

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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The Man with the Sledge

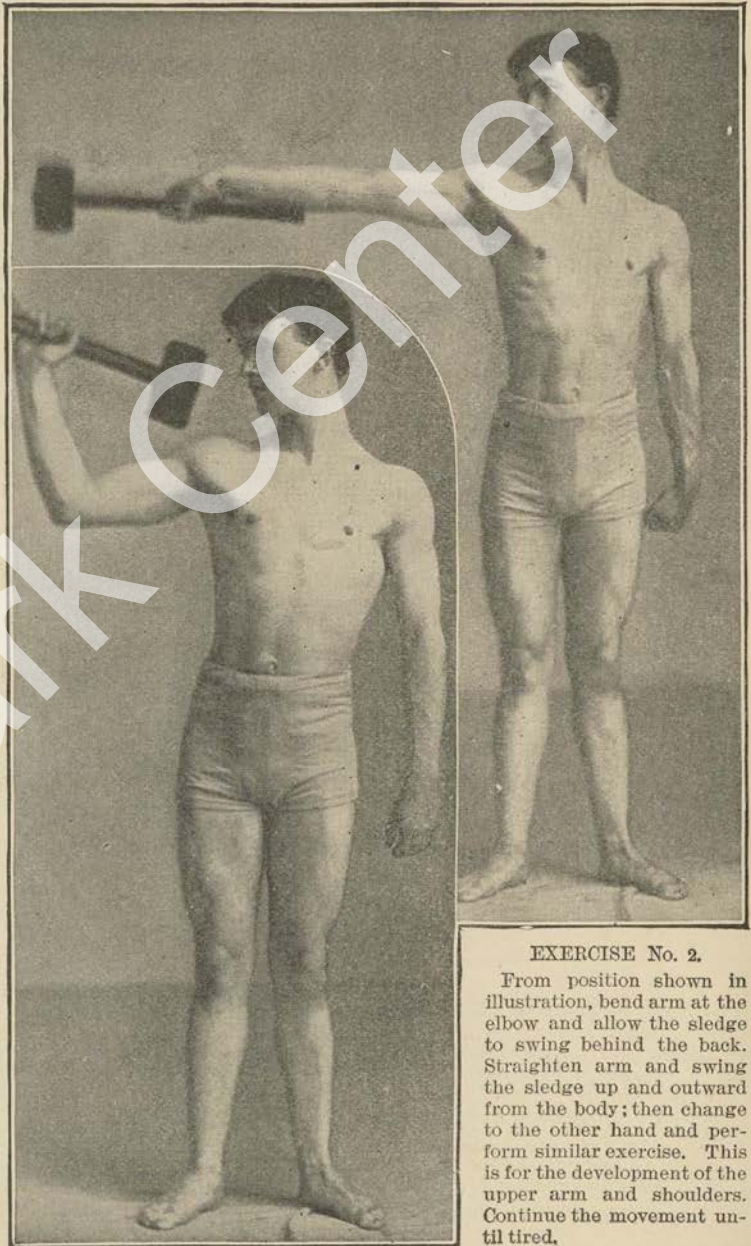
By Bernarr Macfadden

A few years ago considerable comment was aroused by a poet who discovered a new viewpoint for the "Man with the hoe." Bent, sullen, brutish, he painted him, and he juggled with words to excite our pity—we who presumably do not handle hoes as a daily business. The implement in that poem did much to popularize the article. It was so homely, conventional, utilitarian. The poet made it the instrument of the man's reaching his estate of bowed, cowed brutality.

We have discovered a man with a sledge—an implement just as homely, and associated with just as hard manual labor as the hoe, and we present his

EXERCISE No. 1.

From position shown in illustration, allow arm to come down very slowly and then bring it across the chest as far as possible very slowly. This exercise is for the muscles on the outer part of the shoulders and the front part of the chest. This exercise should be performed very slowly and continued until tired.

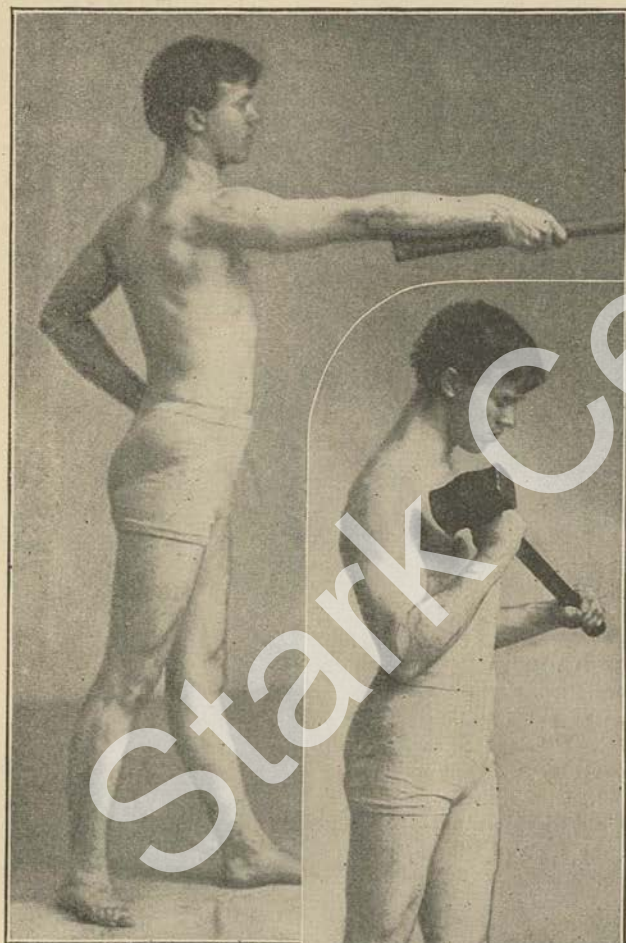


EXERCISE No. 2.

From position shown in illustration, bend arm at the elbow and allow the sledge to swing behind the back. Straighten arm and swing the sledge up and outward from the body; then change to the other hand and perform similar exercise. This is for the development of the upper arm and shoulders. Continue the movement until tired.

development and lineaments herewith.

There is a vast difference between the types—the poet's "Man with the hoe," and this young giant of the sledge. You will not find fear, dependence, stamp of woe or want in his countenance, and his physique might well be the envy of Morgan, the man of the trusts and black cigars; or Rockefeller, the bald, with his billion dollar fortune.



EXERCISE No. 3.

From position shown in illustration bring the arm down very slowly and then back as far as possible very slowly. The sledge must not be allowed to swing. The movements must be performed very slowly and should be continued until tired. This is for the development of the muscles of the back and front portion of the shoulders.

The half-tones are from photographs of Mr. J. H. Barnes, of Brooklyn, N. Y. They show him at his regular daily exercises with a sledge hammer—simple implement of toil.

Seven years ago, when Barnes was a schoolboy in Brooklyn, his family moved into a new house, and in the cellar he discovered the discarded sledge which figures in the pictures accompanying this article, and with which he achieved the remarkable physical development shown.

The sledge weighs eleven pounds, and affords ample opportunity for developing muscle. The schoolboy commenced practicing crudely with it, morning and night, in the cellar of his home. He envied those who could attach themselves to splendid gymnasiums, and practice self-development, with all the improved paraphernalia such an institution offers. But he plugged away with his sledge, and to-day he will compare favorably with any of the athletes of the country of similar age and height.

He is five feet seven inches tall, and weighs about 138 pounds, stripped.

During the seven years that have intervened since he made the discovery of the discarded sledge, he has never missed a day's exercise. Morning and night he wields the hammer ten to fifteen minutes at a time, and he has become so favorably impressed with it as an

EXERCISE No. 4.

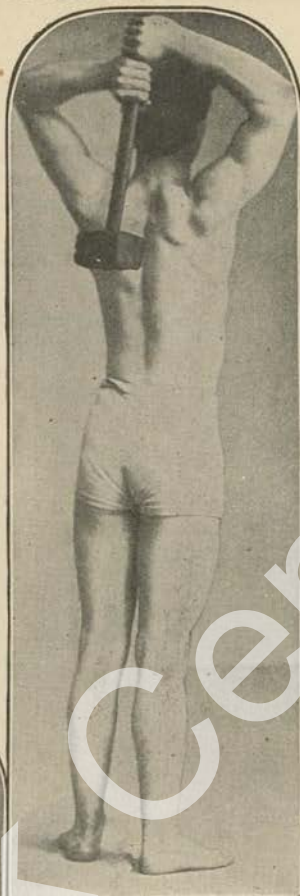
From position shown in illustration keeping the elbow at the side, allow the sledge to descend until the arm is perfectly straight, then bring it back to position illustrated. Same exercise with other hand. Continue until tired. This is for the development of the biceps muscles of the upper arm.

adjunct of exercise, that he declares he prefers it to either dumb-bells or Indian clubs.

A notable fact in the brief history of this "Man with the sledge" is that during the entire time he

EXERCISE No. 5.

From position shown in illustration, with legs far apart as shown, swing sledge forward and downward between the legs, then upward and far back, as per illustration. This is for strengthening the chest and muscles of the back at the waist line. Continue until tired.



EXERCISE No. 6.

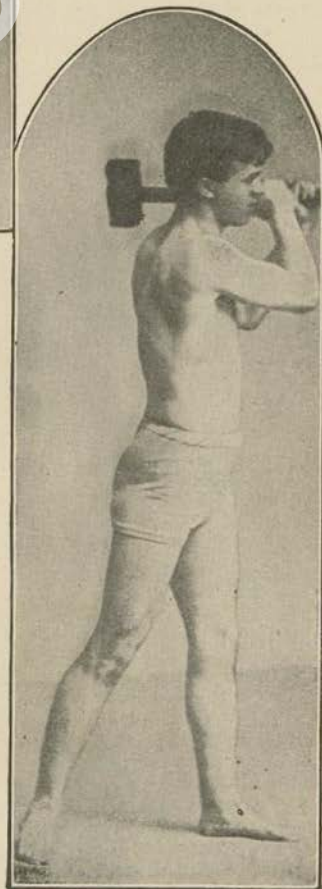
From position shown in illustration, straighten the arm as much as possible, raising the sledge as far as possible. Continue until tired. This is for developing the triceps and muscles of the back of the upper arm.

has been practicing physical development, he has never so much as had a cold.

His pictures and the pictures of the hammer tell the balance of the story.

EXERCISE No. 7.

From position shown in illustration, raise sledge and swing far outward from you and then swing strongly backward. Turn the body as the sledge swings backward until facing in the opposite direction allowing sledge to come back as shown in illustration. Change body during each swing. Continue until tired. This is for developing the muscles of the chest and arms.



Canoeing

By Ellery Crosby



AMONG over-timid people the canoe has an unsavory reputation. It is called erratic and unstable. It does not deserve such unpleasant epithets. It has a well settled personality—a canoe has.

Every one of them has an individuality, peculiar habits—good habits and bad ones. If one uses ordinary judgment, and then makes a decent effort to understand the character of the canoe, there will be perfect harmony, safety and health in the companionship.

The glory of canoeing is that you are out in the free air, master of an obedient servant, gaining health and strength, an appetite, pure thoughts and a wise and contented mind.

Can you swim? Well, if not, you take long chances every time you get aboard a crowded steamboat. If you cannot swim you should properly debar yourself from all nautical sport, until you have learned. It is a moral necessity as well as a physical one. You cannot tell when a demand will be made upon you to save a life from drowning.

That settled, to continue: The canoe is too old, and is known and used too far to have remained popular through the centuries in which mankind has used it, were it not for qualities of safety and reliability worthy of perpetuation.

The birch bark canoe of our Indians is the best known in song and romance. The Indians in Maine and Canada still make and sell these, but their day is passed. Now the prosaic modern makes them of linen pulp, of papier maché, of cedar, basswood, elm and

butternut, and combinations of these and other woods. He has even stamped them successfully out of sheet steel.

The canvas-covered cedar canoe is driving all others from the field. It is,



The Sweets of Solitude.

and will continue to be, the most popular and most useful, probably, for years to come.

The sailing canoe is a special sport and will not be mentioned here except casually. Between the sailing canoe (which is practically always a decked-over canoe with a cock-pit a trifle larger than necessary to admit a man's body) and the paddling canoe is the difference between a nervous, crotchety, high-strung race horse and a good family road horse. One is risky and the user is willing to take his pleasure in the excitement of

danger—the other is reliable and staid and the pleasure is derived from a realization of that fact.

You will naturally learn that you must



It is to Eat, Drink and Be Merry!

step into the canoe in its center, over the keel. Even in boarding the indisputably safe round-bottomed row boat it is not good policy to step upon the gunwale. A canoe is just as safe if you are reasonably careful.



If you think this is easy, try it once.

Once in a canoe, sit down over the keel. Then you may be comfortable. You may breathe at ease. You may sway your body to left or right as your comfort requires, save only that you do not lift your body from the middle and try to lean over the side. *That* you cannot do with impunity.

Generally speaking—unless you are performing tricks—you cannot stand up in a free floating canoe, though the illustrations herewith show that it can be done upon occasion. It will probably not tip over, but it will throw you out—and will itself bob serenely into position again.

