

Excerpts from:

Strength Athletics and Swedish Gymnastics

(Athlétisme et Gymnastique Suédoise)

By Georges Le Roy (Paris: Pierre Lafitte, 1913)

Translated by David Chapman

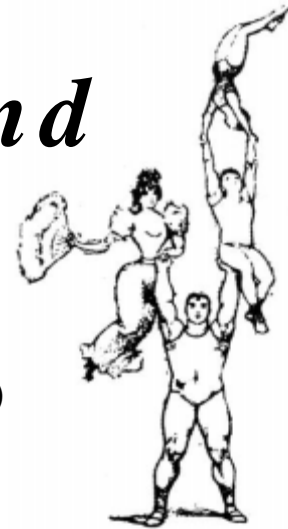
I. Introduction by David Chapman

In 1911 Edmond Desbonnet published his seminal history of professional strongmen, *The Kings of Strength*, and ever since it has remained the most reliable source on the lore and craft of the theatrical Hercules that has ever been produced. In fact, until recently, it was thought that this was the only contemporary book to chronicle circus and vaudeville strongmen. Fortunately, another work from that same era has come to light which also deals with the subject, but from a slightly different point of perspective.

Two years after Desbonnet's work appeared, Georges Le Roy (described simply as "a writer and sportsman") published his little book, *Athlétisme et Gymnastique Suédoise* [Strength Athletics and Swedish Gymnastics].¹ The book was primarily intended to be an exercise manual for budding strength fanatics. In it the author attempted to improve French musculature by the two most common and effective methods of his day: weight training and Swedish gymnastics. Many similar works had been published at this time, all of which promised to strengthen the physique and put a spring in one's step, and this part of the book is not very remarkable.

Before Le Roy turned to his stated task, however, he allowed himself a brief but important digression. The author decided to give his readers some background information on the phenomenon of strongmen and their attempts to make a living. In addition to writing this historical introduction Le Roy wished to show his readers that many of the self-proclaimed strongmen of the stage were nothing of the sort. The author wanted to deflate the myths surrounding theatrical strongman prior to inflating the muscles of his prospective pupils.

Despite his many admonitions against muscular



humbugs, the author nevertheless wants the reader to appreciate and to be aware of the birth of strength sports. The professional strongman, as Le Roy tells us, first appeared along the Franco-German frontier around 1800. Naturally, there had always been those who showed off their strength by performing feats of power and agility, but it was in this region that the strongmen first began making a living by showing off their muscles and their ability to lift things.

The post-Napoleonic world was ripe for physical display. The Ancien Régime in France was linked in the popular mind with softness, luxury, and femininity. The French revolution brought back the traditionally masculine virtues of strength, power, and courage, and it was only natural that artists would begin to represent these qualities in terms of the male physique. This rebirth of interest in virility manifested itself in the male nudes of David and Ingres which became very popular at this time. The strong, taut muscles of republican youth became the ideal against which all young men measured themselves.²

Germany, too, was beginning to awaken physically and politically after the Napoleonic debacles it experienced when the Grande Armée smashed through the confederation. Friedrich Jahn was in the process of starting his Turnverein, the gymnastics movement that gradually gathered strength. "There were," as one mid-century wrestling impressario proclaimed, "muscles in the air."³ This is the story that Georges Le Roy tells in his brief introduction. Jean Broyasse and Stücker, Wolff, and the others all represent the beginnings of a movement that had been brewing for several years.

Despite his avowed purpose of deflating the false and championing the true, Le Roy appears to have been misled in much of his research. I have indicated the disputed facts when I was able. In the end, Desbonnet is

still the most reliable source since he had made a long and detailed study of these same men. Desbonnet is also a more competent prose stylist. Le Roy's attempt at rhetorical elegance often succeeds merely in obscuring an otherwise straightforward account. I have attempted to render that strained elegance of style as best I could.

By 1913 when his book was published, the professional strongman was no longer a novelty or a thing of wonder. The tricks that were generally used were well known by then and the various charlatans who were active on Parisian street corners and public squares were more to be pitied than admired. *Strength Athletics and Swedish Gymnastics*, however, attempts to show that it was not always thus.

II. "The Game of Weights and its Origins," from: *Strength Athletics and Swedish Gymnastics* by G. Le Roy.

Every sort of fictional fantasy has been given free reign when it comes to the singularly arduous sport of weightlifting. For this, one must have truly exceptional muscularity which is made subject to a tenacity and willpower that can be stimulated only by the athlete's most intimate aspirations. What of stories about "the world of strongmen"? There are enough of these to fill a book—both true and false accounts (naturally, more false than true).

