, therefore, as a man of brawn, for the purposes of this discussion, will be compared with Jeffries, and every measurement—whether it be in length, breadth or thickness, in biceps, thighs, waist, chest, forearm or height—reveals the conditions to be slightly in Washington's favor, so that the great patriotic soldier, the first of America's presidents, and admitted to be one of her greatest statesmen, if he were living to-day, could probably, with little difficulty, take on the world's champion pugilist for a boxing bout and put that famous gentleman to sleep and out. Washington was exceedingly fond of boxing, and before the outbreak of the War of the Revolution was known throughout the section of Virginia in which he lived as the best boxer and the hardest hitter to be found.

It was not in boxing alone as an exercise, however, that Washington took delight. Wrestling was an athletic exercise to which he was devoted, and it is related of him

that, after spending a whole day in the forests of Virginia, blazing trees and, of course, tramping about for many miles, he would return home at evening and wrestle with anyone who presented himself for a contest or a trial, and the records show that on more than one occasion he took on as many as seven opponents, one after another, and gained a fall from each, and then, apparently still fresh and vigorous, would laughingly remark, "If anyone else wants to tackle this job, let him come on. I have hardly got warmed up yet."

Except Abraham Lincoln, perhaps, no one of the other great men named possessed as strong a physique as did Washington. Lincoln was a master also of wrestling and an expert boxer. His physical measurements were not as good as those of Washington, but he was angular, muscular and strong, and even during the days of his administration at Washington, while the Civil War was at its height, never omitted regular exercise from his daily program.

Jefferson's favorite exercise was walking, that of Adams was sport with a gun. Franklin was fond of walking and driving, and was the possessor of a large and fine physique. Jackson was what would be called a raw-boned man, very muscular and powerful, and an expert at running. Webster, in his later days, left off his exercising, but at all times was the possessor of a massive physique, the solidity and

symmetry of which he owed, perhaps, to his earlier fondness for field sport. Grant was an all-round athlete and was famous for his ability in that line as a student at West Point. Blaine was a devoted follower of the exercise of walking, and Conkling, who had one of the finest and handsomest physiques ever seen in Washington, was a devotee of boxing, and nothing gave him greater delight than to persuade some brawny, new Western Senator to put on the gloves with him, and then cause him to measure his length on the floor with a deft blow.

In our own day, the two men in public life who are probably exciting more general interest than any others are Rear Admiral George Dewey and Governor Theodore Roosevelt. Both these men are fine athletes, Dewey being an expert swordsman and fencer, and Roosevelt having the reputation of being one of the best boxers ever graduated from Harvard College.

The same facts that you find in the cases of our American soldiers, politicians and statesmen, are also true of the great men of other nations and other times.

Goethe is generally considered to have possessed the greatest mind that Germany ever produced. Bismarck was certainly her greatest statesman. Both these men were devoted to athletics, both ardent believers in and practicers of regular systems of physical exercise, and both

well acquainted with the fact that Nature desires to see an able mind carried about by an able body, and, conversely, an able body governed and managed by an able mind.

No one will deny that Shakespeare was the greatest of all poets and philosophers; none will question the mental genius of Robert Burns and Lord Byron. These three singers again demonstrate that the general idea that large minds and small bodies go together is an erroneous idea. Burns, you remember, was a ploughman, and with deft hands, able muscle and strong sinews he managed his plough as it tossed aside the furrows of earth, while, rapt in reverie and soliloquy, he was giving birth to the beautiful songs that have made his fame immortal.

Shakespeare, you remember, was very fond of sport, and quite early in his career, being unable to control his desire for athletic exercise, was arrested for poaching. He was a splendid shot and had a physique of which an athlete of to-day might be justly proud.

Lord Byron, from the standpoint of the muscular man, has attracted the admiration of hundreds of students and admirers of his works. It was he, you will remember, who stole the mythical laurels from the brow of the muscular Hercules by swimming the turbulent Hellespont and demonstrating that the feat so much spoken of in rhyme and history as one of the famous accomplishments of the great

Hercules, was not impossible, as well, to mortals.

But why go further. To the investigator and the observer it is quite evident that brawn and brain are boon companions and to be found almost invariably enjoying life together.

To the thinker, also, it is quite evident that the intelligence of Nature is not foolish enough to make the possessor of a great brain a dwarf in body, or the possessor of great physique an idiot in mind.

KISSING AS A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

BY J. STUART.

Now, don't laugh! for as humorous as it may seem, kissing of a certain kind is unquestionably of great aid in assisting digestion. Of course the effects of a kiss depend largely on who you are kissing. The writer has seen members of both sexes that the very thought of kissing would stop the process of digestion, and the act itself would undoubtedly bring on seasickness. But there are other lips which appear to have been made for kisses—there is a contour, a fullness, richness and ripeness to them that actually invite such a caress, and the soft, soothing, satisfying effects of a kiss stolen from such a pair of lips is a stimulant to the nerves, to the circulation, to every power and

function of the body that no other intoxicant can possibly approximate.

