

No. 2. Vol. I.

APRIL, 1899

5 CENTS  
50 Cents Per Year

# Physical Culture

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

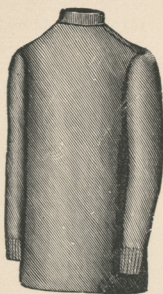


THE EDITOR AS HE APPEARS IN ONE OF HIS CLASSICAL POSES

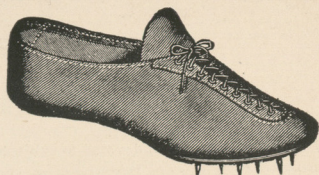
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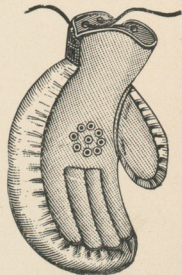
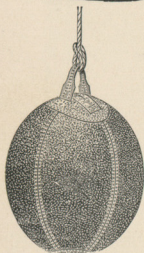
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And what sufferers the victims of catarrh are! To be forever hawking and snuffing; to be a nuisance to yourself and an object of pity or disgust to others; to feel the continual oozing of slime down the back of your throat, and to know that, day by day, this foul substance is steadily making its way into your lungs or your stomach; to be deprived of that wondrous fifth sense, the power of smell, so that to you sweet odors of field and garden are denied, and likewise the power to detect and avoid dangerous gases; all this makes the lot of the victim of catarrh a sorry one.

This is bad enough, but there is yet something worse. Catarrh untreated may, and often does, lead to that worst of all forms of catarrh, ozena, or dry catarrh; that form of the disease where such

carriion-like odors come from the breath, that the unfortunate victim of the disease is a social outcast, tolerated in society only by his friends, and then under protest and with barely concealed disgust

Is it to be wondered at that the victim of such a disease becomes at length morose, gloomy and debilitated, unable to work or to enjoy the good and pleasant things of life? And is it to be wondered at if the continual inhalation of poison-laden air into the lungs finally lays the foundation for that dread scourge—*consumption*.

The value of medicated vaseline for the antiseptic treatment of the mucous surfaces, especially the nose and throat, has been thoroughly established. Vaseline in itself is cleansing, soothing and healing and its medicinal use has very rapidly grown in favor.

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# Physical Culture

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It is the editor's firm and conscientious belief—

That weakness is a crime.

That one has no more excuse for being weak than he can have for going hungry when food is at hand.

That if one possesses sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, he has more than sufficient strength to regain vigorous health.

That usually disease is simply an effort on the part of the physical organism to right itself, and is the means adopted to attain the end of effecting a cure.

That there is no disease without a cause, and if the cause is removed the body will gradually "cure itself."

That disease is not "sent by Divine Providence," but is the result of the victim's own ignorance or carelessness.

That vigorous, pulsating health, with all the energy of mind and body that accompanies this exalted physical condition, is within the reach of all.

That health and strength of a high degree is the natural condition of man, and it is otherwise only when one's life does not conform to nature's laws.

That there are thousands in every civilized country annually dying from consumption, general debility, heart trouble, and other causes too numerous to mention, who could easily have been brought back to health, strength and power had they adopted rational methods at the proper time.

That his great purpose in life is to "preach the gospel" of health, strength and the means of acquiring it.

That the finest and most satisfying results that can be acquired from proper physical culture are the cure of disease and the development of that energy, vitality and health essential to the success and happiness of life.

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The above will remain for a few issues, that my principles may not be misunderstood.

If there are those whom I can benefit that are unable financially to recompense me, they will find me just as ready and willing to answer their queries as those others who can afford to be liberal in their fees.

When writing please do not expect a reply too soon, as the duties of a lecturer, engaged nearly every night, are rather difficult to fulfill; but, if a reply does not come after waiting a reasonable time, please write again, as the letter may have been mislaid or lost in the mails.

THE EDITOR.

CAN THE HIGHEST DEGREE OF ATTAINABLE PHYSICAL PERFECTION BE ACQUIRED IF ABSOLUTE CONTINENCE BE OBSERVED?

LACK OF UNIFORMITY IN THE  
HUMAN ANIMAL.

Man's physical, mental and moral self, partly inherited, but principally developed by the environments of early life, guides his actions and creates the conditions under which he must live in order to attain the highest degree of physical and mental perfection. No two individuals are exactly alike. That which means happiness to one might mean most abject misery to another. In every species of the animal world outside of the human animal there exists a certain degree of uniformity in physique and mentality; but the physical and mental traits and powers of man and man vary as widely as do the quickness, suppleness and mental acuteness of the tiger, when compared to the clumsiness, apparent stupidity, and phlegmatic temperament of the hippopotamus. With this fact clear would any intelligent person dare to lay down rules for all to follow indiscriminately?

IMMATURE MEN AND WOMEN.

It is considered desirable to remain continent until the fullness of complete maturity has been reached, and the more deficiency there is in those powers necessary to a perfect man or woman, the less harm there will result from a life of absolute

continence. Some, no doubt, could be continent all their life and still apparently enjoy good health, but their ability thus to deviate from Nature's laws with comparative impunity indicates that the completeness of fully developed manhood or womanhood has never been reached—that the powers which accompany perfect maturity were still dormant. There are those who, usually for the lack of physical training, never grow to complete manhood or womanhood. They remain children all their lives—children in mind and in body; weak and wavering in their desires and in their mental and physical individuality. Can we say that one's brain is mature merely because it has existed a certain number of years? Is it not rather the training which the brain receives that speeds it on to maturity? It is the same with the body, with the muscular system, and with the nervous and sexual part of one's organism which fluctuates as influenced by the general health. The body must be trained, strengthened, developed, or it will remain childish in its immaturity, and will lack to an extreme degree that hardy vigor of mind, muscle, and of sex which could easily have been acquired through proper physical and mental culture.

There are women who express

surprise at their indifference to men, and wonder why they cannot "fall in love" as others do, why they are unable to see more than the ordinary attractions of an acquaintance in those of the opposite sex, no matter how gifted in the graces of physical and mental manliness they may be. They usually boast of this peculiar characteristic, and attribute it to their superior refinement and delicate, sensitive nature; but if this indifference continues much beyond the age which should denote fully developed womanhood, it is proof positive that they are wanting in physical excellence—that they lack that element of vital vigor essential to healthy, vigorous, fully developed, well sexed womanhood, the want of which causes this mysterious, puzzling indifference. It is therefore the bounden duty of such women to develop that exhilarating health which carries them beyond childhood to fully developed womanhood; no career can be rounded out to the fullness of its attainable successes and happiness if this duty is not performed.