The old-timers, those who have known this sport from its beginnings, have discovered while rummaging around thoroughly in the inmost depths of their memories outrageous and fantastic stories in which it is very difficult to discern which parts are legend and which are truth.

Moreover, since we have no precise documents which allow us to negate the fantastic stories of "the oldest of the old," and so as not to be their accomplices in these lies, the best course is to sort out everything carefully which seems to be within the domain of absurd exaggeration. It is not easy to determine what is true and what is false in the midst of this "impi" of athletic anecdotes which are rampant in places where strongmen congregate.⁴ The choice, however, can be settled by taking that which has the appearance of truth.

In fact, we have a few notes that have been fairly carefully gathered on the lives of the first strongmen, and thanks to these it is possible to establish a rather precise

history of the sport of professional weightlifting. After all, the old legends that are told in specialized gymnasiums and in athletic taverns balance their doubtful authenticity with a certain flavor which agrees well with the world of strength acrobats. Let us accept them without excessive examination, and we will remain skeptical without adopting an attitude that might discourage gullible collectors of athletic anecdotes, or likewise diminish the athletic abilities of the earliest days, which (we might mention in passing) certainly constituted the golden age of the profession.

For the "feats" are more worthless today than they were in the past; that was a time when performing "in public" which is to say, the public square, really meant something. Ah, the public square: in it many have been deceived! A century ago—perhaps a bit less—the strongman considered public performances as a source of inexhaustible wealth. After several years of regular operation, the happy days were over: early strongmen began to be surrounded by a host of bothersome imitators who did not scruple to compromise their honesty. Performances lost their elegance, and phony weights invaded the square. And since the public was solicited at every street corner, they began to pass by even faster. The receipts diminished, the wandering performers were worn out by "the same old thing" and grew indifferent; strongmen did not collect more than a tenth part of the sums which they had been accustomed to obtaining from the "distinguished audience" which surrounded them. For "distinguished audiences" decreased quickly enough, and all too soon became what they are today: a wee bit defiant. Their hands soon appeared to have forgotten the way to their pockets.

In order to capture the public's attention, strongmen (if we can, moreover, call them that) devised ways of striking the fancy of the passersby with suits of clothing in which the ludicrous contended with the pompous so that one could not tell which of the two would overcome the other. At any rate, they formed the most hilarious combinations which it might be possible to recount. These are the exaggerations which ended by discrediting the sport of weightlifting in the eyes of the public. They did tremendous damage to amateur athletics. In France, for a long time—a very long time—this form of athletics was considered inferior and unworthy of youthful intelligence. Even today it is wrongly accorded only mediocre esteem.

The transfer of "the weight game" from the street to the stage did not have much better results. In France, what was tired of quickly is that to which the foreigner still cleaves. Then, the public squares have become modern-

ized. Today, the open-air strongman leaves us with an impression of poverty and destitution and makes us melancholy; he infuses us with a kind of sadness which increases that which we normally get from the sights of daily life. It's the same old organ ground by the eternally weary hand, the worn carpet piece used until a stubborn hole is eaten away pitilessly. All this reeks of the harshness of a life demanded of a thankless profession: the patched, threadbare tights that were once pink and no longer have a recognizable color, the shabby and worn "kit," the jersey (another old rag) on which are pinned several tarnished medals--worthless trophies of an illusory glory which cannot shield their owners from misery.

Those who see only this side of weightlifting do not suspect that there is another deserving a different reputation from the one that they want to give it to. Only amateur participants of weight training know otherwise. It is they who redeem physical exercise which has a rather bad reputation in a certain world. Amateurism is essentially the sporting side of the question. In an opus on weightlifting, it is this side which interests us most directly.

We shall therefore explain *training advice* with the precision that it deserves and—O, linguistic anomaly—the *practical theory* that will permit youthful amateurs who wish to work out *individually*—whether it is because they do not have an instructor at their disposal or for any other reason—to become familiar with its reasons and *effectiveness*, that is to say with the certainty of making progress—and thus be able to ascertain its importance.

And we might quickly add that it is, in fact, extremely simple: if you want to put forth effort, you will receive results (as we will later explain).

