

How to Get Strong Within a Few Months

Vacation-Time Talks to Show Boys How They May Become Athletes Before Going Back to School

EVERY boy's first thought when he considers athletics, is to get a big muscle. Of all the muscles of the body that can be made big by exercise, he prizes most highly the biceps, the muscle on the upper arm, and most boys are content once they are able to show an "egg" when they bend their arm and make the biceps tense.

Now of all parts of the human anatomy, the muscles are the easiest to develop, and of all the muscles it is the most easy to develop the biceps.

Any boy, no matter how puny he may be, can develop his muscles, or any set of them, so that they will be big enough to command respect anywhere. And he can do it in an amazingly short time if he will stick to it and work steadily.

Steady work is the secret. To do hard exercise for a few days until you are completely tired out, and then to do nothing at all for a few succeeding days, is useless. The muscle grows, not from being subjected to heavy strains, but from being moved constantly.

Motion makes muscle. That is lesson No. 1 to remember.

Motion exercises can be used for the biceps more readily than for any other muscle. You can exercise the biceps and other arm muscles even when walking along the street. Merely hold your arms fairly rigid so as to make all the muscles tense and then open and shut your hands in rapid succession.

For the biceps alone, the most simple exercise is to brace both upper arms very firmly to the sides of the body, exercising enough pressure to squeeze the arms soundly. Then bring the lower arm with fists lightly clenched swiftly up as far as you can double it without moving the upper arms. Do this a few hundred times in succession at least once a day and you will find that your biceps is beginning to take on the noble knots and bumps of a champion strong man.

But remember that in this exercise, as in practically every other, the best part of the result is not attained if you are lazy enough to do it with flabby and lax muscles. You must clinch your fists and brace your arms as they would be strained if you were trying to lift a heavy weight.

"Laziness" is the secret of the non-success of most persons who try athletics and fail to develop any really satisfactory muscles. By this is meant, not the laziness that makes a person loaf and dodge work, but the unconscious laziness that makes him use only one muscle or only one set of muscles for work that should be done by the use of all the muscles.

Lots of boys and men exercise in

gymnasiums without really straining their muscles. They pull at heavy weights and at apparatus instead of lifting. They push the punching bag instead of striking. They flounder up the rope or the inclined ladder, instead of climbing. So, if a boy thinks that he is doing the short arm exercise just described, when he stands slouched and loose-jointed, and flaps his arms up and down, he is extremely mistaken. He is not doing athletics. He is "lazing" even while he imagines that he is working like a Trojan.

An objection to this short arm exercise is that it does not do more than to exercise the biceps muscle. Therefore, the use of light weights in both hands is to be recommended.

Many professional athletic instructors advise against the use of dumb-bells weighing more than one-half pound, but there is no real reason why a boy of average muscular strength should not use one or two pound dumb-bells with advantage.

As soon as any such weight is used with the short arm exercise, you will find that your abdominal muscles are called on suddenly and strongly. And that is even a greater advantage than the advantage to the arm muscles.

Now, don't make the mistake that is made by many men and boys of trying to avoid the use of the abdominal muscle under the impression that you will rob the arm of the work that you wish to give it. The more you can make all the muscles act in conjunction, the more you will be making a real athlete of yourself and—the better it will be for that biceps muscle.

As a matter of fact, the biceps muscle is often a great friend. Lots of boys and men who can show huge ones aren't strong enough in the rest of the body to be worth mentioning.

Sailors, soldiers, hunters and other men who work for their living in similar conditions, do not develop the huge biceps muscles of the boxer or the dumb-bell shover. But in a day's march or a day's work on ship they could do a hundred things, each calling on a different set of muscles, and do them without becoming tired, while the boxer would be limp as a rag if he tried to keep pace with them.