#### MARRIAGE A NECESSITY.

Every law of nature emphasizes the necessity for marriage; animal life everywhere gives evidence to this necessity. The highest degree of attainable physical perfection can certainly never be acquired unless this condition is entered at the proper period of life. It may be put off; the day of its consummation may be delayed; but it must

come before the powers of manhood and womanhood are on the wane, or one will never be able to taste its joys and its benefits in the brightness and strength of full maturity. Successful men nearly always marry; many of them are fathers of large families. The founding of a home is usually one of the first steps to fame and fortune. It makes one feel settled in life; it confines the efforts towards a more definite goal. The seriousness and responsibilities of home life give strength to the will and steadiness to life's aims and to the powers of persistence.

#### INFLUENCE OF MENTAL LIFE.

The environments of life, mental, moral and physical, influence to a remarkable degree that element in the human mind and body which indicates the age or time when marriage should be consummated. If deeply absorbed in a profession or in study of any kind, with no time or desire to allow the mind to dwell on that of a sentimental nature, the development of sex is retarded, and should this complete absorption long continue the dormant condition may remain all through life, though this is of rare occurrence. Many become so engrossed in life's duties or ambitions that love goes by them year after year, until some face, some sympathetic individuality, appeals to them, and awakens to life their desire for the tenderness and companionship of the marital relation.

WHEN TO MARRY—HAPPY  
MARRIAGES.

Now the reader may ask, "At what age should I marry?" First, when you have attained complete maturity; second, after you have met one for whom you have a deep reverential love, which, of course, must be returned with the same fervor and strength. "But suppose I meet no one for whom I have this reverential love?" you may ask. Well, do not marry until you do experience this. Marriage is sanctified not by the ceremony which binds the pair in a civil contract, but by love; it is made holy, reverential, by the intensity and thorough selflessness of this love. When this exalted affection exists and is not degraded and destroyed by being animalized, one can be carried on the wave of this great happiness far beyond his ordinary capacities, can be made capable of that which, under ordinary circumstances, would not only be improbable but impossible. Marriage under these proper conditions elevates, ennobles, strengthens, increases the self confidence, and no man, no woman can be developed to all the fullness of attainable power unless he or she enters this natural condition.

## UNHAPPY MARRIAGES.

So much for happy marriages, so much for those who enter these sacred realms and find therein love, peace and happiness. But how about those who do not draw a prize?—those who are scorched in the fire of eternal discontent, who

find that the bonds of matrimony goad the very soul, day after day, with stinging cruelty; that it animalizes the very best part of their nature, that it stifles every good and noble thought, that it crushes out every atom of wholesome ambition, and with the fangs of malicious hatred, created and fostered by this enforced unnatural relation, it poisons the very life of the principals in the tragedy. It matters not what the laws of man may be—the laws of justice, the laws of morality, the laws of nature, or even the laws of God, surely do not compel two poor victims of matrimony to live together, when it is an actual sin against the higher laws of life, when the deteriorating effects, physical and mental, are as bad as if leading a fast life with the lowest of human creatures. Marriage, if unhappy, depreciates the powers, mentally, physically and morally, and one had a thousand times better remain single all through life than to contract such an unsatisfactory union. It will take away all hope, all ambition, everything that makes life worth the living. It will drag its victims down the farthest extremes of misery and despair, down to the lowest depths of human depravity. The noblest character that ever breathed could not resist the baneful, degrading influence of this condition of legalized prostitution. For what else can the enforced relations of a loveless marriage be called? When no love exists in this relation there remains only the lowest, the most



bestial passions. If the indulgence in these desires is not prostitution, will some one please define it?

QUACK REMEDIES FOR DELICATE TROUBLES.

Think of the vast sums annually spent for quack remedies, which are supposed to bring to the wasted victims of nervousness and excess that strength and virility which they have frittered away or have never developed. The amount would almost pay the national debt. And do these remedies ever cure? Do they ever even benefit? The manufacturers of these base impositions no doubt profit by them, but no one else. If the evil ended with the fleecing of the unwary, it would be of little consequence; but thousands are buoyed up with false hope after reading of the wonderful cures advertised by these frauds, whose proper home is in the penitentiary. Because of the belief that these spurious remedies are the only available method of cure, they have no opportunity to become interested in natural means which would bring health and strength in every instance where such a result was possible; and naturally they go on, year after year, trying one quack remedy after another, until the grave opens and ends the poor victim's miseries. No cry of murder goes up at his funeral! He is laid peacefully away with loud lamentations and regrets at the intervention of Divine Providence. But who is to blame for this murder—this poisoning by slow degrees of a life

that might have been useful and prolonged? Enumerate all the deaths which occurred in our late war with Spain, through diseases and other causes, and multiply it by one hundred, and it would probably closely approximate the actual number who annually lose their lives through the causes mentioned above. We have every precaution to protect the weak and the ignorant from robbery or assault, but who on this earth are protecting the fragile, inexperienced, nervous wrecks from being robbed, physically and financially, by the quacks and should-be-convicts, who hire the space and reputation of the most renowned newspapers and periodicals to assist them in their nefarious business? In one part of a prominent newspaper a most terrible arraignment of some trust or public enemy will appear, but in the same paper, under the head of advertisements, one can read the most seductive and insinuating offers to those suffering from "hidden weaknesses," etc., etc. The editors and managers no doubt wonder how enough victims can be caught to pay such large advertising bills, but somehow they seem to forget that these same victims are as capable of suffering as those who are injured by the trusts. It is the appalling ignorance of the masses about these subjects, with which every adult should be familiar, that enables the blood-suckers to ply their trade. The prudishness of the average individual about matters appertaining to sex

is to be deplored. It is this false delicacy, this mock modesty, that causes the prevailing want of knowledge along these lines.

THE EFFECTS OF PHYSICAL CULTURE  
ON SEXUAL STRENGTH.

Proper exercise, adapted to the needs of the individual, tends to produce, in every case, a more normal condition: for instance, if one is too fleshy to be in normal health, it will take off flesh; if too thin it will add flesh. This ability of physical culture to bring about the highest degree of normal health is exemplified with equal emphasis in sexual life. Those who suffer from weakness in this way will find in physical culture the only safe and sure means of cure. As the muscles develop, the digestive power increases, the circulation improves, the nerves are strengthened, and the mind freshened with renewed confidence. This building up of the physical forces affects beneficially every organ of the body. The same can be said of the effects of physical exercise on those suffering with an excess of animal life from the standpoint of sex. This is a disease just the same as the other extreme, and this surplus energy can be absorbed and used to advantage if expended in muscular exercise. Not only does the muscular power increase, and the general health vastly improve when this method is followed, but the unusual and unnatural strength of this abnormal desire disappears, creating in reality a greater, safer strength, and remov-

ing the feverishness of an overwrought nervousness. Every modern, enlightened physician and advanced student will no doubt agree that these delicate, nervous troubles can be cured only by natural means—proper diet and clothing, plenty of exercise, fresh air, bathing, etc., etc. And try to be cheerful! Do not allow the "clammy hand" of melancholy to get you in its grasp. Do not say that you have tried everything and that you cannot be cured. I'm not a gambler by nature or habit, but I'll stake my life against a trifle that "If you have sufficient vitality to remain alive under the abnormal conditions of sickness, you have far more than sufficient strength to regain ordinary health."

