

Physical Development Simplified

A Series of Lessons for Developing The Highest Degree of Vital, Functional, Nervous and Muscular Vigor. Lessons Are Graduated and Are Applicable to the Strong and Weak of Both Sexes.

All the Information Prepared for the Book "Physical Development Simplified" Previously Announced Will Appear in These Lessons

By Bernarr Macfadden

The Photographs Illustrating These Lessons Were Specially Posed for by the Editor Himself



HAVE published a great many articles in previous issues of the Magazine, giving various exercises for strengthening and developing the body. But because of the lack of space, I have been unable to give a thorough system in any one of these articles. They were all greatly curtailed and in-

adequate, if one is desirous of perfecting every part of the body.

Being desirous of giving to my readers a thorough system of PHYSICAL CULTURE, perfect in every detail, a few months ago I started to prepare an elaborately illustrated book on this subject, which has previously been announced under the title of "Physical Development Simplified." The extraordinary labors in connection with the new paper and other business in which I am interested greatly delayed the publication of this book, and after careful consideration I concluded that instead of publishing this work in book form and selling it for \$2.00, as originally planned, I would publish it as a series of lessons in PHYSICAL CULTURE, each lesson being complete in itself.

The system of exercise I will present here in these various lessons is adapted to both the weak and the strong. It is entirely original, and has the unique advantage of adapting itself to the strength of any pupil. There can be no possibility of a strain, no matter how strong or how weak you may be, as the entire system is composed of a vast number of exercises wherein one muscle resists another. These

lessons are for both sexes, equally applicable to both women and men, though if very weak it would probably be better for the former to begin with the exercises that will be illustrated every month in "Woman's Physical Development."

I shall take it for granted that each pupil who adopts this system of exercise is a beginner. Each exercise will be illustrated kinetoscope style. In other words, you will have a photograph of different parts of the movement, so that there will be but little need of elaborate description. You cannot make a mistake with the exercises illustrated in such a thorough manner. The movements are called "Resisting Exercises," for, as stated before, your own muscles will furnish the resistance. Furthermore, I do not intend to confine the system merely to that knowledge which is essential for the development of external muscular vigor. I intend to elaborately illustrate and describe exercises that will build internal vital strength, vitality, energy, and that feeling of continuous health which is so valuable in this strenuous age, and which after all is worth more than the most perfectly developed muscular system. Therefore, in the system which I will present to my readers, my first attention will be given to strengthening the internal vital organs.

The lungs must be strong and of a proper capacity. They must be capable of performing their important office of purifying the blood, by absorbing oxygen and eliminating the impurities that are carried to them by the circulation. The stomach, that great organ which performs such important offices, must also be given special

attention. The entire assimilative system must be developed to the highest possible state of vigor. If, after developing these internal vital organs to their fullest possible strength, you perfect your external muscular system, you are then in possession of powers which are complete in

issue, and follow this series of lessons in physical development. Give careful attention to every word. I do not intend to waste space. I do not wish my readers to wade through a vast quantity of reading matter in order to acquire the essential information, and every word will

be important and should be carefully read. Do not expect to be benefited by merely viewing the pictures, or by practicing the exercises on two or three occasions. *You must follow instructions accurately.* You must continue each exercise until the muscles used in that exercise are thoroughly fatigued. You must expect to continue day after day, continually and persistently, if you expect to be improved. There is no earthly reason why every one of my readers cannot be greatly ben-

PHOTO No. 1.

Showing the natural position of the body in the region of the lower chest and abdomen after breath is exhaled.



efited by practicing this system, as directed each month. I care not how much experience you may have had or how much you may have studied the subject of physical development, I venture the statement that you will find a vast quantity of information and a large number of exercises in these lessons that will be new to you.

The system possesses special advantages. Surprising as it may seem to the average reader, after about sixteen years of almost continuous experience

in every respect. Manhood, or womanhood, has then been attained, and can be retained in all its completeness until some organ wears out, some cord snaps and you pass away into the eternal sleep.

I want every reader to begin with this

in the study of physical culture, the particular system which I have worked out, and which will be given in these lessons, largely increased the development, size and symmetry of my own muscular system. If one who has practiced as much

as I have in my large experience is able to add muscular vigor and development to his body, how much more can the ordinary individual be able to improve?

There are special reasons for these remarkable results. There is no system

of various actions, and no part of the body is neglected. Every part is strengthened and purified through the accelerated circulation caused by its active use.

Physical culture, or physical development, whatever you may choose to term it, means to the ordinary individual simply the strengthening or development of the external muscular system. This is really a minor part of physical culture. The most important part is really the strengthening of all the vital organs—lungs, heart, stomach, etc. In the



PHOTO No. 2.

Showing the position of the body after normal inhalation. Compare pictures Nos. 1 and 2 carefully and you will notice that the principal expansion takes place at and above the waist line. Photos Nos. 1 and 2 indicate the normal movement of external walls of abdomen and chest in proper breathing. Study this carefully and learn how to breathe properly.

lessons which follow I intend to view this subject in its broadest possible sense, including everything which tends to build physical vigor. All natural means which build health and strength must be taken into consideration.

of exercises published to-day, and I have never heard of one, that uses thoroughly in its various actions every muscle of the body. In this system which will follow, not only is every muscle of the body exercised, but it is exercised in all its va-

Now, in order to determine the relative importance to the body of its various requirements, it becomes necessary for us to understand exactly what is necessary to the maintenance of life and health. The most important element to the cultivation

of general vigor must be that which is most essential to life. One can *exist* for an indefinite period without exercise, but one cannot really and truly *live* without

means that every part of your body is active and alive and alert, that your nerves are strong and yet delicately sensitive to outside influences.

We can live in apparent good health without food many days. There are several fasts of sixty days and more on record, where health seemingly lost forever has been regained. We can do without food and water and live for from one to two weeks. We can do without the recuperative influence of sleep and rest for many days. But now, illustrating the

PHOTO No. 3.

EXERCISE No. 1.

Exhale all the breath that you can, drawing in the abdomen and forcing out as much air as possible. Make two or three attempts to force out still more and then begin to inhale. (See next photo.)

vast importance of air to the human body, we note that we cannot live more than from two to five minutes without it. Reasoning from this standpoint, it must be clear to my readers that the relative importance of the various requirements that maintain life, health and strength is about as follows:

1. Air.
2. Water.
3. Rest and relaxation.
4. Food.
5. Exercise.

This would accurately indicate that the



it. There is a vast difference between merely existing and living. One means that your body is made dopy by a vast accumulation of dead cells, and the other

most important knowledge essential to building the highest degree of health and strength is that which pertains to feeding the body with the oxygen supplied

breathe deeply and fully. The average breathing capacity among men is small, and no woman who wears a corset can possibly breathe properly.

Now, I want my pupils first of all to make every possible endeavor to acquire a proper method of breathing, and in order to still more strongly emphasize the information here illustrated in reference to



PHOTO No. 4.

EXERCISE No. 1—Continued.

Draw in all the air you possibly can, expanding first in the region of the abdomen, drawing back the shoulders as shown in the illustration. You will frequently see athletes inhale a full breath, drawing in abdomen at the same time, and attempt to force the chest out as much as possible. This is not the proper method of taking deep breathing exercise. The air should come to the lowest part of lungs, and this can be accomplished only when the principal expansion begins in the abdominal region.

this subject, would advise my pupils to view a little child as it breathes, standing or reclining. Notice how the air is brought down to the lowest part of the lungs by the expansion of the body at about the waist line. This shows you

in the air. This lesson will be devoted almost entirely to proper breathing. Strange as it may seem, there are but few persons who breathe properly, who

that a waist restricted either by a tight pair of trousers or a corset interferes decidedly with proper breathing.

Not only should one learn to breathe

properly, but a habit should be formed of taking deep, full inhalations frequently during the day, more especially when walking in the open air. This habit can

that deep, full inhalations will be taken involuntarily. Whenever the air tastes fresh and good, the inclination will be to draw in all you can, just as you are inclined to eat heartily when an appetizing meal is set before you.

My pupils can thus readily see my reason for giving breathing exercises in the first lesson of this elaborately illustrated system of physical development. I want every pupil to start in at once and learn how to

PHOTO No. 5.

EXERCISE No. 2.

Bring the shoulders as far forward as you can, as shown in the illustration. After bringing them as far forward as possible, make two or three attempts to force them still further forward. Inhale a deep full breath and hold it a few moments while taking this exercise. Always continue until the muscles tire. This is for the pectoralis or breast muscles, and to assist in expanding chest.

breathe, and after learning, continue day after day to take these vastly important exercises.

Now, I want to give a daily regimen for each of my pupils to follow. Of course, many will not be able to follow this accurately in every detail, but follow it as near as possible, day after day. Allow nothing but a feeling that you have overworked the previous day to prevent your taking these exercises regularly.

be cultivated just the same as other habits of life. It may take a little time and attention for a while, but ultimately the habit will become so thoroughly fixed



DAILY REGIMEN.

Begin these exercises without clothing, with the windows open wide. Follow carefully the exercises shown in this lesson. Continue each exercise until the muscles used in that



PHOTO No. 6.

EXERCISE No. 3.

Bring the shoulders as far back as you possibly can, as shown in illustration. Make two or three attempts to bring them still further back. Inhale a deep, full breath and practice the exercise three or four times while holding the breath. Always continue the exercise until the muscles tire.

In correcting round shoulders especial attention should be given to developing the muscles of the back between the shoulders, and if bothered with this unsightly deformity this exercise should be taken at least two or three times per day, each time thoroughly tiring the muscles.

EXERCISE No. 4.

Bring the shoulders far forward, as shown in photo No. 5 and then far back as you can, as shown in photo No. 6.

particular exercise are tired. Do not be afraid of the cold air coming in contact with the skin. The more thoroughly your room is ventilated the better. The colder the air the harder

you will have to work to acquire a feeling of warmth to the external surface, but when the circulation is sufficiently aroused to bring about this result, a feeling of exhilaration is produced that is at times almost intoxicating. You need not fear catching cold by following these directions, unless you are eating too much.

Follow this exercise with a cold sponge

two glasses of water either before or after these exercises in the morning. If you do not feel thirsty, drink a few swallows, gradually increasing the amount each morning, and finally you will acquire a natural thirst.

Unless you are working at very hard muscular labor, two meals per day should be sufficient. Even when such labor is being performed, two meals per day is



PHOTO No. 7. Exercise No. 5.—The exercise illustrated in these two photos is of especial advantage for expanding the chest, and no better means can be found for strengthening the fingers and forearms.

Form the second finger of each hand like a hook, then hooking one finger into the other in the position shown in the photo, bring hands upward slowly, all the time endeavoring to loosen the fingers by pulling outward vigorously. (See next photo.)

bath. If at first you do not seem to get the proper reaction after a cold bath, rub the body all over vigorously with a coarse towel until the entire surface is pink from the accelerated circulation brought about by this friction.

Try to form a habit of drinking one or

better than three, though under these circumstances three meals can, of course, be digested far more easily than when one is doing hard mental work.

There are two methods of eating two meals per day. Both are about equal in value. One is to go without breakfast,

and eat your first meal at noon, and the other is to eat your first meal in the morning and avoid the noon meal.

I do not mean to say that one cannot improve vastly and continue the regular three-meals-per-day habit, but ordinarily there is more of an inclination to overeat when eating three meals per day. If three are eaten, at least one of these meals should be very light.

ductive of much injury. But one should drink at least from one to three quarts of water during twenty-four hours. Avoid all liquids at meal time, unless especially thirsty. If you drink freely between meals there should be no thirst during the meal. If accustomed to drinking at meals, and it is too difficult to avoid, drink a cup of hot milk or cocoa after having finished the meal. Masti-



PHOTO No. 8. Exercise No. 5—continued.—Bring the arms to position shown as above, then as far back of the head as possible, still continuing your endeavors to loosen the fingers by pulling out toward the sides. Let the arms go slowly back to the original position. Inhale a full deep breath and make two or three movements while holding the breath. Repeat the same exercise with each finger of the hands. This will assist in expanding the chest and enable you to secure a grip like steel.

Be sure to have pure water near at all times during the day. Encourage yourself to acquire the habit of drinking freely of this at all times. Do not make the mistake of believing that I am advocating that you drink indefinitely vast quantities of water. Such a habit would be pro-

cate every morsel of food to a liquid before swallowing.

Make your first meal, whether at noon or in the morning, the heaviest meal of the day, provided, of course, that you are most hungry at this time. If you do not appear to have an appetite at this

meal, by lessening the quantity eaten at the evening meal an appetite will soon appear.

If preferred by the pupil, the exercise can be taken in the evening, before retiring, instead of in the morning; though, if this habit is adopted, it will be advisable to at least take a few movements in the morning to liven up for the day's duties.

If you are working hard at manual labor, the same advice is applicable to your case, though when exercises are given that bring into use the same muscles that you use in your occupation, these may be omitted from the program.

Two or three evenings during a week a hot bath should be taken before retiring, and this should in every instance be preceded by the exercises here given.

A Convert From the Drug Curse

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

About two years ago a young man wandered into the reading room of a Y. M. C. A. and listlessly picked up the first paper which came handy. It chanced to be a copy of PHYSICAL CULTURE, and the first words he saw startled him: Weakness a Crime! If that were true, he certainly was a criminal. But why? He had certainly tried to get strong. Had he not taken about all the different kinds of patent



R. E. P. Waverly

medicines in the market to make him so? Hadn't he worn an electric belt with the same end in view, and received a nice lot of blisters for his only reward? (Except the pleasant (?) feeling that he had been faked out of fifty hard-earned dollars.)

He was getting desperate, though, and thought to himself: "Well, I'll try some of this

Macfadden medicine, and if that don't help me, I'll give up."

The young man's surprise was great to find that the "medicine" consisted of the things which anyone can have for the taking—air (fresh and in large doses, night and day); exercise (in reasonable amounts at reasonable times); and cold water (in large doses both inside and out).

Well, it wasn't the kind of a "dope" he expected, but he got an exerciser, subscribed for PHYSICAL CULTURE, and sent for special books on the subject and started in.

Wonder of wonders! Things began to have a different aspect in a week or so. He began to "sit up and take notice," as you might say. He could hear the birds sing, and look around and see friends where before he thought everyone was against him. He began to tell these friends about PHYSICAL CULTURE, and of course he was considered a crank—because he didn't take medicine or believe in it any more, and slept with his windows open, and took cold baths all winter. But what did he care? He had found the true way of living at last, and was happy and is still increasing in health, strength and in capacity for enjoying the things in this world, beyond anything ever imagined in a patent-medicine dream.

When I look back a couple of years, it doesn't seem possible that I was that young man; but it is true, and words cannot express the gratitude I feel toward the editor of PHYSICAL CULTURE and his teaching. I say to any poor deluded victim of the "Drug Curse": "Turn your back on all medicine and electric belt fakirs, subscribe for PHYSICAL CULTURE, get as close to nature as possible and live, instead of merely existing in misery from day to day." Hoping that this will start some poor, despairing mortal on the right track, I remain yours for health and strength and all that goes with it.

R. E. P. WAVERLY.

New York.

Food and Drink of an Arctic Explorer

By *W. E. Meehan*

Botanist of the Peary Relief Expedition of 1892



THE wise leader of an expedition to the Arctic regions attaches equal importance to four items: the vessel, equipment, food, and the personnel of his party. All four hold a higher place in his estimation than the plans he has made for field work. The last may be modified, altered, or discarded altogether to meet unexpected or changed conditions; but once the voyage has begun, the others must be accepted, whatever may be the outcome.

It is not difficult to understand why a leader should give paramount importance to these matters. The safety, perhaps the lives, of all engaged in the enterprise, is dependent on the staunchness of the ship, the completeness of the equipment, the suitability of the food and the type and condition of the men. A voyage to the Arctic is no child's play. It is not to be undertaken in obedience to a whim; nor can it be accompanied by all the comforts and luxuries of modern civilization, and be attended by the same degree of safety that attends a trip across the Atlantic and a tour through Europe.

The Arctic is no place for an invalid, a weakling, or one who has undermined his constitution with excessive liquor-drinking, or who cannot moderate his desire for tobacco, or abandon the weed altogether. A man to be a useful explorer in the unfriendly, frozen north, and not unduly endanger his own and his companions' safety, must possess a reasonably strong will, a willingness to face danger, and a hardy frame that will endure privation, suffering and exhausting labor. He must also own a cheerful disposition that will withstand the overthrow of cherished plans by the awful forces of Nature and the hideous depression provoked by

the long four months of polar night. A steady liquor-drinker and an excessive smoker is in no condition to meet these requirements.

There are few enterprises that tax the stamina, the will power and the disposi-



Lieut. Peary

tion of a man so heavily as a voyage to the polar regions. Modern foods and modern appliances have removed many perils and discomforts, but the immense, antagonistic forces of Nature still call forth extraordinary physical powers of endurance. A sufficiency and variety of wholesome foods have reduced the dangers from scurvy and other debilitating diseases. It is the accompaniments and hardships of field work that try the modern man. Furious blizzards, an average

temperature of 55 degrees below zero in winter, long and forced marches over ice-cap, glaciers and field ice, the scaling of cliffs 2,000 feet or more high, and rough journeys over steep and boulder-covered valleys—all are to be encountered and endured. With daily tasks like these a man with a weak or tobacco heart, a man with a constitution weakened by liquor or excesses of any kind, would inevitably succumb. It is only the ideal man, trained to careful physical exercise,

without constitutional defect, who may hope to be a successful or acceptable explorer.

The question of what a successful explorer shall eat and drink is of paramount importance. In these progressive days when there is such a wide range in which to choose, the chief difficulty is not what to select for the palate, but what to reject as undesirable. Foods and drinks that strongly stimulate, and from which there is a

quick reaction, should be left at home. Among the very first articles to be stricken from the list of supplies by a wise leader will be wines and liquors. Nothing is calculated to more quickly destroy the usefulness of men in the Arctic field than even a moderate use of alcoholic beverages. The man who takes a drink of whiskey or brandy before beginning the ascent of one of the steep and rough valleys leading to the summit of Greenland may accom-

plish the first half of the journey in a more sprightly manner than the man who abstains; but the latter is the one who would finish the task first, besides being in better physical condition.

The use of coffee is restricted and confined entirely to periods when men are in headquarters. Many careful explorers earnestly advise the exclusion of coffee while on arduous field work, because of its overstimulating qualities and its

reactionary effects. Foods that are not easily digested and quickly assimilated may be stricken advantageously from the list, unless a limited quantity be included to please the palate on certain feast days and to relieve the depressing influences of the dreadful Arctic night. Explorers experience an intense craving for sweets, so a supply of pure candies, sugar and preserves are also included in the list for limited use.

To debar tobacco entirely would per-



An Eskimo Belle Enjoying a Piece of Blubber

haps be difficult owing to its almost universal use; yet the ill effects on those who indulge in this narcotic, except in extreme moderation, are plainly noticeable in strenuous Arctic labors. Lieutenant Peary, it is stated, rejected every particle of tobacco from the supplies taken on the long and successful journey over the ice-cap of Greenland in 1892.

