

PHYSICAL CULTURE

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

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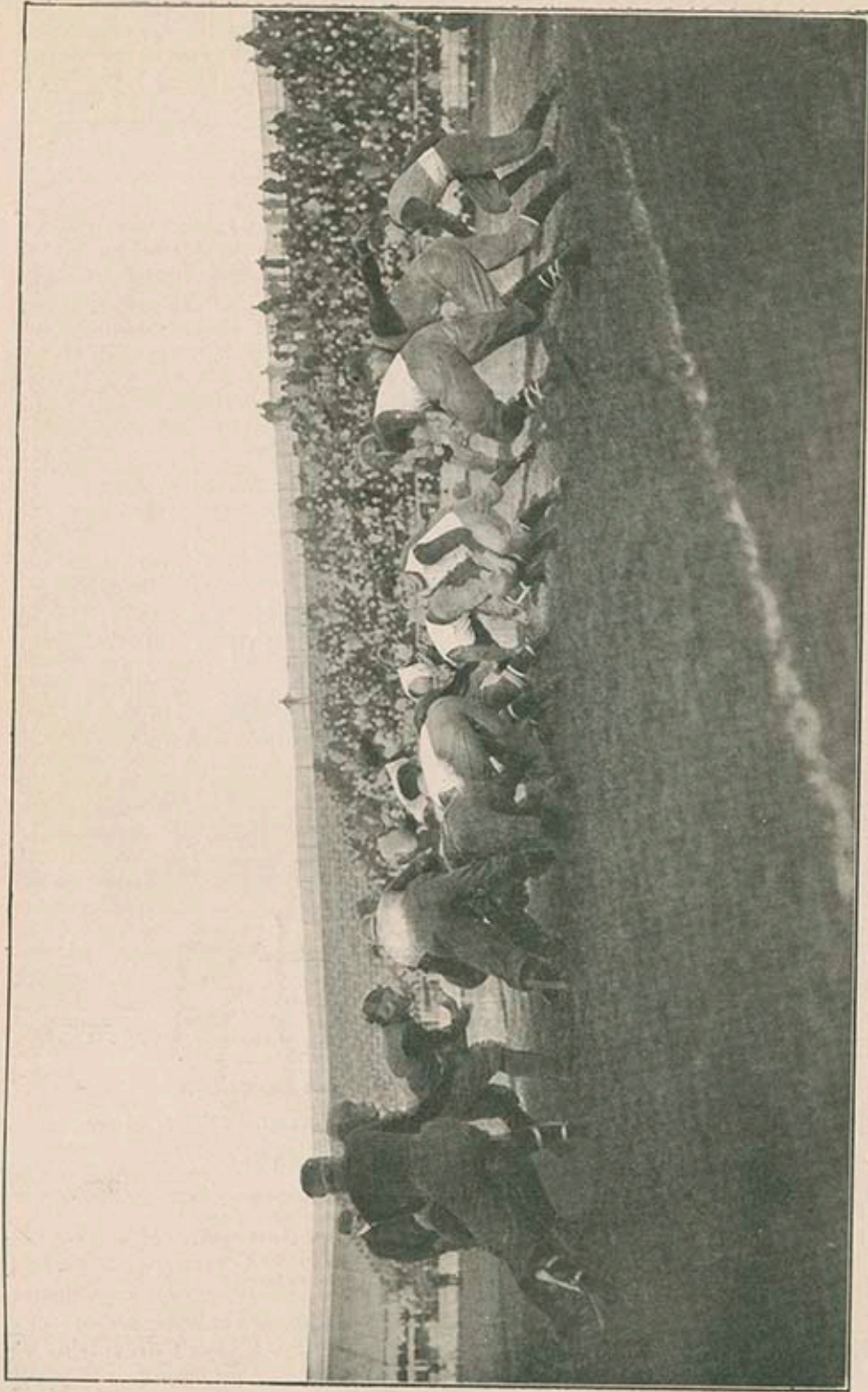
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Old-Fashioned "Three Men Back" Style of Play—Well Nigh Impossible to Get an "End Run" Against Modern Defense with This Style
(See article page 400)

JUMPING FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF STRENGTH, SUPPLENESS AND INCREASED VITALITY

HOW TO JUMP NOISELESSLY IN YOUR OWN ROOM—JUMPING ONE OF THE BEST EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING SUPPLENESS AND FUNCTIONAL VIGOR—A FAVORITE EXERCISE FOR THOSE WHO HAVE LIMITED SPACE

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

THE average reader on perusing the title of this article will be somewhat surprised that it is possible for one to jump in a small room without serious injury to himself or annoyance to those who occupy the floor underneath. But those who follow this article closely will learn that it is comparatively easy to secure all the exercise desired from jumping in even a hall bedroom. And, even should you be so unfortunate as to be confined to a small furnished room in a boarding house, there is no necessity for you to deny yourself the benefits and pleasures that can be secured from an exercise of this character.

Professional jumpers are always healthy, active and graceful. Their every move denotes a sense of power, of superabundant vitality. Unquestionably, an exercise of this character builds

superior vital force. It not only makes the lungs stronger and enables you to handle your body more gracefully and easily, but strengthens every part of your functional system.

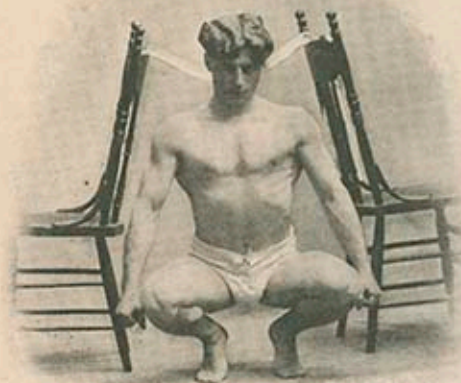
The stomach, heart, lungs and the vital processes are all affected beneficially.

Many years ago, when I was compelled to secure exercise in very limited space, I obtained the information contained in this article from actual experience. For many years I was a bookkeeper and did not always have time to go to a gymnasium. I was compelled to find ways and means of securing my exercise in other ways. Jumping was one of my favorite

exercises, and on many occasions, when the room was not much larger than was necessary to accommodate a small bed and the other conveniences required, I was able to jump to my heart's content



Showing a Jump That Requires Considerable Activity and Practice—A Jump Waist High is Considered Very Good. The Writer Has Made a Jump of This Kind to the Height of the Nipples—To Jump This Height, However, Will Usually Require Many Months' Practice



Showing How to Alight to Prevent a Jar—The Body Should Be Gradually Checked as the Knees Are Bent

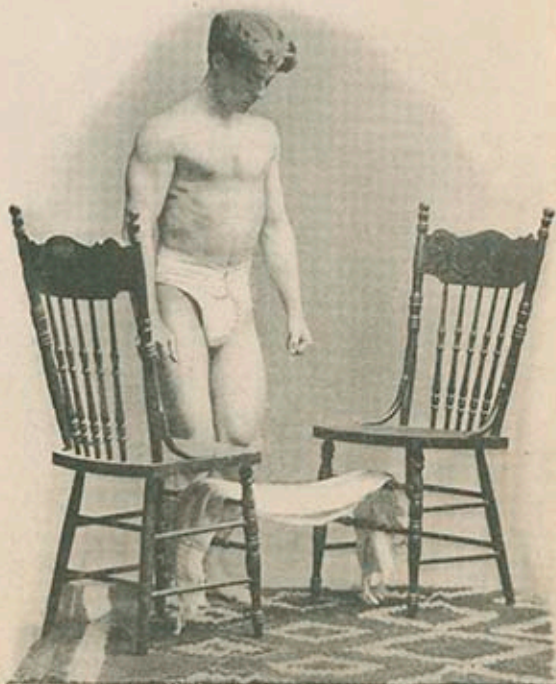
without the slightest unpleasant comment from those occupying the floor underneath.

I believe that variety in exercise is a great deal more necessary than variety in food. The same exercise continually taken becomes boresome after a time. You desire a change, for, as I have said so often, exercise must be made as pleasurable as possible. You must make fun out of it. It should assume as nearly as possible the form of play. This is my excuse for giving my readers such a vast variety of exercises.

Of course, jumping will not develop the arms and shoulders to any great extent, though they are used in the exercise. It is directed more to developing the legs, and the development of the legs will always tend toward shapeliness. The professional jumper, as a rule, has a leg of moderate size, but usually it is very shapely. Every line is beautiful and the contour is perfect. All the surplus fat is absorbed, leaving nothing but well developed muscles with only suf-

ficient overlying fatty tissue to give the limbs the roundness and symmetry which are so much desired by every one.

I would not advise that beginners in this exercise immediately try their ability in high jumping. Wait until you acquire a certain amount of strength and suppleness before endeavoring to jump for height. Practice the exercise for jumping and alighting without jarring the floor. It will require considerable time for you to perfect yourself in this exercise. Instead of jumping and alighting stiff-legged, or bending the knees only slightly, as is usual when an amateur attempts this exercise, your knee should be bent, immediately your feet touch the floor, until they assume the squatting position shown in one of the illustrations. As the knees are bent the descending weight should gradually be checked, so that when you reach the squatting position with the knees bent, as shown, there will not be the slightest jar felt from the jump. The illustrations I have given in this article simply suggest various methods that will enable



A Jump for a Beginner—Showing How a Towel Can Be Placed on the Rounds of Two Chairs to Prevent Falling in Case the Jumper Fails to Clear the Height



Showing a Higher Jump for a Beginner—A Small Stool Has Been Placed on One End of the Towel to Prevent It from Slipping



Jumping in a Manner Similar to That Required in Rope Skipping—Continue the Exercise Until Thoroughly Tired

one to try his jumping ability without the possibility of injury. Tables, chairs, or almost any convenience that will enable you to hold a towel or an article of clothing across an open space, will be equally as good as the methods pictured herein.

In beginning the exercise, if you are not accustomed to jumping, it will be well to try the exercise illustrated above, that of jumping in a manner similar to that required for skipping a rope. Fifty or one hundred jumps in this manner

will usually tire you, if you are not accustomed to such work, though after having become hardened to the exercise you can frequently make several hundred jumps without tiring.

The exercises with a chair given in a previous issue make a very good combination to use with the jumping exercises, for all-around development. The chair exercises will develop the arms and chest, while the jumping exercises will give the legs all the needed activity.

A BLUSHING INCIDENT

A young kindergarten teacher, who is made much of by her pupils—frequently meeting their parents—has a very affable manner, and, on entering a car recently, exclaimed in her most cordial way to one of the passengers: "Why, how do you do, Mr. Brown." As the old man addressed evidently did not know her and looked rather dazed, she saw her mistake and apologized: "I beg your pardon, I thought you were the father of one of my children." Everyone looked so amused that the young lady left the car at the next stop.—*Brooklyn Life*.

SAMMY AND HIS LESSONS

A clergyman's daughter who was a school teacher received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils:

"Dear Mis, You writ me about whipping Sammy. I hereby give you permission to beet him up eny time it is necessary to learn him lesens. He is juste like his father—you have to learn him with a club. Pound noledge into him. I wante him to git it, and don't pay no atenshion to what his father says. I'll handle him."—*Clipped*.



Photographed specially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

Samuel S. Jones, of the New York Athletic Club, the Business Man, in the Act of Winning the Running High Jump, Clearing Five Feet Eleven Inches

THE WORLD'S OLYMPIC GAMES

By *Jewell H. Aubere*

A GREAT semi-circle of concrete, whose dead white surface is broken only by an occasional railing of iron that leads from one tier of its seats to another—before it in oval, and circle, and square, one of the most perfect athletic fields and succession of tracks that the world has ever seen. Occupying the seats, a mass of humanity which now, in the fading light of the August day, blurs into one confused mass of whites and blacks and reds and has lost the individuality of its units.

In the field, before the great structure with its patiently waiting thousands, athletes with their thinly-clad bodies, protected from the chill of approaching night by multi-colored blankets and lounging robes, walk impatiently back and forth. Judges, in silk hats and the conventional afternoon dress, glance nervously at their timepieces and across the Stadium, where the lengthening shadows mark the close

of day. There is a hush of expectancy. In the atmosphere one feels a strange tenseness that comes only where assembled thousands have but a single thought and await impatiently an approaching crisis.

It is the scene within the enclosure of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition on the 30th day of August, and the great classic event of all athletic meets, ancient and modern—the Marathon race—is about to finish. Since early in the afternoon the people have waited for the return of the runners. With bated breath they watched them start, three hours ago; and now they glance back toward the earthen barrier through the opening in which the runners are expected to appear after their almost twenty-five-mile jog. Suddenly, far up toward the highest tier of the piled-up semi-circle of seats, there is wild gesticulation, and a herald proclaims through a megaphone: "He is

coming! He is coming! Make way, he is running strong!"

Now the tenseness relaxes and there is wild excitement. Men rise to full height as they mount their chairs. Brilliantly-gowned women strive to catch the first glimpse of the approaching runner. Unlike the ancient Olympics, here women came to see their lords contest. In the olden days, before Christ, no women, with the single exception of the priestess Demeter, might witness the trials of skill and endurance, on pain of being cast from the Tynan Rock. The runner passes through the barrier and starts to encircle the final laps of the running track to complete the course. Thousands urge him on. Men shout and cheer. Women wave their handkerchiefs and excitedly move to and fro in their boxes. On the runner moves, with surprising freshness and vigor.

"He wins, he wins! Lorg of New York!" rises from thousands of throats as he breaks the tape at the finish.

But all this time there has been a strange silence and lack of interest in the big press boxes, where the correspondents are placed to record the deeds of the great of muscle and brawn. In the field, too, it appears that the Judges have been strangely apathetic.

While the thousands are cheering, and the president of the Exposition company reaches to the front of his box, where the setting sun has touched with splendid color the great cup that is to be awarded the winner, the sun has set the poised "Victory" on the cup's top all ablaze. The judges are talking with Lorg. They turn with a show of indignation and some with disgust. There is a hush, and now comes the announcement that Lorg rode over a part of the course in an automobile and had confessed to it, although the judges had been informed

before he approached the Stadium.

The incident robbed the finish—when Thomas J. Hicks, the real winner of the classic, came in a short time later—of some of its dramatic interest; but it in no way lessened the glory of his game race over the hardest course that has been laid out since the revival of the Olympic at Athens, in 1896. When Hicks staggered up against the tape the thousands cheered with renewed vigor, as if to make up for what they had unwittingly given to Lorg. Hicks could hardly totter from the finish line and took but a few steps when he fell into the arms of a friend. They half dragged and half carried him in front of the president's box where, with eloquent eulogy, the beautifully-polished cup was handed toward him. Feebly he smiled and, with just enough strength left to touch it with the tips of his fingers, he sank down exhausted and hardly conscious.

It was a deplorable necessity that renders no account of the Marathon correct and full without recording the unsportsmanlike act of Lorg. Yet, that the ancients, too, were sometimes guilty of fouls or infractions of the rules in the ancient games in the beginning of the first century Anno Domini, is shown by

the fact that the entrance to the great Stadium in Greece was lined with Zanes, as the bronze images of the god Zeus, erected with the forfeits of those who fouled in olden time, were called,

Nothing can dim the glory and success of the athletic wonders wrought at this, the third, of the revivals of the Olympics. Patriotism and local pride prompt extravagant expressions from Americans as to the success of the meet; but when such noted foreign devotees of sport as Father Kemeny, of Hungary; Dr. Gebhardt, the imperial German representative and Dr. Jannopoulo, of Greece, are unstinted in their approval of the results,



James E. Sullivan, Director of the Olympic Games



Fred W. Schule, High Hurdle Champion, 120 Yards

it means much for the American management. Athletic history for all time to come will tell of the wonderful deeds of Harry Hillman, James Lightbody, Meyer Prinstein and Archie Hahn. Of these, Hahn and Hillman are pre-eminent. The former took the 60, 100 and 200 meter dashes and Hillman the 400 meter dash and the 400 and 200 meter hurdles. The strength and showing, as well as the manly conduct of the American athletes, make the heart of the American lover of field sports and outdoor games and the true gentlemanly sport beat with enthusiasm, pride and patriotism. America took twenty-four out of the twenty-six championships, with Greece and Canada the only foreign victors, they taking the firsts in the 56-pound weight and in lifting the bar-bell.

James E. Lightbody took the individual championship, for he scored eighteen out of a possible twenty points, starting in four events and taking three of them, and finishing second in the fourth. Hahn, Hillman and Ewry, the last two of New York and the first of Milwaukee, tied for second honors in individual work. No man was given a place on the honor list unless he had scored at least five points in the game; and yet, there were sixteen athletes and every country, except Australia, represented on this roll.

If the shades of the ancients could have

come to modern earth to see the epitomization of modern athletic prowess, and in ghost-like array ranged themselves along the sides of the permanent Stadium at St. Louis, they would have found little to criticise and much to marvel at. The records of that period when it is known that the Olympics were quadrennial events—from 384 B. C. to 394 A. D., when they were abolished by Emperor Theodosius I.—would appear amateurish to even the high school boy athlete of to-day.

Yet, the history of that time, and of the customs of the ancient Greeks in conducting the great contests, is interesting when recalled



Photographed specially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

Harry Hillman, of the New York Athletic Club, the Bank Teller Who Won the 400 Meter Run and the 200 and 400 Meter Hurdles

briefly, now that the civilized nations seem to have decided that the modern revival at Athens eight years ago shall be permanent and lasting. They were the feature of the quadrennial feast of Zeus, held on the plains of Olympia, in the province of Elis. The start was always in the sacred grove of Altis, enclosed by a wall which, supposed to have been built by Hercules, was filled with shrines and monuments and temples of surpassing beauty and artistic excellence. At St. Louis there is a great, permanent granite gymnasium filled with the latest and most costly apparatus which, at the close of the Exposition period, will be one of the equipments and a part of the property of the Washington University. So in ancient Greece there was a great gymnasium in which all who entered for the tests of speed and skill and endurance were required to train for a definite period. There, too, adjoining the sacred grove and connected by great tunnels, were stadium and hippodrome.

Not the least interesting of the olden customs was the fact that the province of Altis, during the period of the games, was a haven to which the hunted of men might come without fear of molestation, for it was a great peace festival, and there the bitterest enemy might meet his bitterest enemy and the differences of the time were laid aside. There were

festivals and feasts and processions, and pæans were sung in honor of the victors. True, the elaborate cups and medals of gold and silver of the modern time were but garlands exposed in the temple of Hera; but with victory came honors second to those enjoyed by but few in

those times. In Athens they amounted to a life pension; and in every city and province to distinctive honors and homage for the remainder of the victor's life. Here are some of the world's records which date from the Olympic games at St. Louis: Standing broad jump, 11 feet 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ inches, by Ewry; putting the 16-pound shot, 48 feet 7 inches, by Rose; throwing the discus, 128 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches, by Sheridan. The stress of modern money-getting prevented many of the Americans who competed from training for the event in which they entered. Yet, they are men temperate in their habits and with well-established ideas as to diet and stimulants.

Many, even of the officials, who, saw the exhausted condition of the men when the Marathon ended condemn this method of testing speed, grit and endurance; and it is possible that, if it were not for the

re-
 veneration of the Greeks for the ancient event, it would be dropped from future quadrennial meetings. Hicks is a brass worker in Cambridge, and competed in the Marathons held in Boston, although he never did better previously than a



Martin Sheridan, of the Greater New York Irish Athletic Club, Holder of the World's Record, About to Throw the Discus

sixth place in these competitions. For the three weeks prior to starting in the race, the only form of special exercise or training he took was lengthy walks across country. He laughs when asked about his training and says that his daily vocation gives him all of the special exercise he needs. He takes no alcoholic stimulants and is temperate in his use of tobacco. When preparing for a contest he limits his use of cigars to a minimum. His main reliance is in keeping himself in good condition generally, and to do this he admits that nothing is so essential as proper diet. Using care in this connection at all times he finds no need for special dieting as preparation for a race.

Of the handsome, athletic-appearing men who won fame through the St. Louis Olympic, none created more favorable comment than Ray Ewry, fresh from Purdue University but five years ago, and the new possessor of the world's record for the standing broad jump. He, too, believes in special attention to general health as the best preparation for any test of strength, endurance or skill. He believes that every athlete should marry well and young. Daily engaged as a draughtsman in the New York Navy Yard, his occupation is rather a sedentary one; but, in one of those little back yards of New York where his wife may watch him at his practice, he has a miniature gymnasium and much of the time that he might spend in convivial association with his fellows is given over to the horizontal bars, the trapeze and the weights.

"Physical conformation" is what is given as marking the success of Sam Jones, the tall New York business man who won in the running high jump by clearing five feet eleven inches. He even says so himself, with a comical grimace, as he shows the length of his remarkably long legs. Then he believes not a little in heredity; his forefathers were athletes of no mean ability.

Two uncles, in County Armagh, Ireland, were wonders as jumpers, and he seeks to maintain the family record. As a constructing engineer, he is much in the open air and profits by the advantage given by his calling.

"A New York policeman, sir," was what John Flanagan told those who inquired his calling, when he entered the Stadium at St. Louis. One of those who know Big John well added:

"Yes, and a policeman who never touches tobacco, and who takes no stimulants except a glass of beer at rare and ever lengthening intervals."

It seemed to be a foregone conclusion that Flanagan would win in the hammer throw. Everybody felt that way. It could be noted that when Mr. Charles Harvey, the announcer, stepped forward to say, "Mr.

John Flanagan will now throw," folk settled back in their seats as if to indicate, "Now a record will be broken." And so it was. He seized the 16-pound hammer and swung it over his head with the peculiar Flanagan movement, and then sent it whirling through the air. It landed a new Olympic record when it struck the earth, 168 feet 1 inch from



Photographed specially for PHYSICAL CULTURE

Ray Ewry, of the New York Athletic Club, Who Made the New World's Record for the Standing Broad Jump, 11 Feet 4 3/4 Inches, and Won the Standing High Jump and the Standing Three Jumps—He Did His Exercising in His Little Back Yard in New York City

where he stood. That he was a favorite was shown by the applause which rose and fell in three hearty cheers and kept in perfect rhythm with the three complete turns of his body as he swung the hammer with increasing momentum preparatory to its flight toward the new record and the landing of the cup which a son of Mayor Wells, of St. Louis, offered for the victor.

A bank teller, and a man who has known naught of college athletics, is Harry Hillman, of the New York Athletic Club. He is most abstemious in his habits, using no stimulants whatever and exercising the greatest care possible in the use of tobacco prior to a contest. No man at the Olympic had more success or greater disappointment. Already his individual record has been set forth and his disappointment came in actually breaking the world's record in the 400 meter hurdle race and yet not having the time allowed. The pace in the race was a hot one, and those who competed held on like grim death through the course. But Hillman gradually pulled away from them and went over the ninth and last hurdle with a world's record dangling before his eyes. But a fatal chance caused him to just touch the hurdle enough to tip it and his great time of 53 seconds will not, in consequence, appear officially.

No two men in the meet were greater favorites with their colleagues, and the thousands who saw from the tiers of seats, than Archie Hahn, of Milwaukee, and James Lightbody, of Chicago. Both are small in stature and, until in action, hardly give the impression of great athletic power or skill. Hahn's performance,

the winning of the new Olympic championship record, was against a splendid field and some of the gamest sprinters who have ever toed a mark. His fight was not over until he had crossed the finish line and then he had Cartmell as a close second. He has established his right to a place in the front rank of runners. The best St. Louis authority on sport—one who has a national reputation as a critic—declares: "He has shown that he is king of sprinters to-day, and that all of the Eastern men must bow now to his supremacy."

Lightbody's performances were varied and interesting. His run in the 800 meter race was the most picturesque thing of the meet. There were fifteen entries and eleven starters in the contest. No one paid much attention to Lightbody in the great struggles that seemed on between four others, who led him up to the last seventy-five yards of the course. He had jogged along with steady stride in fifth place, apparently contented. But suddenly, after some heart-breaking and exciting struggles for their relative positions between those ahead of him, he



Fred Winters
Winner of the Dumb-bell Competition

shot forward, with a show of strength and reserve force that almost took the breath away from the thousands who, intently watching the flying men, suddenly saw this new factor injected into an equation in which apparently he had not figured before. It was wonderful, and it set the thousands wild with enthusiasm when he ran completely around the other four in those few remaining seconds, and at the finish led the second man by a yard and a half. Literally he ran around those who opposed him, for he did not seek the pole, but instead



St. Louis Turners in the Tug of War

kept on the outside to the last jump that made him victor and broke the Olympic record.

Three new world's records established, and nearly all of the records made at Paris four years ago smashed, are some of the results at St. Louis which mark

the meet as one of the most successful of the three Olympic revivals. Athletes—foreign and American—spectators, physical culture directors, the Exposition management, trainers and all sportsmen alike join in acclaiming the 1904 Olympic without parallel.

SUCCESS FROM BEING YOURSELF

HAVE A DISTINCT PERSONALITY!—FEAR OF STANDING ALONE CAUSE OF CRIPPLED ENERGIES AND MEDIOCRITY

By Frederic Burry

MEN shun the solitary work; they ignore the capacities of original genius; they are afraid of standing alone.

They cripple their energies by an irrational clinging to authorities and precedents, when they could, if they liked, each do something great and unique, just by being and living themselves.

To be one's self it is necessary to stand alone. It is necessary to isolate one's self for a period of meditation and concentration. You can think only when you are left alone; and you must bravely make yourself left alone.

You must break away from the chains of other people. You must offend them by refusing to be held by them.

The general desire to be mingling forever with the crowd—the ordinary feeling of dependence on society—is weakness. As a matter of fact, there is a high degree of happiness to be gained by

being alone—but only when the solitude is united with WORK!

Enter heart and soul into any task, and immediately it changes its aspects. It is transformed. Its character is changed. But you must enter in; you must concentrate your faculties.

There are many fields of action—some as yet untried—which can be made centers for the exercise of your energies.

Only enter in!

Think of the countless phases of work before the world to-day, and each one was invented by a man. Why can you not do as much? You are made of the same life stuff. It is all a matter of desire and intention.

Not that you are called upon to upset conditions. Just where you are, there is something different, something improved, something original that you can do.

Only do it, without delay. Only get alone. Get down to the foundation of your own infinite Personality.

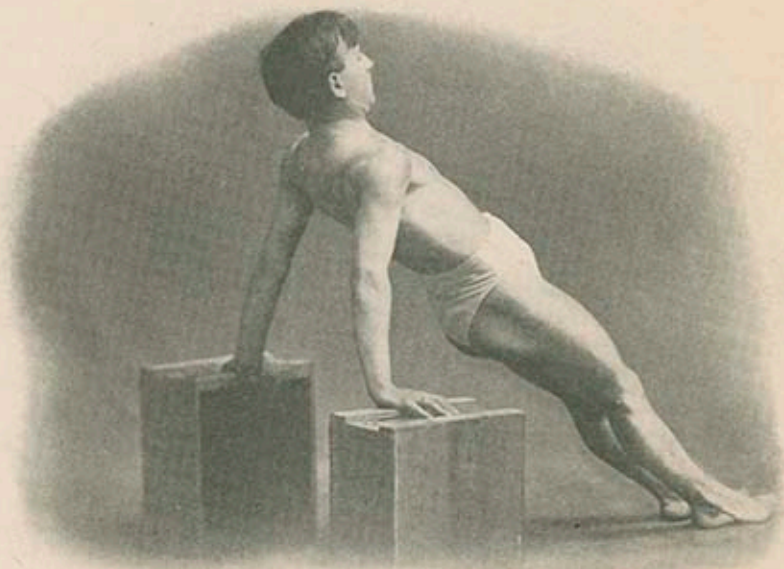
MUSCLE AND HEALTH FOR BOYS

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

MR. W. W. COOK, of Oak Park, Ill., sends a description of a unique game that should be interesting, and from which my readers should be able to secure some active exercise. His description follows:

"I send you herewith an original and very simple game for rainy days, or whenever confined to the house. It

We have received many interesting letters from our boy readers and hope more letters will come and in increasing numbers. Of course, we have time to answer but few of them, but they are the source of a great deal of pleasure and of actual information. When we know what the boys want we are better able to supply their needs.



CHEST AND ARM EXERCISE. For Chest and Arm Development. Secure two small boxes for an apparatus such as shown in the illustration. Assume position shown in photograph. Now bend the arms and lower the body as much as you can. Rise to former position. Continue the exercise until tired.

came to me while searching for something that embodies both exercise and amusement. Let one of the players take a small piece of tissue paper, perhaps about two inches square, and, holding it high, drop it to the floor. At a given signal all the players should be instructed to try to catch it before it reaches the floor, only one hand to be used at a time. The one that catches it oftenest in a given number of attempts wins the game."

The following letter shows what one of our young enthusiasts has accomplished:

To the Editor:

I wish to thank you for the good your magazine has done me. Nearly four years ago I got a copy of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and I have not missed one since. Last November a man from New Hampshire came to Portland to get operated on. The day before he was to be operated on he came to my house. I showed him some issues of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and before he went away

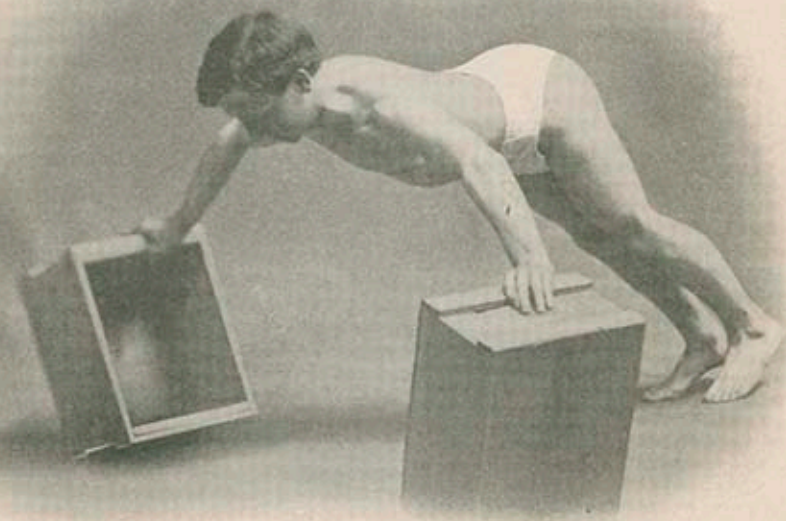
he took twenty books. The next day he went home without being operated on. To-day he is a great deal better. I am only fourteen years of age. In the past seven years I have had only the mumps and measles, and had only had one disease before, which was the chickenpox. I have never taken medicine and I think I am just as well off. The only mistake in my life so far is that I was vaccinated, but I never shall be again.

Your boy reader, HARRY H. FOGG.

10 Fessenden Street, Portland, Me.

One of my boy enthusiasts writes and inquires if football can be recommended. It is hardly worth while to ask this question in view of the emphatic manner in which I have recommended outdoor sports of all kinds. A few words in ref-

not possess at least average strength, football should be begun with the greatest possible precaution. You must be prepared to fall in every conceivable position and be hardy enough to withstand the roughest kind of treatment. There is but little similarity between the football field and the ballroom. Politeness is not practiced on the football field. Members of the rival team will never kindly inquire whether or not you desire to be violently thrown to the ground. They will simply throw you down, and the harder they can throw you the better it will suit them.



CHEST AND ARM EXERCISE. Place the hands on the boxes face downward, feet far out. Now slowly move both boxes sideward from you. Be very careful in taking this exercise at first, for there is danger of falling on your face in case you allow the boxes to go too far outward. Bring the boxes as far out as you can and yet be able to retain your balance, and then bring them in again. Continue the exercise until tired.

erence to football as an exercise for boys, however, may be interesting, for it must be remembered that football is indeed a strenuous sport. It is not for weaklings. It is for the strong. I once heard a remark that football would either make a boy strong or it would kill him, and there is considerable truth in the statement.

If you are poorly developed and do

I would like every one of my boy readers to play football whenever the opportunity comes, provided they possess sufficient strength and hardiness to avoid injury. If you do not possess this vigor you should develop the desired hardiness before attempting the game. The exercises given here, and, in fact, any exercises that would tend to develop and

strengthen the entire body, would be appropriate for this purpose.

Football, to those who can stand the strain of the game, furnishes the best possible exercise. It is exercise for brain as well as muscle. It will give my boy readers a taste of the struggles that they must often encounter in life's battle if they intend to amount to anything. It is a contest that brings out the best there is in a boy. Of course, it must be admitted that in some cases this game

emphasizes the brutal characteristics that a boy might possess, but after he has played awhile he finds usually that it is to his advantage to curb these tendencies.

Football develops confidence. It does much toward making boys manly and independent, and it will build that physical hardiness and rugged vigor so necessary to reach that great goal of success for which every boy ultimately strives.