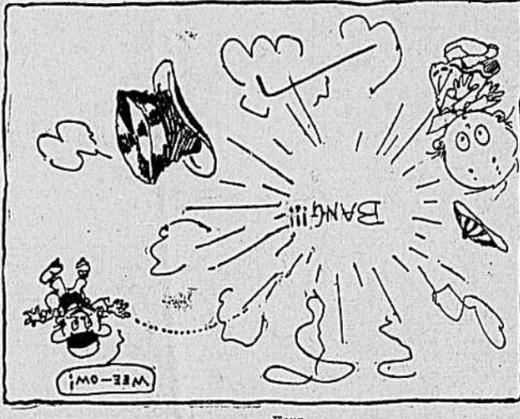
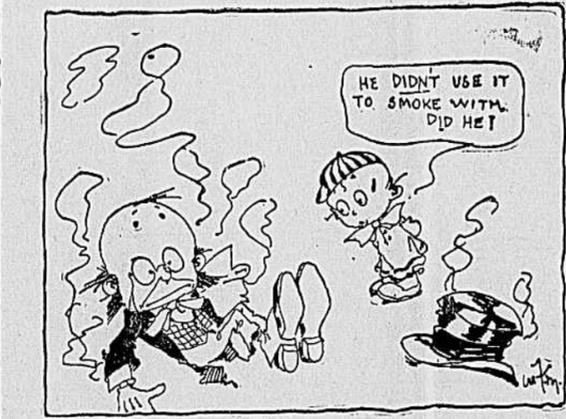
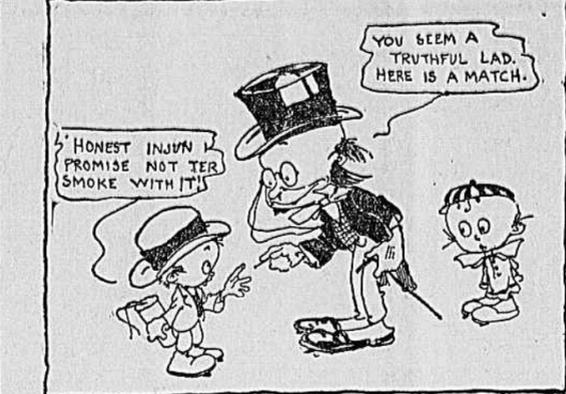
A big biceps muscle alone is almost worthless. The arm is only a tool. To use it properly, there must be leverage behind it. And that leverage is furnished, not by the biceps muscles, but by the abdominal and shoulder muscles.

Hold your arm straight out before you, put your fingers under a fixed object and lift upwards without bending the arm. Where does the strain come?

You will feel some of it on the biceps muscle, but you will also notice that it is largely the strain needed to hold your arm out straight. The real lifting strain comes on the muscles of the abdomen.

You will find that you cannot lift the object without making your abdomen hard and rigid.

Stop forward without bending your legs and pull at some heavy object as



ROLLO AND HIS TUTOR--The Professor Judges Character.

If you wished to lift it. Now, although your arm is doing the lifting work directly, there is no strain on it at all. It is your back that must do the work. Lift your weight with both hands, and you will feel a powerful strain on your

loins and the muscles of your waist. If you are weak there, the biggest biceps in the world would not help you to raise yourself clean and fair many times. The arm is used so much by every human being that in ninety-nine persons out

of a hundred it is much stronger in proportion than any other part of the body except, perhaps, the legs. And naturally, in the case of boys who have not indulged in any athletic exercises, this disproportion is still greater than it is

in the case of those who have developed the other muscles to some extent at least. Therefore the average boy who goes to a first of all to develop his biceps muscle is developing the very part that is ahead of the other muscles in strength al-

eady. The very best way to become a thoroughly strong person—strong in arm, shoulders, back, loins, abdomen and legs—is to engage in outdoor work. And better than mere gymnastical exercise are the exercises which are incidental to such sports as rowing, climbing trees, swimming and so forth.

Climbing is one of the very best of all muscle-making exercises. To life one's weight, muscle from the neck to the ankles. The boy who becomes a good climber will never need to fear what his biceps will do. If it should happen not to be as big as that of a boy who worked over nothing else, it will still be big enough, and in addition all the other muscles will be equal to it.

A good climber is almost always the kind of athlete who makes a good wrestler. This is because climbing not only tests the strength as no mere exercises can do, but it makes the eye and hand quick, unless it is overdone. It creates "quick" muscles, that is, muscles that are not only strong, but active and swift to respond to any calling.

Rowing is an exercise that ruins the symmetrical body of many persons every year, and turns out round-shouldered, shambling men, because it is done wrong. There is no more certain test of a lazy person than to watch him row. If he sits squatted in the boat with his shoulders rounded and pulls only with his arm and shoulder muscles, he is sure that he is doing too lazily, and his backbone support his own weight, too lazy to use his thighs and loins, too lazy to do the work both in rowing properly, the thwart or seat should never be more than a pivot or fulcrum for that lever, the body.

It should only be the least bit of a support for the weight of the body and not the point from which the work is done. It is as nothing to do in the whole boat. That is done by the feet, loins, abdomen, back, arms and shoulders in unison.

Each stroke of the oar should make the muscles pull all along the back, force the abdominal muscles to become as hard as wire, set the thigh muscles to swelling and make the muscles of the lower leg and ankle stretch and contract in unison with the stroke.

