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

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EXERCISES AND HINTS FOR BODY BUILDING

HOW LIFE'S GREATEST PLEASURES MAY BE INTENSIFIED MANY TIMES
BY INCREASED PHYSICAL HEALTH

By Al. Treloar

THE WINNER OF THE \$1,000 PRIZE COMPETITION

PARADOXICAL as it may seem, the task of an advocate is sometimes the more difficult on account of his own strong belief in the cause he urges. Physical exercise is now so generally regarded as a necessary part of every person's daily life that the statement "Physical culture is a good thing" seems almost axiomatic.

Next to a clear conscience, a strong body is the most desirable thing in life, and the possession of the latter often assures the former. Physical exercise brings bodily improvement and therefore better health with all that that implies. Pain is the greatest affliction of human life. Good health, which nearly all can get by exercise, means freedom from pain. The study and habit of exercise call attention also to the general laws of health, and create an

ambition and desire for bodily perfection, thus hastening the desired result.

Another aspect of the results of exercise

that will appeal to busy people is the greatly increased capacity for work produced. The business man or mental worker who gains a strong and healthy

physical make-up will not only endure more hours of work, but will be able to accomplish *vastly more and better work in the same time than before*. Not only are one's chances of high success increased by fine bodily vigor, but from the examples we see one is almost led to believe that a well-trained and vigorous body is *necessary* to the best success. There have been instances of exalted genius in a puny body. Cicero and Voltaire, those two mental giants with tongues like rapiers, who, had they lived in the same age, might have been brothers—or the bitterest enemies—were men of puny physique. But they can scarcely be said to have lived



Exercise No. 1.—Bend forward, as shown in illustration, resting hands on legs just above the knee. Let the muscles of the back relax, and let the weight of the body rest on arms. Now push the body up by simply straightening the arms. Continue the exercise back and forth until muscles tire. An especially beneficial exercise for chest and arms.

successful lives. The names that we find at the top in all departments of human effort in the past and now are



Exercise No. 2.—Upper Chest Breathing. Cross the arms, bringing shoulders forward and downward, as shown in above illustration. Now, as you inhale deeply and freely, bring the arms and shoulders up and back, as shown in the second illustration, filling the chest fully and thoroughly, slightly drawing in the abdomen.

This is especially beneficial for chest expansion, though it is well to remember that this is not the proper way to breathe ordinarily, as expansion should begin in the abdominal region.

those of men who intelligently cultivated their physical powers. Washington, perhaps the greatest name in the history of all ages, was a skilled athlete. Andrew Jackson, one of the most masterful executives any country ever had, was a seasoned veteran of camp and field, whose commanding voice and presence bespoke the robust physical manhood that marked his rugged character. Theodore Roosevelt, the young athlete who has proved himself well fitted for the highest position in the land, is by no means the least of the long list of great exponents of strenuous physical life.

Physical training and care of the body not only wing one's feet in the race for success; they change the whole mental tone and attitude. Optimism, liberality and kindness are traits directly fostered by and resultant from physical activity. Cheerfulness is the result of health and presupposes health. The man or woman who enjoys the exhilaration of perfect health is never a victim of worry. There is no better friend in the time of adversity than the self-reliance which accompanies physical strength.

Physical and mental strength go hand in hand. The student whose memory is unreliable and who finds it difficult to concentrate his mind will find himself in better command of his mental forces and the way of scholarship made smooth if he will but set aside a short time each day for vigorous exercise. Statistics of schools and universities show that the students who excel in athletics also stand well in their classes. Also the winners of highest honors for scholarship are almost invariably men who attend the gymnasium as faithfully as the class room. Still other instances are noted of men who studied long and hard with



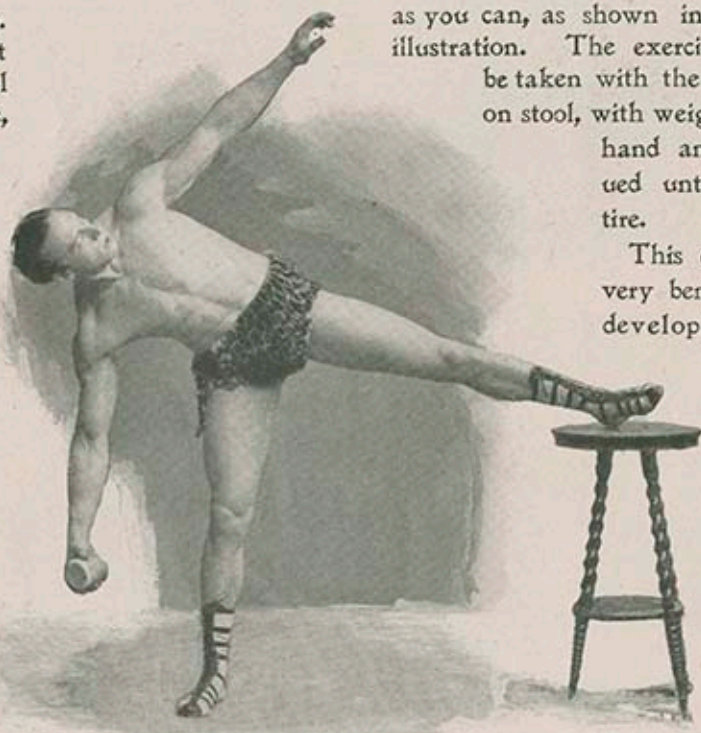
Exercise No. 2—Continued.

little success, who took up exercise and then took great strides forward in their studies.

Cultivation of the body lengthens life. If some great athletes have died at an early age it was not because they were athletes. Either the temptations to which their fame exposed them led them into dissipation, or their eagerness to excel caused them to overtax their powers. Under the same conditions one may be sure they would have died the sooner

and legend of every land and language are full of its expression. Our present science of chemistry sprang from the efforts of the ancient sages to discover the fabled elixir which was to confer on wistful man the boon of endless days. Stronger than the greed for gold, stronger than the lust for power, stronger than the love of kin or country, strongest of the human passions, is the natural love of life. Of what incomparable value and importance, then, is any action such

Exercise No. 3.—Place left foot on a stool or small table, as shown in illustration. Now secure a weight of some kind which can be gripped tightly in the right hand. Now bring right hand upward as high



as you can, as shown in the next illustration. The exercise should be taken with the other leg on stool, with weight in left hand and continued until muscles tire.

This exercise is very beneficial for developing the muscles on the inner side of the legs and for strengthening the upper chest muscles.

but for their strength. How many old men can be found who have not been physically active the greater part of their lives? The tremendous significance of the statement that exercise lengthens life commands the attention of all thoughtful men. In all the varied pursuits and standards of different lands and times there has been one great, unsatisfied wish common to all the inhabitants of earth—the desire for immortality. Religions are founded upon it and owe their origin to it. Fable

as exercise that will actually stretch out the span of life, not a little, but perhaps for many years, which will thwart, push back, delay for a time the black shadow of death, which man alone of living creatures sees ever at the pathway's end!

But if the arts of man are powerless to secure perpetual life we can still put ourselves in condition to get the very most of pleasure out of the time allotted to us. One of the greatest values of exercise is the *increased capacity for enjoyment*

which it gives. If this were solely through the added powers of resistance given to the damaging effects of brutal pleasures the cause would have no dignity; but the clear health and consciousness of strength which come from exercise give enjoyment to life in a different way. The healthy man or woman finds pleasure in mere existence, the mind is fresh and clear, enthusiasm lends delight to every deed and thought, food tastes better, sleep is sounder; in short, every part of life is brightened and made complete by exercise.

There are strong altruistic as well as selfish reasons why all men and women should build up their bodies by systematic exercise. Self-improvement is a duty to the community as much as to the individual. If all persons could find increased power for productive

work through greater strength and health, and gain cheerfulness and virtue, as would surely be the case with universal exercise, the social tone of the whole nation would be raised. In fact, such pictures lead us rapidly to thoughts of the millennium, when poverty and crime shall be unknown. The stimulating effect of popular exercise on national life is forcefully illustrated in many historic instances. Greek art and civilization reached its zenith when athletic exercises were most generally prac-

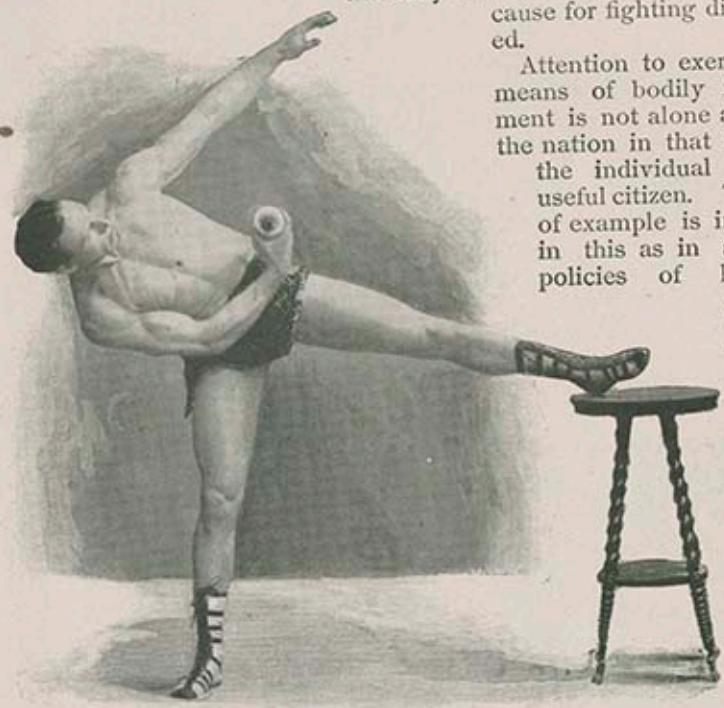
ticed and admired. The Swiss people, who have given the world many object lessons in good government, have always engaged extensively in athletic sports. When Father Jahn started the great movement for popular gymnastics in Germany his original purpose was to educate and train the people physically so that they would be able to fight for their religious beliefs and personal liberties. As the movement grew, however, a spirit of liberality grew with it, undoubtedly the result of the introduction of exercise into the daily lives of the people, so that all cause for fighting disappeared.

Attention to exercise as a means of bodily improvement is not alone a duty to the nation in that it makes the individual a more useful citizen. The duty of example is important in this as in all other policies of life. If

one man takes up exercise, others will note the benefits he gains and be induced to do the same.

Our duty to future generations should be a co-

gent reason for physical as well as mental self-improvement. The man or woman who brings his or her body to the highest possible state of perfection not only lays up a store of health and happiness for personal enrichment, but is bequeathing to the children a legacy of strength, vigor and life; a freedom from evil tendencies and a pleasure more valuable than palaces or titles. For the rewards of the father's right living are as surely visited upon the son through many generations as are the penalties of sins.



Exercise No. 3.—Continued.

Encouraging a love of strength for its own sake is not acquiring a new taste. It is natural to every one of us. Through all ages the love of bodily grace and vigor has characterized mankind. Savage races have worshiped strength in nature, and further progress brought the worship of gods and heroes, conceived as personifications of bodily strength. The athlete and warrior, in all history and to-day, holds first place in the hearts of the people. This universal admiration of physical prowess was not solely because of the greater efficiency it gave in self-defense or war, but was to a great extent a love of beauty and strength for its own sake. Our conceptions of courage, chivalry, patriotism and honor carry with them the idea of physical strength. The picture of great strength is, therefore, rightly the delight of age, and childhood's summit of imaginary glory.

Some writers have pictured the human beings of a future age as creatures with enormous brains and little bodies, retaining just enough of physical power to operate the great machines which are to do the work of the future world. Such writers have not counted on the artistic side of human nature. Physical strength may cease to be a necessity for work, but it will never disappear. Just as the horse will surely be kept from extinction for his beauty alone, though his usefulness cease, so the artistic sense of the people will foster, not neglect, the development of strength.

The tendency of modern thought is toward the completest life. All rational physical pleasures are conserved as adding to the great total of pleasure for which we live. Physical culture, then, is advanced as one of the most effective means to the realization of the greatest ultimate pleasure in living.

DR. A. F. REINHOLD'S HANDSOME LITTLE BABY

DR. REINHOLD is one of the new school of drugless doctors. In his books on health he has expounded views similar to PHYSICAL CULTURE in regard to the proper way of bringing children into this world. He has naturally been criticised, but the photo of his little son, shown here, is a living proof of the value of physical culture methods in child training. The



Dr. Reinhold, Jr., at Five Months. Weight, 22½ lbs.

little man has never had a sick day in his life, nor has he cost his parents a single night's rest. His cheeks are said

to be as red as roses, and the mother writes that his loud little laugh can be heard ringing through the house at almost any part of the day. Now twelve months old, he can walk without help, and is able to talk intelligibly. He is the possessor of ten little teeth, which did not in the least trouble him in arriving. He believes in cold-water baths, and will not be forgotten when the hour arrives, twice daily, for his tonic. No soap or powder has ever touched his unchafed, rosy skin. He has not soiled a napkin since he became about three months of age, and goes to stool regularly each night and morning.

The child has never had a drop of medicine, and received no food whatever, except his mother's milk, up to one year of age. For years, the mother was intelligent enough to abstain from all meats, coffee, tea and all other nerve-deadening stimulants. It is needless to say the father practiced the same methods, and the child is therefore absolutely free from any transmitted nervous or mental taint.

It is worthy of mention that the father was fifty-one years young and the mother thirty when the child was born.

WAS NAPOLEON A PHYSICAL CULTURIST?

By Val Verbeck

TO anyone who has studied closely the life and habits of Napoleon Bonaparte one fact must be clearly evident: He was a splendid example of physical endurance. Though surrounded by every luxury that the French court commanded, he managed to escape many of its evils in the way of ill health.

During his boyhood he was not remarkable for his strength, but was noted rather for his nervous endurance and quickness of perception. Yet with the years of approaching manhood his powers increased greatly.

During his first experiences as a lieutenant he was called upon to endure many hardships, and these he bore uncomplainingly and with an elasticity of spirit that astounded his superior officers. From Constant, his *valet-de-chambre*, one may gain many glimpses into the private life of the great Emperor, and one is impressed with the attention bestowed upon the rules of health by one of the busiest of monarchs.

Baths were his daily habit. Even in the critical days of his campaigns he never omitted his bath, and in the intervals when he was in Paris he often indulged in several baths a day. An instance will suffice to demonstrate the efficacy of these baths. At the capitulation of Dresden, the Emperor had spent several nights dictating orders, and on

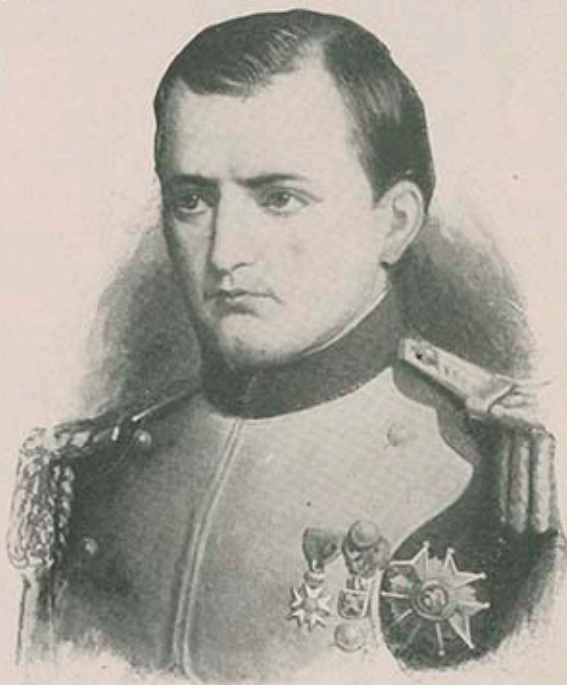
the last day of the battle he was in the saddle fourteen hours, during which time a heavy rain was constantly falling. On his return to headquarters, Constant states: "Knowing that the Emperor greatly enjoyed a bath after a fatiguing day, I had it prepared. He retired soon after. The next morning he rang very early. I found him almost entirely

restored and in fine spirits. During the whole time I was with him I never saw him ill enough to keep to his bed twenty-four hours."

Although very sensitive to cold, he invariably slept on the field before battle. Scorning the remonstrances of his intimate advisers, he insisted on this measure, on the score that a general should be able to endure what he required of his soldiers, even though he was at the same time an emperor.

From his Oriental expeditions he learned many useful methods of life—among them the daily rubbing with alcohol, administered by Constant, and to which the Emperor persistently clung, even in the last days at St. Helena. He enjoyed also the luxury of a brisk rubbing with a dry brush, and when Constant hesitated to apply it with pressure, the Emperor would seize the brush and rub vigorously, saying at the same time: "You should do it harder."

To all the details of his toilet he ad-



Napoleon Bonaparte

hered most scrupulously, and never omitted them. An open fire heated his private rooms in winter. His underclothing was always of linen, a custom that is gaining favor now in our own country.

His meals were simple in the extreme, too simple to suit the Empress and the ladies, who had separate delicacies served at odd moments in their boudoirs. With the most seductive wines of the nation at his command, he indulged very moderately and very infrequently in the use of alcohol. He was considered a very poor judge of wine, a fact that speaks eloquently for his abstinence.

Napoleon never smoked and could scarcely tolerate it in others. He believed that work should be a sufficient stimulant and sleep a satisfactory narcotic for any man.

Labedoyere says: "The Emperor eats generally very little. He often says that a man may hurt himself by eating too much, but never by eating little. He will go sometimes twenty-four hours without eating. The Emperor has no faith in medicines and never takes any."

At the siege of Toulon, a gunner about to ram down a charge, was shot at his gun. The ball, glancing, pierced Napoleon's hat, but he stepped forward, seized the rod and rammed the shot home. For this bravery he paid in later years, the gunner being afflicted with a very contagious itch, which Napoleon contracted, and which caused him much

discomfort, as his right arm was affected. His surgeons desired to amputate the member, but he insisted that with daily applications of alcohol and much exercise, the arm could be saved. Years proved his wisdom.

He went through the most severe trials of mental and physical strength during his wars, meeting them all with his stupendous power of will. When wounded at Ratisbon he barely stopped to have the wound in his foot dressed.

In spite of the great responsibilities and many worries to which he was subjected, there were no outward signs of care upon his face until a few years before his death. When the Emperor was forty-five years of age, Labedoyere remarks:

"Not the smallest trace of a wrinkle is discernible upon his brow, nor an approach to a furrow on any part of his countenance."

Constant states, in regard to the Austrian campaign:

"During the whole of this campaign the Emperor had not a moment of repose. The days passed in combats or marches, always on horseback, the nights in labors in the cabinet. I never comprehended how his body could endure such fatigue, and yet he enjoyed almost continuously the most perfect health."

Napoleon was a man of wonderful endurance and strong health. In the history of nations, Napoleon stands forth in bold relief, as a type of physical endurance and imperial magnetism.



Where all Drugs Should be Sent



Alport Stone,
W. Wirksworth

Hemlock Stone

Alport Stone
W. Wirksworth

ROCK-CLIMBING AS AN EXERCISE

THIS STRENUOUS EXERCISE POPULAR IN ENGLAND—ILLUSTRATIONS ARE ALL FROM THE BRITISH ISLES

By G. A. Fowkes

NO other exercise truly deserving the name of sport calls into action as many muscles as are exerted continually in rock-climbing when it is practiced on the crags of the English fells. But it is not necessary to go so far afield in order to enjoy this healthful pastime, for places no more remote than the Derbyshire Peak and the hills of Yorkshire, may supply the proper training ground. There is such a gymnasium on a hilltop overlooking Matlock Bath.

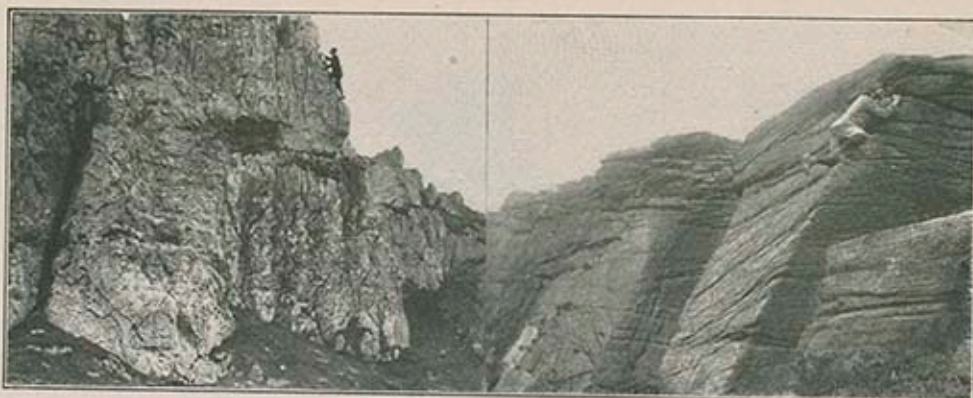
In a series of crags known as the Black Rocks all the problems dear to the scrambler may be found, with gullies and pinnacles, arêtes and chimneys; with opportunities galore for swarming and squirming, backing up and hand-traversing, and other approved forms of mountaineering exercise. The best of all is a small climb known as the "Crack." It is a straight fissure with no holds worth mentioning, the climber having to force his way up by means of his forearms thrust into the cleft, and his success depending largely on his nice sense of balance.

The Black Rocks are composed of millstone grit, a rock with few straightforward grips, such as one gets on a long

mountain climb in Cumberland, yet excellent for bringing out one's arm-power and the strength of gripping with thighs and elbows. On the other hand, the dolomite crags of Brassington and Harborough, which are about four miles away, afford a totally different style of exercise, the face of this rock being weathered into innumerable holes and crannies that form good finger holds.

Most of the climbs are on the face of the rock, but even a dolomite chimney is tackled often in essentially the same way by supporting one's self on the fingers. Usually the carboniferous limestone is a very bad rock to climb on; but whenever the cragsman comes across an outcrop of dolomite he may feel sure of getting good sport.

Two interesting climbs on gritstone are to be had on the Alport Stone, a forty-foot pinnacle not far from the Black Rocks. Both an easy and difficult ascent are to be found, the crux of the hard one consisting of a pull-up with the fingertips over a sloping shoulder. It is not much easier than is the Black Rocks Crack, and more than one person has come a cropper on the difficult way up.



Harborough Rocks, Nr. Wirksworth

Stannage Edge, Peak of Derbyshire

More climbs on the same delightful rock are to be found at Robin Hood Stride, three miles from Haddon Hall. Rock towers, gigantic boulders, face-climbs, chimneys and gullies provide all sorts of entertainment; and among them are certain climbs that have been compared by good men to the toughest among the Wastdale climbs. It is safe, at any rate, to say that the man who learns these minor ascents with confidence and safety may consider himself qualified to undertake most of those more celebrated scrambles.

Weston's Chimney is a very interesting problem on Cratcliff Tor, a mere stone's throw away from the Stride; hard by are the Owl's Gully and various other first-rate scrambles; and among the neighbor-

ing moors no end of other gritstone monoliths can be found by those in search of scrambles.

Farther away, four miles from Nottingham, is a monolith of a different geological character, the Hemlock Stone, a sandstone pinnacle that has been hardened by deposits. With its top overhanging, and all its ledges overhanging, it offers a series of problems like those of the horizontal bar, each move in the ascent being accomplished by pulling up with hands and arms, the body swinging. The knack of balancing, of distributing the weight of the body and of economizing muscular exertion so as to utilize one's strength to the best advantage, can be acquired here as well as on more nerve-shaking heights.

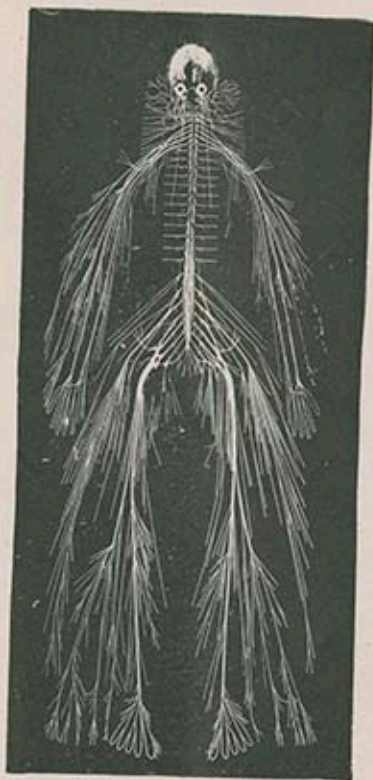
Harboro Rocks
Nr. WirksworthWeston's Chimney
Cratcliff Tor, Nr. RowsleyOwl's Gully
Cratcliff Tor, Nr. Rowsley

THE MARVELOUS NERVE SKELETON OF THE HUMAN BODY

FIRST COMPLETE NERVE SKELETON EVER MADE—CONSTRUCTED BY DR. WEAVER FROM ONE BODY—HAS NOT A SINGLE SPLICE, BEING PATIENTLY DISSECTED INCH BY INCH WITHOUT A BREAK

By Frank P. Jones

THE wonder of two hemispheres is a complete skeleton of the human nerves, prepared after an incredible amount of work and patience by



The Only Complete Chart of the Nervous System in the World. It was Made from the Nerves of a Single Body Without Break or Splice

Dr. Rufus B. Weaver, professor of anatomy at the Hahnemann College, Philadelphia. There is nothing to equal it in any museum in the world. The nerves of the hand, the foot, and other portions of the human anatomy have

been separated from the body and shown in the same fashion as the remarkable skeleton made by Dr. Weaver, but no one has had the patience to prepare a complete nerve chart, using as the material the actual nerves withdrawn from the body.

A picture of the nerve chart has been sent to the Museum of Medical Curiosities at Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, and the creator of the nerve chart has been congratulated by the great surgeons of London on having built up one of the most marvelous anatomical structures of the age. The nerve skeleton stands in a glass case in the museum at Hahnemann College. It is easily the most attractive exhibit among a vast collection of medical and surgical curios. At a short distance it looks like a tracing in white on a black background, but a closer inspection reveals



Dr. Rufus B. Weaver
Professor of Anatomy at the
Hahnemann College, Phila.

the wonderful fact that it is an actual skeleton of the network of nerves in the human frame, standing out in relief from the back of the case. The first question asked by the visitor to the museum, on seeing the specimen, is:

"What kind of string did the professor use to build up the chart?"

On learning that it is not fashioned of string, but of real nerve tissue, the visitor almost invariably continues his inquiries with:

"From how many bodies did you take the nerves necessary to complete the chart?"

Astonishment is intensified when the information is given that one body supplied the entire skeleton, the unique task that the professor set himself being to withdraw the nerves inch by inch without a single break so that the complete network could be set up in one piece.

As soon as the plan for the work was well outlined in Professor Weaver's mind he selected a subject. It was a woman, who in life was about thirty-five years old, of good form, with a healthy development of adipose tissue. The problem before Professor Weaver was to separate every nerve in the body from the flesh and the bones and preserve them intact down to the finest point.

"When I started on the work," said Professor Weaver, "I thought I had about a month's task before me. I worked along and worked along, and soon the magnitude of the undertaking unfolded itself before me. It was eight months before the wearisome and exacting work was done, giving ten hours a day almost entirely to it. The dissection itself was not such a troublesome job as was the mounting. Not for a great deal of money would I go through the same strain again. No money could purchase the chart. It is not possible to place any monetary value upon it, for there is nothing like it in the entire world."