But for the moment let us return to the origin of this and follow the chronological story of facts starting with the era from which date the first memories of strength athletics.

III. Performing in Public Squares

The first man who had the idea of performing weightlifting feats in public was named Jean Broyasse, and he was born in Lyon in 1798. Jean Broyasse did not then work (at least at the start) with weights that were as perfected as those whose shapes have become classic today.

His materials were obtained from a German named Stücker who since the age of twenty had (for reasons which we do not know and which, moreover, do not interest us) lived in France. Let us note in passing, that

it was claimed that after his sudden and unexplained death that he had obtained the greater part of his income from espionage. Stücker enjoyed physical exercise very much and loved feats of strength. He met Jean Broyasse in a Lyon tavern. At this time Broyasse was a newly poor man, or more precisely, he was in the process of becoming a pauper. He was not a brigand—he could even be called an intellectual since he was studying law.

Nature had endowed him with great muscularity. When Stücker returned to Germany, he left to his friend Broyasse his weights composed of roughly cast masses of iron which were riveted with chains and handles to assure a good grip. The remainder of the bars was just as roughly put together. Jean Broyasse could not resist his bohemian nature, so he abandoned his studies there and put his athletic abilities to a professional use. First, he joined a traveling circus, but later he became enamored of absolute freedom, and he decided to work on his own by performing in public squares. He did not make a fortune, but he lived the way he wanted to.

Broyasse was still performing when there appeared in Paris a certain Wolff who modestly called himself "the Rock of Luxemburg." Naturally, he was not the Rock of anything; he was an extremely mediocre strongman. However, he had a very practical sense when it came to the husbanding of his physical strength: he did not like to get tired. He also worked with phony weights (it was he who imported this sort of thing to France). All of his weights were fakes; not a single piece of his equipment was genuine, not even the cannon which he carried on his shoulder and with which he walked around the crowd, with his moneybag in his hand. In addition, the public, which was not as informed as it is today, granted him its credulity . . . and its money. Wolff looked like he could lift mountains, but in reality he could not lift much at all; he performed his feats with such ease that everyone was amazed.

As one might imagine, almost at once Wolff had his imitators, and thus a number of specialists in street performances began to develop, their work becoming more and more suspicious. Quite some time ago the first foundry for faked weights and barbells was opened in Paris. Strongmen had adopted a sort of vague drapery as a costume, something like a short tunic which made vague references to antiquity.

It was around 1814 that Laroche appeared. To the act of weightlifting he added that of the human burden. His act consisted of getting under a cart filled with fifteen men, then buttressing himself with his knees and his

hands, lifting the load as high as his waist. An assistant had the duty of turning the wheels to prove beyond doubt that the cart had left the ground. This was a rather happy time for Laroche. In his later days he abandoned strength feats for prestidigitation, and he sported frightening costumes of a demented design, with crimson velvets made more garish by gold embroidery. And to those who stood dumbfounded in front of this flamboyant apparition, Laroche, who was quite satisfied with himself, announced to his spectators, "Formerly, I amazed them with what was underneath; today, I amaze them with what is overhead." The "human burden" feat was taken up again several years later by someone named Paris.⁵

Felice Giordanino, who was a contemporary of Laroche, established a career in Paris under the name of Felice Napoli.⁶ He hailed from Naples. He started out by lifting weights which, incidentally, he was particularly good at, especially "juggling." But since he gradually grew stronger and stronger, he added several sensational feats to his first exercises, for example, the one that involved breaking stones on his chest. He earned a great success with this. The turn consisted of the following: Napoli lay down on his back, and a stone measuring about 50 centimeters wide and 10 centimeters thick was placed on his chest. A man broke the stone in two with a blow from a mallet.

His "bar trick" was also wildly successful. It involved taking an iron bar of one centimeter in diameter and bending it in the middle by striking it on his forearm. After two or three blows, the bar curved in at the middle. Several contemporaries of Napoli attempted the same feat with no other result but that they were seriously bruised. In the end the hoax was revealed: the two extremities of the bar were iron, but the middle part was lead and completely hollow!

"Samson's March," also devised by Napoli, saw its appearance on the weightlifting scene. To perform this feat Felice was decorated with 20-kilogram weights; he had them all around his waist, on his shoulders, a string of them across his chest, below his knees, at the base of his thighs, and his shoes had lead soles. Then, thus accoutered and after being loaded with solid iron bars across the back of the neck, he walked about the distinguished audience.