Now, equipped with a canoe you have a pleasure—a continuing pleasure—before you, which is very inexpensive, and we may complacently assert is superior to automobiling and, if one but know how to use and appreciate a close intimacy with nature and health and beauty, far ahead of yachting.

You may step into your canoe whether you are dressed in a business suit, ducks and jerseys, or a bathing suit. No matter how you are dressed you may enjoy a paddle.

Preferably you

find yourself splendidly browned and well fortified against the colds and headaches which you may fear at first.

You may paddle upon a shallow stream, where a row-boat would stick quite fast. You may slip into narrow inlets where no row boat could be navigated. You may hasten along at far greater speed for every ounce of personal energy expended than you could in any other kind of boat. Your paddle is very light, whereas a pair of light oars grows heavy after a very short row.

You may know the delights of the explorer. You may paddle up rivers and through lake-chains or you may paddle down the streams—your canoe is so light as to make it no difficulty to carry it around dams or falls. You may glide over rapids, and by a bare touch to your paddle swerve lightly aside from every rock.

In rough water, where many larger boats would be racked and wrecked, your canoe will toss buoyantly and unscathed.

Through such water you may shoot into a pool or a quiet lake, and there, under the overhanging trees,



"O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as ithers see us!"



A trick in balancing that indicates perfect control of muscles.

move slowly or stop at will—never exhausted from the work and never tiring of the beauties of nature with which you come into such familiar contact.

I have lain lazily on cushions at night in the bottom of my canoe, and gazed up at the star-filled heavens—and it was good. Drifting close to the bank I have heard the disturbed musk-rats dive under my boat, to reach their holes, and have seen their eyes shining in the dark from the water, and in the day time have come close to stray rare birds, to squirrels. This is living!

You dip your paddle from the stern seat. You should put it down an easy arm's length ahead of you. Keep it close to the side of the boat, holding the blade quite submerged. Draw it back



Only an experienced man could do this.

boat simultaneously with its forward propulsion. In this way you get all the power possible from each stroke, and there is no lost or misdirected energy.

There are probably not over three months of the year in this part of the world when canoeing may not be indulged in as a pleasure by anyone.

You will find that not only is muscle of an elastic, healthy texture, acquired in the neck, the arms, the thighs and back, but that this muscle is so naturally and evenly distributed that a poise and grace of figure is obtained which is reached by few other sports.

Congeniality and good comradeship are the natural results of associations of canoeists. There is no greater pleasure than to be one of such a party as is starting on a camping trip in the accompanying picture.

A clear brain, a steady perceiving eye, self-confidence, pure inspirations and noble thoughts—all these come to those who join the Brotherhood of the Canoe.



**"We are off and away, for a week and a day,
To taste the delights of canoeing."**

with a long, steady stroke. As you are in about the middle of the stroke gradually incline the blade until it is straight up and down, and while giving it this twist press outward against the water and away from the side of the canoe. This twist comes naturally after a time. It is the trick of steering the

From Sickness to Health

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Dear Sir:—To a copy of the first edition of PHYSICAL CULTURE, your book "Virile Powers of Superb Manhood," and a "Macfadden Exerciser," I owe my present strong physical condition.

I took up sprinting and jumping when I was simply a physical wreck, and in one year's time I won the 100-yards championship of Indiana,

ran 220 yards in 22 seconds, and made a record of 5 feet 7 inches in the high jump.

Friends who knew me before I took up this work, think it wonderful that I have been able to develop, from my former weak condition, such strength and health.

Very truly,

C. M. FOSTER.

Crown Point, Ind.

PHYSICAL CULTURE

A Man's Wife

John R. Coryell



MARRIAGE is a lottery! There is a cheerful thing to think of. And it must be true, for it is the truly good, the ultra conventional, the strictly orthodox who say so. They sigh when they hear of two young persons being married, and they say with a secret relish: "I hope it will turn out well, but you can never tell." Æsop tells of a monkey who having lost his tail in a trap, tried to persuade all his fellows that it was much nicer to be without a tail. Are married folk like the monkey? Knowing from painful experience that marriage is a lottery, do they secretly rejoice when each new couple falls into the same trap? Or, if they are not so mean as that, why do they not do something to rob marriage of its terrors? Why do they only croak? Is it because marriage of their kind is inevitable? Is it because there is something so sacred in their way of coming together that no other way is to be thought of? Is their way the only one? Can there be no better way?

As to other ways, why, there are many in operation to-day, and many more that have been tried in the past. When a Kaffir wishes a wife he takes stock of the unmarried girls of his tribe and decides which one will be most to his taste; and as the young women are quite shameless and conceal none of their charms, it is not difficult for him to decide upon their physical qualifications. Having made his decision he goes to the girl's father and asks her price. The father will probably say fifteen cows and the young man will offer six. Then there will be a dicker and a compromise, and perhaps ten cows will be agreed upon. The more cows a suitor will give, the more creditable it is considered for the girl. The number of cows having been agreed upon, the young man puts on his best finery and visits the home of the one he has chosen, there to be stared at and studied over in silence by the girl, to be giggled at by the younger members of the family, to be praised loudly and unstintedly by the parents, who have the cows in view, and even to be made to walk and dance and otherwise exhibit his qualifications. Finally, the girl decides whether to accept him or not. If she accepts him he brings his cows and takes away his bride.

This cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. Each knows what the other is physically, and that is as much as it is necessary they should know, for if the wife is bad-tempered, or stupid, or a poor cook, her husband beats her; and she expects to be beaten, anyhow. Moreover, if a man's wife doesn't suit him for any reason he is at liberty to buy as many more as he has cows to pay for. Certainly marriage with the Kaffir is not a lottery, whatever else it may be.

In France they do things quite differently. There, a man,



instead of making a profit on his daughters, raises them at a dead loss, since he must pay a snug sum of money with each one to the man who marries her. And the girl has very little to say in the choice of her husband; the negotiations being carried on for the most part between the two men. Sometimes the girl gets a husband near her own age, and sometimes he is nearer her father's or even her grandfather's; though in the latter case it is usual to throw off a little in the price. Neither bride nor groom has much notion of what the other is, whether physically, morally or mentally. As for love, it does not enter into the bargain, though, by good luck, it may happen later. It is no great wonder that the birth rate is low in France. The wonder is that the population does not lessen more rapidly when it is considered that marriage is on a money basis and that the death rate is at least fifty per cent. of all children born.

As a rule, a man obtains his wife peacefully and beats her after she is fairly his, but occasionally the custom prevails of courting the girl by means of blows. In a part of Australia it was the custom for a man to lay in wait for his bride, stun her by a blow on the head and carry her off to his hut. It may be said that this preliminary beating did not at all interfere with the man's privilege of post-marital castigation. The native New Zealanders had another way of courting, which was even more exciting for all concerned. If a girl were so fascinating as to have two lovers, they settled their claim to her by each taking her by the arm and trying to pull her in the direction of his hut. Spectators gathered around, shouting encouragement, and the men did their best. It is true that such a pulling and hauling as she was subjected to usually injured the girl seriously, but what was even a mortal injury to the eclat of being so sought after? What woman ever counted the cost of obtaining social eminence? What man ever cared what his wife's bodily health was until she began to give out under the strain of domestic duties?

In China some old woman is the go-between in arranging a marriage, and usually the young people do not see each other until it is time for the ceremony to

take place. The young man may have some slight knowledge of what a girl is like, however, for he is generally brought up with his sisters, even though he is at the same time taught to despise them. With an English boy it is different. He is taught to despise his sisters and all other girls, and at the same time is brought up in such a way as to know nothing whatever about them. At about eight years of age he is sent away to school where there are only boys and where his pride of sex is emphasized. He passes his vacations at home, but during that time sees little of his sisters and nothing of other girls, so that when he comes of marriageable age he is not only ignorant of the other sex, but is rather proud of his ignorance. It is improper for a young man and young woman to be alone together in England; there is always the everlasting chaperon with them; so a newly married couple have to become acquainted with each other. Marriage certainly is a lottery in England.

Of course, we do things better in this country. What American boy does not know how much better we do everything in this country? We permit boys and girls to play together with considerable freedom; young men and women ride and walk and sit together without chaperon and without an impertinent parent obtruding himself to demand of the young man "the nature of his intentions," as if the young man were going to admit it if his intentions were not honorable. The fact is that we warn our young women to beware of our young men, so that each girl is supposed to be "able to take care of herself."

There is no need of an obtrusive parent; the girl understands the situation perfectly. She knows nothing about herself and nothing about the young man, but she does know certain things very well indeed. She knows the danger signals. For example, if she exposes her neck, for the sole purpose, of course, of being cool, and she sees the young man look at her neck, she will know that he is licentious. If he remotely touches on the possibility of her ever becoming a mother, she will know that he is lewd. If she detects him glancing at her ankle, which she has encased in an attractive

stocking, she will be right in suspecting him of being a rake.

The young man, on his part, knows that the low-neck gown is worn in order that he may see how beautiful the young woman's neck is, and that neck is a word used to cover as much of the breast as the young woman has the courage to uncover. He knows that he may look at the neck as much as he wishes if only he will cultivate the ability to do it without seeming to. He knows that his object in courting the young woman is to obtain her consent to become the mother of his children, but that he must pretend never to be thinking of such a disgusting thing. As for the trim ankle which may find its way-out from under the skirt, he must look at it only out of the corner of his eye, and must not permit himself to wonder why such ornate stockings are worn by the young woman if she does not expect them to be seen.

In fact, courtship with us is a shameful sort of pretence. Only the wicked and foolish deception of self and others has been so thoroughly taught that the deceivers are actually not aware of their deceit. There is a most beautiful, spiritual side to the coming together of a well-mated pair of lovers, but no sort of sentimentality can eliminate the fact that the fundamental and paramount reason for marriage is the begetting of children. It is true that the young man and the young woman are drawn together, or should be, by the working within them of a physical passion which is one of the purest and most beautiful facts of life, but that very passion exists only in the interests of reproduction. Consider for a moment how quickly the human race would die out but for the existence of this throbbing, overmastering sexual passion. And when that thought has found secure lodgment in your brain there will be little room beside it for the sickly, monstrous notion that there is anything but beauty and purity in sex and sex manifestation.

Let every young man bear in mind that when he is courting a young woman he may, indeed, be thinking only of winning a wife, but that in fact he is setting in motion a train of circumstances which will result in the birth of a child. Let him put away from him the old, bar-

barous notion that a child is the property of its parents, and let him consider that when he is instrumental in bringing a child into this world, he is assuming a responsibility which he may not shirk. He owes to that child a good, strong, healthy body to the end that it may make the best of itself.

How can he give that child a good body, a strong constitution if he gives it a weak, sickly, deformed mother? Of what use to carefully select a plump grain of wheat from a strain of known vitality if you are going to plant it in sterile soil? You would carefully choose your soil for your good grain; you would carefully choose a sturdy bull of good pedigree to mate with your choice cow. Why, then, play the fool when there is in question the life of a human being?

Do not permit yourself to be the victim of a silly and wicked system of pretence and deception. Rise above convention and dare to be what your nature is constantly prompting you to be—a healthy animal. Rejoice when your eyes rest on a well-sexed, beautiful woman. Choose such a one for the mother of your children. Look at what she calls her "neck" and see if it gives promise of being what the poets call a good "maternal fount." In other words, a woman should be able to nurse her child. Don't look at her ankle out of the corner of your eye and pretend to yourself that you are not interested in such a thing; but invite the young woman to the sea-shore with you and get her into a bathing suit, since that is the best you can do under our system of civilization, and look her over frankly to see whether or not she has so pinched her waist that there is no place within her for a uterus in which a child may grow as it should; to see whether or not there is more than an ankle to her leg; to see whether or not her neck is only a neck or something more.

And do not be deceived. It is right that the animal you are should rejoice in the animal she is; but infinitely more it is right that you should choose your wife realizing that a terrible responsibility rests upon you, in that your wife is to be the mother of children and in that you owe such children as you father all the health and beauty of body it is in your power to bestow.

A Race With a Phantom

An Episode of the Cycling Track

Thos. W. Allen

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



SA YOUNG man, physical exercises and physical culture with me amounted to almost a passion, and I can honestly say, without boasting, I was an excellent all-round athlete, and possessed a physique of almost perfect proportions. Without any of the advantages of the youth of the present day, and with none of the modern muscle-developing appliances and apparatus, I succeeded

in cultivating the muscular system equally and harmoniously, and, unlike many present-day athletes, went in for all branches of athletics. For a dozen years or more I was a competitor at athletic contests of all descriptions, and as a result possess a collection of trophies which I am proud of, consisting, as they do, of prizes won at all kinds of physical exercises. Of course, during my long career I encountered experiences both many and varied, some humorous, some tragic, and others inexplicable. In the latter category I must class the experience I am about to relate, which was the queerest and certainly the most mysterious of all.

In the early summer of 188- I was training hard, with the ultimate intention of winning, if possible, the "Walsey Cup," a splendid solid silver cup of the value of fifty guineas, and named after the presenter, Sir Richard Walsey.