Professor Weaver's method of work is familiar to all anatomists who devote their attention to dissection. He would select a main nerve, and then, carefully cutting away the muscles and various

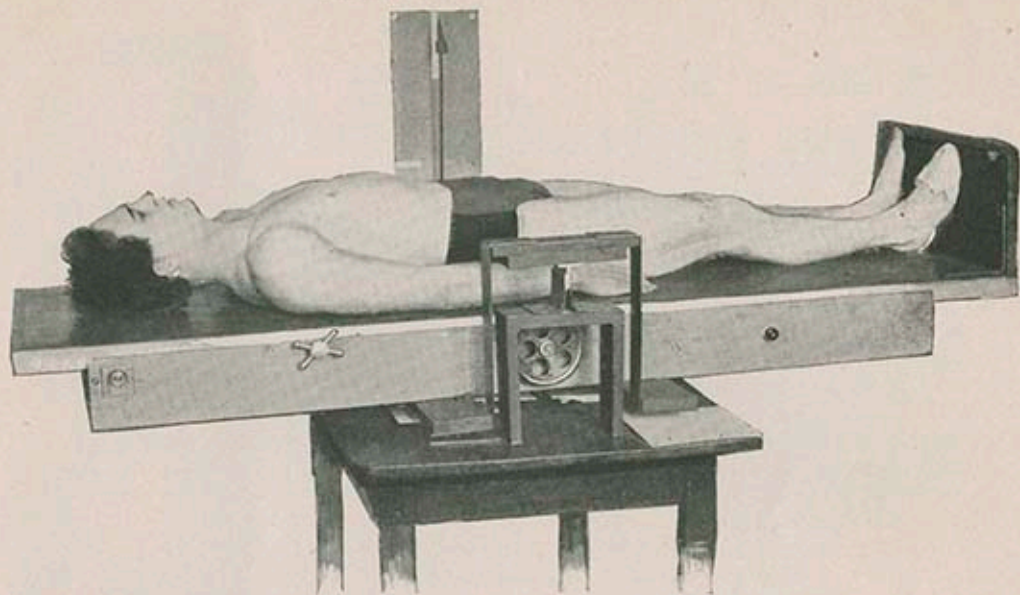
tissues surrounding it, he would follow it along its branches to the very ends of its filaments. The nerves of the arms and the legs were first separated, and then, by gradual and careful cutting, he reached the backbone and the head.

The bones of the vertebrae and the cranium were carefully chipped and sawed until the spinal cord and the brain were fully exposed. Then the dura mater of the spinal cord was carefully opened and the great nerve that it contained, and all the little branching strands that connect it with the nerves of the body were laid bare and carefully prepared for preservation. The brain was put through a special process to preserve it, and the twelve pairs of cranial nerves were carefully prepared for mounting.

As the work proceeded, Professor Weaver found that he would have to take special precautions to prevent the dissected nerves from drying and breaking. In order, therefore, to keep them moist and supple, each nerve, after being separated from the flesh and bone, was wrapped carefully in gauze and kept wet by soaking it in alcohol. These wrappings had to be changed and the moistening renewed. As the network of filaments increased in size this moistening operation became a terribly arduous task.

Persevering and by patient toil, Dr. Weaver gradually, inch by inch, dissected the delicate filament, preserving every branch as he went along, and exerting his utmost skill to prevent a single section from breaking, until at last he reached the last little nerve and had spread before him the entire skeleton of the nervous system. This part of his gigantic task completed, the professor then covered the entire skeleton with a preparation that made it impervious to damage by any extraneous influence short of fire, and then mounted the chart in the manner seen in the photograph.

As Professor Weaver says, he would not again undertake the work of preparing such a nerve skeleton, and no one has sought, so far, to duplicate it. It is to be hoped that great care will be taken in handling it on its journey to the West, for if broken it could not be replaced.



Muscle-Bed

A delicate machine invented to weigh the amount of energy expended in performing any exercise in a physical culture movement

YALE DOCTOR INVENTS A MUSCLE-BED

By C. Gilbert Percival, M. D.

DR. WILLIAM G. ANDERSON, director of Yale University gymnasium, has invented a delicate machine for weighing the amount of energy consumed in performing any exercise in a physical culture movement. This machine is termed by its inventor the muscle-bed, and in reality it is a delicate apparatus for indicating the changes in the center of gravity of a human body when a single thought is gone through. In other words, Dr. Anderson has succeeded in weighing a thought—that is, he is able by the means of his cleverly devised machine to find out what amount of blood changes place in the body under mental as well as under physical exercise.

This machine has been the means of discovering many other interesting things. For instance, the inventor has learned through its agency that exercise done before a looking glass is much better than mechanical gymnastics gone through without the glass; that sprinting decreases rather than increases the supply of blood in the lower limbs, and that it is possible to increase the supply of blood in certain parts of the body by thinking of

those parts as going through exercise without moving them at all. Dr. Anderson's discoveries are important to the science of health because they provide a new foundation for the study of blood distribution, which is the most important factor with which physicians and physical culturists have to deal.

The muscle-bed, as invented by the director of the Yale University gymnasium, consists of a shallow box balanced upon knife edges by delicately adjusted compensatory weights. A man lying upon it can be easily rolled in any direction and the bed can be locked at any point. There are levels, graduated scales and an indicator to record changes.

The following are some of the problems that Dr. Anderson has attempted to solve by means of his muscle-bed:

What is the difference in blood supply to the affected parts of the body when a man exercises mechanically and when he exercises in a conscious or highly volitional manner?

What is the effect of thought on the blood supply to parts of the body? For instance, will exercise before a looking

glass affect the supply of blood to the muscles?

How does close mental application affect the center of gravity? What is the comparative effect of agreeable and disagreeable exercises on the supply of blood to the parts of the body?

Says the inventor, speaking of his researches: "It is obvious that a body, perfectly balanced on the delicate knife-edge of the muscle-bed, will be affected by additional weight on either side of the point of equilibrium. So an additional supply of blood will cause the head to settle if it goes to the caput, or the feet to go down if the flow is in the opposite direction.

"I have balanced students before and after written examinations and have found that the center of gravity after the mental test has changed from two to sixteen millimeters, or from one-sixteenth of an inch to two and one-half inches. This shows extra blood supply to the upper extremities. In a few cases there was no change. In the cases of men who have temporary brain congestion, due to study, it has been found that the center of gravity would fall if the lower extremities were exercised—in other words, if the blood was called away from the head and neck as it was needed elsewhere.

"Mere thought, however, will send a supply of blood to parts of the body. A man perfectly balanced will find his feet sinking if he goes through mental leg gymnastics, even if he does not make the leg movements. Those who exercise in a listless or a mechanical manner show no great changes in their center of gravity, but in nearly every case where a man has taken his exercise in a conscious or a highly volitional manner the supply of blood to the arms or legs was very noticeable, and the center of gravity went up or down in a marked degree. If two men exercise the arms and thorax, taking the same exercise, yet with one standing before a looking glass and the other not doing so, the former will show a higher center of gravity, comparatively, after the exercise than the latter—that is, a richer supply of blood to the parts affected. This is merely another illustration of the effect of conscious versus mechanical methods of exercise.

"One interesting result of the experiments has been to throw a new light on

our knowledge of the action of the blood in sprinting. The belief has been long prevalent that in short distance races there has been a noticeable increase in the blood supply to the legs. The tests prove the opposite. In nearly every case the center of gravity has risen after short runs, showing that the blood has been pressed out of the large leg muscles by rapid and forcible contraction. The physiologist may see in this some explanation of the "second wind." Very likely the blood will flow more freely later, thus relieving venous stasis in the trunk.

"Experiments comparing agreeable exercises with those that are not so agreeable showed that movements in which men took a pleasure set in motion a richer supply of blood than did those that were not to their liking. In other words, a student who is interested in his work attends to it with a greater degree of consciousness than one who is not interested. Pleasurable thoughts send blood to the brain; disagreeable ones drive it away. A man will get better results from his exercises if he will not make it too mechanical. By better results, I mean a richer blood supply and a healthier metamorphosis of tissue. Thus, in some ways it is better to exercise before a looking glass than otherwise. Interesting exercises are proved by the muscle-bed to be of greater worth than those that are uninteresting. All out-of-door exercises, athletics, rowing, swimming, boxing, and games of all kinds are better means of physical development than uninteresting gymnastics can possibly be."

In every experiment tried on the muscle-bed the blood distribution was found to vary according to the amount of mental exercise required. To sum up completely Dr. Anderson's experiments in his own words: "A subject going mentally through a set of leg gymnastics establishes a new center of gravity even with perfect equilibrium. The subject may not once move his legs and lower extremities. Thinking out the exercises will cause a rush of blood to the feet from the head and make the center of gravity move toward the nether extremities almost as much as if the subject actually left the muscle-bed to go through the physical exercises and then returned to the bed."

WHAT THE MIND CAN AND CANNOT DO IN CURING DISEASE

By *Herbert N. Casson*

*An address delivered at the
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXHIBITION,
in Madison Square Garden*



Herbert N. Casson
Editorial Staff New York Journal, Lecturer
and Writer

EVERY good thing has imitations. Whenever a real thing comes into the world there is always a multitude of frauds following after it.

So we find to-day that Thought, which is the greatest thing in the world, has a host of imitators. There are plenty of people who *think* they think, but there are very few people who *think*.

This is the age of Mind. High civilization is composed of ideas that have become facts. What is the telephone but a thought-voice? What is the telescope but a thought-eye? What is machinery but thought-arms?

What is this great Physical Culture Exhibition, the first of its kind in the world, but one of Mr. Macfadden's ideas that has become a successful, accomplished fact.

There is a great difference between Mind and Imagination. There are mill-

ions of people who can imagine things, but there are very few people who can originate new ideas. As a great scientist once said, "Our feelings are millions of years old, but our brains are young."

The innumerable Mind-Cure people, who claim to send mystic "vibrations," like wireless telegraphy, across the continent to cure rheumatism and heart disease, do not know what mind really is. If they had any minds they would know better.

Mind-Cure apostles are people who think that hysteria is mental power. They are morbid and unnatural people. They are almost always people who live indoors and who have no idea what real life really is. The greater part of their diseases spring from their own laziness and from the selfish contemplation of their own symptoms. They sit in cushioned armchairs and think that they are sick, and so it is an easy matter for a healer to persuade them to think themselves well.

As a general rule, these Mind-Healers break the fundamental laws of health. They lack the hardihood to take cold baths in the morning, to refuse themselves luxuries at meals, to abstain from stimulants, or to take proper physical exercise. Therefore, Mind-Cure is to them a lazy man's road to health. They imagine that they can cheat Nature, do what they please, follow out their own whims, and remain healthy. They speak of Mind as if Thoughts were pills, and as if ideas were patent medicines. Never having had original ideas of their own, they have no conception of what a true creative thought is.

A real Mind is active, not passive. It creates, experiments, discovers and originates. It cures disease by finding out the causes of ill-health, and by showing how the path of right living can be regained.

THE ONLY CURE OF DISEASE IS TO REPLACE BAD HABITS WITH GOOD HABITS!

There is no royal road to health, and physical culture cannot be followed by any one who refuses to give up cushioned armchairs, steam-heated rooms and luxurious habits.

The true physical culturist develops the muscles of his mind as well as those of his body. He *thinks* frequently about what he eats and how he lives. He analyzes himself and his habits of life. He reads the best books on physical culture. He knows that the subject is a large one, and that he cannot know all about it in a few weeks.

The trouble is that we have in the United States, as well as in every other country, millions of grown-up men and women who have five-year-old brains. As long as the muscles of the brain are flabby and weak there will be plenty who will be deceived by the Mind-Curists and their absurd pretensions.

What we need is to develop physical culture into a thorough self-culture. A human being is the most complex machine in the world, and the only perfect man is he who is developed harmoniously both in body and in brain.

Development is no easy task. Everything worth having is hard to get. No one can become a physical giant in a week, nor can the Mind be made strong except by years of patient study and thought.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION DEVELOPING STRONG MEN



THE accompanying photographs are those of Allan Glennon, of West Pittston, Pa. The photographs were used by the local Young Men's Christian Association at West Pittston, Pa., on their advertisements, intending to show the value of physical culture and gymnasium work in the making of a young man.

Young Glennon is only sixteen years of age, and is not only considered well developed, but is also exceptionally strong for his age.

Allan Glennon, it will be remembered, received one of the prizes which were offered by the New York *Sunday World*, last summer, in its Physical Culture Contest for finely developed boys.

PUNCH AND OTHER BOYS

A "REAL" BOY TELLS OF HIS PRANKS AND GAMES FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF "GROWN-UPS"

By B. R. Childs

MY name is Punch. At least that is what all the boys called me, and they ought to know. I guess it is on account of the shape of my nose. My chum's name is Lonson—Johnnie Lonson. We lived next door to each other in Chicago, on the West Side, where the mud and smoke of the black city mingles with, and dies away into, the wild green of the endless prairie—on the fringe of the town, where each street is by itself, and becomes a country village; where the neighbors grow clannish, and boys run in gangs. And now I will tell you how we got up our club.

Johnnie and I were about ten years of age when our fathers presented us with a set of boxing gloves. We had Mr. Lonson to thank for that. He was full of sporting blood, as he called it. He was always a great hand for raising dogs—bull terriers mostly, of which he usually had a barn full; fine pedigreed stock, too, every one sired by so-and-so, and dammed by so-and-so. The neighbors used to damn them, too, when they got to howling, nights.

Well, he had my father chip in with him to get us boys some gloves. Then he gave us lessons—even bought a book on the manly art, in order to show us the different blows. He used to get as interested as a youngster, watching us scientifically pummel each other. It was great fun, and as our skill in the art increased, Lonson and I looked about us for other subjects than ourselves upon whom to practice, and found that the school was a promising field.

We were each about eleven years old when we started in to win fighting laurels. There was a series of brilliant victories. Boy after boy went down before our fists, and our fame flashed over the school. Result, a large following of admiring youths, and the sweet incense of hero worship. The news even reached our par-

ents, through the principal's sending home notes telling of our making trouble by fighting and terrorizing the scholars. Result, a sound thrashing apiece, administered by our fathers, in our respective barns, and Johnnie and I forcibly realizing that glory has its drawbacks.

We lived on Idaho street, one block east of Western avenue. My father had a barn, one of those large and roomy places, with plenty of floor space. Lonson and I were quick to see its advantages, and its interior gradually took on the appearance of a gymnasium. We had a trapeze, a pair of flying rings, a turning-pole, and last, but not least, an elastic-rope punching bag slung between the floor and ceiling. By the time we were thirteen years of age this barn was the Mecca of all the boys of the neighborhood, and Lonson and I were giving lessons in boxing. Terms: One lesson a week at ten cents a month, payable strictly in advance. We had more than a dozen pupils, most of them being in our room at school, and considered ourselves on the high road to prosperity. Saturday afternoon was the time for the gathering of the clan. We divided the lessons among the other days of the week in order to have this day free for fun.

It was a great crowd. There were Sam Turner, Mike Flynn, Bob Powell—he was a short, red-faced English boy, and new to this country, and we called him "Bub"—Joe Smalley, Henry Ruger—we called him "Dutch"—Lugi Givonni—or "Dago"—and others too numerous to mention.

Then there was the minister's son, for that was the name he always went by, though his real name was Arthur Patton. His father was pastor of the Congregational Church on the corner of our street. Say, he was a character! The first thing you noticed about him was his head. It was enormous, and seemed out of all pro-

portion to the rest of him, which was not much to speak of. On top the head was as flat as a checker-board for a short distance, when it suddenly rose into a peak behind, making it look like a toboggan-slide, as Lonson said. His body was like a lath. He had a big and bulging forehead, and underneath it his two eyes popped out like peeled onions, and they had bags under them. The rest of his face was lean, pale, and drawn; and this, with his thin, scanty hair, gave him an old and worn look far beyond his years. He appeared sickly. But he was no goody-goody. He always had a horror of being thought good. Said he, "I'll be darned if I am going to die young, like these pious little guys in the books!"

Well, it was on one of these Saturday afternoons, when we were all gathered in the barn, that the subject of secret societies came up for discussion; and we got to talking about pass words, grips, and initiations.

"What's the matter with us fellows getting up a secret society?" said the minister's son. "I'll be president!"

"You will if you are elected," put in Mike Flynn.

"Sure thing!" replied the minister's son. "You don't suppose we would run it without elections, do you, you flannel-mouthed ignoramus!"

Mike was up and at him; and being strong and burly, and built to make two like the minister's son, would have mopped the floor with him if Lonson and I had not interfered. This was an old story. We would have to arbitrate forcibly between the two at least a dozen times of an afternoon. They were bickering always; in fact, they enjoyed it.

"I know it is mean to jump on a living skeleton!" said Mike, as he was dragged back.

But the society idea took. "Let's get up one," said Joe Smalley. "Gee, we can have secrets and christenings." We boys used to call initiations "christenings." "My pa belongs to a lodge, and he goes 'most every night; and he won't tell my mother anything he does there, because he says they dassent."

"They would soak him if he did," put in Henry Ruger.

"You bet!" said Luigi. "My father

says that there is a lot of them in the Old Country, and, if a man tells any of the secrets, he gets killed. Gosh, let's get up one!"

As usual, when anything new was proposed, the crowd looked at Lonson and me. Either of us could "lick" any two of our gang; consequently we exercised a savage authority in all matters, whether physical, mental, or moral, that from time to time came up for discussion among the tribe. In this case, as neither of us offered opposition, but rather smiled upon the scheme, all determined with a whoop and a hurrah to have a club right away.

We ran up against a rock, however, on the subject of initiations. The minister's son proposed that each one in turn should be "christened" by the rest, the only exception being himself, who, as the first proposer of the club, was exempt because he was "a charter member," as he termed it. This project was hooted down by Mike and then the rest; Mike's argument being that they all had had a hand in starting the club, and therefore all were charter members.

"Then we can't christen anybody," said the minister's son in a disgusted tone. "Whoever heard of secret societies without initiations? That's where all the fun comes in. What do you suppose they have secret societies for, anyway?"

He and Mike were in a heated argument, when Fatty Pritchard came in and saved the day. His first name was Fred; but he was as fat as butter, and hence his name. He had full, round, ruddy chops, and round eyes, making him look like a moon. We sometimes called him "Moon."

"Here's somebody we can christen!" shouted Smalley. "He isn't a charter member."

"Hurrah!" yelled the minister's son. "Say, Fat, we are striving to found a club. Do you want to join?"

"Sure," answered Fatty.

"All right; then you have got to be initiated."

"What's that?"

"Why, christened. You know what that is, don't you?"

Yes, Fatty did know what that was. He had been put through sprouts before, and he said he guessed he wouldn't join.

"Everybody else has joined," said Lonson. "You aren't going to back out, are you?"

"Was everybody christened?" asked Fatty.

"No; we are all charter members," replied the minister's son. "All those that are here when the society starts don't have to be christened."

"Well," said Fatty, "it was not my fault that I was not here; I had to chop some wood, and could not help it."

"That doesn't make any difference," rejoined the minister's son; "that's the law."

"What law?" asked Fatty, suspiciously.

"Why, the rule for starting every society; that's the way they all have to start; somebody's got to be initiated."

The upshot of it was that, after much teasing by the crowd, who were fairly thirsting for a little fun, Fatty good-naturedly said that he would just as soon be christened. "Only you won't let them hurt me, will you Punch?" he cried, in a last appeal to me.

"You are all right, Fat," said I. "If any kid gets too gay, I will punch the stuffing out of him!"

Thus reassured, Fatty allowed his hands to be bound behind him with a piece of clothes-line, and a dirty handkerchief to be tied over his eyes.

The minister's son said that there ought to be a Grand Master, or Grand High Muckety-Muck; and so I was elected to this lofty position by acclamation.

"I will be Chairman of the Initiation Committee and High Priest, and all the rest of you can be the committee!" shouted the minister's son, in a frenzy of delighted anticipation.

Mike looked at him aghast. "Who said that you could run everything?" he inquired.

The minister's son grinned. "You wouldn't be in this gang long if I had the say of everything!" he replied.

"Gosh," said Mike, "I wouldn't want to!"

Being the Grand High Muckety-Muck, I had enthroned myself upon an old stool behind a dry-goods box. Fatty was shoved before this, and made to swear allegiance to the Constitution of the United States. Then he was told to bow down; and while he was bowing the minister's son gave

him a spank with a barrel-stave. Fatty wore tight trousers, like most fleshy boys, and I bet it hurt. Anyway, he gave a howl. And so did we—of laughter.

"I'm going to quit, darn it all!" he bawled.

I tried to soothe him. "Don't you care, Fat; the rest is easy," said I.

"Quit your blubbing, you lump of grease!" ordered the minister's son, grabbing up a broomstick. "Ho for the 'rocky road to Dublin!'"

The "rocky road to Dublin" was around the inside of the barn. Lonson had a good scheme to start on. He had some of the boys scurry out and hunt up pieces of broken glass—shattered bottles, and so forth. Then we allowed Fatty to watch us scatter them over a certain section of the floor. We then tied the rag over his eyes, turned him around rapidly and walked him up and down in every direction for about five minutes, and then told him that he must walk through the glass in front of him. We had him headed in an opposite direction to the glass, but, of course, he did not know it. He was barefooted; and it was funny to watch him slowly and carefully lift up first one leg and then the other, and feel about with his toes as though they had eyes in them. He did step on something, however, and that was a barrel-hoop that the minister's son had thoughtfully placed in his way. It flew up and gave him a pretty smart rap on the shins. Then he stopped and showed signs of rebellion.

"Work him ahead!" I ordered.

The minister's son began to jab him from behind with the broomstick. "Hurrah! I am the Right Royal Hereditary Prodder!" he shouted. "Fat, I herewith prod thee!"

"Quit!" yelled Fatty.

"Then get a move on you!" was the general command.

Thus jabbed from behind, and fairly overwhelmed by numbers, the martyr proceeded, walking sideways and feeling out with his left leg. Golly, he looked funny! Everybody was roaring, and I could not stand it any longer, but got down from my lofty throne and became a humble member of the initiation committee. Then I had an idea. Snatching up the barrel-stave, I shouted, "Look out, boys! Fatty, run for your life! A part of the roof is

falling!" and with that I gave the side of the barn a rattling whack with the stave.

I guess Fatty jumped three feet. "Help me out! Help me out!" he yelled. "Was that a part of the roof?"

"Just a part of the proceedings," said the minister's son, beginning to apply the prod with renewed vigor.

"Leave me alone!" yelled Fatty.

"Then hasten ye, O thou tub of tallow!" ordered the High Priest. "You are delaying the whole performance. Have you no feelings for the rest of the society? Remember, Fat, the golden precept, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.'"

"Yes, but you don't," replied Fatty, moving forward slowly and sniveling at the same time.

"I say unto thee, thou shalt not sass the High Priest," returned that dignitary, "lest thou desirest to be grievously smitten by this cudgel. Go on, you statue of grease!"

Next Fatty was compelled to walk the plank—into a tub of water. Next he was baptized—by having a pail of dirty water turned upside-down over his head. He stood there shivering and bawling like a baby. But say, talk about fun! It was "ha! ha!" and it was "ho! ho!" and some of us had just to roll on the floor.

"Don't you care, Fat; there's only a few more things," said I, soothingly. "He's standing it fine, isn't he, fellows?"

"You bet!" was the response of all those who were able to talk.

"The next number on the program," said the minister's son, officially, "is the Mourner's Seat."

Fatty was then told to sit down on a bench to answer some questions. He promptly complied—and sat down into a pan of axle grease.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's the Mourner's Seat," answered the minister's son.

"Then take it off," said Fatty, squirming.

Joe Smalley separated him from the pan, but not from the grease; and the minister's son began scraping him off industriously with an old curry-comb, until Fatty yelled and told him that he was digging into his hide.

After that we slid him down a board

and got him full of slivers. Then we shoved him, protesting, into a barrel, and rolled him over the barn floor in it—and I do not know how long we would have kept at him, but for the fact that as we were riding him around on a clothes-pole he fell off and sprained his arm, and lay there wailing so dismally that we began to feel scared; so we hastily unbound him and told him that he was "a member," the minister's son giving him the right hand of fellowship, as he called it.

But he was a sight! all covered with grease and the mud and dust that clung to him because he was wet. We all stood around and roared with laughter. It was mean—but you ought to have seen him! He sat in the middle of the floor nursing his arm and sobbing. He looked like a fat cherub. I had given him an apple to comfort him, and he would take a bite of the apple, and then blubber; another bite, and then blubber some more, with the tears flowing freely down his round, rosy cheeks. He said it was the last time he would be christened. He had gone through enough to belong to a dozen clubs, anyway.

We initiated two other boys after that, and then the society expired for lack of exciting features—or, rather, it was changed into another kind of organization.

Two Saturdays after the one mentioned we were all gathered in the barn, as usual. The trapeze, turning-pole, and flying-rings were all kept busy, and Lonson was swinging a pair of Indian clubs. The whole place was full of the noise of exercising, shouting and scuffling; and throughout it all could be heard the incessant swat of the punching bag, which was never quiet for a second during the whole time of the assembly. Then it was that during a slight lull in the racket the minister's son stepped forth, looked solemnly around with his baggy eyes, and said: "I move we form a debating club. Does anybody second the motion?"

"Sure," said Sam Turner, who did not have the least idea what was meant.

"Then it is moved and seconded that we form a debating club," said the minister's son. "And now I move we appoint Punch as temporary president of the club."

This move was seconded with acclama-

tion. The boys caught the idea quick enough. In the same way a secretary was elected, and then a marshal, the last two being Lonson and Bub Powell, respectively.

A week after that we had a regular election for permanent officers. I was elected president, the only opposition coming from the minister's son, who claimed loudly that as he knew more than any of the rest of us about starting a club he ought to be president of it. The boys thought differently, however, and I was chosen by a crushing majority. The minister's son got one vote: he voted for himself. He looked disgusted, and Mike roared. I felt kind of sorry for him, and so I went around among the boys and told them that they ought to make the minister's son secretary, because he knew so much about running a club; and so he got this office. Lonson was elected marshal.

It soon turned out that the minister's son had been cramming up for this event. He had a book on parliamentary law; and by dint of poring over that and pumping his father dry on the subject he had acquired a pretty fair knowledge of it for a boy of thirteen. He was a regular freak, though, in school, for memorizing things. Next he said that we ought to have a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws. The committee consisted of himself, Lonson and me. We adjourned then, to meet on the following Saturday, when we were to vote on the adoption of the constitution and by-laws.

And right here Lonson and I did the nicest piece of work, I believe, of our whole lives. Really, although, my father ought to get the most credit for it. One afternoon, when I thought he was away at the store, he came suddenly into the barn and caught Lonson and me smoking cigarettes. Now, my father hated cigarettes. He said that he had never yet seen a man smoking a cigarette. He looked at me in silence. I dropped the "butt" from my nerveless hand, and felt sick, for I knew that there would be something doing in a few minutes. Lonson let go of his and looked sheepish.

My father was a quiet man and seldom spoke. Some people called him odd. "George," said he, with that look in his eyes that never failed to make the hair

rise on my head, "you know that I have forbidden you expressly to smoke those things; at least, until you are twenty-one?"

"Yes," I replied, striving to brave it out; "but all the boys in our club do."

"What club?" he asked.

Then I told him all about our forming a debating club, and how I had been elected president of same; and during the recital a scheme for evading punishment flashed through my mind, which I grasped as the drowning man grabs at the straw.

"Say, pa," said I, "if you will let me off this time, and don't lick me, I will never smoke again, and I will make all the other boys quit smoking; because I am the president and I am on the committee for drawing up a constitution and by-laws—and so is Lonson here—and we can make the boys do anything we want—and you will help me, Johnnie, won't you?" I added.

"You bet I will!" replied Lonson. He was naturally sympathetic, and always stuck to me like glue. "Honest, Mr. Reynolds, Punch and I will make every boy in the club stop smoking or fire them out of our gang, if you don't lick Punch this time. He isn't any worse than the rest of us—won't you, Mr Reynolds? Honest, we can make them do anything we want, because we can lick the whole bunch," he added as a clincher. Loyal little Johnnie! He *was* a brick—and he is yet!

My father looked at me. I looked at my father. It was a wild gaze of abject appeal.

"Well, George," said he, finally, "I will give your enormous influence among the boys a test. You can have two weeks to do your missionarying in. If at the end of that time you do not convert every boy belonging to your club there will be no club so far as you are concerned—see?"

I saw, and joyfully promised to do as agreed, and so did Lonson. He did not want his father to know that he was a smoker, because when Mr. Lonson had any licking to do he made a business of it!

This was Wednesday. On Saturday was to be the adoption of the constitution and by-laws. The committee on this subject was assembled immediately after school by our collaring the minister's son

and dragging him off to our barn. On the way he lit a cigarette. He thought he was healthy because he was taking boxing lessons, but he looked ghastly.

"You will have to quit that," said I; and then Lonson told him what had taken place between me and my father.

"What, cut out cigarettes?" was his comment. "Well, I should say nit! My old man is the only one who will ever stop me. I will do as I darn please, and your old club can go to smash for all I care!"