Some praise the intoxication acquired from champagne and other ordinary beverages. Why, it's prosaic, commonplace insensibility when compared to the delicious, exhilarating ecstasy of lovers' kisses. And allow the writer to say right here that if you are burning up your stomach with alcoholic beverages in your endeavors to find a remedy for indigestion, stop the habit immediately and try the natural stimulating effects of a pair of ruby, appreciative lips. There is nothing like them! If the day is dark and gloomy, they will create a brightness that no clouds can obscure. If the "blues" are clinging with adhesive persistency, they will immediately be dissipated into permanent oblivion.

Ah! if some patent medicine man could only bottle up a quantity of these kisses! His fortune would be made! No bachelor's home would then be complete without them—no lady's boudoir would be minus this harmless though effective intoxicant.

He—"I see that a late medical authority says that kissing is a cure for indigestion."

She—"I ate a good deal more mince pie for dinner than I should."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Small minds and tightly-laced waists are usually companions.

STRONG MEN, PAST AND PRESENT.

Among the greatest feats of strength of the present day are the following: Lifting a 685-pound weight, pushing it up from a reclining position, back downward, using the hands alone, by Patrick McCarthy, in St. Louis, Aug. 10, 1898; carrying 2,250 pounds on the back for eight steps, side-stepping, done by the same man, Aug. 4, 1898; shouldering, with the right hand on the right shoulder, a barrel filled with sand and water, weighing 433 pounds, without help of the knees, and by taking hold of the chimes, by Louis Cyr, in Chicago, May 7, 1896; lifting, in harness, 3,239 pounds, by W. B. Curtis, in New York City, Dec. 20, 1868; lifting 1,897 pounds clear of the floor, using both hands, but without help of knees or artificial aid, by Louis Cyr, in Chicago, May 7, 1896.

Wonderful as these feats of strength are, they are equaled by many, and surpassed by some, of historical fame.

* * *

Milo, of Cretone, ran a mile with an ox on his shoulders, then, with a single blow of his fist, killed the animal. If the Bible story of Samson overpowering the wild lion of the forest and killing him with the jawbone of an ass be ruled out by "the higher criticism," Polydamas, of

Thessalia, is recorded to have done the same thing, without the jawbone or any weapon at all.

The same Grecian strong man held back a chariot which two horses vainly strove to draw away from him. King Darius I., of Persia, called him to his court and pitted three of the strongest men of his army against him. He killed all three by giving to each a slap on the ear. Seizing a bull by one of its hind feet, the animal only got away by leaving its hoof in his hand.

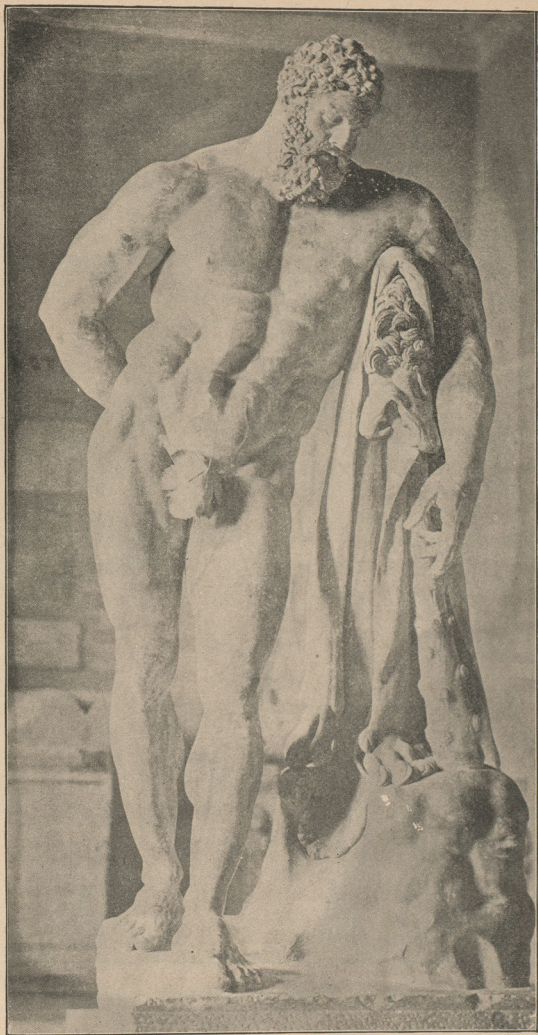
The Roman Emperor Caius Julius Verus Maximus was a giant in stature as well as in strength. He stood over 8 feet high and could squeeze the hardest stone to powder with his fingers. He used to wear his wife's bracelet as a ring.

Athanatus was a Roman athlete who used to run around the arena carrying 500 pounds on his shoulders and 500 pounds fastened to his feet.