One incident will suffice to illustrate the weakening effect of tobacco on the system. A party of five was directed to scale a 2,000-foot gorge at the head of Sontag Bay. All five were apparently in the same physical condition, but two were moderate smokers, two indulged in moderation, and one did not use tobacco. The task set was difficult in the extreme, and

required five hours of continuous climbing. The man who did not use tobacco in any form was the first to reach the top; the two moderate smokers were close behind, while the habitual users of the weed were far in the rear, having been compelled to rest from time to time to "recover their wind."

Compressed pea soup and baked beans are perhaps the most important articles of food explorers choose to take with them. Lieutenant Peary has declared that on pea soup and baked beans an Arctic field party may subsist and maintain full strength and efficiency for months. These articles formed the bulk of his provisions during the long journey over the terrifying ice-cap to Independence Bay in 1892.



Forms Unhampered by Tight Clothing

Cleveland and Smallpox

FIGURES ABOUT VACCINATION
THAT DO NOT LIE

By

A. N. Davis

NOTE!

A physician writes me as follows:

"I have been reading your journal to see how you would get out of the smallpox hole. You entered it by way of Cleveland, and you have pulled the hole in with you, as vaccination is one of the best tested truths of history."

I have written a number of editorials on the fallacy of vaccination, but there is nothing that ever proved in such a startling manner the uselessness of this venerable scourge so thoroughly and emphatically as does the article which follows herewith. A little investigation seems to indicate that vaccination in Cleveland has caused the terrible increase in death from smallpox.

DURING SEVEN MONTHS OF SANITATION THERE WERE 31 CASES AND 6 DEATHS.

VACCINATION FOLLOWED BECAUSE OF THE TERRIBLE HUE AND CRY RAISED BY THE MONEY-MAD VACCINATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY, AND IN FOUR MONTHS THERE WERE 1059 CASES AND 171 DEATHS.—Editor.



In a recent article published by the *Norwich Bulletin* at the instance of a local physician (quoting from the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*) that paper endeavors to convey the idea that sanitation has signally failed as a preventive of smallpox, and that it has again been necessary to resort to vaccination.

With a view of correcting such false impressions, I beg leave to offer the following:

It is a conceded fact that Dr. Fredericks gave Cleveland a much needed cleaning up during the summer and autumn of 1901. It is also a notorious fact that, instead of receiving due credit from a majority of the medical journals, and certain druggist trade papers, he was at once made a target for hostile criticism, and censured by them, and his every effort belittled without stint. A vigorous opposition was at once brought to bear by health officers of neighboring cities, from Buffalo, on the east, to Chicago on the west, and Dr. Fredericks was

forced to abandon his sanitary efforts, not because he had not improved the condition of Cleveland, but because his efforts were furnishing ammunition to the opponents of vaccination, and disproving the efficacy of that medical dogma. That this was the true cause of the resumption of vaccination in Cleveland will be readily seen if one scans the columns of medical papers of the past year. Now that vaccination is again the fad in Cleveland, we see the city again getting into line as a breeding place of the scourge. All this is heralded about the country as a failure of sanitation. A letter from Dr. Fredericks (written in September) states that he had again resumed vaccination, and was vaccinating 10,000 people per day. According to this it would seem that Cleveland ought to be ere now a well-vaccinated community; and moreover, according to Dr. Lindsley, Secretary of the Connecticut State Board of Health, ought to be free from smallpox in epidemic form. Let us examine the weekly health report to the surgeon-general of the U. S. Marine Hospital service, published by the *Philadelphia Medical Journal*. As this is official, no one will deny the truth. I give this condensed as a monthly state-

ment to save space. For seven months following the period of sanitation, which was completed on November 9, 1901, we find the following:

	Cases.	Deaths.
November, 1901.....	0	0
December, 1901.....	1	0
January, 1902.....	5	0
February, 1902.....	9	0
March, 1902.....	3	0
April, 1902.....	3	1
May, 1902.....	10	5
Total, seven months..	31	6

Now, if we examine these same reports for the succeeding four months, we find a situation which plainly hints that Cleveland must be getting filthy again, as it is evident that vaccination is in nowise arresting the progress of the epidemic, and this notwithstanding the disease is usually less active during warm weather. Here we find conditions growing worse at a rapid rate, in spite of health boards, vaccination and summer heat.

The record for:	Cases.	Deaths.
June, 1902.....	142	11
July, 1902.....	82	15
August, 1902.....	294	43
September, 1902.....	330	42
October, 1902.....	211	60
Total, four months.	1059	171

Deducting facts from these figures, does it look as if vaccination had in any way improved the situation? I will venture the assertion, and I am confident that the facts will bear me out, that if we knew the situation accurately, we would find it necessary to look for both vaccination and smallpox in the same section of the city.

It is a time-honored custom in most American families to enforce sanitary measures via the washtub every Monday, but we find, as a rule, that it is necessary to repeat the operation one week later. If Cleveland could have as much zeal and energy displayed in enforcing sanitation as is exercised in vaccinating the inhabitants, it is more than probable that the result would be as satisfactory as it has been in Leicester, where it has been applied unceasingly for 20 years, and there has been no occasion to go back to the practice of a venerable superstition. It is a universally observed fact that where there is most vaccination there you will find most smallpox. This is evident in our sister State, Massachusetts, where, according to law, everyone is supposed to have been inoculated; but it has had no apparent effect in checking the scourge, and they still suffer.

Editor Fasts Fifteen Days and Says He Only Lost Two Pounds and that He Worked Like a Trojan.

Colorado Springs, Colo.—Edgar Wallace Conable, editor of the *Pathfinder*, of Roswell, took a twenty-mile tramp to stimulate his appetite, after a fast of fifteen days' duration. He concluded his period of abstinence by inviting a number of friends to partake of an uncooked food supper. Mr. Conable showed no sign of emaciation, nor did he cast a hungry eye on the viands as he invited his guests to be seated at the table.

When Mr. Conable was fasting he worked in a manner that would make the walking delegate of a labor union faint with dismay. At 6 in the morning he could be found at some difficult physical labor, and until 6 or 7 o'clock at night he toiled continually and incessantly, not resting at meal time, of course, as the ordinary laborer would. After a hard day's work he went every day into his den, where he wrote articles for his magazine, the *Pathfinder*, until 10 or 11 o'clock at night.

Mr. Conable was apparently strong during all the period of his fasting, and beyond drinking a great deal of water, his only sustenance was air, he declares. Whenever he wanted a hearty meal he went out and took a good breath and he felt refreshed and rejuvenated, he says.

Mr. Conable invited several friends to join him when he broke his fast, and he put before them a dainty repast of uncooked food. There was a dish of breakfast food, which had not been cooked, of course, and which the host and his guests ate with sugar and cream; honey cucumbers, all sorts of nuts, fruits, including bananas, apples, grapes and dates, and a delicious salad made of chopped celery and onion, with a bit of parsley and some slices of tomato. It was dressed with a French sauce such as in ordinarily made.—*Colorado Dispatch*.

The Physiques of Player-Folks

By J. Redding

THE stage offers a better opportunity for those interested in studying physical types than perhaps any other field. This is especially true with regard to feminine types. The stage is the arena of exhibition of good-looking and clever femininity. It does not follow that many other qualities of the sex seek display there. In fact, they do not; but, given the combination of mere good looks and cleverness, without aught else, and the chances are vastly in favor of the theater being the ultimate goal of the feminine creature's peregrinations.

The stage, therefore, mirrors in the women exhibited there, what passes for the current idea of



Mrs.
Fiske



the woman beautiful. Any man or woman who goes to a theater with any regularity can soon discover just what the type is, and what degree of cleverness and daring is the vogue.

I like to see a play once in a while, and, knowing the emphasized tendency of the modern production to feature some type of womanhood, exclusively, I began a study of the offerings in New York of a recent week, with the following astonishing discovery.

Alice Fisher

A woman of unusual physical strength and development, whose impersonations have emphasis and physical energy.



Ethel Barrymore

A frail society type, who dresses as a boy and essays roles that require robust physique and extreme energy.



Annie Irish

A fine physical type.

and dancing, and which years ago used to be called the naughty productions of the stage, before we developed a penchant for things like Sapho, Zaza, Iris, and their

Henrietta Crossman

Plays romantic parts; and in her person shows the sort of physique the modern corset makers produce.

.... I found that at eight theaters the feature was not the play, but some one type of femininity. At all these houses the play was such as would afford opportunity for physical display on the part of the women, and equipped with cheap cynicism enough to make the mixture seem tart to the blasé. In a majority of them, the theme was such as to point the moral, if any moral was pointed, that the pretty and clever women invariably figure in disreputable intrigue—a lesson our moralists should hasten to controvert, if they can.

I must confess that the physical type of woman exalted was something of a surprise to me. I noticed that in those pieces where there was singing



kind, and which were witnessed chiefly by men; there was a plentiful display of young women, whose shapes were more or less artistic, and frankly displayed.

When it came to the plays where one particular woman was exploited, dependence was placed upon her alone for the drawing power. In a few instances it is the woman's art. For instance, Mrs. Fiske is a little, nervous, red-headed woman, without any great amount of physical magnetism, and one whom you would instinctively feel to be nervous and cross, yet when she commences one of her graphic portrayals you sit spell-bound as she analyzes a soul for you; and you never think of her as a creature of sex at all—she is an artist.

This type, however, is rare; it is the truly artistic. The more frequent type of star is the woman who makes the most of what few physical charms she has. When one goes to the theater he desires to see a logical picture. If "Bill Sykes" is portrayed, the character must be as brutal, as viciously criminal in aspect as in mental characteristics. The thick chin, neckerchief and stubby beard, bludgeon, pipe and dog, are as essential to the picture as any of the lines spoken.

Now that our stage is showing a succession of so-called romantic plays, with heroes and heroines to match the antique settings, one becomes a little nettled at the managers who put forward a twentieth century exotic in a stage setting intended for an eighteenth century Hebe. It is insulting to the sophisticated imagination to have such anomalies thrust upon one. If ever any kind of drama gave an opportunity for the physical woman, these romantic plays afford it for such actresses as Henrietta Crossman. One who can smell blood, endure kidnapping, fight a duel, without fainting, is a type somewhat different from the Ping Pong maiden or Golf girl of our lazy, eventless epoch. Where are our Fanny Herrings and other Mazeppas?

Why in the name of consistency don't our theater controllers wake up and give us a set of heroines that can maintain with some grace the physical characteristics they are called upon to simulate? Certainly, the spectacle of a thin, corseted ultra-society type, passing as one of the strenuous brand who could fire a

pistol, thrust a sword through an adversary, ride a horse at breakneck speed, or do any of the things these romantic heroines do, is disappointing. The type doesn't fit the picture, nor the atmosphere. The dashing, hunting Lady Gay Spanker was ever a more pleasing sight than Camille.

It is comforting to observe that one manager is awake to the importance of physical verisimilitude in composing stage pictures. Richard Mansfield has lately produced "Richard the Third" in Chicago. Besides selecting physical types that would fit into the mediæval atmosphere, he spent considerable time and money on the organization of his army. The army in "Richard," for stage purposes, usually consists of from four to forty "supes," who wear suits of mail and carry halberds. Mr. Mansfield's army, when it is shown in New York, will certainly prove to be "in the picture." The actor-athlete selected for this purpose only athletes, and every one of them over six feet tall. Whatever their histrionic abilities may be, the individual members of this stage army will look the part—which is a thing of first importance.

The romantic play is delightful if its exponents approximate the types they play. No one with intelligence and a healthy imagination could, for instance, reconcile slim old Sarah Bernhardt to the rôle of a dapper, passionate boy of romantic age and air.

When I started out to see the romantic heroines exhibited on the New York stage I found:

One very tall, very slender, and looking like a woman who would be the last individual to dream of or attempt anything heroic, calling for physical as well as mental courage. Another type was short, fat—the sort of woman who delights to get into a snug tailor-made costume, with waist corseted down to the last degree. A woman of good feeding and full habit—certainly not the romantic type physically.

Still another was small, almost dwarfish, with a thin, quavering voice, such as consumptives come to in time; and she was doing heroics along with the rest of them!

And attending these women romantic were leading men of pasty hue, flaccid

muscles, types more to be expected in Tenderloin bohemian resorts than where big manly oaths are sworn, swords flash and the red-hot blood of passion runs riot through the veins.

If we are to have romantic drama, we

want truly romantic actors and actresses, and these are only found among the robust, the athletic, the possessors of good appetites, healthy digestion and a disposition for regular habits and healthful exercises.

Marvelous Swimming Record

Wonderful Endurance of an Illinois Boy

The subject of this illustration is Wm. A. Bunson, of Belleville, Ill., seventeen years of age.

When he was eight years old his health was so impaired and he was so weakly inclined that he had to be taken from school.

At fourteen he began under the direction of his mother and father, who were both physical culture advocates, to take light exercises. At fifteen he was very much improved, and his father made for him and his younger brother a regular gymnasium, supplying it with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, punching bag, sparring gloves and the regular exercisers.

From that day to this he has spent one-half to one hour each day in the gymnasium. In addition to this, he has taken a regular course in swimming. He is undoubtedly one of the best swimmers in Illinois and has an endurance that is marvelous.

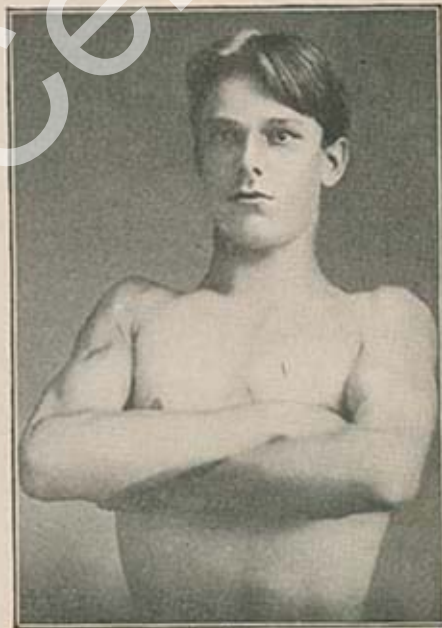
Recently, in an effort to determine upon his ability to swim from Alton, Ill., to St. Louis, Mo., a distance of twenty-seven miles in the Mississippi River, he swam easily sailor style for five continuous hours in the lake used for swimming purposes, and without the slightest intermission or rest or changing the style of swimming in the least.

This feat was considered marvelous, both on account of his extreme youth, and because he was so little fatigued from the test. He declared that he could easily swim an hour longer.

He does not smoke, chew or drink, and eats little or no meat.

These are his measurements:

Height, 5 feet 10 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches; weight, 136 (stripped); chest, natural, 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; chest, contracted, 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; chest, inflated, 37 inches; waist, 28 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches;



neck, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; biceps, arms, natural, 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; same, flexed, 11 inches; forearm, 10 inches; wrist, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches; biceps of legs, 19 inches; calves, 12 inches.

This is a very fair specimen of what a boy can do for himself by home training, producing health, strength and a robust constitution.

A Wonderful Development

The Story of a Cripple's Remarkable Struggle for Strength; Its Final Attainment, Making Him Chicago's Strongest Boy

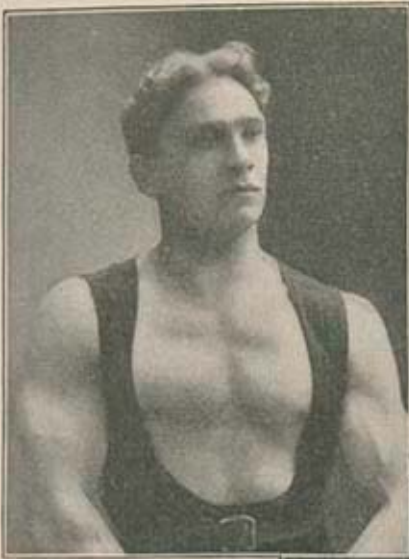


UNDOUBTEDLY the most remarkable case of a wonderful development obtained from a continued and systematic course of physical culture is that of Paul J. Bast, the Chicago crippled strong boy.

Paul J. Bast was born in Germany some twenty years ago. When five years of age, while convalescing from a long illness (typhoid fever), he fell on his hip, which through the impractical treatment of the attending physician produced tuberculosis and ankylosis of the hip joint, commonly known as hip disease. The disease caused a total stiffening of the joint, as well as stopping all growth of the limb.

About fifteen years ago his family came to America and settled in Chicago. When Paul was about fourteen, his parents went to Chicago's most eminent surgeon, hoping that his skill would effect an amelioration in the lad's condition, if not a total cure. During this time the tuberculosis had spread from the hip joint throughout the system, making him apparently a confirmed consumptive. The surgeon took several days in examining the child, and finally told the anxious parents that there were but two roads for them to choose between. The one—that they should submit the boy to an operation, from which he would not guarantee Paul's recovery; and the other—that Paul continue as he had been, which he guaranteed would result in the





child's death from general tuberculosis within one year. The parents preferred the latter, since they would sooner he died one year later as he was than that he should die under the butchery of the surgeon's scalpel.

After this visit to the doctor a decided change came over the crippled youth. Thinking that he had but one year to live, he commenced to get all the enjoyment he could out of life. He romped and played with fellow-children as he never had before. Fourteen years on a crutch had made him so efficient in this manner of locomotion as to enable him to become as fast as many of those who were fortunate enough in having two healthy limbs. He played ball, tag, run-sheep-run and all such exhilarating child plays and games; and each night would find him in bed tired from his own playful exertions. This soon caused the pallor to leave his cheeks and his general appearance took on an extremely healthy aspect.

Thus passed one year, two years, three

years, and still the physician's prophecy remained unfulfilled. Instead of dying the death of a consumptive the lad "waxed stronger and stronger."

When about seventeen years of age the boy saw a book on Physical Development and read it. This caused him to commence a systematic course of exercises, and from that day to this he has not failed to take from fifteen to sixty minutes of vigorous exercise each day. And after one year of this exercising he could boast of a development which only one in a thousand can show at the age of eighteen.

As he kept reading up on physical culture he kept adding exercises to his course, until he had an exercise for almost every muscle in the body.

The following table shows the phenomenal development he has attained during the three years of his taking systematic and regular exercise. These measurements were taken approximately one and a half years apart:



Height.—May, 1899, 5 ft. 6 ins.; December, 1900, 5 ft. 7½ ins.; June, 1902, 5 ft. 9 ins.

Weight.—May, 1899, 140 lbs.; December, 1900, 157 lbs.; June, 1902, 170 lbs.

Neck.—May, 1899, 15 ins.; December, 1900, 16½ ins.; June, 1902, 18 ins.

Chest, Normal.—May, 1899, 36 ins.; December, 1900, 40 ins.; June, 1902, 44 ins.