The event for which the cup had been presented was a two miles bicycle scratch race, and was run at the annual sports in my native town. As the race was confined to competitors within a radius of twenty miles. I knew fairly well the abilities of all the men I should have to ride against. There was, in fact, only one man I feared, and that was George Vincent, of Nunton, who on two previous occasions had won the race, and had only to win it once more to become the absolute possessor of the trophy. On both these occasions I had finished second to him,



Photo from Life.

Marriage should be no lottery, and there is no need that it should be. If we did not play this awful, degrading, health-destroying game of moral hide-and-seek, marriage would not be a lottery. Nor would there be in our wedding ceremonies such a sub-conscious nastiness as now exists. Why such elaborate night-gowns for the bride? Why a wedding trip with an obtrusive concealment of the place where the bride and groom pass their first night together? Why is it such a good jest to make the groom intoxicated? Why is it such good fun to take measures to let the world know by means of rice or ribbons that here are a newly married couple? Why covert smiles and meaning glances at the sight of a bride and groom? There is no relation between a bride and groom that should not be conducive of greater purity and beauty of thought and conduct. But we try to repress nature and pretend we've done it, knowing full well all the while what a lie we live; we make of a pure, sweet function a secret nastiness; we grin and look askance when we should look open-eyed in pure exaltation.

Marriage a lottery! It is much worse even than a lottery; it is a farce. The relations of men and women, which should be nothing but uplifting, are made the means of degradation. We laugh at the foolish ostrich for hiding its head and believing its body concealed; but we spend our lives in dwelling on sex mani-

festations in our secret thoughts while pretending in words to know very little about such things. The Araucanian of South America makes love to the maid of his choice, wins her consent to marriage, settles on the price he will pay her father for her, and then pretends to steal her; snatches her up one fine day and carries her off on his horse to the woods, where he remains with her for a day and a night. It is very silly, but the pretence is not so hideous as ours, since it does not strike such a blow at the very root of life and morals.

Ignorance, or the pretence of ignorance, is the key-note to our song of sex. A young man and a young woman must shudder at the merest approach to any topic that touches on sex, if they would be thought virtuous and clean. Who can give a good reason why a young man and a young woman should not discuss freely the possibilities of parenthood? Why, from the reticence of an engaged couple on such a subject you might suppose their sole object in marrying was to combine for the gradual destruction of the human race.

My last word is: when you are choosing a woman for a wife, remember that her supreme function is motherhood, and be sure that she is physically fitted for that function. Then see that you are fitted to be friends as well as lovers; and do not forget that sexual passion is pure in itself and a sign of health.



Some Facts about Nicotine

By Wm. C. Woodward



AFRENCHMAN dying in a Parisian hospital from "Tobacco Heart" and "Tobacco Liver," willed his body to the physicians at the institute, with the request that a thorough inspection of his heart and liver should be made, and the result reported to his two sons, who were just growing into manhood. After death these two organs were placed in a pot and boiled. A thick green slime rose to the surface, and the stench became so sickening that one of the experimenting physicians became violently ill from it, and died within a short time.

A great many of the readers of this publication know it to be a fact from personal experience that the stems of a smoker's pipe will, in time, become clogged with nicotine.

Place an old clay pipe, saturated with nicotine, in a blacksmith's fire, then pump the bellows, and see what a tremendously hot fire it will be necessary to blow up before the nicotine will burn out of the pipe, in blue and yellow flames.

If you are a tobacco user, and if the use of it has extended over a term of years, you may rest assured that beyond the shadow of a doubt your tissues and vital organs are saturated with nicotine. It takes a long time, it is true, to saturate the system, and a still longer time to remove it. No medicine, or massage, or electric treatment ever discovered will remove nicotine from the system, unless the use of tobacco in any form is discontinued.

Grain by grain it is deposited, and grain by grain it will be removed, if you give nature a chance.

In the human body and its organs are millions upon millions of minute microscopical blood vessels, known as capilla-

ries. Through these minute capillaries the blood is carried to the tissues and organs. Waste matter is carried off, and fresh supplies of cell-building material delivered where needed, by their agency.

The Romans, in the zenith of their power, got along for five hundred years without physicians. Tobacco and distilled spirits was at that time unknown among them.

It has been computed by one of Germany's greatest savants that if the use of tobacco could be absolutely prohibited, where twenty physicians now rake in the shekels from a gullible public, one might possibly manage to make a fair living. Tobacco and alcohol are the main stays of the medical profession.

At a recent banquet of physicians, among the toasts were: "To King Alcohol," and to "Queen Nicotine."

In an official inquiry set on foot by the British Government it was learned that over ninety per cent. of the hopeless drunkards and alcohol wrecks in the various institutions of England began the destruction of their nervous systems first with tobacco, then with fermented drinks, and finally with distilled spirits.

Dr. Greenburger, the celebrated Austrian alienist, says that in more than half of the cases of paresis, the cause lies in the blocking of the brain and nerve centers with nicotine deposits. The victims can't think—they are insane. They have nothing to think with; their brains are starved, blocked up. The life-bearing blood cannot renew the exhausted brain cells.

Shut off the water from an irrigated farm, and sterility will soon ensue. Shut off the blood from the brain entirely, and death ensues. Shut it off gradually, and madness, paralysis, nervous prostration, and kindred ills, result.

"Oh well, that all sounds very good," the reader may say, "but no doubt some

religious crank has written this article." If you think so, you were never more greatly mistaken in your life. The writer of this is an adherent of no book religion, knows nothing about a future life, and cares less; and, moreover, he does not believe that any man living knows anything more about the unknowable than any other man. He does know, however,

and has learned it from bitter experience, that while on this planet we are subject to certain inexorable natural laws.

Abide by them, and all will be well. Violate them, and though you should take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost ends of the earth, your physiological sins will find you out, and you will be compelled to pay the penalty.

Fasting as a Means of Cure Gains Adherents Everywhere

LANCASTER, O., July 23.—Mrs. Emma Wacke, of this city, in trying to starve out a case of dropsy from which she is suffering, has, on advice of her physicians, refrained from eating since June 11. Her only sustenance is water with a sprinkle of lemon juice. The woman says she feels no desire for food and asserts that her condition is greatly improved in consequence of the fast.

Mr. George W. Patterson, of Denver, Colo., fasted seven days, beginning July 8. On the sixth day of his fast he said in an interview with a *Denver Post* reporter: "My mind is as clear as a whistle, and I have begun work on an invention I am interested in, a pair of boat shoes to walk on water by the use of wave motors. Do I feel hungry? Not a bit. On the contrary, I have a positively repulsive feeling toward food. I exercise every day. This morning I jumped eight feet one inch, chinned a bar fourteen times. Usually I can do this only ten times with ease. I broke my record on the spirometer, also, this morning, raising it to four hundred and forty-five cubic inches. The spirometer measures the lung capacity, you know, and previously I had never raised it more than four hundred and twenty-eight cubic inches. This morning I took a lively run besides my other exercise. I have been busy teaching physical culture during my fast."

Mr. Patterson is an enthusiastic disciple of J. H. Washburn, the California man, who, back in 1870, went without food for forty-three days, and at the end of his fast claims to have lost not an ounce of flesh. It is a fact that the Washburn feat was the most remarkable of its kind ever recorded. Mr. Washburn declares that he was nourished and his weight kept up by the air he breathed, and has this to say by way of explanation:

"Air, commonly supposed to be a compound of oxygen and hydrogen in a gaseous state, is known to contain all the elemental substances which exist. In nature, oxygen is one of the allotropic forms of electricity, magnetism manifest in every department of nature and the universe. Drawing this air into the physical domain through the lungs, in the right

way, means life, health. Wrongly breathed, it means disease, disorganization. The air contains every constituent the life forces need to preserve their equilibrium against disintegration.

"These elemental constituents of and in the air may not be condensed enough to furnish all the system requires to carry on the work of life and hold the balance of health, but they are of much more value than is known to most people. I have fasted many times since then—five, ten, twenty and twenty-five days at a time. When fasting I always take active daily exercise out-of-doors, walking often ten miles. I have an unusually buoyant feeling—a peculiar lightness that makes exercising a delight. I never feel so well at any time as when fasting. I feel then as if I were first cousin to a sun-beam."

FASTING TO REDUCE FLESH.

The extraordinary result of fasting in the case of Mr. Tuthill has become a matter of widespread comment and interest. There are now ten or twelve people in Minneapolis afflicted in various ways, who have begun a course of absolute fasting. Mrs. E. A. Russell, of the Russell Coffee House, is among the converts. She has fasted for three weeks three days at a time. Mrs. Russell is fasting for the sole purpose of reducing weight and is therefore relieved of the necessity for total fasting. On the fourth day of her fast she takes a glass of milk with an egg beaten in it. Mrs. Russell declares that she finds fasting very beneficial in numerous ways.

C. E. Burrows, of 1831 Western avenue, St. Paul, is one of the most remarkable cases treated by Dr. Perry under the fasting system. Mr. Burrows was suffering from an abscess on his liver and a fast of four weeks removed the difficulty entirely. It may be added that although this cure was effected some time ago there has been no return of the unfavorable symptoms. Mr. Burrows has been eating solid food for ten days. His stomach does not as yet perfectly assimilate food, but he feels strong and well and is satisfied that he has been completely cured.



Elisha Simpson's Victory

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

GOOD mornin', Mis' Tompkins. I'm glad to see y'. I've just been wishin' somebody would come in that I could tell my troubles to—somebody that would sympathize with me. I'm just about distracted."

A tempting morsel was this remark of Mrs. Fidelia Simpson to the newsgathering appetite of Miss Joanna Tompkins, the leading dressmaker of Brownville, a small country town not many miles from the capital city of Ohio, and although she had promised to have a dress finished by evening for one of her best customers, she could not resist the temptation to step into Mrs. Simpson's cozy sitting room to hear the details of that good lady's troubles.

"Why, what's the matter, Mis' Simpson? The'y ain't none of your folks down east sick, be they?"

"Laws no; it's worse than that. The last time Elisha was up to the city he brought back with him one of the dreadfulest magazines, put out by some chap down to New York. It was just shocking and full of the most indecent picters I ever saw. Elisha red in it that there was to be a prize of one hundred dollars give to the man over sixty that could run the

fastest in a foot race they're goin' to have at the state fair next fall, and he's got it into his head to try for it. I thought he'd git over it in a few days, but he's gettin' crazier about it every day. He went all unbeknownst to me and sold Doll's last year's colt and took the money and sent down to New York and bought the unaccountablest lot of ropes and balls and sich traps you ever heard tell of. A body'd think he was goin' to start a circus. He's puttin' 'em up in the barn, makin' a 'jimnazy,' he calls it."

"Why, that must be the same kind of a magazine that one of the Upton girls had the other day when she was in to see me about a new dress she wants made. Mis' Chapman, the banker's wife, and her sister have just come home from Boston with their heads full of the most ridiculous ideas about dress you ever heard of. She brought home with her what she calls an athletic suit, and is goin' to get up a young ladies' club for physical culture, she calls it. They've got half the girls intown set by the ears about their athletic nonsense, and some of the most fashionable of them are goin' to quit wearin' corsets. Mis' Simpson, you needn't think you've got all the trouble in the world. I'd like to know how I'm ever goin' to fit garments over such shapeless creatures as they'll soon be. You know what a sweet little waist Bessie Howard had? She wore a fifteen-inch girdle, and I'd a got her down to fourteen in a short time if she'd a kept on, but she's as crazy as the rest. They're all tryin' to copy after some outlandish woman that lives over in Europe, in Paris, I believe. Her name is Miss Venus Milo, if I remember right. I p'rsume she's some unfortunate, misshapen creature, that couldn't have a nice, taperin' waist if she wanted to. Likely her folks have got lots o' money and she can set the styles to suit herself."

"Oh, gran'ma, just come out and see gran'pa!" shouted Tommy, the eight-year-old grandson, as he rushed in from the barn, "he's turnin' handsets just like that man at the circus."

But Tommy's enthusiastic invitation met with a mortified look from his grandmother that told him to go to the kitchen and keep quiet.

The mutual interchange of troubles was doomed to cease, however, for just then Miss Tompkins, catching sight of Elisha, as Mr. Simpson was familiarly called, coming toward the house with his suspenders in his hand, arose, saying, "I really must be goin', Mis' Simpson, for I'm dreadful busy to-day," and passed out the gate just as Elisha, looking rather crestfallen, entered the kitchen.

"What on earth have you been doin', Elisha Simpson? Tryin' to make a clown o' yourself, from what Tommy says. Scared Mis' Tompkins away afore she'd had a chance to tell me half the news that's goin'."

"Oh, 'shaw, Fideely, I was just turnin' a few handsprings, and busted my gallus buttons. I'll bet I'll fix 'em. Next time I go to the shoe shop I'll get some waxed ends that'll stay 'em till I git limbered up for that race. But you'll sew 'em on for me now, won't you, Fideely?"

"Yes, I'll sew 'em on this time, but I won't do it again if they come off 'cause of any more such antics."