ADDENDUM.

Do not be satisfied with mediocrity! Push onward and upward. If you are not strong, if you have not the energy, the ambition, the power, which leads one above the prosaic, the commonplace, develop it now. Make up your mind that strength and health of a high degree shall be yours, and work for it with determination, with persistence, and superb physical proportions will be your glorious reward.

If you are not a man, not a woman—if though fully grown you are still a child and always expect to remain one, you can be continent all your life without suffering to any appreciable extent. But if you are a man, a woman, in every sense, with the power of body and mind

which accompanies this state of maturity, with all the faculties fully alive, with all the emotions tingling with the intensity of their strength, with the glory and ripeness of life, of health, and of strength, stirring your senses, you will be committing a crime if you do not marry.

THE EDITOR.

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### EXERCISE IN OLD AGE.

The vigor and equality of the circulation, the functions of the skin and the aeration of the blood are all promoted by muscular activity, which thus keeps up a proper balance and relation between the important organs of the body. In youth the vigor of the system is often so great that if one organ be sluggish another part will make amends for the deficiency by acting vicariously and without any consequent damage to itself. In old age the tasks cannot be thus shifted from one organ to another; the work allotted to each sufficiently taxes its strength, and vicarious action cannot be performed without mischief. Hence the importance of maintaining as far as possible, the equable action of all the bodily organs, so that the share of the vital processes assigned to each shall be properly accomplished. For this reason exercise is an important part of the conduct of life in old age; but discretion is absolutely necessary. An old man should discover by experience how much exercise he can take without exhausting his powers, and should be careful never to exceed the limit. Old persons are apt to forget that their staying powers are much less than they once were, and that, while a walk of two or three miles may prove easy and pleasurable, the addition of a return journey of similar length will seriously overtax the strength. Above all things, sudden and rapid exertion should

be scrupulously avoided by persons of advanced age."—*Dr. Holbrook, in Omega.*

#### OVERDOING IT.

It's a great pity that some cyclists who are gifted with more pluck than wisdom have not a far-seeing friend at hand to warn them of the dangers of overtraining. The men who thus run the risk of an early grave are those who invariably make hard work of cycling. They never know what it is to have an easy time on a bicycle. Year in, year out, their one absorbing thought is speed, and their one idea is to train, train, train, so that they may be able to hold their own with men far their superiors in muscular and organic strength. Cycling is one of the finest aids to health when pursued to that end, but, on the other hand, it is a rock on which many a weakling has wrecked his constitution. We are not seeking to pose as an admonitor of the usual alarmist order; we simply speak as we find; and we could name, within our own little sphere of observation, a couple of young fellows, two brothers, who will one day regret that they ever crossed a wheel. They are wearing themselves away—absolutely reducing themselves to peregrinating shadows. They are always in the saddle, and are always riding hard; and to one who, like ourselves, is accustomed to reckon up a man's internal condition as a horse dealer would the points of a horse, it is easy to see that it cannot last long. The col-

lapse will come, and it will be a case of "touch and go" perhaps "go," and cycling will be condemned by their circle of friends as a dangerous sport. To the man with a perfect physique, who trains carefully and always allows himself plenty of rest, racing is a safe diversion, but in cases similar to those we have quoted, hard and continuous riding, even with systematic training, cannot be too strongly condemned, and one's health is more precious than all the long-distance medals in the world.—*Bicycling News.*

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"Taking body and mind and soul together, Mr. Gladstone was the finest specimen of the human race I ever met, and as for political work, or indeed any kind of work, injuring his health, it never exhausted him in the least. In his eighty-sixth year he told me that except for his failing eyesight and hearing he had no excuse, as he put it, for leaving Parliament. 'It is very awkward,' he observed, 'to reply in debate to a speech you haven't heard a word of.'"—*Mr. G. W. E. Russell in the Saturday Journal.*

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Sleep starvation is a common fault, especially of the young. Dancing all night two or three times a week and working all day is possible for a time, but there is harm in it. In general, it may be said that any one who has to be alarm-clocked out of bed every morning isn't getting sleep.

### WHY GIRLS ARE SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE NOWADAYS.

After all, the reason is a very simple one; for never were our girls so active or so varied in their pastimes as they are to-day. Undoubtedly beauty is not always an accident; it can easily be cultivated, and we have been cultivating it by a variety of methods, more or less unconsciously, for a long time past.

This age, in comparison with earlier ones, may fairly be described as hygienic in the extreme.

There are more good looks now than ever before, and there are reasons for it, and because there is more beauty than ever there is, perhaps, not quite so much enthusiasm about it.

Girls of the present day are good at the oar, they are great at cycling, they are not easily beaten on the tennis-court, they are strong at golf, and they begin to be skilled at the wicket.

The study of beauty has no doubt had its influence, but healthy exercise is undoubtedly the real cause and secret of this increase of good looks. Our girls should be encouraged to take some form of healthy out-of-door exercise as a regular thing, and the good result will not be long in making itself evident.

There is no doubt that one of the greatest beautifiers is happiness, and that the girls of to-day lead a happy, healthy life is apparent throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Our grandmothers and great-grandmothers would be positively shocked at the liberty enjoyed by the young folk of this generation, but it is an undeniable fact that the vapors and nervous attacks enjoyed by them are practically unknown by their descendants — *London Evening News*.

### FOR THE FACE.

A lady law student of Washington—and there are so few of us that we can be easily picked out—desires to give two recipes of ten years' test. For the face: Rub on with the fingers, massaging gently, pure olive oil. Then with a clean linen cloth wipe off the entire face. Dust, blackheads and other impurities will show up on the cloth, leaving the skin clear, smooth and pink. I have found it invaluable in obliterating wrinkles, as it supplies the skin food denied by nature in the natural oils as we grow older. For softening and whitening the hands, the effects of which can be seen in a single night, use four tablespoonfuls of glycerine, four tablespoonfuls of lemon juice (strained), four tablespoonfuls of rose water. Rub gently over the hands on going to bed. There is no need of gloves, as there is no disagreeable stickiness about this preparation.—*The Journal*.

Dr. W. T. Francis, of St Louis, recommends common salt as a purifier of the air in the house. Simply keep a little moist salt in the room in an open dish.