Chest, Expanded.—May, 1899, 38 ins.; December, 1900, 42½ ins.; June, 1902, 47 ins.

Biceps, Left.—May, 1899, 12 ins.; December, 1900, 14¼ ins.; June, 1902, 16½ ins.

Biceps, Right.—May, 1899, 13 ins.; December, 1900, 14¾ ins.; June, 1902, 16½ ins.

Forearm, Left.—May, 1899, 11½ ins.; December, 1900, 12¾ ins.; June, 1902, 13¾ ins.

Forearm, Right.—May, 1899, 12 ins.; December, 1900, 13 ins.; June, 1902, 14 ins.

Waist.—May, 1899, 34 ins.; December, 1900, 32 ins.; June, 1902, 33 ins.

Thigh, Right.—June, 1902, 24 ins.

Calf, Right.—June, 1902, 17 ins.

The left leg is the crippled one.

A quite remarkable thing to notice about his increase is its uniformity, and also the equality existing between his right and left arms.

Recently he was called on to do some feats of strength with dumb-bells. He astounded his audience by easily slowly pushing over his head one hundred and twenty-five lbs., and holding out sideways simultaneously right and left seventy-two and sixty-four lbs., respectively. He can also lift a dead weight of 1,180 lbs. six inches from the ground. All this he did while standing on one leg with no artificial support. He can chin thirty times and dip forty-two times. Last fall, Bast went down to the University of Chicago gymnasium and made the college athletes gasp by breaking several records on their strength machines.

With this development and these records there is no dispute as to his being the strongest boy in Chicago under twenty-one.

Fatal Lockjaw Follows Vaccination

Six-year-old Margaret Campbell died at New Haven, Conn., of lockjaw. She was vaccinated four weeks before at the

Yale Medical School. The medical examiner is not sure that the operation caused the disease.

The Sprinter

See him—the first and fleetest in the race,
Leaping, whole-hearted, to the victor sign,
The tenacity of effort on his face,
His muscle knotted into ridge and line!

And ye, who see him, like a passing show—
Think ye his triumph in a moment won?
That he is first or last, or quick or slow
For this—the little mile that he has done?

Not so! His triumph is as old as he;
The daily sprint, the studied start and strain—
These are the ages of his victory—
The long and patient build of brawn and brain!

Mental and Physical Culture Go Hand in Hand



Men who do things, those who occupy the public eye because of their accomplishments in political or professional ways, are capable

men who have cultivated their physical powers as well as their mental. I know that there are exceptions which can be cited by the argumentative person who sees no good in going through a lot of "silly antics," but these exceptions can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Time and again I have had people cite the case of little Alexander Stevens, the puny dwarf who took his place among the noted men of America, just before the Civil War; and not infrequently has the example of Pope, the poet, been brought forward to demonstrate the possibility of extraordinary mental development without the physical equivalent. These, however, stand as phenomena. They are not paralleled by any similar cases. On the contrary, we can set it down as a general rule that mental and physical vigor must be co-existent.

A great many people who are influenced by the idea that their physical selves need no care beyond the food that they eat from time to time would be surprised to



learn the amount of time the leading men in political, professional, commercial and financial life devote to the stimulating exercises, which have come to be so generally known as physical culture. We present below a few opinions caught from busy successful men of affairs, showing what a prominent part the maintaining of physical balance has played in their lives, and the esteem in which they hold systematic use of the physical powers:

Senator Depew says that he is as old as he feels. Senator Depew is probably the youngest old man in the world, and since the death of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, unquestionably the most youthful of famous white-haired Americans. The Senator credits his youth, in the midst of years, and his almost constant good health, in the main, to his attention to and watchful care of the physical man.

"I have probably eaten as many, if not more, big public dinners," said Senator Depew, "than any other one man in the world, and yet I have never been afflicted with indigestion, and have never found it necessary to pay visits to the drug store. I am always called upon to make a speech after dinner, and post-prandial speak-

ing is quite a lively exercise in itself, if you will stop but a minute and consider it in its true light. The speaker is on his feet for quite a length of time, and while he is speaking he is bringing into play the muscles of the arms, diaphragm, stomach, chest and throat. It is a very mild exercise, from the physical point of view, but a good and wholesome one. A brisk walk in the open air is a splendidly refreshing exercise, and brings a great many of the muscles into action. This exercise has been my main one for a number of years, as I believe it to be the *exercice de resistance* of many men in public life, but other methods of exercise have not been entirely foreign to me during the busiest days that I can recall."

Among the big dry goods merchants of the city and head of one of the greatest houses in the trade is S. D. Brewster. A leading member of the Merchants' Association, Mr. Brewster is also active in club and social life, is a member of the Union League, Metropolitan and other clubs, and at the annual election, in February, was chosen one of the governors of the New York Athletic Club. Mr. Brewster is not one of those who began paying attention to physical exercising early in life, and therefore he speaks of the value of physical culture, athletic exercises and gymnasium work from the viewpoint of one who has become convinced of its great benefits after entering upon an active business career. "I am one of the young men in athletics," said Mr. Brewster, "but I am nevertheless an enthusiastic advocate of physical exercising and physical culture. It is never too late for any one to take up a good thing, and, while I may still be called a comparatively young man in years, I did not appreciate the value of regular physical work until after I had entered actively upon my business career. I appreciate it now, full well, however, and I know of no better advice that could be given to any one, be he old or young, than to pursue a regular course of physical exercising, if he wants to really appreciate the fact that life is worth living. The habit of paying attention to the physical man is increasing very rapidly among our merchants and business men, and when they meet in conversation no ques-

tion is more frequently asked than, 'What kind of exercise do you take?'"

Few busier workers, or men more active in general affairs, are to be found than John R. Van Wormer, secretary and general manager of the Lincoln Safe Deposit Company, of New York. Mr. Van Wormer declared: "I am indeed what might truly be called a busy man. I am at my office every morning at half-past eight and I never leave it till five in the evening, and very often at a later hour, and I am at work from the moment I arrive until I leave at night, and yet I never feel fatigued or played out from the effects of my work, and am vigorous and ready every morning to repeat the labors of yesterday. There is no doubt in my mind that this is very largely due to the benefits of exercise. I wish somebody would go to work some day, and I think I will suggest it to some one interested in the statistics of physical culture, and gather, say, from the members of the New York Athletic Club, statistics showing the effect on their health and on their business since they took up regular work in physical culture. I am sure such statistics would convey an object lesson to those who have any doubt on the subject. My business keeps me so constantly engaged now that I have little time for any general athletic work, and I do no heavy exercising, although I take an occasional turn in the gymnasium and do not find that a little lively exercise now and then wears me out. In the main, however, I do my exercising at home."

Charles L. Burnham is the popular secretary of the New York Athletic Club. His business is that of a financier, and he is one of the most widely known of the men in the Wall Street district, where he has engaged in an unusually active and successful business career. He is connected with many great financial enterprises and is a member of the leading clubs of the city. Mr. Burnham is 45 years of age, though he could easily pass for less than 40, for there is no indication of years about him, except, perhaps, the fact that his hair is rapidly becoming silvered. "My general youthful appearance," said he, "is doubtless due to the fact that illness and I have always been strangers, and I hope and believe we will

continue on non-speaking terms with one another. My health is almost perfect, and has been so during my active career, and I attribute the fact that this is so to systematic exercise, both in the open air and indoors. I can say frankly that the time and energy I have spent in this direction has been one of the best and wisest investments I ever made. I weigh to-day 165 pounds, and am sound, and when the necessity comes I am equal to almost any emergency in the line of work—mental and physical—without suffering any ill effects from over-taxation.

"Though I have been interested in athletics all my life, I have never been a record breaker or a medal winner. Wrestling and rowing have been probably my most favorite exercises. Gymnasium work is my favorite in winter. The afternoon or evening is the best, in my opinion, for working."

District Attorney William Travers Jerome has to his credit the conducting of the most strenuous campaign ever waged upon the political battlefield in New York or any other city. Judge Jerome went through the campaign, speaking three, four, five, six, and seven times a day, and working almost constantly when he was not speaking. He delivered more speeches per day than did William J. Bryan during the last presidential campaign, seemed to have no conception of what the word fatigue meant, and at the close of the campaign found no necessity for a trip away for a period of extended rest, but went right on with his work, presiding over his court as if nothing had happened. "I do not know how much I owe to physical exercise," said Judge Jerome, "but one thing is sure—I owe to it, doubtless, the fact that I can do a great deal of work without getting tired or played out, and the further fact that I am the possessor of a robust, sound constitution. Every man is better off for exercise, and those who do not engage in it when they are young, and before they become engaged in the engrossing cares of active business or political life, will find themselves almost invariably outstripped by some fellow who took great interest in the physical side of life during his youth. I have

always been very fond of outdoor sports, and think this class of exercises of great value to the physical man. I am fond of nearly all the outdoor games which I know, and look upon the game of golf as one furnishing splendid exercise and rest and recreation."

Charles H. Sherrill is one of the busy lawyers of the Wall Street district. He graduated from Yale in the class of '89. Mr. Sherrill is known as one of the famous collegiate runners. He has a record of seven intercollegiate championships, and still holds the American intercollegiate records at 150 and 250 yards and the world's intercollegiate record at 125 yards. Besides being a champion runner, Mr. Sherrill is an all-round athlete and is quite at home with the gloves, at wrestling, or at fencing. He has served four terms as captain of the New York Athletic Club. Mr. Sherrill's favorite exercise is boxing. He does not believe that when a man enters active business life he should devote too much energy to athletics, and is an advocate of regularity and moderate exercising, as that which is best adapted to preserve good health and vigor, and is conducive of physical energy and mental activity. "When a man is engaged," said Mr. Sherrill, "in active brain work, exercise is not only very valuable, but I consider it absolutely essential to the production of his best efforts. It is not only the most wonderful rest in the world for the mental worker, but is requisite to keep the mind well poised and the circulation in proper shape, so that the body can proceed with the regular performance of its functions. Fencing, wrestling and boxing each require you to keep functions of the brain that are not brought into action in mental pursuits busy; you must be constantly on the alert to keep your opponent from getting the best of you, and these exercises are especially restful to the mind that has been busy with affairs all day. I spend a lively fifteen minutes at boxing about three times a week. I exercise long enough to get myself into a thorough perspiration, then jump into a bath and take a thorough rub, and I am rested and ready for dinner."

What's the Matter with the Newspapers?



FOR several months during the past year, the daily and weekly newspapers of America were filled with big-headed, sensational smallpox stories. A tremendous vaccination propaganda was worked by them, based on their oft-repeated statement that a smallpox epidemic existed.

Thousands upon thousands, coerced by employers, municipal health boards and school trustees, were vaccinated, and subjected to the usual diseases that follow in its train. Meantime some society, or set of individuals, or the press, acting for itself, kept afloat the rumor that an awful epidemic of smallpox was upon the country, and devastation was to be stayed only by prompt vaccination.

In face of these much printed stories it may interest some of our readers to study a little the mortality report of the health office of Philadelphia for a week, when the "epidemic" was, according to the newspapers, so threatening.

During the week ending November 6, 1901, in this third city of the Union, with a population of more than a million souls, 72 cases of smallpox were reported, quarantined and treated, and eight deaths recorded. During the same week, of other so-called contagious diseases reported, the following data are supplied: There were 21 cases of diphtheria and 10 deaths; 32 cases of typhoid fever and 7 deaths.

This report shows that under the usual methods of treatment the mortality from smallpox at a city lazaretto is a little more than 10 per cent. of patients held there. The percentage of deaths from diphtheria is nearly 50 per cent., and from typhoid fever over 20 per cent. perished. These figures would indicate a more

alarming state over the two latter diseases than over the former, especially as the medical men—the same who fight smallpox with vaccination—contend that they are both contagious.

During the same week there were 13 deaths from apoplexy, results traceable directly to over-eating and over-indulgence generally, 11 from convulsions, 9 from diseases of the brain (many of the three above named, no doubt, arising primarily



in vaccine); 25 cases of heart disease, 18 deaths from kidney diseases, 55 from consumption, 45 from inflammation of the lungs (under which we may include pneumonia and colds), 11 from bowel derangements, and but 16 out of a total of 365 from old age—the absolutely natural cause of death.

These mortality reports should be studied by the public with a little more attention than is usually bestowed on them. Under the bare figures there lie some alarming truths.

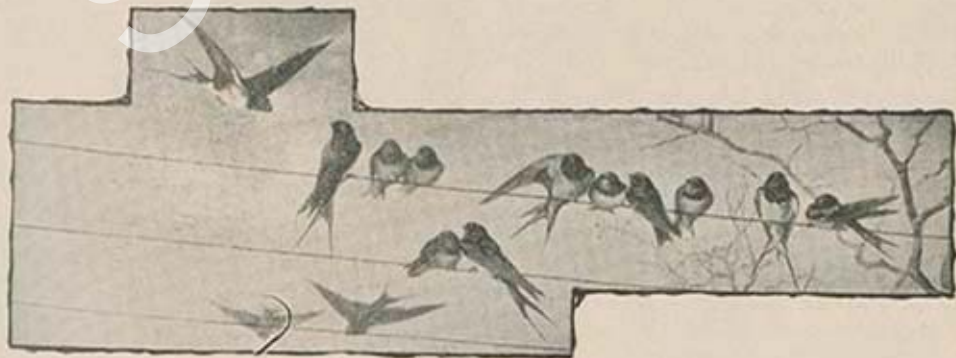
For instance, under proper hygienic environment and conditions, death should result only from old age or accident; and possibly special cases where the manifestations of old age arise before the person afflicted is really old in years. Deaths from other causes are invariably preventable.

Take, then, the week's report we have been considering, and we have a total of 305 deaths. Of this number, 16 are credited to old age, 9 to inanition, 1 to homicide, 1 to suicide, and 6 coroner's cases—causes unknown. This leaves 341 out of a total of 365 deaths as being due to causes preventable. Now, how shall we apportion the responsibility in this matter, how arrive at the knowledge of just where the negligence which occasioned these deaths arose?

Unquestionably, in the beginning, in the victims themselves, whose methods of living prepared their bodies to be

breeding places of disease. Ignorance of hygiene and the simplest laws of life started the catastrophe, and in a small percentage of cases the body-wrecking process had probably gone so far that remedial measures applied, when the danger was discovered, would not have resulted in very much benefit. The proportion of such cases, however, was undeniably small. Take two items of the report alone, the deaths due to inflammation of the lungs and kidneys, and we can assume that rational treatment would have proven efficacious in every instance. In these acute diseases the symptoms or warnings are so specific, so pronounced, that they could not have been permitted to pass unheeded without effort to obtain relief; and if this effort had been properly directed, not a patient need have died from these causes. Plainly, then, these 61 deaths out of a total of 341, or nearly 20 per cent., were due quite as much to improper treatment as to superinducing causes; perhaps we might safely put it stronger, and say that they were due more to that than to the former.

All of these cases reported to the health officers were attended by physicians. The smallpox patients were treated by them, too. Under ideal conditions of hygienic treatment none of these people should have perished. Health board statistics sometimes show more than was really intended.



Action of Alcohol on the Muscular Power

— By —
Otto Carque



NE of the most deeply rooted notions of men is that which supposes alcoholic beverages to be beneficial to the body, especially in enabling it to endure a greater amount of physical exertion. But varied, repeated

and prolonged experience, and the testimony of army medical men prove that troops endure fatigue and the extreme of climate better if alcohol is altogether abstained from. During arduous marches it has always been found that the health of the men is exceptionally good without alcohol, but as soon as spirits are allowed disease breaks out. Modern trainers recognize the fact that the power of sustained exertion and resistance to fatigue is best promoted by abstaining from alcohol.

Nevertheless, among the numerous objections made in reference to an abandonment of the use of intoxicating liquors, prevail those by which their necessity is urged as a restorative of strength in cases of extraordinary exhaustion of the vital force. But intoxicating liquors merely stimulate or unduly accelerate the vital actions, and do not increase the actual strength of physical powers; on the contrary, by calling those powers into unnatural action, they diminish their permanent capability and prematurely exhaust the muscular energy, which can be supported and renovated only by wholesome food. The ancients, among whom physical improvement was made a regular branch of education, were already well acquainted with the fact that those who live on natural food and abstain altogether from the use of intoxicating

liquors are best enabled to attain the greatest amount of physical strength.

The ill-health of many professional athletes depends not so much on the rigor of the system to which they are subjected as on the excesses they indulge in after the contest for which they have trained. There can be no doubt that man is capable of the fullest amount of mental and physical exertion without the stimulus of alcohol, and always is far better off without it.

We should always bear in mind that stimulation is merely a call on the reserves of force already in the body, and the more these reserves have already been called upon the greater must be the required stimulus each time, until the vital force is completely exhausted. But if alcohol was itself a force producer, the effect should be the same every time for each and the same dose.

A man who talks of getting on better with work by a little stimulant is really taking that which gets strength out of him without putting it into him; but when he takes wholesome food, he supplies himself with real force. In the one case he is living upon substances which actually supply heat and energy, while in the other case he is living upon his constitution, which is thus gradually weakened.

If you give a tired horse a feed of corn, he goes on briskly, and you know that he will go any number of journeys, provided you give him proper food and rest; on the other hand, if you stick a spur into him, he will also go on more briskly for a short time. But the spur is a stimulant; it takes the strength out of him, but does not put it into him.

Much light has been thrown on this question by the important researches of Dr. B. W. Richardson, the celebrated English physiologist, on the whole question of alcohol. Some general observa-

tions of his on the subject may here be fitly introduced.

"We learn, then," he says, "in respect to alcohol, that the temporary excitement it produces is at the expense of the animal force, and the ideas of its being necessary to resort to it that it may lift the forces of the animal body into true and firm and even activity, or that it may add something useful to the living tissues, are errors as solemn as they are widely disseminated. In the scientific education of the people no fact is more deserving of special comment than this fact, that excitement is wasted force—the running down of the animal mechanism before it has served out its time of motion."

This makes a clean sweep of the popular delusion, that alcohol gives strength. When persons say "they are kept up by stimulants," they actually mean that they are kept down. They are simply victims of sensations.

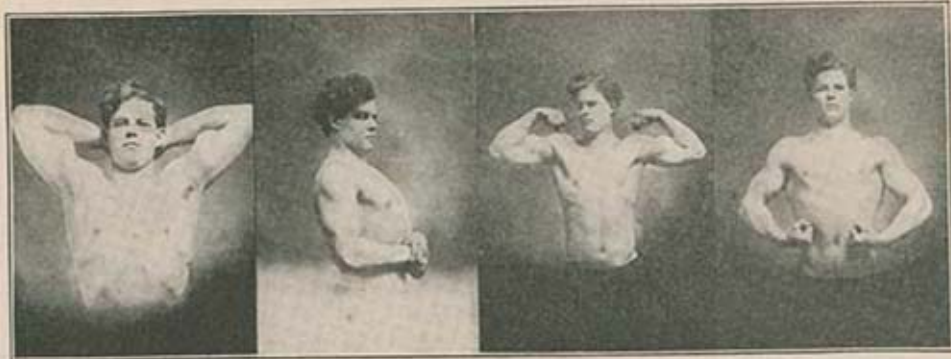
There is sufficient evidence that alcohol

gives no potential power to the muscles, as it cannot supply the proper elements of nutrition. Moreover, alcohol weakens the muscular system by acting injuriously upon the nerves controlling it.