With Gérard of Lyon, who dates from the same time, we emerge into what we can call "classic weightlifting performances." Gérard was neither an eccentric nor a "character"; he was an extremely strong man who did very correct lifts. It was he who became enraged during a performance in a circus, and grabbed his manager who was

costumed as a gendarme, ready to play his role in the pantomime. After picking up the man and carrying him at arms' length to police headquarters, he found a magistrate who was astounded by this hilarious scene. Gérard asked if he could rule that this minor Barnum might pay his employees the emoluments that were greatly in arrears. The director settled with Gérard, even reimbursing him, and then invited him to disappear from the troupe on the double quick.

Then there is Vigneron, the Cannon Man. With him, weightlifting performances were graced with a sensational feat. He had a cannon weighing around 180 kilos in which was a strong charge of powder. He placed the cannon on his right shoulder, then touched the light to the fuse. The difficulty consisted (aside from the strength needed to lift and support such a weight) in bending the body forward at the correct moment in order to compensate in advance for the recoil of the piece.

Vigneron, who had performed this feat more than 800 times was its victim in Boulogne-sur-Mer under very tragic circumstances. He had lifted his cannon onto his shoulder, and as usual waited for the moment when the flame would light the fuse. The cannon did not fire. Growing impatient, Vigneron began to put the cannon on the ground, and balanced it on his shoulder with the barrel facing toward his chest. At the instant when the breech touched the ground, the shot fired, and the strongman was killed instantly. As a cannon man, Vigneron had numerous imitators. The most famous was Mr. Vuillod, an amateur, who today is a senator from the Department of l'Est.

Alfred Ferrand and Vincent "the Iron Man" were two amazing strongmen. They always performed together, and one man's story is intimately linked to the other's. The queerness of their character was the cause of some hilarious adventures such as the one that happened to them in Monaco where luck was not favorable to them—something they could not admit without starting a revolution. Accordingly, they revolted willingly enough against the established prince who did not agree with their personal ideas. They had a high opinion of their athletic prowess, and truly their strength justified their pretensions.

Vincent and Ferrand attempted to recover their expenses by taking a trip to London (without guaranteed reward) in order to challenge a German strongman who proclaimed himself the finest in the world. Vincent had great difficulty in concluding a match with this rival whom he convinced himself he was certain of dominating, but finally, it came to pass. Not only did Ferrand and Vincent

easily perform all the feats of the German, but they even performed others which their rival was incapable of doing when his turn came. The fame of the two Frenchmen became prodigious in London, and the entire population of the English capital flocked to applaud them at the Aquarium.

Robert "the Man Seller" was a mediocrity compared to nearly anyone else. There are several cock-and-bull stories attached to his name that he obligingly allowed to be put abroad and which added nothing to his reputation (which was overrated even during his own time). Consequently, his time on the public squares was of short duration.

A group performing on the Place Louvois one day produced a plowman from the Nivernais named Jean-Pierre de Montastruc. He was a freak of nature: hunch-backed, deformed, with huge arms and incredible ham-like hands; but despite everything, he was very strong (clumsier than he was strong, however). Feats have been attributed to him whose authenticity seems to be equivocal. Consider the following: he still worked the soil when one day he encountered a cart driver on the road whose wagon was loaded with wheat and was stuck in a rut. Jean-Pierre, it is said, got under the vehicle, lifted it on his back, pulled it from the rut and placed it back thus in the middle of the road. This often-told legend, presented for the consideration of a credulous public, does not inspire confidence. Here is another: He was plowing. A passerby approached and asked directions, and Jean-Pierre picked up his plow with two hands, and bending his arms in order to point out the path which stretched out before him, put the errant traveler back on the right track.⁷ Once more, this one is extreme fantasy.

Although he was very strong, he was above all a phenomenon who attracted attention by his deformity. When he was seated in the middle of a train seat and he extended his two arms laterally, the tips of his fingers touched the walls of the car.

Another product of the province was the miller of Darnétal who came to Paris to "do weights" but who never made a very lasting impression and is remembered only vaguely. It was he, who in Darnétal where he worked, lifted to arms' length and transported a ladder a few meters farther on which a man had climbed carrying a 100-kilo sack of flour.

Louis the Mechanic was endowed with huge hands and specialized in lifting block weights by the rim. When he extended his fingers, his thumb touched the base of a liter bottle and his little finger touched the tip of the

neck. He also had a special barbell that was terrifying because of its uncommon dimensions, but this selfsame weight which looked as if it weighed twice that of others, in reality weighed less than half.