"Now, Fideely, what's the use of you bein' so foolish just 'cause I want to have a little fun that ain't botherin' anybody? I've worked hard all my life to get a little property together, and so have you, and I think it's about time we set out to see and learn a little something and find out which way the world's a goin' anyway. For my part, I'm goin' to see if I can't get rid o' some of these rheumatic kinks, so's to be able to enjoy the rest o' my life. I met some o' the purtiest gals in town last evenin' at the post office, and they said I looked ten years younger than I did afore I got my jimnazy. They said they and some other girls had formed a club and had bought all the things for a jimnazy, and they're delighted with it. I wish you older women would join in with 'em, and you'd git to look ten years younger, Fideely."

"I reckon I look young enough, and I don't think it looks well for you to be starin' at pretty girls and talkin' to 'em in such public places."

"Oh, 'shaw, I wa'n't starin' at 'em. I'm glad the gals've took to it. I couldn't help noticin' that their cheeks was rozy and their waists didn't look so spindlin' as they used to. If I was a young feller I wouldn't marry one o' them spindlin'

wasp-waisted gals, I'll bet. There's some gals that's purty enough other ways, but they've got such pinched-up waists I can't help but pity 'em. They look as if they couldn't get enough breath through 'em to keep 'em healthy."

"Well, I don't think you need worry about their waists or their health either. The doctor's 'll attend to that."

"Yes, there's no doubt about that. If I had the money I'd have one o' them feelin' and rubbin' doctors to soften up my joints."

"Why don't y' git Dr. Gordon if you want a doctor. You had him when you had the rheumatism."

"Yes, but I wouldn't have him again. He didn't help it any. It got well itself when it quit rainin'. It took all the hay I got off'en the south medder to pay the bill. Last time you'll ketch me foolin' away money for flour pills and soda powders. I'd rather have my jimnazy than all the doctors in Christendom to cure the rheumatism and make me feel young and spry. I feel a good lot better than I did a month ago, I tell you."

"Why, Elisha Simpson, it's only a week ago Sunday you said you was so lame you didn't want to go to church with me, and here when I got home you come slippin' in the back way from the barn lookin' like you'd been threshin', and 'thout ever a rag o' your Sunday clothes bein' put on. Purty fix you'd a been in if the minister and his wife'd a come hum to dinner with me. Oh, Elisha, I do wish you'd give up this nonsense afore the minister and everybody in the church hears of it."

"Why, Fideely, the minister's all waked up 'bout physical culture, and says he wishes they'd put a jimnazy in the basement o' the church. I told him they couldn't put it to a better use."

"Why, Elisha Simpson, are you tellin' the truth? Has the world come to such a pass? I pieced and quilted two log cabins and a crazy quilt to help get money to furnish that basement. To be used for such wicked doin's! Nobody that takes any part in that'll ever git to heaven, Elisha, you kin rest assured."

"I don't think there's anything wicked about it. The preacher's all right. He sits in that old musty study tryin' to think o' somethin' to make up a sermon

about till he's stiff as the chair he sets in. You'd see a difference in his sermons mighty quick if he had a jimnazy to exercise in. I think a preacher's as good a right to a new idea as anybody, though it's always purty resky to let it be known that he's got one. If we're goin' to be shut out of heaven for tryin' to keep young and healthy, I, for one, am' willin' to stay on the outside. The minister was comin' over to exercise with me this afternoon, but he was put on for one o' the judges for a baseball game and can't come. He used to be great for it when he was at college, he told me, but since he's been preachin' he's been afraid it wouldn't look well, as you say; but I guess he's gittin' over that pretty fast."

"Oh, Elisha, do stop talkin' such dreadful things. If it comes out that our minister has been readin' such wicked papers and goin' to bail games the board 'll have to call a meetin'. I've give up any of us ever gittin' to heaven now, the way things are goin'."

"Oh, yes, we will, Fideely, after while. I don't want to go till I git in better shape. I don't want to go limpin' into heaven with a cane and my fingers so stiff I couldn't learn to play on a harp even if they thought I was entitled to one."

"Gran'pa, do boys have harps up there?" Tommy broke in.

"I don't know, Tommy. I 'spect they'll give the boys whistles. One great trouble in this world, Fideely, is that the preachers have always been telling us how to git ready to die, and I don't see where it's helped us any. They'd better change the subject now and tell us how to keep our bodies in decent shape for a soul to live in and tell us old folks better than to sit around till our bodies and brains are so stiff and useless that we can hardly remember when our next birthday comes. I tell you what it is, Fideely, Bob Ingersoll was right when he said that ignorance was the one great sin. I've got the sermon he preached from that text laid up. I don't know whereabouts in the Bible he found it, but it impressed me mightily and I took the Trybune that had it in and laid it away up stairs in that drawer where I keep mother's Bible and her brooch and neckerchief. I'm goin' to give it to our minister to read to the folks in our

church some o' these times. I guess it'll make 'em open their eyes."

Mrs. Simpson made no reply, but sighed deeply and looked out the window. Tommy broke the silence by asking:

"Was Bob Ingersoll a preacher?" gran'pa?

"Yes, Tommy, but not the common kind. Pity he hadn't had a jimpazy, he might a staid in this world longer."

"Now, Fideely, dear, won't you hurry up that last button? I want to go out and exercise some more."

"Gran'pa," cried Tommy, "what's that you've got hung up by the neck out there? Is it alive?"

"No, Tommy, but you'd better not meddle with it. It might kick you."

This aroused Tommy's curiosity and when they returned to the barn he begged his grandfather to show him how it worked.

"I ain't got it fixed just right yit, Tommy," said Elisha, "but I'll just give it a tap or two for fun."

Stepping in front of the punching bag and gathering all his strength, he struck it a tremendous blow, but ere he could catch his breath and get ready to strike again the bag had rebounded and dealt him a sharp blow in the face, causing the blood to spurt freely from his nose, seeing which Tommy ran screaming to the house crying, "Come quick, gran' ma, the thing's kicked gran'pa."

Mrs. Simpson quickly put aside the peas she was shelling and made haste to the barn, where she found Elisha washing the blood from his face at the horse-trough. Seeing her frightened look, he said, "Oh, 'shaw, Fideely, don't be skeered, I ain't hurt. Got just what I needed to make me spry and up to business, especially if I'm goin' to win that race, and I *am* goin' to win it."

Despite his humiliation in the eyes of his wife, Elisha wasn't discouraged. A few days afterward he came down from the attic, his hat covered with cobwebs and said:

"Fideely, do you know where my pumps be? I've looked all around in the attic and I can't find 'em."

"What under sun do you want o' them slippers, Elisha? They're in that oak chest up there."

"Won't you go and get 'em for me, Fideely, dear?"

Catching sight of the shoes as Fidelia came in unwrapping them from the silk paper in which they had laid so long carefully stowed away, Elisha's eyes danced as he said, "Did'nt we have good times when I used to wear them! Just the sight o' them makes me young again."

He took the shoes in his hand and gazed at them as though they possessed some fascinating power. A dreamy, far-away look came over his features. He forgot Fidelia and Tommy, who sat gazing at him with puzzled expression on their faces. Memory had borne him quickly back o'er the lapse of years to the scenes of youth and beauty and pleasure those slippers revived in his mind. At last he looked up and said:

"Fideely, I thought I was back at the old home on Stringtown pike, where we waz married more than forty years ago, back in the old ballroom, and that I had on these slippers and was going through the mazes of 'Monnie Musk' and the 'Virginia Reel,' and you was there, too, Fideely, with that pink silk dress on that made you look like a fresh blown pink holly-hock, and just as sweet and graceful as you used to look when you danced the minuets. Oh, them's the days we waz happy. I tell you what it is, it's worth ten years of common life to feel so young and joyous again if it is only for a little while. I'm goin' to try harder than ever to win that race. I'm sure I could if I could only wear these pumps."

"Oh, Elisha, it's dreadful for an old man like you with one foot in the grave and a church member, too, to be talkin' about dancin' and runnin' foot races, and for money."

"No, I ain't got one foot in the grave, neither. I 'spect to live to be on towards a hundred, now I've got a jimnazy. And I don't think its wicked to win a hundred dollars in a foot-race. I think I'd be earnin' it just as honestly as if I'd worked in the harvest field for it, and goodness knows, we need it bad enough. I ain't had so much money all at one time since I sold the brindle steers three years ago. Come on, Tommy, I'm goin' to try my trapeze this mornin'."

After arranging the trapeze as best he could with his inexperience in such mat-

ters, he sat down to put on the slippers, remarking that they seemed smaller than they used to be, stepped up on a box and mounted the trapeze, but after a few swings the rope on one side became unfastened and began to slip. Elisha jumped, and as he did so the rope caught round his ankle and held him suspended with his hands barely touching the floor. After trying in vain to extricate his foot he told Tommy to go and tell his grandma to come and cut the rope. "I wouldn't had this happen for a ten dollar bill," he said aloud, "Fideely'll never let me have a minute's peace now. Wish I'd a let the thing alone till I knew more about it."

"I guess you've got enough o' this foolishness now," said Fidelia, as she cut the rope.

"Oh's that nothin'. Everyone's likely to such accidents at first. Results of ignorance, but a feller with any sand in him don't mind 'em."

"I guess you'd a minded if I hadn't been here to cut that rope."

Just then Mrs. Harmon, a member of the church sewing circle, drove up to the gate. So occupied were Mrs. Simpson's thoughts for several days with the troubles that had arisen in the sewing circle as detailed by that lady that she forgot about Elisha's mishap and he was careful not to remind her of it. He learned from experience, as do all new beginners in physical culture who are anxious for immediate results, that sore muscles and stiff joints are the effects of overdoing, but he didn't let the difficulties overcome him as many another and less determined one has done, but kept up his practice enthusiastically during the summer. As the time drew near he was puzzled to know how he should proceed to enter for the race, so he decided to go up to the city the next week. He reasoned that the man at the little bookstore where he had bought the magazine that had wrought so great a change in his life would know.

"I've been calklatin' on that race so long I ain't goin' to give it up now, and I ain't goin' up to that fair and act as if I didn't know how they managed such things either."

His whole being reflected hope and aspiration as Elisha Simpson walked briskly down the street toward the sta-

tion next morning, and his wife, as she watched him, acknowledged to herself that she was proud of him and decided she would go to the fair.

Reaching the city, Elisha sought the little bookstore. As the proprietor was busy he picked up a book relating to physical training and began to read it eagerly. Mr. Warren, on coming up, asked if he were interested in athletics. Mr. Warren's kindly inquiry and his remark that he was glad to see an old gentleman interested in physical culture, captivated Elisha, who, forgetting his timidity, asked: "What'd you think of an old fellow like me goin' into a foot-race?"

"Why, it's capital. The older men need athletic exercises as well as the younger ones, if not more. It gives them something to think about, something to do, and keeps up their interest in life, increases their happiness and lengthens their lives. Why don't you try it? We're goin' to have a foot-race for a prize at the fair in which only men over sixty can enter."

"Why, bless you, I've been practicin' for it for the last two months and I've come down to-day to enter for it."

Elisha's delight was unbounded when he found that Mr. Warren was secretary of the athletic club that had been mainly instrumental in getting the prize offered. Such warm interest did Warren manifest in Elisha's account of his home training that he felt like hugging him. To find someone who really approved of his entering the race, who did not laugh at him, who showed a genuine unselfish interest in him, was a delightful experience for him. His heart bounded with enthusiasm. He felt as if he had already won the race. Several customers coming in, he decided to stroll up the street. "Come back soon, Mr. Simpson, and we'll go up to the club and get our lunch," called Warren's cheery voice.

"This is the club gymnasium," said Warren as they stepped into a place where a great many men were entering, whose faces were all expressive of pleasant anticipation. "The business men who are members come here and practice half an hour every day before lunch. We are mentally and physically tired with business cares. We come here, change our thoughts to pleasure and self-develop-

ment, liven up our muscles and are thoroughly prepared to enjoy our meal. Its wonderful how we've all improved."

Quickly doffing his coat, Warren got out a pair of Indian clubs and began to swing them with a dexterity and grace that bewildered Elisha. Other men were exercising with various apparatus. Several were running a mock foot-race down the center of the hall. In one corner three white-haired men were trying to see which could kick high enough to hit a punching bag suspended tantalizingly just above their reach. An air of jollity prevailed. No one looked as if he were trying to remember whether it was pepsin or cod-liver oil he was to take before dinner. Suddenly a bell sounded and all prepared to go to the dining room where they sat down to strains of inspiring music coming from a phonograph stationed in the center of the room. Every atom of body and brain was dancing in exhilarating harmony and every man was in the best possible condition to enjoy the nutritious viands and listen to the news of the day in condensed, pithy form as repeated by the phonograph.

The morning of the eventful day found the Simpson family, Rev. and Mrs. Marsden and a goodly number of their friends and neighbors viewing the sights at the fair. Elisha had set out at once to seek the headquarters of the athletic club and soon found Walker and Warren talking with several men about his own age whom he learned were to be his competitors.