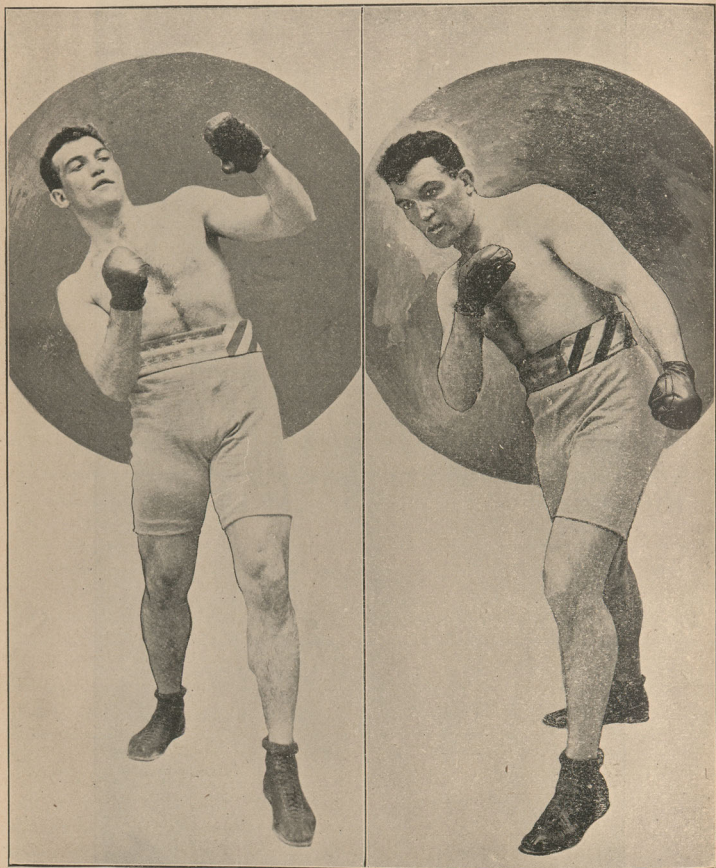
Iceus, another Roman strong man, could seize a furious bull by the horns and tear them away from its head with ease. (It is only a few weeks ago that one of our present-day strong men tried to throw a tame ox and failed.)

* * *

Coming down to later times, the Emperor Charlemagne was 8 feet



THE PHARNESE HERCULES.



TWO STRIKING POSES OF CHAMPION JEFFRIES.

By courtesy The Journal.

high and, just for fun, used to seize a knight in full armor and hold him out at arm's length.

Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, could carry a man of average weight in his open hand, and his son, the famous Marshal Saxe, who led the French at Fontenoy, seized a London dustman by the head, tossed him high in the air, caught him with his one hand as he came down and dropped him, as he might a cat, into his own dust cart. Breaking new horseshoes with his bare hands was another of Marshal Saxe's pleasantries.

Thomas Topham, an English strong man of the eighteenth century, easily lifted three casks, filled with water, weighing 1,836 pounds; lifted a large horse over a turnpike gate, and lifted two hundredweights with his little finger over his head. Being set to guard the entrance to a race course, the driver of a coach filled with passengers and drawn by four horses tried to pass in, when Topham seized the hind wheels of the coach and upset it, with its occupants, into the roadway.—*The World*.

THE LOSS OF FORM IN WOMEN.

After women pass middle age they lose a considerable amount of their height, says the *Family Doctor*, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down; this is to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that

support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of corsets and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears corsets that press upon these muscles and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them of their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed, incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the pieces of that which does duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and the seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing the corsets, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty, intended by Nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her corsets are not tight, being the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder breadth. Her corsets are not too tight because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by corsets. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and quite as flexible.

THE EDITOR'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENT.

Criticisms, MSS., Photographs, etc., invited.

Questions of general public interest answered in this department.

Question: Would muscular development count in one's favor from a health standpoint, or would it merely mean increase in measurement and in the power of the muscles?

Reply: The development of the muscular system to normal standard always increases the strength of the digestive organs and of the entire functional system. The muscles are not only improved, but one's energies are vastly increased, and no matter what may be the occupation or profession followed, this increased strength enables one to accomplish more by far because of it. Furthermore, the emotions are stronger, finer and more acute. Every movement is filled with life, and the tingling intensity of the power to enjoy or to suffer makes one capable of living instead of merely existing.

Question: Do you think one hour and a half exercise at home and a four-mile walk daily sufficient exercise to develop the "pink of condition"? I have never been in thorough training but once in my life, and if I thought I could regain that perfectly heavenly—there is no other adjective to express it—feeling, I would do almost anything.

Reply: If one is training merely for health, for the energy, suppleness and vigor essential to the thorough enjoyment of life's pleasures and successes, I would say that a half an hour's exercise daily, with a four or five mile walk, would be sufficient. Of course, if training for some particular contest or feat of strength, or desirous of becoming an athlete, from one to three hours' exercise should be taken daily.

Question: Will you please give us in the columns of your magazine, what system (diet, exercise, etc.), you follow, as we understand you were at one time in poor health, and are now an athlete?

Reply: It would take a volume to give in detail the information asked in this inquiry. I am, however, preparing an article, which will appear in the September number, along this line. It will be a brief story of my own experience in bringing myself from the weakness of a consumptive to the strength of an athlete. The story may interest and encourage those who are now striving for health and strength.

Question: I am suffering with dyspepsia, constipation and liver troubles, contracted while in the army. I am seldom without pain

or discomfort in some part of the body. Can you benefit me?

Answer: Five minutes exercise on rising, follow with cold sponge bath. Four or five miles walk daily. Inhale many deep breaths while taking this walk. Eat sparingly of wholesome foods only. Never eat unless food is enjoyed. Exercise fifteen minutes before retiring, as advised in my book on physical training. Use many bending motions. Thoroughly knead and massage abdomen with fingers and massage exerciser after exercise—follow with complete bath.