"I find," says Dr. Richardson, "by measuring the power of muscle for contraction in the natural state and under alcohol that so soon as there is a distinct indication of muscular disturbance, there is also indication of muscular failure; and if I wished, by scientific experiment, to spoil for work the most perfect specimen of a working animal—say a horse—without inflicting mechanical injury, I could choose no better agent for the purpose of experiment than alcohol. But, alas! the readiness with which strong, well-built men slip into the general paralysis, under the continued influence of this false support, attests how unnecessary it were to put a lower animal to the proof of an experiment. The experiment is a custom, and man is the subject."



Miss Beatrice Marshall, New York's Most Beautiful Model, Posed for the Above Pictures.



Arthur Nordquist, Ashtabula, O.

How to Make the Nation Strong

By
Chas. E. Faulkner



EARLY every athlete who has gained eminence as a strong man, or in other lines of physical endeavor requiring a high degree of bodily perfection, has some *vade mecum* whereby he asserts it possible for any ordinary person to attain to the same degree of proficiency. The public smile complacently and, for the nonce, perhaps, a little conceitedly at this declaration, but eventually continue on in the same old rut of disbelief and indifference. Some, filled with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, will, perchance, hasten to the nearest sporting-goods emporium, and buying an enormous pair of dumb-bells, exercise furiously for a few days, at the end of which time their overtaxed muscles will be weaker by some 20 per cent. than when they began, and they will abandon all attempt at physical culture until the next performer comes to town.

To the average individual, the neces-

sity for making physical training a part of his daily life seldom seems to occur. If the young men, aye, and the old ones, too, would spend the same amount of time each day with a pair of Indian clubs, or dumb-bells, that they do in combing their hair, or some equally frivolous operation,

what a different race of beings might not this civilization be able to boast. Unfortunately, the very simplicity of the matter is one of the prime causes for its neglect. The tendency of mankind is to postpone those things which are always within reach, and to strive for objects which a wise Providence has only permitted to the few.

England's Grand Old Man is credited with the statement that "All time and money spent in the care of the body is an investment that pays higher than any other." To Gladstone the importance of body-culture was superior, in the

long run, to music, to art, and, sacrilegious as it may seem to those of the inner circle, to literature itself. It is evident, then,



Henry Wilkins, New York.

that health and strength occupied a sufficiently high plane in his scheme of living to satisfy even the most radical of so-called physical culture cranks. And yet he was not so very lacking in character and intellectual ability after all.

Not long ago a distinguished professor of a Western university delivered himself of the opinion that vastly more attention was paid to physical culture in America at the present time than was the case a generation ago. "In my younger days," said he, "it was considered the proper thing for a young man who desired to be literary, to go about attired in a long alpaca coat, and equally long hair, and to fastidiously shun any exterior which might have a tendency to make him coarse. We seldom saw the sturdy young men who, to so large an extent, compose the student body of today."

This sounds very sensible, and would be so were it wholly true. But what do the records tell us, not only of the student of to-day, but of thousands of business men who have submitted themselves to the physician's scrutiny, or to

the unerring diagnosis of the physical director?

That, given an equal basis as a starting point, not one man in a hundred has the muscular vigor, the endurance, or the healthy lungs and digestive organs of a properly trained boy of 16. And yet many of these same students and citizens have considered themselves "good men," and have consumed half of their scant time at the gymnasiums in strutting about and glancing at what they fondly imagined were well-developed muscles. Let them try conclusions with our boy of 16, who has had systematic daily training from the time he was a mite of six, and see what will happen. But such a thing is not likely to occur. One good look at him will suffice to dispel the notion. Perchance they will say, in a sort of helpless manner, as a friend of mine once did upon looking at an illustration of a well-developed boy in **PHYSICAL CULTURE**: "I don't believe it!"

That the people of America are beginning to take an interest in physical training is undoubtedly true, but let us not



J. L. Gagen, Boston, Mass.

flatter ourselves into the belief that we have done more than this. The movement, unless undertaken by some great central agency, will have to be of a distinctive nature rather than a concrete one. The desire of the individual must be the impelling influence, and how best to strengthen that desire should be the study and care of those to whom special ability or superior fitness has appointed the responsibility.

If we would have a healthy nation we must have a healthy community; if we would have a vigorous community, then

must we have a wholesome family. Man has been wont to consider himself as superior to woman by reason of his greater strength; according to the same law has man considered himself, and so will he always hold himself, superior to man.

If we would be a nation of conquerors we must look to quality, not numbers, for our ascendancy. In the strength of the individual will be found our strength as a nation, and in proportion as that strength is augmented, just so will our power and the respect in which we are held by other peoples be augmented.

A Man

By Orrill V. Stapp

Day after day I saw the regiments
 Of life's great army pass in grand review
 Before the judges of humanity.
 I saw the frown of them who sat to judge
 Their fellowmen, grow deeper, sterner still,
 As came the sick, the lame, the blind, the dumb,
 The weak in spirit, shriveled up in soul,
 And they who covered deep in earthly mould
 The stamp of that divinity which made
 Them more than animal.

I marveled that so many men should be
 Dwarfed in the body, soul, or intellect;
 And when he came whom God's own hand had marked
 Complete in all the glorious trinity,
 I wondered not that the whole world should stop
 To pay respect, and shout with a loud voice,

"Lo, we have found a MAN!"

The Gentle Joys of Nature Study

By J. Redding



MOST men and women seem to need the stimulation of knowing they are doing wrong, doing something that is destructive, or occasions pain, before they will undertake to do those things which they should do to maintain their bodily

powers in a state of harmonious activity. Physicians recognize this when they season their advice to patients to get out into the open air with an injunction to go forth into the wilderness—Nature's great city of her simple ones—and there to hunt or fish! Air and sunshine, and exercise, to be taken along with the nerve-tling pastime of killing! Verily, they know themselves, and the people they treat.

We have not yet proceeded far from our aboriginal estate, and the hunting instinct, if it may be called an instinct, is still strong in the breast of mankind. To kill something that is free and wild produces a thrill entirely without the ordinary diurnal experiences. It is the wild, murder instinct of our hard, fierce Norse ancestors getting the best of us.

It is a curious fact that only civilized nations have ever developed hunting for pleasure. In the hardier sons of earth, where food is scarce, and hard to obtain, there may be frequent sorties made against the contemporaneous animal life, but it is then a necessity. They never think of injuring other living creatures for the sake of a sensation.

The occasion of this homily is a recent article by Hon. Grover Cleveland, who, at the solicitation of a magazine publisher, wrote "The Gentle Duck Shooter." In his account of a hunt he lays bare the savagery of his heart, the savagery which



Callesto, by L. F. Schutzenberger.

exists in most men's hearts, hidden only by the thin veneer of so-called civilization.

To shoot the swiftly flying duck; to see the feathers fly from its wounded body; to watch its headlong plunge to earth; to know your shot has told, and the unfortunate has been killed; the thrill the murder gives to the nerves of the murderer—all are set forth in sickening detail, and it is voted as a pleasure to be sought and prized.

Our strenuous President, in a good many large volumes, has set forth his experiences as a slayer of animals and birds. He senses the same thrill that the elder man tells of. He delights in the signs of the death struggle. He delights in the consciousness of having taken a life!

Both of these men have done much for their country. Both, I believe, are honest men and fearless men, and they do their slaying openly, but misguidedly. Persuade either of them that the sensation he seeks to gratify is a low one, that it is not removed in the least degree from the murder of a human being, save by sentiment; that all the features of a murder are present in every "kill" they make, and I believe each of them would turn with horror from the idea of participating in any such pastime.

There is pleasure of an entirely different sort which these hunters have found, and which they like to recall longest. It is the sense of freedom, the peace of still woods, quiet streams or broad fields; the delight in the exertion of walking, climbing, rowing, the keen enjoyment of food that comes after their unwonted exercise, the dreamless slumber of honestly tired muscles. These pleasures, and others, are entirely within the grasp of the man who does not hunt, who does not slay, and the sense of justification that is his surpasses all the pleasure of your hunter or fisher.

It is not even necessary to be cast afar from civilization to indulge it. If you are in a populous country, or near a large city, all the pleasures of the chase may be yours without any of the distasteful and cruel features.

The pedestrian who walks for recreation, and not to establish records, learns how much more pleasure he can obtain

than can the man who hunts or fishes. Get up any morning with the sun, bathe your body, and slip forth, avoiding beaten ways as much as possible. Get into the fields, or woods, and, with eyes open, walk, watching the interesting page of life Nature has there, open for those to read who will.

Note the birds at their early morning labors; watch the tiny animals of the hedges, the insects in the tall grass. If you will but take the trouble to look, you shall behold a score of tragedies and farces in enactment. You will find yourself in a populous world from which all human aims and ambitions are absent, and you will be tempted to spend hours in the study of the many types and incidents with which you will be brought face to face. You will discover that there is more that is of interest, more that is of pleasure in studying the living than in attempting to slay them.

Spend a day, without objective point, a wanderer, a looker, and then come to your couch, and learn what true sleep is, what true enjoyment of life means, and wake up the next morning with the praise songs of the birds ringing in your ears, and a heart filled with adoration for the Great, the Sublime Creator and Director of all organized life.

A multitude dwells in your yard, countless hosts out by the side of the various lanes, roads and hedges which are within the limits of a reasonable walk from your city home. Undertake a careful seeking for and study of these unseen throngs. You will learn something—lessons in natural history, in economy, in morals; and in the process you will come in contact with Nature to a degree you have probably never achieved in your life. You will drink at the very fountain of pleasure and renew your health, strength and vitality daily.

To roam along quiet ways, to look for the shy, seldom-seen denizens of the woods and hedges, to watch their busy life unfolding itself before one, to smell the earth, to breathe free, uncontaminated air, to depend upon one's own powers in moving from place to place, is to sense in the highest degree all that any philosopher can sum up of the pleasures of being alive—of living, and having joy of it.

THE STRENUOUS LOVER.

Original Story by *Bernarr Macfadden*

Revised with the assistance of *John R. Coryell*

NOTE.—To those who failed to read the statement made in a previous issue about this novel I would say that the original of the story was dictated and written in exactly four weeks. In addition to this, my regular editorial matter and articles for the magazine were prepared. The original story contained considerably over one hundred thousand words, and made over four hundred pages in regular novel form. As I had not attempted to write a novel for some time, and did not consider the one I had written of much value, I printed only a few of the first edition, that I might have a chance to view the book from the standpoint of the reading public. Though many readers commended the story, after an extended and careful reading it failed to satisfy me, and it has been carefully revised with the assistance of Mr. John R. Coryell, whom many of my readers will remember as one of our valued contributors.

CHAPTER I.



"H, I don't want to take any more of that nasty stuff."

"But you won't get well, dear, if you don't take medicine; and the doctor is sure this will help you; arn't you, doctor?"

"I have great hopes of it, Mrs. Raymond. The complications of Ar-

thur's case are of such a character that in order to reach the various ramifications of the—er—the—let me simplify and say disorder—the—er—disorder, it is necessary to proceed with caution and—er—as I may say attack the various manifestations one by one. You remember the fable of the bundle of fagots, Arthur? Yes, of course."

The physician rubbed his soft hands slowly together and smiled blandly first at the greatly impressed mother and then at the querulous son.

Dr. Brayton was a most successful practitioner of medicine, with an imposing presence, an unctuous voice and a way of hesitating profoundly when a sufficiently large word did not present itself for his use; on which occasions it was his habit to appear to condescend to a word or a phrase suited to the lay mind of his auditor. This made him very popular; and it was a not uncommon thing for his patients to declare that it did them

good only to have him come into the room.

Evidently, however, the patient in this case was not of that mind. He fidgeted fretfully in his chair while the doctor talked in his meaningless phrases, and utterly refused to smile in response to the latter's pleasantry about the old fable.

"I've done nothing but take medicine for Heaven knows how long, and I only grow worse," he said discontentedly. "I don't even know what is the matter with me. What is it, doctor?"

"I shall—er—take occasion to converse with your mother concerning that matter," answered the physician with supernatural gravity.

"Never mind, Arthur dear, what is the matter with you, but take the medicine the doctor prescribes, and you will surely get well; won't he, doctor?" said the mother soothingly.

"Beyond a doubt, beyond a doubt," replied the doctor solemnly, rising as he spoke, for the atmosphere of the room was dreadfully close and he wished to get out of it; "you must rely upon your physician, Arthur; you must rely upon your physician."

"Rely on you? of course I rely on you," said Arthur pettishly; "but that doesn't make me well. And look at the bottles of medicine I've taken! A year ago I could walk about out-of-doors; now I can't go off the floor, or even get a breath of fresh air."

"He is always wanting to have the windows open, doctor," said the mother, looking anxiously at the doctor. "Won't you tell him how unsafe that would be?"

"But it's summer," wailed Arthur, "and I don't see how fresh air can do me any harm."

"A draft, in your condition, my dear boy," said the physician, "might induce conditions which—er—well, I would not be responsible for the consequences and er—"

"Oh," cried Arthur, "I sometimes think you'd better give me something to put an end to me quick. Honest, doctor! do you think I'll ever be well? I get worse and worse and weaker and weaker in spite of all the medicine and the nursing."

"Certainly, you will get well, my boy. There, there! don't permit yourself to have such dismal thoughts. Well, I must be going. Have that prescription filled out, Mrs. Raymond, and see that Arthur takes his dose regularly."

"And the cod liver oil, doctor? Shall he go on taking that, too?"

"Oh, I hate that stuff," cried Arthur.

"Dear me!" murmured the doctor placidly. "Yes, he must take that; yes, yes! The cod liver oil is so easily assimilated—that is, when taken with—er—I think you have some of those tabloids? Yes. And it has—er—an especial nutritive value—in fact, builds up the tissues as nothing else—er—and taken in conjunction with this new prescription should produce a marked effect. I think Arthur shows a little more vigor to-day, Mrs. Raymond? Shall we go now? Thank you! Good morning, Arthur, my boy!"

"Good morning!"

The door of the bedroom was opened by Mrs. Raymond, and before it closed upon her and the doctor Arthur could hear her say in a low tone:

"Robert has been violent again; I want you to see him."

Arthur shuddered and rose unsteadily to his feet. Robert! Robert, the eldest son, a hopeless maniac, confined in a padded room upstairs, held by iron chains; and he, Arthur, an equally hopeless invalid, held to his floor by a weakness that was greater than the strength of the chains of iron.

He dragged himself weakly to the win-

dow and looked out wearily. He thought of the time not so long ago when he played ball in those vacant lots; then of the time when he began to find that play tired him; how school tired him; how, later, it tired him to go to the office to work with his father. And now, at twenty, he was waiting—for what? Was it to die?

He thought of the cold, unsympathetic eye of the suave doctor, and wondered if he had even the interest in him to want to keep him alive in order to get his fees. He turned from the window and looked at where the bottles of medicine were ranged on a shelf.

"I don't believe it has done me a particle of good," he muttered; "I don't believe Drayton expects it to do me any good. And if my case is hopeless I don't see why I should swallow that nasty stuff."

With the fretful impatience and irritability of a sick man he made his way across the room and opened the door into the next room—the front bedroom of the floor—and went through.

It was the sum of his diversions now to go from one stuffy room into the other; both kept free from drafts for his sake during the day. The front room was his sister Maude's bedroom.

It tired him to walk even that short distance, and he sank into a chair by the window, his face on his hand, his elbow on the arm of the chair. Suddenly he started up, breathing quickly from the exertion, but looking eagerly down to the sidewalk.

A burst of merry, girlish laughter had fallen on his ear—the sweet laughter of one he knew, of one he delighted to look at.

And there she stood on the sidewalk, fair to see, full of delight to ear as well as eye, as she looked up to the parlor windows of the Raymond house saying something and laughing.

It was Amelia Winsted, the only daughter of the family next door, his playmate of many years, his romance now; a fairy creature whom everybody loved and petted; the sight of whom sent even Arthur's feeble life throbbing more quickly through his veins.

But he shrank back from the window, now, with a scowl and a little moan, in which were despair and bitterness. Close

by Amelia's side was a dark, handsome young man, whose broad shoulders and athletic frame filled Arthur with a sense of self-pity.

"Because he is so well and strong, and I am so puny," he wailed, the very words coming from his own lips like a direful answer to his own piteous self-questioning.

He dropped into the chair again and buried his face in his hands. His health and strength had gone from him, his very youth seemed as far away as it his years had reached the traditional limit, and now he felt as if the last tie that held him to life had been severed; for had not little Amelia Winsted turned from her weak and sickly old playmate to the broad-shouldered athlete.

He started up again and looked out of the window, the pleasure of seeing the dainty little creature outweighing the pain of seeing her by the side of a rival.

The young people had moved on down the street, the young man walking with an easy, swinging stride that bespoke a great reserve of strength, Amelia tripping along at his side, looking up at him, her pretty face smiling and dimpled with happiness.

It seemed to the wretched invalid that he could hear the tones of her sweet voice, could see the delicate pink of her cheeks deepening against the milky whiteness of her skin.

At that moment Arthur Raymond loathed himself and his weakness; but he pitied himself, too, and in his heart reproached the girl who had deserted her old comrade in his illness for the new acquaintance with his strength and vigor.

Self-scorn, self-pity, grief and physical weakness produced their effect, and he dropped back into the chair sobbing.

In his absorption he failed to notice the entrance into the room of his sister, a robust, blooming girl two years older than he. She had opened the door and entered; her first expression one of disgust at the close atmosphere of the room, her next one of deep love and pity, as her eyes fell on her sobbing brother.

"Arthur dear!" she cried, running quickly to him and kneeling tenderly by his side so that she might comfort him;

"what is the matter? Are you feeling worse?"

Arthur brushed away the tears of which he was ashamed and, having controlled himself, exclaimed bitterly:

"Oh, Margie! why am I not strong and well like you? Why are other men big and strong while I am a physical wreck?"

Between Arthur and Margie there had always been the strong tie of comradeship. They had been playmates and confidants of each other through all the years of their lives; so that it was easier for Margie than it would have been for another to guess correctly at the immediate cause of her brother's emotion.

It was she who had been talking with Amelia from the parlor window; and seeing Arthur by the window from which he could have seen Amelia and her escort, she leaped, with a woman's quick intuition, to the truth.

But she found it easier to guess the cause of his grief than to find the means to allay it. He was weak and sickly; he was set apart from the life that went on about him; and that life inevitably went on as if he no longer existed. Amelia always asked solicitously about him, and would be rejoiced to see him well again; but even the loving sister could not blame her little neighbor for enjoying life.