Mrs. Simpson, sitting in the amphitheatre that afternoon, was uneasy as seven men appeared at a distance as the participants in the foot-race. "Elisha ain't there," she said to Mrs. Marsden, "he didn't have no such clothes and he wouldn't wear 'em anyhow. He must a took sick at the last minute. I must go and see."

She started down, but found it slow work elbowing her way through the crowd. Suddenly there was a rush, a loud cheering, and a voice not far from her exclaimed, "By Jove, if it ain't our 'Lish Simpson! Who'd a known him? How'd the old chap come to be able to run like that? Only last spring he was so crippled up with rheumatism he could scarcely walk round!"

Mrs. Simpson was so astonished that she stood gazing at the speaker, but said nothing, and turning reached her seat after much jostling and pushing. Tommy, seeing her coming, shouted, "Gran'pa's wonned! Gran'pa's wonned!" Mr. Marsden, who had just returned in a state of great enthusiasm, assured her of Elisha's success.

"How could he win when he wa'nt there? I didn't see anyone dressed like him."

"Oh," said the minister, explaining the necessity for wearing light, elastic garments in all athletic exercises, "he had to wear a suit like the others. He thought you wouldn't know him." And he laughed as he had not laughed since he left college.

When the family reached home next day, Fidelia was the proud and happy possessor of an elegant new silk which she vowed would astonish Miss Tompkins beyond all measure, and Elisha found that his fame had preceded him. The town was proud of his achievement. In the evening there was an impromptu reception at the Simpson home for the neighbors and friends who assembled to rejoice with the man who had won, not only a foot-race, but a victory over age, circumstances, and prejudice. The old shoemaker, the oddest character in the place, who could fiddle far better than he could mend shoes, had brought along his violin, and somehow as such things do, it happened that the young people were urging to be allowed to dance. To Mrs. Simpson's questioning look, Mr. Marsden said: "Let them dance a little if they wish. They're all good boys and girls and a little dancing and fun will be healthy for them. Music and dancing, under proper circumstances, promote a harmonious condition of mind and body and harmony means health. Keeping healthy and being joyous is certainly one way of praising the Creator."

Convinced in spite of herself, Fidelia whispered to Clara Upton, who, with two or three others of the club girls, was urging Elisha to dance, and slipping upstairs she was, with the help of Clara and Eva St. Clair, soon arrayed in the pink silk that had been carefully stowed away so long, and when she reappeared Elisha cried, "We'll show you young folks what

dancin' is," and before they knew what had happened several couples whose ages were in the neighborhood of his own were executing an old-fashioned dance with a grace that bespoke a return of youth.

When all were gone Elisha drew Fidelia to him and the soulful kiss he gave her had a deeper meaning than the one

he had printed upon her lips forty years before on the eve of their wedding. Like fruit mellowed and ripened in the sun, it had gained in sweetness, tenderness and fragrance from the experiences of life.

"Fideely, I never expected to have such a good time again. You looked just as young and pretty as you used to and it's all because I bought a jimnazy."

What Some of our Readers Say

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I have been a reader of PHYSICAL CULTURE for two years and I am always anxious lest its coming to the book-store may be delayed. It is bold, aggressive, and stimulating—just the kind of reading needed to awaken a lazy professional man to his duty.

In fact, before entering the ministry I was a boxer and gymnast, but dropped it all as years added wisdom in other lines. For many years I was content with the physique of the average preacher; it is different now. I feel that much of my preaching was poor, attenuated stuff indeed. Mr. Macfadden's teachings have shown me my mistake and now it is my daily delight to repair to my little "gym," there to punch the bag, swing the clubs and work off the blue devils generally.

I wonder if much of the weak doctrines of the pulpit to-day are not due to the physical decay on the part of the ministry. How can a flabby, anæmic, weak-chested, theological fledgling "draw" men of manly mould?

I consider the Editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE a preacher of sound doctrine, a missionary, one to whom all lovers of truth are much indebted. May God spare him to strike down the giant evils of the day—prudery, physical weakness based on ignorance, and the accursed drug system.

Hoping that you may be prosperous in your glorious work and that the rewards of faithful service may be yours, I am,

Fraternally yours,

W. W. HESS,

Cor. 11th and Lincoln streets, Beatrice, Neb.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: I am strong and well at sixteen years of age, and able to handle boys much larger than I. When I was a little chap I was weak and puny, and it was throught your magazine that I was enabled to gain the health I now have. A copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE was given me, and at once I began a regular course of exercise—swimming, running and using dumb-bells. The habit of smoking which many boys my age think necessary, I have never learned, thanks to what I have read as to its effects in PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Very truly,

WM. CROUCH.

San Francisco, Cal.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: About a year ago I came across a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE. It interested me at once. I am a soldier and had been in the Philippines, and was all run down. Doctors had given me all sorts of medicine, but I was no better, and I had begun to think I would never get well. As soon as I heard of your methods of gaining health, I went into hard training. All the men in my company thought I would only weaken myself. But I read every number of your magazine and was getting points each month, and I laughed at them. Eight months ago when I started training I weighed one hundred and fifty-five pounds and now I weigh one hundred and seventy. I am the champion weight lifter of the First Battalion of the 14th Infantry. With one hand I can easily raise one hundred and fifty pounds over my head.

I want to thank you for all that I have learned from your magazine. I frequently buy five at a time to distribute among the boys.

Yours truly,

ALFRED W. MILOR.

Company D, Fort Bradley, Mich.

July 28, 1902.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: For over a year I have taken your magazine and followed instructions as to exercise and diet. I weighed one hundred and sixteen pounds when I began; I now weigh one hundred and forty-six pounds. Work is like play to me; my appetite is fine, and I am stronger than ever in my life.

Very truly,

EDWARD BARKOFF.

476 Mitchell street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Dear Sir:—I cured myself about fourteen months ago of rheumatism, by exercise, sweating, and adopting a vegetarian diet. I have been living on raw food (fruit and nuts) for the last two months and find that I can do more work and rest quicker than I ever could on a vegetable or meat diet. Wishing you success,

Very truly,

OSCAR F. BLAIR.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Question Department

Q. I have been troubled for three or four years with extreme nervousness, which seems to be growing worse. I have tried physical culture without relief. What would you advise?

A. You are probably working on the idea that merely muscular movements will bring relief in your case, which is an erroneous conclusion. You must not only resort to such muscular movements as will stimulate circulation, but adopt a plain and nutritious diet as well. Usually, in cases of nervous disorder, very little physical exercise, aside from regular walking and breathing exercises, is required. The closest attention to diet, bathing, etc., however, is necessary. You must avoid eating anything that is not absolutely necessary for the nutrition of the body, and endeavor to select such foods as will digest and assimilate readily. Two light meals per day will be sufficient. Remain out of doors as much as possible, and avoid all mental application.

Q. Stooping over or bending in any way causes me a pain in the back. How can I remedy this?

A. Take the following exercises night and morning: Stand erect, knees held rigid, and bend body at the waist forward, backward and to either side as far as possible. Perform each movement only a few times at the start and gradually increase them. Following the exercise, bathe back freely with cold water.

Q. Is it proper to take cold sponge bath immediately after exercising, or should the body be permitted to cool off?

A. The cold sponge bath should be taken immediately following exercise, provided it has not been of a character to produce extreme perspiration. Rub the skin with coarse towel and sponge off quickly, brushing briskly afterwards.

Q. The doctor says I have consolidation of the lower part of the left lung. What can I do to obtain relief?

A. Two or three times a day practice following movements: Stand with shoulders thrown back, elbows bent, hands clinched, arms held parallel with the waist; bend body at waist to right and elevate left elbow as high as possible, bringing the other elbow close to the side; then quickly bend body in opposite direction, elevating the other elbow and bring the arm that is up down to the side. Perform these movements a number of times very quickly, breathing deeply and retaining the breath for a moment or two after each inhalation. On retiring place cold wet cloth over affected part.

Q. I am 55 years old, weigh 122 pounds—stomach weak, digestion poor, do not sleep well. What would you advise?

A. Make your last meal very light; a little bread, butter and stewed fruit is sufficient. Take a walk of a mile or so every evening and practice deep breathing. Just before retiring brush the skin all over briskly and follow with cold sponge bath. Sleep in room with windows open.

Q. What do you consider best exercise for the muscles of the throat and vocal organs?

A. Habitual deep breathing and the following: Assume reclining position, hands folded across the chest and lift back and shoulders from couch by pressing down firmly with back of head, supporting trunk entirely with muscles of the neck. Repeat until tired.

Q. What will prevent an oily complexion?

A. Adherence to strictly vegetarian diet for awhile.

Education in Ancient Greece

By Camillus Phillips



Types of beauty which the Ancient Greeks admired, and which they endeavored to impress upon their youth.



IN statuary and architecture, in lyric poetry and the drama, the Greeks have never been surpassed, and the remains of their art and literature still afford models for the artist and poet. The system of education which produced these results has particular interest in view of the present tendency to superficial knowledge and intellectual pressure.

The Greeks were town dwellers and lived on the peninsulas and valleys that make up the little country, and on the islands and coasts adjoining. Their cities were exposed to the attacks of barbarians and they were incessantly quarreling among themselves. The military forces that could be raised by these little states were not large. Sparta, at the height of her prosperity, had never more than ten thousand of her own citizens in the field, and Athens had an opposing army of the same strength.

This condition of incessant warfare, and the danger of death or slavery threatening the citizens of a state that might be overcome

by a stronger rival, produced the best system of physical education that has been known. Every citizen must be a soldier, and to be effective his training must begin in boyhood. Physical development was considered of equal importance with mental training in the education of boys; for war was not a science, but a contest of bodily strength and endurance. Half the day was devoted by the Greek schoolboy to mental studies, reading, writing, memorizing poetry, elementary arithmetic and music, including playing the lyre and zither; the remainder of the day was given to athletic sports in the Palaestra. These were athletic grounds of perhaps two or three acres in extent and surrounded by walls. The earth was covered with sand, and protection in the way of shedding was sometimes made for inclement weather. The grounds were in charge of a trainer who wore a mantle and carried in his hand a rod which he used on refractory boys when occasion demanded. As exercise was taken without clothing, a dark brown complexion, due to exposure to the sun, seemed to supply the requirements of modesty and was admired as a mark of health and vigor. A running track encircled the grounds and this, like the rest, was covered with sand, the trainers seeking to produce endurance in the boys rather than speed. This training enabled the Greek soldier to run in full armor against the enemy, and to win the battle by a charge as was done at Marathon against the Persians. Besides running, the boys were required to leap, to throw the discus, a heavy quoit, to use the spear and to wrestle. The object of these exercises was proficiency in warfare and beauty of form, and the excessive use of any one set of muscles was not allowed.

School days were over at sixteen, and then the Gymnasium became the club of the young citizen.

Greek houses were built about an open court, as is still the custom in Southern countries, and the daughters of a family could romp and play in the fresh air and sunshine without leaving their homes. The Spartans considered that the training of a man began before his birth and that healthy mothers would be found



among athletic maidens. Girls were trained at Sparta in physical exercises in much the same way as boys. They were clad in a loose garment reaching to the knees, which allowed freedom of movement. Ball playing was their favorite sport. The healthier social life and the greater consideration accorded to women in Sparta than elsewhere can no doubt be attributed to the independence and strength of character produced by this physical training.

The Greeks, by not aiming exclusively at mental culture, accomplished more by the harmonious development of mind and body, than we do by our exclusively intellectual education. The teaching of music and poetry in the schools produced the genius of those who composed, and the capacity of the people to enjoy the masterpieces of ancient dramatic and lyric art. Their good health shows itself in their literature, which is natural, joyful and spontaneous.

The most marked result of this system of education is shown in the most characteristic of their arts—statuary. Living among a people who were nude at their games and who looked upon bodily perfection as a serious end in life, the artists had on every hand models for their statues and a public demand for their production. The difference between

the Venus de Milo and the average fashion plate gives at a glance the difference in ideals between the Greeks and ourselves. The spirit of Greek education, its practicability and many-sidedness, has been disregarded by modern educators. Admiration of the Greek intellect should display itself in adopting the features of Greek education needed in this age of unrest and mental pressure rather than in the study of the language of a people particularly free from pedantry and routine.

In education we should aim at the harmonious development of the entire man. Students should be taught how to stand and how to walk; they should be made to exercise with the same regularity and system that they are instructed in literary branches, and robust bodies should be sought after with the same zeal as intellectual instruction.

One-sided education creates even more evils among girls than among their brothers, and nerves among women are a great and increasing cause of domestic unhappiness.

The Greek definition of education is: The art of teaching men how to live, and in this art the Greeks are our guides, and furnish a rational pattern for our example.

What Fasting Does in Brain Troubles

G. H. Tuthill, 1122 Twenty-first avenue, North, Minneapolis, treated by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, for a disease of the brain superinduced by blood clots, has just undergone an extraordinary metamorphosis.

For six years Mr. Tuthill has been paralyzed. His left leg was useless during that time, he was bereft of the power of speech and generally speaking was on the verge of collapse.