This remark would have laid any of the other boys flat on the ground. For some reason or other, we allowed the minister's son more liberties with us than we did any of the others. I suppose, for one thing, he was so bright and independent; and for another, he was so puny that we were afraid of hitting him for fear that we might strike too hard and kill him. As it was, I merely got red.

"All right," said I, "you are out of our gang. Git!"

"Darn it all, Punch," he pleaded, changing his tune all of a sudden, "I am not a regular smoker; I can quit any time I want to."

"Then why don't you?" I asked.

"Because I know I can quit—that's why I don't have to!" he replied, grinning. "Say, the cigarette is an enemy, isn't it?"

"Sure," I answered blankly, wondering what he was driving at.

"Well," said he, "the Bible says 'Love your enemies,' and I am going to love mine."

But his fine logic was in vain. Lonson and I were inflexible, and at last he gave in and promised to help us on the new by-law. We allowed him the privilege of smoking until Saturday—three days of grace he called it.

And now we went to work with a will. Next we buttonholed Mike. I think we showed a good deal of strategy, because Mike was one of the strongest and most popular boys in the gang; and by winning him over to our cause, and next tackling Turner, we felt sure of the rest of the gang. We went at each one individually, too, when he had no others by to encourage him to opposition.

Mike and Turner both chewed, and for the next two days both kept their mouths

plugged to the gagging point. The minister's son consumed about two packages of cigarettes a day. He looked like Death. "It won't hurt me, because I am going to quit," said he.

All five of us kept the tobacco matter secret from the rest until the club meeting, which, on Saturday afternoon, filled our barn to the door. All of the gang were there, for the thought of organizing a real club, with a president and other officers, and elections—just like men have—drew to the assembly every boy. A couple of 10 x 12 feet planks laid parallel to each other across low wooden "horses" constituted the seating arrangements. Fronting these was the desk of the president, for which an oblong dry-goods box set up on end and topped with oilcloth admirably answered. Marching up to my throne, I called the club to order. I had been duly coached by the minister's son.

"The chairman of the Committee on the Constitution and By-Laws will now read his report," said I.

The chairman arose, glared grandly at the crowd out of his pop-eyes, strutted to the front with a sheet of foolscap, and began the reading, most of which he had composed himself:

"We, the boys of Idaho street, in order to better achieve the benefits of manly sport and physical exercise; to establish a place for debate and the discussion of timely topics; and thus secure a sound mind and a sound body, not only to ourselves, but also to our posterity—do hereby ordain and establish this constitution of the Idaho Club.

"The membership shall consist of all boys between the ages of thirteen and sixteen who are willing to obey the rules and regulations of the club.

"The officers shall consist of a president, secretary and a marshal to preserve order.

"The society shall assemble every Saturday afternoon."

The minister's son paused long enough to allow his head to swell. It was the proudest moment of his life to see the upturned faces of the awe-struck boys. Some of them said, "Gosh!"

"Now," said the chairman, "I will read the by-laws." He tried to be cool, but he could not, and his voice shook. He was all a-tremble. "Number one:

"Tobacco is harmful to growing boys; therefore, all members shall be total abstainers from tobacco in all forms. Any infringement of this rule shall result in the immediate expulsion from this club of the member so infringing."

There was a breathless silence. Some of the boys did not understand at first. Luigi was the first to comprehend. "What's that?" he shouted. "We can't smoke?"

Then there was a riot that vented itself in a chorus of "Aw gee! We aren't going to stand that! That's too darn mean! That's gaully! This ain't no Sunday school!" etc.

"Hang the club!" said Luigi. "I am going to quit!"

"Marshal, guard the door!" I yelled.

Lonson planted himself so as to block the only exit, and shook his fist in Luigi's face. It was nuts for us both.

"Read the law again!" I ordered.

The minister's son cheerfully obeyed. When he had finished, I shouted:

"All those who want to join our club, and quit smoking and chewing, raise their hands!"

Mike, Turner, Lonson and the minister's son raised theirs.

"All right," I said. "Now, all those that want to make a quick sneak out of here, and get out of our gang, and stay out, and each one get a good swift kick by the marshal when he goes out of the door, please raise their hands!"

For a moment it was a toss-up whether or not the club would go to pieces then and there. Luigi glared around defiantly.

"Come on!" shouted Lonson. "Who will be the first?"

Two or three of the boys got up, hesitated, looked forlornly about them for encouragement, and then sat down again, looking sheepish. Thus left high and dry, Luigi weakened and took his seat, his black eyes snapping with disgust.

"Aw shucks, Punch," said he, "you don't mean that we can't smoke at all, even if we are at home?"

"You know it," I answered. "You don't have to join if you don't want to. Any kid that don't want to can get out, and get out blamed quick, too!"

"I am waiting for him!" sang out Lonson.

"And now," I ordered, "the chairman will read the rest of the by-laws."

The three remaining laws related to the dues, which were to be ten cents for membership fee and ten cents a month thereafter; to fines for disorder during meeting, and to trials of members breaking the rules.

Then the club adjourned, leaving Lonson and me somewhat uncertain as to the outcome of our attempt as reformers. But it worked better than we had thought it would. After all, the club was a sort of a democratic despotism, with us two at its head. To become outcasts from our gang would have seemed, indeed, a terrible fate to any of the boys composing it. In fact, strong men, as well as boys, can do lots of good in this world by setting a good example; but the trouble is that they usually do just the opposite thing, for, in the way of dissipation of all kinds, such as eating, drinking, smoking, late hours, etc., they can stand more than others, and thus they set a devil's pace for the weaklings.

On the next Saturday afternoon we had a banquet. Anyway, we used to call them banquets. Every boy had to chip in, bringing what he could, especially in the way of cake, cookies, and pie—and no questions asked. In boys' feasts questions are embarrassing, and raided pantries are a concern only to the mothers. On state occasions we used to have pop in which to drink each other's health. This spread was the acme in the annals of the gang, because we had over a dollar in initiation fees and we wanted to spend it.

The table fairly groaned under the weight of good things. Joe Smalley furnished a half of a fruit cake. He said his mother gave it to him because it would not keep. It didn't. Henry Ruger brought a big bag of German cookies, and Luigi triumphantly produced a small bunch of bananas from his father's store. They were nearly rotten, but they were good enough to eat.

Everybody brought something, the old rule being, "Stick in or get out." The festive board—or rather, two boards set side by side on a couple of "horses"—showed up temptingly with its neat spread of newspapers, upon which the various dainties were arrayed. We used to ap-

point Fatty Pritchard cook and general waiter on these occasions, for the simple reason that he looked like one. His job was to divide the eatables into as many equal portions as there were boys. The scheme was a good one, too, for it saved lots of fighting.

It was, indeed, with a glow of pride that I took my seat at the center and looked around upon the joyful faces of the gang. Opposite me sat Lonson, my faithful lieutenant. It was another Round Table, about which we assembled our mighty men of war—Mike, Turner, Bub, Dago and Dutch looming out from the rest gigantic. Any one of them could lick any outsider, his size or over, in the school. They would often turn to and lick each other.

It was a miniature Valhalla, where youthful heroes gorged themselves with the produce of rifled cupboards. We had read in the papers how they would have speeches at banquets, and so we used to have them, too. The minister's son usually was selected as toastmaster, because

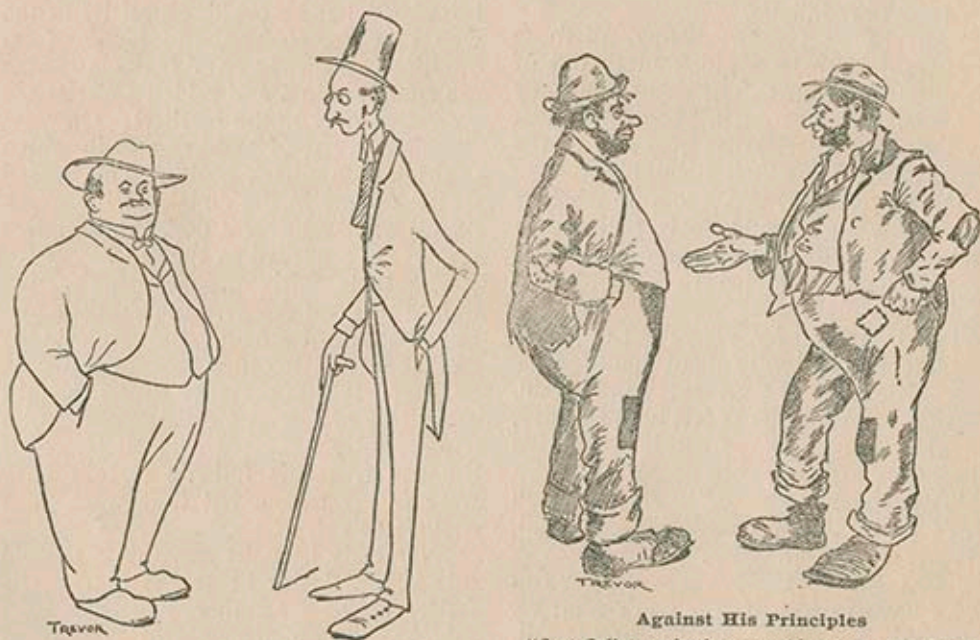
he could beat us all when it came to gab. And now, when everything was gone but the pop, he arose. He had stuffed until his eyes were baggier than ever, and his face was pale from many cookies.

"Kids," he began—everyone grabbed a bottle of pop—"we have organized a club, the best one in the city of Chicago. We have also elected as president a leader of sterling qualities, who has led our gang to many a glorious victory! (Cheers.) It is needless to mention his name, fellow-members; yea, verily, he is even in our midst, our esteemed fellow-citizen, Punch! (Applause.) Let us drink his health in a huge bumper. Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Sure thing! Our tongues are hanging out!" said Mike.

"All right, then. Here's to our respected president, Punch! May his days be long in the land!"

All the bottles popped open in a volley, like muffled musketry, and were emptied down eager throats. And so started our club.



TREVOR

As Others See Us

Each (to himself)—"Now, what that fellow needs is just a little physical culture."

Against His Principles

"Say, Splinters, is there anything dat entirely agin your principles?"

"Ah, sure! Dere's physical culture! Dat means plenty of exercise, not too much in de line of eatin'. It's agin pie and beer and recommends an occasional bath."

THE MURDEROUS CORSET CURSE
THE TRAGEDY OF A
RUINED HOME

Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Friend—Somewhere among your letters you have not gotten by me from Miss Strong's Act, and dated September, 1902. Her note says that, as you will remember, was the day exactly I felt as to the outcome of the pregnancy of my wife which manifested itself three months previous.

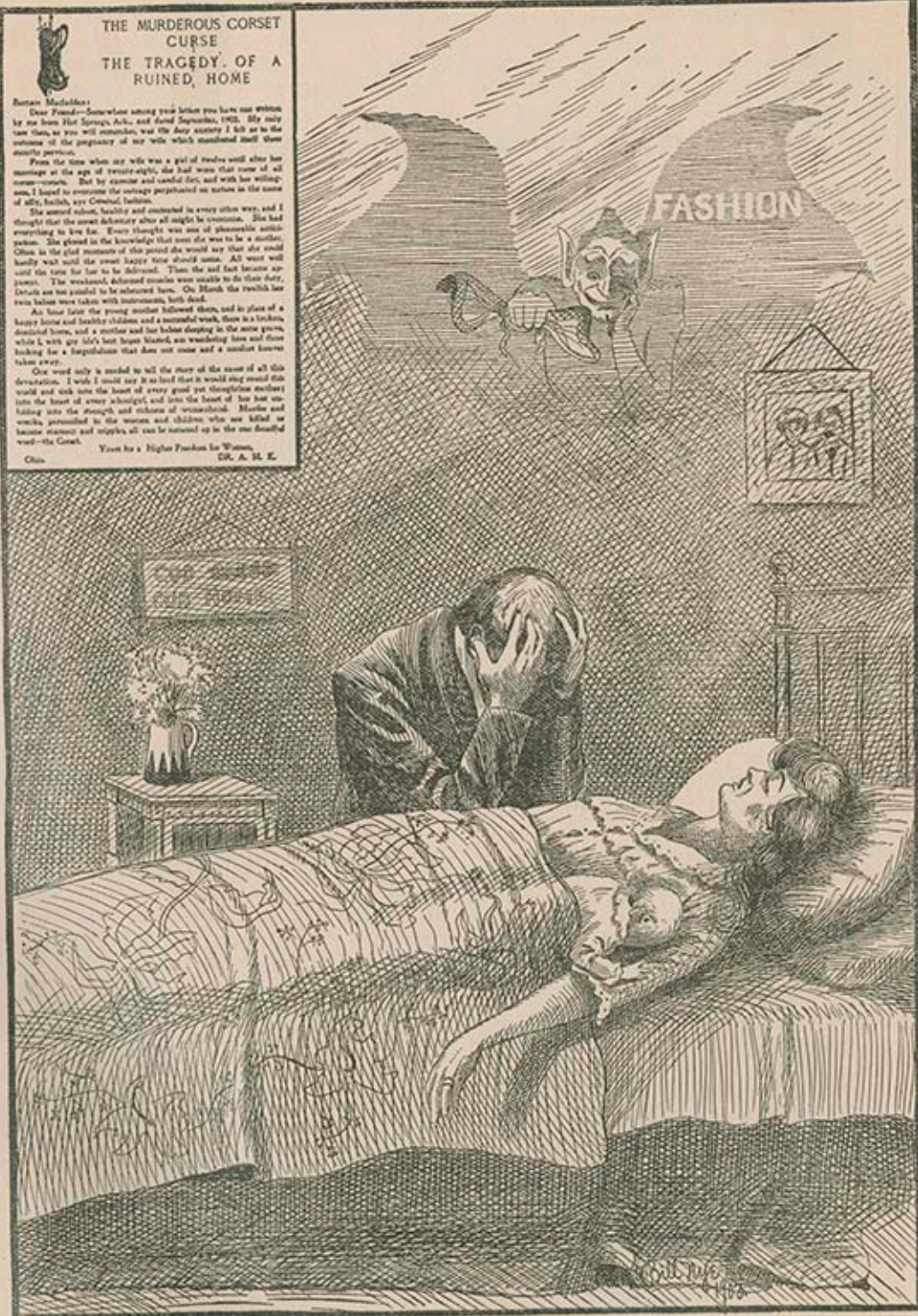
From the time when my wife was a girl of twelve until after her marriage at the age of twenty-eight, she had worn that curse of all women—corsets. Not by extreme and careful fit, and with her settings, as I hoped to ensure the safety perchance on nature in the case of ill-health, say Corset, fashion.

She seemed robust, healthy and contented in every other way, and I thought that the most satisfactory she could be contented. She had everything to live for. Every thought was one of pleasure and ambition. She glowed in the knowledge that soon she was to be a mother. One in the glad moments of the period she would say that she could hardly wait until the next happy time should come. All went well until the time for her to be delivered. Then the sad fact became apparent. The weakened, exhausted woman was unable to do this duty. Details are too painful to be rehearsed here. Oh, thank the result her twin babies were taken with instruments, both dead.

An hour later the young mother followed them, and in place of a happy home and healthy children and a successful work, there is a broken, desolated home, and a mother and her babies sleeping in the same grave, while I, with my girl's best hopes blighted, am wandering here and there looking for a forgetfulness that does not come and a comfort forever taken away.

One word only is needed to tell the story of the cause of all this devastation. I wish I could say it so loud that it would ring around the world and with me the heart of every great yet thoughtless merchant into the heart of every schoolgirl, and into the heart of her best-selling into the strength and robustness of womanhood. Murders and wrecks, perpetrated in the women and children who are killed or become maimed and mangled, all can be traced up to the one beautiful word—the Corset.

Yours for a Higher Fashion for Women,
Ohio. DR. A. H. K.



Miscellaneous Paragraphs From Everywhere

Medical Graduates Feast with Death and the Devil

On January 5 a princely banquet was held by the Pittsburg Academy of Medicine. It was a very novel sort of a banquet. Deucedly clever! Something out of the ordinary! We presume a great many of the sixty odd physicians who attended the affair must have chuckled into their dented hats long after rolling homeward in the bottoms of their cabs. A report of the banquet arrangements follows, which, it is said, surpassed any previous event:

"The table was a huge affair, in the center of which was placed a large tank of water. In this tank floated about water denizens that would be far from inviting to the fastidious appetite, and was supposed to represent a lake of living reptiles.

"Adjoining the tank was a huge pyramid of human skulls, each illuminated with electric lights, and out of the eyes of these protruded twisting serpents. The same reptiles twisted themselves around all the candelabra, and were floating through the air and over the table.

"There was a rocky shore to the miniature lake on the table, and over this climbed frogs and creeping things of strange form and size.

"At each plate stood a small skull, in the top of which rested a small candle that was burning and sending forth a dim, ghostly light. Scattered over the table were other reptiles.

"The chief waiter was a clever representation of Mephisto, with all of the colorings and costume of the genuine monarch of the lower regions. The wine boys represented grinning skeletons of once human form. The orchestra members

were dressed as monks, and under the dim and ghostly light of a few flickering candles this band played a funeral dirge.

"The ice cream was molded in the form of a human skull. Cigars were served in miniature caskets or coffins, with the name of the guests labeled on them, and under the name the cheerful words: 'At Rest.'

"The figures of death kept the toast glasses filled, and later served the cigars. These, too, had their significance, for they were served in the gruesome coffin, and under the cigars were four cigarettes, representing the 'coffin-nails' of homely application."

Brandishing Vaccination Club Over Heads of School Children

Dr. W. B. Clark uttered some timely words when he wrote, recently, in the *Columbus Dispatch*: "There can be no question that the customary brandishing of the club of deprivation from education over the heads of the children because of the refusal of their parents to allow them to be vaccinated is a cowardly, brutal and stupid retaliatory act, of no sanitary repressive value whatever. . . . Why should we allow our children to be bulldozed and bull-ragged in this manner by our health and school boards, which, with Machiavelian ingenuity, have devised this debarring or expulsion from school?"

President Roosevelt's Vehement Words Regarding Unwilling Parents

Mrs. John Van Verst and Miss Marie Van Verst, who became factory girls in order to obtain material for their book, "The Woman Who Toils," received a let-

ter from President Roosevelt some time ago in which he reiterates the vehement protest made by the authors that the love of luxury and frivolity is exhausting the vitality of the American race. The President says:

"I do not know whether I most pity or most despise the foolish and selfish man or woman who does not understand that the only things really worth having in life are those the acquirement of which normally means cost and effort. If a man or woman, through no fault of his or hers, goes through life denied these highest of all joys which spring only from home life, from the having and bringing up of many healthy children, I feel for them deep and respectful sympathy, the sympathy one extends to the gallant fellow killed at the beginning of a campaign, or the man who toils hard and is brought to ruin by the fault of others.

"But the man or woman who deliberately avoids marriage, and has a heart so cold as to know no passion, and a brain so shallow and selfish as to dislike having children is in effect a criminal against the race and should be an object of contemptuous abhorrence by all healthy people.

"If the men of the nation are not anxious to work in many different ways with all their might and strength, and ready and able to fight at need, and anxious to be fathers of families, and if the women do not recognize that the greatest thing for any woman is to be a good wife and mother, why, that nation has cause to be alarmed about its future.

"There is no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character, and therefore we can conquer it if we only will."

Corset Restricted Heart Action— Death Follows

A short time ago we had occasion to draw the attention of PHYSICAL CULTURE readers to the sad fate that came to a woman in Buffalo, N. Y., who was found dead with two pieces of corset steel buried in her heart, due, no doubt, to a fall that pressed the tightly-laced steels into the body. Equally as sad a report went the rounds of the newspapers recently of a

young woman, Miss Kate Moriarty, of Springfield, Ohio, who, while dancing, fainted suddenly and fell to the floor, never recovering consciousness again, in spite of every effort made to revive her. Dr. S. J. Russell, who was in attendance upon the girl during the few minutes in which she continued to live, issued a statement soon after the girl expired stating that "the pressure of the corset stays restricted heart action."

Remarkable Brooklyn Physical Culture Society Organizing to Exterminate Physical Weaklings

A society is organizing in Brooklyn, N. Y., headed by well-known physical culturists, that is destined to be the first and strongest organization of its kind to fight disease, weakness, drugs, drug doctors, alcohol and tobacco, and every other degenerating influence that might be found to exist in "the city of homes." Their watchword is "Better manhood and womanhood!" Their aim is to elevate the morals of the young men and women of the community by imbuing them with a pride and with a desire to care for their bodies, following the theory that a clean soul can be found only in a clean body. Athletics will be fostered, and everything else tending to improve the health and strength of the body. Lectures will be conducted also, and educational literature distributed to this end. Physical weaklings, tobacco and alcohol degenerates will have the privilege of being cared for and changed into cleaner men or else they will be barred from any important position in any reputable business house within the limits of Brooklyn.

The society already has received many letters from doctors and prominent men in Brooklyn commending the movement, and physical culturists in Brooklyn and neighboring localities, young and old, are being invited to join.

We are glad to publish this item of news, since we hope to see the time when every hamlet and town throughout the country will have the benefit of a physical culture society.

Lives on 15 Cents a Day

Seventy years old, and working more than twelve hours a day, Samuel H. Story, printer, editor and newspaper pub-

lisher, finds it possible to live on a sum of money that would purchase just one drink of whiskey.

In the little town of Claremont, N. H., this old man keeps healthy and strong on a table that he supplies at an average cost of sixty-five cents a week, or for less than fifteen cents a day—and this all the year around.

The man who thinks that Mr. Story should be pitied should visit him once and then go away convinced, for he would find a man who has lived the allotted threescore and ten years of the Bible, not at all bent by age, who thinks nothing of a twenty-mile walk, who works steadily and who is never sick.

The articles bought by him in one week for his table follow, with the prices appended:

Article.	Amount.	Price.
Graham biscuits.....	36	.36
Pork	1 lb.	.12
Pork scraps	1 lb.	.05
Sugar	1 lb.	.05½
Cheese	1 lb.	.10
Ginger	¼ lb.	.08
Chocolate	¼ lb.	.05
		<hr/>
		.81½

Mr. Story buys neither milk, tea, nor coffee, but drinks a weak infusion of ginger or chocolate with his meals. His only luxuries, he says, are lemons in the summer, when lemonade takes the place of the chocolate or ginger tea, and apples in the winter.

A favorite walk of his in the winter is to Cornish, a distance of six miles, where he chops wood all day, and then walks home. He starts for Cornish in the early dawn, and does not return until it is too late to do any more chopping.

Mr. Story was born in Claremont, N. H., August 15, 1833. His mother was of German and his father of Scotch descent. He has worked at the case since 1848, when he learned the printing trade, and has published a paper at his native town since 1870. His creeds are brief. They follow:

"I believe in living a pure life and in right doing, but have no religious preferences.

"I do not believe in the free and unlimited coinage of drunkards.

"For all good women I have a liking, but never wished to kiss or marry one. Have been a bachelor from choice.

"I love quiet, and would not like to place myself where I would have to endure the wear and tear of married life."

Mr. Story refuses to be photographed, and hides when he fears a snapshot is being attempted.

Magazines Owned by the Patent Medicine Manufacturers

Few people know that a great many of the medical magazines are owned, and their policy dictated, by the patent medicine vendors.

These concerns find it necessary to buy up such organs as these with which to fight the doctors. Doctors, druggists and patent medicine sellers, it must be understood, do not harmonize. This is because people won't go to a rasping doctor and pay enormous bills, when they know that a certain patent medicine will kill them just as quickly! Doctors recognize this, and are joining hands in having laws framed to harass the alcohol-bottling establishments. Now, the patent medicine vendors must fight back, so they attack the doctors! Verily, this is an internecine strife. It is the giant cobra—drugs—enraged, divided against itself, biting out its own vitals—ultimately destroying itself! Meanwhile the public looks on. Both sides have tremendous powers that be to aid them in their fight. Doctors stand behind the skirts of the W. C. T. U., educating them in regard to the alcohol that patent medicines contain. They have the different boards of health constantly analyzing the nostrums! And also antique legislatures make powerful allies!

The patent medicine manufacturers have only the strong testimonials of Brother So-and-So, and of Sister So-and-So, of some large church congregation, the liquor interests, and their bought-up magazines, for which they hire doctors to write.

New Law for Boys

In December *Outing*, Emery Potter has brought out some fine ideas in regard to the making of boys into better men and

citizens. "There should be some sort of law framed," he writes, "whereby each boy—just as in France and Germany each able-bodied man performs his term of military duty—must spend at least three winters of his boy time in the country. And when I say country I do not mean that pert refinement of the genteel pastoral—the suburb. I believe it would act as a tonic to the race—there would be wider outlooks; freer, less cramped brains; hardier souls."

Cold Water Bathing on Winter Mornings—From a Warm Bed Into a Cold Bath

A physical culture lad of fifteen wrote recently a composition on the above subject, which is interesting, since it embodies a confession in regard to our bathing habits in winter that many of us could make if we were honest with ourselves.

"John! John! Get up!"

"Ugh!" There was a feeble movement under the bed clothes, but it ended with a grunt. We all know the difficulty experienced in getting out of bed on a cold, shivery morning.

Six o'clock came.

"John! Are you up?" This came from the foot of the stairs, after the listening ears could catch no sound coming from the bedroom.

"John Henry Stone!! If you don't get up this minute I'll call your father!"

There was a spasmodic struggle under the comforters, and John Henry Stone sat up in bed.

"Gosh all hemlock! What was that?" With his two fists he rubbed his eyes. "Must a-been ma. Jingoos, that's cold!" he exclaimed, as a gust of air from his open window blew full upon him. He fell back on the bed and drew the comforters up to his ears. But just at this moment the door was opened, and in an awful, stentorian tone, a voice was heard to say: "John! No more of this lagging. Get up!"

There was a sudden upheaval of bed clothes. "Yes, sir!" and John Henry Stone found it convenient to get out of bed. He jumped about the room for a moment.

"Gee whillikens! B-rrr! Holy Moses! Where's my shirt? Guess I'll take a cold bath this m-m-morning—n-nit!"

Boston's 300 Winter Bathers

Boston people are adopting physical culture more rapidly than are the inhabitants of any other city. Its administration has the reputation of giving more attention to sanitation and hygiene than any other governing body in the country. The most novel form that this interest in physical culture has assumed has been the formation of the "Winter Bathing Club," the members of which patronized the L street bath in South Boston in the coldest days of last winter, often swimming and gamboling in water filled with blocks of ice.

Many of the bathers were men of the higher professions—lawyers, writers and doctors—who appreciated the benefits of an ice-cold bath. The large majority were business men, athletes, and firemen and policemen from the city departments.

Superintendent Charles Cox, the popular head official of the L street baths, stated that not one of the winter bathers ever became troubled with the insidious and sometimes dangerous colds or coughs to which mankind is heir, and in many cases there have been remarkable cures of rheumatism, tuberculosis, asthma, and other ailments.

The bathers, at any time of day, could be seen entering the big sunhouse, made almost entirely of glass, and undressing there. This was followed by a fifteen-minute exercise, after which the bathers would go out into the sometimes bitterly cold open without the least concern. If snow was on the ground, they would frolic and dance and throw one another about in it. With many the snow bath was a necessary adjunct.

The bathers entered the water very often among blocks of ice, yet there was seldom a shiver perceptible among them, owing to the inured condition of their skins.

Many cures were reported from time to time by those who joined this "Winter Bathing Club," and we admire the citizens of Boston who are striking out for finer health, and breaking down the al-

most superstitious fear of cold-water bathing in the open air.

A Vegetarian Orphan Asylum

A German philanthropist recently be-

queathed \$125,000 for an orphan asylum, on condition that the children should be brought up on a vegetarian diet. The city of Berlin did not see fit to accept the bequest on that condition, but Breslau has accepted it.

CHRIST AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

A REVERENT CONSIDERATION OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST FROM A PHYSICAL CULTURE STANDPOINT

By Rev. Matthew P. King

WHY all this physical culture, this study of foods, this striving to build up the body? Why physical instructors and teachers? Why all this time given to the care of the body, the thought expended on the best foods to eat, the best liquids to drink, the best clothing to wear? Why all this energy expended in adding muscle to the body, in becoming giants physically? Why, indeed?