## To Deepen and Broaden the Chest, and to

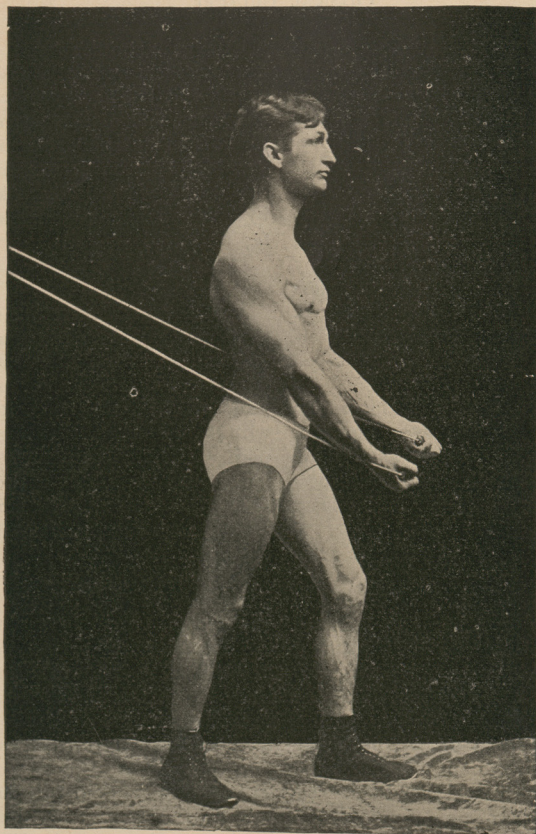


Photo from Instruction Book "McFadden's Physical Training."

This exercise, illustrated with the photographs shown, can be performed satisfactorily on any chest weight, or rubber exerciser furnishing a similar resistance, but be careful to avoid those cheap, all-rubber devices, the parts of which are liable to fly out and seriously injure the operator in case of breakage.

From the position illustrated in the first photograph let the arms go backward and upward, elbows straight, as far as possible, then bring them high over head to the position illustrated in second photograph. As the arms are brought over head keep them far back, then bring them

## Strengthen the Muscles of the Abdomen.

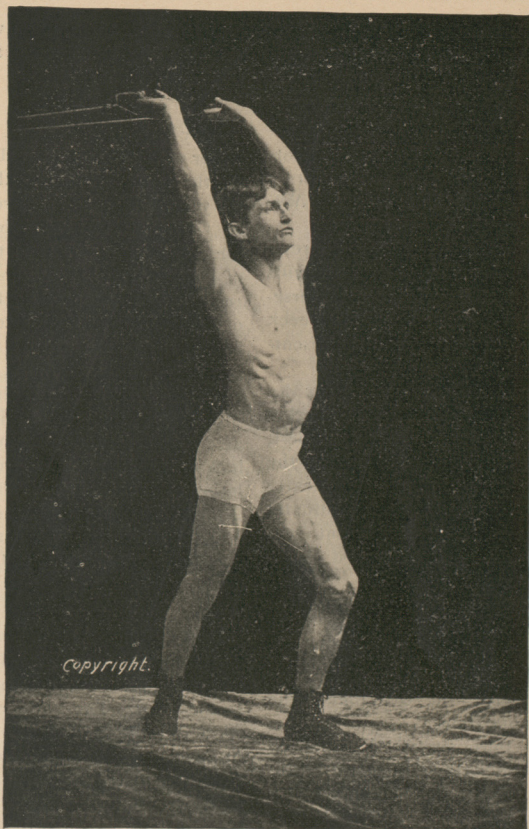


Photo from Instruction Book "McFadden's Physical Training."

forward and downward to position in first photograph. The arms should not be bent at the elbows at any time during the exercise. If abdominal strength is especially desired, reach far backward before bringing the arms forward and downward. To assist in the expansion of the chest inhale a deep breath while the arms are held in the first position, then perform the exercise once or twice while this breath is retained. This particular exercise is of especial value in treating digestive trouble, and should be practised diligently under such circumstances.

## A LOVELY NECK.

A beautiful neck beautifully dressed makes a woman look fairer and younger than any other toilet dressing, and the majority of women know it, and their worry is greater on this score than any other in the beautifying line, says the *New York Herald*.

There is a way—in fact, there is always a way when a woman wills—and a little patience and perseverance will make the ugliest neck not beautiful always, but presentable.

“Gymnastic movements for developing the muscles of the neck,” says a well known beauty expert, “are: 1. Slowly but firmly bend the neck forward until the chin nearly touches the neck; then gradually raise the head. 2. Slowly but firmly bend the head backward as far as you comfortably can. Repeat this movement twenty times. 3. Bend the head sideways to right twenty times and to the left the same number of times. 4. Roll the head slowly to the right, then to the left, twenty times.”

After these exercises the neck should be bathed in warm water and olive oil soap and rubbed with a soft towel.

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—A celebrated doctor, being surrounded in his last moments by many of his fellow-physicians, who deplore his loss, said to them: “Gentlemen, I leave behind me three great physicians.” Each man, thinking himself to be one of the three, pressed

him to name them, upon which he replied: “Cleanliness, Exercise, and Temperance.”

Why do people die? A daily paper says: “A fourth of the people on the earth die before the age of six years, and a half before the age of sixteen.” But why do people die so young? What is the cause of it? Simply ignorance! *Ignorance!* Ignorance of health laws: of the best kinds of food to eat and how to prepare them, the best drinks, the best clothing, the best place to live, etc., etc. Ignorance of Life laws: of the vitality generated by obedience to them, and the lack of it which results from a violation of them. Let us then study life and *know* it; and, knowing it, *love* it; then, truly, we shall live it.—*Herald of the Golden Age, Ilfracombe, England.*

DON'T FORCE A CHILD TO EAT.—To compel a child to swallow food when it is distasteful is both cruel and absurd. The child may have come to table without an appetite, or have lost it through excitement, from one cause or another, and in such cases parents should not compel the child to eat against its will. Eating when there is no appetite is revolting, and food so taken will not do any good.

The fear of appendicitis has by this time killed more people than the disease ever did by causing them to give up eating fruit.



## THE ATHLETE'S CONQUEST.

## THE ROMANCE OF AN ATHLETE.

BY BERNARR A. MACFADDEN.

(REVISED.)

## CHAPTER III.

After Harry's departure, Helen and Edith immediately retired. At this hour of the night the privacy and quietude of a young woman's apartment, when occupied by two intimate friends, usually influence an exchange of most sacred confidences. Naturally the subject of their conversation this evening was Harry, though, as they were disrobing, Edith did not forget her usual remonstrance with Helen for lacing her corset so tightly.

"Edith, how I envied you to-night!"

"Why so?" with a surprised glance.

"Well, if I had been a lifeless figure, Mr. Moore could not have manifested less real interest in me."

"Nonsense; he conversed with you as much as he did with me."

"True; but for the sake of politeness entirely."

"Do you know, Helen, I believe I saw him on the street the other day."