BOYS' QUESTION DEPARTMENT

Q. Do you consider tree climbing a good exercise? What muscles does it use?

A. I consider tree climbing an especially good exercise. It develops nearly all the muscles of the body, though it uses more especially the muscles of the arms and chest. When taking exercises of this kind, however, boys should be very careful. Unless you develop the habit of being cautious a very serious fall is likely to occur at any time.

Q. Is a walk after meals and before retiring beneficial?

A. A walk before retiring I consider especially beneficial. If you walk immediately after meals you should be careful not to walk fast. It would be better to wait for half an hour or an hour after a meal before walking, if you intend to walk briskly.

Q. My folks and myself have always thought that I ought to be a surgeon. Would you recommend this as an occupation for me?

A. I think that if you will educate yourself to be a physical culture physician you will have far greater opportunities for a successful career than you will following the profession of a surgeon.

Q. Would you advise a boy of thirteen to sleep out-of-doors all the year round in a tent?

A. Unquestionably you would be stronger and more hardy because of the habit of sleeping out-of-doors in the manner you mention.

Q. While doing exercises lying on the floor my nose frequently bleeds profusely. What is the cause of and cure for this?

A. You are probably too full-blooded and are eating too heartily. Adopt the two-meal-per-day habit and do not eat too freely of meat, and the trouble should not appear again. If any special exercises seem to induce the trouble I advise you to avoid them for a time.

Q. Is a six-day fast good for a thirteen-year-old boy? Would heavy weight lifting be good for me?

A. I would not advise a six-day fast for a boy of your age. If your appetite is poor you might skip two or three meals, but I should think that this would be the extent of a fast to be advised for one of your age. Heavy weight lifting would not be of benefit to you. If you are strong enough to desire very vigorous exercise, a limited amount of such work might be beneficial.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR READERS TO SEE THE WINNER OF THE \$1,000 PRIZE FOR THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN

TO the lovers of the classical human figure an opportunity will be given to study it in the beautifully formed and perfectly developed body of Mr. Albert Treloar, who was adjudged, by eminent sculptors and physicians at the Madison Square Exhibition, to be the most perfectly formed man in the world to-day. For the benefit of our readers we give Mr. Treloar's itinerary:

1904—Week beginning

Sept. 26, Orpheum Theater..... Denver, Col.
Oct. 10, Orpheum Theater..... Omaha, Neb.
Oct. 17, Orpheum Theater..... St. Joseph, Mo.
Oct. 24, Orpheum Theater..... Kansas City, Mo.
Oct. 31, Orpheum Theater..... New Orleans, La.

Nov. 14, Haymarket Theater..... Chicago, Ill.
Nov. 21, Olympic Theater..... Chicago, Ill.
Dec. 5, Hopkin's Theater..... Louisville, Ky.
Dec. 12, Columbia Theater..... Cincinnati, Ohio
Dec. 19, Grand Opera House, Indianapolis, Ind.
Dec. 26, Arcade Theater..... Toledo, Ohio

1905—Week beginning

Feb. 20, Circle Theater..... New York City
Feb. 27, Orpheum Theater..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mar. 6, Auditorium Theater..... Harlem, N. Y.
Mar. 13, Keith's Theater (Union Sq.)... N. Y. City
Mar. 20, Keith's Theater..... Providence, R. I.
Mar. 27, Keith's Theater..... Boston, Mass.
Apr. 3, Mechanic's Hall..... Salem, Mass.
Apr. 10, Family Theater..... Portland, Me.
Apr. 17, Keith's Theater..... Philadelphia, Pa.
Apr. 24, Keith's Theater..... Baltimore, Md.
May 1, Alvin Theater..... Pittsburg, Pa.

THE ENCHANTED FLOWER-BED

By *H. Arthur Powell*

FICTION

THE Captain and Miss Dorothy Maynard had finished their game of tennis and were sitting upon a rustic seat at the side of the court. As he rested, he was secretly admiring her, and for this he could hardly be censured. She sat there, radiant, yet cool in her sailor gown, its lines and texture suggestive of the zephyr-rippled sea, with her clear gray eyes almost serious, and her amaranthine mouth almost laughing as the dimples played in her cheeks and chin. Surely the sin were indifference—the virtue a sane appreciation of her loveliness.

The game had rather winded him, and he had barely escaped defeat, but the pleasure of resting beside her, and of having her all to himself, though but for the moment, was worth it all. Lately, too, since her little misunderstanding with Foster, she had been more gracious toward him, he thought, more encouraging toward his conversational ventures. Certainly she sighed now and then, as if life were not a wholly satisfactory thing, but if he noticed these audible breathings at all he may have thought that she, too, was a trifle winded.

Just now she was relating to him the story of the enchanted flower-bed.

"It is that bed of giant poppies, directly across the court," she explained. "Really, it is a most extraordinary affair. It has been going on now for more than a week, and it makes me feel a little queer. Now and again one of the beautiful flowers will bend over slowly toward the earth, until it hangs by the fibers of a broken stalk. It is exactly as if some invisible hand were plucking it, only to change its intention and leave it 'to pine on the stem.'"

"Aw, really?" said the Captain. "You astonish me, Miss Maynard. And does not a close examination give some clue to the mystery?"

"None whatever. The stems of the affected flowers have the appearance of be-

ing cleanly cut with some sharp instrument.

"Really!" repeated the Captain, somewhat helplessly.

"Look! Look!" cried Miss Maynard. "There goes one now!" and she pointed excitedly.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Captain; and I really think he had his mouth open in wonderment.

All at once several things happened, and the mystery was a mystery no longer. In the first place, another poppy went down before the invisible destroyer. With a howl that would have done credit to an untamed Indian, the Captain grasped his left ankle in both hands and executed a pirouette. His glasses, with the usual perversity of inanimate things, managed to fall beneath his heel, and were badly broken; whereat the Captain said a few words, in a very low, but none the less emphatic tone, that shocked Miss Maynard's sense of propriety. Both looked toward the poppies, and saw two affrighted faces staring at them over the bushes beyond. Two air rifles were clasped in two pairs of exceedingly grimy hands. The faces, the hands, and the rifles were those of the Boy and his Shadow.

"You infernal young rascals!" cried the Captain, as he subsided upon the seat and fondled his injured member with all a mother's loving care. (The fact that he sat down quite heavily upon Miss Maynard's racket did not add to his happiness.)

"Tom," said the Boy's sister, in a dangerously calm voice, "go into the house and get right to bed. When papa gets home he shall attend to you."

She looked somewhat severely upon the Captain. Then she thought of Dick—handsome Dick Foster, who had taught the Boy and his Shadow to shoot, aye, and who had perhaps taught someone else some other thing at about the same time (but she would not admit

that). She had seen him injured in many a football rush, yet always game to the end. Her severity relaxed. She spoke soothingly to the Captain, apologizing for the misdoings of her brother; and the Captain, poor fool, never knew that the pity in her voice was for another, and not for him.

"Don't care," Tom confided to his Shadow, as they parted at the door. "The tin soldier is a confounded muff, anyway, an' I ain't sorry we made him dance. And then," he added, reflectively, "it ain't everybuddy that kin clip a poppy at fifty feet, my boy, an' don't you fergit *that!*"

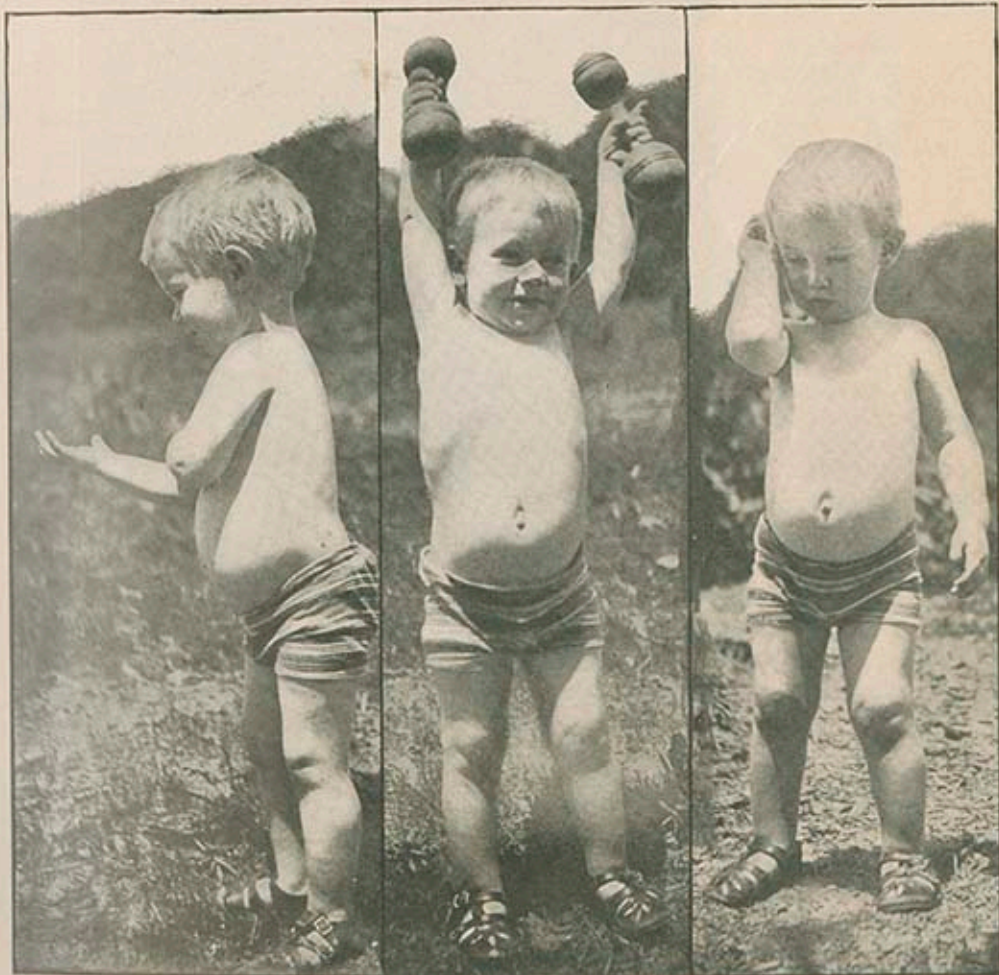
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The Captain moodily read it through

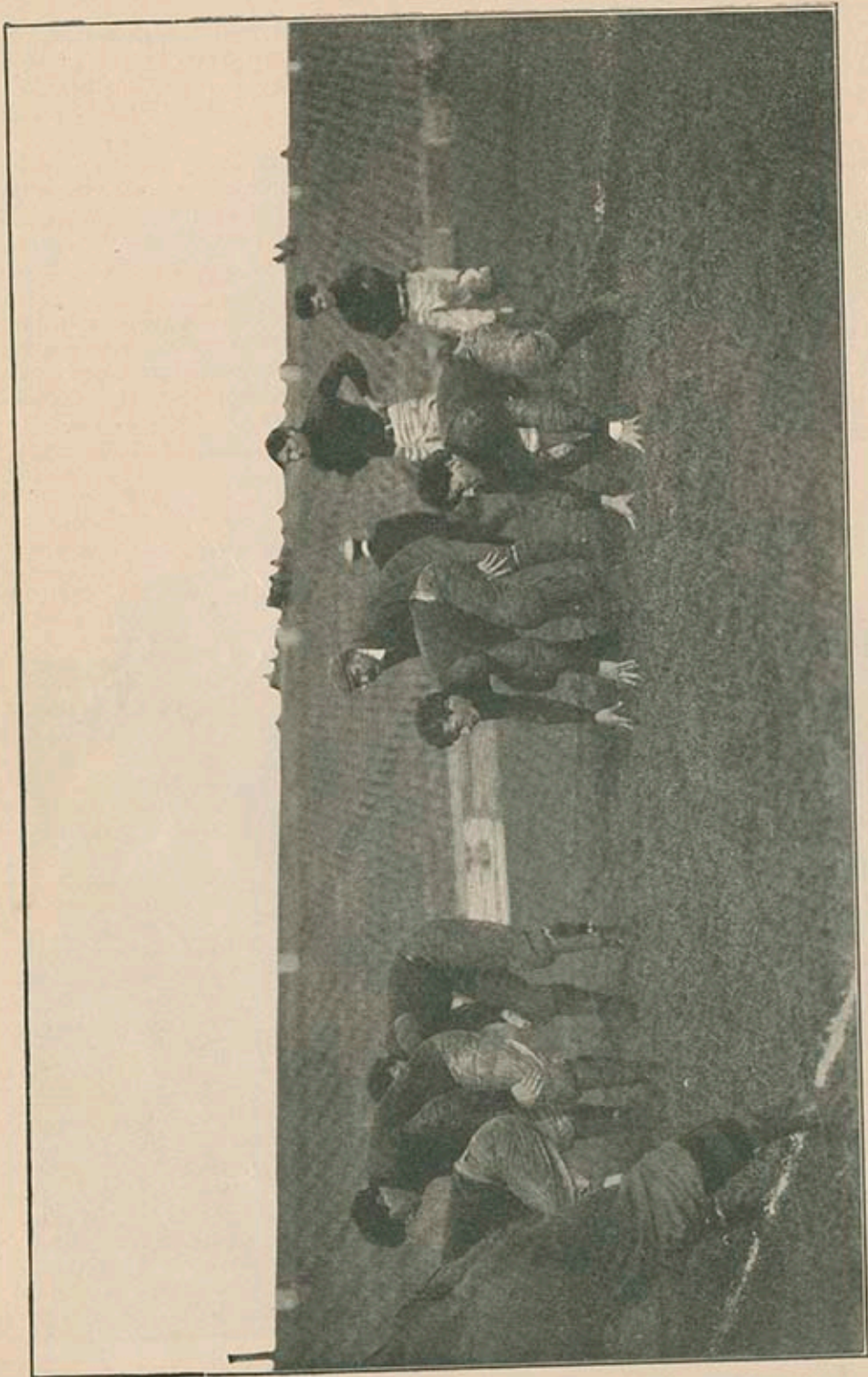
twice. It informed him that Papa and Mamma Maynard requested his presence at the marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Blanche, to Richard Francis Foster, etc., etc.

"Just my luck," muttered the Captain, ruefully. "I always was tender about the shins, and a BB shot from a good air rifle is no joke, I can tell you. But then, they'd have made it up anyhow," he concluded.

Still, he could not help thinking that his unfortunate actions while under fire for the first time had had a great deal to do with the present happiness of Mr. Richard Francis Foster.



A Remarkably Well Developed Physical Culture Child of Knoxville, Tenn.
 Mitchell Gredig McMillan, Age 21 Months—This Handsome Little Lad was Reared in the Open
 Air and Receives Daily Cold Water Ablutions, Together With Light Dumb-bell Exercises



George Woodruff, Originator of "Guards Back" Football Play, Coaching University of Pennsylvania Players.

DEVELOPMENT OF FOOTBALL IN THE UNITED STATES

WITH A BRIEF REVIEW AND SUMMARY OF THE SEASON OF 1904

By Walter Camp

THE progress of football throughout the country in the last few years has been such as to lead to the addition of another representative on what is known as the Rules Committee. This representative is Prof. A. A. Stagg, of the University of Chicago. His addition to the committee was brought about through the request of what is known as the Conference Committee, composed of some nine of the leading colleges and universities of the Middle West. Up to a year ago the Rules Committee, which legislated practically for the conduct of the sport throughout the United States, had not contained a Western representative, but Mr. Stagg was unanimously chosen by the committee to make an added member this year.

Mr. Stagg was a former player in his college days, and has since been a professor of hygiene and in charge of the athletics of the University of Chicago. He has always proven a most successful coach and is one of the best posted men in the country on rules.

Outside of the evidence that this addition to the committee gave of the prominence the sport has assumed in the West, it is well to note the progress of the game itself, and its steady, but conservative

development along certain lines and a decided retrogression in others.

When modern football was first introduced into this country the Rugby Union rules were adopted, and for some years the play was simple in the extreme.

Then American inventiveness asserted itself and before long the game became more and more one of tactics and less and less one of merely individual skill and superiority. With the development of organized interference came the possibilities of greatly increasing the strategy of the game. Then the public began to see special plays, and these special plays began to prove so strong that it was no longer a simple thing to coach a football team and to teach men to kick and run. It was necessary to devise team tactics and new formations.

One of the first to make a great impression on the game was Mr. Lorin F. Deland, of Boston, who coached the

Harvard team and developed the flying wedge and momentum plays. These plays were dependent upon getting a body of men on the attack in motion against the opponents at rest, and the idea had remarkable merit in it, and although not successful for the team that first practiced it, it led to many successes for others later.



Hillebrand, of Princeton—Famous Tackle,
Captain and Coach

The next plays to become a study for the football world were those known as guards back, coached by Mr. George Woodruff to the University of Pennsylvania team, and thereafter adopted by many teams throughout the State of Pennsylvania and elsewhere. These plays consisted, in the main, of taking back one or more guards and by the use of their weight and strength providing interference or making a most effective battering ram for charging into the ranks of the opponents.

But these plays gradually went out, as had the flying wedge and the momentum plays, and their place was taken by tackle back, introduced by the Yale team some two years ago. This play consisted of drawing one man back from the line by making the line of attack what might be called radiating diagonals which so confused the opponents as to where the runner would eventually strike as to make it unusually difficult for them to diagnose the play.

Last year, by legislation, the game was thrown back to simple formations between the two twenty-five yard lines; that is, with seven men on the line and three men back, which practically eliminated much of the strategical play and

led more to kicking on account of the impossibility of consistently advancing the ball under these simple formations.

Men like Yost, coach of the Michigan team, and one of the most remarkable coaches that have ever been on the gridiron, whose successes have been phenomenal, have contended—and not without great warrant—that it is a mistake to limit the tactical possibilities of the game as much as has been done in the last two years. This is a question that time alone can solve, but it is not improbable that much of the charm of the game, and its especial attraction for the large college audiences, comes from the strategy developed in formations and from the possibility of a further development of the sensational rather than the mere question of how far or with what accuracy a ball can be kicked.

The prominent teams this year will be coached in the main by the same individuals who have handled them for the last few years. Princeton, last year's champions in the East, will have the advice again of Hillebrand, while Michigan and Minnesota, who tied in the Middle West, will be under Yost and Williams respectively.

CONSUMPTIVES STIGMATIZED IN COLORADO DISEASE RECOGNIZED TO BE RESULT OF LAZINESS AND CARELESS LIFE

An interesting article in the "Philistine," in which a prominent Colorado doctor is quoted, presents quite a new way of looking at the consumptive who, hitherto, has been going around and talking about his malady to everybody he met and looking for sympathy to be panned out to him for a condition that has resulted largely, if not wholly, from his own ignorance or dissipation.

"Tuberculosis," this doctor says, "is only a bad habit. It is a form of laziness. There are various degrees of laziness, but consumption arises from a lazy habit of breathing. The individual does not use all of his lungs, and the cells not used collapse, the tuberculae find a nesting place and hatch, and gradually the disease spreads."

"The Denver doctor is right—consumption is a disease of the will. People in New England need not die of consumption if they only get out and exert themselves. And so thoroughly is this fact known that in the city of Denver the 'lunger' gets very scant sympathy. Every store and office factory is on guard against him.

"Are you here for your health?" And if the reply is 'Yes,' he is damned on the spot. No consumptive admits he has consumption, but most lungers are patent medicine fiends.

"They seek a substitute for deep breathing and exercise. And they all die before they find it out. Nothing that can be poured out of a bottle and taken with a spoon will take the place of the saw-buck.

"The aversion to the stricken person is a good thing—he ceases to talk about his malady. And if he can be made to give the woodpile absent treatment, he will get well.

"There is a law in Colorado making it a serious offense for anyone to employ a consumptive in a bakery, dairy, restaurant or hotel, or any other place where food is prepared or served. The lunger has to associate with lungers, for everywhere he is shunned and scorned. He is a pariah, and only last year a bill was introduced into the Colorado Legislature requiring every consumptive to carry a bell suspended around his neck and ring it, as the leper is compelled to cry, 'Unclean, unclean!' Only bum doctors, undertakers and the men who keep the 'lunger ranches' welcome the consumptives to Colorado—business men flee him as a pestilence.

"Midnight suppers, steam heat, cushioned chairs, ease and a lazy habit of life are the things tuberculae love."

THE BATTLE FOR PURE FOODS

By Dr. B. H. Warren

(DAIRY AND FOOD COMMISSIONER FOR THE STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA)

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania has led the practical battle for the compulsion of all vendors of food commodities to furnish pure, unadulterated articles to its population. Dr. Warren, long recognized as one of the foremost specialists on the subject in the United States, has devoted practically all of his time to the exposure, the arrest and the punishment of the swindlers and poisoners. Dr. Warren was no sooner in command of the State forces battling for pure foods than he realized the extent and the vital imminence of the dangers which everywhere beset his fellow citizens.

The meats the people ate were poisoned; the beer the workingman drank was poisoned; the blackberry cordials the druggists sold were poisoned; the fruit jellies used to tempt the lagging appetite of the sick were poisoned; the very milk of the babes in arms was poisoned. They are being poisoned to-day, although the relentless war that Dr. Warren has waged for the past eighteen months has deprived many of the poisoners of the blood money they extorted, and has put many other poisoners—so many common criminals—in the jails.

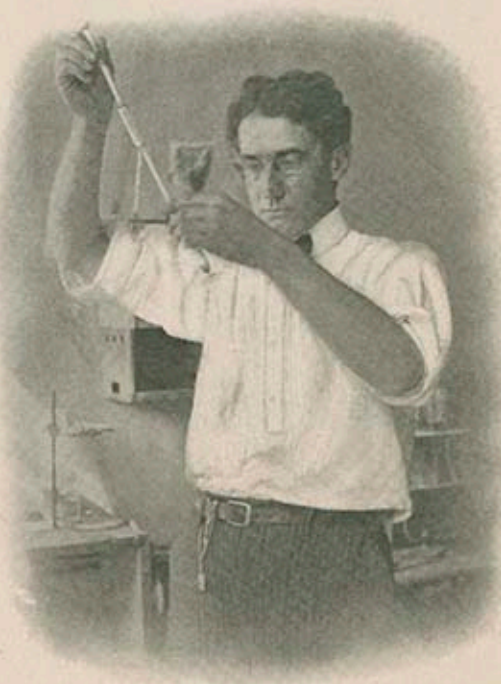
The fight in Pennsylvania against the tradesman who is practically a homicide is the first that has been won, and carried to a decisive victory. Dr. Warren's article, giving every detail of the struggle, only now carried past the danger point of failure in practice, is published here as an example of the manner in which the battle may be won in other Commonwealths—
BERNARR MACFADDEN.

WHAT we eat and what we drink are now, as they always have been, two of the most important considerations of our daily life. Their

preparation is of vital interest to every house-keeper, for pure food and pure drink are as much the foundations upon which perfect manhood and womanhood are built as are morality and education. Whoever taints the original supply of these requisites to the welfare of mankind should be put behind prison bars. Those who violate the laws designed to secure pure food and drink are the offenders easiest to apprehend; and it is the duty

of every Commonwealth to see that the supply of food and drink is safeguarded with every precaution, and that all offenders are promptly punished.

Investigation has shown that, in the State of Pennsylvania, there has grown up within recent years, until it has assumed alarming proportions, the nefarious practice of adulteration and preserving foods and drinks with poisonous chemicals. Those who engage in the illegal traffic are already responsible for the deaths of many infants and invalids, as well as of strong men and women. The officials of the Commonwealth have



Chemist C. H. Lawall, of the Pennsylvania State Food Commission, Detecting the Presence of Formaldehyde in Milk

grappled promptly with the evil, and, thanks to the unanimous support rendered from all quarters, it is being stamped out rapidly.

The fact that this State has taken a foremost part in the campaign for pure foods and drinks does not mean that Pennsylvania has had any more violations than have its neighbors. The laws in too many States are a dead letter, and a crusade like that made in Pennsylvania would reveal, probably, conditions as bad, and perhaps worse, elsewhere.

During the latest year of the existing Dairy and Food Commission, a vigorous campaign has been waged against every violation of the pure food laws, and the Commission is now preparing to introduce legislation that will make the laws on the subject more stringent than ever. The work accomplished in the Commonwealth is the result, largely, of the Pure Food Act of 1895, which, at the time of its passage, was regarded as the most perfect pure food law adopted by any State in the Union. It was, in fact, made the basis for the enactment of pure food legislation in several other States. Its provisions are designed to prevent the illegal use of adulterants and preservatives in the preparation of all foods and

drinks. The law is very clear on this subject; and in most cases the punishment has been found strong enough to act as an effectual deterrent.

The use of harmful adulterants and poisonous drugs as preservatives in the various articles of food and drink is only one example of the devices to which men resort in order to gain wealth rapidly.

In Pennsylvania, as in other States, the practice has grown at an alarming rate, although within the last year it has met with vigorous opposition, and many of the offenders have been heavily fined, while others were sent to prison. But so versatile are unscrupulous dealers that new methods are constantly being brought to light through the Commission's efforts, and its attorneys are now doing everything in their power to close up all possible loopholes of escape from punishment.

The illegal use of adulterants and preservatives has been detected

in nearly every article of food and drink on the market. Among the commodities which have been most extensively tampered with are milk, meats, malt and vinous liquors, butter, chocolate, cocoa, maple syrups, etc. Of them all, the most harmful effects have followed from the sale and the use of adulterated and pre-



Dr. B. H. Warren
Dairy and Food Commissioner for the State of
Pennsylvania

served milk, cream and meats, and of several other commodities on which the existence of humanity most largely depends.

Conspicuous among the many investigations instituted has been that into the milk supply of many cities, towns and boroughs. The Commission has been astounded at the results that these investigations showed. The use of harmful drugs in the preservation of milk and cream has been carried to such lengths that the supply of these articles, in many towns and cities, has been found to be in an alarming condition. It was, no doubt, largely responsible for the recent excessive mortality among children in various parts of the State. About 15 per cent. of the samples of milk that were analyzed have been found to be adulterated with water. They were then colored with annatto or coal tar pigments and preserved with formaldehyde and

boracic and benzoic acids. Those preservatives and antiseptics interfere more or less seriously with digestion, even in the strongest adults, and it is easy to see what disastrous consequences must follow when the poisonous stuff is made the only food of weak infants and invalids.

Next to the crusade against doctored milk, the Commissioner has been most active in the prosecution of vendors of drugged meats. Altogether, more than

two hundred suits have been instituted for impure meats, most of them against the mixtures known as sausages and "Hamburg steaks," although some suits have been instituted because of chemicals found in what were supposed to be strictly fresh meats and roasts. It has been found that the agents of a number of manufacturing firms are endeavoring to flood the State with illegal preserva-

tives, under different names, such as are used to drug milk. In many cases butchers have been imposed upon with preservatives, sold under misleading and attractive names.

Most of the samples of meats whose analyses have resulted in prosecutions have been found to be preserved with a quantity of sulphites that our chemists and medical experts declare to be very harmful, and in many instances absolutely poisonous. In addition to the sulphites, coal tar dyes and other objectionable

coloring agents have been found in these chemically prepared meats.

There have been so many complaints against the illegal adulteration and preservation of malt and vinous liquors that the Commissioner has concluded to make a very extensive examination of them. Although the majority of physicians are agreed in opinion as to the harmful effects of liquors, the use of imitations and of the drugged and poisonous commodity is



State Senator Charles L. Brown
Who is the Commissioner's Prosecuting Attorney, and Has
Convicted Hundreds of Food Poisoners
in Pennsylvania

directly pernicious in its effects. The harm done by its unrestricted sale is incalculable.

The worst conditions prevailed in what are known as "blackberry brandy" and in wines. Of the samples analyzed, eighty-seven per cent. showed no traces of the fruit of the blackberry, grape or other article after which it was named. On the contrary, they were found to be composed of chemical junk, such as glucose, coal tar, salicylic and benzoic acids and a variety of other objectionable ingredients. In some instances, a sulphite was detected as the fortifying agent. Filled with these harmful substances, it was next colored sufficiently to complete the deception, and then put on the market and sold to the consumer, at fancy prices, as pure fruit brandies or wines.

Few persons who are consumers of beer realize the extent to which preservatives have been used in its preparation. So many complaints have reached the Commissioner concerning the use of adulterants and preservatives that an investigation was instituted. Thus far the analyses have been made only in order to detect preservatives. The Commissioner is not ready to make positive averment as to the other harmful ingredients that beer may contain. We have made analyses of two hundred samples of beer purchased in breweries, in hotels and railroad dining cars. Of these, forty samples, or twenty per cent, were found to be preserved with salicylic acid, which our chemists and medical experts have pronounced to be a most harmful preservative.

In the matter of jellies, jams and preserved fruits, extensive analyses have been made from samples purchased throughout the State. Many were found to be made of apple fruit, the cores, skins, etc., being the portions used. They were colored, artificially flavored and sold under fictitious names as fruit jellies, jams and preserves. The same harmful preservatives used in liquors were employed to doctor the jellies and fruits.

A large number of prosecutions have resulted from the traffic in oleomargarine and renovated butters, sold as sub-

stitutes for pure butter. The imitations can be sold legally, if the merchant will take out a license to sell them for what they are. Oleomargarine or butterine, however, cannot be sold in Pennsylvania if they contain any ingredient to make them yellow, in imitation of the pure article. A large number of samples of oleo and butterine examined by the State chemists were found to contain coal tar pigments, all of which are injurious to health.

The Commission has devoted much of its attention also to the adulteration of chocolates, cocoas, lard and various kinds of syrups. The effect of adulteration in those articles is not so injurious as in the more staple commodities; but their sale is in violation of the laws and is an imposition on the public, and the offenders are being prosecuted as vigorously as are the vendors of impure milk, meats and liquors.

When operations were begun, a year ago, against bogus liquors, eighty-seven prosecutions followed the analyses of the first one hundred samples of blackberry wine purchased in Philadelphia alone. In only a few bottles of the one hundred samples tested was any trace of fruit detected. When the present Commission came into office, eighteen months ago, about seventy-five per cent. of the food commodities, including beverages, showed adulteration. During the last two months, in three thousand five hundred samples purchased, the majority including milk and cream, there was found an adulteration of not more than ten or fifteen per cent. at the most.

The Commission does not propose to let up for one hour in its crusade, until all the illegal vendors of poisonous drugs and preservatives are driven out of the State. Already the Commission is preparing to introduce into the next session of the legislature laws which, if enforced, will prevent absolutely the sale of food commodities that contain injurious preservatives. With laws adequate to deal with every class of offenders, and with officials determined to enforce them, the State of Pennsylvania promises soon to be as free from violation of the pure food laws as any Commonwealth can be.

HOW TO DEVELOP CAST-IRON TEETH

SOME SIMPLE METHODS FOR STRENGTHENING THE TEETH—EXERCISES THAT WILL PROMOTE A VIGOROUS CIRCULATION TO THE GUMS

By Chester Thompson and Jean de Chauvenet

A FINE set of teeth is the exception rather than the rule. It is a rare thing to find a person twenty-five years of age who has a splendid set of teeth, regular, white, beautiful, without a filling or a tooth missing—and an octogenarian with such a set of teeth perhaps could not be found at all.

And yet it is true that practically every one would possess a good set of teeth if he were brought up under right conditions, keeping them well preserved as long as he lived. It is the natural order of things. There is no more reason why a man should lose his teeth than that, barring accident, he should lose his arm or his leg. Owing to the inexorable workings of the simple principle of cause and effect, we can determine just exactly what our teeth will be. And if we lose them, or find them decaying, it is only because our habits of life have brought about these unnatural results.

If you ask people why their teeth decay they will say almost invariably that it is because the teeth are not kept clean; that the teeth should be brushed after every meal and thus be protected from decay. Now, just stop and think a moment. On this earth there are millions of wild animals possessing good, sound teeth, and yet they have no tooth brushes and no fancy dentifrices. Why don't their teeth decay? Because they live

wholesome lives, eat the food adapted to them, and make USE OF THEIR TEETH.

Teeth are given us for the mastication of food. Human beings live upon soft, mushy foods that require little, if any, mastication; their teeth suffer from lack of use, decay and are lost. There is no need of eating soft food. After living for some time upon crisp, dry foods requiring considerable chewing, the old soft, mushy, sloppy foods become distasteful and one learns to prefer the more solid and substantial foodstuffs.

The quality of the teeth depends also upon their nutrition. People live upon white flour products and their teeth become soft, brittle and of poor quality because they are not well nourished. The mineral matter that feeds the teeth is extracted from the wheat in the milling.

The majority of people lose their six-year molars before they are twenty years old. These are about the most valuable of all

the teeth and their loss is a very serious matter. And yet parents allow these teeth to decay in the mouths of their children and to be lost without the least compunction or thought. The entire civilized race is losing its teeth, and yet, as a whole, it does not understand the reason why, nor has it made any serious attempts to investigate the cause, simple though it is.