Have we not ever before us the greatest, ever-living disciple of the proper mode of life? Have we not the example of Christ on earth, teaching us how to live—not only in a spiritual sense, but in a physical one? And what better teacher can we have, what one more fitting to instruct His children in the way they should go?

Can we conceive possibly of our Divine Maker having been sick when He was on earth—of disease—i. e., filth—finding lodgment in His pure and sacred body? And yet most assuredly Christ never gave His bodily welfare a thought. His great mind soared above the things of this earth. What then was the secret that kept Him in perfect health and internal cleanliness—Him, who neglected His body, who went hungry and exposed to the elements, and who paid no heed to His physical self? We have it, my friends, in one word—*simplicity*—simplicity in His daily life, in eating, in drinking, in clothing, and in everything that the Blessed Master did.

Christ preached simplicity of life, and practiced it, and most assuredly His children of to-day who practice simplicity in

their daily lives need have no fear for their physical well-being.

If, when we sit down to eat, we would remember the simplicity of Christ's meals, and, instead of having an array of tempting dishes spread out before us, we would content ourselves with one or two of the plainest articles of food—remembering always that the purpose of eating is to nourish the body and not to gratify abnormal desires—we may rest assured that we would not be in need of other dietary restrictions to keep us well. If we clothed ourselves simply, having a contempt for the pomp and showiness of this life, wearing merely enough to keep the body comfortable, we may be sure that we would not overload the body with stifling clothing, with its attendant deleterious effects on our health.

If, instead of the artificial exercises of a gymnasium, which build up muscle only to have it leave us or turn into sodden fat when active athletic exercises are given up, we would go out and walk in God's pure air and sunshine, seeing in every tree and shrub and blade of grass some new monument to His handiwork, we would cultivate a perfect health and a pure and broad mind.

If, dear friends, instead of making a business of keeping healthy, we gave no thought to it, but rather strove to emulate in our daily lives the example set for us by our Divine Master, leading a life of sweet simplicity, we would acquire, indeed, the nobility of mind and the purity and cleanliness of body that should be part of him who is "made in the image and likeness of God."

TOBACCO AND CIGARETTE SMOKING

THEIR VIRULENT EFFECTS UPON THE HUMAN ORGANISM

By Dr. A. Wilbur Jackson

F. S. Sc. (London), Memb. Soc. Hypnologie et Psychologie (Paris)

MUCH has been said, preached and written about the "Indian Weed" and its influence for good or evil upon its devotees. The common consensus of opinion, I believe all will admit, is that it is a deleterious indulgence, and that sooner or later it will undermine and injure to a greater or less extent the constitution of the person who persists in its use.

In the first place, let us give our attention to the nature of the drug (for drug it is) in question, and let us consider in what manner it produces its far-reaching and powerful effects upon the brain and other tissues of the human body.

In the first place, tobacco is one of the most directly powerful depressants known. It produces nausea, lessens the action of the heart, and dulls the brain and nervous system. If taken in a sufficiently large dose, it will cause death by paralyzing the respiration and circulation. The active principle of the drug is a product called nicotine. This is so virulently poisonous that if one should dip a needle into pure nicotine and draw it across the mucous lining of the eyelid, instant death would result.

The writer has witnessed the death of a powerful Newfoundland dog that was caused in this manner,* and it certainly was an object lesson that made a deep impression upon his mind. The following incident will serve to show the extreme virulence of the active principle of tobacco. A certain English barrister, a member of the Inner Temple, who had concluded for some reason to "shuffle off this mortal coil," was more or less of a student of chemistry. He was possessed of considerable means and had prepared for death by making a will. In order to attain a certain, swift and painless death, as the letters that he left proved, he manufactured for himself some pure nicotine. A drop of this he sealed up in a capsule and kept ready for the occasion.

*See U. S. Dispensatory.

When the eventful moment arrived, he sent for a friend, a brother lawyer, and asked him to witness the execution of the will. He had already called to his chambers one of the employees and made of him the second witness. After the will was duly signed and witnessed, the intending suicide chatted with much calm good humor with his friend, who asked him why he had chosen that particular time (it was late at night) to execute the instrument just signed, and whether he looked for sudden death? The barrister's answer was to raise his hand to his mouth and to close his teeth upon the capsule, with the result that he was stone dead before his body struck the floor. In order to gain a slight idea of the manner in which tobacco smoke must deposit deleterious principle in the tissues, blow a mouthful of the smoke from your pipe, segar or cigarette through a clean handkerchief, and note the spot it leaves deposited upon the clean white surface. Then stop and think how much of this poisonous stuff you are taking into your system with every cloud of smoke you blow!

Watch the cigarette habitué, and note the effect if he be deprived for a few hours of his accustomed little roll of paper and tobacco. Note the "nerve storm" that ensues, which only the accustomed tobacco can allay.

The Prussian War Department has issued recently a pamphlet stating that the number of soldiers with heart diseases amounted only to 1.5 per 1000 between 1885 and 1886, but in 1898 it had arisen to 17.4 per 1000. In discussing the causes of degeneracy of the youth, to which he refers, the surgeon lays stress on irregular hours of rest and work, and upon the deficient physical development and the early use of alcohol and of tobacco. The frequency of hysteria and neurasthenia among the youths is commented upon, as is also the fact that these injurious factors may cause alterations in the heart muscles,

or, at least, an undue excitability and irritability.

The frequency with which the so-called "tobacco heart" is met with, tells its own sad story. The devotee of tobacco, who discovers that his circulation has been seriously interfered with, becomes badly frightened, and, after due warning from his physician, he endeavors to quit the use of "the weed." Either wholly or partially he succeeds, after a time, with abstinence and with some "toning up," in curing the disturbing symptoms wholly, or almost wholly, and they disappear. The patient forgets the grave warning of Nature, and resumes his accustomed indulgence. A longer or shorter period of re-indulgence ensues, and the full symptoms return with redoubled violence.

This time it is not so easy to shake them off. The diseased heart refuses to respond as it did in the first instance, and the patient finds that he is the possessor of a true "tobacco heart," of whose liability to "quit work" at any moment the insurance companies are not at all loath to tell him, should he make application for a life policy.

This is no overdrawn picture framed in order to frighten schoolboys, but a presentation of cold facts. Thousands of men, young and old, can testify to its truth. The effect of tobacco upon the general nervous system also is marked and enduring. The memory feels its influence, the sight wanes, and even the organs of taste, of smell and of hearing grow blunted. Of course, these effects are less or greater according to the physical make-up of the victim. Some people are more susceptible than are others to the tobacco poison.

Lastly, I would refer to the effect of tobacco upon the progeny of its devotees. There *can* be no question but that the children of tobacco-consuming parents are more or less affected by their heritage. The father (or mother) of an infant may convey to it serious nervous deficiencies that come directly from the abuse of tobacco, and I would impress upon the reader the fact that tobacco is to blame for almost as much injury to generations yet unborn, that must suffer for the sins of their fathers, as is the curse of the present age—*alcohol!*

FRANKLIN'S HEALTH RULES

HERE are, somewhat abridged, the dietary rules laid down by Benjamin Franklin in *Poor Richard's Almanac* for 1742:

RULES OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE.

Eat and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of the body allows of, in reference to the service of the mind. The exact quantity being found out, is to be kept to constantly. The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure, but eat for necessity, not pleasure, for lust knows not where necessity ends.

RULES TO FIND OUT A FIT MEASURE OF MEAT AND DRINK.

If thou art dull and heavy after meat, it's a sign that thou hast exceeded the due measure, for meat and drink ought to refresh the body, and make it cheerful, not dull and oppress it. If thou findest these ill symptoms, consider whether too much meat or too much drink occasion it, or both, and abate by little and little

until thou findest the inconvenience removed.

If a man casually exceeds, let him fast the next meal, and all may be well again, provided it be not too often done.

Use a little exercise a quarter of an hour before meals, as to swing a weight or swing your arms with a small weight in each hand; to leap or the like, for that stirs the muscles of the breast. A temperate diet arms the body against all external accidents.

A sober diet maintains the senses in vigor, it mitigates the violence of the passions and affections, preserves the memory and helps the understanding.

SOME OF FRANKLIN'S SAYINGS.

Three good meals a day is bad living.
Where one dies of hunger a thousand die of eating.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.
A full belly is the mother of all evil.

He that never eats too much will never be lazy.

Eat to live, and not live to eat.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE UNFIT

SHALL IT BE FORBIDDEN BY LAW?—PROSPECTIVE LAW IN IOWA.
ZION CITY THE LEADER IN FORBIDDING SUCH MARRIAGES

By *Will M. Hundley*

THE Iowa Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy has made a step in advance in its efforts to relieve human defects, that should bring them the heartiest commendation from every intelligent citizen. The society has been organized for some time, but only recently has it been heard from. It has for its object better citizenship, through the education of coming parents, regarding the laws of nature that govern parenthood. Thus, by prevention, these pioneers believe in repressing disease and degeneracy.

A bill has been introduced into the Iowa legislature which requires that all applicants for marriage licenses should be provided with certificates from reputable medical practitioners vouching that said applicant had been under instruction regarding the duties pertaining to the marriage relations. In their letters to the various representatives the members state

that it is evident to every intelligent observer that measures must be adopted to repress the increasing crime and degeneracy now so widespread. The overcrowded condition of state prisons, insane asylums and other reformatory institutions points significantly to the fact that it is high time to begin the work recommended by the physicians composing the above organization. The members of the society believe that, as all other means

have failed to repress degeneracy, the only effective method will be to educate prospective parents.

This bill of amendment to the Marriage Laws of the State of Iowa is as follows:

"Whenever applications are made to the clerk of a district court for a license to marry, said applicants shall provide said clerk with a certificate from a reputable medical practitioner vouching that said applicants are physically qualified

and have been under instruction regarding the duties pertaining to the marriage relation."

The society has served notice also that it will submit a supplementary bill to carry the foregoing into effect.

C. J. Bayer, of Grinnell, Iowa, who has written several works on the subject and who is the official representative of the society, made a personal appeal to all the members of the legislature and to every state officer in behalf of

his bill. When asked for a statement regarding the aims of the society, he said:

"Investigation during the last decade has disclosed the cause of many degenerate organisms, and it is readily explainable to every candidate for matrimony, and likewise preventible. It is evident to every intelligent observer that measures should be adopted quickly to prevent the widespread and increasing crime and degeneracy.



Mr. C. J. Bayer, of Grinnell, Iowa, Official Representative of the Iowa Society for the Suppression of Disease and Degeneracy

"The over-crowded condition of state prisons and imbecile and insane asylums and other reformatory, penal and charitable institutions, point significantly to the fact that it is high time to begin the work outlined in the bill proposed by our society.

"The medical men and other scientists in our society are profoundly impressed with the idea that, as all other means of repressing degeneracy have failed, the extreme course of restricting marriage and the instruction of prospective parents must be adopted.

"There is a false modesty that causes the average couple to shrink from the discussion of such subjects during the period of their engagement, and therefore the law should step in. If, upon medical examination or upon mutual consideration of their physical condition, they are found to be unfitted for the grave step they are about to take, it is far better that they should be checked before it is too late, and not wait until the terrible penalty of the mistake has been visited upon innocent offspring."

"But won't the passing of the amendment create a widespreading of illicit sex relation among those barred from marriage?" was asked.

"Yes, to some extent," replied Mr. Bayer, "but if this bill is made a law, it will be no difficult matter to pass another prohibiting such a crime, with both parties subject to heavy penalties. The main difficulty is to get started. Once Iowa passes such a law other states will follow; and, when the law restricting marriages has become a general code, it will do more toward bringing about the Utopian state than will all other influences combined."

Rev. John Alex. Dowie has already decreed that no marriages of the unfit shall be allowed in Zion.

"Don't you know," said he recently to one of those whom he had condemned to a life of celibacy, "that you were about to perpetrate a crime on humanity? Don't you know that the hereditary taint from such a union would stick like the mark of Cain, generation after generation, in the lives of your progeny? Do you think you could ever look into the innocent eyes of your children, perhaps with crooked little bodies, or else puny and diseased, and not feel criminally responsible?"

The Zion leader was righteously angry. He continued:

"We have the sick and the maimed among us because of such marriages. We can't help. They have come here to seek freedom from the devil's work. The outside world permits such misfits—criminal unions—for there isn't a man among them with enough backbone to stop the crime. But here, in God's own city, I'll allow none such to take place.

I am not going

to permit people who are unfit to begin populating the city with idiots, mental and physical cripples, degenerates and disease-ridden mortals. God gave me wisdom to see the awful crime the world tolerates, and with me seeing is to act. Never will this crime be wiped out till the Christian Catholic Church predominates throughout the world. To that glorious end I declare that, from this time on, marriages such as you wish to contract will not be sanctioned in Zion. And I'll be obeyed, or the penalty will be instant banishment. Understand?"



Miss Wilcox, the First Victim of Zion's Law
That the Unfit Shall Not Mate

The follower sat in sullen silence.

"Oh, the ignorance! If not ignorance, then it is vile selfishness!" continued Dr. Dowie, in a fury. "Here you, a man of intelligence, and still in the clutches of the devil, suffering painfully because of the ignorance of your parents, give no thought as to the result of the contemplated marriage; only to your own selfish wishes and desires. Oh, the iniquity of man! you may go, and God's blessing be with you!"

The above harangue was addressed to Mr. M. D. Conn, a hunchback and otherwise afflicted follower, who was about to be joined in wedlock to Miss Daisy Lavonia Wilcox, a "healed" cripple, who, for fifteen years, had been almost helpless below her hips, but who was remarkably restored two years ago by divine healing. The only evidence of her former crippled condition is in her unusually short legs. Otherwise she is a very pretty, well-formed, healthy young woman with many fine intellectual attainments.

These young people met about a year ago, loved, plighted their troth and set the date for the wedding. When Dr. Dowie heard of the proposed marriage he called the couple before him, giving audience first to the young woman. In his kind, fatherly manner he demonstrated to her how the hereditary taint of her former condition, and that of the man she wished to marry, would be manifested in their children, concluding his talk with a vivid and pathetic picture of suffering innocents.

The young woman was moved to tears, and acquiesced readily in her leader's mandate. Not so the young man. He openly declared the decree an outrage; that he would not submit; that he would yet have Miss Wilcox in spite of all barriers. For days he went about, apparently heart-broken but determined. Finally a significant warning came from Dr. J. G. Speicher, Commissioner of Health, to whose jurisdiction the case was transferred, and Miss Wilcox's refusal to consider him on old terms ended the rather unusual episode.

"It did not take me long to decide," said Miss Wilcox to the writer, "after the enormity of the offense I was about to become a party to was made plain to me. It hurt some at first, but I soon got

over that feeling. Really," she said, smilingly, "I don't believe I was very seriously in love. I know now that I didn't love as I dream of loving. I feel very sorry for Mr. Conn, for he did love me. Yet he is very unwise to defy the laws. He should be thankful to God that we escaped committing a crime."

"Will this new ruling of Dr. Dowie bar you from ever marrying?" was asked.

"Oh, no," she replied; "I am perfectly healthy and can now marry any really healthy man."

This very wise decree of Dr. Dowie's is perhaps the first positive step taken by any national or ecclesiastic organization against the lax marriage laws since the palmy days of Sparta and Athens, where human culture was almost a religion. They sought as enthusiastically to bring the youth of the nation up to the ideal of physical and mental development as stock raisers of to-day strive to bring domestic animals to an ideal state. In Sparta, particularly, a man or woman physically or mentally ailing was barred for life from the marriage state. The result: The world never produced so perfectly developed, healthy, brave and happy a nation of people.

Many, no doubt, will take exception to this assertion, declaring that the glamour of centuries has caused historians to exaggerate on the superb physical condition of the Spartans; but to prove there was no exaggeration, that intelligent attention to the propagation question will bring in time desired results, we have only to point to the work of our stock breeders. The proof is incontestable. Yet these same men who make breeding of domestic animals a life study display an inconsistency well-nigh criminal, for they sanction the union of a beloved child without a serious thought as to the mental and physical fitness of it, provided only that the financial and social requisites are of an acceptable kind. But, on the other hand, if one should propose the mating of an inferior animal with one of his prize ones he would lay himself liable to a tirade of contempt for the foolish proposition.

'Tis true scientists, doctors of divinity and other thinkers have advocated amendments to the code of laws affecting the marriage question. But that is as far as it ever goes. It remains for Dr. Dowie,

the much-maligned prophet, to take the first practical step in the right direction. Though he controls, comparatively, but a small portion of our population—about a quarter of a million—it is vastly significant, notwithstanding, when the high moral standard of the Dowieites is considered. Not only will his decree relative to marriages be observed, but there will be no danger of immoral relations between those coming under the ban.

Among some of the savage tribes of America and Africa, this, to us, momentous question has been solved, although not in a very humane manner, by the practice of putting to death the deformed, crippled, diseased and the aged. Recently a prominent New York minister called down on his head a furious storm of abuse for advocating death by a painless method as a means of dealing with the incurable and the helpless aged.

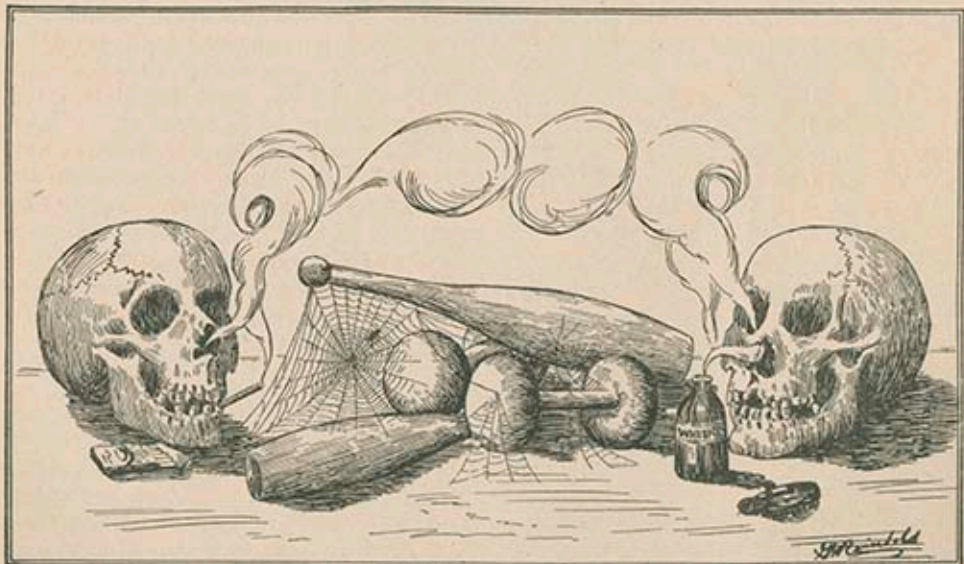
President Andrews, of Chicago University, declared not long ago that he was in favor of putting to death children who are physically weak at birth. The latest discussion in medical circles, started by Dr. Robt. Reid Rentoul, of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, considers the advisability of encouraging imbeciles and degenerates of the human race to commit suicide.

It is not to be assumed that the writer

or this magazine endorses such methods to counteract the evil, although we question whether it be not more humane than to let such marriages, with their appalling effect on humanity, go on.

Medicine has proved itself useless as a means to an end, although hygiene has alleviated some of the attending suffering, and physical culturists are working with might and main to elevate physical man. Yet humanity will never get the real impetus toward the ideal until our law-givers exhibit more courage and genuine philanthropic spirit by passing laws regulating marriage and prohibiting sexual relation among those mentally and physically afflicted. This includes the inebriates and the drug-fiends.

Our statesmen labor to stamp out crime and social evils, but they overlook or neglect the greatest cause of crime. Either they fear to tamper with the question or are ignorant of its purport. Again, some men shun everything that has the appearance of fostering a radical measure. They will storm at Mormonism and polygamous marriages, likewise the lax divorce laws, knowing the masses are behind them with hands uplifted in righteous horror; yet polygamy and divorcement are of little moment as compared with the laws now governing monogamous marriages.



The Fate of the Tobacco and Whiskey "Dope"

Sterling Drug & Chemical Company,
of New York.

CAPITAL \$ 500,000.

PRESIDENT, SIDNEY S. HOAG.
VICE-PRESIDENT, L. C. RUCH.
TREASURER, HENRY MERRIAM.

Office of the Company 90 & 92 Broadway,

New York.

THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS

SOME CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION AS TO THE PROFITS AND
METHODS OF PATENT MEDICINE COMPANIES

By Alexander Marshall

IT is not often that the outside public has an opportunity to view the "inside" of the business of patent medicine companies. Usually it is shrouded in mystery. The proprietors or stockholders pocket their gains—plunder—and keep quiet.

Recently I was fortunate enough to have placed in my hand the prospectus of a company that had just been formed for the purpose of manufacturing and selling patent medicines.

This prospectus sheds a flood of light upon the methods and profits of these companies. This firm styles itself the Sterling Drug and Chemical Company. In the letter that accompanies the prospectus it is stated that they are undertaking one of the most promising mercantile enterprises established in recent years, and that the commercial value of their registered trade-marks is bound to make it a great success. They believe that it would take but a few months for their *Sterling* medicines to be well known, after which the sales of their medicinal preparations will be as large as, if not larger than, any now on the market. The prospectus states that the use of proprietary medicines is becoming more popular and general every year, and that their manufacture offers a broader field and a brighter future than does almost any other line of mercantile business.

The immense profits made are known only to those who are acquainted intimately with the affairs of the patent medicine manufacturers, and the sale of such stock is offered usually only to directors and their friends.

This prospectus sets forth the proposition in flattering terms, but that which relates to the sale and manufacturer's cost of remedies of this character should be of interest. I will quote from prospectus the following:

"The object of the company is to place upon the market several proprietary medicines of great curative power, for which there is a large and constantly increasing demand, and is, it is believed, assured of a handsome profit and prosperous career. This undertaking is not an experiment, but an actual mercantile enterprise, *not affected by hard times*, in which nearly every one who has the requisite capital and knowledge of the business makes great profits. As an index of what can confidently be expected in the way of earnings and dividends, the following statement of what is *actually being done* is presented:

"Proprietary and patent medicines, prepared foods and mineral waters are manufactured in immense quantities. There seems to be no limit to the demand for them, and the field is constantly broadening, as they are now prescribed by physicians. The increase in population, and in the ailments the people are subject to, makes the future of the business very bright. It is estimated that over sixty million people in this country use proprietary preparations of some sort—medicines, prepared foods or mineral and table waters—and that each person consumes a daily average of over two cents' worth, amounting in a year to about five hundred million dollars—an enormous sum of money,

and yet it is only about two cents per day for each person.

"The average cost of manufacturing liquid medicines sold to dealers at 62 cents [Usual retail price, \$1.00—Author.] per bottle is about 15 cents. This covers the cost of bottle, cork, label, carton, case, labor and drugs used in the preparation: The selling value being..... 62 cents
The cost of manufacturing... 15 cents

Leaves a profit per bottle of... 47 cents
This is equivalent to *over 300 per cent. profit*, less the cost of advertising. Dry preparations, sold in paper boxes, are even more profitable, owing to difference in cost of package.

"Proprietary medicine manufacturers are uniformly prosperous. It is rare, indeed, where one who had sufficient capital and knowledge of the business did not amass great wealth. There is probably no other business that yields such large profits. The net profits of well-advertised brands of medicines, health foods, mineral and table waters are as large, if not larger, than almost any other business using the same amount of capital.

Their trade-marks are very valuable, and it is doubtful if any one of the well-known brands could be purchased, with its good-will, for one million dollars. They are all owned by individuals, or by close corporations, *whose stock is practically unpurchasable.*

"The Sterling Drug and Chemical Company owns the following *United States Registered Trade-marks*:

'*Unneedatonic*'—An exceedingly effective tonic.

'*Hemond*'—A blood purifier and nerve regulator.

'*Magond*'—A positive cure for all forms of dyspepsia and indigestion.

'*Taquila*'—For all catarrhal affections and kindred ailments.

"The formulæ, under the *Registered Trade-marks*, have been used for years by an eminent physician in the treatment of various blood, nerve and stomach diseases, and long experience has demonstrated that they are unexcelled in curative powers."

It is shown very plainly in this prospectus that the usual cost of a bottle of medicine selling for one dollar is about fifteen cents. The profit from the manufacturer to the retailer is therefore about 633 per cent. Certainly this allows a liberal margin for advertising expenses.

"Unneedatonic" is a good name. It ought to succeed. It sounds like success, and if the Sterling Drug and Chemical Company has enough money to spend for advertising, undoubtedly it will be able to compete in time with the other patent medicine venders who are making fortunes by misleading the public as to the value of their so-called remedies.

IMPROVED BY A VEGETARIAN DIET

To the Editor:

About two years ago I first came across the *PHYSICAL CULTURE* magazine. At that time I was in a bad condition. I had received treatment from two different institutes and had spent over two hundred dollars for medicines and pills. They never did me the least bit of good. I kept losing in weight all the time and could see my strength and endurance leaving me. I only weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds. My stomach would scarcely digest anything at all.

After I took up physical culture in earnest I threw away all medicine and pills. I would fast a few meals at first, and took plenty of outdoor exercises and deep breathing. In two weeks I felt

better and was gaining in weight, and in four months after I had gained thirty pounds, and I can assure you that I felt as an entirely new man. I am still taking my usual exercises, although I work at manual labor every day except Sunday, and regulate my exercise according to what I do each day, so that all my muscles have daily exercise. One of the most beneficial exercises to me is a good brisk walk for several miles and deep breathing. I used to be a great meat eater, but am now a vegetarian. I live on cereals, eggs, fruits, nuts and milk. I can truthfully say that my mind is clearer and I am stronger every way by doing so.

Oakland, Cal.

F. S.

ANOTHER EXPERIMENT WITH THE COUNTERFEIT STAFF OF LIFE

By Jas. Hy. Cook, Birmingham, England

AS a food reformer, and one spending his life in the study of finding the best possible foods for all conditions of life, I entered on the experiments suggested by you with a considerable amount of interest. Without any deviation from my usual habits, the experiments were made, and the tests should be more reliable from the fact that they have been made by one not used to a stimulating diet, but by an abstainer from meat, drugs, tea, coffee and alcoholic stimulants, being also a "no breakfast" man.

I commenced with the white bread, and lived entirely on it for a fortnight. I lost two and a quarter pounds in weight the first day; on the fifth day this had increased to six and a half pounds, in face of the fact that I had eaten all the white bread I could during the time, although I had found it impossible to eat sufficient to satisfy my hunger, while usually I never experience any of the "twelve-o'clock craving after something to eat" feeling, known so well to our flesh-eating friends. Another thing happened that I have had no experience of since I was a boy. I became constipated. To remedy this I ate new bread, and this had exactly the opposite effect, so I had to exercise care during the remainder of the time to steer between the two extremes, with the satisfaction of knowing that it was "only for fourteen days."

But these were not the only troubles I encountered. I became weaker each day. I found this chiefly in cycling up steep hills, by a pain in the small of my back, the same being apparent in sitting for any length of time at the office, or in running upstairs. But this was not the worst part of the business. Although quite an unusual thing for me, I now felt the cold

intensely, and appeared to have taken nothing to provide the heat necessary to keep the body warm. This was bad enough in the daytime, but at night it was much worse. I was kept awake for hours with pains in my joints, caused by the cold. During this fortnight I spent more time in bed awake than I would do usually in twelve months. Instead of waking in the morning refreshed, and with the "up-and-at-it" feeling so noticeable when fasting, the opposite was the case.

Although, when fasting for some days together I have experienced—but not to so great an extent—the same feelings of weakness and coldness, I have been always free from stomach troubles.

With care I kept at just the above mentioned weight during the remainder of the time. With a month intervening, including Christmas, I commenced my fortnight on brown bread. Having previously weighed myself very carefully, and feeling quite "up to par," the first day I was very curious to know what I should scale in the evening. I was certainly surprised to find that instead of having lost two and a quarter pounds I had gained one-half pound, and I kept at just about the same weight during the whole of the time. I felt no indication of weakness, and although the weather was quite as severe as that experienced during the previous test, I did not feel the cold more than when partaking of my ordinary diet.