"May be you did? He's so handsome that even if seen in a crowd you would remember him," said Helen, eyeing her cousin quizzically.

"Now, what are you smiling at?" asked Edith, her face flushing.

"I was thinking—" slight pause.

"Thinking of what?" confusedly.

"If by merely passing you on the street he made such an impression as to be favorably remembered, what should he be able to do with the privilege of a conventional introduction now in his possession?" answered Helen, smilingly.

"Now, you tease, begin again. Do you remember what I told you the other day!—that I would never allow myself to be seriously attracted by any man. I have seen enough of the misery of marital life, and under no circumstance would I run the risk of suffering similar experiences. The victims, no doubt, are the cause of their misery; they marry on the spur of the moment, without the slightest knowledge as to their compatibility of temperament, or as to the physiological laws which should govern such a union, and"—

"Oh, heavens! don't give me such a lecture as you did the other day," interrupted Helen, holding up her hands in mock horror.

"You need it; goodness knows."

"Hasn't he beautiful eyes, though?" asked Helen, smiling at her cousin, and adroitly changing the subject.

"Who?"

"Who! As if you didn't know? Why the man whose eyes were adoring you all evening, of course."

"All your imagination! But his eyes are beautiful—so clear and frank."

"And I caught him on more than one occasion to-night gazing at you with all the adoration of his very soul in the depths of those eyes."

"Please quit teasing, Helen, dear," clasping Helen's hand within her own.

"But it's the truth—every word of it. Ah, if he could see you now, just as you are, with that mass of dark brown hair flowing around you; with those dark, passionate eyes; those superbly formed limbs, plainly outlined in that clinging garment—and those arms! My, what would I not give if mine were like them! You beautiful creature!" putting her arms around her cousin and kissing her softly. "He would faint from intoxication—I know he would, if he saw you now," continued Helen, rubbing her cheeks against Edith's satiny skin.

"You silly girl! How many times have you been in love?" tightening her arms around her cousin's supple body.

"I thought I loved once, but I was mistaken," answered Helen, solemnly.

"Tell me about it, Helen, dear."

She told Edith the story of her love for a handsome, debonaire young man, and of her engagement to him. She had been happy in her love until she accidentally dis-

covered that he had been in the habit of associating with bad women. She had her brother make inquiries and learned that he still continued the practice. He admitted its truth on being charged with it, but vowed he would never repeat the offense if she would only forgive him. This she did after considerable persuasion. Even then, for some reason, she did not trust him, and she secretly hired a detective to shadow him. The detective called in a few days, and told her that, after leaving her the night before, her lover had gone to a down-town resort and had remained there all night. She would not believe it; but the detective offered to prove the truth of his assertions. He suggested that she thickly veil herself, and drive with him to the house, and by deceiving the woman in charge as to real object of their visit, the desired information could easily be secured. She agreed to the plan and found to her horror that her lover was as well known in that resort of vice as he was in her own home.

"This turned my love to hatred and disgust," said Helen, "and the next time he called I was not at home, though the servant handed him my little note and he has not called since. He knew there was no use to ask forgiveness again. I could never forgive that. Oh, the vileness of it!" exclaimed Helen, the remembrance of her lover's baseness crimsoning her cheek, and making her voice tremble with emotion.

The story visibly affected Miss Edith, and her eyes were swimming in tears when she said: "I don't blame you, dear; you could not have acted otherwise; he wasn't worthy of your love, and I am satisfied that some one will soon appear who will win from you a stronger, deeper affection than you ever gave him."

"I hope so, dear," answered Helen in husky tones, nestling closer to her cousin.

Some time elapsed before the unconsciousness of slumber quieted their musical voices, but nothing more of interest to the reader was discussed.

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The next morning found Harry hard at work going over his mail, endeavoring to forget that ever-present image by absorbing himself in the cares of business. His efforts in this direction were of little avail. At the very moment when he would need all his faculties to decide some important problem, her face would appear, and cause him to forget everything in a delicious reverie. It was during one of these moments of mental abstraction that he suddenly said:

"How clever—the very thing!" jubilantly. "I'll send her an invitation," drawing the paper towards him, and starting to write.

"My dear Miss Watson: The Annual Championship of the Amateur Athletic Union of America will be given next Saturday after-

noon at our grounds. I expect to compete in one or two events. If you would care to go, I would be very much pleased to call for you."

He signed this and mailed it to Edith that morning to insure its delivery in the afternoon.

The clerks were a little surprised the following morning to see Harry come in an hour earlier than was his custom. One or two arrived later than he and as they saw no other reason for Harry's early arrival than his desire to see if his employees came on their schedule time, they at once began to contrive a good excuse to use in case a complaint was made against them. If they had seen him in his private sanctum, gazing at a neatly addressed, square envelope, with a gratified smile, and had noticed this smile grow into one of absolute contentment as the contents were read, they might have truly conjectured the cause of his early arrival on that particular morning.

Edith had replied to his invitation, and stated that she would gladly attend the athletic games, as she enjoyed all such manly contests.

This reply pleased Harry very much. How slowly time passed! Never did days seem so long to him, though Saturday afternoon finally arrived. Harry went to his room after lunch, and packed in a small hand satchel his athletic suit, which consisted of silk knee tights, a fleecy ribbed silk shirt without sleeves, and a pair of fine running shoes.

## CHAPTER IV.

He called for Edith at the hour appointed, and had waited but a moment when she entered, and greeted him pleasantly:

"Do you intend to win to-day, Mr. Moore?"

"It is doubtful. There are several good runners to compete against," rising and nearing her side while she drew on her gloves.

"I will hurrah for you; that should do some good," said Edith, pleasantly.

"I'm sure to win if you'll do that. Though I have entered in two races, I've determined to go in only one, so all my strength will be spent in endeavoring to win the single event."

The ride to the Athletic Grounds was short. Harry had secured comfortable seats where a splendid view of all the events could be obtained.

"I'll have to leave you by yourself for a short time if I go in the race for which I have entered," said Harry. "Perhaps you would prefer that I remain here with you. I believe that would please me better," smiling questioningly.

"No; I want to see you compete; it will be more interesting," returning his gaze with a smile in her eyes which made pleasant emotions run riot within him.

"Your wish shall be law. I'll return in about an hour," said he, rising, bowing slightly.

"Remember, you must win," was her parting remark.

"I surely will if you hurrah for

me," he answered, as he walked away.

The initial event on the program was the first heat in the hundred-yard dash. Harry was in the third heat. The officials for the occasion were running to and fro on the field; all was bustle. The judges and referees were inspecting the tracks, finishes, etc. Thousands were crowding into the grand stand, distributing themselves in all directions as they looked for desirable seats. Society was there in its most fanciful attire. Every taste in feminine and masculine beauty could find something to admire. The managers of the affair were congratulating themselves as they saw the immense crowd, on the great success of their efforts. Never was there such a vast throng assembled at a meeting of that character. Edith was all interest, and anxious for the sport to begin. She noticed from the program that champion athletes from various large cities were entered in the races. Two of these champions were in the same race with Harry. This race was to be run in three heats; the first two men in each heat to run in the final.