"You are big enough if you were only strong enough, Arthur dear," she said with a tender futility. She could think of no word of comfort, so woman like she tried to lead her brother away from the subject that grieved him.

"So much the worse for me to be big and so weak," he answered. "Why, a two-year-old baby could master me. And you"—he looked her over half enviously—"you could handle me as if I were a doll. How well and strong you are, Margie!" he exclaimed with a sudden look of wonder. "It seems as if you had been getting stronger and heartier while I grew weaker. Is it because you are so happy being in love with Herbert?"

Margie blushed and laughed in a low, shy way. "I suppose," she said archly, "I'm not any worse for loving and being loved, but"—and her honest face grew serious—"I am so well and strong be-

cause Herbert has taught me how to be so."

"Herbert!" said Arthur with the ghost of a smile; "why, Margie, you've always been well."

"Not as well as now, though," she cried eagerly. "Just look at me!"

She sprang to her feet and stood before him, her figure erect. Then she turned about and stood for a moment with her back to him.

"Don't you notice any change?" she demanded, facing him again.

"I notice you're awfully nice to look at," he answered, wishing in his heart that he could stand as straight and have so full a chest.

"Thank you!" she laughed; "being my brother you may compliment me as much as you please. But don't you see how free I am; and how muscular? See me bend and reach!"

Unconscious of the grace and beauty of her movements, she raised her arms slowly until they were extended their full length over her head, then brought them back and out and down, her plastic body moving in harmony with her arms. A moment later her fingers were touching the floor.

"There!" she said with a gasp and a wry face; "I'd show you how supple I am, but indeed the air in here is so close that it almost makes me ill to breathe it."

"I know it must be bad," he assented. "But Margie! what does it mean? You are as graceful as an actress."

"As some actress, if you please," she laughed. "Why, Herbert coaxed me to get rid of my corsets almost the first thing after we were engaged; and I have been exercising and walking and doing all sorts of unladylike things ever since. That's why I'm so well. And I am well, Arthur dear. How I wish I could give you some of my strength."

"I don't want any of your strength, dear girl," he answered gloomily; "but I wish I had some of my own. I suppose Herbert doesn't know of any magical way of making me strong, does he?"

"Would you like to talk with him about it?" Margie demanded eagerly.

Arthur laughed wearily.

"I believe you think your Herbert can do for me what the doctors can't," he said.

"I guess you're well and strong because you're happy in your love. There's no such luck for me."

Margie stroked his hand tenderly. Her own happiness made her the more sympathetic with him.

"I don't know that Herbert can tell you how to get well, Arthur, but he is so honest and good that it will do you no harm to have a talk with him. You know you haven't seen him since our engagement."

"Bring him up to-night, Margie," he said, turning his head away. "I'd like to know him better for your sake. There may not be such a great deal of time. I wish the doctor would be honest with me; I'm not afraid of the truth."

"Don't, Arthur dear! please don't," murmured Margie, a catch in her voice.

CHAPTER II.

It is a common and, perhaps, a humane device to keep a sick person from a knowledge of the severity of his illness; but it is almost as common for the super-sensitive invalid to become subtly aware of the changes in feeling that seem to charge the atmosphere.

Never before had Arthur manifested so hopeless and gloomy a disposition concerning his illness. It was while he talked to his favorite sister, Margaret, who had been sent to him to insure an absence of suspicion on his part that Dr. Brayton was giving his views on Arthur's case to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond; the former of whom had taken the unwonted step of leaving his office in the middle of the afternoon in order that he might have a personal interview with the family physician.

Mr. Raymond had vital reasons of his own for wishing to know definitely the condition in which the doctor found his sons; and he had waited in the library, while the physician was upstairs, a prey to the sadness which a parent must feel who has two sons in the condition that his were.

In his heart he harbored no hope. Robert had been insane since his sixth year; and after a consultation of specialists it had been decided that there was a tumor pressing on the brain, impossible of safe removal, and which rendered recovery impossible.

"Do you see any change for the better in Robert?" the father asked when the physician came downstairs.

"There is no change for the better, my dear sir. I regret to say that I can offer you no hope of your eldest son's recovery."

The lines in the father's face were tense; he had nerved himself for this answer, and for worse. He gently touched the hand of his wife, put out toward him.

"And Arthur? Does he seem any better?"

"I cannot detect any amelioration of the—er—"

"Doctor," broke in Mr. Raymond huskily, "you know better than anyone the importance to me of your answer; but I must have the truth without palliation. I can bear it. Tell me plainly what his condition is."

It was hard for the physician to give a direct answer, but it was plain that Mr. Raymond would not be put off with anything less. Dr. Drayton cleared his throat, rehearsed in his mind the customary platitudes as to there being hope always; that a favorable turn might come at any time, and like meaningless phrases; then answered:

"I regret to say, Mr. Raymond, that I have exhausted the resources of medicine in the effort to cope with the insidious disease which has fastened—er—fastened—which, to simplify, is slowly but surely sapping your son's life forces."

"My God!" murmured the father, pressing his hand on his heart.

"Perhaps a change—" suggested the mother in a broken voice.

"Would a change of air, of scene, do any good, doctor? If a voyage to Europe, a sojourn in the country, anywhere, would do any good—"

"I always feel," answered the doctor in his most unctuous tone, "that it is wrong to send a patient from home in such a case. Keep Arthur with you. And yet," he added in his professional tone of comfort and hope, "I do not give up. I am prescribing now one of the strongest drugs in the pharmacopœia and shall look for some improvement. This is a most peculiar case—one of the stran-

gest in my experience. The manifestations are—er—so—er—subtle, the progress so—er—insidious—insidious—that it has been extremely difficult—er—in short—er—it has taxed even my resources to—er—cope with it."

"Doomed!" murmured the father, his hand seeking out his wife's. "Our poor boy! and he seemed so well a child!"

"I watched over him with the tenderest care," sobbed the heart-broken mother. "When Robert was lost to us I determined that no harm should come to Arthur, and yet it has found him."

This was the story that was kept from Arthur but told to his sisters in order that nothing might be spared by any of them in aiding in the softening of the time that remained to the invalid.

Margie alone refused to give up hope, and when she told the story to Herbert that evening he protested vehemently that the case could not, in reason, be so hopeless.

"He wants to see you, Herbert," Margie said. "You and I will go up there for a little while. We cannot remain long, for the air in his room is awful; but I know it will do him good to talk with you. Dear old Arthur! If only I could give him some of my strength!"

"You have no more than you ought to have," said Herbert, drawing her to his side with passionate fondness; "and no more than every woman ought to have. But let us go see Arthur. I have little knowledge enough, but before I would give up a human life I would fight to the last gasp. I tell you, Margie, the doctors put all their trust in drugs and poisons, and have none left for nature. And yet nature keeps fighting hard and pointing out the right way all the time."

"Come to Arthur!" cried Margie, her eyes glowing with the love and confidence she felt. Indeed, it seemed to her that it was enough to inspire one with new life only to look into the brown eyes of her lover, and to listen to his clear-cut words and incisive tone.

And surely there was a vivifying force in the earnestness and conviction with which Herbert spoke.

Maude was with Arthur when they went up to his room, but she gladly accepted the relief of their presence and

went down to breathe a fresher, purer air than was permitted to invade the sick-room.

There were a few commonplaces exchanged at first, but presently Herbert exclaimed in a tone of dismay:

"This air is enough to kill you, Arthur; I'd be sick if I stayed here an hour."

"I can't stand a draft," said Arthur, listlessly.

"Is the air like this all the time?" Herbert demanded.

"It is freshened every morning," Arthur replied.

"Every morning! Merciful Heaven! Why, Arthur, don't they know that every breath of this polluted air you take into your lungs robs you of an appreciable amount of vitality? Does the doctor know you have your room like this?"

"What does it matter?" Arthur demanded with a sudden, fitful vivacity. "Do you think I don't notice how kind everybody is to me since the doctor was here this afternoon. Not but they're always kind, but— Oh, well! suppose the air is bad?"

Margie looked from her brother to her lover in consternation. Herbert was silent for a while, seemingly oblivious for the time of the presence of the others. Suddenly he broke out:

"Arthur, I wouldn't give up if I were you. If the doctor gives up, so much the more reason why you should take hold and help nature."

"I guess nature's given up, too," answered Arthur hopelessly. "It's all very well for you and Margie to talk, Herbert, for you two are strong and well; but what can I do? Look at me!"

"I've been looking at you, Arthur. You've got the frame for a big man; and you've got a jaw and a chin that ought to make you get well in spite of all the doctors that ever poured poison into foolish patients. If you will make up your mind to be well, you will be. You say Margie's well and strong. Is Maude strong, too?"

"Why, no, she isn't."

"Well, Margie would be like Maude if she were as foolish as Maude. She was going the same way until I persuaded her to take up physical culture."

Arthur laughed bitterly. "A nice sub-

ject for physical culture I'd be! How would I begin?"

"Begin by opening your windows, Arthur. I tell you drafts won't hurt you. See here, Arthur! You're Margie's brother, and you must live to be mine. I'm not a doctor or a prophet, but I vow I believe you've as many years ahead of you as I have."

"I wish you were a prophet," said Arthur; but Margie noticed that his tone was not as hopeless as it had been.

"I've been studying your face, Arthur, and I know from your steady eye, your square jaw and firm chin that you have courage. I believe I can tell you something without danger of scaring you to death."

"Go on!" said Arthur quickly; "what is it?"

"It's what you've guessed already," said Herbert sharply. Margie put out her hand in terror, but Herbert went on: "The doctor says you can't live."

Arthur fell back in his chair, paler, if that were possible, than before; then he smiled at Margie as she dropped with a cry of pity at his feet.

"I thought so, dear girl," he said gently; "I was sure of it the moment I looked into mother's eyes. Well, Amelia won't mind it so much now, and I'm glad she won't."

"Amelia Winsted?" demanded Herbert, whose clear eyes had never left Arthur's face. Margie nodded. "You love that pretty little thing?"

"They were playmates since Amelia was a baby and Arthur used to draw her about in his little wagon."

"And you'll let that fellow Morgan have her?" Herbert demanded in his incisive way. "I know something about him. He belongs to my athletic club. He's just begun to practice criminal law, and if reports are correct he's as bad as any client he's ever likely to have. Don't let that fellow win her to break her heart, Arthur."

"What can I do? If I thought there was a living chance—" He stopped and looked eagerly at Herbert.

"May I open the windows, Arthur? Remember! the doctor says you can't live. What will it matter if you go a week sooner or later?"



“May I open the window, Arthur? Remember! the doctor says you can't live.”

"Herbert!" gasped Margie, in horror at her lover's brutality.

"Open the windows, Herbert!" cried Arthur; "give me some fresh air! You are right in that, anyhow. Margie, he's right; and he goes about his work in the right way. Tell me what to do, Herbert; I swear I'll follow your instructions to the letter."

Herbert was already opening the windows wide to let in the revivifying air. He stopped in front of them to inhale and exhale half a dozen long breaths before he returned to Arthur's side.

"Don't take another drop of medicine, Arthur. If you are going to die, what is the use of poisoning yourself?"

"But mother will never consent," said Margie. "She believes in medicine as she does in heaven; it is like a superstition to her."

"Don't let her know, then. Pour out the dose regularly and throw it out of the window. I hate deceit, but you are not strong enough to fight yet, and your life is your own. The doctor confesses his inability to save you; so I think you are justified in refusing to drug yourself."

"Tell me what to do," said Arthur, breathing more deeply of the fresh air than he had done in months of the foul gases which had composed his sole atmosphere.

"To-night do nothing but stand by the window and take deep, deep breaths. To-morrow I'll see you and give you instructions about some light exercises. If you find you have more appetite than usual to-morrow don't eat all you want to, but eat slowly and only of plain food. Stand up and let me see you breathe."

Arthur stood up in front of the window and breathed as deeply as he knew how. Herbert watched him carefully.

"You don't know how," he said. "Take the air in slowly through your nose; when you think your lungs are full as they can hold, put back your shoulders and take in more air; then let it all go out through the mouth as quickly as possible. Now try that!"

Arthur followed the directions and presently, with the delight of a child in a new game, was breathing in and expelling the pure air. He would have con-

tinued the exercise until he was exhausted if Herbert had not stopped him and urged him to moderation.

"But I want to say this, Arthur," he said in that earnest, convinced tone of his, "you will get well; don't doubt it for a minute. I can see it in the way you take hold of the thing."

"Really, do you think so?"

"On my honor, I do."

No one could hear Herbert Courtney speak like that without believing him. Arthur laughed aloud with the glee of a child. He was sure that already he was feeling better than he had done for months.

"Ah, but," said he dolefully a moment later, "before I am well Amelia will be lost to me. And anyhow I can never be as strong as that Morgan."

"I can't promise you anything about Amelia," said Herbert in his downright way, "but I can tell you you can be as strong and stronger than that fellow if you will try. Why, although I'm three inches shorter than he is, I wouldn't be afraid to take my chances with him in a rough-and-tumble. He's a better sparrer than I am, and could use me up with the gloves, of course. And I was once pretty nearly as weak as you are."

"Really?"

"On my honor."

CHAPTER III.

It happened, fortunately for Arthur's faith in Herbert, that the change from the close atmosphere of the sick room to the fresh air of heaven produced an effect little less than magical.

To Arthur, indeed, it was marvelous that so much fresh air as he had had the courage to admit to his room had not brought on pneumonia at the least; so that when, instead of being a victim to that fell disease, he actually found himself the following morning really better for the first time in many weeks, he was prepared to believe and act upon any advice Herbert gave him.

Mrs. Raymond, it is true, was nearly frantic when she discovered that Arthur not only had his window open in the daytime, but had had it open all night; and when he obstinately refused to allow it

to be closed, she sent in haste for Dr. Drayton.

The latter, when he came, listened with a solemn visage to the story of the revolt of his patient, little dreaming of how complete that revolt was, however.

"I will speak to him," he said, with an air of being able to settle the matter without difficulty.

Accordingly, he followed Mrs. Raymond to the sick-room, and cast a swift glance at his patient. That glance was sufficient to assure him that Arthur was slightly improved.

"Well, Arthur," he said blandly, "what is this I hear about you? Sleeping with an open window, eh?"

"I'm better already," said Arthur, with a dogged air, as if he had no intention of beating a retreat from his position.

The doctor smiled, and turned complacently to Mrs. Raymond.

"You had that prescription filled, Mrs. Raymond? Yes? And Arthur took two doses last night? H'm! I did not wish to raise false hopes, but I believed that I had found the means at last of routing the enemy. You need not be alarmed now; Arthur will be better for a little stronger air now that the medicine is acting. The two will work together. The desire—er—for more air—er—was probably instinctive—yes, instinctive. You will go on with the medicine, please. Yes, yes! we shall have him out again one of these days. But we must make haste slowly, Arthur; make haste slowly."

He was so pleased with his phrase that he repeated it unctuously two or three times, and quite overlooked Arthur's amazed disgust at his easy claim for the nasty drug, which Arthur had poured into the wash basin.

But that episode was fortunate, too, for it gave him renewed courage to discredit everything the doctor told him, and rid him of the compunction he had felt in even deceiving him by his silence.

"Such a fraud as he is," he said scornfully to Herbert that evening, "is not worth considering in any way."

And he occupied very little of their thoughts, for Herbert had brought with him a book of easy, simple exercises, which Arthur was to practice, and which Herbert demonstrated to him, so that he

might have no difficulty in comprehending them.

"You may find yourself a little sore at first," Herbert explained, "but you must not mind that, and it will soon pass away. By the way, don't hesitate to drink all the water you want; not iced water, but merely cool water; it will be good for you."

Arthur's enthusiasm was so great, and he was so elated with the belief that his recovery was a question of days, that Herbert went into a long explanation of the theory of the scheme of cure that he advocated.

"In a few words," he said finally, "the idea is this: that if you permit Nature to work in her own way, and only help her with all your power, she will cure you, if you are curable; for the instant anything is wrong with you she fires the alarm, which you will heed if you are sensible. Don't stuff yourself with food or drugs, which is like throwing stones on a dying fire; but help your system by giving it a fair chance. Assist it to eliminate the trouble within you, and don't add to its cares. You need lots of fresh air to help purify your blood, which is working hard to free your system of whatever is deleterious there; you need plenty of good pure water; the least amount of wholesome food that will serve; and such exercise as will aid the lungs and the blood to do their part."

"Well," laughed Arthur, "I don't understand anything about it, but I am ready to do whatever you say."

"But that is treating me as if I pretended to the mysterious knowledge of a physician, which I do not," protested Herbert. "I appeal to your common sense, and you must use it. There is nothing about this natural system that cannot be easily mastered; and you must master it. The main thing about it is that it teaches you to keep well."

"I'll study any books you bring me, and I'll listen to anything you say," answered Arthur, earnestly. "There never was a more sincere disciple than I am, I can assure you."

Just before leaving him that evening Margie said to him, thinking to make him happy: "Amelia was delighted when I told her you were feeling better to-day,



"He knew the voice and his heart began to beat violently as he turned and faced Charles Morgan."

and said she hoped she could soon see you."

"I don't think she cares much about that," answered Arthur, his face falling. "She might have seen me lots of times when she didn't take the trouble. I guess she hadn't much use for a sick fellow."

"Do you think she ought to have?" Herbert inquired quietly.

"Well," answered Arthur, in a hurt tone, "I hadn't any claim on her, but we have been playmates, and it seems to me she ought not to desert me just because I was sick. Surely you don't uphold her in it?"

"If you really want to know what I think," answered Herbert, after a moment of deliberation, "I'll tell you frankly. Do you want to know?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, I think you are considering your own side of the case only. She has not deserted you in any sense. She has inquired after you every day. True, she has not spent much time with you, but you must remember that she is well and active, and craves the companionship of those who are like herself. And she is entitled to just that. Even if she had been engaged to you, I think it would have been unnatural and selfish of you to want her to spend much time up here. I hope I haven't hurt your feelings, Arthur."

"Well," answered Arthur, "you've given me something to think about. I suppose I have been horribly selfish."

"Not any worse than sick folks generally are," said Herbert. "I wonder if it ever occurred to you that a sick man was not just the sort to inspire love in a healthy girl. I tell you, Arthur, that you've got to get well before you can make Amelia care very much for you."

"To hear you talk," said Arthur, with a short laugh, "one would think you had no sentiment in you. For my part, Amelia and I are nothing but old friends, and I don't pretend to say what she ought or ought not to do; but I do know that if she had cared half as much for me as I do for her, she would have been up here to see me twice as often as she has."

It was a long time before the subject was renewed between the two, but when it was, Arthur was forced to admit that

he had not at this time fully comprehended Herbert's meaning.

He did very quickly comprehend, however, the system of natural cure which Herbert had brought to his attention, and he both studied it and practiced it with a fervor and steadiness that brought their reward.

