

EXERCISE FOR GIRLS.

Marion Harland on the Physical Training of Young Women.

SOME CALISTHENICS IN WHICH WOMEN CAN INDULGE—EXERCISE FOUND IN HOUSE DUTIES—PEDESTRIANISM FOR GIRLS—OUR WOMEN DO NOT USE THEIR LIMBS WELL—SHOULD BUSINESS MEN GIVE UP THEIR SEATS IN CARS TO WOMEN?—SOME DANGEROUS FORMS OF EXERCISE—THE GREAT VALUE OF EQUESTRIANISM—PRACTICAL HINTS FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

It has been forcibly said that "woman must be regarded as woman, not as a nondescript animal, with greater or less capacity for assimilation to man."

It is not my purpose to enter into explanation of the physiological reasons why certain kinds of bodily exercise that do profit man should not be participated in by our sex. The limitations of a popular essay, however familiar in tone, exclude over-plainness of speech. If our girl would read and comprehend why her tripartite nature needs more judicious management than her brother's simpler organization let her consult the law and the prophets as represented by the many valuable treatises written for her express benefit.

It may not be invidious to single out from among a score or more of these as pleasant and helpful reading, "Hygiene for Girls," by Irenus Davis, M. D. I trust, furthermore, that no one will misconstrue the reference to a work into which I put a year of life and more earnest, loving thought for my sex than I can ever express in any other manner. I allude to "Eve's Daughters," the motto of which volume might well be, "Know thyself!" the simplest and most solemn lesson ever set for the race.

Custom is not so tyrannical to women as he is usually supposed to be. The division of daily labor, as tacitly decreed by the ordinary routine of the household, is wisely apportioned. Man "goeth forth" into his, from the morning even unto the evening. Wet feet, damp clothing, the straining, lifting, and standing at desk and in workshop, incidental or unavoidable in the discharge of business duties, are, at the worst, but inconvenience and fatigue to him, while they work positive injury to a woman. Thoughtful physiologists account what is classed as "light housework" among the most healthful occupations of girls.

Sweeping, when properly done, is an important branch of calisthenics. To this end, one should dress for the task as in the gymnasium, in elastic Jersey basque or waist, and short skirts. Accoutred thus, and with her hair put away under a cap, our girl should open at least one window of the apartment cleared for action, and begin, with long, steady, slow strokes, to sweep the dampened dust toward the centre of the floor. The exercise brings into play all the muscles of the trunk, without unfair stress upon any one set, while the pacing to and fro, as the rubbish is collected by the besom into the middle of the chamber, ready for whisk and dust-pan, equalizes circulation in the lower part of the body. The broom should be long-handled, and care be taken not to stoop while plying it.

Bed-making, except in the initial stage of turning heavy mattresses, is healthful and not ungraceful work. So is dusting when a square of cheese-cloth or other soft fabric is employed to remove the dust and carry it away. I make the proviso, because the act of whisking off the powdery particles with a feather-brush is scattering abroad, not gathering. They whirl into the air and settle again in a few minutes, a fair proportion of them finding lodgment in skin-pores and lungs. Dusting cannot be too quietly and thoroughly done. The windows on the side of the room from which the wind does not blow should always, if possible, be open while it is going on. Women lose much of the specific advantage of housework by conducting it in stuffy, airless chambers. Dust, in such circumstances, is a synonym for disease. Should the flow of cold air be so eagerly crisp as to make the worker move briskly to keep warm, all the better. Many a conscientious holder of hygienic principles who leaves her pale mother to wear through with the bulk of the day's drudgery, or commits the cleansing of the home to irresponsible hirelings while she seeks health in a long "constitutional" abroad, would have gained her end as surely, if not as agreeably, had she borne her share in the homely toil.

But, the housework accomplished, our girl must walk—not saunter—in the free, boundless outer air every day.

"Give me an errand as a *raison d'être*!" pleaded one upon whom the duty was urged. "A walk without an object is a bore! I must have to find a pot of money at the end of my rainbow."

There is always an object, priceless beyond rubies, at the end of the walk. Vigor of body and clearness of thought; firm grace of figure; elasticity of limb; roses for the cheek and light for the eyes. The women who "never walk when they can ride" need not announce the disgraceful preference. There is a drag of the feet, a slouch of the whole body, a "sag" of the facial muscles, that are the certain consequences of

the evasion of that one of nature's laws which sets people upon their feet, and bids them use them before they can talk.