The great assemblage began to clap hands and stamp feet, anxious for the sport to begin. The athletes were appearing on the field one by one. Many were beautiful to behold in their athletic suits, which showed every outline of their magnificent physical development. Every form was instinct with grace; every movement denoted supple-

ness. Each athlete as he came in view would receive an ovation in the form of the "war cry" of his club.

The games began; the whistle of the starter, inquiring of the referees if all was ready, reached faintly the assembled multitude.

Six men are in line; now they crouch ready to start. See the smoke, followed by a pistol shot. They are off! In an instant they are twenty yards down the track, flying like the wind.

"Winner, J. L. Jewitt; second, L. F. Damount; time,  $10\frac{1}{4}$  seconds" is the announcement that comes from the master of ceremonies after this first race.

The second heat was won in  $10\frac{2}{8}$  seconds.

At the conclusion of the second heat Harry appeared on the ground. His club members had been awaiting his appearance, which was to be the signal for their "war cry," that was louder and more prolonged by Harry's friends among the spectators. "Who is that magnificent fellow?" comes from hundreds of lips. He is the cynosure of all eyes.

"Harry Moore, the merchant athlete," passes from lip to lip.

"Ah, I have heard of him," can be heard on all sides.

"He is the only local athlete who has the faintest chance of winning from the visiting champions," remarked one of Harry's enthusiastic club members within hearing of Edith.

She had enjoyed the last two

races immensely; the finishes of both had been close. She was in her glory there, for while she loved all the beauties of nature, she admired above all, the most impressive of her handiwork, the human form divine. The appearance of a beautiful human body, whether male or female, stirred her soul, thrilled her very being, with the sublime enthusiasm of an artist gazing at a glorious sunset. She had roamed for hours in the various art galleries, lost in admiration of the sculptured portraiture of human physical life. She loved to study the beautiful outline brought out by the variety of positions assumed by well-formed athletes in their contests. She admired a handsomely-formed man as she did a work of art; only to a greater degree; for no imitation of the human form, no matter how fine, can compare with a perfect man of which it is only a copy.

She had seen several athletes, whose physical beauty she admired, before Harry appeared. As her attention was called to him by the prolonged applause, she could not help an exclamation of admiration, uttered softly to herself.

"What perfect limbs! What magnificent proportions! Who can he be?" not recognizing Harry, so changed did he appear in his athletic suit.

"Every outline perfect; he carries himself like a lion. What tremendous power must be there," she thought.

She took her opera glasses, ad-

justed them to her eyes, and turned them upon him to get a better view of his face.

Her expression noticeably changed as she gazed at him.

"How different he appears. I would never have known him at that distance without these glasses," thought she as the field glass fell in her lap. She heard the expressions of admiration all around her, and the many complimentary comments that was made of his past athletic achievements.

"Besides his athletic ability," said one young woman near her, "I understand that he is a refined gentleman of remarkable intelligence."

"I will find out if he deserves that compliment," thought Edith.

The third heat was about to begin. Harry went by the grand stand, running with his usual graceful ease, followed by the gaze of the larger part of the throng, and by such cries as "Win it, Harry!" etc.

"Everybody knows him," thought Edith, following his graceful motions with admiration in her eyes. Every one was sure that Harry would win this heat. At the crack of the pistol he sprang nearly a yard ahead, and won without apparent effort in  $10\frac{3}{8}$  seconds.

The crowd cheered him vociferously.

He now had the final heat to run in which he would compete with the winners of the other two heats.

"Now, Harry, you must win this," said Jack, his trainer, as he was rubbing his velvety skin with some liquid preparations.

"Don't [fear, Jack; I'm determined to win," answered Harry.

"Now, don't be too confident," said Jack.

He looked every inch an Apollo as he stood there. The muscles of every part of his body could be traced. His limbs were a little large, but his chest and arms were of sufficient size to make them appear finely symmetrical. His muscles when in repose were as soft as the flesh of a baby; but when flexed in use were as hard as steel.

"That will do, Jack," said Harry. "Hand me my tights." "Are they about ready for the heat?" his clear eyes flashing, eager for the race to begin.

Jack went to the door of their dressing room. "Yes; they are about ready," he answered, coming back.

"Now win!" was Jack's parting, as Harry started up the hallway that led to the field.

"Sure!" he cried, quickening his steps.

Outside all was excitement.

"Will our Harry beat the champions?" was the question interesting to all who knew him either personally or by reputation.

The six men appeared on the track almost simultaneously. All were fine fellows, strong of limb and graceful in action; though for physical beauty Harry was superior to them all.

The onlookers were wrought up to the highest pitch from suppressed excitement. All knew that before them, all on one mark, stood

three men who had never lost a scratch race, and that no mercenary consideration, no matter how great, could affect the result.

The contestants were digging holes in the ground with the sharp nails in their running shoes, each one at his starting point. The spectators were so quiet that they heard faintly the warning of the starter, as he stood behind the contestants with his pistol behind his back.

"Get ready!"

Each man placed one foot in the small hole he had dug, and awaited the second warning.

"Get set!" came faintly to the audience.

Two men placed their fingers on the mark, and the others assumed a crouching attitude, with one arm held far back and the other in front. One man failed to hold his balance, and they were called off by the starter. The audience drew a long breath and became a little noisy upon seeing this.

A moment or two passed, then you could hear on all sides: "They are getting ready again!"

Again they "get set." The starter looks at them closely. Yes, they are all still. The audience is breathless. Some of them have risen in their seats.

Edith thinks she can almost see Harry's eyes flash with excitement, so closely does she keep him in view with her opera glasses.

"Bang!" goes the pistol. The runners spring forward with lightning rapidity. Down the stretch

they come with the speed of a railroad train.

The whole audience rise to their feet. At the fifty yard mark Jewit is ahead, with Harry and Daumont following. On they come like the wind!

"He has lost!" cry Harry's friends in the audience.

"He will lose sure," muttered Edith to herself, and an expression of pain and disappointment appeared on her countenance.

He seemed almost to divine her thoughts; for the assistance of opera glasses enabled many to see him grit his teeth, while an expression of wild determination came over his countenance. Yes; he is gaining. At the seventy-five yard mark he is only a foot behind. The air is rent with one immense shout, when Harry succeeds in catching Jewit.

"He wins! He wins!" was the cry as Harry forged ahead and crossed the tape at least two feet ahead of his nearest competitor.