In this case relief can be secured quicker if internal bath, as described in book "The New Method," is used every two or three days the first two weeks of treatment.

TO THE EDITOR.

I have been an interested reader of your valuable magazine since its inception. The attempts of the hero of your novel to win the natural beauty which he found after much searching, has especially attracted my attention—more particularly because I am similarly situated, though he has the advantage of me, for I have not been able to discover a refined, educated young woman who possesses the beauty of body, intelligence and strength of character described as your heroine. I searched for such an undeformed creature long before I ever saw your publication, and I want to ask you, Mr. Editor, if you believe there are any women

in existence such as you describe? I am of athletic figure and a successful business man, and possess sufficient egotism to believe that I could win the woman I might choose.

J. S. D.

I have published the above in full, for I have received a number of communications of a similar character. I believe there are many women possessing a character and physique as described in "The Athlete's Conquest," though such women are usually too modest to have a large list of acquaintances. I would advise the gentleman to continue his search, and if any of our readers can assist him, a letter addressed to him, in care of the Editor, will be forwarded.

If you would enjoy your food be good-humored. An angry man doesn't know whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, a colored woman, 129 years of age, an occupant of the Home for the Aged and Infirm in Philadelphia, says she owes her long life largely to the fact that she was brought up on the plainest kind of food and always had plenty of exercise.

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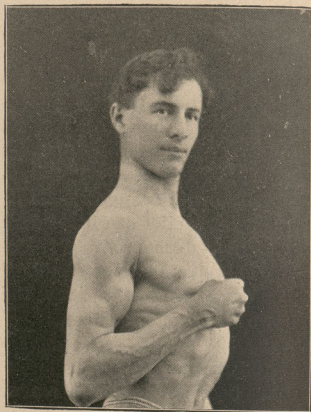
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ONCE AN INVALID, NOW AN ATHLETE.

The Editor would like to hear from those who, like himself, have been brought from extreme weakness to health and strength through physical culture. It encourages others in their endeavors to improve their physical condition. Whenever possible please send photographs.

J. C. Welsh, of Newburyport, Mass., Musical Director for the "Peck's Bad Boy" Company, whose photographs are shown herewith, has achieved most remarkable results from a few months systematic exercise. Here is the story in his own words:

"During my travels, covering a period of eight or nine years, I contracted inflammation of the bowels three times, and the last attack left my lower abdomen so sensitive that even the pressure of my clothes



was painful. One year ago last April I again became ill. This time my trouble was inflammation of the bladder and kidneys. Two eminent physicians from Bradford and Buffalo hospitals, in consultation over my case, concluded that I had small chance of recovery. I, however, recovered after an illness of twenty weeks. For three weeks I was in the Paterson (N. J.) Hospital. Left there weighing ninety-four pounds and extremely weak. I improved very slowly, though my weight finally increased to 115 lbs. But I could not get beyond that, and was always feeling ill. I was

advised about this time to try physical culture, which I did in November last. Well, in three months my weight increased to 130 lbs. I exercised fifteen minutes in the morning and just before retiring, and followed methods similar to those advocated by this publication. After the morning exercise I took a sponge bath; after the evening, a full bath. I have followed this regularly, and to-day I feel twice as strong as I ever was in my life. My abdomen has become so hard that my "solar plexus" seems a mass of muscle, and the blows that I can stand now at this part of the body without inconvenience, I fully believe would have killed me, even before my last illness. You are at liberty to use photographs and letter, and am willing to verify any statement made."

Pain is a signal of danger, a very necessity of existence. But for it, but for the warnings which our feelings give us, the very blessings by which we are surrounded would soon and inevitably prove fatal. Many of those who have not studied the question are under the impression that the more deeply seated portions of the body must be most sensitive. The very reverse is the case. The skin is a continuous and ever-watchful sentinel, always on guard to give us notice of any approaching danger, while the flesh and inner organs, where pain would be without purpose, are,

so long as they are in health, comparatively without sensation.—*Lubbock in The Pleasures of Life.*

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THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.

THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.)

CHAPTER XI.

Edith hurried to her room as Harry disappeared. Tears welled in her eyes as she remembered how earnestly he had pleaded with her. And she had refused him the slightest opportunity. Did she regret it? She knelt by her bed and sobbed like a child. The misery of soul was almost unbearable. It seemed as though it would suffocate her with its intensity.

"Have I done right?" she incoherently asked herself again and again. "Should I have sent him away? How honorable and self-sacrificing he is! Oh, but the misery in his eyes as he turned away! Such a grand fellow, too! But he's gone; gone forever!" She wildly whispered the last sentence to herself, and her head fell forward in her hands despairingly.

"Gone forever?" queried she, raising her head, while the tears coursed down her cheeks. "Not gone forever! No, no; one little word will bring him back."

She grew pensive, her lips parted slightly, and a faint smile dawned through her tears.

"Yes, one little word," she repeated, gazing off into space.

"Shall I bring him back?" while

the smile deepened until her fine features were lighted with happiness in spite of the tears.

"Shall I? Would it be right? Yes; for I love him! Oh, how I love him!" she cried vehemently, quickly rising, brushing the hair from her eyes, and hastening to the mirror.