The eating of meat is also one of the



EXERCISE No. 1. To Begin, Use Ordinary Kitchen Flatiron as Weight. Any Other Article of Suitable Weight, However, Will Prove Satisfactory

chief causes of the decay of the teeth. Man is naturally frugivorous. His teeth are not suited to the mastication of meat. Carnivorous animals have teeth like the teeth of a saw; they are formed for tearing and not for mastication; there are no crevices in which shreds of meat can lodge. A man's teeth, however, formed for a different action and for different food, are sure to hold strings of meat, which, if not removed, readily putrefy and cause decay. Decaying meat is, of course, much more injurious to the teeth than is decaying vegetable food. Meat is also very apt to cause soft, spongy gums. An authority who has given the subject careful investigation says:

"As far as I have been able to collect information on the subject, vegetarians are seldom troubled with toothache, decaying teeth, or spongy gums. Indeed, I know many individuals who have been speedily cured of all of these by adopting a consistent vegetable diet."

If you have any trouble with your gums just try a vegetarian diet and see how quickly the trouble will vanish.

Sugar was once supposed to be very injurious to the teeth, but the harm that it does is so slight compared with that caused by white flour, meat and soft foods, as to be hardly worth noticing. One authority says:

"The popular notion that sugar injures the teeth is not correct, except in cases where, by its admixture with other substances, it causes indigestion. It has been alleged that the eating of sugar spoils the color of and corrupts the teeth. This, however, proves to be a mistake, for no people on the earth have finer teeth than have the negroes in Jamaica."

The practice of taking strong medicines, so common at the present day, is

to be greatly regretted. It is well known that drugs have a most destructive effect upon the teeth. In the present article we will have hardly time to discuss this phase of the subject, but the reference is understood only too well by those whose bitter experience has given them knowledge of this fact.

If you find your teeth are poor, you can improve them greatly by adopting the proper diet. Eat fruit, nuts and dry, crisp, whole wheat preparations. The chewing and eating of raw wheat is especially to be recommended for this purpose. Of course, it is important to keep the teeth clean. After every meal use a piece of dental floss, obtainable at any

drug store, to cleanse the crevices between the teeth, and then brush them thoroughly. If you are bothered with tartar use precipitated chalk, or a good tooth powder.

If the teeth are cleansed after every meal from infancy, and if the diet is absolutely right, there is no reason why one should ever lose his teeth or suffer them to decay. From the time that the first baby teeth come they should be examined at least twice a year by a dentist, so that any sign of decay or of irregularity may be attended to at once.

Irregularities in the teeth are caused often

by the jaw being too small, thus forcing some tooth or teeth out of the arch. Vigorous mastication during the period of growth has a tendency to increase the size of the jaw and so to prevent overcrowding.

The vigorous mastication of hard, dry foods also cleanses and polishes the teeth, thereby preventing decay.

Perhaps you wonder at the splendid, strong teeth of your dog, and as he gnaws his bone you marvel that his teeth don't break. Yet if we were to use our



EXERCISE No. 2. Pass Your Towel Around One Leg of a Light Table and, Gripping it Firmly with Your Teeth, Lift that Corner of the Table

teeth in the same way they would be just as strong. In fact, we often see men with such teeth as these in the circus and at other places of amusement. We present herewith a simple system of exercises for making the teeth strong as iron.

First of all, we would impress upon you the necessity for moderation at the beginning, and as your teeth increase in strength the exercises can be made more strenuous and vigorous. Men have been able to lift a weight of 750 pounds by the teeth, but to accomplish such a feat as this requires years of practice. The spectacle of a man or woman doing a long slide down an inclined wire while hanging by the teeth is a circus "stunt" frequently seen, as well as the slide while hanging by the hair, yet it may interest many to know that either of these two feats, with some cultivation, could be accomplished by the ordinary healthy individual who has not lost his teeth or hair.

There is no actual need for buying any apparatus whatever in taking up this system, although perhaps the most satisfactory medium to work with is a piece of leather, that being the most suitable for the teeth to take hold of. This can be obtained at any harness shop, and should be a strong strap with one end cut out in such a way as to fit the circle of the teeth. It should be so shaped as to be convenient to bite on without interfering with the tongue. One always

should see to it that the strong back teeth at either side of the jaw are given most of the strain.

This strap can be fastened by rope or string to any object with which you choose to work. But for ordinary purposes the beginner will need nothing but an ordinary towel, or other strong cloth, upon which to bite. Perhaps the most satisfactory method would be to practice the lifting of some weight in various ways, and for a starter we would recommend the use of an ordinary kitchen flat-

iron. Remember that any other article of suitable weight that may be convenient will be just as satisfactory. Then, as one grows stronger, he can increase the weight slightly and by degrees. Perhaps a small satchel or grip in which you could put any quantity of weights you choose, would be a very good substitute for the flatiron. It will be very convenient to pass your towel around one leg of a light table, and gripping firmly with your teeth, to lift that corner of the table. In case the table is too light, or your growing

strength requires a heavier weight, you can pile books or other weights upon the top of that section of the table as is desired.

In using a towel a little manipulating will enable you to arrange it so that the end to be bitten will fit into the circle of the teeth, allowing you to put most of the strain upon the heavy grinders at each side of the jaws.



EXERCISE No. 3. Suspend Towel or Leather Strap Over Head, the End Being About on Level of Nose. Then, Procuring Good Grip on it, Dip Knees Slightly and Gradually Pull Down as Though You Were to Hang By Teeth

It is far better to devote ten minutes to a great number and variety of exercises of this kind—that is, repeating moderate efforts a great many times—than to make two or three strenuous lifts that tax the strength of your teeth to their utmost. We know of one enthusiast who was accustomed to lifting his companions by the teeth, and on one occasion, while straining to lift a 150-pound friend, all of his front teeth came out. This is a possibility when lifting heavy weights, and we would warn you to practice these exercises within comfortable limits, though no doubt, in the case mentioned, the young man did not have a proper grip with his back teeth.

Another good method, as illustrated, is that of suspending a towel or leather strap overhead, the end being about on the level of your nose. Then, getting a good grip on it, and dipping the knees slightly, gradually pull down upon it as though you were to hang by the teeth, until you feel a very slight strain, which indicates that you have pulled hard enough. Stop the instant that you experience the least discomfort. As one grows stronger he will pull harder, and after a time, perhaps, he may be able to lift his feet from the floor and to hang entirely by his teeth.

A simpler exercise still for this purpose is merely to grasp the towel with the teeth, and then to tug and haul at the other end with the hands, pulling in various ways. One may use even an ordinary rope or heavy twine to fairly good advantage.

This exercise will act as massage upon the gums, increasing the circulation of blood at the roots of the teeth, and thereby strengthening and building up good, vigorous, healthy tissue in these parts. This system will make ordinary teeth very strong, but one can hardly expect badly decayed teeth to be much strengthened in this way. Yet we believe that even teeth that are decayed considerably will be benefited much because of the more perfect nourishment brought to the parts by the acceleration of the circulation through the gums. One may infer also that the better circulation through-

out the entire face and head, as promoted by these movements, will prove indirectly of benefit to the eyes and to other parts of the face.

We do not advise that every one attempt to become a professional "strong man" in this line of work, but we wish to emphasize the importance of having good and strong teeth, to supply which need moderate exercise of the kind illustrated herewith will be sufficient. Do not attempt these movements immediately after a full meal, for, if you are sensitive, the presence of a foreign body far back in the mouth may induce nausea.

Not only will this method strengthen the teeth, but it will be found most excellent for general exercise. It is valuable especially for developing all the muscles of the neck, jaw and face, and will bring into play the muscles of the shoulders, back, chest, stomach and legs. Deep, full breathing will be caused, the neck will become strong, rugged and beautiful, and the voice will take on a rich, strong and clear tone. The tensing of the muscles over the stomach will aid digestion, and in every way the action of the sympathetic nervous system will help to bring about a better condition of harmony and health throughout the entire body.

The strengthening of the muscles of the face will tend to round it out, developing and intensifying one's expression, while the jaw will acquire that firm setting which denotes strength of character and which so many of us greatly admire. Remember that it is a peculiar fact that certain mental conditions express themselves by certain well-known, definite attitudes of body and expressions of face, for which reason the assumption of those particular attitudes and expressions will tend to awaken and develop the corresponding conditions of mind that they represent. One who holds his head erect, therefore, and who sets his jaw with the sturdy firmness that these exercises will bring out, will in this way help somewhat to build the firm and intrepid strength of character that most of us covet.

THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE INNER LIFE OF A MODEL—HER DEPENDENCE UPON NATURE. YOUTH AND BEAUTY HER ONLY CAPITAL—THE RIGID AND CAREFUL PHYSICAL CULTURE LIFE THAT MUST BE LED TO PRESERVE HER NATURAL ENDOWMENTS—THE LONGING ULTIMATELY OF BECOMING WIFE AND MOTHER LIVES ON IN THE HEART OF AN ARTIST'S MODEL

By Clara Betz

THE romance that is supposed to attach to certain professions exists for the most part in the minds of those who are not of them. A soldier's life is associated by the civilian with flashing swords, nodding plumes and the bray of bugles. Yet a private in a United States regiment will tell you that no small part of his duties are of a humdrum nature—the housewifely details of the barrack-room, or the unsavory necessities of the stable. Equally false are the conventional pictures of the every-day life of the sailor, the journalist or the actor. And the artist's model is another victim of the rainbow-breeding beliefs of the layman, mainly, I presume, because she is identified with those inner secrets

of the studio, which are fascinating only because they are not for the multitude. Not a few authors, including Du Maurier, are responsible for the estimate which the public places upon her and hers. As a matter of fact, posing for artists is pro-

saic work and, in most instances, is drudgery pure and simple. The pay of the professional model is small and the strain upon her, physically, is great. Her

vogue is limited to a few, a very few years. Her capital is her youth and her beauty of form or face. These gone, she is useless. Even when she is at her best artists do not care to employ her for long, for if they do they are apt to duplicate her in their work. No matter how cunningly they may disguise her, she will insist on repeating herself upon their canvasses. Repetition is a thing that no artist can afford, having in mind his reputation and the demands of his patrons. Consequently, after a season in the studios with which she has been

identified, she is of no further use to her erstwhile employers. It is for this reason that the professional life of a model, even in New York City, is more or less brief, and unless she is in a position to establish herself in outside cities she



Roe and Biehler

"You will find upon the 'Model Throne' as lovable and virtuous women as in any other section of this complex world of ours"

is compelled to find some other means of livelihood.

But it would seem that the art field of America is sufficiently large to enable a model to obtain constant employment on the lines indicated. This is not so, however. The artistic centers of this country are not many, and as I have already said, once that she has lost her physical charms the model is of no value in a studio sense. It is true that some artists are identified with a recurrent "girl" type, but these gentlemen are, for the most part, illustrators rather than painters. Furthermore, they draw from ideals, not fleshy actualities. Now an animal painter may ring the changes upon his cats and dogs and horses as often as he pleases. But as far as the painter of women is concerned—I speak, of course, from the standpoint of a model's experience—his public will insist upon a constant novelty of subjects.

What becomes of our models when they have outlived their usefulness? As far as my observation goes, most of them marry, usually a mechanic or tradesman, and evolve into model housewives (no joke intended). Not a few of them have been united to artists whose professional advancement they have served.

In other cases they accept the inevitable and are merged into that great army of middle aged women who are struggling for an existence in stores or offices.

Trilby is a rarity in the artistic world; I speak more particularly as to her mental attributes. Nevertheless, the world of modeldom is productive of many unique

types and on the whole you will find upon the "model throne" as lovable and virtuous women as in any other section of this complex world of ours. The moral and intellectual methods of the model are inexplicable to the average

individual, but as far as my experience serves the woman who poses is healthy as to body and wholesome as to mind, and in this belief I have no doubt that I shall be confirmed by the artistic community in general.

Just why or how girls become models is a question which requires many answers. A variety of circumstances may tend to their so doing. But in the majority of instances they adopt the profession from necessity rather than from choice. Mere accident, introduction to artist friends, the need of food and shelter, and sometimes, and not infrequently, vanity, are in turn responsible for their ascending the "model throne." Yet I wish to again declare that of the many of my sister models with whom I have come in contact the standard of morality among them is fully as high as is that of women in private life. Models look upon their business as a matter of business only and their employers invariably accept their services for such and as such. The



Hoe and Biehler

"My experience has been that the most successful models are those who have eliminated corsets altogether"

professional instinct on both sides dominates all else. There are necessarily exceptions to this rule. Likewise are there models who are models in name only. But on the whole the woman who poses is a good, hard-working creature, having but few thoughts in her pretty head apart from doing her duty to her employer and herself.

Few models are of absolutely perfect form, yet all of them are possessed of some individual perfection which makes them artistically valuable. If an artist desires to paint an ideal woman he will select one model who is, say, the owner of ravishing feet and ankles, another of beautiful forearms and hands, yet another of a delightful neck. These several attributes he combines until he obtains that for which he is seeking. I am speaking more particularly of a nude subject. In such instances the artist may have occasion to employ half a dozen women, from each of whom he obtains material from which to build the perfected creature of his professional desire.

The model who can satisfy the painter's craving for perfection is a rarity. I do not think that there are more than three or four of such in the United States. The same remark stands good as far as artistic circles abroad are concerned. Artists, especially those whose forte is the nude, still cling to classic standards and the classically formed model is more or less unobtainable nowadays, thanks to corsets and those other articles of woman's attire which make for the undoing of the female figure as it was intended to be by the Creator. The more or less ancient problem of how Venus de Milo would look in modern dress is as yet unsolved, that is, as far as the controversy between artists and modistes are concerned. But my experience has been that the most successful models are those who have eliminated corsets altogether or have refused to submit to anything that borders on even semi-tight lacing. I, myself, am a case in point, and such professional popularity as I have obtained in American and French studios I attribute to the fact that I religiously refuse to accede to the demands of fashion on the lines indicated. To this decision also I attribute my general good health.

The ideal model is she who not only has an intelligent conception of the pose which she is called upon to hold, but who can also command a certain amount of facial expression in accordance with the same. For instance, the disposition of the features, if I may so express it, is, in the case of a Spanish gypsy, very different from that of a Grecian goddess. Or again, there is a vast distinction between the facial expression of a French

chanteuse and a vestal virgin. Very few models have this power of conforming their features to the requirements of the subject, and herein lies the difference between the model general and the model proper. Furthermore, if the model is a woman of intelligence she will often suggest to the artist an appropriate arrangement of her limbs and body. In other words, she will formulate the pose in general. One who can do this kind of thing is necessarily more in demand and is better paid than the girl who simply follows her employer's directions in a mechanical fashion.

My experience abroad has proven to me that American models in the respect cited are very much in advance of their Continental sisters. Hence, French and German artists are usually eager to engage the service of models from the United States. This same power of facial expression is coincident with the power of expression on the part of the body as a rule. In other words, unless the model appreciates the requirements of the pose demanded she is apt to be a wooden or a lay figure, and, indeed, far less satisfactory. Again, the model who is fairly well educated and who knows somewhat of the historic or sentimental aspect of her subject is of far more value to her employer than is her ignorant sister. I remember that on one occasion I was asked by a certain French artist to pose as Helen of Troy. I had no difficulty in assuming both the position and the expression which I thought were pertinent thereto. Hereupon the artist expressed some amount of astonishment, adding, "What do you know of Helen?" I ventured to tell him that I was possibly as well acquainted with the history of the lady as he was, and he thereupon rejoined, "Mon Dieu, is it possible that a model has read the Iliad?"

As a rule, a model begins her work by posing in draped studies and by degrees she develops into the "altogether." I use the word "develop" because the "altogether" represents the highest possibilities of our profession, inasmuch as there are but comparatively few, as I have already suggested, who can comply with the total demands of the nude.

As a rule a pose is held for from ten to fifteen minutes. Then comes a rest of five minutes after which the pose is

resumed. In the initial stages of her career the model finds difficulty in retaining a pose and undergoes no small amount of physical discomfort in so doing. If you will place your hands upon a table and endeavor to keep them there in a given position for ten minutes or so, you will find that it is not long before the muscles rebel against being held in a strained and unwonted position. They will indicate this to you by pains that are akin to acute rheumatism, and at the expiration of the time named you will be only too glad to permit them to regain their normal conditions. Imagine the same in connection with every muscle of the body and you will be able to form a fair idea of what the model undergoes when she first begins her vocation. After a while, however, her thews and sinews become accustomed to the demands made upon them and the trained model has no difficulty in maintaining a pose for twenty or twenty-five minutes without inconvenience to herself. Once I was called upon to represent Diana, the weight of the body being thrown upon the ball of the large toe of the right foot, the right arm being extended at full length. I had to remain thus for nearly thirty minutes and did so successfully. The artist for whom I was posing told me subsequently that he had tried three other models who had failed to do so.

The pay of models, in view of their more or less strenuous work, is not very

good. Within the past few years, however, there has come into existence a demand for models to illustrate commercial advertisements and in these instances their services are satisfactorily rewarded. As cases in point are the young woman who posed for a certain well-known camera and another for a famous brand of whiskey.

Weird stories of studio orgies in which models and artists participate are as stupid as they are untrue. It is a fact that the younger element of the Metropolitan art world is given to "jamborees," to use the vernacular, but these are almost always of the "stag" variety, and I have yet to know of an instance in which a model took part in them. It is equally untrue that the American model bears any moral resemblance to some of the young women of the Latin Quartier. I know of several New York models who are received socially at the homes of their married employers.

Lastly, work in the studio does not unfit a woman for the every-day duties of life, as does the stage or other of the "glamorous" professions. I couple the studio and the stage because they have somewhat in common on the line of alleged demoralization of the domestic instincts. As a rule the model is only too glad to exchange the stress and strain of the studio for the peace and security of a little home of her own.



Nature's Grand Bath Tub

Photograph of the children of Chas. and Louis Bell, well-known physical culture enthusiasts, and who are educating their little ones to find a love for the free, untrammelled body, God's sunshine and the open air.

TIMELY TALKS ON CURRENT TOPICS

THE "SPELLBINDER" IN NATIONAL POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS

WITH the closing days of the Presidential campaign a conspicuous figure of American political life will retire once more to well-earned rest. He is the "spellbinder," the "stump-speaker," that is let loose in every part of the country around the time of election.

It is generally known, even by party managers, that the "spellbinder" has little influence in changing the drift of an election, but, nevertheless, he is found to be a necessary element—a brand of mental firework that keeps things noisy around an election and prevents the lull and loss of interest that is dangerous to either party. The spellbinder is as much a part of the campaign as are the brass band, the skyrocket and the parades.

It makes a man feel good when he is told, in the course of a fiery, patriotic speech such as only a spellbinder can deliver, that he is a patriot, that he is defending his country by means of the peaceful ballot, doing his duty as a citizen, etc., etc., and it usually brings him out to vote on election day.

HE MUST BE PHYSICALLY STRONG

The spellbinder must be a physical giant in the matter of lungs and power of endurance. No weakling can fill the job. Among other important physical requisites, it demands sound lungs. It takes more wind to arouse an American audience than it does to drive a mere windmill! It demands a strong, resonant voice that begins down in the lungs and comes out full and far-fetching. The spellbinder must possess a robust physical appearance. No emasculated, scrawny weakling will do. He must have a large reserve of vital power and physical endurance. Niagara does not expend more

energy than does this spectacle of a steam engine in trousers, exhorting his fellow-men to duty. Lastly, he needs physical courage, for, whether he speaks from the platform of a hall, or from the top of a barrel or from the tail-end of a truck, he is liable to face a hostile audience and things vegetarian are likely to test his doggedness and his courage to an extreme point.

POLITICAL ORATORS!

Of course there are some big spellbinders of whom America is reasonably proud. In almost every instance they are strong, well-built, husky men—powerful characters who possess everything that is needed in the spellbinder, and that added something—physical magnetism, eloquence, or call it what you will, which crowns a man the orator and gives him the power to sway an audience at will.

Beveridge is a clean-cut, vigorous young speaker who represents the age of fine, clean-cut young men. He is a physical culturist in every sense of the word. He was boss of a lumber camp at the age of sixteen—and every one understands what that means in the way of physical manhood.

Uncle "Joe" Cannon represents the older type of American political speaker. There is nothing remarkable about his address. He has little of dignity in his bearing while addressing an audience. He warms up slowly. But he is explosive, sometimes profanely, and generally drives home what he wants to say.

Beckham, governor of Kentucky, resembles Beveridge in strength and vigor of utterance and in the magnetic qualities that capture an audience.

Bourke Cockran is a splendid type of the physical qualities that are a part of a really great orator. He possesses the well-rounded physical appearance that bespeaks plenty of vital force and strength.

Theodore Roosevelt, more than any other orator, perhaps, embodies the distinctly American type of speaker. The dramatic utterance and eloquence that are a part of Cockran, and native to the Irish, are largely lacking in Roosevelt's make-up. Sheer force of individuality, vehemence, fearlessness, and an evident earnestness of purpose mark his delivery. His indefatigableness is the result of his rugged constitution and his life, when a youth, in the open air of the Western plains.

Wm. Jennings Bryan has the same "lasting" qualities of the President. His physical endurance rivals that of Roosevelt, and coupled with that he has the rhetorical abilities and the eloquence that go to make a powerful orator.

"NATUR" MEN

E. W. Darling, the "Natur" man, when not under arrest for going around in semi-nakedness, tries his hand at oratory and exhorts people, through oratorical effusions, to return to the delights of nature. He is a mild-mannered man, but, in his open-air addresses, he shows a vigor of speech and a fund of vitality that can be acquired only by eating fruits and nuts and going naked.

"NATUR" MEN NUMEROUS

The strange, unaccountable, tidal wave of thought that has caused a revival of physical culture in almost every part of the world has produced also a large number of nature men whose theories are remarkably identical—Darling in America, Nagel in Germany, Drütschel in Bavaria and Salomonson in Holland. To a degree all of these would like to go back to fig-leaf simplicity.

POINTS ON WHICH THEY DIFFER

On some minor points they differ. Salomonson does not believe in drinking liquids of any kind and has not touched a drop of water in long years. He does not bathe. He believes the great bodies of water are for ships to pass over in order to bring us the "fruits of other lands" and that man may enjoy a sail.

Darling and Nagel love the woods where they can run rampant without clothes. Darling spends his blissful time running with the rabbits and catching sunbeams, while Nagel is more serious, devoting his time to conversing with the flowers and the birds.

Nagel is not so fortunate as Darling. Unlike the people of America, the Germans are often intolerant and lack good nature, and consequently Nagel is frequently routed from his paradise and his hut of twigs and branches is frequently burned. He has found himself frequently in a lunatic asylum, behind iron bars. Darling is arrested only when he comes into a large city. Salomonson avoids the fate of both by wearing a blanket over his body and a piece of bright ribbon around his forehead in place of a hat. He differs entirely from the other "natur" men in that he prefers the crowded city to the haunts of nature. He likes to parade the streets and have the crowds stare at him. If he hasn't a thirst for water, he thirsts for attraction and "nature's bounties" come to him (decayed) from the hands of small boys who follow in his wake.

WHY THE "E" IS DROPPED IN "NATUR" MAN

Recently, united efforts have been made by spelling reform societies all over the world to construct a new and practical alphabet on which every language can be based, and to simplify the very difficult task, especially in the English language, of learning to read and write. It is styled phonetic writing—that is, writing the words as they are pronounced. and, of course, every nature man who wants to go back to simplicity must be in harmony with this sensible scheme of phonetic writing. Hence, Darling and others who are trying to go back to nature call themselves "natur" men, dropping the superfluous "e." Phonetic spelling has gained considerable prominence within the last few years, and an interesting study can be made of it by reading the article by Darling in the May issue of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*—"15 Nu Komandments Ov The Natur Man."

A HUMAN LAWN MOWER

Even Spain has a "natur" man. He is now in America, living in Brooklyn, N. Y. He out-natures all the other nature men. His diet is grass.

Eusebio Santos, for that is his name, was a nervous wreck a few years ago. He was troubled continually with headaches and with other disorders. He could not sleep, and in consequence his nerves became shattered. While living

in Cuba, he became acquainted with a locally prominent physician who advised Santos to fast and, during the time, to chew a little grass. He followed the advice and soon he had cultivated a taste for grass. Ever since, six months ago, he has lived on a diet of grass exclusively. But he is also fond of all kinds of flowers and at times adds them to his meals.

CASE IS AUTHENTIC

Eusebio Santos is now in a museum in New York City, where crowds watch him daily as he takes his meals of grass. In an interview, secured at his home in Brooklyn, he praised his diet in the fullest terms. He said:

"If a person only knew the good that they could get from eating grass, they would never eat anything else. It is most nourishing and delicious. If people would take to eating it I feel convinced their lives would be prolonged for many years. Of course I can eat all kinds of grass, but I prefer the sweet grass because it is more pleasant. I do not pepper or salt it, but eat it just as I pull it up.

"I much prefer to go to Sunset Park or Prospect Park, for the grass there is much cleaner. Each day I gather a supply large enough to last me for three or four meals. I always like to gather and eat the grass when the dew has fallen on it, for then I do not have to drink water with it.

"One would be surprised to find how even the temperature of a person's body is kept by living on grass and cold water. When winter sets in I intend going south in order that I may continue to live on my diet. I will never eat anything else as long as I live."

KIDNEY DISEASE IN NOVEMBER

Common observation among physicians reveals the fact that there are more cases of Bright's disease of the kidneys around this time of the year than in all of the other months combined.

Various reasons for this condition seem to suggest themselves. During the sum-

mer months, on account of frequent perspiration, a great part of the uric acid poison within the system finds its way out through the pores of the skin. With the coming of the cooler weather the perspiration diminishes and the work of elimination is thrown upon the kidneys.

More food is taken into the body around this time of the year than during the summer months, causing more poison to be brought into the system. If meat is a part of the diet, the amount of impurities is increased. All this means that the kidneys have a very hard time of it during this change.

We don't even continue to drink the amount of water that we are accustomed to drink during the heated term. The habit of drinking water is stopped as soon as the cooler season arrives. Thus, instead of assisting the kidneys in this critical time, we make their work more difficult. These causes may account, in a way, for the prevalence of Bright's disease.

A PLEA FOR THE APPLE

This efficacious fruit, so plentiful and cheap at this time of the year, is not prized half as much as it should be. It has not been recognized yet as a valuable medicinal food. The apple is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid, in an easily digestible shape, than has any other fruit known. It excites the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. Also, it agglutinates the surplus acids of the stomach, and helps the kidney secretions. It obviates all possibility of indigestion, and is one of the best preventives of diseases of the throat. Like the lemon and the orange, the apple is an invaluable antidote for the craving of those who are addicted to the alcoholic habit.

Eat as many apples as possible. Eat them at night, just before going to bed. Store a barrel in your cellar, and you will be the gainer in good sound sleep and in general health.



HORRIBLE EFFECTS OF VACCINATION

ENORMOUS TUMOR, ORIGINATING AT POINT OF INSERTION OF VACCINE VIRUS, SAPS LIFE OF ALTOONA YOUNG MAN UNTIL HE SUCCUMBS TO THE HORRIFIC DISEASE

IN *The Daily Democrat*, Johnstown, Pa., there is an article by M. A. Wesner, M. D., that should arouse the ire of every thinking man and woman throughout the country. We print it herewith in full.

"The accompanying portrait is that of Benjamin F. Olewine, who died at 304 Eleventh street, Altoona, July 23, 1897, aged 23 years. He was vaccinated two and one-half years before his death. When vaccination was performed his skin was smooth and clean and beautiful, and he was otherwise in perfect health. But look upon this picture and behold his condition since. And what caused this wonderful change? Why, simply vaccination, the great

destroyer of human happiness, human health and human life. Vaccination, the blighting, withering curse, the propagator of all manner of filth disease, the monster which pollutes the pure blood of our children with the foul excretions that are thrown off from diseased beasts, nature considering it too vile to contaminate the system of any living creature.

"About two months after vaccination a sarcomatous tumor began to develop

at the point of insertion of the vaccine, which was not as yet properly healed. That tumor continued to grow and spread, attaching itself to the arm of the patient, his forearm, his shoulder and his

chest, until it reached the enormous proportions which are observed in the representation. And think you, dear reader, what must have been the suffering of this afflicted individual as day after day and night after night, unable to find an hour of rest, his life slowly ebbed away at his home in the Mountain City! Racked with intense pain and untold misery, suffering the most excruciating torments that the human mind can conceive, the poor man was relieved only by laying down

his life as a sacrifice on the altar of stupid indifference and professional incompetency. What 'science' had accomplished for him it was unable to relieve when finally it came to the crucial test. The memory of this man is enshrined in the love and affections of his people, who with one voice assert that vaccination is a contemptible fraud and a lasting reproach on twentieth century civilization."



Benjamin F. Olewine

This photograph shows the enormous tumor that developed at the point of insertion of the poisonous vaccine. This young man, after suffering torments that no human mind can realize or understand, has died, a sacrifice to the hideous curse of vaccination.

CONCEALED ALCOHOL IN PROPRIETARY MEDICINES AND FOODS

By Mrs. Martha M. Allen

(SUPERINTENDENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF NON-ALCOHOLIC MEDICATION FOR THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION)

The recent activity of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in exposing patent medicines that secure their stimulating properties entirely from alcohol is to be commended. Temperance workers of the past, who gave testimonials to the venders of patent medicine dope, were no doubt unaware of any wrong-doing. It would be impossible to conceive of anyone actively interested in the temperance reform commending in the highest terms a medicine that contains almost from two to five times as much alcohol as is found in cheap commercial whisky.

I most sincerely welcome the members of the W. C. T. U. in this important work, for I believe that their efforts in this field will accomplish a vast deal in shedding the light of truth upon the so-called patent medicines, which can be more appropriately named alcohol dope.

—BERNARR MACPADDEN.

THE amazing credulity of the American people as to the curative power of drugs is vividly shown in the immense volume of the traffic in patent or proprietary medicines. It is conservatively estimated that the present annual sales of these preparations reach fully \$60,000,000. In view of the fact that medicines retailing at \$1.00 a bottle do not cost over fifteen to sixteen cents, and very often as little as five to ten cents for production, bottle and contents, it is easy to understand why vast fortunes are made from those sufficiently well capitalized to afford extensive advertising.

There could be no objection to the sale of these preparations beyond the enormous price in proportion to the cost if they did all that is claimed for them upon the labels and in the advertisements. But when experts in the study of their effects lay to the charge of many of them idiocy, insanity and widespread physical, moral and mental ruin it is time people became enlightened as to their real nature.

A careful compilation of manufacturers' announcements show a list of 1,806 so-called patent medicines sold to the public in which alcohol, opium or other toxic drugs form constituent parts. Six hundred and seventy-five of these are known as "bitters," "stomachics," or "cordials,"

and alcohol enters into their composition in quantities varying from fifteen to fifty per cent. Three hundred and ninety are recommended for coughs and colds, nearly all of which contain opium in some form. Sixty remedies are sold for the relief of pain, and for no other purpose. One hundred and twenty are for nervous troubles; of these about one-half have entering into their composition the poisonous coca leaves or kola nut, or both, or are represented by their respective active principles, cocaine or caffeine.

One hundred and twenty-nine are offered for headaches and kindred ailments, and usually with a guarantee to give immediate relief. In these are generally compounded the poisonous phenacetin, caffeine, antipyrine, acetanilide or morphine, diluted with soda or sugar of milk. Some headache powders and some remedies for colds have been found to contain cocaine.

Dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera morbus and cramps in bowels have one hundred and eighty-five quick reliefs or "cures," nearly all of which contain opium, many of them in addition alcohol, ginger, capsicum or myrrh in various combinations, and there are numerous cases on record where children and adults have been narcotized by their excessive use.

Forty-eight compounds for asthma con-

tain caffeine and morphine. Thirty-six soothing or teething syrups are provided for infants, some of which contain opium or its derivatives.

That there are many people innocently and ignorantly forming an alcohol, opium or cocaine habit through the use of patent medicines is a fact well known to physicians. Yet if they speak out a warning their words are lightly treated as professional jealousy. But if they find people willing to listen and to learn they will tell what they know. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been inviting physicians of late to speak upon this theme in their regular and public meetings, and they have learned much of great value to themselves and their families. They have had clearly taught them that the formation of an alcoholic or drug habit is not the only danger in the use of nostrums, but that much of the prevailing ill health of the American people is due to these medicines.

For instance, a physician was called recently to attend a patient who was suffering from a disease which results only from the continued consumption of an alcoholic liquor. As the sick man was a deacon in good standing in his church, and a voting Prohibitionist, the physician was puzzled, but finally bethought himself and asked, "What medicine have you been taking?" The answer was that for months the patient had been taking daily doses of a medicine sold by "a retired clergyman;" examination revealed a high percentage of alcohol in it. As it had been taken in small doses it did not intoxicate, so its nature was not suspected, but its continued use had steadily undermined the health. Nothing would have induced this good deacon to partake, knowingly, of an alcoholic liquor, but the glowing testimonials of marvelous cures in a medicine of secret composition led him upon a path whose end was a wrecked nervous system and a disease which under no other circumstances could have befallen a man of his principles.