Mr. Tuthill is entirely cured of the paralysis. He walks several miles every day, is in complete control of his muscular system and has a splendid appetite, which he is careful to keep under subjection.

This cure has been brought about by total abstinence from food, at the advice of Dr. Linda Bufield Perry.

He began fasting thirty days ago and not a morsel of food passed his lips until ten days ago. He fasted absolutely for twenty days.

For the first week he was so weak as to be

hardly capable of sitting up in a chair. The craving for food was well-nigh insupportable. After that time had elapsed the desire for food gradually left him, his vitality improved, and his general condition showed surprising change. During the second week of his fast Mr. Tuthill says he was able to sit at the table with his family while they ate a hearty meal, and experienced no pangs of hunger himself. According to medical theory the blood upon the patient's brain was being absorbed.

"Having been relieved of the strain put upon it by assimilation of food," said Dr. Perry, "the system of this patient was given a chance to do extra work in absorbing clots that had lodged on the brain."

There is nothing in the appearance of Mr. Tuthill to-day which would suggest that he had been so near physical and mental collapse. His eyes are bright, his speech is clear, his step is light and full of vigor.

Needless Operations

By Charles E. Page, M. D.



THE King of England was operated upon and has recovered. Gordon Prince, of Boston, is cut and dies, as many other more or less distinguished persons have died, from an operation which in ninety-nine in the hundred cases is utterly un-

called for, providing the attending physician is skillful in the art of subduing these pelvic inflammations, an altogether easy matter in most cases.

Think of it: A man like Gordon Prince goes to the hospital for treatment for "appendicitis" and dies from the operation; the manager of a poker club happens by mere chance to call in a doctor who is an expert in hydrotherapy and in physiological treatment in general, and is speedily cured! The irony of fate, indeed.

A case: Mr. G. B., referred to above, had for years been a sufferer from chronic recurring appendicitis. Every three or five months he would have a painful and critical sickness from inflammation about the region of the appendix. His family doctor here, regarded as one of the most skillful "regulars" in Boston, called it appendicitis every time. The attacks would last from two to three weeks, and his convalescence would be slow each time. His physician had often tried to induce him to have the appendix removed, and his friends in general were "rooting for the surgeons," so to say. There is at present a mania on the part of the laity to be "operated upon" at the slightest provocation, as there ever is a mania on the part of the surgeons for cutting.

It was in 1897 that Mr. B. had his last attack of appendicitis. He telephoned for his regular physician, to find that he was out of town, and he then telephoned for this hygienic doctor, not imagining, however, that he was different from the common run of the faculty. The physician found him in bed, with heavy underclothes on, a hot fomentation under a hot water bag over the region of the appendix, several woolen blankets over him, and he was



in a deathly chill, his teeth chattering; and he was suffering terribly with pain.

The treatment: His clothes came off; the hot fomentation and water bag were removed, an ice-cold damp compress (four-ply coarse towel wrung tightly from ice-water) took their place. Another towel was folded two-ply, wrung tightly from ice-water and the patient was given massage over the chest, first, through the towel, till the towel was hot and the chest-skin red. Then the abdomen was similarly treated very moderately. Turning the patient, first the upper, and then the lower part of the back had similar cold towel massage; only a few moments were required for each section.

Result: The pain diminished; the chill was entirely off, and the patient felt warm in his cotton nightgown and a single sheet (the season was midsummer). In the half-hour visit the patient took three half-cupful doses of moderately hot water, and was ordered to take similar doses half-hourly, and to have all the fresh, cool water he might desire. Finally, as the doctor left he applied the cold, damp bandage (two-ply coarse towel, with two-ply, dry, same, outside) around the body (lower back and abdomen), leaving instructions for freshening the

pack as often as the patient's feelings should indicate; that is, when it should get too warm for comfort. This was at noon. A second, and last call was made in the evening. At this time the pain was very moderate, and he made a rapid recovery.

He fasted, of course; that is, he lived on water and air for three days. He was instructed to take a fast day and to apply the cold compress in case of any subsequent attack, immediately on experiencing any sign of recurrence. Now, five years later, he has never had another attack, except during the first twelve months after the one described, during which time he felt moved on two occasions to apply the preventive treatment, viz., skip a few meals and cool locally.

If the late Mr. Prince and the king had been similarly treated at the very onset of their illness, neither of them would have been sick enough to call for any special mention of their cases. It isn't the design of "nature" for us to die young; sickness is only a revolt of the animal organism, or a process of cure, so to speak. It only requires rational help, instead of irrational and harmful treatment, and we secure a return of "that just balance which we call health," in all curable cases.



The Secret of Success

By J. R. Stevenson



THE history of mankind introduces us to two extremes of human development. First, we had the physical giant, who fought against the adverse conditions of nature, who held his own in a struggle for existence with the strange monsters of a bygone age, and scored the road for

human development and all that came in its train. For several centuries now, the trend has been in the opposite direction. The physical has been neglected, until its development is a lost art, so far as a great many persons in every community are concerned. The man who could read, who had his mind trained, has held the reins in every department of human existence. This age emphasized the importance of mental culture, and men forgot that brain and body were allied. As generation succeeded generation, the strain began to tell, and it is telling with frightful eloquence in our hospitals, our asylums, our institutions for the weak, poor and destitute.

Development must be all-round. The intellect must have a sound dwelling place, or its efforts will be abortive; its influence nothing. The world to-day is more strenuous than ever before. We do not have the constant warfare, the perpetual clash of arms; but the struggle for a living, for advancement, is tremendous, exhausting, and it demands perfect training on the part of those who would compete in the great game. Already the masses of humanity are looking about for their leaders, for men of physical and mental powers to lead forward into new combinations, which progress and environment are making every day more imperative.

Do you propose to be a weak nonentity in the great movements that are going on about you, or which are imminent?

Are you one who will be content to recline by the roadside, with a murmur against your bodily ills? Will you curse your parents for begetting you, and turn on your side and die, an animal too weak of will, too indolent, to rise and fight the shadows that threaten you?

Be a man! Manhood carries its own reward in the joy of being alive, virile, potential. But there is a reward of a different nature. The rewards that come from any career or undertaking carried to a successful conclusion.

It is the man who does things who succeeds. If he is an officer of the army, or merely a private, it is the doing that counts. Whatever sphere of life one finds himself in, he is confronted, surrounded by opportunities for playing a man's part. Success stands at his elbow, waiting to be wrested from circumstances by efforts well directed and sustained. Every effort requires force, and he who puts force into his make-up by developing his powers to the utmost, is the one who stands the chance of achieving the greatest successes.

Weakness is a crime! Experience has demonstrated again and again that the weak may become strong by effort; that weakness is itself due to the ignorance and laziness, combined, of the individual. Young men of America, you stand in the dawning of a golden age. All that is required to make it truly golden is to give the country the right kind of citizens. Nature has provided everything necessary for you to make yourself such a citizen. If you don't make use of the gifts, is the act not criminal, not treasonable?

Be men! For your own sakes, for your country, and for posterity. Development and achievement both come from the same source—activity. Wake up. Do something; and in doing, learn that what you attempt requires strength, and that the doing produces strength.

Fasting Gains in Favor

Fasting as a means of curing bodily ills has recently gained a number of adherents in San Francisco, Cal.

Thomas Morrin, chief engineer in the big Mills building, has just completed a fast of forty days for dyspepsia. Other persons who have tried the idea are: Ambrose Taylor, of Rialto, fasted twenty-three days for rheumatism; Mrs. Judith Sampson, of Penryn, seventeen days for dyspepsia; James D. Wren, of Martinez, twenty-three days for stomach trouble, and Cora Brown, of Redwood, twenty-seven days for acute nervousness.

Some of the fasts were prescribed and directed by a homeopathic physician.

Mr. Morrin had stomach trouble. At last he was reduced to a condition where he couldn't take medicine and only the lightest of food fluids would remain on his stomach. In this extremity he went to a doctor and got his prescription for a forty days' fast.

"It was a case of must," he said. "The first day I got very hungry, but all I allowed myself was a little water. Come to think of it, I drank a good deal of water during the forty days. The second day my hunger increased. On the third it was the strongest. After that it began to decrease. At the end of five days' fasting I didn't feel violent hunger any longer.

"On the morning of the eleventh day I attempted the only break I made in the forty days' fast. I tried to eat some breakfast, but I couldn't relish it.

"That was the only time I tried to eat in the whole forty days, but, as I said, I drank a great deal of water.

"After the fast was over I began to eat easily digestible food in small quantities and now I am getting along all right. There is not the slightest doubt but that the treatment has cured my stomach trouble."

Ambrose Taylor had the most painful experience of the fasters. He is sixty, and for a long time past has been afflicted with rheumatism in the left leg and hip. When it became so bad that he had to take to bed he decided to fast. "During my fast," he says, "I had three different attacks of paralysis, each being milder than the preceding. When I saw how things were going I became so absorbed in watching the paralysis that I forgot my rheumatism. One day I suddenly discovered that my rheumatic leg was very much more limber. It was an eye-opener, when you consider that I hadn't been able to straighten it in four years.

"During the whole time the only nourishment I took was a pint of grape juice. I drank about the same amount of water as usual.

"At the end of twenty-three days the paralysis was gone and the last trace of the rheumatism was disappearing. I believe I'm a sound man now for my age—sixty years."

Dr. D. Albert Hiller, who prescribed the fast, believes it to be a natural treatment.

"There is nothing new under the sun," he

said. "Fasting was practiced by the ancients for their various maladies and promulgated by the lawgivers of old.

"Consult your Bible for precedents and read of the practices in the ancient Æsculapian temples. You'll find fasts prescribed in the Cabala and indorsed by the priesthood of nations that were noted for learning at the time the Pyramids were building. The principle is based on common sense."

—San Francisco Examiner.



Gilbert Whitehouse, age 8, weight 70 lbs., son of an athlete; had no special training; naturally inclined to be athletic; swims, plays ball, good gymnast.

The Value of Raw Foods

By Geo. W. Patterson

IT is now generally acknowledged that a scientifically prepared, properly proportioned vegetarian diet has much more sustaining power than the meat or mixed diet. This has been demonstrated many times in the long distance races and athletic contests.

But of late the advocates of raw food or uncooked diet have come much into prominence through the claims they make.

Most people, on mention of raw food, have visions of unpalatable stuff which no one but a crank could eat; and they do not realize that they are very fond of some eight or ten kinds of vegetables uncooked, such as lettuce, radishes, onions, tomatoes, celery, beets, cucumbers, etc.; also, many kinds of fruits and nuts and possibly some of the grains. Most country children enjoy chewing wheat.

One can easily add to the list they have been accustomed to, by tasting only a few bites of something like green peas, carrots, green corn, potatoes, etc. You can also grind or chop a number of these raw vegetables together, adding as the fancy may wish a little fruit and nuts or ground wheat with some nut or olive oil and lemon juice or salad dressing, and get an endless variety of dishes that are most appetizing, nourishing and harmless.

It is easy to remember and proportion the food to the work or weather. Nuts, oils and yellow corn give condensed heat. Fruits and most vegetables are cleansers and fillers, supply relish, quantity and variety; and the grains, whole or ground, raw wheat and oats especially, are the bone, body, muscle, brain, hair and teeth builders. With a little study almost any housekeeper can get up a raw food meal of surprising variety, consisting, say, of salad on lettuce, green corn (which is far better uncooked), a dish of berries and ground wheat, sweetened with honey (in the winter using dried fruit like prunes or apples), some almonds, English wal-

nuts or any mixture of the many nuts to be had at any grocery store; finishing with apples, peaches, plums or melon; and if more sweet is desired eat a few good dates, raisins or figs.

A meal of this kind is much cheaper, simpler and easier to get up, will not spoil so readily when off the ice as the cooked variety, and with a little practice is as much of a relish, and perhaps more so. Half the quantity will give as much strength and endurance, and for all purposes, except pandering to an old fancy, is superior to the cooked food which causes our wives, mothers and sisters so much toil and worry, and frequently leaves them with no time for self-culture, dwarfs their characters and makes them anything but agreeable companions. If you feel that you must have bread, use whole wheat, Graham or corn bread or gems, never the white stuff.

Now, as to the practical application of this diet, the writer, in ordinary physical condition, took a good handful of raisins, dates, almonds, walnuts and wheat in his pocket on a bicycle trip from Denver to Golden, Morrison, and return, starting about seven o'clock, without breakfast, eating the above handful about eight-thirty o'clock, leisurely making the trip of forty-three miles, climbing foothills to his heart's content, and returning about one-thirty o'clock, feeling in the very best possible spirits, but not in the least hungry, though on any other diet he would have been ravenously hungry as usual. The next trip was a wheel Denver to Manitou, taking five pints of the above mixture of preserved fruits, nuts and grain for five days' rations. Also occasionally got an ear of corn from a neighboring field, took fresh cider and lemonade (acid of the lemon to neutralize the alkali of the water), in the small towns he passed through, using fruit liberally at Manitou. This diet enabled the writer, while carrying thirty pounds of luggage on a very inferior running

wheel, to readily draw away from two apparently strong meat-eating wheelmen going up to Palmer's Lake.