The best walker I ever saw was hopelessly plain of feature—by inheritance—yet the sojourners in the mountain hotel where she was passing the summer crowded to the windows to see her cross the lawn or go down the road. Her skirts were of a modest length, just clearing the instep; she wore stout boots that were well-fitted and trim; as she trod, she cast the whole weight of her body on the ball of her foot, rising very slightly on the toe. She held herself perfectly erect, yet not stiffly; chest expanded, shoulders down and back; her motion reminded one of the straight flight of a bird, the right-onward sweep of a canoe—of all swift and graceful things—never recalling the lunge, or slide, or hitching bounce, or pigeon-like perk, that go for walking with the bevels of well-dressed women one meets every hour on street and road. Watch the tide tumbling and bubbling along the great thoroughfares of our cities on a due afternoon, if you would falsify or confirm the assertion that not one woman in a thousand uses her lower limbs well, or cares to learn how to employ them in any exercise except dancing. Where one "strikes out freely and fearlessly, the nine hundred and ninety-and-nine shuffle, lunge, bob and waddle.

Men know it, if women do not. Ask your grown brother with how many girls he can keep step on a smooth pavement without feeling as if he were nobbled; how often he has to execute the half-step that recovers the rhythmic pace, royally disregarded by his fair companion.

Some years ago a petition was circulated among the owners of large city shops, asking that the saleswomen in these might be allowed seats behind the counter for use in the pauses of active custom. The plea was humane and merciful. The wonder is that it should be needed.

"I always give up my seat to an old lady," said a young man who crosses a crowded ferry twice daily. "Young women can stand as well as a tired fellow who has been on his feet all day. When they come on board street-car or boat, I bury myself in my newspaper."

He was no more civil to one class and no more cruel to the other than the rank and file of those who man "ladies' cabins," and hold the seats of omnibuses and gram. Let us hope (charitably) that all are alike ignorant of the truth that elderly ladies, unless especially infirm, are often more able to stand in comfort all the way across the ferry, or to hang joltingly for a mile to a roof-top, than are their daughters. I have seen rosy cheeks whiten, slender, gloved hands clench convulsively in the agony of the downward pull on spine and hips, until I have longed to cry aloud against the unconscious barbarity of thin-skinned, broad-backed men who must have had mothers, wives, and daughters of their own at home.

Our girls can more safely and comfortably run two hundred yards—provided their stays are not tight—than stand fifteen minutes in one spot. Dr. Davis reminds us in his book that "the ancient Greeks, who surpassed all other nations in physical culture, in their mythology name Atalanta, a woman, as the most fleet-footed of mortals."

Jumping—on account of physical peculiarities that make long standing, without the liberty to alternate the weight of the lower trunk from one side to the other, hurtful—is not a fit exercise for our girl. When it is necessary to leap from stile or vehicle, she should be careful to alight on her toes, thus lessening somewhat the shock to the spinal column. Serious and incurable diseases have followed upon a spring from a fence or wagon that would have been less than nothing to a firmly-knit man. Swinging by the arms from a bar, climbing, hand over hand, and lifting heavy weights, are also imprudent and dangerous forms of gymnastic exercise for women, however healthfully they may develop men's muscles. The same may be said of prolonged indulgence in amusements that are beneficial if enjoyed in moderation, such as tennis, rowing, and what may be termed modified baseball. I have known girls who were capital pitchers, better catchers, and tolerable batters, but the diversion, as usually practiced by "cubs" and "nines," is hardly to be recommended to the sisters of the "nine."

Riding combines the most desirable characteristics of all other forms of healthful exercise. The equestrian must learn to carry her shoulders back and keep a square seat in a saddle, the muscles of the whole body are excited to gentle play, and the recreation must needs be taken in the open air when once the preliminary lessons in the riding school are over. The expense of keeping a saddle-horse in town is reasonably insisted upon as an objection to the practicability of making the habit tolerably general, and those which are kept for hire are held at an exorbitant price. To obtain the great good, it is nevertheless worth while to make sacrifices of the less. Resistance to the temptation to lay out one's allowance in jewelry, laces, bric-a-brac, and numerous toilettes would put within our girl's reach this incomparable mode of perfecting her physical training, or equipping herself in mind, body and spirits, for the gravely responsible duties that outlive the heyday of youth.

MARION HARLAND.

"THE MARSEILLAISE."

SONG AND AIR THE INSPIRATION OF ROUGET DE L'ISLE.

On April 20th, 1792, the national assembly of France voted for war with the emperor of Austria. It was a solemn moment, for it was the opening of a struggle that was to last for thirty years; a struggle in which France, single handed, would have to contend against the armies of Europe. If reason had been alone consulted, there seemed no hope of success.

Strasbourg, in the month of April, 1792, was in a condition typical of most of the great towns throughout France. Its streets, its squares, were filled with people of all ages, but chiefly with young men. The bells were tolling, and mothers and sisters were hurrying to the churches, for the dread boom of cannon was heard at intervals. But the new hope, the new faith, rendered the young full of joy, and fetes and banquets, singing, embracing and hand-shaking were the order of the day.