There were times when it seemed to him that he was not gaining at all; but he was sure to laugh at himself immediately, for he was going about the house freely in a few weeks, and as the months slipped by he found himself quite forgetting that he had been an invalid.

One day the complacency of the doctor, who calmly appropriated to himself all the credit of the wonderful transformation, so annoyed Arthur that in the presence of his mother he exclaimed:

"Do you know, Dr. Brayton, I think I owe it to you to tell you that I never took a drop of your medicine from the day you said I was going to die. I made believe take it, but poured it in the basin."

The doctor changed color, but had his benignant smile instantly ready for service.

"Well, well," he said; "then you were cured by the previous prescription. I often wondered why that had not taken hold better."

"What?" gasped Arthur.

"It is a common error," said the doctor, speaking rather to Mrs. Raymond than to Arthur, "that the uninformed fall into of—er—imagining that because they—er—do not understand a phenomenon, that, therefore, it is not comprehensible to others. Now, in the case of your—er—son, I was operating along certain well-defined—er—lines, and—er—the value of each remedy was in each—er—what I may call cumulative effect, and—er—correlative value. If effect followed cause in a regular and easily recognized order there might, indeed, be little need for that exhaustive—er—study which is rendered imperative—er—to simplify, is necessary to obtain a degree."

The doctor felt that he had made a pronounced success of his speech, whatever in his secret heart he thought about Arthur's cure, and Mrs. Raymond was divided between admiration of the fam-

ily physician and dismay at Arthur's perverseness.

To Arthur, his mother's attitude toward the doctor and his useless medicine was absurd; to his mother, his attitude was almost wicked. She had been educated in a positively superstitious reverence for drugs, and could not understand or be patient with any such radical innovation as that by which Arthur declared he had been put on the high road to recovery.

Arthur was not old enough to know that it is always so when any change in established customs is proposed. To him it seemed quite enough that the way was better, and he could never get over his amazement that anyone should prefer to die in the old way rather than live according to the new.

However, he did not worry himself greatly over the abstract side of the question, but gave himself up to the full enjoyment of the exhilaration of finding himself daily growing stronger.

Besides, he had another distraction, which at times rivaled his interest in his progress from illness and prostration to health and vigor; the better he became in health the greater grew his determination to save Amelia from the dark-browed scoundrel who seemed to have fascinated her.

He had accepted Herbert's statement about Morgan without any qualifying conditions, and was sure in his own mind that he was moved by very little else than disinterested affection for his old playmate in wishing to rid her of the attentions of her suitor.

It was well along into the winter before he met Charles Morgan, but he had seen Amelia almost every day, and was on the friendliest terms imaginable with her.

In compliance with Herbert's advice he had refrained from talking about his illness, either to Amelia or to anyone else; but it had been impossible for him to refrain from giving free vent to his enthusiasm on the subject of physical culture.

Amelia, who was the most light-hearted little creature in the world, listened to him and laughed at him. She assured him gayly that if he was being helped by

exercising and eating only two meals a day he certainly ought to keep on.

"I only wonder," she said merrily, "why you don't come down to one meal a day."

"I sometimes think of it," Arthur answered stoutly, whereat Amelia burst into a gale of laughter which even Arthur's seriousness could not resist, and he was compelled to laugh with her.

"What!" cried Amelia, on one occasion, "go without my breakfast, and take nothing but a cup of coffee?"

"Oh!" replied Arthur, with all the horror of a new convert, "coffee is the first thing to give up, because it is one of the worst poisons you—"

"Arthur," laughed Amelia, "I shall not give up a thing. If I did, I know what the end would be; you'd have me wearing bloomers before I was a year older."

Arthur looked at her slender, corseted waist, and wished he dared talk to her about that; but he could not risk offending her, so sighed, and said:

"There are worse things than bloomers, Amelia."

All of this was a huge joke to the merry little creature, and she naturally talked about it to Charles Morgan when he came to see her. He, however, saw what she herself did not suspect, that underneath all her raillery of her old playmate was a depth of affection that bordered very closely on love.

This made him sardonic in his humor, of which he made Arthur the butt; and when he passed the Raymond windows and saw Arthur sitting there, he could not keep a hateful sneer from curling his lip.

Finally the two rivals met in Amelia's parlor, and to Amelia's intense amusement Arthur, although scrupulously polite, showed very plainly that he meant to remain until the other took his departure.

Living next door as he did, he had such a decided advantage that Morgan prudently declined the contest, and betook himself home earlier than usual, but only after exercising his bitter wit at Arthur's expense.

Several times afterward this happened, until Morgan had come to hate Arthur with a ferocious hatred; and they never

met without exchanging glances which would have made deep wounds had they been sword-points.

They had never met excepting in Amelia's presence, although Morgan had tried to contrive such a meeting, until one evening, just about dusk, when Arthur was crossing Morningside Park on his way home from his father's office.

He was in a very happy mood, for he was carrying a bunch of violets which he had bought for Amelia, knowing those fragrant little flowers to be her favorites.

He was not by any means near his full strength, but he stepped along with the briskness of health and the enjoyment of physical movement, but stopped suddenly at the sound of a swift footstep behind him and hearing his own name pronounced in peremptory tones.

He knew the voice, and his heart began to beat violently as he turned and faced Charles Morgan.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I want a word with you," was the curt, ominous answer.

(To be continued.)

Something About Clothing

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: There are many hygienic magazines, but yours is the only one which comes out boldly on the clothing question.

Now I believe in Christianity. But I am not one of those who will say grace over pork, wine or cooked foods. Medicine and missionaries go together in China. Clothing and missionaries in Africa. France has endeavored to colonize with criminals and made a failure of it. And now that country

has made marriage a financial affair entirely. This is nature disobeyed. Is God pleased? Is this real Christianity?

I believe that clothing is a contributing cause in many diseases arising from disturbed or arrested circulation in the lungs, and to difficulties of all the vital organs, which receive undue pressure and unneeded protection from the covering which man is unwise enough to use.

Yours truly,

G. H. CORSAN, Toronto, Canada.



Harry Long, Providence, R. I. Ten Years Old

Giants of To-Day

By *Bernarr Macfadden*

Some of the Marvelous Feats of Strength Performed by Athletes in Weight Throwing

ANY ordinary man attempting to duplicate the feats of strength performed by modern athletes in weight throwing would at once declare them beyond the power of mortal man. Take the record of throwing a 56-pound weight, for instance. John Flanigan has hurled this weight 38 feet. It would be difficult for an ordinary man to easily handle a 56-pound weight; and 10 feet to 12 feet would be about as far as he could throw it. It seems almost beyond belief that any man, no matter how big and strong he might be, would be able to hurl a weight of this kind this great distance. The muscular power and skill required in performing a feat of this character is unquestionably tremendous.

There seems to be a decided difference in physical requirements of professional strong men, and the athletes who hold the records for hurling these weights. The strong men can lift an enormous weight and can push up great heavy bells over their



John Flanigan,
Champion in Hammer Throwing, Shot Putting and 56-lb. Weight Throwing

heads, but they cannot in any way compete with these weight throwers. Of course, this is accounted for to a great extent by the skill which is required in performing feats of that character, and which is only acquired by practice, but it also indicates quite clearly that these weight throwers are in many ways stronger than the professional strong men.

When you see the skilled athlete throw these weights it seems comparatively simple, with the exception of the final move that immediately precedes the throwing of the hammer, and then he appears to spin around like a top; but this seems to give the hammer a momentum which enables him to hurl it an enormous distance.

John Flanagan holds the world's records for throwing the 16-pound shot, the 16-



J. S. Mitchell, the Ex-Champion, about to Throw the Hammer

pound hammer and the 56-pound weight.

He has hurled the 16-pound hammer 171 feet 9 inches, and thrown the 56-pound weight 36 feet 9½ inches, and when you remember that the average man can hardly throw a baseball as far as this mighty giant hurls a 16-pound hammer, you can then appreciate his great strength. Think of the enormous muscular power that is needed to accomplish such a feat. The photographs shown herewith indicate what a Hercules he is in build.

The exercise secured in weight throwing is unquestionably of the best. All athletes who are given to this character of exercise seem to thrive and grow stronger under its beneficial influence. It is nearly always



J. S. Mitchell, the Ex-Champion, Throwing the 56-lb. Weight

taken in the open air and exercises vigorously nearly every muscle of the body. A certain amount of interest is also given to it because of the zest it usually excites.

John S. Mitchell, whose photograph appears herewith, and who many years ago represented the New York Athletic Club, and who held the championship for many years, seems to be as strong, if not stronger, than during the time he held the world's record.

All the champion weight throwers are big heavy men. A certain amount of weight seems to be necessary to give the momentum essential to throwing these heavy weights a great distance.

One particular advantage in taking exercise of this character is that one is almost entirely free from the restrictions of clothing. It is also especially beneficial in the development of the lungs and chest, and every weight thrower gives accurate



F. Foley,
about to throw 56-lb. Weight
evidence of the truth of
this statement.

Beginners who desire to strive for records must have a vast deal of patience, and should first learn from a competent athlete the proper method of effectively using all their strength. The first

few attempts should be altogether confined to securing a proper method.



T. Hines, about to throw 56-lb. Weight

A Punch-Bowl Episode

By Nannette Magruder Pratt



WEALTHY Philadelphia clubman consulted an eminent doctor in regard to what he feared was heart trouble.

Dr. B— examined his heart, asked him questions regarding his diet and his mode of exercising, and decided that the trouble was a case of acute indigestion. The man said he had always thought he could digest anything, and that only lately he had felt uncomfortable after eating.

Dr. B— talked with him a while, and then said: "I wish you would come around this evening and have dinner with me. I have an important appointment just now, and I will have to leave you. Please be here by seven o'clock."

That evening Mr. R— was shown into the doctor's library, and the two men had a pleasant social chat.

Mr. R— noticed an immense silver punch bowl on the polished mahogany table, and begged leave to examine it closely. He was charmed with the exquisite workmanship.

Presently the door opened, and the butler entered with a tray, on which was a whiskey cocktail. He turned it into the punch bowl and left the room. He came back in a few minutes with half a dozen "Blue-points," celery, salted almonds, olives, radishes and wafers. That all went into the bowl with a glass of wine.

Then cream of tomato soup, more wafers, celery, salted almonds, and more wine.

Mr. R— looked on with astonishment, but the doctor went on talking as if



Leda and the Swan, by Fournier

nothing unusual was happening.

Again came the butler. This time it was fish, some kind of fancy potato, more celery and wine.

Broiled chicken went into the bowl next; green peas; sliced cucumbers; mashed potato; jelly; two pieces of bread, and more wine. Also some peach sherbet.

After that came lettuce and tomato salad, with mayonnaise dressing, a wafer, more salted almonds and wine.

Ice cream, cake, fruit, wine, crackers and cheese, nuts, coffee, and *crème de menthe*.

Mr. R—'s astonishment grew.

After the *crème de menthe* had been poured in, the butler went out and closed the door.

Dr. B— turned to Mr. R— and said: "Now, my good fellow, go over to the table and look into that punch bowl. Look at that distressing combination, and think what it will be in an hour from now. *That* is what goes into your stomach every night, and goodness only knows what you eat at your other two meals, and then you wonder why you feel distressed after eating. No wonder your heart acts up—I am surprised that it can do its work—and as for the poor little stomach, it is marvelous why it has not given out long ago."

Mr. R— was greatly impressed by

this object lesson; in fact, he experienced quite a fright.

The butler announced dinner, and during the simple meal the doctor talked of plain food, a course in physical culture, walking and horseback riding, deep breathing, eight hours' sleep, and a refreshing bath every morning. Not a bit of medicine did he prescribe, but he gave Mr. R— a fine list of clean, digestible food, instructed him to follow it to the letter, and told him about the quantity that should be eaten. He also advised him to drink a large quantity of water between meals.

Mr. R— was faithful in carrying out the doctor's orders, and in six months he had gained such a degree of health and strength that his friends hardly knew him. And when they began to inquire what it was that had made the change, he told them of the object lesson Dr. B— had taught with the punch bowl, and the impression it had made on him, changing all his habits of life to a simpler plan that brought him lasting health.

Dear old Dr. B— has passed away, but to many of us his memory is dear. I wish that he could know of the great stride that has been made in rational ways of living, and that thousands of people to-day are following the life he recommended to Mr. R— ten or twelve years ago.



A Dieting Experiment

By Gilman Low



MY LEFT ARM
DRAWN FROM MIRROR.

Gilman Low
1901
AT THE END OF
ONE WEEK ON 67¢
WORTH OF FOOD.



FOOD is properly one of the sources of strength; but that which we eat is not always food.

A certain amount of good, natural, wholesome food is all right, but any eating beyond what is needed to nourish the body is stuffing.

How many times do we hear the expression, "Eat and get fat," which, translated, means "Stuff and get sick."

It is a foregone conclusion that many people eat too much. In fact, most people do. The following is the result of an experiment I gave to the merits of simple, wholesome food for one week:

My menu included nothing but the following: 1 dozen eggs, 23 cents; 4 loaves of entire wheat bread, 20 cents; 1 pound of dates, 12 cents; 1 package of prepared wheat, 12 cents.

This is the exact amount of food and its cost upon which I fully retained my weight and strength for one week. I walked from seven to ten miles each day, worked in the gymnasium two hours in the evening, consuming one hour of this time throwing the medicine ball, which I consider one of the most beneficial indoor exercises in existence. It strengthens the heart and lungs, and gives one endurance.

Remember that during this experiment I lost in weight not an ounce. On the Saturday previous to the experiment, which began Sunday morning, extending to the following Saturday at the same time, in the same suit, and on the same scales, I weighed 173 pounds strong. I was not surprised, for I figured on the extra water I drank to keep my weight at the same mark. It is a well-known fact that an athlete who has had any experience can grade his weight even to an ounce, by judgment alone in eating and drinking.

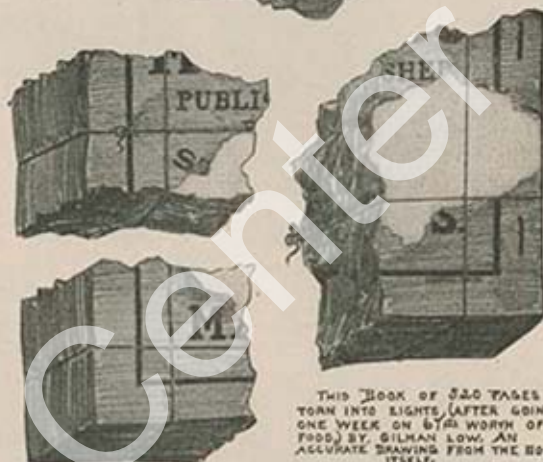
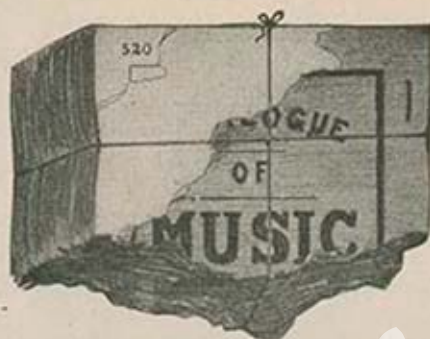
I reduced a pack of cards that I had been able to reduce to quarters during an absolute fast of seven days to eighths.

I then took a book of five hundred and twenty pages, and with the hands alone tore it through the center into halves, then tore one of the halves into quarters, then reduced one of the quarters to eighths, which by four sections produced 2,080 pieces of the 520 pages; this was much more difficult than tearing the cards to eighths.

In regard to the preparation of the food, I had the eggs dropped on toast. I did not vary this way of cooking them, for the simple reason that I am very fond of them like this.

On the seventh day the eggs had disappeared, so I ate more heartily of bread, dates and prepared wheat. One-half hour after eating, which, by the way, was when hungry, I drank two glasses of pure cold water, being careful to drink very slowly; also during the day I drank plentifully of water.

On the whole, this diet proved very satisfactory in every way; for a vacation



THIS BOOK OF 520 PAGES
TORN INTO EIGHTS (AFTER GOING
ONE WEEK ON \$750 WORTH OF
FOOD) BY SILMAN LOW, AN
ACCURATE DRAWING FROM THE BOOK
ITSELF.

from much food is as great a benefit at times as a vacation from one's work; possibly more difficult to conduct, but one is well repaid for the inconvenience it may cause them. Try it.

Nicotine Habit Overcome by Fast of Twenty-seven Days Followed by Natural Living.

Editor PHYSICAL CULTURE:

Dear Sir: Having been a confirmed cigarette fiend for fifteen years or more, I finally concluded to abandon the use of the noxious things and this is how I broke the habit:

I left off cigarettes abruptly, and in their stead smoked three cigars a day for about ten days. By this time I was beginning to like a cigar as well as I had formerly cigarettes.

Wanting to rid myself of the habit entirely, I decided to adopt heroic methods.

The first thing I did was to eschew all tobacco, but I found right after a hearty meal the temptation to enjoy a fragrant cigar was very great. I decided to fast so that I would not have this desire for tobacco after meals.

At the same time I would cleanse my system and eliminate the nicotine poisoning therefrom. I began the fast June 30, 1902, and breakfasted July 26, 1902. Every morning on arising I would take a cold sponge bath, and on retiring at night would brush my whole body thoroughly with a soft bristle brush.

I am now at about my normal weight and still gaining. My skin is clear, my eyes bright, my mind clearer and I feel better now than I can remember of ever feeling before. Anyone who will exert a little will power can break the shackles that hold them the slaves of nicotine.

Dixon, Mo.

PELL MITCHELL.

A Series of Articles on Physical Culture and Health

By Eustace Miles, M. A.

Formerly Scholar of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Master at Rugby School; Amateur Tennis Champion; Amateur Racquet Champion; Author of "Avenues to Health," etc.

Arrangements have been made whereby EUSTACE MILES, M. A., the eminent English authority on Physical Culture, will furnish our magazine exclusively with all his articles regarding his latest researches along Physical Culture lines. The first of the series appears this month.

First Article—Introductory



THE great Dr. Maudsley's saying that "he who is incapable of controlling his muscles is incapable of controlling his mind" will form a good introduction to this series of articles. In this first article I shall try to dispel some of the vagueness which at present exists as to the meaning of

Physical Culture, and in particular of that word "control."

It suggests at once two ideas. (1) First of all, to use our muscles correctly, as a driver does when he guides his horses straight. (2) Secondly, to use them slowly, as the same driver does when he checks his horses by the reins. This power to check muscles will include the faculty of slow eating. Fasting, when fasting is indicated, will be suggested by a third equally important meaning of the word "control," namely, (3) the power not merely to use muscles correctly, and to use them slowly, but also not to use them at all when they are not wanted, and especially during sleep, rest, and brain-work—not merely to leave the horses to go by themselves when they can safely do so by habit, but not to use them unless there is occasion.