Another instance is that of a young woman who became so addicted to the use of a certain neuralgia "cure" that she had taken nearly a thousand bottles before she went to a physician for help. She was sent to an inebriate asylum with the hope that there she might be cured of her ad-

diction to the "cure," which was made up largely of morphine. This young woman would not, in the beginning, have used morphine knowingly.

A third case is of a woman living not far from the writer, who has become greatly enfeebled in health, and a drunkard in addition, by the use of a remedy advertised for the ills peculiar to her sex.

Cases like these might be multiplied indefinitely. The writer receives letters frequently from women telling of loved ones who are as much addicted to some of these medicines as any old drunkard is to his cups. They think they cannot live without the "remedies." It is the peculiar effect of the alcohol or morphine or other habit-producing drug that makes the patent medicine habitué.

How has it become known that these medicines contain large quantities of alcohol? The credit is due primarily to the Association for the Study of Inebriety. There were many medicines advertised for the cure of drunkenness and of the morphine habit which this society decided to have analyzed. They employed the Massachusetts Board of Health to make the necessary examinations. The result showed the fearful depths of iniquity to which some men will resort in order to make money, for nearly all the remedies for the liquor habit were largely alcoholic and nearly all the morphine "cures" contained morphine.

The dose recommended upon the labels of these medicines (?) varied from a teaspoonful to a wineglassful, and the frequency also varied from one to four times a day, "increased as needed." The secretary of the Board of Health, reporting upon these preparations, says there is no doubt that such doses may beget an alcoholic craving.

Medicines examined by the same Board of Health recently are Peruna, 23.46 per cent. alcohol; Vinol, 15.33; Swamp Root, 5.87; Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, 16.77; Munyon's Paw-Paw, 21.59. The latter has upon the label, "Paw-Paw does away with the necessity and desire for beer, wine and whisky." The *Druggist Circular* for August, 1904, says: "Paw-Paw was found to contain none of the starch converting enzyme of paw-paw." Orangeine, a favorite headache remedy, was found to consist of acetani-

lide, caffeine and sodium bicarbonate. Acetanilide is a drug unfitted for self-prescription; it has a very depressing effect upon the heart. Deaths have resulted from its use in ordinary doses.

It will be noticed that the percentage of alcohol in many of these medicines is greater than in ordinary wine, beer or cider, yet multitudes of people use them freely who think the use of wine and beer very dangerous to health and morals. It is but right that people should be protected by the State from indulging ignorantly in what knowingly they would never touch. The secrecy of these compositions should be done away with by laws compelling manufacturers to put upon the labels a correct formula of the contents. England has some such law, and as a consequence, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is labeled *poison* in that country.

The proprietary foods need watching as well as the medicines. In the *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of March 12, 1903, Dr. Charles Harrington, of Harvard Medical College, gave an analysis of various foods examined by him. His attention was drawn to this matter by the friends of an invalid who was almost constantly in a semi-intoxicated condition, yet took no alcoholic drinks. Suspicion was directed to the "food" she was taking, and it and other foods were analyzed. The percentages of alcohol found were: Liquid Peptonoids, 23.03; Panopepton, 17.99; Hemaboloids, 15.81; Hemapeptone, 10.60; Nutritive Liquid Peptone, 14.81; Tonic Beef, 15.58; Mulford's Predigested Beef, 19.72. The maximum daily amount advised on the labels of some of these yielded 1.25 ounces of nutriment and the alcoholic equivalent of about six ounces of whisky. Yet, how often the sick have been left to exist on nothing but such "foods"! How much strength are they likely to receive from 1¼ ounces of nutriment in the course of

a day; and even this neutralized by the burning, irritant alcohol?

The president of the Proprietary Association of America voiced the defence of alcohol in patent medicines in a paper read by him at the annual meeting of the association in June, 1904. He said alcohol is used from necessity as a solvent and preservative, and that manufacturers would "gladly use some other material if it would serve the same purpose." The *Druggist Circular*, a high-grade pharmacy journal, comments upon this statement in the July number, and says: "We see no reason why they should require alcohol in any of their medicines except in those into which it may be placed for the open and avowed purpose of producing on the taker its stimulating effect."

* * * Dr. Squibb perfected a plan for the extracting of vegetable extracts without the use of alcohol and we are quite sure that among the myriads of antiseptic substances each proprietor could easily select a preservative that would prove to be a synergist to his remedy. * * * Alcohol as taken in a proprietary remedy is subject to no restriction and held under no safeguard. Like a bottomless quagmire, it can destroy those who have the hardihood to brave its dangers. It is a dangerous venture to try any of them, particularly if they have to be taken continuously for a long period."

If people would quit drugging themselves, avoid indigestible foods, eat at regular hours, chew well, stop eating when they have had enough, take a sufficient amount of exercise, of sleep and fresh air, with a hot bath once or twice a week, and a cold sponge bath each morning, laying aside all alcoholics and tobacco and all carking cares there would be very little sickness in the world. Over-eating and worry lead to the drug habit for relief. Those who value health must cultivate self-control. It is folly to be reckless of health, and expect relief from any bottle in any drug store.

MARVELOUS CELL-LIFE OF THE BODY

It is no extravagance and no mere figure of speech to say that cells move about with apparent purpose, that they feel, that they suffer and enjoy, that they absorb and assimilate food, that they live, love, marry, propagate, and die. And we can say with as much truth that they think.

The cell, therefore, does all that the man

does, has all that the man has, and possesses, within its tiny compass, heart, vein, muscle, nerve, artery, skin, bone, cartilage and what-not of the future organism of the composition of which it forms one of the ultimate constituent parts.—MICHAEL A. LANE, in *National Magazine*.

EDUCATING THE CHILD MIND TO BE PURE

HOW A MOTHER SHOULD MEET THE QUESTIONS
OF HER CHILD

By Mrs. Grace Edwards

BEING much interested in an article in August *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, "Immorality Among Children," I thought a few words from a mother might help others.

Is it desirable that children should be taught early the truth about their physical selves? Yes; and furthermore, it is desirable that this knowledge should come from parents, not from playmates and companions.

The writer knew nothing of such subjects until, at the age of fifteen, while visiting a physician's family, she had access to a large medical library. Most children acquire these facts before this age, yet I can cite other cases like my own. One girl of fifteen asked a young man with whom she was driving, the difference between a bull and a cow. Another of the same age was delighted at the supposed fighting of a rooster and his hens. The third young girl was about to be married. Her mother, never having taught her anything on the subject of sex, was convinced that she ought to be told something before the wedding day arrived. The poor girl was shocked, declared that she would not marry, that she would never submit to such an indignity. For some weeks she refused to see her lover, but finally was reconciled and married.

If unusual, such cases are possible, and they are also dangerous, for ignorance is never bliss, as many mothers, when too late, have found out to their sorrow. How shall a mother teach her children—boys as well as girls—these all important things?

Here is one mother's way: A little three-year-old asks, "Where did 'itty baby tum from, mamma?"

Most children are older when this, generally the first, question is asked. This little girl had a very bright, inquiring mind. Why tell her a lie? "God sent the little baby, dear." No more, no less.

It is enough. She has seen the tiny goslings on the pond, kittens, birds, and the tiny ants at their nest-making, and has been told that God made them all. How natural it is to understand that He also made the little human baby.

The bird was always a most interesting subject to this little one. The father bird's part in helping to feed and protect the young was always dwelt upon. Then follows the story of the pollen carried by bees and butterflies from flower to flower, and how the tiny grains drop into the seed cradles and the little seeds are born to be planted and make more flowers.

Can we say that a child of four or five will draw conclusions from this and comprehend the method of reproduction in the animal world? Perhaps, but not in this case. Every question was truthfully answered when it was presented.

One day a strange cat came to the door, was taken in, fed and rejoiced over. Very soon a family of kittens was found one morning in the laundry basket.

Our little maid is five. "Where did pussy get her kittens, mamma?" Shall I now say, "God sent them?" No need to turn back a page; the child-mind goes forward very rapidly. "The mother pussy carries her babies in a warm little nest, right in her own body under her soft fur." Each answer seems to satisfy for the time.

These questions come at different ages. The age matters not, dear mother, if you seize each opportunity. The little one is told that auntie is soon to be a mother. The news is told in whispers like a most precious secret. She in turn whispers it to papa. The little maid is shown the dainty baby clothes, a great treat, and she comes home crazy to put the favorite dolly into long clothes.

How much better this than the treatment accorded another child of eleven years. When she heard of a new cousin,

she asked: "Where did auntie get the baby, mamma?" "The doctor brought it." "Did Dr. Brown hold it or did the driver hold it while Dr. Brown drove the horse?" No answer. "Mamma, do you suppose that the doctor carried it under the buffalo robe? Was the baby dressed? Who dressed it? Where did Dr. Brown get the baby, mamma?" "Don't bother me; I sha'n't answer another question."

Foolish mother, she had not yet answered one. When I asked her afterward: "Why not tell the truth?" she replied: "If I had answered one question there would have been no end to them. She would have given me no peace."

The mind demands satisfactory food as well as the body, and the child mind will get it somewhere.

Just before the birth of a brother, a little girl of nine said to her mother: "You think you look handsome with your bustle in front, but you don't." Had not that mother let slip some previous opportunity? And she let this one slip, for this child and her sister, aged eleven, were surprised when the little brother came. That mother missed much in not letting them anticipate, with her, the advent of the precious new soul.

Mothers, take your children to nature. Show them how universal is sex. Many insects live only to reproduce their kind and die.

My little maid unwittingly expressed this wonder at the endless succession of life. At the age of five, as she sat very thoughtful in her crib one night, I asked what she was thinking of. She replied: "I was thinking of that to-day, the world going on like this, and I thought there were more and more little babies growing

up to be mammas, till I don't know what to make of it."

Are we ashamed of the Creator's handiwork?

Must I believe the words of the Psalmist: "I was shapen in iniquity and in sin did my mother conceive me"?

If I did I could never witness the union of happy young hearts at the altar, knowing that they were about to commit sin. Nor could I rejoice with them over the little new life, "trailing clouds of glory from God, Who is its home.

Tell your children that the organs of fatherhood and motherhood — better terms than the word "sex"—are delicate, precious, and not to be touched or injured. That they are intimately connected with the nervous system and the brain, and that tampering with them often results in loss of memory, insanity and death.

She has been asked, not commanded, to refrain from talking of these matters with her little playmates, "because mothers like to tell their little girls such things themselves." I wish I could have said *all* mothers.

Do parents fear making their children old and grave by such early training? Children who must find out these things from unwholesome sources are the ones who become grave, unchildlike, secretive. Do not say "shame" to any child unless it is injuring its body. You child is fearfully and wonderfully made; tell it so; make it to see the wisdom of God's workmanship. Teach it properly, sacredly to care for its body, and "your sons and daughters shall rise up and call you blessed."

IGNORANCE IS NOT INNOCENCE

The time was when a query regarding sexual matters from a child was received with a rebuff. People were positively ashamed to acknowledge that their birth had been due to sexual intercourse. A test of innocence in maidenhood was complete ignorance. Some would have it so to-day, but the "thinkers" know there is a better way, and the better way comes as every good thing does—through knowledge.

No good thing ever came through ignorance. Why instruct a young girl in languages, music, mathematics, history and arts and yet leave her in entire ignorance of her own wonderful

part to play in the future history of humanity?

In the past the vast majority of men and women have been reared in ignorance; and have bred their children like cattle. Is it always so to continue? Do we get weary looking for the millenium? Are we discouraged that the progress of mankind is so slow? Do you want to see the stream of humanity cleared of crime, selfishness, cruelty, bigotry, greed and lust?

Seeing the result of generations of sexual ignorance, does it not seem as though a change might be effected by introducing knowledge of such matters to our young people?—*Good Health Clinic.*

ARE WE TOO HARSH IN OUR CRITICISMS OF CORSET WEARERS?

BY AN EXPECTANT HUSBAND

THE above question is asked by an "expectant bride" in one of the recent numbers of this magazine, and as an expectant husband of another expectant bride, I wish to say most emphatically "NO!"

Every thoughtful young woman knows that the corset has no place whatever in the wardrobe of the young woman, married or unmarried, who has the glorious expectation of some day being crowned "mother." Whether wife or sweetheart, or neither as yet, she knows also that without such a contrivance as a corset, or any parallel substitute in the wardrobe of the Twentieth Century woman, the chances of the human race for the future will be most surely greatly increased—at least in a physical way. Then she must agree with the statement that the wearing of the corset is an evil in some degree, in that it hinders the development, full and strong, of mankind's mothers, and, through them, of mankind itself. It is an evil; an evil that is helping to undermine the physical strength and life of the race; and sad as it is to say, it is securely entrenched and fostered by the best of our people.

I do not desire, in this small space, to enter upon the disastrous effects that the corset produces upon the complexions of women, or its effect upon the graceful, willowy movement that is seen only in an unhampered, naturally strong body. I will touch only upon the degeneration and decaying it causes to the vital organs that every woman possesses. Instead of holding yourselves together about the waist, and compelling that unruly stomach to "back up," by wearing an artificial mechanism that has been styled the corset, suppose you build up around your waist and over those hips and abdomen a "corset" of real fiber. Don't prop up your back with a bunch of steel braces and put the middle of your backbone out of business! Instead of letting your spinal column de-

generate and affect your mental clearness and your nervous system, let it do the work it was made for, and give it ample aid by building up around it, by judicious effort, a set of muscles that will be of real value when you will need them most! You hope some day to look forward to the early arrival of a new addition to your family. You will be making all sorts of elaborate preparations to give the little youngster a royal reception, suited to the king he will be—so far as you and the man you love are concerned.

But, dear girls, did you ever stop to think that the bringing into the world of that little fellow, whom your mother heart already loves, though he is yet unborn and unconceived, is merely a matter of muscle? And that the great reason for the awful tortures that so many of your married friends have endured when they gave birth to the little lives they would willingly have died for—the great cause of most of that suffering—was the lack of sufficient strength and endurance and power in the muscles and sinews that must do the work in such an emergency, if it is to be done rightly?

So, girls, this is the proposition: Lay aside your corsets; build up, inside and outside, a set of strong and enduring muscles around your waist and over your abdomen; and you will develop and make strong the very fibers that will render it possible then for you to realize the exquisite joys of motherhood and without the almost unbearable sufferings that so many of your sisters have been compelled to endure, just because of that infernal corset of steel, and the lack of a natural corset of real, live muscle—a corset of power where power is needed!

I feel that I am speaking for a good many young men—expectant bridegrooms—and, like a number of young girls, some of us have not yet found the girl whose husband we expect to be. If we want a cook, we can go to the excel-

PHYSICAL CULTURE IN THE LIFE OF MADAME GABRIELLE RÉJANE—"THE IDOL OF PARIS"

HOW THE WORLD-FAMOUS FRENCH COMEDIENNE HAS REACHED HER HIGH SUCCESS BY DEVOTION TO A SYSTEM OF PHYSICAL CULTURE ADOPTED IN EARLY LIFE

THERE is probably no artiste of distinction now living who stands a more conspicuous exemplar of what can be accomplished for the physical system and beauty with but reasonable attention to a common-sense diet, cold water baths and intelligent exercise, than does Madame Gabrielle Réjane, the famous Parisian comedienne, whom Liebler & Co. secured to star America in a twelve-weeks' tour.

She was born in poverty, grew up a toiler, half-starved, poorly-clad, deprived of the comforts that nourish and sustain, and when but a slip of a girl just entering her teens the fires of ambition were first lighted in her soul, it became a very serious question whether there was in her attenuated body vitality enough to sustain the combustion, much less give to the divine spark the invigorating breath which a strong, healthy body gives and through

which alone its miraculous transformations could be accomplished.

Infant though she was, and profiting only by the intuition which God and Nature gave her, the great actress-to-be saw, recognized and comprehended the situation, and realizing that the courage and faith in herself necessary in the

career she was about to take up could exist only in a properly-nourished and well-trained body, she began then a system of physical culture of her own designing, which she has never since relinquished—never for a day, no matter how pressing the demands upon her time and her physical and mental strength.

She did meet trials and discouragements in her upward struggle toward her well-merited success. Doubtless the germs of genius were resident in her body at birth, but few people know how many of the incomparable charms possessed at present

were due directly to persistent, determined culture and gradual development.

She was thin, lank and ungainly—she was in the ungainly girl age then—and Edouard Thierry, then manager of the Comédie Française, and member of the examination board of the Conservatoire, was very much disgusted, from a theatrical manager's standpoint,

with her appearance, and eyeing her intently one day, he whispered to Regnier, her tutor: "And that one there; shall we keep her?" "Yes," replied Regnier. "And why?" "Because she is in my class, and I want her there." And that was sufficient, and when Commencement Day came the ungainly Gabrielle



Madame Gabrielle Réjane

"The Idol of Paris," Who Lifted Herself Out of a Detrimental Physical Weakness in Girlhood to Become a Strong and Beautifully Developed Woman

had no warmer friend than Thierry.

All this stimulated the actress to greater endeavor. She persisted in her exercises day after day. Gradually her form took on a fuller and more graceful appearance and her strength and vitality increased until it became personal magnetism. And her early influential friends lived to see the proud day when all Paris knelt at the feet of the idol they had set up. Réjane not only became the glass of fashion and the mould of form, but she trained herself to a point when the physical and mental labor she could perform amazed the artistic world.

She has created more parts, probably, than has any other living actress, and perhaps more famous parts than any three others, and to-day she can play more trying rôles within a given time and feel the strain less than can any other living actress. It was Mr. George C. Tyler, of Liebler & Co., it will be remembered, who brought Eleonora Duse over here a couple of seasons ago, and mindful of the great Italian's demands, when

he came to write the contract with Réjane, he said to her:

"And how many performances a week are we to be permitted to give, Madame?"

"How many would you like to give?" asked the artiste.

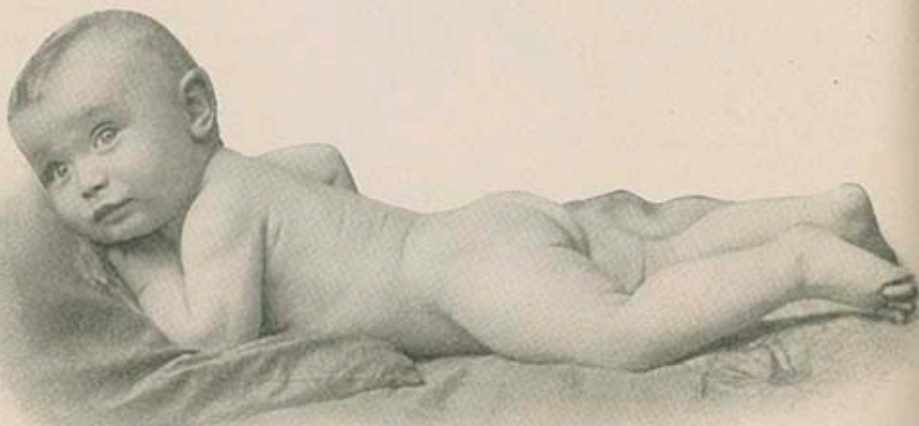
"Well, of course, I would like to be able to announce seven performances a week," said the manager, with a smile.

"Six evening performances and a Saturday matinee, I presume," remarked Réjane, reflectively. "Well, make it seven, then."

"Or eight—in case of an emergency?" drawled the daring manager.

"Yes, eight—in case of an emergency," laughed the artiste. "But, really, Monsieur, you must try to give me time for my exercise."

This last sentence shows the concern she gives to physical culture and the place it has in her remarkably successful life. Had it not been for her early recognition that in systematic care for the body lay the secret of success the world would never, perhaps, have heard of Madame Réjane.



Physical Culture In Spokane, Washington

Chas. Edward Peterson, an extremely strong and well developed child of six and one-half months. Mother took plenty of outdoor exercise and did all her housework, washing included, until within a few hours of birth of baby. Arrival was accompanied with almost no pain, and no doctor was required at any time.



Temple College Normal Students in Physical Training Exercising in the Open Air—The Class is Displaying a Variety of Arm Movements, and Several Exercises for the Lower Limbs

RELIGIOUS PHYSICAL TRAINING

A SKETCH OF ONE OF THE FOREMOST PHYSICAL CULTURE SCHOOLS
IN THE WORLD—PHYSICAL CULTURE DEPARTMENT IN THE
GREATEST CHURCH EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION IN
THE UNITED STATES

By Beatrice Clayton

With some Introductory Remarks by REV. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D., Pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

SCIENCE and the practical needs of humanity are continually correcting, revising and guarding religious ideas, and compelling them to keep within the lines of clearly defined truth. In that duty scientific physical training has an important place. The old interpretation of the Commandments of God, which borrowed from the heathen the idea that laceration, breaking, starving or deforming the body was acceptable to God, has left forever the teaching in reasonable theological institutions. The care and development of the body are clearly taught, now, to be an imperative religious service. This is due to the aid to Biblical interpretation which the study of evolution gave to students of the Scriptures. The Master's prayer, "Thy Kingdom come and Thy will be done on earth" now finds its reasonable place

alongside of the commandment, "Set your affections on things above."

We live for two worlds and neither should be neglected with the hope that anything is thereby gained for the other. Theology and science now agree in one fundamental idea concerning the evident intention of God as seen in natural law. The theologian reads history differently from some students of natural history. But both come to the same place by their converging paths.

The Christian teacher believes that man was made perfect, and was at first the perfect model of a complete man. He thinks man fell, and was compelled to begin again, and creep upward through ages of development and discipline toward the perfect manhood.

The professor of natural science often teaches that man began in lower strata

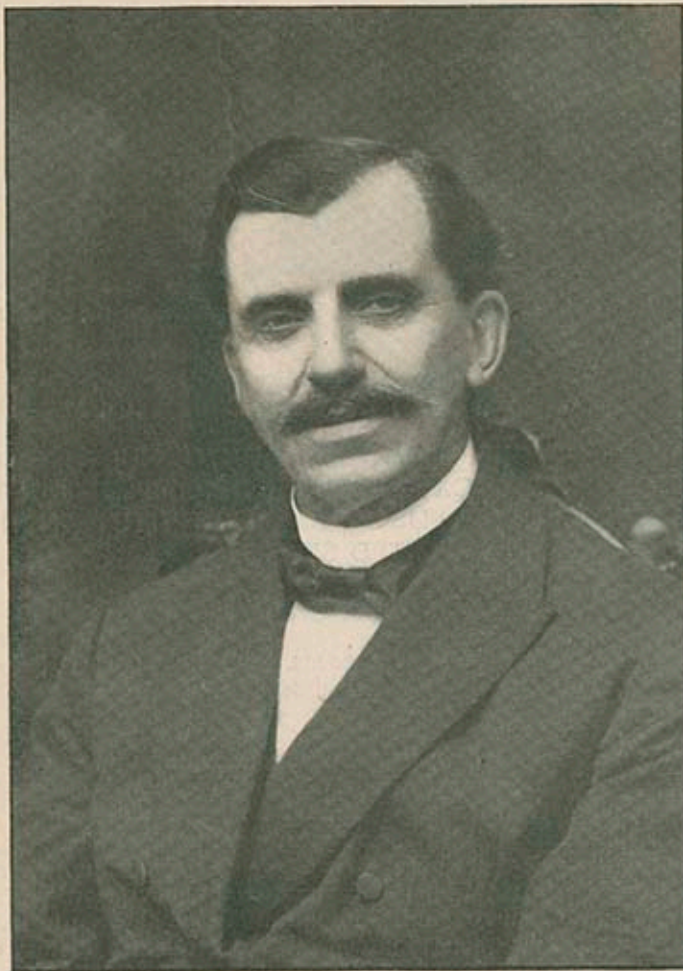
and that, through these millions of years, Nature, beginning with crude material, has been slowly building up a perfect human race. So that, however imperfect or however perfect man may once have been, all now agree that he is slowly developing into a complete being, the ideal or plan of which is born with every child and is an inseparable part of his intuitional nature.

God's plan, now apparent to all, is not only to people Heaven with glorious angels, but also to make noble, strong and beautiful men and women on this earth. The servant of God now sees that it is an essential part of his worship and service to help make perfect his own physical being and to aid sincerely every other man who endeavors to be more manly, and to encourage every woman who tries to be intrinsically more beautiful.

Hence, into our modern religious teaching has come the strong influence in favor of the study of sociology and biology and the passage of laws enforcing cleanliness, and encouraging all forms of investigation into the origin

and cure of diseases. The Church is now distinctly clear in its emphasis of the duty of physical training as a preventive of disease and deformity, and as a forceful instrumentality in producing sane minds, pure souls and bodies, that fill out the divinely beautiful ideal.

RUSSELL H. CONWELL, D.D.



Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D.D.
Pastor of the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia

The strong, vital force of practical religion, which has made the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia a church famous throughout the United States for its immense membership and prosperity, did not stop with the uprearing of walls within which thousands worship. Nor did it stop when the equally famous Temple College opened its doors. Even more wonderful than the history of the college, known everywhere

as the greatest church educational institution in the United States, is the development of its Physical Culture Department which, organized only nine years ago, is to-day one of the foremost schools of its kind in the world, unique alike in its methods and success.

In all parts of the country, schools



Young Women of Junior and Senior Classes of the Philadelphia Normal School of Physical Training of Temple College—The Seniors Wear White Sashes

have been and are being modeled after it. Every year graduates have emerged from its portals, and have gone forth—north, south, east and west—disseminating the methods of the parent institution. Truly may Temple College be called the Mother of Physical Culture Schools, for she is represented in almost every State in the Union by those who look to her as their alma mater, and who hold responsible positions in prominent institutions as teachers of scientific physical culture.

The services of Temple College graduates are in continual demand, due to the fact that the curriculum is so thorough at a time when superficiality is so common. The usual studies of physiology, anthropometry and anatomy are supplemented with those of psychology, hygiene and diagnosis. Practical detail, of inestimable value, is supplied by demonstrations of "first aid to the injured," and by dissecting, a certain amount of which must be done by each

student taking the teachers' course. The course extends over two years, the sessions being held daily from 9 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. Upon receiving their diplomas, the graduates are as expert in their knowledge of the human body and its needs as the average physician.

Four years ago an evening department of the teachers' course was instituted for the benefit of young people employed during the day but desirous of fitting themselves for a profession. The branches of study are the same and are as thorough as those of the day department, hence the course occupies three years instead of two. From these large and enthusiastic classes many graduates have already gone forth fitted to do a beneficent work in the world.

There are also evening classes that provide recreative exercise for men, boys and women, the charges being so low that even the poorest may take advantage of the opportunity to build up health and

vigor. The popularity of the classes may be comprehended when it is stated that membership in each is necessarily limited to eighty. Here, in the gymnasium, physical weaklings become robust; those who would have succumbed in the struggle for food fit themselves to do battle with the most valiant. In particular, many instances have been noted of sickly girls growing into splendid womanhood.

The courses of instruction at Temple College are unique in that they draw upon all systems of physical culture that possess any sort of merit. Study is pleasurable because it embraces the

exercise likely to prove beneficial. In special cases, the students are required to bring a physician's certificate, and the physical examination is repeated at intervals during the year, in order to ascertain just what progress is being made. Thus, throughout, the work is intelligently directed, so that the student cannot fail of benefit.

Instancing the case of a female student, the Directress may find that she particularly needs chest development, exercises tending to strengthen the abdominal muscles and to tone the nerves. She has a slight heart weakness and is generally lacking in vigor.



A Physical Training Class of Temple College, with Normal School Students Standing Among Them

widest scope and variety. In the recreative and corrective class work exercise, in each instance, is adapted to the needs of the individual by a method that assures good results.

Each matriculating student in those classes is subjected to a physical examination by the Director, H. S. Wingert, M. D., or the Directress, Miss Mary Warnick Butler. A record is made of condition and measurements, and upon this a schedule is made out which provides the precise variety and amount of

To such a student, the Directress forbids violent exercise, such as vaulting the horse, work on the parallel bars and so forth. She prescribes for her free movements such as tend especially to throw out the chest and to make deep inhalation a necessity, bar-bell exercise and club swinging in moderation. She will drill her in the correct standing position; and, to benefit her nerves, will require of her a certain amount of ladder work and practice on the springboard.

Another woman, perhaps, is perfectly

healthy, but desirous of reducing flesh and substituting muscle for flabby tissue. In her case the prescription would call for vigorous ring work, running, jumping and feats on the parallel and horizontal bars. Either of these women, if ignorantly treated, would derive more harm than good from a year in the gymnasium; as it is, both come forth physically renovated.

It will be seen that, in order to secure the highest individual good, rigid adherence to any one system is impossible. The schedule made out in every case includes features of the German and Swedish systems, with such an amount of apparatus work, club swinging and so forth, as may be indicated.

A special class for women more or less delicate in health is held in the mornings and on two afternoons in the week. The gymnasium is filled with bright-faced little ones, many of them mere tots, but all wildly happy. They perform easily feats that are painfully acquired by their elders, whose muscles lack suppleness; and drilling comes to them by instinct. The children's class is always a pretty sight.

The gymnasium, conceded to be the finest in this country, has an area of 102 by 61 feet. The floor space is so large that two or three classes may be instructed at the same time without interference. Plenty of light is admitted through large bulk windows, and at night the gymnasium is illuminated with rows of incandescent globes, cherry and white, these being the college colors. Against a raftered ceiling of polished oak the effect of the lights is very cheerful and pretty. Ventilation is thorough. Every year important additions are made to the already splendid equipment of apparatus, which includes the usual rings, horizon-

tal, parallel and stoll bars, boom, ladders and so forth. In order that no time in the gymnasium may be lost, students who happen to be early for their classes are usually requested to amuse themselves with the rowing machine or punching bag.

Adjoining are ample dressing-rooms and shower baths, the use of which is free to all students. Many exciting fencing bouts, basket-ball scrimmages, and gay social affairs take place during the winter in the well-beloved gymnasium.

A delightful feature of the class work is the presence of an expert pianist, who accompanies all the drills and free movement exercises. Knee bending, trunk

swinging and arm circling are robbed of tediousness when done rhythmically. "Left—right! Left—right!" becomes indescribably exhilarating when a catchy march is played. All music is carefully selected and the pianist has especial capability for cleverly marking time and putting "go" into her playing.

Romping in the gymnasium is considered of great importance by the faculty; the more enjoyable any exercise can be made,

the more it benefits. Hence ten minutes or so at the close of each lesson is devoted to some frolic in which the pigskin usually takes part.

Students taking corrective work are not permitted to use the more difficult apparatus, except under the supervision of an instructor; and all students are cautioned of the danger attending so-called "feats of strength." Fancy drills in costume form a pretty feature of the annual exhibition each year. These are devised by the Directress.

An important branch of training afforded the students of all classes, is that of general hygiene. Short talks are given by the instructors and instructresses in



Temple College, Philadelphia



The Graduating Class for 1904, Philadelphia Normal School of Physical Training of Temple College

which simple health rules are emphasized, such as the necessity for drinking plenty of pure, cold, but not iced, water, and the vital importance of deep breathing exercises, which should be taken daily in the open air.

In addition, hints are given upon the prevention of ordinary ailments; how, for instance, taking cold can be avoided if the individual exposed to chill or draught will simply keep the chest inflated with air; and how too rapid heart action may be slackened by a certain knee bending exercise. The object of this instruction is to show that, in many instances, knowledge of the resources contained in the human body will obviate the necessity for using drugs.

The record of the classes in corrective

work has been especially encouraging to the college authorities. Many cases have come beneath their observation in which incipient consumption was checked by the vigorous use of physical culture methods. Among the peculiarly interesting cases, of which record has been kept, is that of a woman whose physician prescribed physical exercise as the last resort for an obstinate heart affection that had defied his skill. The heart "dropped" every third beat. As may be supposed, the patient was emaciated and believed to be dying. Yet, having pursued the most gentle and carefully regulated exercises for some months, she fully recovered and is now a healthy and vigorous woman, herself a teacher of physical culture.

DIFFERENT IN NAME ONLY

"Are you ever troubled with insomnia—sleeplessness?"

"Yes. Some nights I don't sleep three hours."

"I've been afflicted now about two years. The doctor calls it neuritis insomnia paralaxitis."

"I've had it about eighteen months, and we call it Ethel,"—Schoolmaster.

EATING CUCUMBERS WILL REMOVE FRECKLES

"Doctor," said the sweet young thing, "I've been told that eating cucumbers will remove freckles."

"So it will, under one condition," replied Dr. Gruff.

"And what is that?"

"That the freckles are on the cucumbers."—*Philadelphia Press*.