Doubtless, in time, the absence of fat in a diet of brown bread only would be detrimental, but I experienced no ill effects whatever during the fortnight in question. Any further attempt on my part to show the superiority of whole meal bread over white flour bread appears quite unnecessary.

THE GOVERNMENT'S PHYSICAL CULTURE STANDARD

By George Barton

SECRETARY TO THE COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS AT THE PORT OF PHILADELPHIA

THE personnel of the United States Government service is to-day probably higher than it has been at any time during the past generation. The moral standard—in spite of any possible popular impression to the contrary—is better than it ever was; and the physical standard grows more exacting with each passing year. The development of the Civil Service system, which can be called the open door to the Government service, not only compels a well-balanced mental equipment, but in many instances requires the applicant to undergo a severe physical test. The responsible heads of the various departments generally accept the truism that a sound mind in a sound body is needed to perform important work properly.

The general standard of public life has

improved in the last fifty years to a marked degree. There was a time when the impression gained ground that hard drinking was almost an essential part of statesmanship; but that foolish idea has been dissipated gradually, until the stage has been reached when a man who is an habitual drinker, or a drinker to excess, is not only frowned upon by society at large, but practically is ostracized by those who are influential in the management of political organizations. The "drinking man" now realizes, if it is possible for him to realize anything, that he cannot hope to make a position of any prominence or permanence in the public life of the nation unless he effect a radical change in his habits. In truth, complicated modern conditions, and the keen rivalry for preferment, disbar the man with bad habits to the same extent that they do the man who is physically unfit. In the ordinary course of events, it was inevitable that the improvement in public life and in the personality of those elected by the people should communicate itself to the employees of the Government, and it has done so to such a degree that now the United States Government can be said to have a very high physical standard of its own.

It may not be generally known, but for years past the Government has required a complete health certificate with every application for a Civil Service examination. This is usually in the nature of a physician's certificate. A person desiring to compete for a position must state whether he uses intoxicating beverages, and if so, to what extent. The answer to the question cannot be skimmed; it must be clear, and must cover the case fully. If it is shown that he uses intoxicating beverages to excess, he may be debarred from entering the examination at all. If he uses them to a moderate degree, the question of his desirability may have to be settled by the appointing officer of the



Measurement of Height is Taken in Bare Feet

Government. He is required also to state whether he uses tobacco in any form; and while the use of the weed does not shut him out from employment altogether, there are instances known in which it has prejudiced greatly his chances for appointment. He is required to state whether he uses morphine or opium in any form; and it is needless to say that, if he does, his prospects for preferment are shadowy indeed.

The queries regarding the use of liquors, tobacco or drugs constitute only the general questions regarding physical condition. After that the Government goes into minute particulars. The applicant is questioned regarding his family, whether he has any chronic disease, and if so, the nature of it. He is called upon to state whether there is any defect of sight in either eye, and if so, to describe the defect at length. He must state whether he wears glasses, whether he has any defect of speech, and if so, to describe that fully. In the same manner he must go into particulars regarding his limbs, his hands, feet, and hearing; and he is called upon finally to say whether he considers himself physically capable of a full discharge of the duties of the position he seeks. In addition to this, he gives his exact weight in his ordinary clothing, without hat or overcoat, and his exact height, measured without boots or shoes. These queries relate merely to the general run of applicants. In some special cases, a special physical examination is made by a physician appointed for that purpose by the Government.

The greatest amount of emphasis seems to be laid upon the question of whether the applicant uses intoxicating liquors to excess, or whether he uses morphine or opium in any degree. Experience and medical testimony teach that users of drugs and liquors are not only weakened physically, but that their moral sense is blunted as well. It stands to reason, therefore, that clerks, bookkeepers, and even letter-carriers and customs inspectors are not physically and mentally able to perform their duties properly if they are in the habit of using drugs of any kind. It has been found also that those who are in the habit of describing themselves as "moderate drinkers" are less able to per-



The Subject Must Be Inspected Closely for Any Traces of Ulcers

form their duties than those who are total abstainers. The fact has been noted by the Government, and frequently is given primary importance in the selection of candidates for public office.

While watchmen and inspectors are required to pass a certain mental test, they are not considered desirable unless they have a certain amount of robustness. For instance, in a night inspector of customs, the physical ability to grapple with a smuggler is considered to be much more desirable than an intimate knowledge of Greek verbs.

The test for the life saving service, to a layman, reads like a schedule of the régime through which a pugilist is compelled to go when he is training for some great fight. The rating for the position of surfman is based on physical condition, experience and age. The age requirement is from eighteen to forty-five; the height is five feet six inches or more; and the weight from 135 to 205 pounds. As a proof of his ability to swim well, the applicant is required to have had at least three years' experience as a surfman, sailor or boatman. The men connected with the life saving service, while com-

pelled at times to undergo great hardship, usually enjoy splendid health. They become acclimated to the wind and the water, have splendid appetites and go to sleep as soon as their heads touch the pillow.

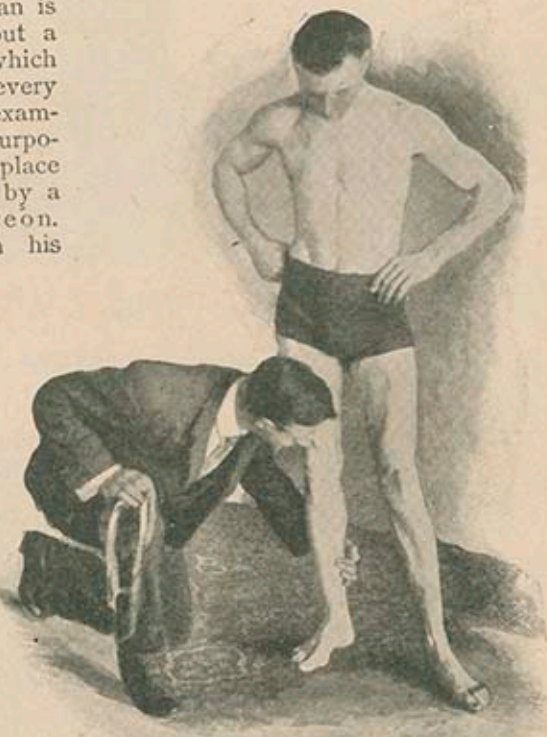
Applicants for the railway mail service are required to be examined divested of their clothing. Applicants for acting assistant surgeon, hospital steward, and other positions in the marine and hospital service are required to be examined by physicians of the marine hospital service.

The family physician is requested to fill out a medical certificate, which must accompany every application for an examination. For all purposes this takes the place of an examination by a Government surgeon. The physician, in his certificate, is required to give a complete description of every abnormality, disease, or physical defect, past or present. He must give the exact weight of the applicant, his girth, his degree of robustness, the nature of his vision, the condition of his hearing and speech, and must state whether there are any indications of disease or derangement of functions of the organs of respiration. He must note his pulse, the condition of his heart, and any evidences of diseases of the digestive system. More than that, he must state whether the applicant has any predisposition, either hereditary or acquired, to any constitutional disease that is likely to unfit him for the performance of the work of the position the applicant seeks. He is required also to lay special emphasis upon

one feature that is supposed to affect in some way the mental or moral character of the applicant, and that is to state whether there are any indications that the applicant uses intoxicating beverages, tobacco, or narcotics in any form, and if so, to what extent.

The most suggestive and significant feature of the whole system, however, is the established fact that the general principles of physical culture have received the tacit endorsement of the United States Government.

The physical test is being gradually so extended that in the course of the next year, it is no false prophecy to say that between twenty thousand and thirty thousand employees in the Government service will be selected solely by a physical examination. The Civil Service Commission has just put into force a new set of regulations regarding laborers in the Government service. Heretofore, the position of laborer has been exempt from examination of any kind. The physical standard of clerks, book-



A Careful Examination is Made for Varicose Veins

keepers, and other indoor employees of the Government is much higher than it has been at any time in the past.

By the adoption of new rules, it is believed that the physical condition of the entire force of Government workers will be improved radically. President Roosevelt, in his recent annual message, considered the subject important enough to point out to Congress its merits.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY'S STRONG MAN

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

AFTER holding the record of "Strong Man of Harvard University" for nearly a year, F. W. C. Foster has had to step down and relinquish the laurels to A. O. Christensen, sophomore student from Beaufort, South Carolina. Christensen's new record shows a total of 384,025.8 foot pounds, or 54,000 more than Foster's previous records, which is more remarkable than the previous record of Foster was wonderful.

This new record was made under the new system established last year by Dr. Sargent, and which is considered a test of endurance and speed as well as of strength. No apparatus is used in the test, which consists wholly of free movements.

Christensen was able to do the exercises of bending the body at the hips, with the arms outstretched above the head, 650 times. In this the finger tips must touch the floor each time, and the knees have to be kept together and rigid. He was also able to bend his knees, the thigh touching the heels each time, 435 times. He rose on his toes and came to a sitting position from lying flat on his back 100 times, while he raised his body from the floor with his arms fifty times, and chinned himself fifty times. He is a small man, weighing only 160 pounds, while Foster, the previous record-holder, weighed 184 pounds.

The test was made in the University gymnasium and witnessed by many. A time limit of one-half hour prevents any recuperating between the exercises.

According to Dr. Sargent, this latest performance is little short of marvelous. Christensen is a small man as far as weight goes; he is not overdeveloped in any parts and, in fact, is hardly the man one would pick out as a record breaker. He is closely knit and well put up, and these advantages, together with his agility and endurance, made it possible for him to perform the wonderful feat he did. He went from one thing to another in the test and never let up even for a second. Nearly thirty pounds lighter than

Foster, his weight did not count as heavily for him and he was forced to make up in speed what he lacked in weight.

Christensen's endurance was something remarkable, and during the thirty minutes' time of the test he did not rest the fraction of a minute. He averaged more than 12,000

foot pounds to the minute, which is equivalent to lifting 12,000 pounds one foot from the ground during sixty seconds and keeping it up at that rate for thirty minutes.

Christensen is a pleasant young fellow, twenty-three years of age, who was born in South Carolina, but who attended school at Brookline High, where he played on the football team. His best development is in his chest and back. He has a pair of strong, broad shoulders, though they are not especially muscular. There are no great bunches of muscle anywhere, but all the muscles of his back are long and very evenly developed. In the record test Christensen did 1,400



A. O. Christensen

double movements in thirty minutes, which makes an average of forty-seven to the minute, not allowing for the time taken out between the six exercises. He went through a long training before trying for the record and had been doing the required six exercises for six months every morning, besides keeping in good condition by general exercise. As regards his diet, he is not what you would call an exclusive vegetarian, but is a rather moderate meat eater.

While at Brookline High he was on the track team running in the half and mile

events, on the football eleven and a member of the swimming squad. He thinks swimming is as good an exercise as there is, and lays much of the benefit from this form of exercise to his present good condition. He has done considerable rowing, and was in the fall single races at Harvard last year. He is a member of the University lacrosse team, the swimming squad and a candidate for the track team.

His record in the Sargent test is as follows :

Exercise.	Weight lifted.	Height lifted.	Times lifted.	Foot pounds.
Abdomen, elbows to knees, arms and back,.....	75.3	34.8	100	21,837
Pull up, arms and chest.....	75.3	23	65	9,326.9
Push up, back.....	75.3	50	50	7,174.5
Fingers to floor, legs.....	75.3	34.8	650	151,940.5
Rise on toes, thighs.....	150.6	3	100	3,765
Sit on heels.....	150	34.8	435	189,981.9
Totals.....	602.4	153.4	1400	384,025.8

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE WEST INDIES



honestly say, that a year of physical culture has been of such value to me that nothing is to be desired by me in the way of health and exhilarant feeling.

Very sincerely,

Trinidad, B. W. I.

J. W. HUTCHINSON.

To the Editor :—

Through the kind efforts of a young friend here in Trinidad I was induced, about a year ago, to read some copies of your valuable magazine. To be frank, at that time I was actually a scarecrow apology for a man. I did not know what it was to live intensely. I began to read your articles, and gradually I became fired with an earnest desire to become strong and a healthy man and to live a better, more careful life than heretofore. I would not live now in the deplorable neglect and ignorance in which the great majority of the human race is living at the present day. I have found that life is not worth living if it is not backed up by pulsating health, power, force and happiness. It should be the highest ambition of every human being to become, first, a thoroughly healthy animal; then, with health, energy and strength, every effort in life is made easy. I haven't quite reached the horse-shoe bending stage, but this much I can

IN MEMORIAM OF LUCILLE STURDEVANT

By G. Edwards

ROBBED OF HER YOUNG LIFE BY THE PERSISTENCE OF A VACCINATING BOY DOCTOR

The photograph shown herewith is that of little Lucille Sturdevant, deceased, of Buffalo, N. Y., who, with thousands of other little children throughout our land, has given her life that a graduated medical ass might have his own way, and that he might add another fee to his loathsome revenue.

Ten days of unutterable agony was suffered by this vaccinated child, in which time a clean, healthy little body was transformed into a pestered, moaning, convulsive subject. There was blood poisoning, which the little system could not throw off. The devil, to many persons, is an incarnation to be feared, but the pale-faced vaccinator whose very fingers itch to get a school child into his hands injects that into a child which causes its body to become a loathsome, pestered object, putrefying before the eyes of heart-broken parents and filling the room with unbearable odors!

Although Lucille was only six years old she was intelligent enough to protest against the intended vaccination, telling her tormentors that she had been vaccinated already. The previous certificate is still on file in the other schoolhouse, but, at the time, the men

who are earning their bread by murder ignored the word of the little girl.

The vaccinators were accompanied by two loggerhead police officers, one of whom was brute enough to frighten the little girl by telling her that, if she would not hold still and be vaccinated, he would put her in jail, and that then she could not see her father or mother.

About three days after the scratch had been made and the yellow matter injected, the child took to her bed and never got up again. She grew worse, day by day, suffering excruciating pain

and torture until a merciful death carried off the blood-poisoned little child from a doctored world, and from parents maddened with grief and mourning.

The father, H. E. Sturdevant, of 45 East Genesee Street, began suit against the City of Buffalo soon after the death of the child, but ever since that time he has been hounded by the men who fear an exposure, until he has had to resign position after position and yield up his home and belongings.

It has been an open boast that he would be frozen out and starved unless he dropped the suit against the city.



Lucille Sturdevant

Dr. Bellfield, a reputable Chicago physician, sneering at his own profession, said, some time ago, while at the Sunset Club: "The doctors of Chicago are divisi-

ble into three classes: the first are liars, the second are d—d liars, and the third are experts and they are the biggest liars of all."

MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

IF I were asked what are the best qualities that a boy should cultivate I would say cleanliness of habit, courage, truthfulness, generosity, firmness, force, kindness and honor!

I fully realize that the boy who is perfectly healthy and endowed with plenty of muscle and strength possesses almost always these qualities of genuine manhood! A boy who is healthy, mentally and physically, as little would attempt to do a mean trick or to practice deception as he would permit his body to become contaminated by smoking cigarettes. It is the physical weakling, generally, the bashful, thin-faced mamma's darling, afraid of a healthy rough-and-tumble game, who is a sneak or a "tell-tale." I am going to take up cleanliness of habit as the first quality that I mentioned above, because it is the first quality that stamps one boy as being so far superior to the boy who does not take proper pride in his body. No boy can be healthy or strong unless he is clean. No boy can become great unless he cultivates clean habits in his young days. At West Point, where the fighters of our country are made, a clean life must be followed by the cadets if they want to stay there and come out as genuine men and soldiers. They must acquire cleanly, regular habits. "Early to bed and early

to rise" is the rule there. They have a certain hour to go to bed and a certain hour at which to arise. They have their drill exercises regularly.

By acquiring clean habits I mean also clean habits of thinking and acting. No one would stand for a lie at West Point. If the offender were found out he would be expelled by the common consent of his fellow cadets. No profane words are tolerated. The cadets at West Point are splendid physical specimens, because they keep themselves clean in body and mind.

By cleanliness in your habits I mean for you to avoid those things that make so many boys failures in life before they have reached the age of twenty, and for you to adopt those habits that will help to make you a splendid type of physical culture manhood. I know a boy—and he is a splendidly strong boy for his age—who gets up from his bed the minute he can see the first rays of the sun shooting up from the distance. He does not dress, but gets into the middle of the room and exercises naked, letting

the morning air play upon his strong body. In this way he can watch, also, the muscles as they move with the exercising. When he is through with this he takes a large sponge, wet with cold water, and douches it against his body. Then he rubs himself well and hard with



Exercise No. 1.—Stand with hands on the hips as shown in the illustration. Bring the right leg up as far as you can. Bring it up quickly and vigorously, striking the abdomen with the thigh if you can bring the leg up that high. Repeat exercise with the other leg, alternating until muscles tire.

the morning air play upon his strong body. In this way he can watch, also, the muscles as they move with the exercising. When he is through with this he takes a large sponge, wet with cold water, and douches it against his body. Then he rubs himself well and hard with



Exercise No. 2.—Stand in position illustrated, shoulders far back, hands tightly clenched. Now strike far forward quickly and strongly, as far as you can, as shown in the next photograph.

a rough towel. His evenings are spent in about the same manner. At about eight or nine o'clock he exercises mildly, takes his sponge bath and jumps into bed for a good night's sleep. All this has become a habit, he told me, until now he gets out of his bed and goes for his exercises as naturally as if the instinct had been born with him to do so. He has a fine set of muscles to show as a result. Now, there are bad habits that I hope none of the boys who read "Muscle and Health" ever will adopt as a part of their daily lives. Bad habits weaken. Some boys have such flabby, sickly muscles that they cannot chop a cord of wood or carry a pail of coal for their mothers without stopping several times or straining themselves. They cannot run a race with the rest of the boys without becoming short-winded or sinking. It is because

they have bad habits that weaken them. Smoking cigarettes, drinking stuff that contains alcohol, eating candy or pies, staying up late at night, harboring evil thoughts, or sinning against the body in any other way. All these are bad habits that can be acquired, but which make of a boy a physical and mental weakling instead of a fine, erect young man.

I mentioned courage as the second quality that a boy should cultivate. In order to get courage, first of all you must have strength. Strength gives self-confidence, which is the best kind of courage. Every brave man has been a strong man physically! If you practice courage now, you will win your place in life easily when you have reached manhood! Everything in this life that you may undertake needs courage. You must fight your way through life! If you cannot do this you become one of the millions who have lived and died failures because they did not have the courage to go ahead. You must not misuse your courage! The bully who is looking always for a fight is not brave or courageous. The boy who does not shrink from telling a lie, or from stealing, is not



Exercise No. 2.—Continued.

brave. Some boys, I have noticed, think that when they make fun of a cripple or an older person, such an act is brave. Or when they smoke they think that a certain amount of daring is attached to it. Some boys try to be "smart," and think it is bravery. It is a poor form of courage, which, as I said at the beginning of my talk, can be done by the pale-faced, physically weak boy equally as well. I saw a boy walk up to another, a great deal larger than himself, who was considered a leader among the boys, but who was round-shouldered and smoked cigarettes, and slap him across the lips because he had heard a

profane word come from the mouth. That is courage! I wish every one of my young readers would exercise his courage in the same way. Courage to fight the wrong! Not to be afraid to fight for what is right—that is courage and it places the mark of manhood upon the young boy as nothing else can do. Your strength is given you for that purpose. If you misuse it for evil purposes it is of no value to you, but, instead, it is harmful, for it slips away from you early in life and leaves you a greater mark for pity than is the weakling who never exercised at all.

BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Is fifteen minutes' exercise, morning and evening, with dumb-bells and punching bag, too much for a boy of seventeen? Would dumb-bells and punching bag furnish sufficient variety of movement?

A. Fifteen minutes morning and evening spent in exercise should be sufficient for a boy of your age. It would be well, however, for you to indulge in various active outdoor games, if you can secure the necessary opportunities. If not, you should add walking, running and deep breathing to your exercises.

Q. I am thirteen. Would you kindly suggest an hour for retiring and for rising? Would it not be a good plan to put all boy clubs together, making one club in each locality, and call it the Macfadden Boys' Physical Culture Association?

A. I would advise you to retire at nine or ten, and rise at six or seven. A very good method to adopt under such circumstances, however, is to rise the minute you are fully awake. Do not loll in bed and try to woo a second nap.

The plan you suggest for a boys' club might be commendable, and I would be glad to hear from boys in reference to it.

Q. I have been a strict vegetarian for some time, but am very fond of candy. What effect will candy have upon me?

A. Candy is not to be advised, though if eaten infrequently, and in small quantities, it perhaps does no harm. If you will use sweet fruits, like dates and figs, instead of candy, whenever you have an appetite of this kind, it would be far better for you.

Q. Am tall and slender, with consumption in my right lung. As we have

few days of sunshine in this locality, (Cincinnati) would you advise a change of climate?

A. The disease from which you suffer can be cured in almost any climate, though in a high, dry climate it is more easily cured. Would advise you to carefully study my recent article on the Cause and Cure of Consumption.

Q. Should a boy of fourteen follow the two-meal plan? Have low vitality.

A. A two-meal plan would be advised for you, and perhaps enable you to build increased vitality, though I would add that if a boy is careful not to overeat he can usually digest three meals satisfactorily.

Q. What do you recommend for a drink? I have been using tea and coffee. Also state how I can strengthen my weak nerves.

A. There are numerous substitutes for tea and coffee. Cocoa and milk are good. Numerous cereal coffees are also now on the market and can be easily procured. Weak nerves can be strengthened by building up your general physical health. As your strength increases your nerves will gradually improve.

Q. I exercise regularly, but am thin, pale and weak. Running one block tires me. Am seventeen years old, suffering from the effects of youthful folly. A specialist says I am a case of "wrecked manhood" and strongly advises me to take his treatment: Would you advise me to do this?

A. By all means avoid the quacks for treatment of your trouble. Take up regular physical culture work, with a proper diet, long walks, deep breathing, friction baths, and other means of building health and strength, and your trouble will gradually be remedied.

HUNTED DOWN

By John R. Coryell

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

CHAPTER X.

RUTH looked wonderingly at Harry. "What do you mean?" she asked. "Did you notice anything peculiar about the men?"

"I should have forgotten it," he answered with suppressed excitement, "if you had not spoken of it; but I recall now that when I ran up yesterday to drive the men away, I noticed a strong odor of some peculiar perfume. I took it for granted that it was some you used, and dismissed the matter from my mind at the time. Then afterward I noticed that you did not use it."

"I never use perfume," Ruth answered. "I had forgotten about the odor, but remember it now. But that wasn't what made me think two of them were not tramps. What I noticed was that one of the men who held me had well-kept, white hands, and that the other had a gold filling in one of his front teeth. Besides, I can recall now that they were different from the other two men. I was so frightened at the time that I took no account of anything."

"Those two men were masquerading," Harry went on. "I don't know how much it will help us to know this, but I shall tell father at once. There is no doubt that they are the men who did the incendiary work. Will you mind talking with father, if he asks you to do so?"

"No-o," Ruth answered hesitatingly. Harry understood, and said quickly:

"You shall not be dragged into any notoriety. I promise you that."

"Thank you! Of course I want to do whatever is right, and will do anything you think is best."

Harry looked down into her shy, flushed face, and could not help contrasting her timidity with the easy, self-reli-

ant way Elizabeth would have confronted such a situation.

"Well," he said, "I'll protect you;" and was surprised at the comfortable feeling he had in standing in that relation to Ruth. "I won't let anything unpleasant result to you. Ah! how I wish father would let me go in pursuit of the men."

"Why won't he?" Ruth asked, looking up at him as if she could not understand how anyone could refuse such help as his.

"Because," Harry began, then stopped. He couldn't tell her what his father had given as the reason. "Well, he wants me to marry Elizabeth."

"You're going to, aren't you?" she asked, her head bent.

"Ye-es, I suppose so. Yes, of course, I am. That is—why, to tell you the truth, I expect to marry her, naturally; but I keep thinking about what you said yesterday. And Elizabeth pooh-poohs the notion."

"She doesn't believe in love?"

"You do, don't you?"

"Believe in love?" Ruth cried, looking straight up into his eyes long enough for him to get again the impression of something in her eyes that he had never seen anywhere else. "Why love is——" She stopped.

"Love is what?" he prompted, eagerly.

"It would be of no use to try to explain to you," she answered with a sigh; "for if you don't believe in love, why——"

"But I don't say that," he interposed.

"You said it yesterday."

"Yes, I said it yesterday, but—yesterday isn't to-day. I'm not a bigot. If I can see that a thing is true, I don't stop to ask whether or not it is what I have been believing. Of course, one doesn't know for a certainty that a thing is true

because it seems so to him, but the best one can do in this world is to be honest and open-minded. Don't you think so?"

It seemed a very simple proposition, as he put it, but Ruth was vaguely aware that it led in the direction of moral revolutions.

"Well, of course," she said, hesitatingly, "if a thing be true, nothing can be said against it; but how is one to know? Take me, for instance; I'm so ignorant, and so young, too, that I feel as if I ought to defer to the opinions and the knowledge of those who are older and who know more."

"One may know a great deal without being able to reason."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And one may be able to reason clearly without knowing so very much."

"Yes."

"And age doesn't give necessarily either knowledge or wisdom."

"You are talking now like a book of proverbs," she said with a short laugh.

"Yes; but never mind that. What I say is true, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes."

"We don't advance by standing still, do we?"

She laughed merrily, but agreed with him. He went on, smiling, but serious:

"And progress in thought and knowledge is gained not by assenting as a matter of course to the opinions of those who have gone before us?"

"But they may have had the truth. Can't one move away from the truth?"

"Moving away from the truth is done mostly by standing still. I don't see how anyone can ever arrive at a knowledge of all of a truth. It is truth that does the moving, and one needs to be alert to move with it. Anyhow, a thing isn't true just because someone older or wiser says it is. If I tell you a thing is so I ought to prove it, oughtn't I?"

"If I ask you to; but maybe I don't care anything about it."

"Then you don't need to know; and it would be an impertinence in me to try to make you listen to my arguments. I suppose I was impertinent, if not worse, when I talked to you the way I did yesterday."

"No, indeed!" she cried, eagerly. "I am glad you said what you did; and you

will see that I shall profit. If anybody was wrong, it was I, with my talk about love."

"But you can prove what you say about it, can't you?"

"I don't know. Maybe it is one of the things I have accepted because somebody told me it was true."

Harry looked at her with a little start of alarm, as if it troubled him to have any such doubt come into her mind.

"You don't really mean that?" he asked, solicitously.

"Yes, I do. I don't mean I don't believe in love, for I do—oh I do! But it may be that I can't prove that one should love in marriage. I know I would never, never marry a man I did not love, no matter how splendid or perfect he might be physically, mentally or morally. To me—but you see I am not logical at all—only vehement."

"I have an idea," suggested Harry, slowly, and with no little trouble in his tone, "that you speak so because you love somebody."

She looked up at him with something like fright in her eyes; then gave a little laugh of relief.

"If I do," she said, "nobody knows it."

"Love must be a very odd thing," Harry added in a puzzled tone.

"It's a beautiful thing. If I am sure of anything it is that love is the most beautiful thing in the world. Of course, it isn't a thing at all; it is a force, a power. Oh! if you had ever really loved you wouldn't be talking about it in the calm way you do. Why—There, you see, I don't argue a bit, but just assert things. I suppose that's because I'm a girl."

"Oh, no!" cried Harry, with intense conviction, "that isn't the case at all. Girls can reason as well as men. Why Elizabeth—"

"Always Elizabeth! I wonder if you don't love her, after all. You always use her as an illustration."

"Perhaps I do love her. That would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"I should think it might be a joke she would enjoy."

"Of course, I didn't mean funny in that way, but—have I offended you in any way?"

"Certainly not. You were saying—?"

"I believe you are annoyed. If I have said anything—but I've been so careful, knowing your prejudices. Please be frank with me. Every time I've been on the point of saying the things that would offend you I have put in something else. You see, with Elizabeth, I say anything, because she has no prejudices, and——"

"You may say anything to me that a gentleman——"

"There it is, you see. You have different ideas on the subject of what a gentleman may say to a lady. I feel that there are some things that ought to be discussed, and those are the very things you would be angry with me for even suggesting. But are you angry, now?"