The boy who pulls with his arms alone will, no doubt, get a bigger biceps in a shorter time than will the boy who pulls with his whole body. But in a long race the biceps muscles soon grow tired of doing all the work. And, more than that, they will wear out severely when they are called on to help those poor lonely biceps muscles to do an unfair share of labor. And, when they are tired, the whole boat will be filled with the waste material that produce the condition known as "fatigue."

Remember that fatigue is only an over-supply of waste materials in the body. If the work piles up faster than the skin and lungs can throw them off, they begin to clog the machinery just as the ashes would clog the furnace of a steamship, and finally shut off the draught entirely.

So anything that tends to make one organ of the body do an unequal share of work demands more draught from the furnace than would be needed if the work were done right. And that means more piling up of the ashes or "waste material" than those busy workers—the pores of the skin and lungs—can throw out. Then you are tired. If you have overdone it, you will fail helplessly. You are poisoned with waste material.

Contradictions in National Character--An Anglo-French Study.

BY THE LATE MAX O'RELL.

There are no countries where you find such contrasts and contradictions in the national character as England and France, with this difference: That the English are more extremists than the French. It is because their religion does not admit of a purgatory, but only of paradise and hell—that is to say, no middle course?

Truly a strange being, this Englishman, and always a most interesting study to the whole world. A man capable of combining a thousand different personalities, of playing all over the world a thousand different parts, of doing in Rome as the Romans do; extreme in all his acts, presenting the most striking contrasts, but always guided by reason and by common sense. Flery patriot, yet calmly bearing the greatest humiliations

while awaiting the propitious moment for taking his innings. In his Established Church, a most edifying publican, crying at the top of his voice that he is but "a most miserable sinner." Outside that church a man who, if you were to take him at his word, would simply knock you down right away. Worshipful of mammon and Jehovah, the man most concerned in the interests of the next world and most wrapped up in the concerns of this.

In the singular, a man upon whose word you can rely as you would upon a trusty sword; in the plural, as a nation—well, let us say, the shrewdest of diplomatists. At home, preaching temperance, even to the forswearing of all drinks but water; abroad, encouraging the opium trade

and sending missionaries to convert natives with the Bible, and getting their country out of their hands by enforcing among them the use of alcoholics. At home, condemning a man who hurts a cat to six months' imprisonment, and one who beats his wife to within an inch of her life to a fine of a few shillings. In England, punishing with imprisonment the people who obstruct the rowdy processions of the Salvation Army; in India, sending to prison the same Salvationists, who in their zeal might create religious difficulties among a nation that he has subdued.

Worshipping his old monarchy, devoted to his old institutions, on all fours before the House of Lords, yet so ravenous for justice and liberty that he would be ready again to-day to abolish his monarchy

and Constitution, as he did in the seventeenth century, if his liberty ran the least danger. The greatest partisan of monarchy in the world, and the freest and best of republicans, he possesses the virtues that are indispensable to the prosperity of a nation—respect of the law and respect of power clearly manifested. Refusing to submit to despotism in any shape or form, he himself keeps in order and discipline all his paid guides and governors, from his sovereign down to the most humble official, to whom he says: "Remember that I pay you, and that, therefore, you are the servants, and not the masters, of the people."

And the Frenchman, that man who hugs the world with his jokes at the expense of matrimony, who wants you

always to take him for "a jolly dog," even a bit of "a devil of a fellow," and who in reality is a steady, home-loving, home-abiding man, who shakes in his boots at the sound of his wife's voice—who pretends to be cynical, almost stone-hearted, and who when he hears his child cough or simply sneeze sends for the doctor and prepares himself not to survive that child an hour. A man who insists on living under a republic and has not in him an ounce of what should go toward making a reputation. Very skeptical, who declares that you now meet no more honest people in the world, but who makes an exception in favor of all his friends and acquaintances. Who will tell you that all husbands are deceived, but who, *in petto*, is perfectly convinced

of the virtue of all the women of his family and among his friends.

Voltairean to the backbone, he will tell you quite seriously that every newspaper article is paid for and none is independent. Yet he constantly quotes the one he patronizes as an absolutely competent authority. He hates officials and makes fun of bureaucracy and functionaries; yet he respectfully takes off his hat when he doctor and prepares himself not to survive that child an hour. A man who insists on living under a republic and has not in him an ounce of what should go toward making a reputation. Very skeptical, who declares that you now meet no more honest people in the world, but who makes an exception in favor of all his friends and acquaintances. Who will tell you that all husbands are deceived, but who, *in petto*, is perfectly convinced

feature of his character—the absence of moral courage, or of the courage of his opinions.