She gazed at her reflection. Her lashes were still wet. Marks of her tears as they coursed down her cheeks were plainly evident, but she smiled happily to herself.

"Why need I cry? He's mine; all mine—the darling fellow," she cried tenderly, half aloud, while a soft light appeared in her eyes.

She unwound her luxuriant brown hair and began to brush it. It hung far below her waist in thick dark masses.

"Yes; I will write to him tonight," she murmured, a serene smile illuminating her face, as she stood there brushing her rippling locks.

She suddenly noted the traces of her tears and turned to remove them. The cold water made her feel much refreshed. She again returned to the mirror and began studying her countenance carefully.

"What does he see in me to admire so much?" she murmured. "I scarcely know, but I cannot resist him. Oh, how I trembled and longed to kiss him to-night when he was so near, holding my hand. It was so difficult to move away," biting her lips, while a loving, passionate mood took possession of her.

She turned to a comfortable rocker and reclined there, thinking deeply. In a moment she arose and went towards her writing desk. She stopped suddenly and laid her hand on a chair for support, as though she were dizzy. A happy, sensuous light shone from her eyes. Her lips were parted. She scarcely seemed to realize her actions. Her thoughts were far away.

"My, how happy I am," she murmured in whispered tones. "That man! I love him! I worship him!"

"Oh, to love like this!" she cried, throwing herself at full length on the bed, face downward.

She lay there a moment with her face hidden in her hands, then arose and hurried to her writing desk.

"I will write to him now," she said, opening the drawer that contained her writing paper.

That afternoon she had been composing a lecture for delivery before a woman's club. All the manuscript lay in the drawer, and this first met her gaze. It gave her a shock. She remembered her intense enthusiasm when writing it—how her thoughts

had flowed faster than she could write them. She recalled her satisfaction at having made many points clear, and how she had walked the floor after finishing her task, vowing that she would sacrifice even her life for this great purpose. The manuscript brought all this vividly to her mind. In her glorious new love she had forgotten the old—she had forgotten her great ambition.

She took up the manuscript and read three or four pages, standing by the desk. Her facial expression changed. She scarcely appeared like the same person. Her eyes assumed a piercing, fiery brightness that Harry had seen on former occasions. She threw the manuscript on the table and began to pace the floor. Back and forth she went again and again, with slow, steady steps. Her eyes were blazing, her hands clenched.

"What!" she thought, "you indulging in this weakness! You, having suffered untold misery, almost unbearable agony, because of the ignorance of the fundamental laws of life; you, having learned that this ignorance is universal, and whose heart has cried out in sympathy for your suffering sisters, yearning to make universally known the true laws of health—you have willed your life to this cause; to-night were about to forget all and live for your own happiness!"

"Have I forgotten what I suffered? Have I forgotten that there are thousands, yes, millions, of

young girls and women suffering to-day as I did? Their suffering will last all through life—mine was of short duration, for, by accident, I acquired the proper knowledge of the laws of life. Shall I forget all my suffering sisters and live for my own enjoyment? No! A thousand times No," she cried vehemently.

"I feel that I have a duty to perform," she continued to herself. "I feel that my physical power and beauty were given me for a purpose, and that purpose was to assist in the dissemination of that knowledge which enabled me to obtain this great boon to womankind. I have the power to make every girl, every young woman more beautiful, more healthy, and to-night! yes, even to-night, I was about to renounce all.

"I have sent him away, and he shall not return with my consent," she said, half aloud.

She seated herself at the desk and again began to read her lecture.

"Yes!" she read, "the time is not far distant when girls will grow into a true womanhood. When they will be the pride and glory of civilization; when health and beauty will be the rule and not the exception, as it is to-day; when every young woman will understand the true laws of life, and mock modesty—another name for degraded ignorance and impurity of the mind—will be of the past; when happiness will be seen on every side; when girls can indulge in health-giving games without criticism, and

the true standard of beauty will have buried the corset so deep that its resurrection will be impossible."

She read on and on, page after page. Her features betrayed the great intensity of her feelings, as the written thoughts were conveyed to her mind.

As she put down the manuscript an expression of peace and content was in her eyes, sitting there with clasped hands. "What a power I possess! How glorious to be able to work in such a cause," she said, half aloud, with emotion in her voice.

"He will forgive me, I know. I could never accomplish this great work if I were married. It might be possible, but I suppose he views marriage from a conventional standpoint, and the duties of a wife and mother would be imposed on me, seriously impairing my usefulness in this great work; later I may change my opinions, but now the sun shines brightly on my pathway, and it is not from the light of a happy marriage."

CHAPTER XII.

What were Harry's feelings when he quitted Edith's presence so suddenly? What had caused him to make such a rash proposal? He saw that she was intensely interested in her proposed work. In praising her purpose, his own words thrilled him—moved him so that he formed a noble purpose. He would

leave her to follow the vent of her aspirations without his interference. For a moment he felt ashamed for trying to marry her—she seemed so much above him. Why should he interfere with her purpose, especially when of such a worthy nature?

With these self-sacrificing thoughts in his mind, he concluded to risk all. If she seriously desired him to leave her presence forever, he would obey her wish.