MY TRIUMPH IN THE STRUGGLE WITH CONSUMPTION

THE LIFE STORY OF A SUPPOSEDLY HOPELESS CONSUMPTIVE WHO CURED HIMSELF OF THE TERRIBLE DISEASE BY HIS OWN EFFORTS AND WHO HAS GIVEN HIS LIFE TO SHOWING OTHERS THE ONLY TRUE ROAD TO RECOVERY

By Georg Drütschel

(BAVARIA'S NATURE MAN)

Because of the ravages of one of the greatest scourges of modern times, tuberculosis of the lungs, and the deplorable ignorance heretofore shown in combating it, I feel that I cannot give enough of information that might be of help to the physicians and others who are interested in our methods of stamping out this terrible disease. I believe every one of my readers will follow with keen interest the tragic yet enlightening narrative herewith, procured especially for the readers of this magazine, from the pen of Herr Georg Drütschel, who arrived recently in the United States from Europe. His story, telling of the rescue of himself and his mother from the disease, should be especially interesting. I do not agree fully with the writer in all his conclusions, but in the main he is right.—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

I AM glad to tell the story of my life. It may lead others to do as I have done, and so save themselves from great suffering and premature death.

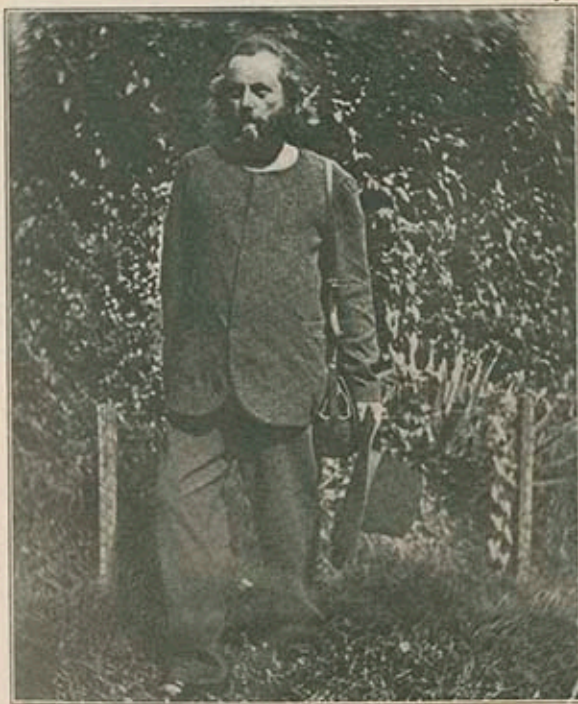
For twenty years I have gone about telling people what Nature will do for them if they will trust her. I shall continue to do so till I die.

I was born fifty-two years ago in Lichtenfels, Bavaria, my father being a logger on the river Main. He was thirty-eight when I was born, and at sixty-nine died of consumption of the lungs. My mother survived to the age of eighty-five, dying of heart failure. We were five

children, three sons and two daughters.

A terrible fate seemed to overshadow us all. My father's brother, my mother's brother, my cousins on both sides—

even more distant relatives—had died of consumption. When I was a child, mother often cried. She would not tell why. Sometimes she looked upon us fondly, but with sorrow. Sometimes, when she thought she was alone, she seemed to muse despairingly. Again, by a sudden impulse, she would seize me or my brother, and clutch us closely to her breast as though never to part. She knew we were



Tramping the World in God's Good Sunshine



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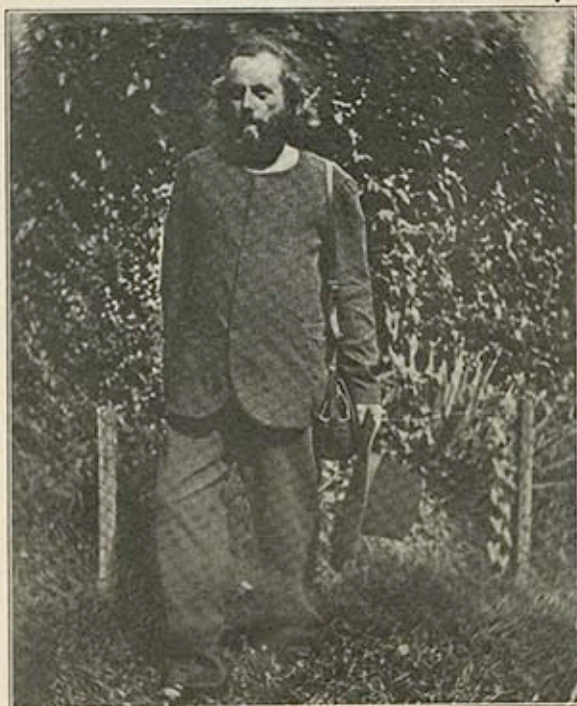
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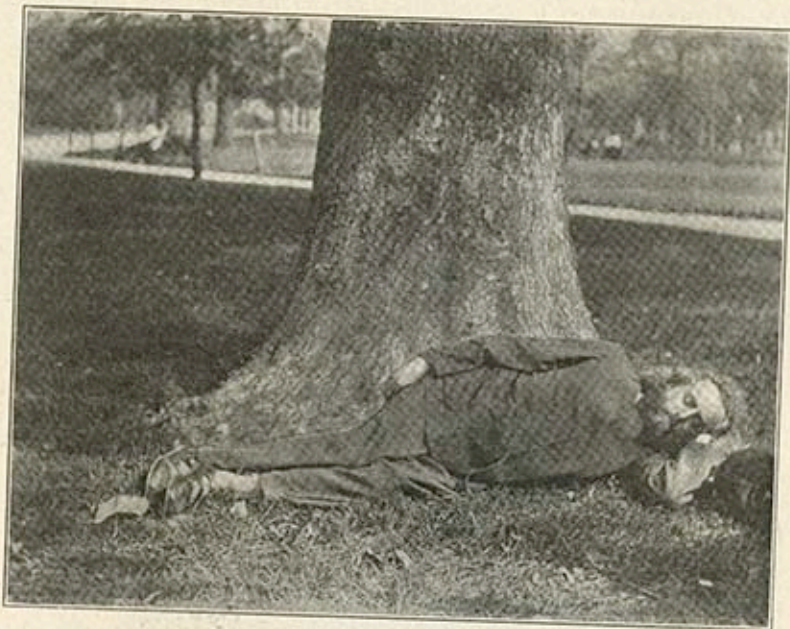
Tramping the World in God's Good Sunshine

all doomed. There was a shadow on our home that never lifted and was always felt. We were heredity's victims set apart.

Even in childhood I gave evidence of polluted blood. When a twelve-year old schoolboy, I had eruptions of the skin. My sister, Kunigunde, was a beautiful, fair child of the type so common in Bavaria. She was the only surviving daughter, for her sister died in infancy. At twelve years of age the enemy seized her. During a year, it

had to feed him. He could not speak; he could not even whisper. It was slow consumption, born into his very life. At twenty the end came for him. They laid him in the cemetery, beside my sister.

The shadow in our home had grown darker and more ominous. Yearning love and consuming anxiety spoke in my mother's gaze as it rested on me and my older brother, Francis. I was then twenty-one; he, five years older. We worked with our father as loggers on the



Sleeping Where Evening Finds Him, Under the Green Trees and Under the Lofty Canopy of the Beautiful Heavens

sapped her strength, and I cannot now bear to think of her sufferings. What agonies must have wrung my mother's heart as she watched the wasting of her little girl, her only daughter. When the year passed, Kunigunde died, a frail, emaciated thing who had been marked for months with the pallor of death.

For my mother, a decade of mortal anguish followed. The first victim had been smitten, and she waited in agony to see who next must fall. From his earliest childhood, my younger brother, John, had been a chronic invalid, suffering from unaccountable weakness. As he grew older, he became so weak that he could no longer walk, and mother

Main. Neither thought of marriage, the dream of all young men. We realized that the hand of death was on us both, and we dared not ask any woman to lay us in the grave, or to bear us children who should come into the world appointed to our doom.

I was twenty when I began to spit blood; but I was strong and seemed to recover. Two years went by and I began to breathe with difficulty and to spit blood again. There were pains in my chest. The utter desolation of my fate came upon me with a crushing terror; I used to sit alone, brooding over it; to wake in the night and tremble at it. Sometimes I told myself desper-

ately that there must be a cure. But I had to live on, sickly; to go on working; to await the end to which I, like all the others, was predestined.

My brother was a man of immense fortitude and courage. Year after year, as that lingering disease robbed him of strength, he refused to succumb. Overcome at times, he would collapse; and then, by sheer force of will, he would drag himself up and return to that exhausting labor among the mists of the river Main. Year after year, my mother's face grew more pathetic, and the look of anguish deepened in her eyes. I was thirty-one when I first read in those sad eyes that my father, like my brother, was appointed for the grave.

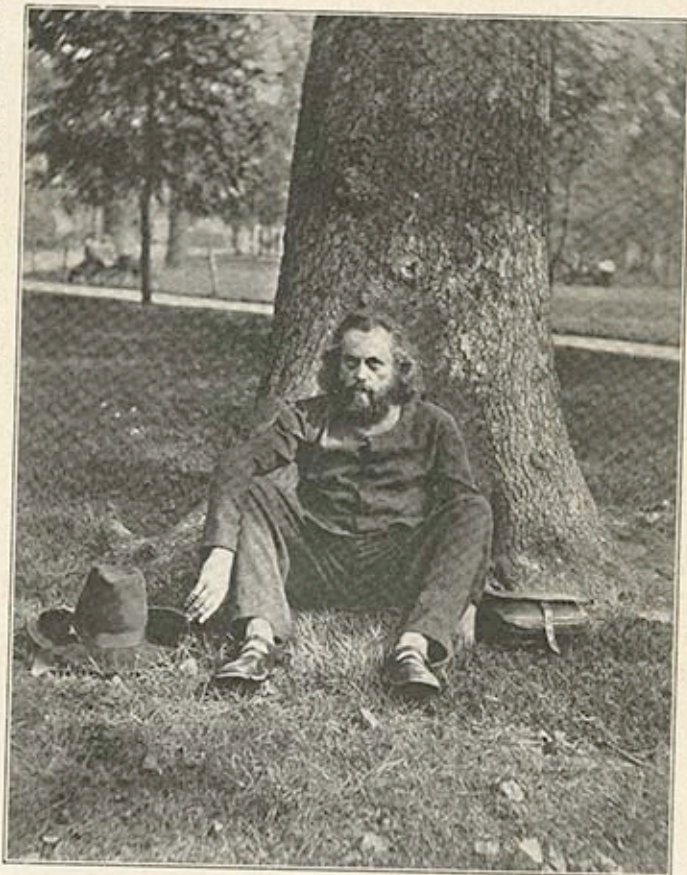
It took two years for those dear ones to die. How brief the time was, yet how long in torture! To see them die, those stalwart men, and to know so well that we were powerless to save them! My brother, brave fellow that he was, never told our mother of those rending, racking convulsions which always ended in the loss of his life's blood. But she who had bent in anguish over those other sick-beds, she who had wept and prayed over the dead of her own flesh and blood, she who had

laid in the grave her daughter and a weakling son—she knew, she knew.

One day my father gave up work. She nursed him tenderly, and at night, mother as well as wife, she slept in the room where my brother lay. Often, in cold sweat of fear, she started from troubled sleep and put out her hand,

fearing to touch a corpse. Four days after my father took to his bed she woke to kiss the dead face of her oldest son. Ten days later, my father passed away, consumption leaving of our family only mother and me.

Up to the time of my father's death we had lived like our neighbors, with our windows closed at night. I bathed sometimes once or twice a



A Few Moments' Rest in a Great City's Breathing Spot—
One of the Public Squares of Philadelphia

week, sometimes once in two weeks. I smoked as much as I pleased. But the oppression on my chest at night made me long to breathe fresh air. In Bavaria, at that time, night air was deemed poison; yet I had to get up and open my windows an inch or two. I persisted, and I breathed always more freely. It seemed to me that I was nearer the world God had made. As the years passed, I began to sleep with my windows wide open.

It seemed to me, too, that perhaps God had made the water for men to use more freely. If my lungs felt better when they were close to the fresh air, perhaps my body would feel better when it was near to the fresh water. I began to bathe every day. I smoked less. During the six years following the deaths of my father and brother I breathed more freely and felt stronger than I had been since my twentieth year.

Then there came the last great fear of my life. My mother, in her seventy-fifth year, complained of pains in her chest. Again it was consumption. I begged her to sleep with windows open; but she was the true Bavarian. She said:

"I can see that it has done you good, but I am too old."

Growing weaker, she kept her bed. It was plain that death awaited her unless I could persuade her to try my plan. Six weeks after her first serious illness, she consented.

How joyfully I opened windows and doors, and moved her bed to where the fresh air, blowing out of God's blue heaven, should sweep over her pallid face. How gladly I noted her returning strength. How grateful I was, when, two weeks later, she rose from what we both had thought was to be her bed of death. In six weeks she was about the house as usual.

Ever afterwards she lived much in the open air and bathed more frequently. I had the most distinguished physician in Lichtenfels, Dr. Ehrlich. When, on my mother's recovery, he last visited my modest home he took me by the hand and said:

"You have saved your mother's life."

Mother and I now lived a life as nearly natural as possible. In two years I became perfectly well. Even the severe headaches, with which I had always suffered, disappeared.

The love of nature grew on me, and I thought those principles which had saved my life worthy of carrying to their full extent. I resolved that my body should always be as near to the bosom of Nature as civilization permits. Discarding ordinary clothes, I had made a loose coat and trousers of wool. Shod with open sandals, I set forth on my travels,

determined to study the climate of Germany.

Wherever I went, distinguished physicians called upon me and talked with me about my case. Sometimes people in depressed conditions of health, especially those tending toward consumption, followed my example. Every year, until she died, I visited my old mother in Lichtenfels, and I found Bavaria learning more and more the glorious virtues of the open air. I distributed 200,000 pamphlets telling of my case, receiving five cents or so for each, but never other pay. My case became so celebrated in Bavaria that every household knew of it; and the whole province, practically, has changed its mode of living.

For me, my wanderings have had always one object. From country to country I traveled in order to test the effects of the varying climates upon the natural, normal man. When the last traces of my consumptive tendency had disappeared, I felt certain that I could rate myself as being normal. What I could endure and thrive under, could be beneficial to other human beings, even to those whose health was below the normal, as mine had been for so many cruel and anxious years. In the course of my wanderings, the storms I encountered with a body whose nakedness can scarcely be described as being protected by clothing, were infinite in their variety and, oftentimes, terrible in their fury. In France I awoke one night, where I lay sleeping in the open fields, to find myself drenched in the downpour of a torrential thunder shower. Everywhere about me the lightning played and often struck. I was instantly wet to the skin. The storm passed, but I sought no shelter for the remainder of my night's sleep. I slept where I lay, and wet as I was. I awoke in the morning refreshed and with no trace of injury from the experience. The fury of the storm had made the quality of its water no different from that of the other downpours through which I had slept; and I went on my way knowing that, as always happened, my clothing and body would soon be dry and that I would feel the sense of refreshment which always follows such an experience.

It was a greater test, however, through

which I went in the mountains of Switzerland. The weight of my clothing was the same as it is in every climate and in every month of the year. I slept out on the mountain side, whatever the altitude. I found myself one night beset by one of the most cold and heavy snowfalls that occur in the Swiss mountain regions. I made no effort to find shelter. Rather welcoming than disliking the test of my body's vitality, I lay there in the thickly falling snow and fell asleep while it drifted all about me and, instead of freezing me, built up around me perfectly protecting walls of a warm and comfortable berth.

In all weathers and in all climates I wear the same covering, a woolen suit, which weighs but two pounds and is so loose that the air has free access to my body. If it rains, my broad-brimmed hat protects my head; and if my attire is quickly wet, it dries quickly. Whenever possible, I sleep in the open air and on the ground, putting on a waterproof sleeping sack, which has a hood.

During the time since I began my travels on foot I have toured England, Holland, Belgium, Italy, France, Germany, Switzerland, Hungary, the Tyrol, Palestine and Egypt. Living on the various foods peculiar to each country,

enduring the hardships of every climate, my health has remained unshaken, thanks to the hardening process begun twenty years ago. After a year, which I expect to spend in the United States, traveling from place to place, I go directly to Japan, and thence to Russia, where I will test the soundness of my health by a sojourn in the rigorous climate of Siberia.

Sunshine is the best doctor. He who avoids it is killing himself. A mother should take care that her children are kept moving about and in the sunshine. Let them go barefoot, dress them in thin materials, and see to it that they always have an open place to play in freely.

A person walking should likewise be lightly dressed. See that you practice breathing out bad air and taking in fresh air. On going to bed, eat some fruit, apples, or drink a glass of good, fresh water; your sleep will be excellent then. Sleep in a cold room with windows *always* open. The most natural meals are the best, principally vegetables, peas, beans, lentils, simply cooked. In rain, storm or sunshine, always be in the open air. Man should be like a pine tree, fresh and green and able to withstand the rigors of winter as well as the milder days of summer.

SOME TERSE OPINIONS ON THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

PROPER MENTAL ATTITUDE NECESSARY IN CURING CONSUMPTION

In *Everybody's Magazine* there appeared recently two excellent letters on the subject of tuberculosis of the lungs. One refers to mental factors necessary to effect a cure and the other to the advantage of outdoor life and exercise.

"There is one factor which to my mind is a very important one in the treatment of tubercular patients. This is the installation of hope in the subject's mind—the idea of optimism—the thought that he is going to get well. Without this thought the consumptive is going to have a two-fold battle to fight—a fight against his own mind and against the disease. I do not refer in this suggestion to Christian Science nor any kindred beliefs, although the idea may be followed by them in their treatments, but I realize and believe that in this disease, more than any other, the idea of hope is essential to effect a cure.

"Since coming out here I have had occasion to observe many people afflicted with consumption, and among this number the most hopeless cases have invariably been those who, from the moment they knew they were afflicted, gave up all idea of ever recovering. On the other hand,

there are those who come out here from the East with the idea of getting well—some pretty advanced cases, too—and they have invariably improved, and in some instances entirely recovered. Especially is confidence helpful to those in the first stages of the disease. It is an inexpensive remedy, within the reach of us all, and whereas it may not always cure the sufferer, it can never fail to do some good.

"ROBERT H. KEYES."

BREATHED PINE AIR AND EXERCISED

"Is consumption curable? Yes. Seventeen years ago, at the age of twenty, consumption attacked my right lung. My doctor said go to Colorado or die. I decided not to do either. I went into the 'piney woods,' lived in an open house, breathed pine air, exercised, etc., and got well, so that to-day I am preaching the Gospel.

"Dr. J. M. Dent, when nineteen, was *given up to die* with consumption, but declined to carry out the program. He began exercise, deep breathing, open-air life, etc., and to-day is hale and hearty, seventy years old and an elder in my church. Other like cases I could also cite.

"REV. C. I. STACY."

THE BATTERSEA CO-OPERATIVE COMMUNITY

A PICTURE OF BATTERSEA, A BOROUGH OF LONDON, ENGLAND—A PHYSICAL CULTURE CITY WHERE HYGIENE AND BROTHERLY CO-OPERATION ARE PROVING A GRAND EXPERIMENT

By Harold Emery-Jones, M.D.

Dr. Emery-Jones, who, after his studies at Edinburgh University has made his home in the United States, concluded a European tour, from which he has just returned, with a visit to London. John Burns accompanied him through Battersea, that light well in the heart of London, to which the famous British labor leader has devoted so much of his ardent zeal. The sketch given here by Dr. Emery-Jones of the place and, incidentally, of the man, presents in form as condensed as it is graphic, a picture of the great experiment as it is to-day. All that Mr. Burns has accomplished at Battersea is so nearly akin to the results of the labors of Jacob A. Riis in New York, that it comes home to Americans with a telling force. But in the London achievement there is a quality of communal co-operation, peculiar to the conditions of its origin, which would bear extension to many cities here. Dr. Jones has laid especial stress upon the manner in which the health and the morals of that vivified community have progressed hand in hand.—
BERNARR MACFADDEN.

WHEN John Burns, M.P., asked me whether I would like to see Battersea, I replied that I certainly should. "Come along, then," said Burns. "I suppose that you can walk?" and at a four-mile-an-hour gait—he making the pace—we set out for the tenements of Battersea where the working-man is king.

John Burns possesses a most striking personality. As we raced along—I can assure you it was pretty fast walking—I took a mental photograph of the man. Built like a Greek god, neither too tall nor too stocky, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, he is perfectly even-balanced physically. Hair grizzled gray, thick and wavy; head large and of perfect poise;



Hon. John Burns, M.P.
The Greatest Working Factor in the Creation of a Better and Cleaner London

strength of character marked in every gesture, look and stride; his face is tanned with tan of tropic sun and storm; his eyes are keen and penetrating, commanding but kindly, merry yet sad. Always thoughtful, yet quick in action, and earnest in speech. He never allows any of his energy to run to waste. Concentration is undoubtedly the key-note of his success. A sadness leavens his mirth, a sense of responsibility tinctures even his lighter moments.

He is a man, every inch of him, and one of Nature's gentlemen! Nature, while denying him riches golden, has more than compensated for her omission by showering upon him her gifts of broadness of manhood, of bright-

ness of brain and of bigness of heart—all spelt with a capital B. John Burns is a true man and yet a veritable child; a leader and yet a follower; a teacher and yet a student. His manner, once the ice is broken, is natural yet unobtrusive, humble yet never cringing, stern but not severe. Poverty has rubbed smooth all angularities and corners, and rounded out a full manhood.

He is acquainted with everyone in the district, and knows them all by name. Man, woman, and child he considers members of his own family—the family founded on Universal Brotherhood.

"Look at the streets," he exclaimed. "No saloons (public houses Honest John called them), no gambling dens, no book-makers, no street-loungers. The children are in school, the men at work, the women occupied indoors with their household duties."

Prosperity smiled upon us out of every window. The streets were clean and dustless.

Here are one thousand two hundred homes, housing eleven thousand people, with no semblance of slums. Every window is veiled with a lace curtain and bespectacled with blinds. The houses are built of brick, with doorsteps shining white—clean washed and pipe-clayed—in the morning sunshine.

The inhabitants are all in sympathy and in accord with John Burns' temperance convictions. A bold print placard stared stolidly from each window announcing the huge Sunday demonstration that was to be held in Hyde Park protesting against the Licensing Bill now before the House of Commons.

An avenue of trees trails its green, sinuous length in every street, softening the sunshine into shade, and bringing breath of country lane to city street. Battersea is one out of thirty boroughs in London. It boasts of a population of 170,000, and of the remarkably low death-rate of 13 per 1,000.

"To what do you attribute the low death-rate, Mr. Burns?" I asked.

"To improved sanitary conditions in general, to better roads, to better streets, better housing, to increased cleanliness and greater sobriety."

The men of Battersea are mostly builders and printers.

"Two years ago," said Mr. Burns, pointing to several blocks of tenement houses, "this was a field without a single brick on it. We spent £250,000 (\$1,250,000) in redeeming it, and now 3,500 men, women and children are living in the municipality, on municipal land, in municipal dwellings, erected by municipal workmen at trade union prices and an eight hours day—without a contractor."

We visited the schools. The children were well-dressed, well-behaved, healthy, plump and pretty. The schools themselves are elegantly equipped both educationally and hygienically. A new recreation ground is under way—a piece of ground until lately merely a dump-heap.

"I don't notice many churches around here," I told Mr. Burns.

He informed me that, while churches were complaining of a diminished number of communicants and lesser congregations, yet the morals of the people were improving notwithstanding.

"Of course," he continued, "this is due in the main to better housing and to improved hygienic conditions, to less overcrowding and congestion, to increased cleanliness and sobriety."

It takes exactly one policeman to look after this community, and the monotony of that policeman's life—from a crime standpoint—must be so intense that he is really to be pitied.

There are three libraries in Battersea, out of which are taken 400,000 volumes annually by 170,000 people. In addition to this visits are paid to the newspaper, magazine and reference-book sections; not to mention the numerous free lectures and varied other attractions.

But the houses themselves are the crowning beauties of the boundless bounties of Burns' Battersea. Every home has a bath—no mere apology such as a movable wooden tub—but a real bath with hot and cold water, in which the tired laborer can splash and revel to his heart's content. Every room is lit by electricity, which is obtained on the penny (two cents) in the slot plan. A pen'orth of electricity is a sufficiency for seven hours. Even in the winter months the electric lighting bill of one house amounts to the enormous sum of only 3d. (six cents).

Water is supplied from artesian wells,

bored by municipal workmen. The water is absolutely pure, and unlimited in quantity.

As Burns put it to the Mayor of St. Pancras, who made the rounds with us: "Until two years ago all this land was given to the growing of consumptive looking cabbages—a wicked waste of labor." To-day the "consumptive head of cabbage" is replaced by healthy, laughing children, buxom matrons and sinewy workmen.

We went through several houses, and one and all told the same tale, a tale of contentment, happiness, thrift and prosperity. But as Burns of Battersea says: "We not only care for the living; we also respect the dead."

He took us to a modern model building, the Coroner's Court. Until recently all inquests were held in public-houses (saloons), where often the inquiry ended in a debauch. Now everything is changed, so far as Battersea is concerned.

From this building we went to the Infectious Hospital now in course of erection, and almost completed. It consists of two tenements, one on each floor, containing four rooms each. It smacks much more of a modern flat building than of a hospital; is comfortable, roomy and airy. Truly, cleanliness coupled with sobriety is the birth-right of Burns' Battersea.

A large brick building, a city block in extent, ivy-covered and lawn-enveloped, is the next place that I am taken to. It contains swimming pools and public bath-rooms. Here one finds pools for the full-grown, sedate city man and for the weary worker; a pool for the noisy, thoughtless, merry schoolboy, and one for the modest schoolgirl. A swim, towels and bathing suits supplied, costs the large sum of 3d. (six cents). The younger girls and boys have to pay 2d. (four cents) only.

Once weekly the various schools of Battersea take a swim, and then the individual charge is but a penny (two cents).

"All this must cost the borough an enormous sum," I ventured to remark.

"No, sir! I want you to understand that all this is not charity, but a mighty good investment," retorted John Burns, somewhat indignantly. "The building of houses, the founding of baths and the de-

velopment of improvements generally, are paying investments financially, morally, mentally and physically. We have gymnasiums also in connection with the schools, where the growing child can develop body as well as mind."

For twenty-five years John Burns has toiled and plodded along, surmounting every difficulty, overcoming every impediment, suffering slander and slight, misjudged by misguided men, jeered at by jealous jingoes, derided by dishonest demagogues. Yet in spite of all opposition he has persistently persevered, until abundant success has crowned his every effort.

"I want you to get a glimpse at our park," said Mr. Burns, and his former four-mile-an-hour gait became a five-mile sprint. For John Burns is a true lover of Nature.

He led me down a winding path—a veritable country lane with hedges Hawthorn hued. Trees—horse-chestnut, oak and poplar—arched proudly across the roadway. A wee bit of rural England nestling in the heart of London! A lake—clear crystal—smiles placidly upon the bosom of the park. It is sixteen acres in extent, and affords excellent boating.

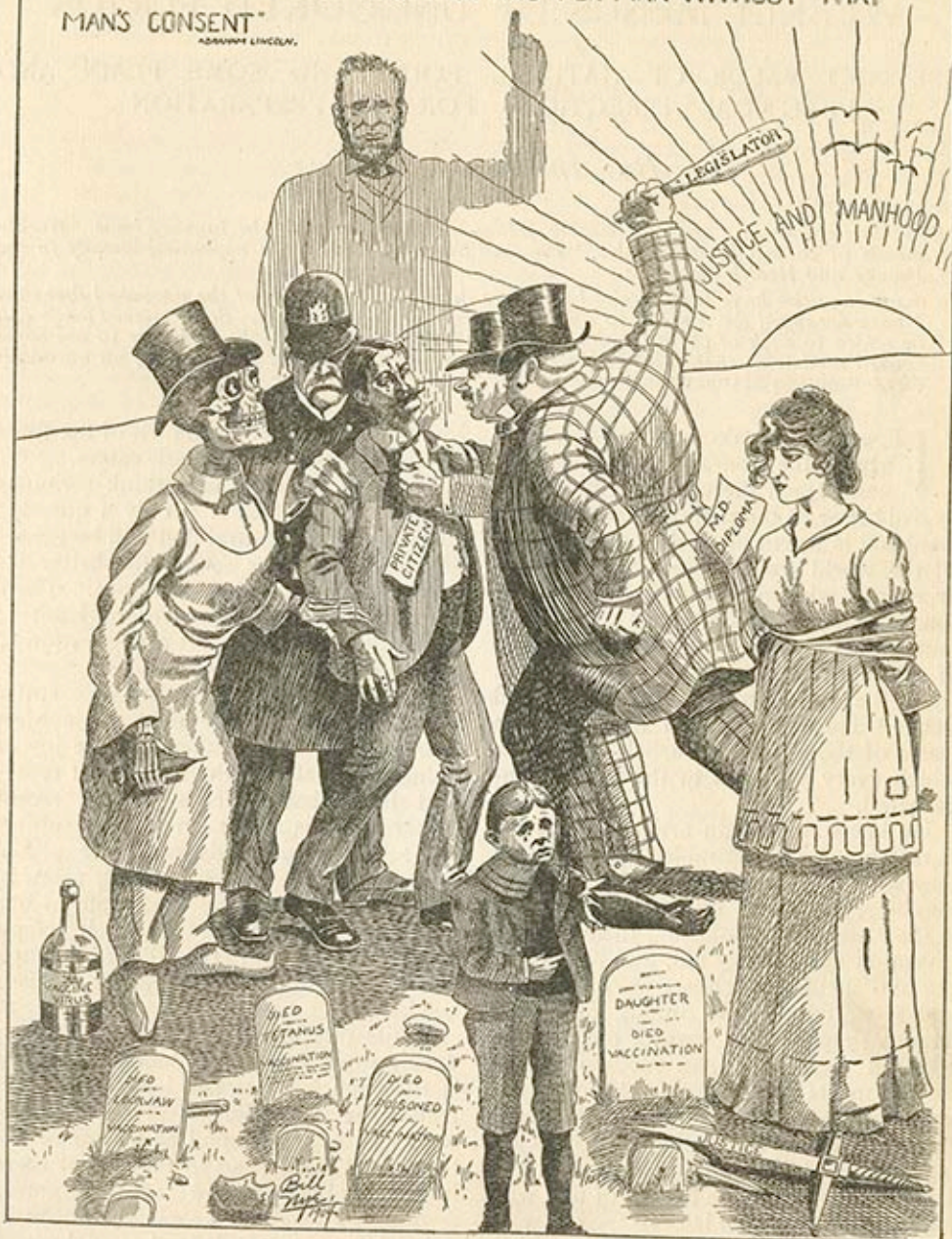
The park is two and a half miles in circumference and is beautifully wooded. Sixty years ago not a single tree graced the community. The signs "Keep off the grass," "Don't destroy the trees," or "Don't pluck the flowers," are noticeable by their absence. Here freedom frolics unrestrained. A proud peacock, brilliant hued and gaudily bedecked, struts across the path, announcing its arrival with dismal shriek.

"What a voice," mutters Burns. "A small head and no brain. All swell dressed people are the same."

Battersea Park is one of the playgrounds of London. From this beautiful spot we wended our way back until we had reached once more the crowded streets of the Strand and Charing Cross. Here, with a warm clasp and a hearty shake of the hand such as few men are capable of giving—a clasp of honesty and a shake of gladness—we parted, and I felt better for having met the man who is really the greatest working factor in the creation of a better and cleaner London.

'NO MAN IS GOOD ENOUGH TO GOVERN ANOTHER MAN WITHOUT THAT
MAN'S CONSENT'

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



How American Citizenship is Made a Mockery By the Compulsory Vaccination Law

"Compulsory vaccination, aside from curtailing the liberties of the people, is a scourge to mankind. That it could be tolerated so long in this, our liberty-loving America, is almost unbelievable"—HOMER D. BOWERS, M.D.

"Before many generations have passed away compulsory vaccination will be considered a product of the Dark Ages."—WARD G. RENWICK, M.D.

"I consider vaccination, especially compulsory vaccination, one of the greatest crimes ever imposed upon a credulous public."—JOHN M. RHO, M.D.

WEEKLY MENUS OF UNCOOKED FOODS

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

By *Amelia M. Calkins*

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

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

"IF we should do nothing else than have the courage to live simply and teach the coming citizen that he had better be purer though poorer, that manhood is worth more than moneyhood, all the world would rejoice." The man or woman who gives to the world a reasonable dietary, wholesome, and at the same time toothsome, is doing this. One of the many who are doing so is a man from the southern part of the United States. He felt appalled at the lavish waste of thousands of bushels of pecans, which every year fell to the ground un-gathered.