The applause was deafening. Men threw their hats and waved their umbrellas. Ladies waved their handkerchiefs and joined in the hurrah. The club's war cry, noted for its deafening qualities, was drowned in the hubbub and could not be heard ten feet away.

Harry's trainer, Jack, caught him as he came over the line.

"Here; lean on my arm," said Jack.

"No; I'm all right," said Harry, as he started on a slow run to his dressing room.

All eyes were upon him. "What a beauty he is!" could be heard in feminine voices. The applause still continued after Harry had disappeared.

The managers were about to start the next event.

"No! No! No!" came from the crowd; "Bring him out."

"Harry, I suppose you'll have to come out and make your bow," said Jack, smiling as he heard the cries on the outside.

"Wait a moment and see if it continues," answered Harry, still breathing hard from the effects of his violent exertion.

"Come on out, Harry," said one of his athletic friends, appearing in the door. "You did that grandly, old fellow," shaking Harry's hand vigorously.

Harry walked behind him, down the hall to the door that led to the grounds. The cheering had died down somewhat, and he could hear the "war cry" of his club above all the rest.

As he came to the door his friends standing near espied him, and one of them shouted: "What's the matter with Moore?"

"He's all right!" was the answering and almost deafening yell.

His friends crowded around him, congratulating him on his victory. Part of the audience saw him, and again began to applaud with enthusiasm.

"Here we go; we'll carry him out in full view of the audience," said one, and four or five of them lifted him on their shoulders, Harry

resisting manfully. But it was of no use against all those strapping athletes; and in a moment, held up over his carriers' heads, with his friends crowding around him on all sides, Harry appeared to receive an ovation from the vast assemblage that he had so much pleased.

A few minutes after this Edith noticed him making his way toward her through the crowd.

He looked none the worse for the mighty effort he had made, and as their eyes met, she gave him a smile that affected him strangely.

"What a hero you have made of yourself!" said she, as he took the seat by her side.

Many around him, who had never known him before, recognized him now.

"That's he," several remarked, motioning in his direction.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Harry in jesting tones; "but there are disagreeable features connected with popularity. Every one imagines that they can gaze at you and talk about you in your presence with as much freedom as though you were a monkey in a cage."

"You must remember that is the penalty of fame, so take it gracefully."

"Well, I hate to be gazed at when I am not on exhibition. It's decidedly annoying," emphatically answered Harry, irritated at the close inspection to which he had been subjected while making his way toward her.

"You know the new definition of fame, don't you?" asked Edith.



"No; what is it?"

"'There he goes' and 'That's he.'"

"That is undoubtedly correct," answered Harry, his countenance relaxing into a smile as he looked into her clear eyes.

"Do you know, I didn't recognize you when you first appeared in that athletic suit. You were so changed I didn't imagine that the conventional dress could effectually hide so much physical beauty," said Edith in a low tone, as she gazed at the contest then going on.

He turned his eyes toward her features, but saw no answering emotion there. Her words affected him strangely, and a tender light brightened his features as he said:

"I thank you for the compliment."

"Don't thank me; I merely spoke the truth. I hate compliments, though; they are so rarely sincere."

"I am like you in that respect, so don't feel offended if I fail to extend to you the usual flattering remarks made by young men under similar circumstances."

"You will offend me if you do," answered she.

To be near her, to feel her presence, to see the exquisite color of health upon her cheeks, to be occasionally thrilled by an accidental touch, was delicious, dreamy pleasure to him. The athletic games, in which he gloried, usually received his intense interest, but on this occasion very little of his attention was given to them. He would apparently be gazing at the contest,

when in reality he saw before him nothing but her image—an image which he worshiped.

She had emphatically denied her cousin Helen's assertion that Harry was fascinated with her, and yet, deep down in her heart, she admitted to herself that she had, on more than one occasion, for a moment only, noticed an expression in his eyes which proved that such might be the case. Her beauty was that of fully matured womanhood. She was peculiarly attractive to the opposite sex, and had had numerous desirable offers of marriage. Most men would have called her strong-minded, but her beauty always compelled admiration, even if they considered this an undesirable trait. She undoubtedly had opinions of her own, and sufficient intelligence to understand exactly why she had formed these conclusions. Even in this advanced age one will often hear men declare that they cannot bear a strong-minded woman, but they undoubtedly associate strength of mind under these circumstances with ugliness of person and other disagreeable characteristics. This should not be so. A woman can be comely, handsome, even sublimely beautiful, and still possess sufficient intelligence and strength of character not to follow blindly the dictates of fashion, and to think occasionally of something besides dress and her male admirers. The heroines of our extremely modern novels would have shocked and disgusted the readers of a quarter

of a century ago. The angelic expression, the alabaster complexion, the waist so small that one could span it, and the delicate, slender form, which was possessed by nearly every heroine in novels written over half a century ago, have been banished. We are now informed that the angelic expression is simply the result of too much dreamy literature, combined with the lack of intelligent and practical training; that an alabaster complexion is caused by scrofula, or disorders of the assimilative organs; that the wasplike waist is brought about by crushing the vital organs of the body with bands of steel, which induces numerous physical ills not to be mentioned here; that the delicate and slender form is caused by the want of exercise and the non-observance of the fundamental principles of health. Thus have these perverted elements of beauty been dissected; thus has it been proved that the taste can become distorted to such an extent as to admire even diseased conditions.

These pasty, characterless heroines have had their day. Thinking men everywhere are now concluding that such love as a poorly sexed, weakly, dreamy specimen of womanhood is capable of bestowing will never last through misfortune or hardship.

The remaining events passed like a dream to Harry. In many cases he did not even notice who won the contests. Edith apparently enjoyed them very much. Very few words

passed between them, as she seemed to prefer watching the events to talking; and Harry was perfectly satisfied with an occasional glance at her and a pretense of being interested in the games.

By leaving a little before the last event they managed to avoid the crowd and soon arrived at her home.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Moore?" she inquired, as she reached the steps that led up to the door.

"No; it's too late," answered Harry.

"I am so much indebted to you for the pleasant afternoon's entertainment; I enjoyed it hugely."

"I am glad of that," answered Harry, looking up into her clear eyes, as she stood on the step above him.

"Miss Edith, may I call on you some evening soon? Do you know, I think we might become good friends if you would allow it," said he, with a very slight tinge of emotion in his voice.

"I am sure I would like to have you come at any time, when I am not engaged," said she pleasantly.

"Well, when are you not engaged?" smiling up at her.

"Let's see," said she, knitting her eyebrows. "Nearly all the first of next week my evenings are taken up." Slight pause. "Can you come next Saturday evening?"

"Not before then?" said he, in a disappointed tone, biting his lips and looking up at her with a half smile on his face.

"I'm afraid not," said she, after thinking a moment. "I'll tell you

what I'll do. I don't know what evenings are engaged until I see cousin Helen, so I will drop you a note and let you know. Will that satisfy you?" looking at him archly.