For a moment, as she hesitated, he felt encouraged. Even when she said he should go, he did not lose hope.

"After all," he thought, "she may return my love." But when she said so emphatically, "Yes, you must go," he feared his doom was sealed. But even then a ray of hope remained.

"Why does she turn away from me?" he thought, and he asked her to look up into his eyes. But her only answer was to beg him to go, and it was too much.

He thought that she so hated to cause him pain that it made her suffer. He called himself a brute, and braced himself for the few final words he said in parting.

He went down the stone steps with all hope for happiness left behind. In that moment the nobleness of this man's character, and his great, magnanimous love for Edith, were shown with remarkable clearness. He had his faults like all men, but there were moments when his imagination carried him

into the upper realm, and his last thought was for himself. There are men, there are women with such natures. In the ordinary vocation of life they are as others; but when something of great importance arises, when it becomes necessary to risk life or make great sacrifices, they spring forward with alacrity.

How we love this trait, so seldom seen in this day of selfishness and race for gain. Rushing, crushing, crowding, down the stream of life they go, each one striving to be uppermost. If, in the efforts to gain the desired position, one forces a human being under the water of life's stream, it makes no difference. "It's all in the game, you know," he will grin and say to himself. It is money, money, money, everywhere!

Harry walked towards his home with his face drawn and rigid. A miserable, glaring light was in his eyes. So tightly had he clenched his hands that his finger-nails brought blood. He believed that he could win Edith's love if he persisted in his attentions. But in his present mood he was willing to sacrifice his chances because she seemed to conscientiously desire him to do so. He had offered to make this sacrifice; she had accepted, and he would disturb her no more.

For hours he walked the streets. He knew the stifling atmosphere of his room would drive him mad. He had resigned himself to his fate. For once he was baffled, not

from the lack of ability, but because of his noble, self-sacrificing nature.

The night was bright and clear. The soft light of a full moon made all the world look cheerful. He tried to call his attention to this, but failed dismally. His feelings were numbed. Everything of value in the world seemed lost.

"What have I to live for now?" he asked himself as he hurried along. "How I have yearned for the happiness that seemed surely within my reach! How many hours have I spent longing to see an undeformed woman with both mental and physical power and beauty! I discovered her at last. And where has she led me? What excruciating misery she has caused and will cause me. My God! how I wish I had never seen her!" he cried, in the agony of the moment.

Tears welled up in his eyes on several occasions, but by great efforts he repressed them.

It was probably about three o'clock in the morning when he inserted the latch-key in his front door. He was tired, mentally and physically. His muscles ached from fatigue. He entered his room and fumbled around for a match, found one and lighted the gas. He gazed at his features in the mirror and hardly recognized himself. His eyes had a bloodshot appearance. He looked wan and haggard. His full cheeks seemed thin.

He threw himself on his bed without removing his clothes. He could feel the blood throb, throb, in his

tired and aching limbs. A dull pain from mental excitement racked his brain.

He tried so hard to sleep, but he rolled from side to side for more than two hours before sinking into a deep and troubled slumber.

It was late when he awoke next morning. The sun was shining brilliantly through the open windows. He raised himself on his elbow and noticed that he still wore his clothes. He looked around confusedly, and for a moment failed to recognize his surroundings.

Suddenly he remembered the occurrence of the previous night. With a mighty rush the entire scene came back to him. He rose to a sitting position and pressed his clenched hands to his hot, throbbing temples, and with a miserable light in his eyes, he lived through the agony again.

He sat there for awhile, quietly thinking. In a moment his eyes lost their sadness. His hands unclenched and his face relaxed.

He was apparently gazing into nothingness; but a woman's face and form filled his mental vision.

A tender light softened his eyes, and he began biting his lips, though his forehead was still marred with thought lines.

In another instant his emotions changed. His breath came in quick, short gasps; his face fell forward and rested within his nerveless hands; tears trickled through his fingers, while his strong frame quivered from hand to foot,

though not a sound issued from his lips.

He trembled like a palsied old man in his silent weeping. He tried so hard to repress the sobs, but he was unequal to the task. He arose, angry with himself for such weakness, and started with unsteady steps to take his morning bath, still sobbing. He stopped at the bathroom door, leaned on the side of the doorway, and tried to quell his emotions. He finally succeeded, went back to his room, removed his clothes, donned the bath-robe and returned.

It was nearly half an hour before he emerged, a different man, head thrown back and smiling. The bath-robe opened slightly at the neck showed the beautiful color of his skin. Once more he was himself. Once more he felt the power quivering, longing for action. His brain was cleared. Seeming impossibilities which had stared him in the face the night before, now faded away into mere fancy.

"Now," thought he, as he seated himself in a comfortable rocking-chair, still in his bath-robe, "with my brain clear, I can see that she did not seem so anxious to have me go last night as her words would imply. Her allowing me, unresistingly, to hold her hand, even for a moment; the light of love that shone for an instant in her eyes—all show that she is undoubtedly not indifferent to me. As to her ambitions—in what way could marriage interfere? The

duties of a wife and possibly of a mother. But if she wished, I will not impose either on her. How can I? I could not remain away from her."

Thus he reasoned to himself, endeavoring to find some means to marry her without interfering with her ambition.