"Not a bit; nothing but silly," she answered, looking up at him so that he could see her face, and know by its expression that she spoke the truth. "The fact is, that it irritates me to hear you refer to Miss Mowbray as if she were the one perfect woman in the world. Of course, that is because I am so conscious of my own littleness in comparison with her. And the worst is, that I know it is impossible for me ever to make myself anything by comparison."

"You certainly never could have her physique," Harry answered, looking over her slight figure.

Ruth bit her lip and gave her pretty head a toss. "You don't mean that I shall delude myself, do you?"

"I certainly wouldn't say what I believed untrue, merely in order to please you," he answered, "and I don't believe you would want me to. I know by your eyes that you are too honest for that."

"And you are right," she cried earnestly, looking up at him again. "You are perfectly right; and I would despise you if you tried to deceive me. Still, you can't wonder if I don't feel happy to be told so frankly that I can never be as attractive as Miss Mowbray."

"But I didn't say that. Why, I think——"

"Well, why don't you go on?"

"Because I may say something to offend you."

"You are terribly afraid of me, aren't you? A puny little school teacher!"

She laughed engagingly, and he joined her, feeling wonderfully comforted to have her in so good a humor.

"I know I don't like you to be offended with me."

"Don't you? Well, tell me what you were going to say."

"Why, I was going to say that I never saw anyone as attractive as you are. You see," he hastened to explain, thinking he saw symptoms of annoyance in the way she turned from him, "it seems the more singular because you are not much physically, and——"

Ruth interrupted him with a peal of laughter, pleasant to hear, but puzzling to Harry.

"If you had only stopped with the compliment!" she said.

"I did not mean it for a compliment. I wondered, after I left you, what it was that made me keep thinking of you. I thought, maybe, it was your eyes, but I don't believe that is all. There is something else."

"Yes, there is something else—there's school. Good-bye! I hope something will come of your discovery about the men. Good-bye!"

"I'll bring the books this afternoon."

"If you think best."

"You want them, don't you? You said you meant to profit by what I had said to you."

"Yes, I want them. Thank you! Good-bye!" Then, when she was some paces away, she turned suddenly and called after him: "Oh, perhaps you'd better bring Miss Mowbray with you."

Harry stopped and turned. "Do you really want to see her?"

"I want you to bring her," she answered, with what seemed to Harry to be rather unnecessary firmness.

"Well, all right!" he answered, unenthusiastically.

Ruth walked dejectedly into the little schoolhouse, quite indifferent to the whisperings of the pupils, who had been staring hard at her while she had been walking by the side of handsome Harry Thorne.

"I guess I'm a little fool," she said, miserably, to herself, "and I fancy a look at Miss Mowbray with him will be the best medicine I can take. But, oh, how honest and brave and strong and—oh! he's everything! And I wish I could just sit down and cry!"

CHAPTER XI.

Harry found his father shut in the library with Mr. Christy and the detective, who had come on the train, as expected. Mr. Thorne looked up with a slight frown of impatience at Harry's intrusion.

"Sit down, Harry," he said, and went on talking to the detective, evidently giving him his final instructions, for the latter was making preparations to go.

"I have something new to add to what we know," Harry said.

They all looked at him with sudden interest, and Mr. Thorne, briefly introducing the detective as Mr. Dawson, bade Harry speak.

"You remember I told you about my first meeting with the tramps?"

"Rescuing the young lady?" said the detective, quickly.

"Yes. Well, I thought I would go out there this morning and see if I could find anything to help us."

"I was just going there," said the detective, with increased interest.

"I found nothing, but I met the young lady——" He flushed, and looked the least bit conscious. The detective smiled faintly, the lawyer looked quizzical, and Mr. Thorne interjected:

"Yes, yes!"

"I talked with her about the matter, and she recalled that there had been something peculiar about two of the men. Then I remembered, too."

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, Miss Warner said one of the men had well-kept, white hands and the other had a gold filling in one of his front teeth."

"Not tramps!" the three men cried at once; and Mr. Thorne went on with bitterness: "Now, do you see that this was no chance burning, no seeking of revenge on Harry for his interference? What more, Harry?"

"I recalled that when I ran up I had noticed the odor of a peculiar perfume. I took it for granted, in an unconscious sort of way, that Miss Warner used the perfume."

"Had you never noticed it before?" Mr. Christy asked, drily.

"I never saw her before yesterday. Afterward I noticed that the odor did not

cling to her, and this morning she told me she never used perfume."

"And the other two men?" asked the detective.

"We both think they were real tramps. Miss Warner said this morning that she had had an indefinable feeling that the men who held her were not tramps."

"If they were not tramps," said Mr. Christy, in a tone of doubt, "why should they be engaged in such a scurvy business as assaulting that young lady?"

"It wouldn't be like men of any other than the tramp class," said the detective.

"Like or unlike," said Mr. Thorne, sharply, "they did it, and the evidence is clear enough that they were not tramps."

"It isn't so clear to me," said Mr. Christy. "It seems to me, Henry, that you are determined to make everything fit your theory that the men were agents of the trust. I don't say they were not, but it is certainly unsafe to assume that they were. As Mr. Dawson has told you, it is no unusual thing for tramps to set fire to buildings in order to satisfy a feeling of anger."

"Besides," said Mr. Dawson, judicially, "you can hardly call such fleeting impressions evidence. Take two young people under such exciting circumstances, and they are very likely to imagine things. Your son says that he only remembered about the odor this morning, after talking with the young lady. You see a man would have his hands full knocking down four men, and wouldn't be likely to take much note of trifles."

"Were you so terribly excited, Harry?" asked Mr. Thorne, grimly.

"Not so very," he answered, with a smile.

"Perhaps," said the detective, sarcastically, "that is one of the things you fail to remember. One against four is pretty heavy odds. Any man might be forgiven for not thinking of odors at such a time. As for the young lady, I don't imagine she thought of the things she saw until she talked with your son this morning."

"Then you don't attach much importance to this?" Mr. Thorne said.

"I don't say that; but I do say that we must be careful not to allow ourselves to be sent off on the wrong track by such a suggestion as this. It may be that two

of the men were not tramps; but this thing is certain—three of the men worked together, two to fire your factory, the third to disable, if not kill, your son.”

“And,” interposed Mr. Christy, “it would not be likely that Edgar Saunders would enter even indirectly into any scheme that included murder. He will do anything to remove a business obstacle from his path, and I believe he has no moral sense whatever; but I doubt murder.”

“I agree with Mr. Christy as to that,” interjected the detective.

“I do not charge murder,” Mr. Thorne said, thoughtfully. “I do not remember that there has ever been such an implication in connection with the trust. At the same time, I will not abandon my belief that Edgar Saunders was the mainspring of this disaster. See how everything conspires to aid his purpose of getting me out of his way. Fire, lapsed insurance, prohibitive railroad rates!”

“Besides,” said Harry, “if murder is untenable in connection with the trust, we must abandon our suspicion altogether. Do you forget that the watchman would have been burned to death but for the accident that gave us timely warning?”

“I had forgotten that for the moment,” said Mr. Thorne; and it was evident that the others had also.

“Well, it’s all guess-work at this stage,” said the detective, rising in an energetic way that promised great results. “I will look into this clew and see what there is in it. Where can I find this young lady?”

“She teaches at the district school,” replied Harry. “I promised her that she should not come into any disagreeable notoriety in consequence of her unfortunate connection with our affairs.”

“Where is the school?”

Harry turned to his father, his face set in lines of determination.

“I gave the young lady my promise, dad. She is only a girl, hardly more than sixteen. I hope you will see that my promise is made good.”

“I will go with Mr. Dawson.”

“Thank you. Before you go would you care to hear what I have been thinking about the fire?”

The detective smiled ironically. Al-

ready he felt himself in a sort of antagonism to Harry.

“I would like very much to hear, Harry,” his father said warmly.

“You will remember that although there were four of the men together at the time of the assault on Miss Warner, only three were in evidence later.”

“One might easily have been on guard, and out of sight,” said the detective, and it was plain the suggestion was a good one.

“That is true,” assented Harry, “but I work the affair out in another way. It is clear either that Providence has worked against us, or that the trust has done the very things that would disable us and put us out of the way. I incline to the trust theory because the trust has been known to do equally wicked things before. If it will ruthlessly drive the widow and orphan to the poorhouse, follow and undersell a poor road peddler, it will not hesitate to crush us, if possible.”

“I agree with you, Harry,” said his father. “Go on.”

“If the four men were tramps, their grudge would have been against me and not against dad; and I cannot believe that even tramps would be so illogical as to take so complete a revenge as killing me would have been, and then take all the risk of burning down dad’s factory. If I were dead I could not suffer from that.”

“It might have been their purpose,” said the detective, sneeringly, “only to injure you by a blow, and to let you live to suffer by the fire.”

“Perhaps,” said Harry, quietly.

“I begin to see your argument, Harry,” said Mr. Christy, cordially, “and I rather like it. Go on!”

“The fire,” Harry resumed, thanking the lawyer with a glance, “was manifestly the work of experts, whether tramps or not. And only two men worked in the building. Moreover, no third one to stand guard was necessary, under the circumstances, the watchman being provided for and the factory deserted.”

“Tramps would hardly have known that,” said the detective, sourly.

“You are right. Tramps would not have known it, but experts who had studied the situation carefully would. As-

sume that two expert incendiaries had set out to do this thing: They disguise themselves as tramps, a thing the more easy to do because the tramps are just now pouring out of the cities; they fall in and fraternize with two real tramps."

"Good, Harry!" cried his father, his eyes sparkling.

"Really, the boy can reason," said Mr. Christy.

"The real tramps, following the brutal impulses of their kind, propose an assault on the lonely girl; the others, in order to be consistent, and not to lose the company of the real tramps, fall in with the idea and give their aid. That accounts for their part in the assault."

"I think, sir," said the detective, with an air of weariness, "that your forte is romancing."

"Perhaps. Now, let us assume that the real tramps see and smell as much as Miss Warner and I, and have their suspicions of something crooked going on. They spy on the other two and discover their intention; one of the tramps, in a fright, hurries away, and the other stays to pay me back for my interference. In this way we account for my assailant, we account for the absence of the fourth man, we account for my assailant's readiness to betray the incendiaries, and for his very imperfect knowledge of the plans of the firebugs."

"And the case against the trust takes more and more definite shape," said his father, triumphantly.

"It's a pity you were not going into the law, my boy," said Mr. Christy. "I don't think a clearer hypothetical case could have been made out; and all I have to say is that I hope the end will prove that you have made a good guess. But we musn't forget that these things have yet to be established."

"And we musn't forget," said the detective, "that, even if we grant the perfect correctness of the theory, we are no nearer than we were to the perpetrators. What we must do, if you please, Mr. Thorne, is to pursue the incendiaries, fix the crime on them, and make them expose their principals."

"With all my heart, Mr. Dawson; that is what I employ you for."

"Then let us get out of the atmosphere of theory and into that of action. Shall

we go and interview this friend of your son's?"

"You will not forget, dad," said Harry, calmly, "my promise to Miss Warner? I never saw her before yesterday afternoon, but I owe her as much faith as if I had known her all my life."

"She shall be protected, Harry. We will go there at noon time, so as to be as inconspicuous as possible with our visit. Is she a person to whom we could offer a reward?"

"No! Oh, no! Don't think of such a thing! She is a lady!"

"Ladies have been known who were not averse to receiving a reward," said the detective.

Harry made no answer, but looked at the man steadily for a moment, then turned to Mr. Christy and began to talk with him. When they were left alone in the library the lawyer smiled, and said:

"Mr. Dawson doesn't seem to take kindly to your theories, Harry."

"I may have been unconsciously, certainly unintentionally, disagreeable to him. I wish dad would let me go to work at this thing."

"It's my opinion he might do worse."

"I wish you'd persuade him of it."

"Why won't he?"

Harry laughed, half petulantly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't you remember what he said this morning about my being dedicated to something higher? The regeneration of the human race is the work that is laid out for me."

"You don't seem as enthusiastic as you were yesterday."

"Perhaps not as hopeful. And yet, I don't know. Men and women are not what they ought to be, are they?"

"I am sure they are not."

"And it would be a great work to infuse the spirit of regeneration into them?"

"No doubt of it."

"You are laughing at me."

"I am laughing at the notion that you can do anything in your way, Harry. Of course, you can make a beginning, but it is my opinion that the greatest mistake you and your father make is in supposing you can eliminate love."

"What is love?" asked Harry.

"Love? Why, love is the strong attraction that one person has for another.

Do you mean to say you have never felt it?"

"I presume I love dad."

"Good Lord! Of course you do. But I was thinking of girls. Perhaps you love Elizabeth, the germless."

"If I did, would I know it?"

"I should hope so. But I guess you don't love her; you are quite too calm for a lover."

"If I did love her, would she be sure to love me?"

"Certainly not; that would be altogether too easy."

"I don't think I understand you, Mr. Christy," said Harry, a wistful look in his eyes. "You say almost vehemently that one shouldn't marry without love, and yet, when I ask you about love, you treat it as if it were a joke."

"So I do, Harry, copying the world's foolish way," the lawyer said, with sudden gravity. "But love is not a thing to joke about. And you would find out how tragic a thing it is if you were to marry Elizabeth and then meet a woman you *did* love. It is overmastering, overwhelming; it lives with you, dominates you, drives you. For love of woman, man murders, robs, lies, does all wrong."

"So he will for gold."

"It is for love of woman that man amasses gold."

"Is it an impulse to evil, then?"

"It is an impulse to anything to win possession, I suppose. I am trying only to show you how powerfully it acts. Why, bloody wars have been waged for woman's sake."

"Love of her, or passion for her?" asked Harry.

"Both, no doubt. Can they be separated when woman is in question?"

"I don't know; I have been asking you for information. As you make it out, love is a horribly selfish feeling."

"I suppose it is, and yet a man will do anything for the woman he loves."

"Anything?"

"Anything but give her up to another man," the lawyer laughed; and Harry, with a little sigh, turned to another topic.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Christy made an effort to induce Mr. Thorne to let Harry work on the case with the detective, but Mr. Thorne

was obdurate. He admitted that Harry had been exceedingly clever in working out the theory of the tramps, but refused to use him in the matter.

"I think he'd solve the problem in half the time that your detective will, provided the latter ever solves it."

"I don't take any stock in Dawson, but it isn't the sort of work for Harry, nevertheless," answered Mr. Thorne; and there the matter was dropped.

Harry took the books out to Ruth, according to his promise, but did not take Elizabeth, explaining that that young lady was sometimes a little brusque in her manner, and might spoil their pleasant walk home.

Ruth gave a sigh of relief, and made no further protest; not even when Harry met her again the next morning, and again the next afternoon; and went on meeting her twice a day, until she began to take their meeting twice a day as a matter of course.

Mr. Thorne and the detective had interviewed her once, and, excepting from her, Harry had heard nothing about it. The detective was working on the case, and occasionally Mr. Thorne spoke with Harry about it. The factory was not rebuilt. The operatives straggled away, one after another, to other places, and in a few weeks it seemed as if the fire had been forgotten.

Harry saw Elizabeth less frequently than ever before, and when he did see her asked her no questions about love. As for Elizabeth, she was always full of wrestling or fencing or sparring, or some other form of exercise; and if she wanted to see Harry, went to his house as nonchalantly as if she had been a male friend of his.

Harry saw Mr. Christy quite frequently, too, but he never again asked him any questions about love. In fact, he had given up wondering what love was. He no longer even doubted that love was necessary to a happy marriage.

Harry was in love, and knew it.

When he had fallen into that state, or when he had become aware of his condition, he did not know. Probably it had crept upon him so stealthily that he had been unaware of it until it was in full possession of the citadel.

But he knew now what love was, and

he smiled scornfully when he recalled the stories Mr. Christy had told him about it. An incentive to murder, theft, or wickedness of any kind, indeed! Why, the world had never before seemed so bright and kind and joyous to him, and he was filled with tenderness for every living thing.

It troubled him when he thought of Elizabeth, and troubled him even more when he thought of his father, for he had no idea that their views would ever coincide with his. He knew he must have an explanation with them, and he dreaded it; so he put it off. His idea was to put it off until he was sure of having inspired in Ruth the same feeling he had for her.

In the meantime they had plenty to discuss between themselves.

He carried her lunch basket and every other trifling thing that could be construed into a burden to her; he saw every puddle in the road, and guided her past it as if it had been a deep and yawning chasm; he rejoiced extravagantly over her growing strength.

Ruth, for her part, made a struggle at first to prevent Harry coming so often, then took a desperate look ahead, to see if possible, the inevitable awakening from this dream of bliss. Then she shut her small, white teeth together, and said to herself:

"I'd rather love him and lose him, than not to love him;" which was like the famous quotation from Tennyson, but was not out of Tennyson at all, but came to her from the same place it had come to him—just her own heart.

So they went on meeting twice a day, and loving all day; and three weeks of great happiness for them passed before the serpent crept into their Eden. And the serpent bore the name of Dawson.

That skilled detective had worked with stealth and activity, and wonderful acumen—according to his reports to Mr. Thorne, but quite without success. He had scoured the country far and near. Far, he had come upon no shred of knowledge; near, he had seen things to make him smile; for he knew with the rest of that part of the world that Harry was destined to marry Elizabeth Mowbray.

"I think," said Mr. Thorne to Dawson,

one day, "that I shall not need your services any longer. I do not see that we shall accomplish anything this way."

"Just as you please, Mr. Thorne. You are the best judge of that."

"I wish we had worked more on the lines indicated by my son."

"Your son has been working along those lines for himself, I should say," replied the detective, in pure malice.

"What do you mean?"

"Why you know he has been meeting that young woman about twice a day ever since. Of course, being lovers, that is natural enough, I suppose."

Mr. Thorne understood at once the animus of the man, and therefore received his speech as if it held no surprise for him. He paid him and dismissed him; then put on his hat and walked out to the little schoolhouse, at a short distance from which he posted himself in concealment, and waited.

He saw the lovers meet, saw Harry eagerly take her little incumbrances, saw the way she looked at him and the way he looked at her. He watched them as they came along the road toward him, and his stern face grew harder and grimmer. There was no possible doubt that he saw a pair of lovers.

He studied Harry's magnificent physique, and then the slight, puny figure of the little school teacher. He ground his teeth in his rage. To turn from the perfect Elizabeth to that imperfection! This was worse than the infamy of the trust.

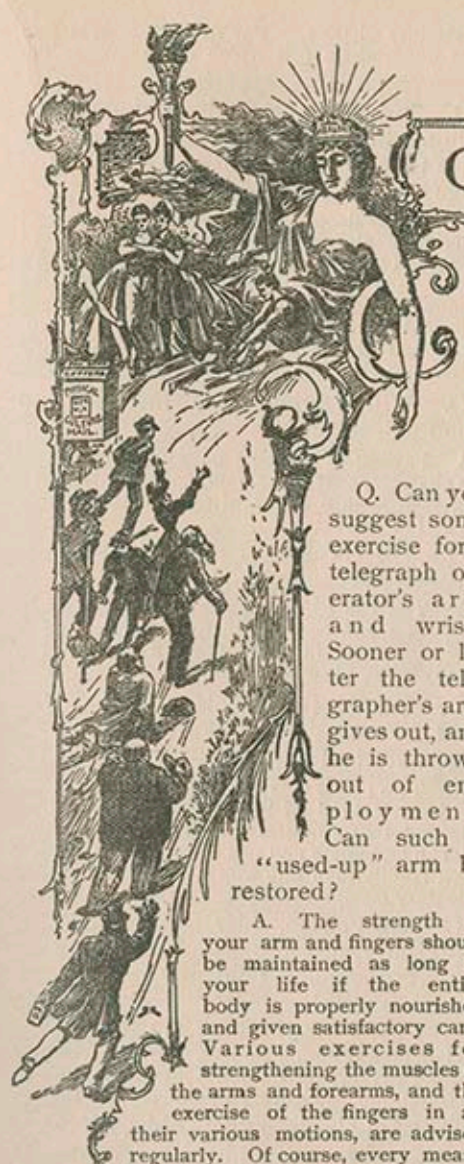
He watched them out of sight, his expression growing blacker and blacker. He strode back home and locked himself in the library, giving orders that Harry should be sent to him immediately upon his return. Then he paced up and down, up and down, until he heard Harry come in, when he unlocked the door and waited.

One of the servants, hearing Harry come in, hastened after him and told him his father wished to see him at once.

"Tell him I'll be there in a minute," said Harry, hurrying up to his room.

He had a little bunch of wood violets in his buttonhole. He took them out, kissed them, and put them carefully into a glass of water. Then he went down to see his father.

(To be continued.)



Question Department

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

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

Q. Can you suggest some exercise for a telegraph operator's arm and wrist? Sooner or later the telegrapher's arm gives out, and he is thrown out of employment. Can such a "used-up" arm be restored?

A. The strength of your arm and fingers should be maintained as long as your life if the entire body is properly nourished and given satisfactory care. Various exercises for strengthening the muscles of the arms and forearms, and the exercise of the fingers in all their various motions, are advised regularly. Of course, every means of building up the general health will always be beneficial. A "used-up" arm should be capable of being restored under a proper physical culture régime. Massage and the application of cold wet cloths to the affected parts should in some cases be found beneficial.

Q. What would you advise for trouble with my ears? They bother me considerably, and I am slowly but surely growing deaf.

A. Defects of the ear are usually induced by poor condition of the blood. A proper régime for building up the functional system, that a satisfactory quality of blood might be supplied, would in the end be of benefit to you. A fast,

followed by a very plain diet for a time, would be advised.

Q. Is nose-bleed a sign of weakness? I am troubled with it a great deal, and desire to know how to stop it.

A. A frequent inclination to bleed freely at the nose is usually a sign of weakness. Ordinary methods of building up the general physique will usually be effective. Standing with the back against a wall and holding the hands as high as you can will usually stop the bleeding for the time being.

Q. Would you kindly advise us how to get our feet in condition for a walk of one hundred miles or more, and what kind of shoes to wear?

A. The best method for getting your feet into condition for a long walk would be the practice of walking a moderate distance every day, barefooted if possible. Bathing the feet in cold, salted water will usually be found beneficial. The best kind of shoes to wear would be those which do not in any way interfere with the free and natural spread of the feet. A soft light shoe would naturally be more comfortable and satisfactory than a heavy one.

Q. What would be the effect of smoking and drinking on a young man of nineteen, in regard to mental growth? Can these effects be eradicated so as to leave him in the same condition as before using these poisons? Are cigarettes more injurious than a pipe or cigar? Is it not true that there is no harm done unless one inhales the smoke?

A. The effect of smoking is always bad. It is more especially injurious before full growth has been acquired. It will stunt the growth not only physically, but also mentally, as records at Harvard kept for years amply prove. The effects of prolonged use of this poison may be to a certain extent eradicated by a clean, careful life, but very often they may leave their mark upon the heart and system throughout one's life.

Cigarettes are usually considered more injurious than a pipe or cigar, though about the only reason for this is the fact that they are excessively doctored with opium and other narcotics, and owing to their smaller size, which induces the smoker to make more frequent use of them. I should think a cigar, however, would be the most injurious of the three, since it frequently goes through the same doctoring and the tobacco comes in direct contact with the lips, the poison being absorbed by the mucous membrane of the lips in addition to the bad effects of smoking. Many men become so accustomed to the benumbing influences of this poison that even if not smoking they are not satisfied unless chewing the butt end of a cigar. One cannot smoke without drawing in and expelling the smoke. It is always injurious, though if it is drawn deeply into the lungs the injury is unquestionably increased.

Q. I have just had my heart smashed by a "Physical Culture Maid." Would you advise a system of exercises which would be of benefit?

A. If there is no possibility of your curing your trouble by securing the maid for your wife, some active physical culture training would undoubtedly be of benefit to you. In fact, anything which would keep your mind occupied is advised. If it is impossible for you to succeed in winning the girl, don't brood over it. Go to work at something which interests you. If nothing is of interest, search for something, and you will undoubtedly find in the end that you are better because of the experience. Life's pathway is not paved with success, and to a man of character every failure strengthens him to meet future contingencies.

Q. All ancestors on my father's side have died of Bright's disease. May I hope to escape, and if so, how should I proceed?

A. Bright's disease is never inherited. A man may inherit weak kidneys. If you take the trouble to build up sufficient vigor there should not be the least danger of a disease of this character. If at any time you find symptoms that would indicate a possibility of this trouble, immediately adopt a very strict diet, avoiding alcohol absolutely. Frequent fasting in troubles of this nature is especially advised.

Q. My mind is not as clear as it used to be, and only with the greatest difficulty can I concentrate my mind on any one thing. Often feel lazy, stupid and drowsy. Can you offer a physical culture cure?

A. Your symptoms would indicate that you are eating too heartily, and taking too little exercise. If you adopt a different régime, you will undoubtedly soon find a very decided and

satisfactory change. For quicker results you must undertake a fast which will renovate the system completely.

Q. Will proper deep breathing enable a singer to produce higher and clearer notes than if he had not so exercised the lungs?

A. Proper deep breathing is of the greatest value to a singer, not only enabling him to strengthen his voice, but it gives the tone a greater range, and it should vibrate far more harmoniously than if proper breathing had been neglected. No singing instructor of the present day would give singing lessons without first instructing his pupil how to breathe properly.

Q. Will fasting cure malaria and blood poison?

A. Fasting is the best cure for troubles of this character. If you do not care to attempt a long fast, take a series of short fasts of from two to four days.

Q. How can one prevent and cure dysentery?

A. The use of an uncooked food diet, fruit, nuts, milk and cereals will usually remedy this trouble, though in some cases a short fast is usually advisable at the time.

Q. Would two meals a day be sufficient for one who works all day handling boxes and barrels?

A. Two meals a day should be sufficient for the hardest kind of labor, though it must be admitted that one who is muscularly active all day can assimilate and use three meals per day more readily than one who is occupied in some sedentary occupation.

Q. Do you consider meat, and especially fatty meats, beneficial to one having a tubercular tendency? A doctor has advised this.

A. I never consider meat to be satisfactory food under any circumstances. Would advise you to note my article on the Cause and Cure of Consumption, appearing in the previous issue.

Q. Am eighteen years old, and, to use plain English, am a physical coward. I do not wish to disguise this as nervousness or anything else. Is there any hope to remedy this condition?

A. Increased strength through physical training will remedy this defect in every case. A physical coward is always weak, and physical cowardice, it should be remembered, affects one's entire mental attitude. One who is a physical coward will never fight for his rights, and though he might have an object in life, and be supplied with superior principles, he would always be afraid to strike out and make a valiant struggle to reach the desired goal.

THE CAUSE AND CURE OF APPENDICITIS

By Bernarr Macfadden

THIS disease is at present quite common among those who can afford to have it.

Medical authorities claim that over half the cases appear before the age of twenty-five, and that it is more prominent among the men than among the women. A search for the causes of the disease might reveal the reason for this.

Under the prevailing system of treatment it is undoubtedly a dangerous disease. Death from it is not at all infrequent. The prejudices of all medical men in favor of surgery as a treatment has undoubtedly greatly increased the mortality.

Medical authorities also claim that bacteria are an active agent in producing appendicitis. One authority gives the following names to the species of this germ life: *Streptococcus pyogenes*, *staphylococcus pyogenes aureus*, *proteus vulgaris*, and *bacillus pyocyaneus*. No wonder the disease is serious! The names are enough to kill. The ordinary medical practitioner must indeed be mystified when he finds his patient suffering with this disease and attempts to select the particular germ which has caused it.

GENERAL SYMPTOMS.

Sometimes the first symptoms that indicate the possibility of appendicitis consist of alternating diarrhoea and constipation, accompanied by slight cramps in the right lower side of the abdomen. Vomiting is frequently present. The symptoms, however, which indicate the actual presence of the disease, according to authorities, are fever, headache, coated tongue, nausea and vomiting, constipation, and a sharp pain with great tenderness in the right lower side of the abdomen. Temperature frequently rises from 101 to 103 degrees, pulse slightly accelerated. Pain is usually severe, colicky, and may be intermittent or continuous, with occasional intense and keen paroxysms. In some cases these may be the first symptoms and become so severe as to induce vomiting, perspiration and col-

lapse. In some cases it is diffused, but in others distinctly localized at the appendix.

GENERAL CAUSES.