But in climbing to Pike's Peak was the real test. One companion, though a vegetarian and of about equal physical ability, ate partly cooked food. Three meat-eaters were with us from the half-way-house nearly to the timber line; one of these was an experienced mountain climber of fine physique, against whom I thought I stood no show, as I had never been above the hog's-back near Morrison before, and to get into such an altitude was a decidedly new experience. But at the timber line even the best man's step slowed down, and his mouth-breathing became very labored; while a dozen raisins and dates had so strengthened me that I felt I must go faster to reach the summit before daylight, so went on alone the last three miles in a little over an hour, making the last half mile faster

than any before over frozen ties, and finishing on a brisk run. The down trip showed as much superiority of the food as the ascent had.

As to the cold or disease-resisting qualities of the food, I can say that I took a bath in the cold stream at night above the half-way-house, rubbing off with the hands only in a drizzling rain, then lying down for over three hours in a damp deserted mine to sleep, with only one extra suit of summer underwear on in addition to the ordinary summer clothing. Neither this nor the three hours' standing in the cold at the summit left the slightest trace of a cold. In fact, I do not believe one can catch cold or take any other disease unless the system is filthy inside from accumulated, unneeded food which will not digest without exceptional effort. The best cure for this condition is a short fast, followed by a very light fruit, and then raw food diet.

Why Some Doctors Oppose Exercise and Athletics

By John R. Stevenson



WRITER in *The Medical Brief*, a little booklet, which circulates presumably among a few physicians, and which PHYSICAL CULTURE

readers probably never see, undertakes an attack upon athletics in a recent issue: He says:

"Physicians have found athletics productive of many and serious diseases. Over strained hearts and lungs, nervous shock and extensive destruction of tissue, express themselves in various ways. Sometimes the subjects are crippled for life, retaining mementos in the way of fatty degeneration, valvular lesions, emphysema, traumatic neuroses, etc.

The time is ripe for reaction. The evil effects, both mentally, morally and physically, of the athletic craze, being in full evidence, the profession should throw

the weight of its influence and opinion against its extension."

Evidently, when professional gentlemen look at the lives of their fellow beings, with the business eye of the medical man who wrote the above article, the time appears ripe for concerted action. Athletics have certainly reduced the earnings of a great many physicians in this country in the past four or five years.

With woman taking lively interest in athletics, riding her bicycle in the spring, rowing and swimming in the summer, playing golf and hunting in the fall, and skating and riding during the winter, the prospect of fees is growing steadily smaller.

Meantime the medical colleges are turning out larger numbers every year. They are run on a monetary basis, and from three hundred to a thousand dollars a year is charged for a certificate. Officiating at births, and rendering service in

emergency cases, evidently will not furnish fat livings for this army of professionals. If they are to continue a power in the land, and maintain the dignity of their professional life, they must "kick" and "kick" quick and hard against athletics and physical culture. Anything that will make the health of the community better is contrary to their interests. Life, and its luxuries and necessities, for them depends upon a continuation of existing conditions; else they will have to seek a more strenuous occupation than feeling pulses, looking at tongues, writing prescriptions and drawing fees.

The writer aforesaid does concede that in some instances a little mild exercise is beneficial; that the play of children and animals cannot be called harmful; but he utterly decries anything like systematic use of the muscular system in the adult.

And why? Because of the fear of over-exercise. This he declares is productive of "nerves," insomnia, indigestion, etc. Well, what if it is? Over-eating will produce any or all of these evils—why not condemn eating entirely?

By the way, how many doctors did you ever hear condemning anything patently unhealthy in the way of food stuffs? Did you ever hear of any concerted action being suggested among them for a fight against the white flour curse? Do any of them ever rise up and say "Brethren, it is time for us to use all our influence and science in fighting against the putrid sides of hogs, sent broadcast over this country as food by the great hog-killing syndicates of Chicago and Kansas City?" Not on your life! They know their business too well.

But they foresee necessity for concerted action against the craze for athletics. The physical director who has been appearing here and there over the country, with his direct message of "exercise is health; stagnation is death," with his injunctions to "breathe pure air, use the muscular system, eat temperately," is something to be afraid of and condemned. The writer alluded to knows, in his inmost soul, where the need for condemnation arises. He knows it does not

arise in any menace to the health of the community.

But the medical brethren, if they would continue fat and prosperous, must smite him and his teachings with their phrases; annihilate his simple, direct theories, drawn from nature and truth, with their bug-talk; smother the show of muscular vigor he stimulates in his followers with an authoritative professional statement that such apparent good results can only be obtained at the expense of innate vitality; that if your muscles are firm, your eye clear, your wind good, your digestion excellent, your strength above the average, you are in imminent danger of an attack of heart disease, nervous prostration, consumption, fever, etc.!

We do not know what sort of a man this writer in the *Medical Brief* may be. No man with any degree of intelligence above that of the goat, could entertain for a moment the thought that thinking men and women would be influenced by such a stupid process of reasoning as he presents to them. We know that medicine has an unusual number of fakirs, red-handed criminals, in its ranks, who experiment upon their fellows, juggle ignorantly with life and death, and who would promulgate any theory to strengthen their standing with the community and increase fees. But the big-minded men in the profession do not put forward any such paltry, idiotic pleas. They know the truth, and will tell it to you if you ask them about it.

We can imagine the fellow who wrote the article quoted from above, passing a cemetery without turning his head, or contemplating the gravestones, save to calculate the possible stipends that were paid during life to physicians by the silent tenants of the narrow resting places.

In ancient days, before medical colleges were established, and medical laws, such as compulsory vaccination, etc., were placed upon the statute books, a professed "doctor" was known as a leech. Courtesy and convention have changed the professional appellation, but one cannot but wonder sometimes how much of conciseness, clearness, and descriptiveness the language lost when the substitution was made.





Physical Culture and its Relation to Art

By Edwin M. Luckenbach



N "As You Like It" Shakespeare tells us that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." The truth of this metaphor is easily proven if we consider the actor as one who expresses emotion; but as all mankind express emotion in varying degrees of intensity, the relevancy of the comparison is obvious.

Society would evidently have its members described by a straight line, no irregularities being tolerated in the social corps, and all its members as similar as peas; so society has interdicted all emotional displays, and declares as ineligible anyone who habitually shows gratitude, joy, happiness, or any feeling that tends to smooth the stony way of life, relegating to the theater the duty of portraying real people.

But in spite of this state of affairs the actor has not a monopoly of this human right; we are all called upon to do this, and the successful issue of many undertakings may depend upon the amount of physical expression we can display. It is quite probable that everyone may have, at one time, desired to show gratification when some favor has been done them, but, through lack of proper physical expression of their feelings, the impression they wished to convey lacked sincerity. Or, recall the time when you presented to your friend the Christmas gift, to obtain which you suffered deprivation. You have pictured with what joy he will receive it, what he will say, what he will do, how you will deliver the little speech, all prepared; in fact, you feel quite proud of your generosity, and would deprive yourself a hundred times. You hasten then to present it. But oh! the shock of disappointment you receive. Your famous gift is accepted by mumbled speech, and cold exterior; never does the expression seem to rise to the point of earnest-

ness. But within, how does your friend feel? Fairly overflowing with beneficent feeling, yet unable to show it; and throughout his life it will be the same, earning a reputation for ingratitude and condescension, which is really undeserved, but which his social bearing will always corroborate, because he cannot express through his physical organization his mental conceptions.

Experiences such as these could be multiplied indefinitely, and it was not a mere humorous paraphrasing of Burns' verse when someone wrote:

"O! that God the giftie'd gie us
To have others see us
As we see ourselves."

Pathetic indeed are these instances of emotional natures, never discovered, but doomed to disappoint their dearest friends, by reason of a deficiency so easily remedied.

You may ask, "Is it necessary that I study dramatic art in order to make my meaning clear?" No; but possess yourself of a physique, by exercise, that will respond readily to your emotions, giving to each emotion the proper attitude and gesture; such a physique will be symmetrically built, possessing health, strength and grace. The last of these requirements, i. e., grace, will take care of itself when the others are attained; neither will you have to study set gestures to express yourself, for the perfect bodily mechanism, responding to all changes, will perform this involuntarily, providing emotion is felt.

But, feeling, or conception, you may say, is a purely mental condition, and how, then, can that be influenced by exercise of the body? The brain can, within certain limits, control muscular contraction, but the converse of this proposition is also true, that muscular action may influence mental conditions by and through reflex action; and on this principle are founded some excellent systems of educational gymnastics, the objects of which are not mere proficiency of performance, but the development of expressive agents; and all such development should be regarded as a further means of correspondence between man and man.

Bodily exercise will accomplish this result, but let the exercises be those full

of expression and feeling, giving the entire attention to work to be done, even though this extra effort requires diminution of time. The exercise should cease when the brain ceases to take part, for in whatever direction the mind is fixed, there will flow the greatest stimulating force, resulting in the establishment of perfect co-ordination between mind and muscle. This is the secret, and the only secret, of good acting, or the feats of professional strong men. I will offer an example here to illustrate the proposition advanced. A novice of sufficient strength is asked to raise a heavy weight. He carelessly grasps it, makes a spasmodic effort, and fails. "Surely," says he, "I can do that." Then he assumes a firmer attitude, concentrates his mental force on the effort, and succeeds. At the first trial the experienced spectator would have been astonished had he succeeded, for his whole physical expression lacked purpose. But compare this with the second trial. The spectator is prepared for a Herculean effort merely by studying the firmer attitude, the determined expression of face, and, in fact, every atom of the man becomes a medium of communication.

This principle of expression in exercise is applicable to all physical exertion, from piano playing to wielding a pick; but is more evident in such sports as boxing or fencing. In these exercises the contestant who most clearly gives physical expression to his emotions will finally persuade a less expressive antagonist of the superiority of his mental condition in that particular.

In an indefinite way, all people know that certain mental states present corresponding physical phenomena, and, irrespective of speech, we recognize this fact. This is not the result of chance, volition or art, excepting in the artist, but follows physiological changes consequent upon emotion, reacting upon muscular tissue, and temporarily deranging bodily functions. In order to more fully understand this it must be remembered that blood circulation is completed in twenty-two seconds, and any interruption of this function will cause congestion to take place in one part and an equal diminution elsewhere. To illustrate this, observe now, the physical phenomena of

fear, or shock, upon the recipient of bad news. The subject will take a deep inspiration and close the glottis, as if for a great effort; the hands will raise sharply to the chest region. This attitude will be held for a short time, or until the full import of such news is realized; then comes a sudden explosion of speech and gesture; the head is raised, arms rapidly extended, and inspiration follows rapidly. The casual observer would probably have some doubt as to whether the person afflicted was recovering from shock, or violent

exertion, the physical phenomena in both cases being similar. None of this action is voluntary, but is nature's effort to re-establish an equilibrium lost or disarranged by the powerful factor, reflex action.

If the power of mental states to make themselves evident through physical manifestations is clearly understood, it should require no further argument to induce the actor to develop the agents of expression; that is to say, the muscles of the human body.

Mr. R. W. Bingham, of Buffalo, N. Y., is an all 'round athlete. The 120-yard high hurdle (3 ft. 6 in.) is his best event. At the Pan-American Exposition he ran in six hurdle races and was placed in the finals of all of them. He has won many events, including hammer-throw, high-jump and the dashes. His training has been at the Buffalo Y. M. C. A.



R. W. Bingham, Buffalo, Champion 120 yards High Hurdles.

What Fresh Air, Exercise and Common Sense can Accomplish in Con- sumption

By sleeping out-of-doors in hot weather and cold, by a rigorous diet and vigorous system of out-door exercise, Robert E. Davis, of Derby, Indiana, has cured himself of consumption.

It was last January that physicians told him he would have to have a change of climate, or die of consumption. The change of climate he found by moving his bed and his daily and nightly existence out of his bedroom and his office into the open air of Indiana.

He had the cough, the hectic flush, high pulse and night sweats characteristic of tuberculosis. Now he has a ruddy color, a coat of tan, and so good a supply of "lung capacity" and muscle that he walks over the hills to his country home every day without fatigue.

His mother died a year ago of consumption, and it has only been by the most diligent measures that he has been able to eradicate the disease from his own system.

He began in the coldest part of the winter, last January. His bed, a small cot, was moved out on the veranda. And with the Ohio River frozen beneath and the snow covering his cot, the germs of the disease were slowly but surely killed. In the morning a cold bath was the first thing on the program. After that he rubbed himself as much as his strength would permit, and then began to exercise. This was followed by a walk, as soon as he was rested enough. He was very careful of his diet at first, allowing himself more liberty as he increased in health.

Dr. J. N. Hurty, of the Indiana State Board of Health, advised the preceding treatment, and is as pleased at the result as the patient himself.

Davis is twenty-three years old and well educated. At one time he was the youngest Justice of Peace in the State, but he had to resign because of his health.

Editorial Department

Of all the idiots on this green earth the most self-opinionated and stubborn is he who believes he has found a reasonable excuse for his own laziness or indulgences.