"For the privilege of being her husband, I would agree to any proposition. All I ask is to see her occasionally and to know that she is my wife. Yes, my wife," he murmured softly to himself, while a bright smile lighted his handsome features.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the following Saturday Watson came down to business. The blackness about his eyes had all disappeared, or else it was artistically covered. The scratch on his cheek showed plainly, but it was rapidly healing. Watson accounted for this by stating that he had slipped on a banana peeling. It was amusing to hear him tell of this accident.

"Watson, what's the matter with you? Been fighting?" was the usual greeting of his friends.

"Oh, yes; had an encounter with a banana peel the other day," he would smilingly answer. "I was walking down the street in a great hurry, rushing along like a cyclone, as it were, chasing after a big order, when suddenly, as I sprang on the sidewalk, after crossing the

street, I landed on a confounded banana peeling, and up went my heels, and down I went. For a moment it seemed as though the sidewalk was a roller skating rink and my face was a roller from the manner it slid over the rough pavement."

He grinned to himself every time he repeated this tale, when he saw how heartily his hearers laughed at his misfortune.

"How much more they would enjoy it if they knew all the circumstances," he often muttered to himself with a smile. "Well, a fine business man must be a good liar, so I may as well practice in that way as any other."

He called on Harry later in the day, and found him at leisure in his private office.

"Well, Watson, you are looking fine, everything considered," was Harry's cordial greeting.

"Yes; all things considered, I am," Watson answered with a smile.

"It seems that our escapade has not yet been traced to us."

"No, and I don't believe that it ever will be," answered Watson, laughing.

"Well, I hope not."

"If it should ever become known, my business friends will think I'm a devil of a liar."

Watson then told Harry the story he was using as an excuse for his marred features. Harry laughed heartily.

"There was no necessity for creating that tale," he finally said.

"Ah, pshaw; I would like something of that nature to tell my customers every day. It creates general good humor, and they buy more goods."

"Yes, there may be something in that," answered Harry, sarcastically.

"By the way, Moore, we expect to have some company at our house to-night. Won't you join us?"

"Certainly, I will be pleased to."

"We will depend on your being there, then."

"Pardon my changing the subject so suddenly, Moore, but you were saying the other day that I ought to develop my physical powers, and you were about to instruct me how to begin when we were interrupted. I was of the opinion that it was too late in life for me to do anything, but you appeared to believe otherwise. Are you sure your theories are right?"

"Certainly; I sincerely believe in every statement I made. You can undoubtedly secure a great improvement if you will adopt proper methods," answered Harry.

"Well, what are proper methods?"

"You should begin by taking from ten minutes to a half-hour exercise every day, following a system that uses all your muscles. This can be done at your own home, or else you can join a gymnasium. I also understand that you are in the habit of drinking alcoholic liquors and that you smoke several cigars daily?"

"Yes, I do."

"You should stop immediately."

"It is all very well to say stop immediately, but the task is not easy."

"You merely make it difficult."

"No, I don't; I have tried once or twice and failed."

"You try it once more; make up your mind to conquer, and with the elevating influence of exercise on your general system you will be successful. Smoking and drinking are both bad habits, even when indulged moderately."

"Well, I'll make the attempt. What else?"

"Take long walks, and——"

"Long walks!! Don't I walk nearly all day, now?"

"Yes, in these smoky, dusty, old streets; but go out among the trees in the country; fill your lungs with fresh, pure air, then you will secure some benefit. Take a run occasionally, too, when you can. Running is fine exercise. It makes you draw long, deep, full breaths—natural breathing exercises."

"Well, I intend to follow your plan and commence at once. By the way, what do you think of my cousin Edith's views? She said she had discussed the subject with you."

"She has the right ideas. That cousin of yours is a remarkably intelligent woman. I admire her greatly for her beauty as well as intellect."

"Yes; her mental powers are remarkable, but she is far from my

ideal as a representative of feminine beauty."

"What is your ideal?"

"I don't admire such strength of mind in a woman. It gives her so many curious ideas."

"In other words, you would not desire your wife to have ideas."

"Oh, no; not that. I would want my wife to have intelligence."

"You would like her to have intelligence, and still would not allow her the privilege of using it in forming conclusions of her own."

"No; I don't mean that. Somehow, I cannot admire a strong-minded woman. Such women unsex themselves. I like to see them in their place."

"You don't admire a strong-minded woman, you say! Now, what is your conception of a strong-minded woman? I would define a strong-minded woman as one who possessed strength and breadth of intellect. I have seen fools that some men designated by that term, but they made a mistake. And you also think strength of mind unsexes a woman? How is this possible? Why should it unsex a woman to have sufficient brains to think clearly on any subject? Now, I tell you, Watson, I don't agree with you. You also say you like to see a woman in her place. Now, what is a woman's place in your estimation?"

"Ah, Moore, you have, no doubt, studied the question more than I. That is plain; but there is this much about it—a woman's place is

at home. Her object in life should be to beautify herself and her home, that true marital happiness may be enjoyed."

"Don't you see where we differ, Watson? You want a wife who will lean on and be protected and guided by you—a child; and I desire one who would be ready, willing and able to care for and protect herself under all circumstances. In my estimation, a woman should have as much freedom and as many rights as a man. She should remain at home whenever she desires, and at no other time. Her slavery to rules laid down by society is the most abject servility. If a woman has a mind of her own, the increased intelligence and strength of character acquired from this mental freedom will assist in elevating and improving the man she loves."