Appendicitis usually has two causes—overeating and constipation. The idea that it was caused by seeds, fruit-stones and bits of hard, indigestible substances that might be swallowed, has been proved erroneous. When the bowels are loaded excessively with faecal matter in the region of the appendix, and it cannot find a satisfactory outlet, it is easy to understand how the pressure may become so great as to force this matter into the appendix. The neglect regularly to empty the colon, therefore, makes this disease easily possible, especially when continued for a very prolonged period.

Appendicitis rarely occurs with moderate eaters. Several big meals, one following the other, usually precede the serious symptoms. Of course, the want of muscular tone of the bowels, induced by inactive habits, is often a contributory cause.

PHYSICAL CULTURE TREATMENT.

The very first move toward remedying a disease of this character should be the copious flushing of the lower bowels, that they may be cleansed absolutely of faecal matter. This flushing should be taken while reclining on the left side, with the knees partly drawn up. The water should be introduced very slowly, and the bowels may be emptied on the first occasion after having used from two to four pints of water, or when the pain becomes too severe. After this has been discharged, it would be well to introduce as much water as you can, and this should be retained until the strain becomes too severe. Some can retain as much as three or four quarts for a few minutes.

After this a very thorough kneading of the affected parts should be given. If there is very great tenderness and sore-

ness, the kneading process should begin very mildly and should be preceded by the application of very hot cloths. The abdomen near the affected part might be rubbed very gently at first. The rubbing should very gradually grow more vigorous. If necessary, spend ten minutes to an hour in order to vigorously knead the part without unbearable pain. Following this, cold or iced wet cloths should be kept on the affected part.

The patient should be encouraged to drink as much pure water as possible. If he could drink half a dozen or a dozen glasses within the first hour or two after discovery of serious symptoms, it would undoubtedly be to his advantage. The water should be kept handy at all times and used freely.

Under no circumstances should food of any kind, solid or liquid, be allowed

the patient until all symptoms of the disease have disappeared.

The bowels should be thoroughly washed out once or twice daily until all symptoms disappear.

If the disease has so far advanced that pus has accumulated in the appendix, or it has percolated this organ, several days may elapse before complete recovery.

The theory of physical culture treatment is, first, to empty the bowels; second, by deep kneading and massage to force out the faecal or foreign matter from the appendix into the bowel; third, by copious drinking of pure water to cleanse the system and reduce inflammation.

If methods of this kind were adopted in every case of appendicitis scientific surgeons would soon have to search for another calling.

FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE CURES FLANNAGAN

The New Haven *Union* on December 9, 1903, published the death notice of J. W. Flanagan, and in the same issue published an advertisement of the Father

John's Medicine wherein a testimonial is printed which purports to be from Flanagan, wherein Flanagan credits his recovery to Father John's Medicine. We make no comment:

The New Haven Union.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., WEDNESDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 9, 1903.

After Trying Six Doctors, J. W. Flanagan, of 163 Union Ave., Was Cured by Father John's Medicine.

I have been doctoring for 16 months. I went to six doctors and they told me that I had lung trouble, but they didn't do me any good, so I thought I would try Father John's Medicine. I felt better in a few days. It built me up and I gained flesh. It is the best remedy in the world, and it will do all that is claimed for it. It has saved me from the grave. (Signed) James W. Flanagan, 163 Union avenue, New Haven.

Funeral services at Sacred Heart church at 2 o'clock, Dec 9, 1903.

FLANNAGAN—In this city on Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1903, James W. Flannagan. Funeral will take place from the residence of his parents, 163 Union avenue, on Thursday morning at 8:30 o'clock and from the Church of the Sacred Heart at 9 o'clock where a high mass of requiem will be offered for the repose of his soul. Relatives and friends are invited to attend. Interment, Rondout, N. Y.

RICE—In this city, Dec. 7, James W. Rice. Funeral from ... street ... Ma...

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

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

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

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

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

IT is no use to deny the fact that "The American Stomach" is a product of our rapid civilization. Such wonderful variety and tremendous production of food have been an unresisted temptation to gluttony, and pleasures of the palate have been accounted of greater value by most persons than any other. The joy of abstaining and self-restraint has been unknown except by religious devotees. The result is "the heart of Rachel for her children crying," the country's mourning, the loss of strong men in what should be the prime of manhood, mothers leaving their homes, husbands and children, young children giving up the life but just gained—all this from abuse of the stomach; too much food, badly cooked food, as often, perhaps, as not enough food.

It is fortunate that the stomach and its appendages prove so accommodating as sometimes to expand to an enormous size, as in the case of the habitual beer taker; but the limitations of the most willing organ must be reached eventually, and even the assistance of the healthy microbe scavenger fails to prevent deposits in various unsuitable parts of the human anatomy of material the stomach and its assistants would have carried off in an orderly manner had they not been so overworked and debilitated.

What is facetiously or seriously called "The American Stomach" is not only "a menace to health, but also to good morals, to good government in the home, and to the nation as well," the relation between good morals and good digestion being a very close one. We realize now that the

development of the art of cooking has developed also a race of dyspeptics.

This is true more especially of those who eat largely of white bread, which makes heavy demands on the digestive organs and gives very little in return except, indeed, to the dental profession, which has thriven and flourished in proportion as the lime salts and phosphoric acid have been removed from the flour, although they are the nerve, bone, and tissue makers. Poor food makes poor blood, the prime cause of consumption. Perfect health, strength, vital energy and activity of the human mind and body depend on simple, natural food, and cannot be developed or maintained as perfectly by any other.

Not that there must be a ban put upon all foods that are cooked, except by the reformer, who is said to be "always an extremist"; but it is soon learned by those who attempt a change of menu that nothing is lost in enjoyment. Quite the contrary, and the gain in health, vigor, time and economy is so great that "converts" to the new thought in food ideas keep pace with those along scientific and religious lines of discovery.

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—A BREAKFAST LUNCH.

For children, a most palatable and desirable "coffee" may be made by pouring very hot water over a tablespoonful either of ground or "broken" wheat or oats, to which a little sugar may be added if demanded. Banana coffee, for grown people, is found a most delightful substitute,

and, being made from the natural fruit, cannot possibly prove a stimulant.

RAW EGGS taken either with lemon or with orange juice. ORANGES.

OATMEAL, which may be soaked all night either in water or in milk and served with hot milk or cream. Unfermented or fruit bread.

SECOND MEAL.—ALMOND, BARLEY, OR CREAM SOUP. Blanch and chop half a pound of almonds. Put in one quart cold water in which two spoonfuls barley have been soaking for several hours. When very hot add salt and butter, and, at the last moment, the whipped cream. Serve with home-made croutons or wheat meal biscuit.

SALAD.—Select a dozen large, thoroughly ripe yellow bananas. Wash them carefully. It is always well to use a small brush in order to be sure of perfect cleanliness when making use of any fruit or celery. Split the bananas open evenly, removing inside, which is to be chopped with half a cup seeded raisins and a cup of pine nuts, adding juice and pulp of a lemon, a teaspoonful of sugar, a little salt and two spoonfuls of best olive oil. Fill the banana shells with the mixture and place as boats in a green sea of lettuce or water-cress.

CELERY, OLIVES, BEST ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD, BAKED POTATOES.

DESSERT.—FIGS and PRUNES chopped together, to which crumbled fruit-bread is added, and served with cream. Serve hot and cold milk or lemonade.

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—NATURAL WHEAT, "broken" or ground about as finely as coarse coffee. If a family of different tastes and ages are to be served with this delicious food, have a dish each of figs, prunes and dates cut or chopped (not ground) on the table; also different sorts of nuts, chopped finely if children or persons who do not masticate thoroughly are of the number. Serve the wheat, and let nuts and fruit be added to suit individual tastes. If other food is taken it is well not to serve in large quantities, or use more than one kind of nuts or fruit, as being so rich in food elements a small amount soon satisfies. Olive oil may be

added, and an egg broken into the mixture is relished often, adding a little sugar or salt. It is desirable to eat a portion dry, or without cream or milk, after which either may be added hot or cold. The reason is evident, as the dry food appeals more directly to the salivary glands and thence to the gastric juices of the stomach, thereby inducing perfect digestion and assimilation; the outer coverings of fruits, nuts and grains, when mastication is a matter of thought, acting as sweepers to brush off and carry away portions of food that otherwise might clog the intestines.

HOT WATER, HOT LEMONADE, GRAHAM GEMS, APPLES baked or raw, with or without cream. FIGS and PRUNES.

SECOND MEAL.—PEA SOUP with ENGLISH WALNUTS. To one can of French peas, or a quart if home grown, add two quarts milk, or one of water and one of milk, two spoonfuls of wheat ground rather finely, a cupful of broken English walnuts, butter and salt.

CROQUETTES OF ITALIAN PINE-NUTS and ALMOND FLOUR. Chop a pound of pine-nuts very fine, add half a cup of almond flour, a cup of wheat soaked for three or four hours in one cup of milk and well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Mould into suitable shapes and fry, in the best cooking oil obtainable, to a delicate brown. Garnish dish in which they are served with parsley. A dressing of cranberry is also desirable. Wash a pint of cranberries, chop very finely, add a spoonful of sugar and one of olive oil. Set it in oven just long enough for it to become hot, and serve with croquettes. This is a fine substitute for meat, and should serve ten persons, as it is very rich and satisfying. It can be served also with a tomato dressing.

BAKED or ROASTED POTATOES, OLIVES, CHEESE SANDWICHES, TRISCUIT, FRUIT BREAD, CELERY.

AMBROSIA—Pare a dozen oranges, removing all the tough white skin, cut down through them twice and then slice thin. Have a cocoanut grated and moisten with cream or milk. Fill a glass bowl with alternate layers of orange and cocoanut. Finish with orange and add to that the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, to which is added one-half cup of powdered sugar. Serve with wholesome cake.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER (Better taken ten minutes before eating.), BANANA COFFEE, HOT LEMONADE made with two lemons and one orange, SCOTCH OATS, washed and soaked all night in milk and water. Prunes may be washed, cut in pieces and pits removed and allowed to soak in the same mixture, to which may be added, when served hot or cold, milk or cream.

WHEAT MEAL BISCUIT, CORN MEAL GEMS, FIGS, NUT BUTTER, ORANGES, APPLES.

SECOND MEAL.—CELERY SOUP, to which add one-half cupful of Brazilian nuts, chopped, three pints of milk, a spoonful of ground wheat, butter and salt. Let it become hot—not boiled—and serve immediately.

CROUTONS OF ENTIRE WHEAT BREAD.

OLIVES. When olives are not at hand and apples are, as a fine relish for the soup, cut tender, juicy apples in attractive shapes, either horizontally or around, removing the skin and core. A desirable substitute for pickles. Apples, acting as digesters of other food, have great dietetic value.

EGG OMELET—Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten thoroughly and separately; a dessertspoonful of cornstarch or flour beaten with the yolk; butter and salt and one and one-half pints of rich milk added. Lastly stir in the whites and bake for twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

GRAHAM GEMS, UNFERMENTED BREAD, CELERY, GRAPE JUICE, CHOCOLATE.

FOR DESSERT—Prunes stuffed with Brazilian nuts, dates stuffed with English walnuts, cheese sandwiches with lettuce leaves.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT LEMONADE.

Too much cannot be said of the value of lemons, especially in the spring, when an inactive or sluggish liver causes ennui and lassitude. The juice of half a lemon in a glass of water taken several times during the week, at night and in the morning, is most desirable, and for those who have not yet given up the habit of having a warm drink at meal-time hot lemonade is both an appetizer and a digester.

BANANA COFFEE, GRAPE FRUIT, WHEAT with PRUNES and NUTS, CORN MEAL POPOVERS and NUTOLINE.

POPOVERS—One egg, one cupful milk, one cupful of cornmeal. Beat well.

SECOND MEAL.—CREAM CARROT SOUP with FILBERTS. Chop two carrots quite fine; soak for several hours in two quarts of milk and water; simmer very slowly until sufficiently tender. Have one-half of teacupful of filberts blanched and chopped. Add to milk with the yolks of two eggs added. At the moment, butter and salt.

PROTOSE—Slice the protose; dip it in egg and cracker crumbs and fry brown in cooking oil.

BAKED POTATOES, BRAZILIAN NUTS, GEMS.

SALAD—When the watercress is thoroughly examined and washed, arrange it in salad bowl. Slice over it a tart, juicy apple, one-half cupful of walnut meats and French dressing.

DESSERT—SHREDDED PINEAPPLE with grated cocoanut. Serve with whipped cream, which is improved by addition of the whites of two eggs to each cup of cream. Almond flavoring. Orange piquot tea, made Russian style. Oysterette crackers spread with nut butter, to which add a half an English walnut and two or three raisins. Buttermilk.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—ORANGES, STRAWBERRIES, HOT WATER, HOT MILK.

CREAM CHEESE and GRAHAM GEMS, GROUND WHEAT with APRICOTS. If dry, they may be soaked in water a few hours or over night, and chopped when needed. Use only enough water to cover. Add spoonful olive oil to each cup wheat, and as many or few apricots as taste may dictate. Honey may be added, and cream if desired, making a delicious and satisfying compound, one tablespoonful containing much more nutrition than a whole loaf of white bread.

NUTS ON TOAST—Chop one cupful blanched Brazilian nuts rather fine. Heat one-half pint of cream, nuts, butter and salt, with spoonful ground wheat to thicken. Serve on brown bread toast.

SECOND MEAL.—FARINA SOUP. Soak one-half cupful of farina all night, after washing it, or farina may be pounded in a mortar. Add two cups milk, one of cream, with butter and a little salt. Let stand over a slow fire where it does not boil, but is hot, for ten minutes and serve with brown bread croutons.

NUT FRITTERS—Italian pine nuts ground; soak a cup of wheat in one-half cup milk; let stand two or three hours; beat an egg very light, stir well together, make into cakes and fry in hot oil, or on a soapstone griddle. Garnish with parsley.

FRUIT BREAD, PEANUT BUTTER, RADISHES.

CRANBERRIES served without cooking—Wash and grind finely a quart of cranberries; add sugar. Same may be served as dessert by adding whites of three or four eggs well beaten, a part in, and the remainder on top of the berries.

CHEESE SALAD—Wash one Neufchâtel cheese, and moisten with milk or cream; blanch a dozen large filberts and mould the cheese around the nuts in the size of a robin's egg. Arrange in nests of lettuce leaves and garnish with olives and radishes.

DESSERT—ICED PUDDING—Forty chestnuts, one pound of sugar, one pint of cream, six eggs, one ounce of candied citron, two ounces of raisins, blanched chestnuts a pound, and rub through a sieve. Add sugar, one glass of marschino and fruit. Soak citron and raisins the day previously. Put beaten yolks in pudding, and beaten whites on top. Same mixture may be frozen.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—GRAPE FRUIT, APPLES, BUTTERMILK, HOT WATER, BANANA COFFEE, BAKED BANANAS and BROWN BREAD, FIGS, PRUNES, FRUIT SANDWICHES of CRACKERS and FIGS—Remove stems and finely chopped figs. To a cupful of figs add one-half cupful of cream. Spread crackers with figs. Sprinkle top with finely chopped peanuts. Or cream may be omitted and lemon juice added to moisten the figs, which would then keep for days.

SECOND MEAL.—ASPARAGUS SOUP—Cut the tender part of asparagus in inch pieces and put by itself. Cut the remainder in one-half inch pieces and stew

very slowly for ten or fifteen minutes. Put two spoonfuls of ground wheat in soup kettle; strain over it the asparagus water, the tender tops and a handful of English walnuts and one-half cupful of cream. Butter and salt. Let this soup get hot very slowly. A small spoonful of onion extract may be added if liked.

RYE BREAD CROUTONS, CRANBERRY JELLY.

SALAD OF DANDELION LEAVES—Wash most carefully the leaves, one-half a peck at least. Simmer in slightly salted water until thoroughly wilted. Drain. Garnish with thin slices of cucumbers and onion and a mayonnaise dressing.

DESSERT—GRAPE JUICE, CUSTARD—One quart of milk, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of grape juice, two spoonfuls of liquid rennet. Heat milk until lukewarm, add rennet, sugar and the juice. Put one-half dozen nuts or raisins, or both, in custard cups. Turn custard over it; set in a cool place. Serve with cream, sugar and nutmeg.

SUNDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT WATER poured over a spoonful of oatmeal, previously washed. Let stand for a short time. Add cream if desired.

ORANGES, KUMQUATS—These are eaten whole, everything but the seeds, and are most delicious.

GRAHAM PANCAKES, without baking powder—To a pint of Graham flour add three-quarters of a pint of milk and beat thoroughly. Two eggs beaten very light, whites and yolks separately. Salt. A spoonful of brown sugar or of molasses. Beat again, adding the whites last. Bake on a soapstone griddle. Serve with honey or with maple sugar.

FRUIT BREAD, BAKED APPLES.

SECOND MEAL.—CHICKEN SOUP with CELERY, ONION and RICE.

SALAD—WATERCRESS and CABBAGE—Shred or slice the cabbage very finely and arrange carefully one over the other alternately around your dish. Make tulips of radishes, and roses of carrots, and place around it. Add a mayonnaise dressing.

DESSERT—PRUNES stuffed with BRAZILIAN NUTS, DATES stuffed with WALNUTS, ICE CREAM.

BANANA COFFEE, FIG BARS.

JIU-JITSU, THE JAPANESE MODE OF SELF-DEFENSE

THE DESCRIPTION OF A COURSE IN A SYSTEM THAT MAKES THE JAPANESE THE MOST FORMIDABLE ANTAGONISTS IN THE WORLD

By *H. Irving Hancock*

PUPIL OF INOUE SAN, FORMER PHYSICAL INSTRUCTOR OF THE POLICE FORCE OF NAGASAKI, JAPAN

FIRST ARTICLE

SOMETHING more than twenty-five hundred years ago there existed in Japan a class of fighting men who were known as the samurai. These men represented the nearest possible Oriental duplication of the knights of feudal Europe—with the exception that the samurai were the only men in Japan who were allowed to do the fighting of the country. The commoners, or peasants, as we would term them, were permitted to go with armies only as porters or general laborers. To the samurai

belonged the exclusive privilege of bearing arms.

As all of the samurai were ranked as members of the minor nobility, and were, therefore, gentlemen, it followed that they could not engage in useful occupations, but must devote their whole time to cultivating the arts of war. Each daimio, or prince, was required to maintain his quota of the samurai. As a state of war did not exist at all times, and the samurai had nothing to do but exercise in times of peace, they naturally



Fig. 1.—Showing how to disarm two men who are trying to shoot each other. Japanese on left has seized man and is pressing thumb into the back of arms, paralyzing the two principal muscles. Japanese on right has thumb planted into back of wrist while his four fingers under wrist grind relentlessly back and forth over the muscles, paralyzing the hand.

began to look about for forms of diversion. The strong desire for athletic exercises being inseparable from the Japanese nature, the diversions of the idle samurai took the form of clever work along the lines of self-defense. The result was, by degrees, a system of resisting attack that the world has never seen equaled. A Japanese who is a master of jiu-jitsu and who weighs but one hundred and twenty pounds can easily vanquish a man of any other nationality who weighs two hundred pounds and who carries the

strength that should go with such weight.



Fig. II.—Method of disarming an adversary who attempts to use a pistol by wrapping the fingers over the middle of the back of the wrist, pushing them severely into the muscles and digging the point of the thumb into the muscles into the middle of the front of the wrist. Seize left wrist in same fashion.



Fig. III.—The hand grip for throwing an opponent. The fingers seize the other man's hand on the inside, holding also his thumb. The assailant's thumb is pressed into the muscles between the forefinger and second finger about an inch below the beginning of the fingers.

Twenty-five hundred years of incessant practice brought jiu-jitsu down to a fine art. Yet the work is simple in every detail. It is necessary only for the student of the art to learn where the muscles and nerves are situated that yield most readily to severe attack. "Jiu-jitsu," literally interpreted, means "muscle breaking."

In these articles the writer does not mean to employ technical terms. He will try to make the

explanations so clear that a technical knowledge of anatomy will not be necessary. The reader who follows the directions just as they are given will in a short time find himself in possession of the most perfect system of self-defense known.

Figure I. shows two men who have drawn pistols with the intention of shooting each other. Two Japanese have interfered to prevent murder. Note the positions taken by the Japanese and the grips they have taken. The Japanese on the left has seized his man by pressing his thumb into the back of the arm of the man he is trying to disarm; his fingers are moving backward and forward over the two principal muscles of the upper forearm. These muscles can readily be found by a little practice. When the grip is made strong enough the man with the pistol finds himself helpless.

The man on the right is being as easily deprived of his weapon by a Japanese who employs a very similar trick. Here the Japanese has his man gripped with his thumb, pressing hard into the middle of the back of the wrist, while the four fingers grind relentlessly back and forth over the muscles found in the middle of the front of the wrist. Each peacemaker at the same time does all he can to bring back

the arm of the man whom he is trying to save from committing a murder.

Another variation of this trick is for the peacemaker to employ his left hand on the arm grip, using his right hand on the wrist grip. In doing this, the one who interferes in a shooting should twist his man's wrist up over his shoulder, releasing the wrist just in time to take the pistol that will slip out of his man's

hand. This trick can be very easily acquired with a little practice.

There is another Japanese trick, equally efficacious, of stopping the man who draws a pistol on you. Before he has time to use the weapon seize the right wrist as shown in Figure II. Wrap the fingers over the middle of the back of the wrist, pushing them severely into the muscles there. At the same time dig the point of the thumb into the muscles in the middle of the front of the wrist. Seize the left wrist in the same fashion and hold your opponent until the pain so

caused compels him to give up his pistol to you.

Of course, in both of the tricks described above, the utmost agility is required, but a very little practice will make anyone master of either situation. It is necessary only to ascertain, by experiment, the locations of the muscles attacked.



Fig. IV.—The coat trick, used to render an enemy helpless. Lapel of coat is seized quickly and coat is pulled down until just over the elbows. Arms are thus rendered useless in the struggle.

Another very simple feat, in ordinary combat, is to seize the opponent's hand, as shown in Figure III. The fingers enclose the other man's hand on the inside, holding also his thumb. The assailant's thumb is pressed into the muscles between the forefinger and second finger, about an inch below the beginning of the fingers. There are two ways of quieting an adversary in this position. One is to force his arm up over his shoulder, throwing him backward. The other is to give the wrist a violent twist to the side, forcing him on to his back. Either trick is easy, but the latter is to be recommended.

Figure IV. portrays a feature of self-defense that has its comical side. When an opponent is threatening to attack, quickly seize the lapels of his coat. Pull the coat down until it is just over the elbows. Hold it tightly, and a man much stronger than his assailant cannot use his arms under such circumstances. There is a chance, however, for the man whose coat is thus held to raise his knee suddenly against the crotch of his seeming victor. The counter move for the one who holds the coat is to raise his knee—the left one—a little more than half way to the crotch of the man whom he is trying to "stop."

Figure V. shows a trick much in vogue with the police in Japan. The left hand should be used to seize the opponent's left wrist, with the addition of all the wrist grip previously described. The right arm of the attacking party should be placed over the left arm of the victim, shoulder to shoulder—for the further up the shoulder is the more effective the trick. At the same time the attacking party should bend down his opponent's wrist, using his right arm with all the leverage possible. A very little practice will make the stu-



Fig. V.—Trick employed by Japanese police in taking a prisoner. Left hand should be used to seize opponent's left wrist with addition of all the wrist grip already described. Right arm should be placed over left arm of victim, shoulder to shoulder—same time bend down opponent's wrist, using his right arm with all the leverage possible.

dent perfect in this performance. After the grip is taken, should the opponent prove exceptionally strong, the assailant may place his right leg in front of his opponent's left leg, using the leverage of the arms with force enough to throw him.

A BLUNDER AVERTED

"I believe I can cure you," said the young doctor, "but you must drink no coffee." "I never do drink coffee," said the patient.

"Don't interrupt me. As I was saying, you must drink no coffee but the purest Mocha. You must drink a little of that every morning."—*Catholic Standard*.

A NEW HEALTH FOOD

THE COW: Have you heard of this new food they are making out of chopped cornstalks?

THE HORSE: No; but they needn't try it on me. I won't touch it.

THE COW: Oh, it isn't for us. It's for human beings.—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE RUM OCTOPUS

THE DEMORALIZING EFFECT OF THIS MONSTROUS EVIL
IN LARGE CITIES*By J. Fitzpatrick*

THERE is a large number of comfortable people who consider themselves eminently respectable who love to wink at the drink evil as one of the offenses that must come. They coddle themselves as modernly broad-minded and believe that every social curse should be analyzed as gently as possible—that even the devil himself should be temporized with, or, at best, beaten off with a sugar tong. It is this apathy, if not acquiescence, on the part of parents, guardians, clergymen and civilized governments that accounts for the terrible inroads of the subtle liquor demon in every civilized community on the face of the earth.

The history of the farcical "Raines Law" is a useful illustration of how prohibitive laws can be burlesqued by the liquor barons and their servile "cat's-paw," the mushroom politician. What a boom it was for the grog shops to dub their flimsy rookeries such names as "Hotel Pilsener," "Excelsior," etc., some of which have the upper rooms partitioned and multiplied with pasteboard to circumvent the law.

But a more serious phase is the facilities which the perversion of the laws gave to liquor dealers who were anxious to add the allurements of a cheap hotel to the attractions of a prosperous bar—perhaps some will recognize the particular brand to which I am referring now. The best appointed and most cozy specimens are to be found usually stationed near the entrances to our large parks or picnic grounds, where young couples go to seek innocent recreation. The reason of this must be conjectured. That wise simile of our Great Teacher may help the solution: "Where the carcass lies, there will the vultures be gathered together."

It would not be fair to overlook the saloons in the business districts of large cities, where tempting cheap hot lunches are prepared to enmesh the hungry clerk,

lunches that the patrons are expected to wash down with ample doses of beer or ale; truly an "alcoholified" repast.

It augurs well for the cause of temperance when magazines devoted to physical training, which lately has become so popular with the common people, make a feature of bitter antagonism to every phase of that most flagrant debauchery. It is now my honest conviction that if the decent citizens of our country; aye, even those already tainted by the rum habit, or having interests involved in its prolific distribution, would wake up fully to the cancerous pollution of its traffic in their great cities there would ensue a local temperance revolution of an indignant public that would send the champions of drunkenness scurrying to cover like frightened rabbits, and would close the door of every reeking rum-hole that throws out its pestilent breath among the homes of the toiling poor.

Those earnest reformers who wish to fight the liquor traffic intelligently must not underrate the power of their versatile opponent, nor lose sight of the fact that with cunning astuteness it uses the allurements of the corner saloon, open at all hours, to fill what is really a long-felt necessity of the average working man. Very few men love liquor for its own sake at the beginning of their acquaintance with it. The tenement, with its alley-shaped flats, pigeon-hole rooms and filthy airshafts is not a very inviting place for a man to spend his evenings in. There is a craving for social diversion and intercourse, which the convenient and well-lighted saloon readily supplies. This condition accounts for the myriad rum-shops of the East Side, where toilers are looted of their weekly earnings in exchange for hellish decoctions that do not deserve the name of liquors—where men of intelligence and mechanical skill degenerate with fearful gravitation into the lazy, foul-smelling sot that you will find stuck

to a chair, after the carousal of the giddy night is over, until the spittoons are being cleaned in the small hours of the barkeepers' day.

The senseless "treating" habit, and the other devilish ethics of the popular bar-room, have a certain fascination for the man who is beginning to succumb to the tentacles of the Rum Octopus.

The average saloonkeeper gives positive orders to his clerk to size up the spending capacity of each steady customer, just as a stock-jobber "feels" for the "easy marks" in his clientèle. There are the expensive wine bibbers, the upper tandom of the convivial crew; the whiskey tipplers, who wheel in as strong seconds, and the beer consumers, who come in with the small change, to keep the cash straight; the devotees of the "growler" are the lower crust, and are only tolerated because a fluent and busy stream keeps the beer fresh for the élite. The barkeeper who values his reputation must be tactful and discreet; he must waste no ammunition at the busy firing-line, but must let no customer escape sober who has a coin to spend when a parting gratuitous treat will get his elbow back again on the bar.