He knew that as an article of diet the nuts were most desirable, and felt that they should become marketable in greater numbers. He first imitated the French in their method of polishing them. Then invention came to his aid, and nut-cracking and shelling machines were patented, and now, from a beginning of 20,000 pounds prepared for market purposes in 1884, in 1900 more than 100,000 pounds of nut-meats were prepared and marketed, and nut butter, nut marmalade and nuts in different and delightful forms are manufactured in great quantities. These facts are given for the benefit of any who may be asking which is best, the old way, or the new, a meat diet, or a diet consisting of delightful and highly nutritious nuts, fruits and vegetables? May such help to the decision that the new is at least the cleaner, easier and more wholesome way. Scientific analysis proves that flesh meat is less rich in food materials than nuts and fruits, and it has long been

known that the strongest men of the three manliest races are non-flesh eaters.

It seems to those who think seriously of these things that it is only a question of time when a natural diet will be generally adopted. The sooner the better for present and coming generations. There are many under the power of habit to such a degree that as yet a suggestion of a change is not acceptable.

Such persons wonder why they suffer from indigestion, why they are subject to colds, why they seldom feel the joy of living, not realizing the body must represent just what it feeds on. A recent writer on this most important subject says: "If pure foods could be placed upon the tables of every dining room in the country to-day, the death-rate of our people would be decreased, their happiness secured, and the divorce courts would be freed of a large portion of their burdens."

While physicians and nurses are very deeply interested in the food question, it is from the workers and heads of households that real reform and development are to be expected, and as a sign of the times it is interesting to know that there is a school established for the express purpose of teaching people the value of natural, or uncooked food, and how to prepare and serve it. Surely "the world does move!"

Once upon a time there was a man who offered a goodly part of his fortune for restored eyesight, but died without parting with his money. Now there is another man who has offered another enor-

mous sum of money for a new stomach, or the renewing of the original organ, that it may perform its allotted functions properly. He has learned that "it profits not a man to corner the world's crop of petroleum, and then lose his own stomach." Like the harmfulness of breathing bad air, if the results were immediate the remedy would be immediate; so, of eating poorly cooked and adulterated food—meat, or rich, indigestible food—the effect is *not* immediate, but little by little the stomach loses its tone, or power to assimilate and digest; food remains in the stomach longer than it should, because of the inability of the digestive organs to act harmoniously; poisonous gases are carried through the body and, as is often the case, sensations of discomfort are sought to be drowned in liquor or some deadening drug, and all these mistakes are made because there is so little attention paid to the command, "Man, know thyself." And yet what can be of greater importance?

The general dissemination of learning has been thought to be a cure-all for not only "the worry and the strife," but also for want and crime; but reformatories and penitentiaries are more crowded than ever! Colleges and libraries are useful and necessary, but are not so *curative* as some had hoped. What is needed is the working out of one of the wise sayings handed down from the ages, so simple that it is overlooked or unappreciated: "Prevention is better than cure."

It was prophesied a hundred years ago that a scholar or leader of men would spring up who would wage war upon food adulterations and expose the practices of those who derive profit from the sale of food frauds and deleterious products, and it was promised that the name of this philanthropist would be revered and honored from age to age as that of one of the noblest benefactors of mankind. It is time now to look for this philanthropist who shall use his wealth to destroy the CAUSE of crime, poverty and disease. May the man come soon who, with his millions, shall endow the cause of gastronomy, and teach the science of living, the use of pure, *natural* food to build up a sound body as the safe receptacle of a sound mind! It cannot be asking too much that the most wonderful

and complicated piece of mechanism in the world, the human body, should have as much attention paid to it as is paid to men-made instruments.

The subject of the lunches given to school children in Chicago has been made a matter of concern by a club of women there who realize the harm that results from feeding the delicate growing body with the regulation white bread and butter, cake and pie. But what is needed is a twentieth-century *leader* who, with wealth at his command, shall set the pace for widespread reform.

In the meantime, for our readers we give some practical suggestions for natural or simple food, nourishing, but not stimulating. It will be assumed that those who have been following the suggestions given for an uncooked or natural diet in these pages have outgrown by this time the habit of drinking with the meals—a habit that highly seasoned and stimulating food made necessary, but which is easily outgrown when it is realized what a large part of fruit is water—so that the generous use of fruit makes drinking unnecessary. The harmfulness of serving a beverage with meals comes from mixing the food and drinks, as mastication, in order to be perfect, must be carried on to the end unaided by drink.

MONDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—APPLES, GRAPES.

Grapes may be kept for winter use by dipping the stems in sealing wax and packing them in bran or sawdust, or, sometimes cotton is used successfully to keep the air from hastening decay. Another way is to dip the grapes in hot syrup, which forms a coating over them and preserves the flavor. Opinions differ in regard to the most hygienic way of eating grapes, some claiming that only the pulp and juice should be swallowed, others thinking digestion should be equal to the skins as well—which, of course, should always be washed. Wherever it is possible, it should be urged upon every family to cultivate even one grapevine, that there may be no restriction in the use of this most desirable fruit, and as the preparation of grape juice is such a simple one and its use so wonderfully beneficial, every well-regulated family should look upon its use as a matter of course,

especially so as 'tis said the generous use of fruits, and fruit juices as drinks, destroys and prevents any craving for intoxicating liquors.

UNFERMENTED WHOLE WHEAT BREAD, PEANUTS.

There is a variety of these nuts called Spanish peanuts coming from the southern and some of the middle parts of the United States which are most excellent when used without roasting or preparation of any kind. A great many find the usual peanut of commerce edible in its natural state, and of course receive more nourishment from them when eaten so than when roasted, although that process certainly does not destroy their use as an article of food.

SECOND MEAL.—TOMATO SOUP, thickened with oatmeal.

Oatmeal or cracked or ground wheat may be soaked in milk or water for twenty-four hours and then the soup needs very little cooking—not enough to destroy the life of the grains or tomatoes. It is simply made hot enough to be palatable. Much harm is done the teeth and the membrane lining the mouth and throat by the use of very hot soups, tea, coffee, etc. The delicate organs of taste are deadened or destroyed and then the palate calls for condiments, i. e., a large quantity of salt, pepper, sauces, pickles; and often the habit of using intoxicants is formed in exactly the same way—often from want of knowing that the enjoyment of the sense of taste is much greater in a natural or unvitiated state. A much smaller quantity of food satisfies and fully appeases the appetite when small quantities of salt and pepper are used.

GRAPE-APPLE SALAD.

Chop four good sound apples, not too finely. Have one cupful of purple cabbage chopped and one-half cupful of onions. Place around edge of salad dish a row of lettuce leaves or small, crisp cabbage leaves. Place on the leaves, alternately, the apple, cabbage and onion, sprinkling over all a small quantity of sugar and salt. Make dressing of yolk of an egg beaten very light, juice of half a lemon, one-third cup of grape juice, three spoonfuls olive oil, dessert spoonful sugar and saltspoonful of salt. Serve with whole wheat milk crackers.

Dessert of nuts and raisins.

TUESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—SHELLED FILBERTS, APPLES, BANANAS, UNCOOKED FRUIT BREAD, GRAPE JUICE.

SECOND MEAL.—SWEDISH FRUIT SOUP.

One cupful each of dried or evaporated apples, prunes, raisins and best quality currants. Soak the fruit until tender. After washing carefully, use some water for soup (this quantity making six quarts.) Add juice of half a lemon or two spoonfuls pure vinegar, one-third of a cupful of sugar, one stick of cinnamon, one spoonful sago thoroughly soaked in water or grape juice. Make soup hot, but not cooked, and serve either hot or cold, with whole wheat milk crackers.

EGGS AND TOMATOES.

Wash as many round, smooth tomatoes as there are persons to serve. Cut a thin slice from the top of each, and scoop out just space enough to hold an egg. Put a little butter in the cavity, drop in the egg, taking care not to break the yolk; season with a little salt and pepper; place small piece of butter on top of the egg. Then carefully adjust the cover, and bake until tomatoes are tender in dish in which they are to be served. Make a dressing of the tomato scooped out, one-half a cupful of cream, teaspoonful of sugar and salt. Put this around tomatoes a few moments before serving.

DESSERT, APPLES, WALNUTS AND CIDER.

WEDNESDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—ORANGES, APPLES, GRAPES, FIGS.

As is well known, the fig is a most desirable article of food and should be dried for family use where they can be obtained. They can be "sun-dried" in very hot latitudes, or can be dropped in boiling syrup, subjected to pressure, and then dried. Many thousands of bushels of figs fall to the ground that might thus be utilized as most nutritious and delicious food.

SECOND MEAL.—CHEESE FONDUE WITH NUTS.

Soak a cupful crumbled whole wheat milk crackers in two and a half cupfuls hot milk; add chopped meats of a dozen walnuts, three eggs beaten very light, a little salt and tablespoonful butter with

a dash of red pepper. Grate a cupful of cheese and add to mixture. Bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. Serve immediately.

BIRD'S-NEST SALAD.

Add to two cupfuls cream cheese enough cream to make it easy to mould. Have ready one cupful chopped walnuts, hazel nuts or pignolias. With the smooth side of the butter paddles mould them into egg-shaped balls. Use pistachio, or vegetable coloring, to make them green, or blue for robin eggs, or whatever egg you wish to imitate. Serve three or four to a portion in a nest of shredded lettuce with mayonnaise dressing. In order to make a perfect salad there is a Spanish proverb that says: "Be a spendthrift for oil, a miser for vinegar, a wise man for salt, and a madcap to stir the ingredients up, and mix them well together."

DESSERT, CREAMED WALNUTS, TRISCUIT, ANGEL FOOD.

In making creamed walnuts, break into a glass the whites of two eggs; into another glass put an equal quantity of water to the eggs and then stir together. Beat into this as much confectioner's sugar, or powdered sugar, as is necessary in order to make a mass that can be moulded. With butter paddles, or with the fingers, make into balls, pressing firmly into each side the meat of half a walnut.

THURSDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—CRACKED WHEAT (UNCOOKED) WITH APPLES AND CREAM, UNFERMENTED BREAD.

SECOND MEAL.—NUT SOUP, BRAZIL NUTS, RAISINS, WHOLE WHEAT MILK CRACKERS, CELERY, GRAPES.

FRIDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—HOT MILK, GROUND OATS (UNCOOKED), with cream and apples baked or raw, GEMS.

SECOND MEAL.—BANANAS AND BLANCHED ALMONDS.

Chop a cupful blanched almonds; slice bananas in a shallow pan; sprinkle over them the almonds, with a dessertspoonful of nut butter. Bake in slow oven for ten or fifteen minutes.

CEREAL COFFEE.

DESSERT, GRAPES, DATES, ENGLISH WALNUTS.

SATURDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—GRAPES, APPLES.

CORN MEAL MUSH AND HONEY, UNFERMENTED BREAD, NUT BUTTER.

SECOND MEAL.—TOMATOES, ONIONS, AND NUT SOUP.

One can of tomatoes, one teacupful of chopped walnuts or hazel nuts, one large spoonful crumbs of whole wheat milk crackers, one dessertspoonful of sugar, little salt, one small onion chopped finely. Add one cupful hot water and let stand for two or three hours. When needed make very hot, and add one cupful cream and one egg well beaten. Serve with brown bread croutons.

BAKED POTATOES STUFFED WITH CHOPPED PRUNES AND OLIVES.

DESSERT, THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

Ground wheat (uncooked), one cupful each raisins, figs, prunes, nuts, fresh apple (greening or bell-flower are desirable), one stick of cinnamon broken in bits, sugar, grape juice, grape nuts. Put together according to the size of pudding desired, alternate layers. Serve with sugar and cream, to which add little nutmeg.

SUNDAY.

FIRST MEAL.—BANANAS, CEREAL COFFEE, GEMS.

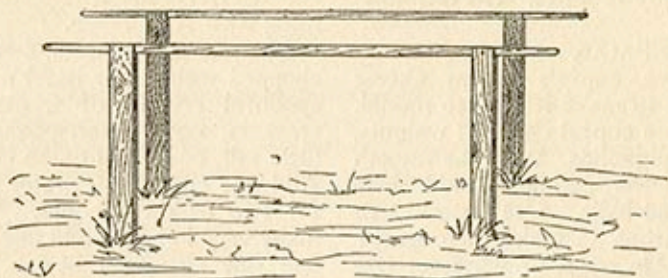
BAKED APPLES AND CREAM, UNFERMENTED BREAD.

SECOND MEAL.—NUT CROQUETTES, TOMATO SAUCE, OLIVES, CELERY, RICE, NASTURTIUM SALAD.

Choose the heart leaves of head lettuce. Heap up on each leaf a half dozen of grapes and red cherries stuffed with blanched filberts or hazel nuts. Put inside the cup-shaped leaf around edge a row of nasturtium blossoms, to be served and eaten with salad. Sprinkle over all fine sugar and salt and a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing for each leaf. Nasturtium blossoms may be raised in the house for winter use if seeds are planted in rich soil around this time of year and so be "things of use and beauty."

DESSERT, SCRIPTURE CAKE.

Four and one-half cupfuls I. Kings, iv. 22; two cupfuls Jeremiah, vi. 20; one cupful Judges, v. 25, last clause; two cupfuls I. Sam., xxx. 12; two cupfuls Nahum, iii. 12; six cupfuls Jeremiah, xvi., 11; one cupful Judges, iv. 19, last clause; six tablespoonfuls I. Samuel, xiv. 25; two teaspoonfuls Amos, iv. 5; one pinch Leviticus II., 13.



How Parallel Bars Will Appear When Finished

HOW TO MAKE YOUR OWN PARALLEL BARS

By David Hunter

THE parallel bars furnish one of the most enjoyable forms of gymnastic exercise, and, of course, when taken outdoors this exercise is doubly valuable in developing strength and promoting superb, vigorous health. The illustrations given herewith show how any boy can make up a good, substantial and serviceable pair of parallel bars at home from which no end of entertainment and exercise can be secured. The apparatus can be erected in any place where sufficient ground is available, and boys scarcely can find any better way of using a little of the space in their back yards.

From a blacksmith or carriage-maker you can get a pair of old shafts from which you can make the bars, using sandpaper and broken glass to make them smooth.

Now get four good, strong pieces of lumber, two by four inches, and about six feet long, to serve as posts to support the bars. These should be made pointed at one end, as shown in illustration number one, so as to permit of driving them into the ground. At the other end of each of these cut out a small, square section, as shown in the illustration, of just sufficient size to hold the bar.

About one foot from each end of the bars bore holes sufficiently large to admit a good-sized spike, which, by passing through a similar hole to be bored in the timbers, as shown in the illustration, will serve to keep the bars firmly in position.

You are ready now to put the apparatus together. Figure 2 shows the finished product. The posts should be driven into the ground at such a distance as to have the bars about two feet apart, although if they are to be used by very small boys they should be a little closer. The bars should be about on a level with your chin or ears when standing.

A clever boy who has a supply of tools can make a pair of parallel bars in an hour or two. If the attic or basement of the house is large enough and is well enough ventilated it might be possible to construct the apparatus indoors, with some difficulty in fastening the bars firmly to the floor. However, all boys would prefer, even in winter, to go outside and roll and do their other stunts upon the bars in the fresh, pure air.



A PERFECT BEAUTY

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

With the Collaboration of BARBARA HOWARD

A problem story that should be intensely interesting. It is based on truth and tells how an untutored Western girl, a child from the heart of nature and uncorrupted by artificial life, is brought suddenly and by peculiar circumstances into the subtle meshes and temptations of a glaring city. Her contact with the spenders and vultures of womanly purity that exist in every large city. The severe tests of her virtue. The problem that is presented in this story resolves itself into the question whether the fine, subtle intuition and instinct of protection that are found keenly alert in a perfectly natural, normal woman, can take the place of knowledge in guiding her through the maze of the city's wiles and snares and in preserving her purity and womanhood.

CHAPTER I.

"**W**OULD you let a girl run?" They were having sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most exclusive as well as one of the most beautiful of California's health resorts. There had been broad jumping and high jumping, pole vaulting, sack racing, and many other events designed to amuse the spectators or to give an opportunity to such of the guests as wished to show their special attainments.

Cups and other objects had been given as prizes in all the previous events, but for some reason it had been decided to offer a ten-dollar gold piece to the winner of the two hundred and twenty yards dash, and the manager of the sports was calling for volunteers for the race when a young woman pushed her way through the crowd, and, with flushed face, asked the question:

"Would you let a girl run?"

The manager stared at her in amazement. She was evidently not a town girl, and certainly not one of the fashionable guests of the magnificent hotels, for she was dressed with almost painful simplicity, in a calico gown; and her thoroughly tanned face and stout, heavy shoes indicated pretty plainly that she came from the back country.

"Why, I don't know," said the manager, looking for inspiration at the members of the Sports Committee. "Do you want to run?"

"Yes," she answered, briefly, her brown eyes fixed steadily on him.

"Let her run, if she wants to; why

not?" said one of the committee, who evidently was a person of consequence.

"Yes, let her run," said another; "it will add interest."

"You don't think the ladies will object?" whispered the manager to the first committeeman. "You don't think they'd mind having a girl take part?"

"Pshaw! Why should they? Where's the harm?"

"They might think it improper, you know. I don't know about such things, only you never can tell what these swells will object to. Shall I let her run?"

"Certainly!"

The young woman had recovered her poise during the whispered dialogue, and was watching the talkers with an anxious eye, quite unconscious of the fact that she was the center of observation and comment.

"You may run," said the manager, turning to her. "What is your name?"

"Grace Harper."

"Do you live in Santa Isabella?"

"No, sir; I live back in the foot-hills, on a farm."

"I hope you'll win," said the committeeman who had decided the question in her favor.

"I'll try, sir," she answered, in a business-like way. "I'd like to take my shoes and stockings off."

The sports were taking place on the local race track, and the weighing room under the judges' stand was empty. Grace was told she might have it for her dressing-room, and disappeared into it without further talk.

Before she emerged, the report that a

girl was going to compete with the young men spread through the curious throngs; an instant excitement took possession of the spectators, and field glasses were leveled on the track to get a glimpse of the daring female.

Many of the stylishly dressed belles of the place, glad of a sensation, were taken by their escorts to the rail, where they waited, chattering volubly, for a sight of a girl who had so much energy that she was willing to do so unwomanly a thing as to run a race in public.

"The idea of such a thing!" said one of them, evidently voicing the sentiments of her girl friends. "Why, I couldn't run from here to the grand stand without getting in a perspiration."

Grace Harper stepped from her dressing room in time to check any further remarks along that line. Indeed, the sight of her sent something very like a spasm over the occupants of the enclosure.

She had not only taken off her shoes and stockings, but had taken up her already short skirt and tucked it in her belt, so that her leg, bare to the knee, was plainly visible, in all the exquisite beauty of its swelling calf and slender, but strong ankle.

Her legs were tanned to as rich a brown as her face, proving that they were not at all unused to the exposure they were receiving now; and the occasional glimpse that could be had above her knee as she moved, showed that she wore bloomers instead of skirts.

"Why!" gasped one of the shocked society belles, "she doesn't seem to mind a bit! Isn't it horrid?"

"I don't see that it's any worse than a bathing suit," said a matter-of-fact girl who had heard the remark.

"But that's different," was the answer, in a tone of profound conviction. "Isn't it different, girls?"

"Of course it is. Besides, that's only on the beach. We wouldn't wear anything like a bathing costume up here."

"Why?" asked the matter-of-fact girl.

"Why? As if you didn't know," was the horrified chorus. "There's all the difference in the world. Would you wear your bathing costume up here?"

"I wouldn't, because I haven't the nerve; that's the only reason. And you wouldn't because it isn't the fashion, and

that's your only reason. You know, every one of you, that if it was the fashion you'd go in for Eve's costume. She is a beauty, anyhow."

"A beauty!" cried the others, in scornful chorus. "With that waist?"

"Corsets would soon bring that in. You can see that she hasn't a sign of a corset. But what hair she has! I never saw such masses of it, and of such a gorgeous red-gold color."

"Red-gold is good," laughed one of the young ladies. "I should call it carrot-red. George! Where is George?"

"George has gone with the other boys to get a better look at the Amazon," said the first speaker, sarcastically. "Evidently the men don't think her such a fright."

Grace Harper, meanwhile, unconscious, and now quite unconcerned as to what the many spectators might say or think, had taken her place in the line of young men that had been drawn up across the track, ready to start at the sound of the pistol shot.

The male contestants all eyed her curiously, and most of them with amusement, so absurd did it seem to them that a girl should imagine she had any chance in such a contest; but there was something so alert in her manner, so knowing in the way she stood there, erect and lithe and eager, that one or two who knew something of athletics were impressed with the notion that she was certain to give a good account of herself.

The finish was to be at the judge's stand, in front of where the spectators were all massed; the track was, as they say, in the pink of condition, being hard and smooth, without a pebble on it; the contestants stood in an eager line, waiting for the starter to come up.

When he came, Grace Harper immediately crouched, dug her bare toes into the hard earth as well as she could, and waited. Two only of the men had knowledge enough of running to adopt her plan for starting, and the result was that when the pistol shot rang out those two and Grace leaped instantly to the front, and the race was between them.

This was seen at the grand stand, and the excitement became intense; but the uncertainty did not last long; for, by the time the race was half over the flying Amazon was leading easily, nor ever was

in danger of being overtaken. She carried away the cord five yards in advance of the nearest competitor.

Roars of applause greeted her, and instantly a crowd gathered to congratulate her; but she, panting and flushed, made her way to the manager, who came out of the judge's stand, and said in her business-like way:

"When do I get the prize?"

"As soon as the decision is made."

"When will that be?"

"There is the judge about to announce it now," he answered, with a smile. "You certainly are a swift runner for a girl."

"For a girl!" she repeated, her brown eyebrows going up the least bit.

"Miss Grace Harper wins the race and the prize of ten dollars," announced the judge in stentorian tones. "Miss Harper, permit me to give you the prize which you have so cleverly won. I want to say that I never saw a prettier bit of running."

"Thank you."

"Miss Harper," said the committeeman whose influence had gained her the right to compete, "I know my wife would like to meet you. If you will come with me after you have put your shoes on I shall be glad to introduce you. You can see all the sports beautifully from where she sits."

"Thank you, sir, but I am in a hurry to get back home. I came in with butter and eggs, this morning, and I'm late now. I waited to see the sports, and I'm glad I did, now. Thank you!"

With this she made her way to the dressing-room provided for her and disappeared for the few minutes necessary to don the shoes and stockings she had taken off.

"That is a young woman not to be trifled with," laughed the manager.

"A perfect beauty, whatever else she is," said the judge.

"Depends on your standard," said the manager. "I'll bet there isn't a woman here who would agree with you."

"Not many men, either," said another of the committeemen. "Why, she has very little bust or hips. More like a man in build than a woman."

"Well," laughed the judge, "I'll agree that she hasn't a self-made shape; but I can tell you, gentlemen, there are not

many women here would dare compare nude bodies with her. Hush! here she is! Miss Harper, why not remain and try for the hundred-yard dash. We give a very pretty silver cup for a prize."

"Thank you, sir! I am very much obliged, but I don't care for the cup. If I had time I'd like nothing better than to stay, but I must get home in time for milking. Good day!"

She bowed and walked away with the assured step of one who harbors no idle fears for herself, but feels herself capable of meeting whatever emergency may arise in her path.

Some of the bolder of the young men, either out of curiosity, or from worse motives, started after her as if they would overtake her and speak to her; but she walked so rapidly, and in so direct a way, that it was not until they saw her untie a horse, leap into the wagon behind it and drive rapidly away, that they realized that they had lost whatever chance they might have had to know her.

As for Grace, she gave no further thought to sports or to anyone she had seen there. What she had done was only an episode in her earnest young life, and was put out of it the moment it ended in the possession of the bright gold piece.

A casual observer might have been forgiven if he had suspected her of being of miserly instincts, so eagerly had she taken the money, so indifferent had she shown herself to other forms of prizes, and so gloatingly did she take out and look at the coin after she had gone beyond the limits of the town.

Indeed, she took from her bosom a small leather bag swollen with coins, and throwing the reins over her neck to keep them from falling, poured the contents of the purse into her lap so that she might count her wealth.

She murmured over the sum total in a gleeful tone, dropped her gold coin into the pile, and laughed aloud. Certainly there was in her manner very much of the joy of possession; but after all, penuriousness seldom wears the open, frank expression of delight that mantled her face as she thrust the purse into her bosom again and clucked to the horse to quicken his pace.

She had a three hours' ride ahead of her, some of it sufficiently on a level to

be covered at a trot, but at other parts so much up hill that she walked to save the horse. One part was very lonely, without a human habitation in sight, and before entering it Grace drew a revolver from under the seat cushion, looked critically at it, and placed it beside her, following that proceeding with a furtive touch at her breast to assure herself that the precious money was there.

Road agents had been known in that part of the country recently enough to make her precaution reasonable, and anyone looking into the resolute face and the alert eyes would have been convinced that Grace Harper would not have been the easiest victim to a highwayman.

The dangerous place was passed without trouble, however, and after a while, just about what Grace would have called milking time, she turned from the high road into one less well defined, saying to the horse: "They'll wonder what's happened to us, Billy, but I think we'll give a good account of ourselves, eh?"

Billy set up a shrill neigh, which sounded quite as if he were trying to answer her, though she knew well enough that he was only calling to some of his mates who might be running free on the ranch.

Fifteen minutes later a very plain little house came in sight, with more pretentious farm buildings beyond, the procession of cows toward the barn indicating that Grace had made a good guess at the time. A faded, tired woman, of middle age, came out of the house and greeted Grace.

"Anything wrong, dear? What kept you so long?" The tone was anxious.

"Nothing wrong. Where's father?" was Grace's response.

"At the barn. He's worried a bit about you."

"Get in and go out with me, mother; then I can tell my story to both of you at the same time."

"You've got the money?" the mother asked, as she started to get into the wagon.

"Every cent of it."

"Then——"

"I won't tell you any more till we get to the barn," interrupted Grace, her arm going about her mother lovingly enough to rob her speech of rudeness.

Robert Harper, rugged, stalwart, and

sinewy of frame, and resolute of face, was waiting for them in front of the stable door. He gave Grace one anxious look and then began to unharness the horse, as if content to wait for his daughter to speak. And she, who was reticent and short of speech with others, was almost voluble with him.

"I have the money, father," she cried, in answer to his glance. "Eggs have fallen a little, but butter is higher; and I collected all that was due excepting the dollar from Mrs. Hunt who keeps the little boarding house on Main street."

"How much shall we be short, then?" he asked.

"Nothing!" she cried, in a tone of joyous triumph, as she sprang out of the wagon and landed lightly on her feet; "we won't be short a cent."

"Mr. Beaver advanced the money on the promise of the butter?" he asked.

"No, he refused; was mean and ugly. But I got the money in a better way, and you have no debt to pay off. I ran a race and won it. They were having sports, and offered a prize for the winner of the two hundred and twenty yard dash. When I saw the specimens of men that were running I knew I could get the ten dollars, and so I asked them to let me run. Scandalized them all, I think, by coming out in my bare legs, but I came away with the money, father, and you can pay that interest up to the last cent—and thanks to no one!"

Robert Harper went silently about unharnessing the horse while his daughter told her story, and when she had finished and stood looking lovingly at him, waiting for his comment, he only put his arm about her and drew her to him, saying in a low tone:

"And I have repined because I had no son!"

"Oh, well, father, I don't wonder at that," she said, brightly, "but you'll forget in a little while that I am not a boy. Anyhow, I guess those swells at the shore wonder what sort of a girl I am."

"Didn't you feel a little queer," asked her mother, "to be running before all those fine folks?"

"A little, maybe, but what did I care for them? They thought me odd, and I thought them odder. I know that when

I came away with their money I thought I had had the best of the argument."

She laughed gaily, and took the horse from her father to put it away in the stable; and it was plain to see from the way she hung up the harness on the big wooden pegs, from the way she swung the tie rope at the manger into a safe knot, that she had done it all before, many, many times.

This done she took her purse from her bosom and ran to her father, who had run the wagon under the shed. She poured the coins into his two hands, bidding him count it, and showing him the ten-dollar gold piece. Then she started toward the house, but he called her back.

"Grace!"

"Yes, father."

"I—I can't say what I want to, my girl." He stopped and choked, and her arms were about his neck and her head on his breast.

"There's no need to try, father. I got all my happiness in winning that gold piece, and knowing that it was going to help you. Any girl would be glad enough to do as much for her father, and there isn't another girl in all the world has such a one as I have. And, somehow, I'm going to do more. I don't know how, now, but I'm thinking and watching my chances, and I'll do it yet. I know you're glad you've got me, but I'm going to make you say that I'm better than any boy you ever heard of. Yes I am!"

"I'm prepared to say it now, Grace," he answered. "As for girls, you are the best I ever heard of. I don't want you to have that wretched mortgage on your mind; I need only time to take care of it myself; but I do believe you are equal to getting the money. I never doubt much when you undertake anything."

"That's because I'm my daddy's own child, I guess," she answered; then kissed him and ran to the house.

Within ten minutes she was milking cows with as much energy as if she had done nothing before during the day.

CHAPTER II.

That mortgage was the bane of Grace's life. It hadn't always been on the farm, and had come there through her father going on the note of a brother who had failed to pay when the time came. It

seemed to Grace, however, that she could never remember the time when they were not saving to collect the money with which to pay the interest. And the dream of her recent years had been, somehow, to get together money enough to pay off the whole mortgage.

She couldn't help knowing that if she had been a boy there would have been fifty chances of success for her where there was now one; but by temperament she was averse to being beaten, and she had made up her mind that there must be a way open to her, girl though she was, and that it remained only for her to find the way.

She was robust, because her help had been necessary on the farm, and she was athletic because of her determination to be as good as a boy. At school and on all occasions she had learned boys' games and had striven with the boys; and she had striven with the quiet determination of the character which she had inherited from her father.

Boys generally had not treated her as a girl, but as one of themselves, and she had come to look scornfully on what she called ordinary girl weaknesses. No boy ever had told her she was good looking, and if any boy had she would have said something very chilling to him.

She didn't care to be pretty, and knew she wasn't; but she was glad that she was strong and well, and could do as good a day's work as anybody. And so she went her self-reliant way through the small part of the world she knew.

As for love, which is supposed to constitute a large part of the life of every girl, she had had no inclination for it, and if she had had the inclination it is probable that she would not have felt that she had the time. There was, of course, Will Belden, who had been her very good friend for a number of years, but a friend is not a lover—as everyone knows.

It had been decided that Grace should carry the interest money to the man who held the mortgage. He lived twenty miles away, up the valley, on a huge ranch, where, because of his wealth, he lived and ruled almost despotically.

Grace was on horseback at five o'clock in the morning, the money in the leathern bag in her bosom, where, womanlike, she felt it was most safe. She sat astride,

clad in corduroy breeches and leather leggings, a rifle slung over her back. She looked a very charming cavalier indeed, and it was not surprising that Will Belden's eyes lighted up eagerly when he saw her coming up the trail that led past his house.

"We're just through breakfast," he said, running up to her stirrup to help her dismount; not because she needed the help, but because he wished to give it. "It won't take a minute to make something ready, though."

"Can't stop, Will. I'm going to Donald Morton's to pay him his interest. I just came through this way to say good morning to you."

"I'll throw the saddle on Dandy and go as far as the arroyo with you, then," said Will, who knew her well enough to take her at her word.

Grace talked with Will's mother while he ran to the stable and saddled his horse; and Will's mother studied the girl with the anxious scrutiny of a woman who wishes to know as much as possible of the girl her son wishes to make his wife.

If Grace had known what was in the other woman's mind she not only would not have talked as freely as she did, but the chances are that she would have dug her heels indignantly into the sides of her good mare and have ridden on alone. But she had no suspicion, so she sat there and waited till Will joined her.

Will was a stalwart, brawny young ranchman, who was doing very well with the inheritance he had received from his father, and was what any worldly-wise mother with an eligible daughter would have called a "good match."

"You've made an early start," he said.

"I don't like those Morton people," she answered, "and I want to get away early."

"They are a lawless lot, but I don't believe they will trouble you. By the way, I hear young Don is home."

"I never saw him."

"They say he's very handsome; looks like his mother's family."

"Yes?" very indifferently.

"They say he's a bad lot; worse than his father, even."

"Well, if he likes that sort of thing, I don't suppose it's any of my business. I don't have to do anything with him.

I'm sorry we owe the Mortons any money, but I'd be sorry to owe money to anybody."

"Yes," said Will, and fell silent. Grace did not seem to notice his silence, however, but rode contentedly along by his side, her head up and her brown eyes drinking in the beauties of nature. And nature is very lavish with her beauties in California.

"Didn't hear about my race yesterday, did you?" she asked, suddenly.

"No. Where?"

She told him about it, and he laughed with her over the probable astonishment of the conventional people at the sea shore at the sight of a bare-legged girl running against men.

"I just had to have the money, though," she said.

"Ye-es," he said, hesitatingly, "but I suppose it isn't quite wise for such a pretty girl as you to be——"

"Pretty! Me!" cried Grace, disdainfully, and with disregard of grammar.

"Oh, you know you are, Grace; you must know you are."