Harry paused a moment. Every tone of his voice was fired with enthusiasm. He was expounding his pet theories.

"When such women," continued Harry, "are plentiful the millennium will be at hand. Then one can marry a girl of education, minus deformed vital organs and physical weakness; then one can marry a real woman, and not a parcel of clothes with padding here and there to give shape. Civilization!

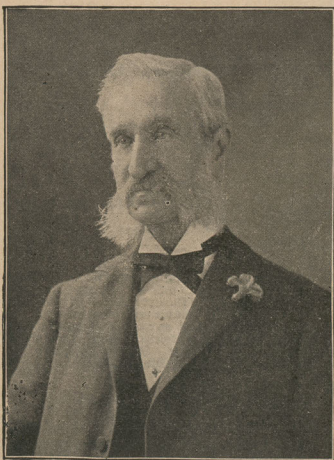
Ugh! What is it? And the general idea of education?

"Instead of preparing one for a life of usefulness, in many cases it paves the way to the grave. But little knowledge is acquired that is retained and used in after life, and even in the acquirement of this the laws of hygiene and health are often so grossly disobeyed that the student is a wreck at graduation. An Indian learns to like whiskey, but he usually fails to discover until too late that it will destroy his manhood, devitalize and corrupt his entire physical self—evolving prematurely a weak and nervous old man. Civilization of to-day is the same thing over again. 'Our daughters must have an education,' says the rich father. How I pity those poor, sickly daughters!—cursed by the love of a father whose ignorance is criminal. He would never allow them to work or exercise! 'Oh, no! they are too fine, too nice; they might soil their pretty white hands, don't you know!' sarcastically, then pausing a moment.

"My daughters shall grow into great grandames. I'll give them a refined education; send them to boarding school, where they can learn to play the piano, talk French and acquire other fancy accomplishments."

(To be Continued.)

SNATCHED FROM THE
JAWS OF DEATH.



John Lucas.

*One of Philadelphia's most prominent and
respected merchants.*

PHILADELPHIA, June 10, 1890.

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In response to yours of the 5th, no man living has greater cause to speak highly of your J. L. B. Cascade than myself, for had it not been for its use a few years ago, I should not be living to day. I was in charge of a faithful man nurse and the best medical attendance at Portland Springs and so low and ill, it was considered questionable by the doctors, if I could reach my home alive, and death considered certain within a week after arrival. My attendant followed out your instructions to the letter in persevering with the use of your Cascade and though now in my 76th year I am enjoying a fair share of health, apart from weakness of my heart.

I recently returned from Jamaica, West Indies, travelling from one end to the other, per rail and in carriages, with comfort. I have bought and made presents of your Cascade to several personal friends, all of whom are delighted with the wonderful results of its use.

Very sincerely yours,

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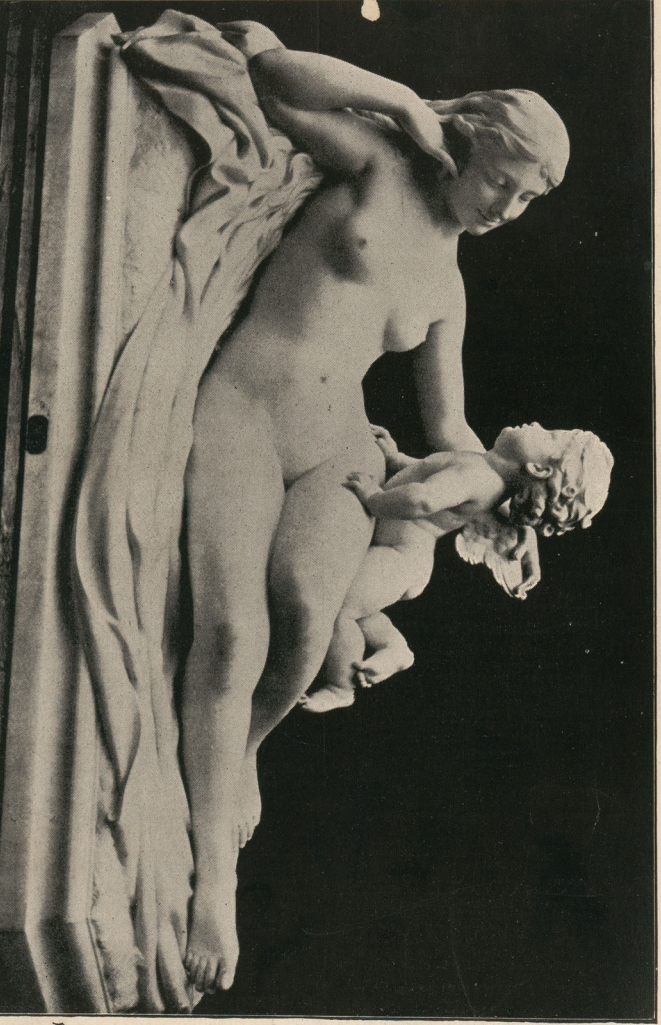
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