The mayor of Strasbourg entered with all his heart into the popular feeling, and on the day after the vote for war he entertained some officers at his house. Among them came a young man from Franche Comte, named Rouget de l'Isle. Born at Lans-le-Saulnier, in the Jura, the son of a barrister connected with the provincial parliament, well-educated, and already known as a poet and musician, this young man of 23 represented the ardent and generous impulses that distinguished the youth around him. Mayor Dietrich's nieces and some other Alsatian ladies who were present aided to the enthusiasm of the gathering. The wish was uttered that some poet might be inspired to express in a national song the intense feeling which at the moment made France a people. The host turned to Rouget de l'Isle and urged him to try to do this, and the company present joined in the appeal.

There is more than one account of the circumstances which attended this request, but a note is preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris, written by M. Delabarre, a friend of Rouget de l'Isle's, which is said to give the facts as narrated on the poet's own authority.

"M. Dietrich appealed to him to compose both words and music of the song required. All concurred in the request, and about an hour before midnight he returned home, and, finding his violin on his bed he took it up; and, full of the idea of that which he was requested to do, he began playing upon the upper strings for a fugue for the air. Believing himself to have found it, he immediately composed the words. Trusting entirely to memory, and not committing anything to paper, he went to bed. The next morning, rising at six, he fortunately recollected both music and words. He took them himself to M. Dietrich, to whom he submitted it, and who was not a little astonished at its very prompt inspiration. He was in his garden, and after a cursory perusal of the song he said: 'Let us go into the drawing room, that I may try your air on the piano.' He was struck with its beauty, aroused his wife, who was still in bed, and directed that each of the guests of the night before should be bidden to breakfast, as he had something of importance to communicate to them. All came, believing that he had already received news of blows struck in the war, from Gens. Luckner and Lafayette. He would not satisfy their curiosity on the point until they had breakfasted. Then he sang the hymn heartily, and it produced immediate admiration."

According to Michelet's version, some one had said that "Allons" should be the key note of the hymn; and now, as the poet entered the room, he came singing the strophe:

Allons, enfants de la patrie!

The friends listened with ever increasing emotion; it seemed, both words and music, as a flash of light from heaven; it expressed, in a way characteristic of a true inspiration, the feeling of every heart. France had not only realized her unity, but found the gift of speech.

The song, once sung, passed like wildfire from mouth to mouth, and in two months was all over France. The poet called it "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine," and he sent it the same day to Gen. Luckner, who was at the head of this portion of the French troops. It was immediately printed on a half sheet in oblong quarto, and those who could not obtain a copy, made one for themselves. The orchestras at the theatres, gave it, and the band of the national guard played it on the following Sunday.

Who composed the music? Undoubtedly, as we have said, music and verse were of one and the same inspiration. Germany has claimed the music as taken from a mass by Holtzman, but research has been unable to find the mass in question, or that such a composer ever lived. The point is settled in the fact that in the original impression, dedicated to Luckner, and published at Strasbourg, in 1792, the music is there, and that contemporaries who knew Rouget de l'Isle, say that it was he himself who composed it. It would be difficult to find a national ode filled with a patriotic fervor more intense, but the music is undoubtedly superior to the words, and I venture to say the most inspiring the modern world possesses.

The Austrian emperor had made three demands. Submission to the first two would have reduced France to a flag of the empire. The third was

still more odious, for it meant a return to the old order of things.

The answer came in this "Hymn of the Army of the Rhine."

In June, 1792, it was sung to the volunteers departing from Marseilles, and to each was given a copy. Three days after the manifesto was issued, the famous "six hundred, who knew how to die," entered Paris, singing what had now become the hymn of the revolution. Henceforth it was called the "Hymn of the Marseillaise," and then simply the "Marseillaise." It did at once terrible and effective work; for to its strains the Tuilleries were taken and the French monarchy overthrown. Valmy and Jemappes followed, and the invasion collapsed. What the ode did in battle may be seen by a demand of one of the republican generals: "Send me 1000 men and a copy of the 'Marseillaise.'"—*Leisure Hour*.

HE DIDN'T "CATCH ON."

A MOVING STORY OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO CATCH A PIG.

There are many things in this world that look comparatively easy, but which a trial demonstrates call forth a man's most serious effort. We have always labored under the impression that a sixty pound pig could be grabbed by the hind leg and carried off with comparative ease by a man of ordinary size. This crude idea, however, has loosened its grip on us during the last few days.