"I guess not. That's nonsense, Will. Look at me!"

"That suits me to a T," he said, a little huskily, and looking at her with a mixture of dogged determination and great shyness. "I don't want anything better to do than look at you, Grace."

"Now what's the matter with you, Will? Why on earth do you talk like that? You'd do a lot of work if you looked—Say! what is the matter this morning, Will?"

She turned her clear eyes on him and studied him with a frankness and composure that he found very disconcerting. He looked back at her, looked away, tried to whistle, and ended in trying to remove an imaginary something out of Dandy's mane.

"Something's wrong with you, Will," she exclaimed, with sudden comprehension, her tone full of sympathy. "Tell me what it is. You have some money troubles, I know. Well, I guess I'm able to understand what that means."

"No," he answered, "no, I have no money troubles. I—I—Oh, I can't stand it any longer, Grace. Grace, I love you; that's my trouble. I love you and want you to be my wife."

"Your wife?" she gasped, in utter amazement. "Oh, Will!" If he had proposed to her to murder somebody she could hardly have been more surprised.

"Yes," he went on eagerly, riding so close that their stirrups rubbed together at every motion of their horses, "I want you to be my wife. You and I have liked each other more than anybody else ever since we were children, and we can't be making any mistake, Grace, dear." His voice trembled with tenderness, and involuntarily he reached out for her hand as it hung by her side, holding a bull-hide whip in a firm grasp.

Grace, as involuntarily, dug the heel on that side into her mare and put a couple of yards between them, saying, half-sorrowfully, half-indignantly:

"I wish you hadn't done it, Will. I don't want to be your wife, or anybody's wife. How can I, with that mortgage on the ranch, and no one but me to help father?"

"Your father could hire someone to help him, and as for the mortgage, you know I've got money enough and could spare—"

"You may stop right there, Will. I'm going to pay that mortgage off."

"Oh, Grace," he cried, despairingly, "why won't you understand that you are only a girl, and that girls—"

"That girls are a drug in the market. You can't scare me that way, Will. I am only a girl, but I can roll my sleeves up—" She stopped and laughed merrily. "No, I'll take off my shoes and stockings and win. Come, now, Will, forget this nonsense and let's be friends, just as we were."

"But you've got to marry some time, Grace. A pretty girl—oh, well, it's no use for you to kick at that, Grace; you are a pretty girl and you must know it. What do you perch that sombrero on your head in just that way for but to make yourself prettier? Oh, Grace, you are the noblest, dearest, truest, most beautiful woman in the world, and you must be my wife; you must, you *must*. Don't you find a little love in your heart for me, Grace? Why, I've been loving you for years, and waiting and waiting for the time to come when I could ask you to marry me. My heart has trembled every time any other fellow looked at you for

fear you'd like him better than me. Don't say no, Grace. Think it over."

Grace had indignantly tried to straighten her sombrero, had pursed her red lips to say something curt that would end the matter once and for all, had listened to his praise of her with a pleasure that she half resented, and then had almost broken down when his voice began to tremble and he—strong man that she knew him to be—pleaded like a weak child.

"I'm awfully sorry, Will," she answered after a choking silence. "Indeed I am just as sorry as I can be, but I don't see how I can. I like you a thousand times better than any other man in the world except father, but I can't marry you. I can't do it, Will. I won't do it. Come! don't spoil a fine friendship in this way, Will."

"You'll think it over, Grace?" he pleaded.

"Think it over?" she answered, petulantly, "I guess I'll do nothing else but think it over all day long. Oh, please don't look like that, Will! I can't say yes now. Wait till the mortgage is paid off—I'm going to do it somehow—and then we'll talk this thing over like two old friends. Won't that do, Will?"

"At least I have as much chance as anybody else, Grace?"

"Nobody has the least chance, Will. I like you better than anybody else, but I just never thought of marrying, and don't want to. I'm sure I don't want to. Anyhow, not till that mortgage is paid off. Let's talk of something else."

"I don't believe I can, Grace," he answered sadly.

"Well," she said, "here's the arroyo."

"Promise me to think about it, Grace," he said coaxingly as he pulled his horse up in unison with a similar act on her part.

"Promise! I don't need to, Will. You can bet I'll think about it a great deal more than I want to. Why did you need to spoil my day? Think about it! Oh, yes, I'll *think* about—Say, Will! is my hat on straight now?"

"Yes, it's straight, but you're pretty just the same, straight or cocked. You can't help being pretty."

"I don't believe it. Nobody ever suggested such a thing before. Oh, Will,"

she groaned, "I believe you think so because you are in love. Well, it's a comfort it's no worse than that. How I would despise being a pretty girl."

"Pretty mayn't be the right word," he said, doggedly. "I guess I should have said beautiful."

"Huh!" snapped Grace, and dug her heels into her mare's sides, and was away at a gallop alongside of the dry arroyo.

She turned in the saddle and looked back after a few moments. Will still sat on his motionless horse, just where she had left him. He waved his hand as she turned, and she responded with an answering wave.

"How funny," she murmured as she settled again in the saddle, "to call me beautiful! He must think a lot of me. Well' he's handsome, if it comes to that. But marry before that mortgage is paid off? I guess not. Think of Will wanting me to be his wife! That seems very odd; I can't get used to it. His wife!"

The mare felt good, the road was level and stretched far away into the hills; so, as the rider's hand had strangely relaxed its firm, restraining pressure the little mare put her head out and broke into a swift run. When she had run enough, she settled into a walk, and when she was tired of walking she tried loping. In fact, the little mare had never had matters so much her own way before. Two entirely new ideas had been thrust unceremoniously into Grace's life and she could not help thinking of them—love and beauty.

In about two hours they crossed the boundary line of the almost immeasurable domain of the Mortons, and the mere fact roused Grace out of her unwonted thoughts, and brought her back to the world of affairs. She felt of the purse in her bosom; she swung her rifle around and looked it over with a critical eye that boded ill for the outlaw that suggested a change of ownership for that hard-earned interest money.

Oddly enough, at that moment there loomed up on the horizon ahead of her, just on the brow of the next hill, a horseman. Grace started and her heart rose in her throat, for the Morton Ranch did not bear the best of reputations.

She unhooked the rifle, and let it lay carelessly across her lap. She had no in-

attention of looking foolish in case the horseman was a peaceable one, but she preferred to be ready for any emergency; and was determined, at any cost, to keep that precious interest money.

As they neared each other her keen eyes told her that the rich dress of the man and the gorgeous trappings of his horse could indicate no one else but young Don Morton.

As soon as she was assured of this she quietly reslung her rifle over her back when she thought she would not be observed. She was interested to see the young man who had the reputation of being at once the handsomest and the most evil man in that part of California.

There was no doubt of his being singularly handsome, and he bore himself with the assured air of one conscious of many if not all possible advantages. He sat a magnificent stallion, which he rode with the ease of a finished horseman. Grace watched him approach with the enjoyment of one who delights in beauty.

She expected to pass him with a greeting, but as he fixed his bold, black eyes on her with a glance of cold indifference, she merely looked back at him to assure him that she cared no more for his courtesy than he for hers; and so passed on.

If she had kept her eyes on him but a moment longer, she would have seen him start with surprise at the sight of her. She did know that he checked his horse, and she guessed that he was looking back at her; but why she did not in the least suspect.

The truth was that Don Morton was but just out of bed and was in a frame of mind that indisposed him for human society. So he had seen the stranger coming, had taken it for granted, at the first, that the clothes make the man, and so would have passed on in his insolent way, but for the sudden consciousness that the supposed man was a girl.

He stopped and looked back at Grace, noting her litheness, suppleness and perfect horsemanship; and then the noble carriage of her head; and finally the robustness of the limbs that filled out the corduroys and the leather leggings.

Grace, at that unfortunate moment, looked back to discover why Don Morton did not continue on his way. As if he

took her look for an invitation, he dug his spurs into his stallion and brought him around with a wild leap. In another moment he was riding by Grace's side.

"By heaven! you are a girl," he cried.

"By heaven! you are not a gentleman," she retorted, "and I don't care for your society." Which was most imprudent, and not quite like Grace Harper. But the truth was she had been thinking over much of her recent conversation with Will, and for once in her life her nerves were in evidence.

Don Morton looked down into the

flushed face and laughed as if he liked nothing so well as such a retort.

"Well," he said, "you are a beauty if ever I saw one—a beauty from your Titian hair to your little foot; and as I am the heir to the land you have intruded on, you shall pay me toll. A kiss, if you please, my beauty!"

"Don't you dare!" said Grace, white as chalk.

"Dare and will," said he with a laugh, his arm reaching to encircle her as his horse crowded close to hers. "And it's no use to scream, either."

(To be continued.)



How the Glutton Celebrates His Thanksgiving

PHYSICAL CULTURE CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

THE Physical Culture Correspondence Club has been organized to permit Physical Culturists imbued with the ideal set forth in this magazine to correspond and exchange ideas. We expect to conduct this Correspondence Club in strict conformity with the high standard set by our magazine throughout its pages. The club membership fee is \$1.00 per year. All members will be provided with a number.

Letters of all club members to other members, whom they have addressed by number, will be readdressed and forwarded free of charge.

Non-members can correspond with those whose personalities appear in the magazine, though ten cents will be charged for every letter forwarded.

Members who enroll immediately will be entitled, by the payment of an additional \$1.00, to an insertion of their personalities; not to exceed forty (40) words in length. The advertising rate of this magazine is \$2.00 per line. As a personality will take up at least five lines, you can thus see that members who take the opportunity will secure \$5.00 worth of space in this manner.

Make your personality brief. Your replies will be more satisfactory if you give your age, weight, height, occupation, color of hair, condition of health, whether you are fond of literature, sports, music, outdoor life, and any other information that can be expressed briefly.

INSTRUCTIONS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

First seal your letter in a blank STAMPED envelope.

Put in lower left-hand corner the number of the person to whom you wish letter addressed; in upper left-hand corner put your own number.

If you are not a member of the club, use only the number of the person to whom you wish the letter forwarded.

Enclose this envelope in another envelope, and mail to Physical Culture Correspondence Club, 29 East 16th street, New York.

If you are a member of the Correspondence Club, this letter will be forwarded without charge; if not a member, enclose ten cents for forwarding charges. We are not responsible for the non-answering of letters. Our responsibility ceases as soon as we have forwarded the letter to the member indicated.

The following personalities are of members of the club. Before writing a reply, carefully read instructions.

112. Brunette, 5 feet 7½ inches, weight 130, Southern teacher (female), Physical Culturist in truest sense, loves outdoor sports and life, wishes to hear from and exchange ideas with men and women who think for themselves, especially those going to St. Louis in October.

108. A refined Southern woman, brunette, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weight 120 pounds, age 30, fond of outdoor life and everything that promotes health and happiness; would enjoy correspondence with those of like tastes.

117. Young bachelor, 32, height 6 feet 2½ inches, weight 180 pounds, blonde, Protestant, farmer of western Montana, wishes to correspond with Physical Culturists who are dark-haired, dark-eyed and between the ages of 20-28.

118. A Protestant girl in her twentieth year, blue eyes, dark blond hair, 5 feet 6 inches, Physical Culturist, great lover of music, literature and Nature, would like to correspond with young man of similar views and tastes.

181. Bachelor of 35, hand-press printer, blonde, 6 feet tall, weight 180 pounds, enjoys good literature and has acquired a satisfactory education through his own efforts, would like to correspond with young lady of about thirty, who believes in living sensibly.

183. Jewish gentleman, 31; weight 135, 5 feet 4 inches tall, black hair, strong and healthy, wishes to correspond with young lady of same religion, age between 25-30, with pleasing disposition; one that takes interest in Physical Culture.

184. Woman of 34 years, height 5 feet 3 inches, weight 112, soft dark hair and eyes, youthful, buoyant nature, perfect health, artistic, refined, loves nature, beauty and truth; desires correspondence with blonde gentleman, who is refined, good-natured and companionable.

185. Young woman, age 28, Protestant, country bred, believer in Physical Culture and interested in all that tends toward physical, mental and moral development, would be glad to hear from others on any topic of mutual interest.

186. Gentleman, 35, would like to correspond with physical culturists; those fond of walking, boating and outdoor sport preferred.

187. Old maid, 30 years old, weight 122, height less than 6 feet, over 4 feet, lover of Physical Culture, music, dancing, books and art; education limited; have no accomplishments.

188. Athlete, age 23, architect, Y. M. C. A. worker, height 5 feet 7 inches, weight 150, strong and healthy; excels in weight lifting and swimming; fond of literature, nature and art, wishes to correspond with those interested in Physical Culture and art.

189. Young woman, 25, blonde, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 135 pounds, fond of music and all refining influences, fresh air enthusiast; has been waiting this opportunity to become acquainted with young men accepting true standard of natural living.

192. Conservatory student, age 19, member of C. R. Society and all-around athlete, desires to correspond with young Physical Culturists (young ladies preferred), who wish to enlarge their brains upon this subject and who are interested in any kind of sports.

193. Refined young lady, Protestant, 26, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 160, light brown hair, blue eyes, good physique, lover of home and outdoor sports, believer in Physical Culture ideas, desires to correspond with Physical Culturists.

190. Bachelor girl, age 31; height 5 feet 6 inches, fair hair, blue eyes, light build, Physical Culture enthusiast, fond of nature, poetry, music and has good health, Protestant.

200. Young lady stenographer, 24 years; 124 pounds, 5 feet 4 inches, blue eyes, light brown hair, refined, well educated, Physical Culturist, desires to correspond with gentlemen and ladies interested in Physical Culture. Also those fond of music, books, outdoor sports.

202. Young Illinois business man, medium height and weight, of a cold yet kind and cheerful disposition, who is considered a "crank" on most subjects advocated by Physical Culture, would like to become acquainted with women of health and common sense.

203. Widow of 36, brown hair, slightly turned, blue eyes, 5 feet 4 inches, good health, very much interested in Physical Culture, wishes to correspond with gentlemen, same age, who can endorse the lofty ideals set forth in Bernier, MacLadd's books.

204. A Catholic young man, 25, 5 feet 3 inches tall, would like to correspond with young ladies and gentlemen, who are devotees of the principles laid down by this magazine.

206. Young man, 25, fair complexion, light hair, 5 feet 7 inches, thorough Physical Culturist, mechanical engineer in government employ; though single, a lover of children and everything beautiful.

209. Physical Culturist, mental-culturist; age 38, height 5 feet 6½ inches, weight 160, excellent health; believer in thought power; lover of music; all kinds of outdoor exercises; brown hair and eyes, light complexion; will be glad to hear from club members.

210. Refined, well-educated young lady, weight 125, height 5 feet 5 inches; dark brown hair, gray eyes, lively, contented disposition; fond of outdoor exercise; very fond of music and literature, also home life; desires to correspond with refined gentlemen not under 32.

211. Young woman, Physical Culturist; age 27, weight 158, height 5 feet 11 inches, dark hair and eyes, good health; has studied vocal and instrumental music; desires acquaintance of gentlemen of vital temperament, strong features, talkative, kind disposition and fond of home life.

212. Young man, 20, 5 feet 8 inches, good health, does not tobacco or liquor, 152 pounds; Protestant; fond of walking; wishes correspondence and acquaintance of Physical Culture girls about same age, especially those living near or about Buffalo.

213. Are there any women who live a Physical Culture life? If so, then an educated young man, who is a Physical Culturist desires their acquaintance; great lover of nature, music and literature.

214. Healthy young woman, 35, height 5 feet 4 inches, weight 130, dark hair and eyes, lover of art, home and outdoor life, wishes to correspond with Protestant self-made men.

216. A widower, 36 years, no children, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 175 pounds, interested in correct living.

218. Lady of 35, living near Boston, height 5 feet 6 inches, perfect health, fond of outdoor life, fresh air "crank," interested in Physical and all-round culture, desires correspondence with people of same age or older.

219. Self-made young man, 25, height 5 feet 10 inches, weight 165, very dark hair, dark blue eyes, kind disposition, never used liquor or tobacco, loves home life and believes in living for the future; fond of outdoor sports, student of nature and better living; would appreciate correspondence with Physical Culture young men and women.

220. Young farmer-mechanic, age 24, weight 150 pounds, height 5 feet 8 inches, fine health, not addicted to tobacco or drink; would like to correspond with Physical Culture young women, who are fond of Country life, live stock and love nature.

221. A R. I. young man, American; 23 years, 6 feet tall, weight 170 pounds, hair and complexion light, eyes dark, believer in raw food diet, fond of music and Physical Culture, would like to hear from young men and women with similar ideas.

222. Chicago.—A healthy, happy American woman, kindergarten, brown eyes, height 5 feet 3 inches, weight 140 pounds, 46 years young, fond of outdoors, also of home, literature, music, rowing, golf, house-keeping and walking.

223. Healthy widow, 30, brunette, 5 feet 2½ inches, weight 100, Christian, at present college student, believes in "high thinking and plain living," and aggression along Physical Culture lines; loves home, literature, athletics; wishes to correspond with gentlemen of same age and ideas.

224. Refined, healthy widow lady, 40, medium size, dark hair, light complexion, Physical Culturist, lover of nature, music, literature and home, desires correspondence with Physical Culturists about same age and similar tastes.

228. Manufacturer, Montreal, Canada, age 33, 6 feet tall, weight 150, lover of nature and the true, healthy and strong; only ambition to be a man; would enjoy friendship of strong, young women, whose ambition and religion is to excel in true womanhood.

231. Oregon bachelor, ranchman, age 37, 6 feet tall, weight 175, fair and blue-eyed, common education, industrious, temperate, fond of literature and music, lover of home, nature and outdoor life, desires correspondence with Physical Culturists of similar ideas.

233. Farmer, age 26, weight 150, height 5 feet 9½ inches, fond of outdoor life, favorite exercise cross country walking, living in northern part of Washington State; are trying to return to Nature, and would like to correspond with others going the same road.

234. Successful business man, widower, 40, believer in Physical Culture methods, wishes correspondence with ladies about 30, with college training, who are fond of music, housekeeping and who could advise about bringing up girl properly.

235. Young man, 23, 5 feet 8 inches, weight 150, brown eyes, black hair, now attending college, would like to correspond with Physical Culturists, especially those living in Kansas City, who follow the Physical Culture diet, as advocated by this magazine.

A WEIGHTY MATTER

By Maravene Kennedy

FICTION

THE Van Greves had always been a family of comfortable avoirdupois. As far back as anyone could remember there had never been a Van Greve other than plump—well rounded out, if not actually fat. This before the appearance of Eleanor.

"Well," said Mrs. Burton, the neighbor who assisted at that joyful event, "it's a girl, all right, just what they want, but 'tain't much of a one. There ain't an ounce of flesh on its bones, I do declare."

When the little, breathing bundle was laid in Mrs. Van Greve's arms she looked at the tiny red face and bird-like hands in mild surprise.

"My, she's a little mite," said the mother in a cooing voice, "but she'll round out soon."

Yet, from babyhood to pinafores, through all the varying stages to womanhood, Eleanor Van Greve was of the sweetness that is near to the bone.

Tall, graceful, with a free, royal stride, and a shapely head, proudly poised on its slender stem, she had a beauty of presence that no other girl in Rippleton possessed. Her finely chiseled oval face, with its mellowing, sparkling brown eyes, riveted the gaze; beholders remembered it as they did the sunshine and flowers, with gladdening thought. Yet Rippleton always answered the admiring strangers' lavish praise with the one statement:

"Yes, Eleanor would be a right pretty girl if she wasn't so skinny."

That word "skinny" had burned into Eleanor Van Greve's soul. Every charm and virtue she possessed were to her but as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. Had she been called slender, or even thin, she might have been able to withstand the attrition of the constant repetition; but—*skinny!* The very sound of the word on her sensitive ear intensified its opprobrium.

The one desire of her life was to be fat, no matter how fat; she would not have cared had she waddled and panted under layers and rolls of fat. Heaven and hell were for her summed up in the two words, "fat" and "skinny."

When Walter Redmond asked her to be his wife, she gazed at him with eyes tragically pathetic.

"I was weighed this morning," she asserted, with, to him, unseemly irrelevancy, "and I only weigh 104 pounds. I measure 5 feet 6. Isn't it awful to be as—as—skinny as that?"

"Will you marry me, Nell?" he repeated, unheeding. "I love you to the very ground, dear. I didn't know just how much longing a fellow's heart could hold till I saw you. Do you remember the first day you came into the store? You wanted to buy a chair. 'Pon honor, Nell, I came nearly hugging you that day. That's been two years, and I haven't had you in my arms yet; and you know you want me to. I've been pretty patient, but this is the last time I'll ask you. You marry me this month, or I'll carry you off."

She laughed tremulously. "Carrie Wyckoff was with me that day, Walt. She's ever so much prettier and—and—everything that I am not. She's three inches shorter and she weighs thirty pounds more than I do."

"Look here, Nell, keep to the subject. I don't care a hang about Carrie Wyckoff, or any other girl in the world but you. Will you marry me? Will you?"

"Y-e-s," she whispered, at length, "only—only—"

But the man's determined lips were on hers, and his big, honest love was rushing out in broken words and tender caresses. For once, Eleanor Van Greve forgot that there was any reason she should not be joyously, unrestrainedly happy. This blissful frame of mind continued through

the three weeks' betrothal and long into the honeymoon.

That her adoring husband had never once, even playfully, referred to her spirituelle slenderness was, to Eleanor Redmond, as ambrosia to the gods. She had no realization of the innumerable times that she herself had bemoaned her lack of flesh, and when the blow did fall, it came as a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

With wide, anguished eyes she stared at the twelve bottles of Lakola, the Predigested Food, warranted to make thin people fat, which came one day from the drug store by Redmond's orders.

"Did you get the Lakola, Nell?" he asked, as soon as he came in to dinner. "Green says it's great stuff. How does it taste? Um-m, good," taking a swallow from the bottle. "You'll be able to down that all right, dearie. Inside of a month you will be a regular bunch if it does half what they claim for it."

Eleanor took it with methodical regularity, but a month's trial found her, if anything, a little thinner, and with a new wanness about the eyes.

"I'm afraid it's no good, Walt," she said, with a constrained laugh. "I'm doomed to remain skinny."

"Nonsense," answered the man. "It's the hot weather. No one could gain flesh now. What do you say to our taking a little trip to Asbury for a few weeks? You look sort of fagged, dear."

"If you want to," she responded, listlessly.

He turned from the door and put his arm around her, kissing the passive lips tenderly.

"Brace up, Pet, and get your togs ready. I'll arrange business so we can go by the last of the week. Why do you wear that choker around your poor little neck? No wonder you're used up."

"Because my neck's so scrawny." There was an eager, wistful questioning in the upraised eyes. "I'd look like a fright without a collar."

"Oh!" he answered, and laughed. Queer, he thought, as he went down the street, the way women viewed things. He would not swathe his neck that way in such weather if it were no stouter than a lead pencil.

The last of the week saw them started on their trip, Redmond himself carrying the three remaining bottles of Lakola in his satchel.

"You might not be able to buy it there," he insisted, "and you had better keep it up now you're at it. Green says it's done wonders."

"Yes," said Eleanor, languidly, and sat silent and drooping all through the journey. Her husband watched her with anxious gaze.

Next morning he got himself quickly into a bathing suit and hurried out on the beach, to find his wife sitting where he had left her.

"Can't you get a suit?" he queried.

"I?" she laughed, disdainfully. "They would take me for a museum freak. Just imagine my pipe-stem legs and arms in a bathing suit!"

"Oh!" he said again, and stood a few moments beside her, digging his toes savagely in the sand.

"You didn't expect me to go in, did you?" she asked, petulantly.

"No, of course not," he answered, with a short laugh. He did not see the breathless, quivering lips and eager, burning eyes; he had already started for the surf. He waved his hand to her before he went in, a sudden tightness in his throat. It would have been so much jollier to have had her beside him.

His wife's eyes followed him hungrily—his big, strong frame and firm, white flesh were beyond even a bathing suit to disfigure. She waved her hand listlessly in answer, and watched till he was only a part of the breakers; then she turned her gaze enviously on the feminine array of legs that flitted before her. How big and strong and shapely they all were! What some lacked in size they made up in shape, and the shapeless ones were, oh! so nice and fat!

Day after day she sat, seeing, not the ocean with its great, rolling waves, the blue sky, nor the glistening stretch of sand; her distorted vision was blind to but one scene—a moving picture of plain and fancy bestockinged legs of every sort and kind but skinny.

Every day Redmond turned and waved to her before his plunge, but he said no more about her going in. And she shut her lips tightly, and gazed after him with

hard, dull eyes, a growing bitterness and despair in her heart.

If only *he* had not cared! For the rest, this mob of humanity, she would not have given one jot, she moaned, miserably. But—but—*he*—*did*—*he* was ashamed of her poor little legs and arms—he would rather she sat there, dull and lonely, denied the joy of that delicious, cooling plunge, than to let these people, strangers, know that his wife was—was—*skinny!*

And every day she listened with a longing that was truly agony for him to *command* her to accompany him. It haunted her in her sleep. One night she dreamed that he stood over her, angry, fierce.

"Get into a bathing suit! Don't be a fool. What do we care for this mob?" he had cried, authoritatively.

The joy of it awakened her—awakened her to find her husband throwing his clothes recklessly into his trunk.

"We're going to New York to-day," he announced in disgruntled tones. "There's no use staying here if you can't go in bathing. We ought to have gone to the mountains. We'll take in a few roof gardens and then go home."

He watched her silently as she listlessly folded her dresses and laid them into the trunk trays.

"Sit down," he said, irritably, "and let me do that. You're used up. And don't you take any more of that blamed Lakola; you've lost flesh and strength ever since the first dose. We'll see a doctor in New York and find out what ails you."

"Nothing ails me," she retorted, hotly. "I was always thin; it is not my nature to be fat."

The New York doctor corroborated her expression, yet advised that she drink two quarts of milk daily. Within the hour Redmond had ordered the first installment, and he watched carefully to see that she drank it. She made no resistance, obeying all his injunctions with the same passivity, accompanying him to the theaters and roof gardens with heroic fortitude. Here, as at Asbury, was the same spectacle of feminine shapeliness. She clenched her hands together in silent anguish as her husband's gaze followed the female prince of the comic opera with his eyes glued to the opera glasses.

"She's very beautiful," Eleanor murmured, faintly, as Redmond turned to her in expansive humor, with "Well, what do you think of the prince?"

"Shapy," you mean, he corrected, with a laugh, and took up his glasses again.

Eleanor's eyes filled with blinding tears, and a low moan escaped her dry, set lips. The man's quick ear caught the ominous sound, faint as it was. He leaned over her anxiously.

"Come, Nell," he said, softly, "let's get out of this. I forgot about your headache, or we wouldn't have come."

"It isn't my head," she answered, sharply. "I wish you would let me alone."

He returned to the contemplation of the stage, an angry red in his cheeks. At the end of the act he quietly gathered up their things and ushered her out of the theater. The next day they went home, almost a silence between them. A long month followed, the wife of less than a year going about her pretty home with dragging feet.

"You ain't well, dear," said her mother. "I never saw you so thin. You'd better take a tonic—a man don't want his wife to be skin and bones."

Mrs. Burton brought her a remedy of her own compounding.

"You just take this, Eleanor, an' see if it don't put new life into you. You look pretty pindlin'. Mr. Redmond will be thinking like I did when I first seen you—that there wa'n't enough of you to be making so much ado about. It does beat all, what a skinny little mite you was. A cute one, though; I never had a child as smart as you was. Well, 'twas a good thing the Lord didn't skimp you on brains, too."

Uncle Lemual Buckner came to town on purpose to bring Eleanor some fresh, sweet cider.

"You jes' drink plenty of this, Eleanor, an' see if it won't plump you out a leetle. You ain't bigger than a bar of soap after a two weeks' wash. Walter'll hev to git out a search warrant to find you, purty soon."

By some process of reasoning peculiar to the monomaniac, Eleanor Redmond attributed these remarks, and a score or more of similar ones, directly to her husband; it was not her mother, nor Mrs.

Burton, nor Uncle Lemual, who held these opinions. It was Walter. And all her disgust with her now truly emaciated condition she accounted to be his state of mind.

Like the good husband he was, Redmond accepted patiently his wife's new irritability and lassitude. Yet the apathetic, wan, silent woman was so unlike the merry, spirited girl he had courted

(To be concluded in next issue)

that he grew almost timid before her. With a growing chill at his heart he felt a strange barrier gradually rearing itself between them.

Then one day the doctor told him to take her away—that she was a very sick woman—her heart was weak—had always been—that only a change of air and scene could save her.

LIBERAL PRIZE OFFERS FOR OUR READERS

PRIZES FOR ADVANCING PHYSICAL CULTURE WORK.

As a special inducement to those interested in making converts to the physical culture methods of living we offer twenty prizes:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$10.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Fourth Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth Prizes.—\$2.00, value in Subscriptions or Books.

Ten Consolation Prizes, from Eleventh to Twentieth, inclusive.—\$1.00 in value in Subscriptions or Books.

This Prize Contest will close January 1, 1905. It is open to all our readers except agents engaged in the work for financial reward. Begin at once to make converts in this cause. If you wish any circulars or sample copies to distribute, write to us and we will supply them. Before the date the contest closes write us and state in detail just what you have accomplished to advance this work. Of course, subscriptions received and books sold will naturally count, but what is of still more importance is the number of persons whom you have converted to this rational method of living, and whom you may have cured of serious diseases through following your suggestions. All letters referring to this department should be addressed Department No. 1, though we have no further information to give you than that which we have stated herein.

PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LARGEST FAMILY.

We desire to know who has the largest family in America. The photograph should include mother, father and children. It may also include grandchildren or grandparents, but these will not figure in the contest. Prizes are given for actual photograph of the largest number of children from one father and one mother:

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Ten Consolation Prizes, Fourth to Thirtieth, inclusive.—\$1.00 value in Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the family, with special reference to their general health. In case photographs are submitted with the same number of children, prizes will be awarded on general physical condition. This contest closes January 1. We reserve the right to use all photographs presented, and where photographs are used for which prizes are not awarded we will pay one dollar each for them. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Large Family" Department.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST FORMED PHYSICAL CULTURE BABY.

This contest is open to all readers of the magazine and to all who believe in the application of physical culture methods in the training of their children.

First Prize.—Solid Gold Medal.

Second Prize.—\$5.00 Physical Culture Library.

Third Prize.—\$3.00 Physical Culture Library.

Ten Consolation Prizes.—\$1.00 each in value, Books or Subscriptions.

Each photograph must be accompanied by a brief description of the child. Photograph must be taken in a standing position to show the figure of the child. If two photographs are taken, side and front views are preferred. Weight, height and age of the child should be given. We reserve the right to use all photographs contestants send to us, whether they win a prize or not. This contest closes January 1. Photographs sent to this department must be addressed "Prize Baby" Department.

PRIZES FOR SHORT STORIES.

We are especially desirous of securing more short stories. Beginning with the January issue, and continuing for three months, we offer two prizes each month, one of \$20.00 and another of \$10.00, these two prizes to be paid in addition to the regular amount paid for space rate. Stories submitted for this contest should not be more than 1,200 words in length, and not less than 500. Longer stories are also invited, and will be paid for at space rates if used.

A THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE MILE WALK BY A CORNELL COLLEGE BOY

DIETETIC THEORIES PUT TO TEST—NATURAL FOOD FURNISHED
GREATEST AMOUNT OF PHYSICAL ENDURANCE—MEAT
EATING CAUSED EARLY EXHAUSTION

By *H. F. Porter, Cornell '05*

IN this era of rapid transit and unnatural living, walking is fast becoming a lost art, with the result that the human race is daily growing more effeminate, sickly, and physically, if not mentally and morally, degenerated. Abroad thousands of people find in long rambles their best way of spending a vacation. Walking is a natural exercise, and one of the best exercises within the reach of everyone; yet how few, indeed, are they that really appreciate its virtues!

Are you dejected and worn out mentally from long confinement? Is your circulation poor and your appetite waning? Or are you a confirmed dyspeptic, or is anything else troubling you? If so, let me recommend walking. A week's ramble through one of Nature's beautiful pathways will do more for you than months of quiet-sojourn at a "health resort," and will do what the best physicians may fail to do in years of treatment. Moreover, even if you have no ailments and are yet in need of recreation, next time, instead of Atlantic City or the Adirondacks, try a week's rambling. You will see more, learn more and get more genuine pleasure and benefit out of it than out of anything else.