"More than satisfy me," said he, with a look in his eyes that she could not well mistake.

"Well, good-bye. I won't keep you standing here any longer," continued he, moving away.

"Good-bye!" said she, holding out her hand.

"Good-bye," answered Harry, as he struggled within himself to overcome the desire to kiss the gloved hand.

He gave it, instead, a gentle pressure and held it for an instant, thrilled by the contact, in spite of the glove. "Good-bye," said he again, as he dropped her hand, and turning quickly, walked swiftly away as though afraid of himself.

She stood looking after him with a pleased look in her eyes.

"What shall I do with him?" thought she: "shall I refuse him, as I have all the others? If certain of my intuitions, should I not decline

his request to call? But he is such a magnificent fellow, and I do enjoy his presence so much. And, oh, but isn't he handsome!"

She saw the result. She knew very well that he was already in love with her. Harry's eyes had shown the true state of his feelings on several occasions that afternoon. She had vowed that she would never marry, and she intended to keep her word; but she hated to give him up, and yet that was the proper course for her to pursue if she intended to keep her vow. For some time after entering the house she sat in her room wrapt in thought. All at once she arose from her chair.

"Yes, I will let him call once anyway. I have a curiosity to know more about him," said she to herself, as she began to remove her hat, standing before a large mirror on her dresser.

The next Monday she wrote Harry a note, telling him that she found Wednesday evening unengaged, and, if he cared to call, she would be glad to see him then.

(To be continued.)

#### TALK HAPPINESS, FAITH, HEALTH.

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,

And speak of those, to rest the weary ear  
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent, and grief, and pain.

"Talk faith. The world is better off without

Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.  
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,

Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts, till faith shall come;  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

"Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale  
Of fatal maladies is worn and stale.  
You cannot charm, nor interest, nor please,  
By harping on that minor chord, disease.  
Say you are well, or, all is well with you,  
And God shall hear your words, and make them true."

## NATURE'S HOME MAIL TREATMENT.

### SOME TALK OF CURING CONSUMPTION,

But We Guarantee to Cure CONSUMPTION  
in its first stages, STOMACH TROUBLES,  
CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS EXHAUSTION,  
GENERAL DEBILITY, VARICOSE VEINS with  
Natural Means. No Drugging.

The above named diseases treated and actually CURED at your own home by mail. Our physician in charge is familiar with the principles of Allopathy, Homeopathy, Swedish Movements, Dietetics, General Hygiene, etc., etc. He practiced for some time as an Allopathic physician, but he treats and CURES the diseases named entirely by natural means, which include Kinesitherapy or Swedish Movements, Hydropathy or Water Cure, Dietetics and Hygiene.

You write us enclosing self-addressed and stamped envelope for reply. We send you question blank and you return same with questions answered. Your case is then diagnosed and we write stating what can be done for you, the amount it will cost, etc.

May be you doubt our ability to cure these diseases? If so, you may deposit the amount of our fee with the local bank, to be paid to us when you are cured. Isn't that fair enough? Don't be humbugged further! Get well now! "Weakness is a crime."

You were created and brought into life under Nature's laws; the growth of every blade of grass is controlled by these laws. Do you believe that man can invent a system of mathematics which will prevent two and two from making four? Or invent a drug which will magically cure a complaint which is the penalty Nature has exacted from you for violating her laws? If you believe that mere man can invest himself with knowledge and powers superior to Nature, superior to God, and that the incantation of a sugared pill is necessary to a cure, don't write us. We haven't time to bother with you.

The editor of this publication recommends our methods and assists us in advising the exercises which must be taken as a part of the treatment.

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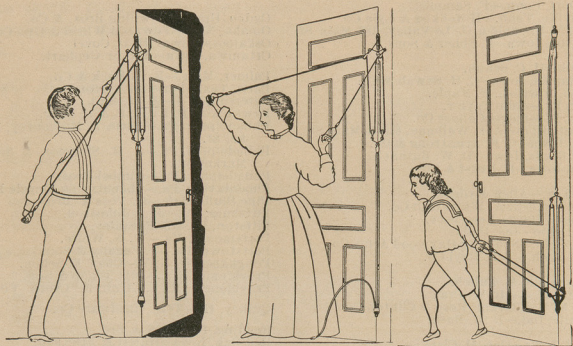
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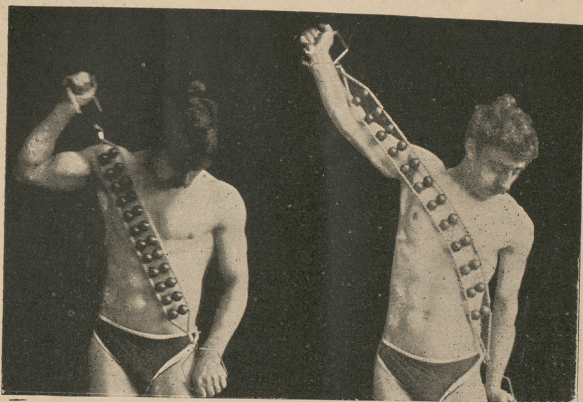
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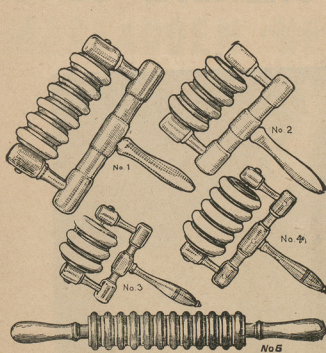
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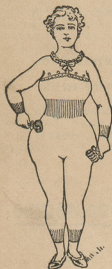
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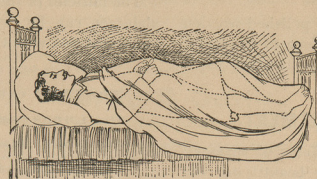
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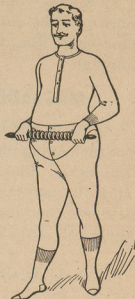
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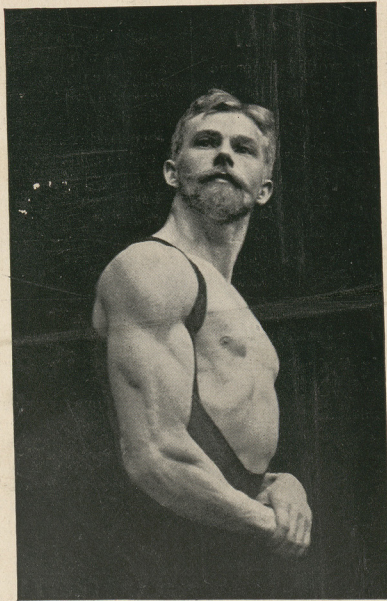
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