After a short consideration of the word "control," another meaning will suggest itself, namely, to use muscles promptly, as at the start of a race, but to use them not in one foreknown direction, as in a race, but in any required direction. One

of the best of English cricketers, the Rev. Vernon Royce, when he fielded at cover-point, used to have just the right attitude—an attitude of readiness to start at full pace in this or that line according to the place to which he thought the batsman would hit.

The word "control" does not naturally suggest to us another acquirement of our muscles, namely, (4) that they should move quickly, as they must do when, let us say, a hundred yards sprint is begun. Here we have the power not so much to begin quickly—this we have in 3—as quickly to carry through to the end.

Then again there is (5) the maintenance of poise during the movements; or, if the poise be upset, as it must be in most movements, a rapid recovery of that poise afterwards.

At present most civilized individuals are atrophied in most muscles. Those who have studied wrong systems of Physical Culture have developed some control of some muscles, especially the weight-lifting, straining, pushing powers of arm and shoulder. In these articles, I wish to broaden out the ideas of Physical Culture, and to show that Maudsley's words should be applied to all muscles, but especially to those which are most neglected, namely, the muscles of mastication and in general of the face, the muscles of the left side, the muscles of the trunk which contain the organs—for we live by our organs rather than by our limbs,—and the muscles of the extremities, especially of the hands. The word

"control" will be used very broadly; it will include the proper use of all muscles when they are wanted, and their non-use when they are not wanted, though the use of different muscles may be utterly different.

But if you would understand what I would demand of any athlete or other person who claims to have perfection of Physical Culture, watch the next athlete you see. Perhaps he may be a man punching a punch-ball. He must punch rightly; his blows must be swift, direct, strong, with body-weight; but he must not use the muscles that are not needed, especially the muscles of his face and his other hand.

I want not only to broaden out ideas of Physical Culture, so that they may include this latter economy and gracefulness and repose; I want also to make exercise and the other helps to health which I shall offer in this series an individual matter. That seems a strange ambition for a writer whose readers are thousands of different persons, and it sounds chimerical. Yet it is practical if each reader will use common sense, if each reader will leave alone for the time what he has, and will try to get what he has not. I shall urge each reader to do what from his earliest years he has been repeatedly told not to do—namely, to exaggerate. I will tell him, not to develop every muscle equally, but to develop, to learn to use rightly, or not to use, those particular muscles which hitherto he has not used rightly, or has used unnecessarily.

Is this vague? Yes, but not entirely so. Most of us have left undeveloped or have used wrongly the muscles of the trunk, especially the top part of the lungs, the spinal muscles, and the abdominal muscles; most have used unnecessarily the muscles of the spine during sleep, the muscles of the face (apart from the open mouth)—I should include here the muscles of anger, worry and nervousness,—and the muscles of the extremities, especially the fingers.

To restore the upset balance of the body, both in exercise and in diet, and in other ways, will be a hard task; but, for the exercises I shall not demand more than ten minutes a day. At the end of this article I shall show that it would be

worth while to spend two hours a day if we only desired to make more money—if that were our one and sole aim and object in exercise; for I shall speak of concentration, which itself is the key that opens the gates of money and other blessings. In the next article I shall illustrate the various kinds of exercises, and of relaxation itself, by means of sample exercises and relaxations of a single finger. In that article there will be no excuse for misunderstanding; all will be able to try and see and feel for themselves how very wide is the field open to them with regard to exercise alone, how very vast are the tracts still uncultivated or even overgrown with weeds.

With a view to the right control of the whole body, but particularly of its misused parts, and with a view to the right control of each part according to its special nature designed use—the use of the weight-lifting and propelling feet and legs is not identical with the use of the hands and arms—we require above all as the first virtue of exercise and of eating, if not of all life, the art of concentration.

On the spirit in which we employ a muscle, on the amount of attention which we give, depends the amount of nerve-force and of actual blood which we send to that muscle. Professor Elmer Gates, of Washington, has even shown that, without any exercise whatsoever, more blood can be sent to any part of the body of which we have "awareness" (by feeling or by sight); and the researches of Mr. Anderson, the Gymnastic Superintendent at Yale, confirms this fact. More than this: the power to concentrate on a muscular movement must increase our power to concentrate on a mental movement, on a piece of brain-work.

Concentration, which focusses the scattered light, collects the slow and extended-out water into a swift and narrow stream, enables us to do, whether with muscle or brain, more work, better work, easier work (after a little practice) with less waste. Of all laws purity and self-control are most fundamental. If we could concentrate our thoughts at will, an undesirable idea would never get further than the outermost gate of the mind; it would find no energy left to admit it and entertain it. But how can we ensure it?

Remarkable Results of Exercise

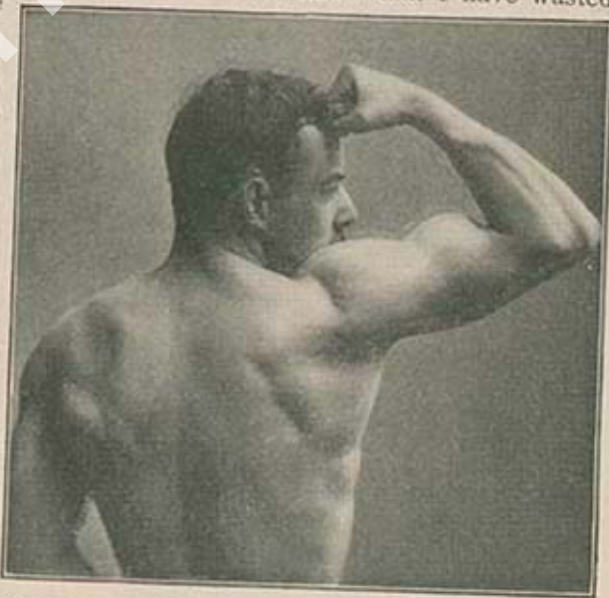
By F. A. Hornibrook



THE case of Mr. George Anderson of Christchurch, New Zealand, is in my opinion a very interesting one. Thirty-two years of age, he has been delicate all his life. Doctor after doctor, medicine after medicine, were tried without any beneficial result. One doctor in this city told

him that he was so flat-chested that no power on earth could develop his chest. On Anderson asking him what he should do, the reply was, "Oh, you have got to drag on like scores of others like you." When questioned as to how long he could live, he was told perhaps for a year or two. Meanwhile his case became much worse, and in June, 1901, he paid a visit to another physician of this city as a last resource. This doctor, one of the leading physicians here, is a believer in physical culture. He examined Mr. Anderson and gave as his opinion that a gentle physical course was probably the only remedy. At the time, Anderson was in the first stages of tuberculosis. He came to me for his physical training. After he had been with me five weeks a marked improvement in his health, muscles and development took place. I then requested him to have his picture taken and at the end of the course to have another. The first picture shows a weak, flat-chested, round-shouldered type with protruding abdomen and weak spinal muscles. You must bear in mind that even then a great improvement had taken place.

I need not follow the rest of his history. Hundreds of physical culture enthusiasts, who, from being in a state of weakness have become strong, can realize the vast change that has taken place in his physique and his general health. I loaned Mr. Anderson several volumes of *PHYSICAL CULTURE*, and I found them of immense benefit in awakening his enthusiasm. The results and the common-sense truths that were published in these books are enough to convince any skeptic and must have come as a welcome relief and change to a man who had pinned his faith to patent medicines and such like for years without avail. Now that Mr. Anderson has attained perfect health, his opinion on his previous condition is summed up in his words as follows: "I look upon the past just as a nightmare. I have forgotten absolutely that I was at any time ill. The only thing that annoys me is that I know that I have wasted



F. A. Hornibrook, Physical Culture Teacher in Christchurch
New Zealand

perhaps the best years of my life in addition to wasting a small fortune in the pursuit of health, when that health lay at my door all the time, if I had only known it.

"I feel sorry for the sake of other men who suffer as I have that there are not more books like *PHYSICAL CULTURE* pub-

lished, so that men may be shown the way to health. "I give you these particulars in the hope that my case may help some other poor suffering creature and teach him that strong, vigorous health is within his grasp if he only chooses to take it." His measurements before and after training follow:



Mr. George Anderson after training five weeks



Mr. George Anderson after training one year

	BEFORE TRAINING	AFTER TRAINING	INCREASE
Neck	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$
Chest Expansion	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4	2 $\frac{3}{4}$
Chest Contracted	32 $\frac{1}{2}$	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Chest Expanded	33 $\frac{1}{4}$	27 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Upper Right Arm	10	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Forearm, Right	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	1
Wrist	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{8}$
Waist	29	28 $\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{5}{8}$
Thigh, Right	18	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Calf, Right	11 $\frac{3}{4}$	12 $\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{5}{8}$
Age, 31 years		32 years	
Height, 5 ft. 9 inches.		5 ft. 9 inches.	

The Funeral at Crystal Gulch

By Frank Hammond

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



THE tents have long been removed from Crystal Gulch, the cabins begin to show signs of decay; in winter the wind sighs eerily in the chinks between the logs, and in summer squirrels, unmolested, run in and out of the Red Light dance hall, and a family of owls are the only guests at the Delmonico Hotel. But Crystal Gulch, for the space of some eighteen months, was once a booming mining camp.

It was twenty years ago, when Crystal Gulch was but two months old, that Big Williams came stamping and swaggering from the Delmonico dining room to the counter that did service indiscriminately as office desk and saloon bar. Perhaps Big Williams is best described in the words of my old partner, "Slicker" Smith: "He's all right when he's sober, or dead, but he ain't never sober, and no one dast to kill him."

"What's the matter with that there tenderfoot that he didn't eat no breakfast, nor no meat for dinner, and didn't drink no liquor, nor even a tin of coffee? Too good to eat and drink what's good enough for us fellers? And who is he anyhow? Whar does he come from, and what does he want?"

"I don't know, Williams," the clerk, who was a quiet, inoffensive, even timid little man, answered uneasily. "I wish you wouldn't talk that way about our guests. He heard all you said, and he seems to be a right quiet gent, as ain't made no kick—"

"Shut up! I talk just plumb exact as I please, and I'd laugh to see anyone try to stop me. Who is he, and whar's he

from, and what does he want? Answer up now, sharp!"

"I don't know what he wants. His name is Josephus Norton, and he's from Boston."

"Josephus!" Well, I'll be derved! And Boston? Well, I *will* be derved!" said Williams, walking over to where sat the stranger, a rather small young man, with yellow hair, light blue eyes and a downy yellow moustache. He stopped reading the week-old newspaper to stare in mild-eyed surprise, for a moment, at Williams, as the latter stood staring down in open insolence at him, waving his heavy revolver in mere bravado. But as the stranger quietly resumed his reading, Williams, somewhat disconcerted, went to the bar, and after drinking "a couple of fingers of white line," left the hotel.

The stranger did not wear that abomination of the early mining camps, a "biled" shirt, nor would his clothes have been considered as the height of elegance and style in Boston, where, I suspect, it would have been noticed that his face and hands were tanned to a remarkable shade of brown. He wore a fedora hat, light shoes, and a dark cloth suit, that was in striking contrast to the denim, jeans, canvas and buckskin worn by the rest of the male population of Crystal Gulch; and he also appeared to be unarmed, the latter being a bit of eccentricity displayed by no other man in camp.

At the other end of the straggling street, as Big Williams left the hotel, a young woman sat on the rough porch of the largest building in town, the Red Light dance hall. A half-grown kitten was in her lap, and for the moment, in her eyes, as she gently stroked the kitten, there came the same look of good-natured girlish amusement that so often

dwelt in them in the long ago, before she had left her quiet Vermont home and gone west to seek her fortune, and had found—hell.

She arose and stepped back as Williams came upon the porch, and instinctively held the kitten behind her. There was no amusement in her eyes now—nor any girlishness—for she knew from sad experience that Williams came, not as other men did, but with the deliberate purpose of causing her trouble.

"Gimme that cat!" he said harshly, grasping her bare arm in a fierce grip. As she looked into his evil, drink-bleared eyes, she saw that he would wreak his vengeance upon her if she refused. Before her stood the one man in all Crystal Gulch who would not scruple to lay violent hands on a woman. But back of her three or four years of wandering from the path of rectitude were eighteen years of training that gave her a tender heart. In all her twenty-three years of



William stood deadly, deadly pale, staring at the stranger while the latter idly fingered his long, heavy Colts

life she had done no harm to any human being but herself, nor to any more humble animal. And though it might mean personal violence to herself, she could not let him harm the kitten. Even if in his unreasoning drunken frenzy he hurt her more than he intended—well, whatever the future brought, it could be no worse than the awful present. And back from the years of her girlhood there came the memory of the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me." Into the girl's poor frightened eyes there came sudden decision. She gave the kitten a light toss into the street, trusting it to run to a place of safety.

Williams, cursing loudly, clutched her throat fiercely in his powerful hand. It was a sight to make the blood boil in the veins of anyone having the faintest spark of manhood. It being in the middle of the day, the street was deserted save by the stranger from Boston. He quickly stepped upon the porch, his blue eyes gleaming as he saw the struggling man and woman. But only for a moment. His blood was up. He brought all his reserve force into action.

It was a terrific right-arm swing that with marvelous rapidity was put on that part of Big Williams' anatomy known as the jugular vein. Williams went down and out. He was still stretched at full length on the porch when a little crowd had collected, and the stranger, who had been the active one, had leisurely returned to the hotel.

I sat in the hotel office with the stranger an hour or two later, when one "Baldy Edwards" came in and shuffled up to him, evidently overcome with great embarrassment at the idea of talking to a man who wore "store clothes" and came from Boston. He took off his hat with great deference, and stood fingering it nervously, while unconsciously he scratched his left shin with his right boot heel. Finally, still standing on one leg, and clutching his hat in an unconsciously fierce grip, he blurted out: "Don't know just how to say it, sir; it's a hard thing to ask a man to do, but we—that is, they—I mean all the boys—want you to take that there hoss what you'll find tied at the back door and hit the trail out of here.

Cause why? This here Big Williams is a most amazin' quick shot. In the Sunday-school books the good men are allers quick with a gun, and the bad ones are slow, but in Crystal Gulch the worst man is the quickest, and he kin hit a silver dollar at sixty yards. He's on the look-out for you; he says there's goin' to be a funeral to-day, and if you don't git out right now you won't never be able to git out at all. Here's a gun; take it and the hoss, and git!"

The stranger listened calmly, then looked straight into the speaker's face. His eyes again shone with that indescribable look of mild astonishment, but now there mingled with it another look. Was it fear? No, hardly. His face brightened, and his whole countenance seemed to beam with delight and pleasure. There was a determined sparkle in his eye as he said calmly: "I thank you, friend. I thank you heartily. If there should ever be a time when I can do anything to partially repay you for your kindness, I can never tell you how gladly I will do it. But I cannot use the horse. I have business—the most important business any man can have—that detains me here. Nor can I use the revolver, but I thank you none the less; I thank you heartily, and if you don't mind," he said hesitatingly, "I—I should like to shake hands with you before you go."

Two hours later, as Big Williams stepped out of the Star gambling house the stranger stepped out of the hotel, forty yards away. They saw each other at the same instant, and in that instant Williams' hand swung to his right hip with a rapidity that had been the death of several men in the past. As a solitary report was heard, his gun, disabled, fell to the ground. His hand, bruised and tingling from the shock, dropped to his side, and he stood, deadly pale, staring at the stranger, while the latter idly fingered his long, heavy Colt as the whiff of smoke dissolved in the air, and his mild eyes gazed in quiet surprise at his work.

"There sure warn't no slow order about gittin' that stranger's gun from the side track on to the main line," as a chance bystander graphically remarked.

"Now, then," said the stranger, in his quiet voice, "I'll tell you a few things. You said there was to be a funeral to-

day. You were right. There is to be one, but it isn't going to be mine—"

Here Williams' legs gave way beneath him, and he fell forward on his face, like the utter coward that he was, literally groveling in the dirt as he screamed entreaties for his life. The stranger watched him in silence, an air of indescribable innocence on his face, until Williams' entreaties subsided, when he began to speak again.

"As I said, there is to be a funeral—"

Again Williams' screams of fear and entreaties for his life interrupted him, and he stood silent, the look of perplexity and surprise deepening in his mild eyes.

"As I have started to say, the funeral to-day will not be mine, nor yours, but the funeral of your days of bullying inoffensive people, for I have come here to stay, and there will be no more of your tyranny. I said I was from Boston. I am from Boston, but I neglected to mention that I take a trip out of there quite often; this trip I've been out seven years. You thought it queer that I went for half a day without taking breakfast, meat for dinner, a glass of whiskey, or a cup of coffee. I haven't taken one of those things for five years. My name is Josephus

Norton, just as I said it was, but perhaps you have heard of me more frequently up and down the trail as Parson Joe. Yes, I'm a gospel shark, but with these bare hands I can whip you in two minutes by the watch. Not because of your attempt to harm me, but because you would have harmed a woman and a helpless kitten. I take pleasure in telling you not only that I can whip you, but here and now I am going to."

And, to the delight of all Crystal Gulch, he did.

* * * * *

The dusk of evening had fallen, and the wind had ceased to sigh in the pines, as the stranger sat in the shadows of the unfrequented side porch of the hotel.

"No," he said quietly, as he deliberately wiped the tears from his eyes, unashamed, and laid his hand gently on the bowed head of the sobbing girl, "you need not be afraid of that; coming in the spirit you do, it is never too late. If it was He would never have said: 'Him who cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

And the girl's tired eyes shone with the light of a great hope as she rose from her knees and went softly away.

From a Humorous Point of View

"What does that red light mean, father?" asked a little boy as they were walking through the depot one night.

"That means danger, my son," replied the father, who was a doctor.

"And is that the reason," continued the little fellow, looking up into his father's face, "that they always have them in the drug store window?"

Professor Deepresearch, D.P., M.M.S.S., of Chicago, has announced that he will shortly introduce a new preventive for smallpox with the aid of bees. He firmly believes that these little laborers are in themselves a sort of waxy nation.

Those mixers of mysterious potions are not such bad fellows after all. Hear what one had to say of laughter at a recent banquet of the Wholesale Druggists' Association:

"Man is the only animal that was made to laugh, and as science teaches that laughter is

a sure boon to health, it is a sin for us to substitute excessive drug-taking for laughter.

"Laughter increases the blood circulation. It expands the lungs. It jiggers the diaphragm. It promotes the dioculation of the spleen."

"I once knew a man who laughed so much that when he died they had to cut his liver out and kill it with a club.

"Don't take your troubles to bed with you; hang them on a chair with your trousers, or drop them in a glass with your teeth."

A man was picked up in New York recently unconscious and suffering. He was taken to the hospital. The doctors said he had appendicitis and laid him out to operate on him. When he was stripped they found he had tattooed across his breast the following: "Don't operate for appendicitis. I have had mine cut out twice."

The discovery was not very pleasant or satisfactory for the doctors who diagnosed his case. But the caution was fortunately timely.