To the virtues of walking, four young men, students of Cornell University, are willing to testify. It was at the summer school that, inspired by many beautiful

strolls in the rare scenic country stretching out from the Cornell campus on every side, the suggestion sprang up among a group of fellows living in the East, of a walk home at the end of the summer school via the Erie Canal and the Hudson. Of the many that planned enthusiastically for the trip, when the time came only four still had their nerve with them. These four young men, of whom the writer was one, set out from Cayuga, at the head of Lake Cayuga, whereto they had come by boat from Ithaca, at 1:30 p. m. on Friday, August 19, on their long tramp of 365 miles. At first only a pure pleasure trip seemed to be thought of, but soon it became apparent that in the minds of these ambitious young college athletes something more than an ordinary pleasure stroll was inrooted. Therefore, it became generally understood before the first day was over that a try for a re-

cord was to be made—New York in ten days or better, which meant 30 to 40 miles per day. The writer, a physical culture enthusiast, from the very outset had determined to put his dietary theories to the test, and hence was among the most eager for a record trip, which would mean a test of endurance.

He therefore laid out a dietary, the basis of which was raw food—raw eggs, milk, fruit and vegetables—the only cooked food being shredded wheat bis-



H. H. Byrne **H. F. Porter**

The Cornell lad on right, who is an advocate of the physical culture uncooked diet, was the only one who succeeded in finishing the test of endurance. The others, who persisted in a meat diet, fell out of the contest long before the finish.

cuit or triscuit, selected because of its convenient procurability and portability. On protracted marches, too, sweet chocolate of a superior grade was used to some extent, at first doubtfully, but finally with great confidence, for it was found both nourishing and sustaining.

Living on this natural diet my endurance became remarkable. From the outset we set a hot pace, averaging almost four miles per hour for seven and eight hours' duration without rest. My own freshness and energy surprised none more than myself. At night, when the rest were tired out and ready to drop, I still felt snappy, and always awoke in the morning feeling like a king.

On the third day out, one of the party, who had been getting weaker daily, was compelled to fall behind.

In the meantime, the rest of us pushed ahead at a killing pace, and as we reeled off the miles our ambitions began to soar. But the next day our feet began to trouble us, and our progress was very slow. Indeed, at St. Johnsville one of the fellows' feet were in such shape that we advised him to discontinue then and there. Our party was now reduced to two.

Amsterdam was reached about 6 p. m., and here my lone companion and myself came to a disagreement. He wanted to continue, realizing that at the slow pace he was able to maintain we would never make Albany by the morrow night. Myself, on the contrary, thought it best to night it in Amsterdam. So we parted, with the understanding that if I did not overtake him on the way, we would meet at 5 p. m. in the Albany post-office.

He hobbled on all night, and paused not until he reached the Capitol city in mid-afternoon. Then the condition of his feet precluding further walking, he took the first train home.

After a good night's rest in Amsterdam, I set out at 6.30 a.m., and except for an hour and a half spent in Schenectady, I reached Albany the next day maintaining an average rate of four miles per hour for the entire distance of thirty-four miles, which got me to the Albany post office at 4.30 p.m., a half hour ahead of time; and, after a brief rest, I felt fresh enough to push on. My nourishment this day consisted of four raw eggs, two glasses of milk, a few apples and to-

matoes, two wheat biscuit, and about a quarter-pound of chocolate. This is far less, indeed, than the ordinary individual, taking less than one-fifth the same amount of exercise, seems to consider necessary for his nourishment, and yet I not only felt satisfied thereby, and possessed of extraordinary endurance, but I actually gained weight. Is there not food for thought in this showing?

Byrne, who had been the first to fall out, rejoined me by rare chance at the Albany post-office, and he being in no shape to hit up a record pace to New York, we decided to make the trip down the Hudson a pure pleasure stroll, to enjoy to the fullest extent the rare scenic grandeur of this, the most beautiful, most prosperous and most happy of America's waterways. Moreover, we intended to reap to the fullest extent the benefits we already felt were coming to us from our walk.

Our heaviest meal we always partook of at the conclusion of the day's walk, and then, after attending to our correspondence and our diaries, we retired for eight or nine hours' rest. Sleep? Well, from the moment our heads struck the pillow, if we had one, for we slept in hay barns oftener than in hotels, until we awoke at daybreak, we slumbered as peacefully as babes. This, our ability to sleep so well, was one of the supreme pleasures of our tramp. What would not our frenzied captains of industry give to enjoy such delicious slumber once more?

We reached the metropolis late in the afternoon of the 29th of August, a few hours over eleven days on our trip, and feeling like altogether different beings than we did when we started. But it was my comrade who showed the most marked benefit. Dejected and worn out from a long period of close confinement to work, a victim of indigestion and insomnia, and with the tentacles of malaria squeezing out his energies, he completed the tramp as healthy as a sound nut, bronzed and ruddy, his appetite once more keen, his mouth sweet, eyes and head as clear as a bell, six pounds to the good in weight, and feeling in every way once more fit to do. Tell me, aside from the education and experience thereby gained, was not this eleven days' tramp through the most beautiful part of the Empire State well worth the while?

QUESTION DEPARTMENT

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

THOSE interested in the articles giving instructions for the treatment of various diseases which have appeared in the magazine during the past year, will be pleased, no doubt, to hear that we have adopted a new method of helping all those who might be in need of advice of this character.

We are preparing special home treatments, giving full detailed instructions, with a daily régime, for the home treatment of all the common complaints from which humanity suffers. The price of these detailed instructions will be one dollar each, but on and after November 1st those who send us one dollar for a subscription to the magazine and five two-cent stamps will receive a special treatment for any common disease they may name, or a coupon entitling them to the privilege of taking advantage of this offer any time during the life of their subscription. This will enable all of our subscribers to secure a treatment for any complaint for almost nothing. For detailed particulars see advertisement.

Q. I have heard so often that milk is not a suitable food for adults. Is this true?

A. The question as to whether milk is a suitable food for grown persons has been much discussed. Many strict hygienists maintain that milk is suitable only for babies, that no adult ever should use it. Other hygienists of equal authority maintain that it can be used with benefit in all cases; that milk is a valuable food in adult life cannot be questioned. There are certain conditions of the body under which it is a very superior food. For instance, when one's vitality is much lowered, and digestion is difficult, milk sometimes is the best food for building up the body. It must be remembered, however, that milk sometimes is likely to aggravate inflammation of the throat, lungs and nasal passages; and when symptoms of this character appear, it usually is best to avoid it. When one is subject to colds milk must be used with great care.

Q. Now that I am just recovering from an attack of diphtheria my doctor insists on my using anti-toxin. What is anti-toxin? What treatment would you advise in diphtheria?

A. Anti-toxin is the serum obtained from diseased horses that have been poisoned by inoculation with diphtheria germs. It is supposed that horses are rendered immune against diphtheria by this inoculation, and that serum obtained from them will render human beings also immune against this disease, or will cure it. I should not advise the use of a poison of this nature. Diphtheria is a filth disease, and when one is recovering from it the general methods for physical upbuilding can be advised, with the greatest care in diet. When the disease first appears, a general cleansing of the entire body, inside and outside, with water is to be advised; bathing, thorough flushing of the lower bowel,

the application of wet cloths to the affected parts, together with the free drinking of water.

Q. Where can I obtain statistics showing the evils of vaccination in order that I may be able to reply to arguments on the subject?

A. Apply to Mr. Frank D. Blue, editor *Vaccination*, Terre Haute, Ind.

Q. Kindly advise cure for knock-knees.

A. Take those exercises which require you to force the knees outward as far as possible. Detailed instructions on this subject probably will be published later.

Q. Would you consider it advisable for a person with bronchial trouble to sleep with windows wide open in damp, cold and foggy weather?

A. Troubles of this character usually are caused largely by breathing impure, enclosed air. The more nearly you can sleep out-of-doors when suffering from a trouble of this nature the more quickly recovery can be expected. No matter how damp or foggy the weather may be, remember the outside air is more pure and better than a quantity of the same air which has been enclosed and breathed and rebreathed over and over again.

Q. Is there such a thing as too much sleep?

A. Under normal conditions there is no such thing as too much sleep, if one follows his natural inclination and does not loll in bed after awakening. One should have ordinarily from seven to nine hours of sleep. As a rule, it is advisable to arise immediately upon awaking in the morning. If one gives way to lazy inclinations, as a rule, the longer he remains in bed the more lazy he becomes and the less he feels in-

clined toward the active exercise of any of his faculties.

Q. I am healthy and of good habits, but my face is thin and hollow, with cheek bones prominent. Is there any skin food or any other means by which I can make my face more round and plump?

A. I know of no skin food that could be used with advantage in your case. About the only way the face can be filled out is to follow those habits which will induce the body to deposit more flesh in all parts, in which case the face will naturally receive its share.

Q. How would you treat a broken nose or a stone-bruise under the foot by physical culture methods?

A. The treatment of a broken nose by our methods is to bathe the nose in water, applying adhesive plaster to hold it in a proper position until the bones can knit. In the treatment of stone-bruise, wrap a wet towel round the affected part and let it remain all night.

Q. I would like very much to know the food value of clean, genuine, home-made jellies and home-canned fruits.

A. Home-made jellies are composed largely of sugar, and their influence would be similar to that of sugar. They can be used in moderate quantities if one's digestive power is good. There are many better foods, however, that would satisfy the desire for sweets; dates, figs and prunes, for instance. These are far superior to home-made jellies. Fruits, preserved in glass jars, when home-made, as a rule, are wholesome and can be recommended. Naturally they are not as good as fresh fruit, but are much better than none.

Q. Is physical exercise of any benefit when one does not enjoy taking it, and is it possible to attain a larger physique when one has passed his twenty-second year, and who "ran up like a weed" in early youth?

A. Physical exercise of any kind is not nearly so pleasurable when one does not enjoy it, but it will add physical power even under such adverse circumstances. As a rule, the farmer boy who labors hard all day long does not get much pleasure from his work, but he usually builds up a fine physique as a result. It is easily possible for one to improve his physique very greatly after the twenty-second year. But few men attain their full growth at this age.

Q. What can be done with a tobacco user who has lost the desire to reform?

A. I do not know of anything that can be suggested in a case of this kind. The only thing to do is to wait until such a man is brought to reason, if he still possesses such a faculty, by a breakdown in his health owing to the use of the weed.

Q. When boxing or wrestling my heart at times beats very hard and fast but does not pain. Is this dangerous?

A. Very active exercise of this kind will naturally make your heart beat very fast. So long as there is no difficulty in breathing or discomfort of any nature, nothing but benefit and health should result from the exercise.

Q. Is it true that professional sprinters and long-distance runners are subject to heart disease or other organic trouble?

A. Many athletes of the class you mention are subject to heart disease, though this is caused, as a rule, not so much by the exercise they take as by excessive eating and the drinking of alcoholic liquors in the intervals between training periods.

Q. Am often troubled with a rushing of blood to the head when lying down. The large veins of the neck and temples throb and beat with such force that I cannot sleep.

A. The symptoms you mention usually indicate too hearty eating. Adopt the two-meal-per-day plan, taking care not to eat too heartily at the second meal, and the trouble should be remedied.

Q. Is it advisable to use will power in exercising with light dumb-bells? Some say that it is better to use heavier bells and let the weights do the work.

A. The effect of using light dumb-bells and flexing or tensing the muscles is the same as that of using heavier bells. You may take your choice between the two forms of exercise.

Q. What exercises, if any, are advisable for one recovering from an operation for appendicitis?

A. All sorts of mild exercises that will bring into play all the muscles of the body can be used when recovering from a trouble of this nature. The greatest possible care should be used, however, in the beginning, to avoid taking any movements that would strain any part of the body, or be likely to tear open the weakened tissues where the abdomen was opened.

Q. Why is my tongue coated more on an empty stomach than a full one, and why does the coating seem to disappear after a hearty meal?

A. A coated tongue always indicates an unsatisfactory condition. The functional system is using the internal lining of the alimentary canal to eliminate impurities, for when a coating appears on your tongue it indicates a similar condition all along the alimentary canal. After a hearty meal the functional processes of digestion interfere with the elimination of impurities, and the coating on the tongue disappears. A one-meal-a-day plan would be advised in your case to insure a thorough cleansing of the internal functional system.

Editorial Department

WHAT WE STAND FOR IN POLITICS :

- (1) THE PARAMOUNT POLITICAL ISSUE OF TO-DAY IS MAN, NOT MONEY.
- (2) LAWS TO INSURE PURITY OF ALL FOODS.
- (3) THE ANNIHILATION OF MEDICAL FRAUDS.
- (4) COMPULSORY PHYSICAL EDUCATION IN ALL PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
- (5) THE RECOGNITION OF THE IMPORTANCE OF PHYSIOLOGY IN THE CURRICULUM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
- (6) FORBID THE SALE OF INTOXICANTS AND TOBACCO TO MINORS.
- (7) FREE SWIMMING BATHS AND OUTDOOR GYMNASIUMS IN EVERY COMMUNITY.
- (8) ABSOLUTE ELIMINATION OF ALL COMPULSORY VACCINATION.
- (9) ENCOURAGE EVERY POSSIBLE EXPERIMENT THAT ASSISTS IN DETERMINING THE BEST METHODS FOR IMPROVING THE RACE.
- (10) REWARDS FOR HONESTY AND HEAVY PENALTIES FOR GRAFTERS IN POLITICS.

I SHOULD like especially to call the attention of my readers to the revolution this magazine has practically brought about in the publishing world. In former editorials I have alluded to the remarkable interest in physical culture subjects that has been displayed recently by a number of publications. No magazine, no newspaper is now considered to be up-to-date unless it has some physical culture literature in its columns. This magazine blazed the way along these lines and proved to other publishers that there was increased circulation in furnishing reading matter of this character. They have begun to furnish it because they realize there is a profit in it. We are glad that this reform has been accomplished, even though it has been compelled to depend upon a financial basis for its advancement.

Revolution Wrought By This Magazine

But now let us turn to another reform which we have practically wrought. Some years ago faith in patent medicines stood as firm as a rock in the minds of the general public. When our readers were numbered in the hundreds of thousands, the effects of our continuous tirade against these poisons began to be felt in every quarter. Temperance workers who had been inveigled into the belief that these alcohol-laden remedies were valuable began to realize the enormity of their mistake. They condemned beer, whisky and wine, and recommended medicines containing from two to five times as much alcohol. They have been made to see the light through our efforts, either directly or indirectly. Publishers everywhere have rightly begun to be ashamed to carry the advertising of these medical charlatans. It is our efforts in this field that have opened their eyes and compelled them to act. The brazen impudence of these medical quacks has been exposed to the public view, and no publisher who realizes that he has an intelligent class of readers would now take such advertising.

We have refused thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth of advertising of this character.

But now note the most remarkable results of this revolution to which I desire to

call the attention of my readers. Recently many publications have not only begun to refuse medical advertising, but they are actually attacking these fakirs. One of the most influential magazines of this country is following our example, by fearlessly telling the truth about these quack medicines. A few years ago no publication would have dared to take this step. The advertising world is controlled by advertising agents. These agents handle all kinds of accounts, and, if you attempt to destroy the business of their patent medicine clients, they will refuse to give you other decent advertising which you desire. A few years ago publishers would have held up their hands in horror at the very thought of attacking patent medicine companies. We have blazed the way. We have shown them that there is no special danger in attacking these quacks. We have proved that it really attracts the attention of the public, and adds to your list of friends. As a result, we shall soon have the quack medicine companies so thoroughly exposed that it will be impossible for them to secure victims. We shall make the public realize so thoroughly the character of these swindlers that readers will view with disrespect the publisher of any newspaper or magazine who takes their "ads."

We take upon ourselves the credit of influencing this badly needed reform. Through the influence of PHYSICAL CULTURE we have compelled publishers to cleanse their advertising pages of these fakirs, and now they are assisting the good cause by telling the truth about these rascals. This is only the beginning of the reform work we intend to accomplish in the American publishing world.

* * *

THIS monstrous curse stands at the head of the list. It causes more degeneracy, more crime, more mental and physical deficiencies than does any other evil that affects human life at the present time.

IT IS A DEVIL INCARNATE! It stares every growing child in the face at the very moment that the power of independent thinking is possessed. IT SHROUDS IN THE VILEST VULGARITY THE MOST DIVINE HUMAN INSTINCTS AND EMOTIONS. It infects not one here and there, but every single human life. There is not a boy or a girl, man or woman in modern civilized communities who has not sacrificed at least a small amount of vitality to the curse of prudishness. It has infected one and all. Some it touches lightly. Others sacrifice manly strength, and thousands pay a penalty even more terrible than death for the ignorance made possible by this evil. They go through life decrepit, and miserable, and only death ends the agony.

The Curse of Prudishness—The Gorgon Horror of Modern Life

I have written a series of editorials on the corset curse. I intend to write another series on THE CURSE OF PRUDISHNESS. This monstrous evil is more far-reaching in its effects. It is the beginning, the foundation of all other blighting influences, for it has enshrouded in darkness and mystery, and often in the vilest indecency, the most important and what should be the most sacred functions of the human body.

In the past, religion and prudishness have gone hand in hand. The time is coming when this partnership will be severed. There can be no true religion where prudishness is a part of it. The human body, according to the theological doctrine, was made in the image of God. Dare you, my religious friends, call God's image

indecent? Dare you say that a wholesome human body can be otherwise than pure?

Let us start a crusade against the depraved ignorance that results from prudishness. Let us start a crusade for the purity and cleanliness of superior manhood and womanhood. Let it be distinctly understood, first of all, that purity and prudishness are as widely separated as Heaven and Hell. They cannot travel together. The former stands for cleanliness, wholesomeness, strength. The latter stands for perversion, depravity, weakness and filth. Let us make the dividing line plain! Let us stand forth and preach mental and physical cleanliness. Let us make men and women of to-day realize that there is nothing unclean about a wholesome human body. The filth exists only in the minds of the unclean. "Evil to him who evil thinks." "To the pure all is pure." And with the object of enabling my readers more thoroughly to understand the terrible affliction with which humanity now contends I append here the charges I make against the *curse* of prudishness. And that the truth may stand out more plainly each charge will be taken up and treated editorially in future issues of the magazine.

I maintain that the CURSE OF PRUDISHNESS

- (1) Has originated all impurity in connection with a clean human body, by creating and fostering indecent conceptions of it.
- (2) Has cursed millions while yet in the mother's womb by suppressing all knowledge of pre-natal influence.
- (3) Indelibly impresses the unfolding mind of a child with a depraved conception of the human body.
- (4) Makes liars and hypocrites of parents when explaining to children the divine mystery of human life.
- (5) Excites the prurient curiosity of children, and from vile companions they learn the divine truths of life most depravely distorted.
- (6) Promotes demoralizing habits that curtail the vital strength, and destroy the purity of the body.
- (7) So fosters the idea of the indecency of the human body that girls avoid knowledge of the simplest human functions.
- (8) Is almost the sole cause of the continued existence of the corset curse.
- (9) Through the natural attraction that is found in mystery, has caused the sex instinct of young men and women to be abnormally developed.
- (10) Has in many cases starved and crushed the female sex instinct and thereby womanhood and womanly health.
- (11) Has surrounded the most divine relations of human life with the vilest indecency.
- (12) Has caused men and women to look upon marriage as a field for the grossest excesses.
- (13) Has created a standard of marital duties that "dries up" love and makes of marriage a harrowing existence.
- (14) Is the principal cause of reversed love which leads to marital misery and ultimate divorce.
- (15) Has, by suppressing knowledge of sex, furnished houses of prostitution with thousands and perhaps millions of victims.
- (16) Is almost the sole cause of the sexual perversion which feeds weakness, promotes crime, fosters national physical decay and leads to permanent oblivion.

THE announcement made in a previous issue, which stated that we intend to organize a school for educating health directors, has brought us hundreds of letters. We regret that we have not had time to answer all of these, but wish to say that we expect to open the school January 2.

There are great opportunities in this field of work. It is only a question of time when the masses of the people will entirely lose faith in the old-time drugging methods of the "regular" practitioner. The physician of the future will be one who devotes his attention to means of developing and maintaining health rather than to the study of diseased conditions. The civilized world is gradually awaking to the fact that natural means of cure are far more effective than the poisons and nostrums with which the sick have had to contend up to the present day, and it is only a question of a few years when the health director will be in far greater demand than the practitioner of the old-time schools of medicine. In fact, the more up-to-date physicians of the country are even now coming more and more to use rational, hygienic and common sense methods in their practice.

For the information of those who would like to take advantage of the proposed school, I would say that the course will be about as follows:

*Our School For Educating
Health Directors*

- | | | |
|-----|-------------------|---|
| (1) | { | ANATOMY |
| | | PHYSIOLOGY |
| | | HYGIENE |
| (2) | | MUSCULAR EXERCISE IN EXTERNAL DEVELOPMENT |
| (3) | | FUNDAMENTAL THEORIES |
| (4) | CURATIVE REMEDIES | { |
| | | FASTING |
| | | EXERCISE |
| | | DIET |
| | | HYDROPATHY |
| | | MASSAGE |

(5) PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF REMEDIES. In this department will be taught the methods of applying the remedies advised in the cure of various diseases and in building superior physical power. Each student, as he approaches graduation, will be given actual practice in this work wherever possible.

Physicians and physical directors should be able to graduate in one term of three months. Those who are not familiar with the subjects of anatomy, physiology and hygiene will require from two to four terms of three months each to graduate.

An ordinary school education is all that is essential to admit students. Certain physical requirements are necessary in graduates. Every student will be required to make himself or herself a satisfactory representative of the benefits of the work before graduation.



BY the time that this magazine is in the hands of my readers I shall have partially completed the lecture tour that has been advertised in previous issues of the magazine. Those cities that are yet to be visited are given herewith. I feel confident that this tour will result in a great amount of good for the cause I am endeavoring to advance. The societies that I shall try to leave behind me should accomplish a vast deal of good in elevating mankind physically,

The Editor's Lecture Tour

mentally and morally. The nobler man, the superior woman, must be developed if American civilization is to continuously progress. Every enthusiast who realizes the importance of this work should direct his efforts with the view of accomplishing something toward the civilization of mankind from this standpoint. There is a growing need at the present time for fine men and strong, true women. There are too many weaklings, too many dyspeptics—too many invalids. I hope the day will soon come when a proper civilization will annihilate all of these distressing conditions.

SUBJECTS OF LECTURES.

- Lecture No. 1—THE CAUSE AND CURE OF WEAKNESS.
 Lecture No. 2—IS MEDICINE THE SCIENCE OF GUESSING?
 Lecture No. 3—THE CULTIVATION OF PERFECT WOMANHOOD. (For women only.)
 Lecture No. 4—THE COMPLETE POWERS OF SUPERB MANHOOD. (For men only).

- CINCINNATI. Auditorium Odd Fellows' Temple, Sunday afternoon, October 30th, Lecture No. 1. Sunday evening (for men only), Lecture No. 4.
 DAYTON, O. Y. M. C. A. Hall, Monday evening, October 31st, Lecture No. 1.
 INDIANAPOLIS. Claypool Assembly Hall, Tuesday evening, November 1st, Lecture No. 1.
 CHICAGO. Chicago Auditorium, Wednesday evening, November 2nd, Lecture No. 1. Steinway Hall, Thursday afternoon, November 3rd (for women only), Lecture No. 3. Steinway Hall, Thursday evening, November 3rd (for men only), Lecture No. 4.
 MINNEAPOLIS. Masonic Temple, Saturday evening, November 5th, Lecture No. 1.
 ST. PAUL. Mozart Hall, Sunday evening, November 6th (for men only), Lecture No. 4.
 ST. LOUIS. Memorial Hall, Museum of Fine Arts, 19th and Locust Streets, Tuesday evening, November 8th, Lecture No. 1. Thursday afternoon, November 10th (for women only), Lecture No. 3. Thursday evening, November 10th (for men only), Lecture No. 4.
 HARTFORD, CONN. Parsons' Theatre, Sunday evening, November 27th, Lecture No. 1.
 NEW HAVEN, CONN. Foy Auditorium, Monday evening, November 28th, Lecture No. 1.
 PROVIDENCE, R. I. Association Hall, Tuesday evening, November 29th, Lecture No. 1.
 BOSTON. Jordan Hall, Thursday evening, December 1st, Lecture No. 2. Friday afternoon, December 2nd (for women only), Lecture No. 3. Friday evening, December 2nd (for men only), Lecture No. 4.

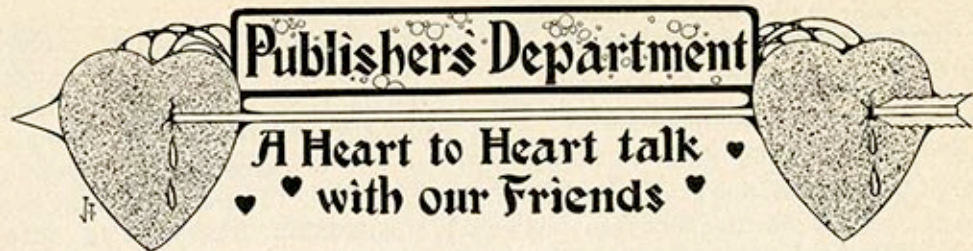
ADMISSION COUPON.

Present at Box Office.

GOOD FOR ADMISSION to Lectures No. 1 and No. 2 ONLY, and provided this coupon is accompanied by one paid admission. (Does not include reserved seat.)

Not good for admission to special lectures for men only and women only.

(This Coupon good only in the following cities: Cincinnati, Dayton, Indianapolis, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, New Haven, Providence, Boston.)



THE results of our plain talk in the September issue are very gratifying. We have been overwhelmed by a vast number of letters, many of them containing information of unquestionable value to us. We regret that we have not been able to answer every one of these letters, but our friends must realize that we fully appreciate the spirit which has inspired them.

PHYSICAL CULTURE a Home Magazine

As we stated in the last issue, we want to make PHYSICAL CULTURE distinctly a home magazine. We want every reader to feel the need of the information it contains so thoroughly that he would feel unable to live satisfactorily without it. Many of our readers have sent us suggestions for improving the magazine which will be acted upon in future issues. We expect, in the coming numbers, to announce the names of those who have given us especially valuable information. Those whose suggestions have been particularly good will be awarded prizes of different value, according to the value of the information given.

Send Us Your Suggestions

Although we have received much valuable information, we are still in search of more. If you have any ideas for improving our magazine that are the result of much mature thought, send them on to us. Your plan may strike us as being especially good, and may even win a prize. In addition to that, you will have the pleasure of knowing that your suggestions have aided in the work which we are advancing. We want our advisory committee to realize that the more advice we can secure, the more capable we become. There is an old saying, "Two heads are better than one," and this is as true in the magazine business as in any other sphere of human labor.

The more ideas we have to compare, the more capable we become, and the better will be the magazine we present to our readers each month.

Many Circulation "Builders" Suggested

A great many letters have been sent us giving methods for increasing the circulation. At the moment this is written we have not been able to consider carefully all of these suggestions. We intend to go over them later more carefully, and there may be some prize winners among the writers of these letters. A moderate perusal, however, has shown that the ideas suggested by a few are worthy of serious consideration. It is pleasant to know that we have so many readers who give evidence of superior intelligence.

Free Vacations for Clerks

In considering the very important question of vacations, it has occurred to us that clerks now occupied in the city might spend their vacation to advantage working on a farm. Now, a vacation of this character should not cost anything. The farmer should consider from four to six hours of daily labor of enough value to give board in exchange. It occurs to us that it might be a very good plan, next spring, to open a very small department somewhere in the magazine, and allow farmers for a very moderate price to insert announcements that they would be willing to give one or more young men board in exchange for five or six hours of work daily. The same privilege would be afforded to clerks who might desire to spend their vacation in this way. This would enable us to bring farmers and brain workers together, it being understood, of course, that all farmers who insert such advertisements would be willing to supply the character of food that those interested in physical culture would need.

Something About Vacations

The policy of a magazine must be prepared months ahead, and it is not too soon, even now, to think of what we will supply our readers with next spring and summer. Realizing that this is true, we are thinking seriously, also, of offering some cash prizes for the best and most attractive methods of spending vacations. An additional prize for the cheapest method of spending a vacation, one that would afford all the comforts necessary. Either one of these should not include the exchange of labor for board, such as suggested on the preceding page. Every year there are thousands of persons very much interested as to the best method of spending vacations. If they do not take a vacation they are indeed to be pitied, for "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." All suggestions along this line which are published, but fail to win a prize, will be paid for at our regular space rates.

Camps for Physical Culture Lumbermen

Perhaps one of the very best exercises one can take is chopping wood. On a cold winter's day there is perhaps no means of building superior vital power equal to this. It seems to us that it would be an excellent idea if we could arrange with some lumber concern to furnish physical culturists with board and accommodation in exchange for labor of this character. It is a well-known fact that lumbermen are, as a rule, as strong as oxen. They develop their strength by their labor, notwithstanding the fact that they live unhygienically from nearly every viewpoint. A lumber camp for physical culturists, where they would have the opportunity of paying for their food by working for it, at the same time developing a powerful physique, would be a novel idea, to which we intend to give some consideration. If any of our readers can furnish valuable suggestions in reference to this, we would be pleased to hear from them.

Importance of The Food Question

Another matter of very great importance to our readers is the food question. What is the best and most palatable diet? What are the best methods of preparing food? On this subject much valuable information might be given. Although the

menus we have published during the present year have been commented on as a valuable adjunct to our magazine, yet a few have complained that they do not fill all their requirements.

Prize for Menus

Many of our enthusiasts of both sexes live alone in furnished rooms or boarding houses. They find considerable difficulty in supplying themselves with satisfactory food. Now, in order to bring out all of the best information obtainable along these lines, we intend to offer three moderate prizes.

A \$25.00 PRIZE will be offered for the best weekly menu, including cooked and uncooked foods. This menu is not to be for the extreme enthusiasts, but for general readers interested in physical culture, but who have not yet advanced sufficiently to accept the extreme ideas on the food question that we frequently advocate. In fact, in order that it may be of value even to those who feel that they must have meat occasionally, it can be suggested that meat might be added to the bill of fare wherever desired. All menus sent in, competing for this prize, must be received at this office not later than February 1st. We should be pleased, however, to receive them as early as possible. Menus which do not win a prize, but which are published, will be paid for at space rates.

A \$25.00 PRIZE is offered for the cheapest menu for one week. This menu must be accompanied by a photograph of the family who live regularly on the dietetic régime suggested. The physical condition of the family must prove that the diet outlined contains all the food elements needed to maintain health and strength. This contest will close February 1, although we shall be pleased to receive photographs and menus as early as possible. All menus that may be published, but which do not win a prize, will be paid for at space rates.

Remember that all articles of food named in menus which are prepared in a special manner not familiar to the average reader, must be accompanied with complete instructions for preparation.

A \$25.00 PRIZE is offered for the simplest and best weekly menu that can be

followed to advantage by a man or woman living alone in a city or town. The object of offering this prize is to enable us to furnish the best possible information as to the most appetizing and simplest method of preparing nourishing food for those who may be living a solitary life of this character. Many physical culturists are compelled to live in this way because of their inability to find congenial associates. This contest will close February 1, but we shall be pleased to receive menus for this competition as early as possible. All those published, but which do not win a prize, will be paid for at space rates.

The Editor's Lectures

Our readers who reside in cities in which the editor will lecture can all help to make these lectures a great success, and can win over new converts to the cause of Physical Culture by mentioning the lectures to friends and neighbors and by bringing as many to attend as they possibly can. Many new converts can be made from the lecture platform who cannot be reached through the magazines. Don't fail to mention the lectures to all whom you meet.

Our Paper Pattern Department

This department was created for the benefit of our women readers who would dress comfortably and hygienically. It has been a source of great expense to us. We do not care if we cannot make any profit out of it, if only we can get people to dress comfortably. Our women readers, however, by trying one of the patterns, and making the fact known to other readers that such patterns exist, can help to bring this department to at least a point where it will pay its expenses. The patterns are just as stylish as any that are designed, yet they provide more comfort than do any others. In the October number of *Beauty and Health* are some very pretty designs both for

women and children: Don't fail to get a copy and try a pattern.

A Word to Fathers

Have you, since reading our magazine, had a heart-to-heart talk with your boy and made sexual matters clear to him, or are you letting him acquire this vital information from others? In about a month's time we shall have a book ready on sexual knowledge, and written expressly for boys. Every father reading this magazine should secure a copy. It will be of great assistance in imparting to boys knowledge that will save them from much suffering if they read it in time.

A Word to Mothers

Every mother who desires her daughter to be a virtuous, healthy woman, and who would save her child from ill health and much misery, should impart to her the knowledge of sex which, if not told the growing daughter in time, and with loving care, may mean ruin for her when gained from other and filthy minds. In about a month's time we shall be able to mail mothers a book containing sex knowledge for growing girls. With the aid of this book you will be able to impart this vitally important information to your daughter before she is misinformed by companions or by older and wretched women who delight in seeing others as wretched as they themselves are.

On the Care of the Baby

Thousands of babies die each year for want of proper care. Not that mothers wish it so; it is due simply to the methods that they employ in helping their babies bring about injury instead of help. Every mother should have a copy of our book on Physical Culture Methods for Babies. If the methods advocated in this book are followed religiously it will accomplish much in diminishing the frightful mortality among babies.