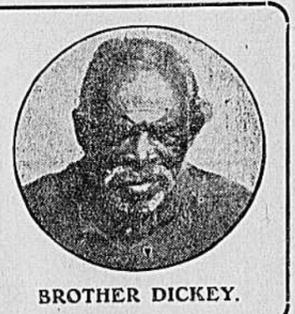
He makes fun of the nobility and all titled people, but manages to let their visiting cards be well in view in the hall when his wife is "at home." He advocates disarmament and follows a regiment with the pleasure of a school boy. He speaks of republican simplicity and austerity and sneers at decorations; yet there is not one Frenchman that does not wear in his buttonhole one decoration or another. There may be one, but I am not acquainted with him. For him kings and emperors are the equivalents of tyrants. When one of them comes to visit him he will stand for hours on the same spot in the effort of catching a glimpse of him.

And it is these contrasts and contradictions that prevent foreigners from having a proper knowledge of the English and the French, unless they have lived with them a long time.



SUNBEAMS FROM THE SOUTH

By FRANK L. STANTON,
Author of "Just from Georgia,"
"Songs of the Soil," etc.



BROTHER DICKEY.

For'th July.

I.
Hitch up de ox-team—don't stan' by!
Gwine ter de city fer de Fo'th July!
Big gun beller at de blazin' sky—
Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

II.
Hitch up de ox-team—time on de fly!
Gwine ter de city fer de Fo'th July!
Roman candle en a jug er rye—
Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

III.
Whip up de ox-team—rock 'long de road!
Gee-haw, Jonah! en you got yo' lead!
Bes' ole country dat I ever knowed—
Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

IV.
Looky at de big crowd comin' inter sight!
Looky at de colors heppin' ter de right!
Hurrh fer de ole flag—red, blue en white,
Fo'th July in de mawnin'!

Breezy Notes From Billville.

Major Jones has reached the height of his ambition. He has four acres in mist and five in whiskey distilleries.

Since they introduced the Australian system of votin', a poor, honest, hard-working voter can scarcely make a livin'.

Some of our citizens who are always running for office have wonderful war records. They lost their voices hollerin' at Lee's surrender.

Colonel Jenkins happened to the accident of getting his leg run over by the Billville Express. Unfortunately, however,

it was his wooden leg, and he won't recover much in damages.

The people of this section are noted for their liberality. The other day they lynched a gentleman they didn't like and allowed his family to pay for the rope on the instalment plan.

The Cunjer-Man.

De Cunjer-Man he come my way
Wid de frog en blacksnake skin,
En he ax me: "Is you home ter-day?"
But I never let him in!

I fur fum home,
Mister Cunjer-Man,
En dey ain't no fat
In de fryin' pan!

De Cunjer-Man tu'n roun' en roun',
Wid de frog in de black snake skin,
En he make his cross-mark on de groun'
But I never let him in!

Brother Dickey's Wild-Cat Story.

"Did you ever hear de story er de
Wit' cat en de 'possum?" said Brother
Dickey.

"No," replied Brother Williams, "dat's
one tale dat I never hearn—or ef I did, I
disremembers it."

"Well, suh, er dat case, you los' ha't
yo' raisin'. It's a tale what been in de
country sence long 'fo' freedom broce
out, en ez familiar in my settlement ez
de rheumatism en de seven-year ech'."

"You tell it, den," said Br' Williams.

"Well, it wuz disaway: De 'possum
hear tell dat de folks wuz comin' fer
him one night, ter take him home en
cook him fer dey family connections.
Dey knowed de vo'y tree what he wuz
a-roostin' in, en whar he been livin', too
long ter tell, on git him dey sho' would
ef he stayed dar on de night dey wuz
a-comin' fer him, so, what you reason
he done?"

"Go on, en tell it," said Br'er Williams.

"He say ter Br'er Wil' cat: You been
long time tryin' ter trade me outen dis
tree, ain't you?"

"Br'er 'Possum say: 'Well, I done
made up my min' ter give it ter you. I
got ter cross de swamp tonight ter whar
my po' relations live at, so, ef you'll des
hop up, I'll hop down, en welcome ter
you!'"

"Br'er Wil' cat so glad dat he can't
say nuttin'; he wuz too full fer uttance-
seem' ez ef he hed des swallowed a rooster
en a big fat hen—so, he light up de
tree, he did, en Br'er 'Possum light down
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in de big road en hol' his sides, fer fear
he'd bust wide open! En whilst he wuz
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