About one year ago a woman in Boston began a fast to decrease her weight. The fast lasted three weeks. At the conclusion she had been greatly reduced, and felt vastly improved as the result of the experience. She advertised

A Terrible Example of the Injurious Results of Fasting.

everywhere the vast benefits of this means of reducing weight. But now note the ultimate disastrous result that followed this fast.

The fast had increased her entire functional power. She had a better appetite; could eat and digest more food than before. With the increase of vital vigor there was also a tendency to store by more tissue for future use in the form of fat.

She indulged her appetite. She ate regularly three hearty meals each day. She began to gain in weight as never before. After her weight had increased to forty or fifty pounds beyond what she had weighed previous to beginning the fast, ailments of all kinds began to appear.

Now, note the astounding conclusion that was derived from this result. It was stated that the fast was the cause of her extraordinary gain in weight and all the ailments that followed. And this conclusion, my friends, with all the facts that accompany it, has been advertised far and wide by the so-called intelligent press of this country.

Her statement very clearly shows that she fasted and greatly improved her health; then she continuously indulged a hearty appetite, stopped the usual exercise she had been taking in her garden, and, through over-eating and the lack of exercise, she quickly became over-burdened with flesh and numerous ailments that always follow this stuffing process.

If you are too fat and have not brains enough to know that the accumulation of fat is caused by the food you eat beyond that which is needed to nourish the body and maintain its weight at the normal standard, you deserve to remain fat the balance of your days.

FAT IS STORED OR ACCUMULATES ONLY WHEN EXCESS FOOD IS EATEN. Fat is nothing but stored nourishment. You can live on the fat of your body with just as much ease as you can on food in your stomach. If you are fat, stop eating and feed yourself on your surplus weight until it has been satisfactorily reduced. And when your weight has again gone beyond the normal, which it will quickly do if you freely indulge the vastly improved appetite that you will always acquire after fasting, you must again abstain from food. But if you are absolutely ruled by your stomach, it is a waste of time to entirely abstain from food, for following the fast, if you do

not eat fewer meals or lessen your usual quantity of food, fasting will only tend to increase your weight more than ever, because of the increase in functional and assimilative vigor. The ability to "get fat" is a sign of health, but when the will power is dominated absolutely by the desires of the stomach, beware of fasting, for it will add to your difficulties.



WE hear so much about the Science of Medicine. Everywhere authorities in the medical world advance their extraordinary theories, under the authority vested in them by the science of medicine, which they pretend to practice. It is difficult for me to understand how any branch of knowledge can be called a "science," when each authority, or so called authority, advances different theories, and when "authorities" of equal standing make statements directly contradicting each other. If in the science of botany, for instance, there were various authorities who disagreed absolutely as to the formation of certain flowers and each was equally emphatic as to the correctness of the theory advocated, the general public would be doubtful as to which of the theories advocated by the various authorities were correct, and as to whether the so-called knowledge, supposed to be correlated in this science of botany, could accurately be termed a science.

*Science of
Medicine.*

Now note the condition in the medical world. If a student should start out with a view of determining what is meant by "Medical Science" he would be as confused as the man who suddenly came to the conclusion that he desired to go to heaven, and began to study the various religious beliefs to decide which religion he desired to adopt in order to accomplish his object. There is just about as much science in the knowledge we possess of the means of reaching heaven as there is science in medicine. There are just about as many contradicting theories in one as there are in the other.

Go to ten different physicians; describe almost identical symptoms, and you will in nearly every case secure a different prescription, and have ten different diseases. In other words, although these physicians whom you visit may have studied at the same school, the theory of each as to your disease will differ widely. No one can predict with any degree of certainty the exact influence of any drug on any person or upon the same person at different times or under different conditions. If this statement is true, the practice of medicine is experimentation pure and simple, and a "science" of medicine is rather a "science" of guesses, and as there can be no science in guessing, medicine cannot, therefore, be called a science.

Go into any Allopathic School and ask the authorities there to give you their frank opinion of the schools holding contradictory theories. For instance, ask them what they think of Homoeopathy. They will usually tell you it is nothing but a lot of ridiculous theories which could not possibly be beneficial, and that thousands of victims are compelled to suffer needlessly because of the ignorance of the graduates of these schools. Go into the Homeopathic Schools and ask their opinions of the methods used in the Allopathic practice. They will inform you, in their superior way, that these deluded physicians are murdering thousands every year with their strong medicines, and that they cause needless suffering, disease and death through the erroneous theories upheld and practiced by these schools.

My friends, I believe they are both right. If the general public would only secure their knowledge and practice of medicine through antagonistic schools, they would understand thoroughly the danger of medicine and medical theories.

*What the Corset Does:
It Lessens and Some-
times Ruins the Digestive
Power.*

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

THE stomach and the entire digestive tract are composed largely of muscular tissue. Much of the work of digestion is muscular. Muscles secure their strength from the blood which circulates through them. It is not difficult to readily conclude that anything that hinders the circulation of the blood through these parts would tend to lessen their functional power.

The pressure of the corset greatly interferes with the free circulation of the blood to the digestive organs. Not only does the blood furnish the muscles with the strength essential to the performance of their functions, but this same blood supplies the gastric juice and other liquids essential to the chemical changes necessary in the digestion of food.

These liquids are, of course, supplied less freely when the circulation of the blood has been restricted. Thus we have two serious results produced by the pressure of the corset on the organs of digestion. But there is also another evil produced by the same means which it would be well to carefully note.

In normal breathing there is a slight movement of the entire contents of the abdominal region with every inhalation and exhalation.

It is impossible for a corset wearer to breathe in this natural way, and the vastly beneficial influence of this slight abdominal movement on the process of digestion can be readily understood.

I wish to thoroughly interest every reader of this magazine in this corset question. Health is the first requisite of happiness. If you are in love with a weak, ailing young girl, it is your duty to first remedy this weakness before you marry her. Although health may be essential to happiness under any circumstances, a marriage can result in nothing but misery unless both enjoy at least an ordinary degree of health, and no woman can possess this if she is a corset victim.



MR. STURDEVANT, of Buffalo, who placed a stone over his child's grave with the inscription, "Died of vaccination poisoning," set an example which it would be well for others to follow. This brief, pitiful story, told on the tombstone, has aroused all Buffalo, and commanded attention all over the United States—more, indeed, than is usually accorded a thousand

An Example to Follow.

deaths produced from the same cause, but not so frankly and tragically heralded. Vaccination to-day kills more people than small-pox ever did, and the sooner the public realizes this, the quicker we will be freed from this curse of death.

WE are informed from fairly reliable sources that many of the mailing courses for physical development sent out by those who are advertising widely are not adapted to individual needs as represented, but are simply a set of stereotyped lessons that cost but a few cents, and are sent out to all students alike.

Fake Physical Culture Courses.

We can not condemn anyone on mere suspicion. We must have facts, and if any advertisers of this nature have secured space in this magazine the editor would be pleased to know it.

The mere fact that the lessons are printed does not necessarily prove that they are not adapted to individual cases. They may have a vast number of printed lessons, and each pupil may receive the particular lesson or series of lessons adapted to his especial needs and strength.

We are hearing a great deal about physical culture fakes, and we want it understood right now that we will be the first to assist in exposing fraudulent claims of pretenders.



THE American Medical Association held a convention in Saratoga some time ago. This convention assembled for the apparent purpose of mutual benefit. Numerous papers were read of the various new methods of treatment and the effects of new drugs.

At this particular convention there was a New York physician. He told me before he started that it had been his usual habit to go there with two or three papers to read. On this occasion he intended to confine his remarks to criticisms of the various treatments recommended.

The theories he advocated excited the antagonism and even the anger of his professional brethren, because he recommended no drugs. He stated that in his twenty years of practice he had never lost a single case of acute disease, that all his remedies were confined to diet, fasting, hydropathy and other natural methods. Following a physician's elaborate and technical address on the treatment of pneumonia, he rose and made some very severe criticisms. He stated that during his practice he had treated over one hundred cases of pneumonia without a single death, and when he announced his simple methods of treatment the anger of a few of the physicians assembled there rose beyond all bounds. The idea of a man pretending to cure pneumonia without drugs, without whiskey! It was preposterous. One of the physicians rose and recommended that the "crank" be expelled from the convention.

My friends, these men were doctors assembled there to learn, and what terrible, even murderous prejudice must exist among those who will ask for the expulsion of a formerly honored member, merely because he chooses to advocate safe, sure and easy methods of curing diseases that clashed with their time-worn theories.

I am glad to announce that the motion that he be expelled was not carried. Only a small percentage of the members endorsed the suggestion. But, among those who did not vote for expulsion, I wonder how many gave a serious thought to his theories that differed so radically from their own.

Murderous Prejudice of Medical Men.

Who can estimate the number of poor human beings who have had their lives snuffed out by such fanatical ignorance? Imagine intelligent physicians voting for the expulsion of a member because he dared to advance new methods of curing disease that did not fail!

In all other businesses or professions, outside of medicine, errors come to light, but the mistakes made by doctors are buried under six feet of earth, and that accounts for their ability to absolutely ignore natural methods of healing that clash with their own theories.



IN the last issue of this magazine I mentioned that I would describe how I cured myself of three attacks of pneumonia. Many of my readers may consider the confession rather condemnatory that I have had three attacks of this disease.

No matter how carefully one may endeavor to follow the simple laws of health, there are so many unnatural conditions of life to be met and coped with in a large city, that we cannot always exercise as wisdom would dictate, nor eat what good judgment demands. In this way disease is sometimes given an opportunity to develop.

I am strongly inclined towards weakness of the lungs. One of my parents and several of my relatives have died of consumption. I was in the incipient stage of this disease when I first became interested in physical culture. Whenever circumstances are such that it is almost impossible to take right care of myself, my lungs are the first part of my body to be affected.

How I Cure Pneumonia.

My first attack of pneumonia occurred about fifteen years ago. I knew but little of physical culture then, with the exception of the benefit produced by exercise. At this time I usually cured myself of threatened illnesses by prolonged and vigorous exercise. Every symptom of the disease indicated that there was no doubt of its being pneumonia. Excruciating pain ensued at the region of the chest whenever I would cough or produce the slightest movement in those parts.

For two or three days I endeavored to effect a cure through exercise. I ran many miles and worked for a long time in the gymnasium each day, producing most profuse perspiration. This seemed to be of little avail and I began to fast. This was largely experimental with me at that time, as I knew nothing then of fasting as a cure for disease. I had observed that all animals fasted when ill and this induced me to try it.

After fasting three days many of the symptoms disappeared and on the fourth day a complete cure was produced.

On two following occasions when symptoms of pneumonia appeared, very similar means were adopted, with the addition of drinking large quantities of water, and in both cases all symptoms of the disease were practically eliminated by the four days' fast.

There is absolutely no excuse for any one dying of pneumonia, or, in fact, of any acute inflammatory disease. It is only the ignorance of the medical profession that causes such results to be produced.

If a pneumonia patient would drink large quantities of water, entirely abstain from food, use frequently the internal flushing treatment, every symptom of the disease would disappear in from three to ten days.

MANY of our readers from forty years of age and upward must have read our article in the last issue referring to the one hundred and six year old athlete, with considerable astonishment.

To be youthful at thirty-five or forty is unusual; at fifty, extraordinary; but to retain your youth to one hundred and six is unbelievable, and if this individual were not living and at any time able to verify the assertion made in reference to him, no one would believe his statements.

***Youthful at One Hundred
and Six.***

There has never been a more startling exemplification of the truth of the theories advocated in this magazine. He has been an unconscious Physical Culturist all his life. He has been abstemious and temperate. He has abstained from liquors, coffee and tea, white bread and other evils that come to us in a friendly guise.

How to be young in feeling though old in years, is a problem that should interest every intelligent human being.

Youth! How we love the intensity, the energy, the ambition, and the enthusiasm that comes with it! We love to cling to it as long as we can. It makes life sweeter, more beautiful and more happy.

All you old fogies who are allowing age to creep over you, take a lesson from this one hundred and six year old athlete.

Drive out the dead cells by exercise and right living, and there will be no place for old age or senility. Many persons merely imagine they are alive! They go along in their dull, torpid, heavy, phlegmatic way, their entire body loaded down with death in the form of dead cells. They cannot feel, they cannot think, and some can hardly walk. In many cases they are more than one-half dead and the grave is the best place for them if they will not make the efforts required in eliminating dead material.

Stop being old! Develop youth! Years are of no consequence! Go to work and conquer Time, for strength, health and youth should be yours until death. That is the law of life in the animal world, and it is the same in the human world, if the proper rules of health are recognized and followed.

Owing to unavoidable delay in procuring photographs, we shall have to defer the promised article on Captain Diamond's exercises until the November issue.

Me Me Me

***Free
Lectures.***

WE regret very much our inability to announce a date for the Free Lectures. We have not as yet been able to secure, at a reasonable price, a suitable hall or theatre which would seat the large audience which would no doubt be desirous of attending. We will continue our endeavors and may be able to make an announcement next month.

Me Me Me