Weightlifting met its Beau Brummel in the person of Henri Joigneret who (along with Alphonse Grasse) was a perfect model of correctness and elegance in the presentation of feats. Joigneret and Grasse were all the rage in Paris. The former was one of the founders of the earliest weight training gymnasiums in Paris. After having established himself in the Rue Mazagran, he moved to the Avenue des Tilleuls and a little afterwards passed the torch to the famous Paul Pons.

As for Alphonse Grasse, he was incomparable from the point of view of the elegance of the feats. He had a very personal "style" and "manner." Obviously, there are stronger men than he, but probably no better when it came to the way he lifted.

Jules and Justin Barrois were from Joigneret's school. No trickery here, just good work: no "spectacular feats," nothing but arm extensions, snatches, jerks, and a bit of acrobatics because the public demanded it.

Two men whose names should be mentioned are François Vilher and Dubois, even though they did not lift professionally except for a very brief appearance. Ah! How those two seriously discredited performing in the public squares! When their colleagues saw them leave, it was with great relief. They later moved on to wrestling. It was claimed that they were the inventors of "chicanery," but it was inept fakery: deception on the lowest scale, approaching the clumsiest duping of the public ever known. At any rate, it would appear that it was they whom we must thank for "counter-chicanery," that is to say, the presence of a paid accomplice in the anonymous crowd listening with mouths agape to the barker's patter. He was the "shill" who played the unexpected amateur who challenges the professionals.

Like others in the history of old-time strongmen, Faouët, the "Beast of the Jungles" and the "Muscular Apollo," was primarily a wrestler, whose names are mentioned here but not remembered.

Professionals were not and never had been a uniquely French specialty, as we have seen from the start with Wolff, the Rock of Luxemburg. Around the time which interests us, foreigners produced several people who lifted weights better than most; they were without well established principles since no rules existed which imposed a single and unified manner of performing the movements. In a general way, the diversity of the French and foreign

schools have been maintained up to the present. It has only been about fifteen years since the codification of weightlifting has been definitively standardized. But now we digress from our subject.

Foreigners had their professionals as well for whom weightlifting was merely a prelude to bizarre feats well designed to strike the public's fancy. The sporting character of their exhibitions was certainly the least thing that concerned them; the theatrical side of the question interested them much more since their first desire just as well was to make sure of box office receipts.

Germany and Austria have produced quantities of professionals and particularly that sort of specialist known as "chain breakers." As for legitimate weightlifting, one can count among the obscure unknowns more interesting subjects than among the famous circus performers. Among those whose names have come to us and who are considered interesting men are Hans Beck and Carl Abs.

Hans Beck of Achdorf in Bavaria was a butcher boy when he abandoned his profession to become a strongman. The muscles which he possessed were of a very real quality. He trained in a Munich club and came to be very strong. His specialty was the globe barbell which he lifted in three movements; unfortunately, the first movement was assisted by a resting point on his abdomen which is not allowed in France where the shouldering must be done in one move.⁸ Along with Stangelmeier, Beck founded one of the most famous clubs in Bavaria.

Cari Abs of Mecklenburg approached Joigneret a bit when it came to the elegance of his lifting. Otto Kohler was of German extraction, and he performed for a long time under the direction of his father, Frederic Kohler, who coached a weight training club in Mount-Clemmons. He was quite strong, but he always professed a certain penchant for wrestling and met several times with William Buldon [*sic.* this should read Muldoon] and Louis the Strangler.

Austria has produced a man whom the entire athletic world agrees in recognizing as a strongman of the highest quality: Wilhelm Turck, who was born in Vienna in 1859. Unfortunately, Wilhelm Turck has not escaped criticism from us. His lifting is not done in the purest style—not by a long shot. It is not that his weights are phony (far from it), but his lifting performance was so lax, so innocent of any methodology that he drew several justified cautions. Wilhelm Turck's principles can be summed up thus: lift the weight any way you can just so long as you lift it. Using this process, he was able to shoulder extraordinary poundages without worrying about

the contortions with which he was obliged to put himself through to attain those results. It is a way of doing things that the French school does not wish to accept, and in this it is absolutely correct.