The qualifications that fit a man to be a "good fellow," according to rum-shop standards, are flimsy. "Jimmy is a white man. He always holds his end up when it comes to a treat." This means that the aforesaid Jimmy will spend his last quarter for three balls of whiskey, even though his wife and children have no bread for their breakfast, or if he must lose a day's work for want of car-fare.

If any unprejudiced person is interested in measuring the scope of the liquor and beer problem, let him study the available statistics of that strenuous secret organization, the "Liquor Dealers' Association," which, through its conniving instruments, grafting politicians, frames laws to nurse its interests. The fact that the great cities have been almost bereft for years of the proper sanitary street toilet facilities or watering tanks for dumb animals—improvements that the provincial towns in Ireland have had for years—is one of the simple evidences of how that powerful body of rum dealers tries to force workingmen to become involuntary

tipplers, even when trying to follow soberly their daily occupations.

I have watched personally men hurrying to work in the early morning hours slide into the yawning doors of one of these devil's power-houses that flaunt their gaudy signs on each street corner; I can hear still the jolly salute of the nimble bar-boy. I can see the poor fool pouring a dram of doubly-adulterated French spirits, cheap whiskey and fusel oil down on his empty stomach. Any student of human anatomy knows well the effect of such a dose on the sensitive lining of even a healthy digestive organ. A longing for food to quench the fire usually ensues. The convenient lunch counter, with its *salted* crackers, antiquated *salted* herrings and *super-salted* clam broth, viands specially designed to create abnormal thirst, meets this demand. After a feeling of very temporary elation there is a deeper desire for more rum, and, if the victim has the money and an ample capacity, the supply is unlimited. Maybe the poor, foolish fellow staggers to work; if he does, his efforts are useless, for paralyzed nerves and a befogged brain serve only to call his employer's attention to his helpless condition. It is more likely, however, if he has the cash, that he anchors fast in the rum-hole, stupefied, until the noon hour, when the free hot soup or stew is ready for distribution to the rum-doped guests.

The finish of the victim who becomes thus the slave of the drink demon is easy to define: Eventual loss of employment; a drunken loafer craving funds from a poverty-stricken family, who must make frequent visits to the local pawnshop, until the home is bare or disrupted. At this point it is well to note the interesting coincidence that where the liquor shops are most numerous there is a corresponding number of pawnbrokers, whose windows, packed with mechanics' tools, tell the tale of the sinister connection between the two sympathetic industries. If a cheap undertaking plant were added to the business of the two worthies, run on the installment plan, that would take a chattel mortgage on the belongings of the tippler's friends when he is ready for an early grave, the ghastly combine would be complete.

What are the churches doing about this condition of affairs? I will answer this guardedly, but frankly: Very little, at best. The majority condemn the glaring evil, of course, but seem to consider it as a menace that depends largely on the individual will. Some of them ignore it, and simply move their churches out of the plague spots to a more temperate neighborhood, leaving those who bear the "marks of the beast" to their fate. Quite a few of the larger houses of divine worship accept the generous support of saloon-keepers, who occupy their prominent pews and are sometimes the ushers at solemn functions. They always respond with an ample check for the orphan asylums. Of course, this is peculiarly fitting and proper, as the orphanages and mad-houses have a prior claim on their trade. There is a large church on the East Side whose sublime music and beautiful services attract large audiences on Sunday. On a few occasions, in company with my wife, I attended, but the stench of cheap rum coming like a stifling vapor from tipplers in the throng marred the sanctity of the entire service.

I am prepared to make good every statement made here, and would welcome the public discussion of a civic pest that menaces the welfare of millions, young and old. Although my description may seem scathing, I have nothing but love and sympathy for the victims of the dread plague, and would sacrifice gladly the most precious years of my life if that would avert the evil to the smallest extent.

Ever since the Revelation of St. John was added to the New Testament religious thinkers have pondered over the symbolic scarlet woman mentioned therein, who is described as sitting on a beast and committing fornication with the kingdoms of the earth. What earthly tyranny this represents is still problematical, but it will not require a long stretch of the imagination to recognize in the rum demon one of her able first lieutenants—the daughter of prostitution, the mother of maniacs, idiots and orphans and the blighting curse that would engulf in its flood the children of a loving God.

HUMAN INCONSISTENCIES

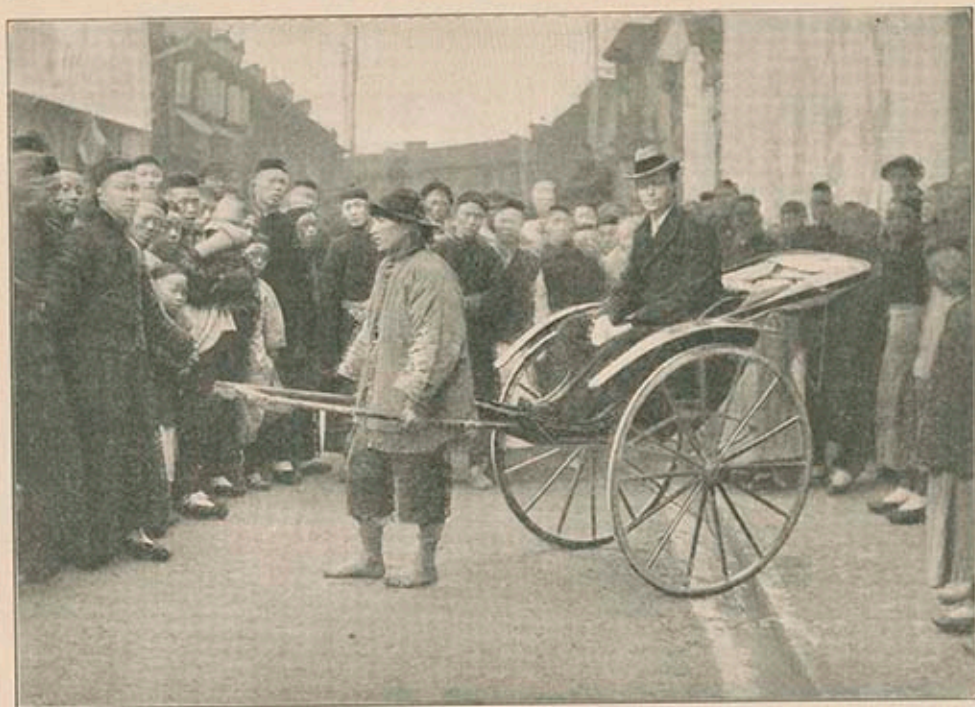
I KNOW a man, a physician, who condemns unsparingly the use of tobacco and whiskey. "Any fool ought to know that they destroy health," he says. He eats twice as much as he can digest of the most indigestible foods. He takes no exercise whatever. He has chronic diseases of the lungs and kidneys, due, in all probability, to insufficient elimination. Wonder if he thinks that "any fool ought to know that" lack of exercise and an unsuitable diet "will destroy health?"

I know a man, a preacher, who inveighs mercilessly against "liquor sellers and liquor drinkers." I heard him in a sermon asseverate that it was "a sin against God for a man to injure his body by the use of spirituous drinks." He chews tobacco constantly. He suffers with a severe form of nervous dyspepsia, due, doubtless, to the irritating effect upon his system of the nicotine he absorbs. Wonder if he thinks that it is "a sin against God for a man to injure his body by the use of" tobacco?

I know a man, a manufacturer, whom

I have heard remark: "Some people, from the ventilation their sleeping rooms have, must forget that breathing is necessary to life." He smokes from four to ten cigars a day. He had an attack of nervous prostration recently, from which he has not yet recovered. Wonder if he thinks that sound nerves are necessary to an enjoyable life?

I know a man, a banker, who is of the opinion that "a man who abuses his stomach lacks the first principles of common sense." He sleeps in an almost airtight room, without ventilation, and bathes three times a week in very hot water. He has bronchitis so badly in cold weather that he is forced to spend his winters South. Yet he stared at me as if I was demented when I ventured to suggest that if he slept in a room with the windows open at all times, and took a daily morning plunge in cold water he would effect a cure. Wonder if he ever thinks that a man who abuses his respiratory tract "lacks the first principles of common sense?"



A Typical Chinese Coolie. Illustration Shows the Manner in Which the Foreigner is Stared at in Every Large Chinese City

THE BRAWNY VEGETARIAN COOLIES

By H. H. Byrne

IN China there are no street cars, the coolie with his jinrikisha, so called there, answering all its purposes.

The coolies who draw these conveyances generally earn from ten to fifteen cents a day; they are a brawny lot of individuals, and, passing their lives in this occupation, they are fairly well prepared for the hardships to be endured. Some have no home other than the jinrikisha; it serves as their bureau, kitchen and table; under the seat they keep all their apparel, which is very limited, a small pot and some rice that can be prepared conveniently for a day's meal. Here, too, they find room for blankets, for the jinrikisha serves for a bed also.

During the warmer months these coolies go barefooted and wear a very light and short covering around the thighs. In winter their additional raiment is an ordinary coat and sandals, made of straw, which is their only protection from the cold, and sometimes from snow.

Strange though it may seem, I have seen these coolies apparently comfortably sound asleep on the step of their carts during a winter night in Shanghai. I recall an instance during my stay in that city. I had engaged a coolie for the day, and said that if he would be on hand the next morning I would again use his jinrikisha; he immediately made bed on his cart and went asleep, in order to be on hand at the appointed time. The endurance of these coolies seems to have no bounds. On the very hottest days they are able to run the greater part of the time, subsisting on but little or no food.

The coolies usually have a melancholy countenance, but the reverse to this can be seen whenever an American man-o'-war enters the harbor, for then they rush to the water front, waive their hats in the air and hurrah, for well they know that the Yankee sailor is, above all others, liberal with his money, and that this is their harvest season.

HEART STIMULANTS—DO THEY KILL OR CURE?

SOME COMMON-SENSE REMARKS ABOUT
POISON-FED PATIENTS

By Charles E. Page, M.D.

SUDDEN Taking Away of Brilliant Figure in Public Life." Thus the announcement of the decease of one of Massachusetts' most worthy sons who had plenty of "medical aid" up to the last moment of his life. "He was taken ill Saturday evening with symptoms of heart failure, and took to his bed." (October 24.) The doctor's heart remedy was at hand, and the nurse was always near to pass it. "In the night he called her and complained of difficulty in breathing. The nurse got some medicine for his relief, and as she was about to administer it, Mr. ——— fell back upon the pillow, and died almost instantly." He had had plenty of "medical aid" without that last dose!

Digitalis is the standard drug employed by medical men in the treatment of "heart disease"—a very convenient name, and one that still "goes" with the poor-devil laity, for these sudden deaths. "What was it that led up to your brother's death?" I asked of a friend who had just lost a brother from "heart disease." I had the above poison in mind in asking the question. The only significant point in his reply was that "he was taking digitalis from his doctor's prescription." He (the doctor) told the patient whenever he felt any fluttering or pain about the heart to take it "according to directions."

In truth, this sort of "medical aid" ought to be, and some day will be, held to be manslaughter, and will be punished as such. Then it will cease. Stupid as is Christian Science, so-called, (perhaps because in its teachings and pretense it is neither Christian nor scientific, as the "guinea pig does not come from Guinea, and has nothing to do with a pig.") it is even less foolish than medical science, so-

called, as taught in the schools, and as practiced by the great majority of physicians of all "schools," except the hygienic one, which employs only those natural aids to the animal organism when off the track, so to say, and bumping along over the ties, which do act, under skillful management, potently to "restore that just balance which we call health," or to put the train back on the track.

Every excitation of disease, in sickness, indicates an effort of the living organism to throw off the disease; the organism needs *help*, perhaps, but not *sand-bagging*, which is the strychnine, morphine and digitalis scheme.

In a contribution to the (New York) *Medical Record* for December 16, 1893, on "Drugs and 'Heart Failure,'" I spoke as follows:

"An important editorial in the *Boston Daily Globe*, in commenting on the action of the Philadelphia Board of Health in refusing longer to accept heart failure as the cause of any death, undertakes to expose the ignorance on the part of medical men that has brought this term into common use."

Whatever may have been the motive of this action on the part of the Board of Health, whether it were the belief that many of these fatalities result from drug poisoning, or simply to encourage greater care in describing the remote causes of death, it is the writer's belief, based on many years' observation in active practice, that fatalities are constantly occurring as the direct and natural effect of so-called medicinal doses of virulent poisons. To weak and exhausted patients the smallest dose may prove as inimical to life as do the heaviest amounts administered to healthy persons for homicidal purposes.

Whether or no there be the slightest ground for this opinion, what must we think of preaching and practice like the following, in which, despite the confession that patients "died cured," the impression is sought to be made that the treatment probably prolonged the lives that went out so suddenly shortly thereafter?

A physician prominent enough in the medical world to be imported from Philadelphia to give a course of lectures before the Harvard Medical School Association, related the story of two brilliant cures of a certain form of heart disease under his treatment when he was a young man, by means of "enormous doses" of digitalis. Both patients had been taking ten-drop doses, and he increased the dose to forty drops.

"The triumph seemed complete," said the lecturer, "and so it was for weeks; but mark the ultimate result. Mary, one morning, as she trod the doorway of the market house, fell dead upon the threshold. The banker, stretching his arm across the desk that had been to him the pathway to riches and power, fell hushed and powerless into the eternal silence."

Here was the point, as it seemed to me, and, I trust, to others who listened to his address, for the speaker to warn in the most emphatic manner possible against such brutal treatment, or to make his bow and allow his hearers to draw their own moral. But, so far from doing this, the lecturer expressed the belief that it was the forty-drop doses in place of the ten-drop doses that eked out poor Mary's life for a few weeks, and that the banker, also, would have died sooner but for the same enormous doses of one of the most deadly poisons!

The writer has had the after-management of quite a number of "digitalis hearts," but he never has sought to remedy the evil in any case by increasing the dose of digitalis. On the contrary, he always has stopped the use of the drug short off, and never has had occasion to regret such action. I can see no difference between increasing the dose of digitalis from ten drops to forty in treating a digitalis heart and ordering a man with a "tobacco heart" to smoke twelve

heavy cigars in place of the three he is taking already.

Personally, for the past thirty-five years I have been cultivating a tobacco heart, with occasional lapses from vice to virtue, during which times of abstinence I would improve always in various ways. After smoking several cigars a day for months my system gets pretty thoroughly saturated with the drug, and I feel the necessity of complete abstinence, and, as I have remarked, I always find relief therefrom; but whenever I have gone at such times to the other extreme, smoking, say, eight or ten cigars in an evening, as on a club night, I have observed most excellent effects, for the time being, from the increased dose, like unto those chronicled above from the lecture on digitalis. The next morning, however, always told a different story. Finally, I had to abandon the weed altogether.

Doubtless every old smoker will be able to recall similar experiences, although he may have learned a false lesson therefrom, as did the professor from his observations of the effects of digitalis. Certainly there is no bed-rock student of the laws of life but must feel a cold chill along the spine at the thought of the effect of such teaching on the minds of the tyros who listened. Years of experience will teach the rare few among them better things, but these, in after years, will have many painful recollections; while the greater proportion of pupils are likely to continue and to end as they began.

Abd-ur-Rahman, the late Ameer of Afghanistan, was a great king, an absolute ruler, whose nod meant life or death to his subjects, says the *New York Press*. In a hundred battles he had proved himself a great warrior, but there was one thing he feared—a dose of medicine. He was very ill at one time, but he refused to take the nasty draughts that his English doctor prescribed. On another occasion he left his palace and rode a hundred miles away into the mountains to avoid being dosed by his doctor and his queen.

I am not sure but it was he who first formulated the idea that "the outside of a horse is the best thing for the inside of a man." Surely it is when there is no other way to escape drug-slugging.

CLIMBING TO THE CLOUDS WITH LIGHT DIET

By Enos A. Miles

MOUNTAIN climbing is strenuous exercise, but it may be well done while living and thriving on two light meals per day. Having been a guide on Long's Peak, Colorado, for seven summers, I have observed the effects of various foods on climbers and have tried personal dietetic experiments. For myself, white bread is a handicap, meat does not stay long enough, raisins are more enduring and satisfactory than any other one article, while raw food is advantageous.

The top of Long's Peak is 14,271 feet above sea level. The place from where I guide is five thousand feet below, and seven miles from the top. It requires from four to six hours to climb to the summit. The upper part of this peak is very precipitous—a burro cannot be taken nearer than one and one-half miles of the top, so that scaling this crag, far up in the light air, is dead hard work for most people.

Last summer I guided twenty-two trips to this airy height, making them

all without any breakfast. I breathed more freely, felt more elastic, had a better head and a more polite temper. Usually I ate a frugal lunch with my party as we rested and viewed the landscape from the highest point; but frequently I ate only one meal for the day, and that in the evening, when all work was done.

To show what may be done when one is in tune from careful eating, I will give two instances, the first of which occurred in the midst of last summer's guiding. One morning I guided some people to the top, carrying a camera and some extra wraps on the way. In order to assist the ladies it was necessary for me to double the last and steepest portion of the climb; and dragging even a lady fair up the heights is work. But all reached the top, and on the way home we were completely drenched by rain. Each one of the party ate three square meals that day, and went to bed tired out. Next morning all had colds, and felt half dead for a few days. On return that evening I took a twenty-mile



Top of Long's Peak, 14,271 Feet Above Sea Level
 X Shows Enos A. Miles, Guide

ride, and went to bed without having eaten anything. I rose early next morning, set off for the summit of the peak with another party of climbers and made the round trip without a meal. Though not having eaten for more than fifty hours, and making two hard climbs during this fast, still I did not at any time feel weak, and my muscles served willingly and accurately to the last. No ill results followed. I was sustained by the stock of energy already on hand, but more especially, I think, by deep breathing, pure water, and sleep.

The second instance was a journey of great exposure and called for unusual endurance. It was through the wilds; up one side of the snowy range, across it, down the other side, and then back again; about sixty miles, eight of which were above timber-line, 12,500 feet above sea level. The thermometer stood below zero.

Considering climatic conditions, I was dressed lightly for the tramp. But my blood was warm from two years of careful diet and breathing exercises. I did not train for the trip. I do not eat breakfast, and for three months before the experience I lived almost exclusively on raw food, avoiding meat and white bread, and eating raisins, apples, peanuts, whole wheat and honey.

At six in the morning I left Moraine, Colorado, for Grand Lake, starting from an altitude of 7,800 feet. I wore snow-shoes. The snow was very soft and with web shoes, at this altitude, it was very laborious and slow-going travel. Six hours of persistent effort advanced me eight miles and carried me up five thousand feet. Here, saturated with perspiration,

and far above timber, I was caught in a blizzard and completely chilled. I knew the mountains and kept going; but so blinding was the storm that I walked off a twenty-foot ledge while descending the west side of the range.

Hour after hour I walked on, with my feet sinking into the soft snow from six to ten inches, making work for every step. I was carrying a camera, two dozen plates, a small ax, a revolver, and a pound of mixed raisins and peanuts for lunch. Warm, and perspiring freely, I was suddenly cooled; in crossing a small stream the ice gave way and I fell into the icy water. Tangling my snow-shoes caused me to have about the scriptural number of plunges—without scriptural language—before I got out. Cold as was the weather, the hard tramping, despite icy water, soon warmed me abundantly.

When darkness came on I was still four hard miles from my journey's end. I had not eaten a morsel all day, my last meal being at two o'clock the day before. I was standing it so well that I thought best to go through without eating. But I built a rousing fire and lay down by it for a short rest.

Through the woods in the morning I walked on five feet of snow. This brought me well up among the limbs of

the trees, beneath which I had frequently to stoop.

I went on, and in the darkness apparently chose the worst and longest way. But at eleven o'clock at night, after being seventeen hours on the way, I arrived at Grand Lake. After resting and drying my clothes by the fire, I took only a glass of milk and a bit of Graham bread and went to bed.

Despite the severe journey, the blizzard and the bath, I was without a sore muscle or a "cold" the next day.

I left the evening of the second day and went to a deserted cabin about four miles away, intending to cross the range and return home by a different route the next day. I ate only the noonday meal on this second day. The open rickety cabin had an old stove in which only a feeble fire would burn; so I lay awake on

a board by the fire, and repeatedly practiced deep breathing.

Morning found me fresh and eager for the climb to the top of the range. Four hours' tramping through a splendid forest, on eight feet of snow, brought me to timber-line. Two hours of the hardest effort were required to climb the thousand feet from this point to the summit. A cold wind dashed down in my face; many places were icy, and a slip meant a fall to the hereafter.

On the summit the weather became dreadfully dark and painfully cold, with the wildest kind of a storm for an hour. But the sun at last came out. When I arrived at timber-line on the home side of the range, I ate a few peanuts and raisins, to satisfy my intense hunger. Then going easily down through the woods, was home in time for supper.



Eugene Gay, Portland, Ore., Age 21 Years

Lifting 120-lb. dumb-bell after six days' fast.
 Weight before, 135 lbs.; after, 127 lbs.
 Measurements before fast: Chest, 39 in.; calf, 13½ in.;
 biceps, 13 in.; thighs, 23 in.; waist, 28 in.



E. Willis Warfield, Century Wheelman of N. Y.

E. W. Warfield is the newly elected president of the Century Wheelmen of New York. Mr. Warfield has been long a prominent advocate of physical culture, believing that a world of good will result to the new generation of athletes if physical culture is made the foundation principle of their training. The benefits of cycling would be two-fold if proper care would be taken in regard to diet and general care of the body. Mr. Warfield proposes to introduce physical culture to the club members by a course of instruction, and in order to establish this beneficial feature it is his intention to organize an athletic division of the Century Wheelmen.

Editorial Department

Accept every conclusion you find in this magazine for whatever your own reason shows it to be worth.

There should be no authority for you higher than your own intellect.

No human being is infallible. Every one makes mistakes; therefore no one has the right to place himself on a pedestal as an authority on any subject.

If you accept absolutely, without full and due consideration, the theories of any one it is an acknowledgment of your own mental deficiencies. Accept nothing that your own common sense, your own reasoning power, do not endorse as truth and fact.

APPENDICITIS is the fashionable disease. It is a luxury that only the wealthy can afford. Similar symptoms in those not so well supplied with "worldly goods" would be called a "stomach-ache."

The cutting treatment for this disease brings in very large fees. This may account for its popularity. When a physician makes a diagnosis, and he has a choice between from \$1.00 to \$5.00 for an ordinary prescription, or from \$100 to \$5,000 for an operation, there may be a liability of his being prejudiced in favor of the latter method.

How Medical Methods Produce Appendicitis

Surgery has its uses. It is allowable on rare occasions. But surgeons, mad on the cutting hobby, probably sacrifice ten lives where they save one.

In no department of medicine is the insanity of the cutting hobby more thoroughly emphasized than in the operative methods of treating appendicitis. The recent death of ex-Secretary Whitney has called the attention of the public to the extraordinary danger of this method of treatment. He was a vigorous man, accustomed to active outdoor exercises, and he should have been able to conquer almost any ordinary disease. At the first evidence of extreme pain he placed himself in the hands of the medical scientists. Naturally, the appendix was quickly removed. He did not recuperate satisfactorily, and finally the physicians decided that another operation was necessary. It was reported that while under the influence of ether during this second operation, ex-Secretary Whitney passed away.

The vital statistics of New York for the past year show 283 victims of the operative treatment for appendicitis in Manhattan alone. The mortality record of the operative treatment is said to range from 20 to 30 per cent.

IT IS THE MISUNDERSTANDING AS TO THE MISSION OF PAIN WHICH MAKES DEATH FROM APPENDICITIS POSSIBLE. PAIN IS ALWAYS SENT FOR A BENEFICENT PURPOSE. A severe pain in the abdomen will cause one to "double up," making tense every part of the body in

that region. All this suffering is useful. It usually ends in the dislodgment of the obstruction that has caused the pain.

Now, let us consider the usual treatment for this trouble. The patient is first taken with violent pains in the abdomen. They seem unbearable. The patient cries out for relief. The physician's hypodermic needle immediately begins to dope the nerves. The pain disappears, but the disease, the real cause of the pain, remains unchanged. The bowels are still obstructed.

Now, please note that the nervous system, which has been benumbed and deadened to dissipate the pain, not only controls the voluntary muscles of the body, but also the bowels and every function of the body.

When the nerves are doped with morphine there can be but little action of the bowels. Though medicine may be given to arouse activity of the bowels, it should be remembered that its cathartic qualities are due to its stimulating effect on the nerves which control the stomach and intestines; and when these nerves have been doped with morphine the strongest physic can have but little effect.

Thus the average case of appendicitis is brought to what they consider the operative stages. The pain in the abdomen is deadened with morphine. The bowels are clogged and made inactive by this same drug. The clogged faeces, already loaded with poison, become more virulent, and if the appendix be filled with faecal matter, should it occasion surprise that in some cases the offending member is percolated by the poisonous pus that has accumulated within it?

This so-called scientific method of treating this disease accounts for its seriousness and for the apparent necessity for the use of the knife.

There is a method now fairly well known throughout the entire medical fraternity, by which the bowels can be cleansed almost as easily as the face is washed. Why this method is not resorted to immediately on the appearance of the first symptoms of appendicitis is beyond the comprehension of any intelligent physical culturist. This method is fully described in the article on "The Symptoms, Cause and Cure of Appendicitis," to be found on another page of this number of the magazine.



THE rice-eating Japanese have taught meat-eating Russia a few lessons. They will perhaps teach them many more.

The average writer, in commenting upon the disadvantage of a non-meat diet, always tells us that no non-meat-eating nation ever amounted to anything. They call attention to the beef-eating Britisher, to the full diet of the average American, and to the diet of other so-called highly civilized nations.

*Russian Meat Eaters—
Vegetarian Japanese*

Japan has risen to prominence as a civilized nation in a remarkably short time. No other nation has ever absorbed new ideas with such amazing rapidity. They are practically a nation of physical culturists—in diet and in

their general habits of life.

Russia will have her hands full in this war. Though she may ultimately win through force of numbers, it will unquestionably be at a cost that will stagger humanity.

ONE of the most despicable attempts made by so-called respectable newspapers to cast discredit upon the Physical Culture Exhibition at Madison Square Garden, appeared in one or two Minneapolis papers.

Two very superior contestants came to New York to represent Minneapolis. Miss Jeannette Baier, the young lady selected as the best formed woman in that locality, is the daughter of a well-known physician. She is a pupil at the University of Minnesota and occupies an enviable social position among the "aristocracy" of the city.

Medical Quacks Influence Newspapers to Besmirch the Physical Culture Exhibition

But even this did not deter these papers from beginning their mud-slinging tirade immediately upon the opening

of the Exposition.

They called it "Beauty Show," "Shape Show," and other discreditable names. They made up all sorts of inconceivable lies, and they distorted reports in every possible way, with a view to cast discredit upon the Exhibition.

Their preposterous misrepresentations caused the mother of Miss Baier to feel that her daughter would be disgraced forever because of her being a competitor. She feared that her daughter's social standing was jeopardized. It was reported that a movement was started to have Miss Baier expelled from the university. Here was this highly respected young woman discredited on all sides because of the lying articles published in these papers.

But these heartless liars who were disseminating these false reports cared nothing for that. They simply knew that PHYSICAL CULTURE had exposed the fraudulent methods of some medical quacks who advertise in their columns. And like a horde of greedy vultures they pounced upon the Physical Culture Show, with a view of "getting even." They cared nothing for the reputation of the highly respected young woman who represented their city. They only felt that their pocketbooks were being affected by the policy of this publication.

It may be said, to the credit of the decent public of Minneapolis, that they took these lying articles for what they were worth. Miss Jeannette Baier was not ostracized from society! She was not expelled from the university! When the truth was known, the slanderers of the Physical Culture Show had nothing to say. There was not the slightest discredit cast upon the young lady, though, if the "Peewee" editors had had their way, she would have been the victim of the most heartless and despicable slander that ever appeared in the medical-quack-besmirched columns of a daily newspaper.



ALLEXANDER MARSHALL, the healthy man who had ten reputable physicians in New York City prescribe for his supposed ailments, has had three of the most famous physicians in New York prescribe for the same ailment.

*New York's Best Doctors
Are Physical Culturists*

mended in this magazine. Mr. Marshall's article will appear in full in May issue of the magazine.

But the astonishing part of his recent experience is that the most expensive medical advisers give no medicine and prescribe treatment almost identical with that recom-

Bernarr Macfadden

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