Question Department

Q.—I have tried walking for my trouble, but the bowels protrude beyond where the rupture is located at the slightest exertion. What would you advise?

A.—Would first advise you to secure a proper fitting truss to hold the contents of the abdomen. Adopt gradually the reclining exercises with the hips raised about a foot higher than the head. While in this position take the various exercises which bring into play the abdominal muscles, and if the opening is not too large the development of the muscles and cords in this locality will finally close it. Frequent fasts of two or three days would be especially beneficial, and if this was followed by a fast of ten days or two weeks, adopting a proper nut and fruit diet at the end of the fast, you should quickly recover.

Q.—I have pains in my wrists, ankles, knees, elbows, shoulders and neck. They are very painful when moved. The trouble appeared about five years ago, first one joint and then another being affected.

A.—Your symptoms indicate rheumatic tendencies. Avoid all meats, drink freely of pure water at all times. Eat only two meals a day, take long walks in the open air, and in especially acute attacks it would be advisable to fast three or four days. Troubles of this kind require considerable time to cure. Do not be discouraged if you do not notice especially favorable improvement in the first two or three weeks. Remember your entire system is impregnated with the poison which is causing your trouble.

Q.—I have followed your instructions as well as I could, but still suffer from a depressed feeling after eating. I have abstained from meat, taken dumb-bell exercise and sitz bath every night, cold

sponge bath in the morning, but still that feeling after eating troubles me. In the morning I drink three or four glasses of water, and very soon after have a hacking cough. Think I have catarrh of the stomach or throat. Am also very nervous, and heart beats much harder after eating.

A.—It is not at all unusual for the heart to be considerably accelerated after a hearty meal, because of the extra labor required in digesting the food. Three or four glasses of water under ordinary circumstances would be too much to drink in the morning unless you have a special thirst for it, and where such symptoms occur it indicates that you are eating entirely too much. Would advise you to fast one day out of every three for at least three weeks. Masticate every morsel of food to a liquid. Take long walks in the open air, with deep breathing exercises, and ultimately your trouble will disappear, though do not be discouraged if speedy improvement is not noticed. Chronic troubles are always difficult to cure.

Q.—How can I fill in the hollows around the collar-bone? How can I treat a large nose that is at all times red?

A.—The exercises for developing the chest and shoulders, especially the exercise of raising the shoulders as high as you can, are inclined to fill in the hollows around the collar-bone, though means for upbuilding general functional vigor increasing powers of assimilation in storing fatty tissues is of especial advantage. The proper treatment for a large red nose is fasting. This will be effective in every case. If you do not wish to take a long fast for the purpose of effecting a cure, you can take several short fasts. This is a rather severe treatment, but the re-

sults are worth the efforts in every instance.

Q.—I have heart trouble, weak action. I think, brought on by stomach being out of order. Can a cure be effected in my case?

A.—Your trouble can undoubtedly be cured, though it will take considerable time to bring about the desired results. Light exercise with deep breathing is advised in the beginning. Gradually become inured to the use of cold water, first applying it to parts of the body. Gradually increase the surface to which it is applied each day until you are able to take a cold bath without discomfort. This is especially advantageous in heart trouble, for the reason that it accelerates the exterior circulation, lessens the effort required of the heart, and assists in eliminating impurities. Long walks are especially advised in troubles of this nature. Violent exercise of all kinds should be avoided, and special care in every instance should be taken to avoid eating too heartily.

Q.—For the last two years I have been troubled considerably with indigestion. Am 24 years old, 5 feet 8 inches high, and weigh only 132 pounds. Am very nervous and do not sleep well. Appetite is exceedingly good, but after eating a hearty meal feel hungry again within an hour or so. Mornings on rising my stomach is bloated and sore, tongue always coated and stomach seems loaded with acid. Bowels are quite regular. Over two years ago had typhoid fever, and think the present trouble is caused by

eating too much solid food too soon after the fever.

A.—Your description of your trouble indicates very accurately that you are eating too heartily. Confine your meals to two per day, masticate every morsel to a liquid, and drink a glass of water nearly every hour in the day, for at least a month. You are unquestionably suffering from an abnormal appetite, and for the first two weeks would advise you to fast one day out of every three. This will make your appetite normal.

Q.—I am suffering with intestinal indigestion and nervous complications. Will you please give me your advice which you think will benefit me?

A.—Acquire a habit of drinking freely of pure water between meals. Avoid meats of all kinds. Eat plentifully of fruits, raw vegetables and foods of this character. Fast two days in the beginning of the treatment.

Q.—What is the cause and cure of a coated tongue? Advise cure for the spitting of phlegm and an everlasting stopped nose.

A.—A coated tongue is usually caused by eating too heartily, taking too little exercise, and failing to drink sufficient water. The spitting of phlegm and the catarrh of the nose is usually brought about by other constitutional causes. Do not eat so heartily, masticate your food more thoroughly, drink more freely of water, take long walks, deep breathing, and if a short fast precedes this treatment your recovery will be very materially hastened.



"It Never Rains but When it Pours!" By Max Fieldham.

Editorial Department

THERE are so many sharp practices in the "business world" of to-day that call for exposure that, in an arraignment of them, it is difficult to decide where to begin. We are helped, however, by the frightful and glaring disclosures regarding so-called "successful treatments" which have just come under our notice. They refer more particularly to the Electric Belt System and the dispensers of Patent Medicines, who surpass their brothers in malpractice and sharp practice in their lowest and most degraded forms.

Some Startling Disclosures About Patent Medicines and Electric Belt Companies.

THESE MEN ARE THE HYENAS AND JACKALS OF THE "BUSINESS WORLD!" THEY FEAST ON THE SICKLY AND

THE DYING! They reap rich rewards from the deaths brought on by them! The man with the sunken eye, the pale cheek and the cadaverous form—rich or poor—is sought out and ravaged by them without a blush, and they are tolerated without protest, and this in the twentieth century and in a civilized age! A progressive age! A learned and a scientific age! Behold these vultures with eyes burning with avarice and hearts rotten and sodden with greed as they vie with each other in acting up to the spirit of their motto:

"Scheme! Scheme! Scheme! and outscheme the other schemer."

The advanced principles and sublime morals with which these impostors are influenced, find exercise and practical demonstration in every poor, misguided victim that falls into their clutches.

"Find me his address, or show him in," they exclaim. "Let me seize him, and I will bring him down and take his 'last penny.'" There, in a nutshell, you have the principles on which their nefarious business is conducted.

We shudder when we hear of the cruelty of the savages and lower animals. They treat their weak and infirm with little consideration. When they become old and useless, they are taken out and mauled or pecked to death. It is not done in the same way by the *genus homo*—man. We adopt different methods. We hate publicity and we accomplish exactly identical objects by other and more refined (?) means. We might imagine the savages using their dogs to rid themselves of useless examples of infirmity. We have no dogs to use in this way, but we have human jackals and foul vultures who are lower than the lowest type of the mongrel species. We let them loose upon the poor, weak and helpless victims, and they literally tear out their vitality and devour it with the voracity of the carrion. They deceive with false, insidious promises, couched in the most sympathetic terms in beautifully written letters.

POOR, FRAIL, TRUSTING FOOLS. SEE THEM GOING HOPELESSLY ON TO THEIR DOOM. NO HELPING HAND EXTENDED TO THEM. INTO THE ARMS OF THE HEARTLESS EXECUTIONER, WHOSE ONE AND ONLY OBJECT IS TO EXTRACT EVERY POSSIBLE PENNY FROM THEM. THEY ARE, INDEED, TO BE PITIED.

Read the advertisements of these heartless murderers, who flaunt their lies in nearly every paper in the land. Every intelligent person knows that they are the lowest kind of mountebanks; that their business is carried on by swindlers of the lowest order.

To gain their end, they will stoop to anything that will not make them liable to imprisonment. Yet, in face of all this, they are allowed to continue.

WHERE, BY ALL THAT IS HOLY, ARE THE LAW-MAKERS OF THIS COUNTRY? Are they in league with these conscienceless scoundrels? Is there no remedy to protect the weak and ignorant from a class of fakirs who look upon this kind of criminal robbery as a legitimate field for their nefarious efforts?

I HAVE SUFFERED IN THE PAST FROM THEIR WORK, and I vowed then that, if I ever lived to possess the strength necessary, I would spend part of my life in holding them up to public contempt. THEIR WORK, THEIR CRIMES, MUST AND SHALL BE STOPPED.

Readers of these lines, do your part! Assist in this work of exposing scoundrels, whose very presence would disgrace the inner walls of any penitentiary.

I INTEND TO DO MY PART. I now have engaged on my staff a stenographer, who was employed several years in the offices of several of the well-known Electric Belt and Patent Medicine Companies. His disclosures as to the methods of these criminals will be interesting to any human being who has one single drop of human blood flowing in his veins. How any specimen of human kind can stoop to the base methods of victimizing the weak and ignorant, as pursued in nearly every one of these offices, is beyond the comprehension of any intelligent, humane mind.

BUT JUST READ HIS ARTICLES. EVERY WORD RINGS WITH TRUTH. HE SPEAKS FROM ACTUAL EXPERIENCE. THIS TERRIBLE BUSINESS IS STILL CONTINUING. YOUR OWN IMMEDIATE FRIENDS MAY BE ONE OF THEIR VICTIMS. YOU MAY HAVE BEEN ONE. RAISE UP YOUR VOICE AND HELP TO ELIMINATE THESE FOUL BIRDS OF PREY FROM THE MIDST OF OUR CIVILIZATION.

Employees of these iniquitous ghouls of the "business world" who still possess a spark of conscience are asked to contribute to the good work of exposing this disgraceful scourge of modern fakiry and quackery, with which the weak, the sick and the unwary, the young, the old, and the helpless, are bled and victimized.

NOW is the season when the draft delusion reaps a rich and deadly harvest. Fresh, pure air, or rather the oxygen which it contains, is absolutely necessary to the enjoyment of vigorous health. But the draft delusion, this constant fear of a current of air, the fear that some part of the body will at some moment become chilled, causes more misery and illness and more deaths than the great demon Alcohol itself. It causes the windows of most living rooms to be tightly closed all winter long. It makes such fanatics of some people that they even have extra storm windows put on to keep in the air until it becomes so impregnated with poisons that it is foul beyond expression.

*The Deadly
Draft Delusion.*

The draft delusion! Fear of fresh air! You never have seen and never will see victims of this delusion enjoying a high degree of permanent health. They cannot be healthy. The very first essential element to health, fresh, pure air, is feared as much as though it were the devil himself. And to allow cool air to come in contact, even momentarily, with the surface of the body, this would, to them, mean a serious case of pneumonia. And, sad to relate, while their blood is so filled with impurities because of the filthy atmosphere that they breathe day after day, almost any disease that will furnish a means, through inflammation, of discarding these impurities, is liable to be contracted at any moment.

Many years ago, when I first became interested in hygiene, I would pull my windows down from the top two or three inches and imagined I was ventilating my sleeping room. At that period of my career, I would usually catch a cold during the fall and it would cling to me all the winter. But later in life I learned better. I learned that air was really a food, and that it should be supplied to the lungs as pure as possible every moment of your life. After acquiring this information, no matter how cold or how damp the weather might be, I raised the windows of my sleeping room as high as I could get them, and the favorite position for my bed is as near as possible to one of these windows, in which a good, strong draft is continually blowing. In other words, I am continually searching for drafts. The more drafts I come in contact with the stronger and healthier I become and the fewer colds I have. It is an extraordinary occurrence for me to have a cold now, though, as previously stated, I used to have one cold each winter, and that began in the fall and lasted until spring.

Don't be a victim of the draft delusion. It will cling to you through life like a parasite, weakening your every effort, marring every moment of your happiness, making you an easy victim to all sorts of diseases, and in the end may be the direct cause of taking you to an untimely grave.

Cultivate a love for fresh air, glory in it, bathe in it, keep your pores active through frequent baths, and by allowing the body to come in contact with the air as much as possible. Vigorous health will then make your every nerve and muscle pulsate with power and inspire your every effort with superhuman strength.

***What the Corset Does:
Ultimately Injures and
Makes Shapeless, Flaccid
and Nerveless the Flesh
at the Waist Line.***

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

The title of the editorial on corsets in the previous issue should have been No. 3 in the series instead of No. 2.

IF you bind a string around your finger and allow it to remain only for a few moments, this apparently slight interference with the circulation at that particular part will not only produce discomfort, but the flesh will be discolored and scarred for a few seconds after the string is removed.

It will not be difficult to imagine, therefore, the condition of the surface of the body around the waist of the average young woman, for this part has been compelled continuously to endure the pressure of a corset, day after day, frequently for many years, and it must, in many instances, be scarred beyond recognition. Any beauty that existed in color and contour at one time in life becomes entirely effaced by the influence of this baneful device.

The waist of the average young woman is usually circled by a mass of paralyzed, shapeless, nerveless flesh. When the corset is first worn, while the nerves at this part of the body are fully active and delicately sensitive, they naturally call out in painful protest, just as do the nerves of the finger when it is bound tightly with a string. But this protest is ignored, and finally Nature adapts herself to the conditions and destroys the nerves which have called out so valiantly to protect themselves and their owner. Corsets never have made a good figure, but they have spoiled thousands and, perhaps, millions of once promising figures. The charge that heads this editorial is of infinitely small importance compared with those that are to follow.

WE wish this magazine to be the means of furnishing every reader with accurate knowledge, not only about how to attain the highest degree of strength, but as to the methods that can be adopted in the treatment of all common diseases. To accomplish this we find that it will be necessary to somewhat modify and remodel our Question Department. Commencing with the

***Question Department: Natural
Healing Methods in the Treat-
ment of Disease.***

February issue, therefore, we can give attention only to cases of general interest, but they will be disposed of in such a thorough manner that our readers suffering from similar troubles will be able to effect a speedy cure by following carefully the advice given. In addition to this, in each issue we will go thoroughly into details as to the symptoms, cause and cure of one of the various chronic or acute ailments most prevalent among us. This will in time thoroughly familiarize our readers with the **MOST SUCCESSFUL** treatment which is advised by natural means for all diseases, and, thus protected, no disease should mar the mental calmness of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** readers.

*The \$1,000 Prize for the Most
Perfectly Developed Man
in the World.*

WE desire to hear from physical culture teachers, in all parts of the world, who are prepared to act as our representatives, in measuring and photographing the various candidates for our \$1,000 prize. Details of this contest will appear in future issues. The winner need not necessarily be a big man, as the prize will be awarded to the **BEST AND MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN**. Symmetry, perfect contour, beautiful outlines—a body with all parts superbly developed, are the requirements we call for in the prize winner, but it matters not whether his height is **FIVE OR EIGHT FEET**.

Remember that this competition is not confined to America alone. It is open to the whole world, and the winner will be declared "**THE MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN IN THE WORLD.**" A fair field and no favors will be the policy followed, and we have taken every precaution to insure that there shall be absolutely no element of favoritism or injustice in the competition.

OUR new weekly magazine, **THE CRY FOR JUSTICE**, has already secured a large reading public. The Editor's editorials on **SUCCESS**, continuing in several issues, have attracted considerable attention. It would be well for every young man interested in life's most important work, the achievement of

*Our New Weekly
THE CRY FOR JUSTICE.*

success, to read these and many other editorials on similar topics that cannot fail to be of interest to energetic and intelligent readers who believe in getting all they can out of life. The name, **THE CRY FOR JUSTICE**, does not please the Editor, and he has offered a prize of \$50.00 to the person, man or woman, suggesting a name that will be accepted for the paper. See the editorial columns of this new paper for particulars of the prize offer.

Wanted bright boys in every town to sell **THE CRY FOR JUSTICE**. Liberal terms. Write us.

*PHYSICAL CULTURE Now a
10-Cent Magazine.*

THIS issue of **PHYSICAL CULTURE** has been doubled in size and, we believe, in quality, but at the last minute, just before going to press, we concluded to put out the first issue at the old price in order to secure the largest possible reading public for the new magazine. Subscribers can renew at the old price of fifty cents per year until January 31st, after which date the new subscription rate of \$1.00 per year will come into force. The many very interesting features that we have arranged for this year should give our readers the value of their money very many times over.

BEFORE **PHYSICAL CULTURE** began to attract attention of importance there were a few magazines published in the interests of similar subjects that were struggling along, barely able to exist. Some of these magazines have lived; more of them have died. In the beginning failure was predicted for **PHYSICAL CULTURE** by every so-called "wise authority;" but it was

not long before the public began to realize that the editor of this magazine had a serious message to convey that was inspired by strong convictions and intense purposes. Readers were secured by thousands instead of hundreds. Our success was heralded everywhere.

**Personal Matters and Advice
to Health Students.**

A few editors of health magazines commended the editor for being able to make an old field so attractive by adopting new methods. The publishers of these other magazines were vastly benefited by this phenomenal increase in the interest in health culture. Their work was put upon a paying basis and they began to improve their magazines, and what was still better than this, they were awakened to the vast possibility of their efforts.

I have had no ill-feeling at all toward my co-workers in the field. I believe that all engaged in reform of this character should cultivate a friendly feeling toward others whose efforts are being put forth in similar directions.

I am so interested, so much absorbed in my desire to advance the great cause to which I have willed my life, that I am willing and glad to assist any and all who are endeavoring to further the ends that I have in view.

I give below the names of all the publications which have attained any prominence and which furnish information similar in character to **PHYSICAL CULTURE**.

I want every reader of this magazine to grow broader mentally as well as physically. I want each one to be familiar with all that will assist in directing his life to success and happiness, and I would advise every student of health to read one or all of these magazines, besides those I publish, if he wishes to study these subjects in all their important details.

Do not blindly follow any so-called authority. Read the theories of all students and become your own authority. Deduce your own conclusions from what you learn and so guide your own life.

I think that the editor of each of the magazines mentioned below will furnish you with a sample copy upon application. If not, two or three stamps will bring one, and every reader who desires to grasp all opportunities to grow stronger physically and broader mentally should add these magazines to his regular reading matter. I recommend no special magazine, but give the names of all, so that each reader can make his own selection as to which is best:

Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, 503 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Good Health, Battle Creek, Mich.

Health Culture, 481 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Health, 1562 Broadway, New York City.

Kneipp's Monthly, 111 East 59th St., New York City.

Pacific Health Journal, Oakland, Calif.

Sandow's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Vim, 41 Union Square, New York City.



WE are receiving a great number of letters from various athletes who are desirous of securing information in regard to the **ATHLETES' HOME**, which we intend to start very soon.

We are at present searching for a location and may be able to give something definite in reference to it in the next issue.

Athletes' Home.

We expect to locate the Home within a half-hour or an hour's run from New York, where it will be convenient for all who may be employed in the city.

Amateurs need not be afraid of losing their standing in case they desire to take advantage of our offer. They can continue their employment in New York, if it is not too confining, and still take up our method of training at the Home.

Bernarr Macfadden