Modern Russia has furnished some interesting subjects. Doctor Krajewski, who was president of the St. Petersburg Athletic Club and director of physical exercise at this club, is very busy there. One can cite among the long list of best men in this elite circle Yousoff, de Ianslew, William Moor Znamenski of St. Petersburg; Schmelling, who is especially good at wrestling, and more recently Elliseieff, who came to Paris several years ago.

England has not exactly been poor in weightlifting specialists. Montgomery of London is one of the finest names to cite.⁹ He is more elegant in his lifting than he is really strong; he was, however, still a vaudeville strongman. Sanderson the Swede lifted without Clan but was endowed with an amazing natural strength.

The Japanese physique does not (to say the least) lend itself to weightlifting. That is why Japan has primarily produced acrobats, wrestlers, and jujitsu fighters in the realm of professional performers. The only man performing feats of physical strength and who has left a name in this specialized area is a certain Matsada Sora Kichi, who first saw the light of day in 1847 in a little village near Yeddo.¹⁰

Like all the men of his race, Sora Kichi was very small, but he was astoundingly muscular. He specialized in lifting beer barrels, and he was able to do feats with these massive casks that stronger men than he have never been able to do. He has never been seen in France; he works regularly in the music halls of the United States.

Sora Kichi—this name was certainly borrowed—was of high pedigree. He was an errant nobleman of Japanese society. By the time he was twenty years of age, he had gotten into many scrapes, and his family, despairing of his ever making something of himself, broke off relations with him. One would never imagine that this person would be capable of the athletic feats which he accomplishes.

Sora Kichi was forced to leave Japan after an incident which nearly cost him his life. He had requested an audience with the Mikado, but this went unanswered. He sought an explanation for the man's silence and not finding a plausible one in his reasoning faculties, he resolved to get to the bottom of things.

He positioned himself on the Mikado's route, and when the ruler arrived in a carriage traveling at a slight trot, Sora Kichi broke through the crowd, evaded the

bodyguard's notice, seized the landau by the rear springs, and stopped it in just a few meters before the police were even able to intervene. [Editors' note: Clearly impossible, of course.] Surrounded by guards, he engaged in a Homeric struggle in the course of which he seriously wounded two or three of them. He was like a Barnum in New York.

Modern strongmen have redeemed the errors of the unscrupulous lifters of the past: men like Joseph Bonnes of Narbonne, Louis Uni ("Apollon") of Marsiliargues, Robert of Paris, Jean-François the Breton, Victorius, Noël Rouverrolis ("The Gaul"), Émile Deriaz, Robert, Vasseur, Maspoli, and Lancoud. The best lifter, the man who seems to us "the most all-around" in the first world championship organized several years ago was, without a doubt, Bonnes, who was given the title of world champion.¹¹

Notes:

1. J. Joseph Renaud, Preface to *Strength Athletics and Swedish Gymnastics*, ii.
2. See Abigail Solomon-Godeau, *Male Trouble: A Crisis in Representation* (NY: Thames and Hudson, 1997), 51.
3. Rossignol-Rollin (pseud. of Nestor Roqueplan) as quoted in Edmond Desbonnet, *Les Rois de la Force* (Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1911), 95.
4. An *impi* is a Zulu regiment. It was the closest term I could come up with that might be appropriately exotic and yet still reasonably familiar to English speakers. The original word used by Le Roy is *harka*, a regiment of North African native soldiers who were attached to the French regular army.
5. Probably "Paris, l'Homme à la Chaloupe" or Paris the Boat Man (1850-1909).
6. According to Edmond Desbonnet, Napoli's real name was "Prades." Le Roy seems to be describing another athlete whom Desbonnet calls "The False Napoli" to distinguish him from the original strongman.
7. Desbonnet attributes this unlikely feat to Rouselle, the Northern Hercules.
8. This is the "Continental" form which was frowned upon by the French and English lifters. See Bob Hoffman, *Weight Lifting*, (York: Strength & Health, 1939), 194.
9. Irving Montgomery, known as "Sandowe" or the False Sandow, was a very mediocre strongman. His inclusion here certainly casts doubts on Le Roy's judgement and knowledge.
10. Yeddo was the former name given to Tokyo.
11. Pierre (not John) Bonnes (b. 1867) appeared in several photographic plates in *Strength Athletics* in order to illustrate several exercises. A more complete biography appears in Georges Dubois *Comment on devient Champion de la Force* [How to Become a Champion of Strength] (Paris: Berger-Levrault, 1909).