Last Thursday we ambled up to a pig like a member of the Manhattan ball club getting on deck for a strike, and reached for his hind leg. Just then he had to take a step we did not expect him to make, and the leg was not there any more. Several more reaches were made, but all fell short, and what was the most surprising part of it, the pig, which was so absorbed in its rooting that he never looked up, always happened to move just at the right time to be missed. While regarding it as a coincidence (for the animal did not even know we were there, we stole up so quietly), it was one of those annoying coincidences that it is not easy to account for. If we were writing a treatise on coincidence we should give this a prominent place. Presently we got the animal in a corner, and, in order to be sure, fell down on it bodily. Again one of those infernal chance movements took place. The pig took two steps to gather a potato, and we fell flat on the place where the pig had just been. Then he looked round for the first time, and, perceiving us lying there, grunted his astonishment and trotted away. He was so astonished at seeing a man lying there on his stomach, spitting gravel out of his mouth, that he went off and stuck his head in a barrel to give brain a rest.

Then we slid up quietly and by a finely calculated cryptogram move ment snatched him by the hind leg. This was probably what caused the barrel to rise up suddenly and hit us on the nose. The wrestling match seemed to begin at this point. First we got a collar and elbow hold on the barrel and stood it on its head. Then the pig got a grapevine lock and threw us over the barrel. Then we got a Cornish grip on the animal and threw him, and were in turn downed by the barrel. Then we got a half Nelson, Graco-Roman lock on the pig's neck, but it got out with a half turn and somersault and grabbed us by the seat of the trousers. Claim of foul disallowed by female referee on the front steps, on grounds that the pig's tail had also been grabbed in the turn. Then the pig, with a new style of wrestling heretofore unknown to us, turned us a somersault. If a pig blindfolded by a barrel could play this sort of games, it occurred to us that there was no telling what he might not do with his head loose. This idea, and the feeling that he might put his head out, or get us out of our head, had a most demoralizing effect. Suddenly by a coup de main act, we stood the barrel on end, with the pig's hindquarters in the air, and thought we had the match won; but the animal wiggled down in the barrel, and as we lowered it on its side to prevent his weight annoying him any further, he made an extraordinary movement. He smashed out the barrel head, and, as we had him by the leg, dragged us after him into the barrel. When we let go, to prevent the nails in the barrel from tearing our new clothes, we found ourselves in the barrel and the pig in a field about half a mile from the house.

A woman, who had been sitting on the steps to act as a referee, gave the match to the pig.—*Carson (New) Appeal*.

BEATING ROTHSCHILD.

A PORCELAIN SERVICE THAT WAS CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

Among the various admirable productions of taste which the guests of Baron Rothschild never fail to admire, is a magnificent service of porcelain, of singular beauty, elegance of shape and finish, and remarkable for the artistic richness of its paintings. But the way in which the Baron became possessed of it is worth relating.

One day an old man, careworn, wrinkled, feeble and apparently tottering on the verge of the grave, presented himself before M. de Rothschild, soliciting the honor of an interview with the famous banker. The aged visitor took from his bag a rich and beautiful plate so splendidly

wrought that the baron admired it exceedingly, and became greatly delighted with it.

"Sir," said the patriarch, "will you buy this of me? I have a whole service of this kind, and a more beautiful place than in the mansion of the prince of financiers."

"It is indeed very fine," said the baron. "How much do you want for the service?"

"Look you, sir," said the old man, "I am bowed down with many years and have not long to live. I am poor and wish to end my days in comparative comfort. Will you, in exchange for this valuable set of porcelain, give me an income for life of 100 francs a month?"

The baron looked at the poor old man, examined the plate again, and said: "Well, be it so; here is the first payment. Send me the service, and my name."

The splendid set of porcelain was delivered the same day to the baron, a month afterward, while he was in his counting house, a man entered and asked for the second payment of the promised income. But the baron was young, scarcely 30 years of age, a vigorous constitution and great mental development, and looked as would live for a hundred years.

"But you are not the man," claimed the astonished banker.

"Excuse me, baron," said he, "indeed I am."

"But you appeared at least 80 years old," said the baron.

"I have wonderfully recovered," served the man, "thanks to your generosity."

The baron laughed heartily, and gave orders for the money, enclosing:

"Ah, you are an excellent comrade and have taken me in thoroughly. I am probably the first who has done so," replied the Jew, bowing to the millionaire.

NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

THE PHONOGRAPH AS A THIRD PARTY AT A POPPING OF THE QUESTION.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?"

The lovely girl who asked this question of Marcellus Hankinson saw behind the center table with her hand on her lap and regarded the young man tentatively.

"In earnest, Irene!" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chromo-lips, "the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you trust your good future in my arms, my life shall be devoted to the making you happy. It will be my aim to shield you from the rudest of all adversity, to smooth your way through the world, to take my right arm between you and danger that threatens to disturb your peace."

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young girl, casting her eyes with some confusion to the floor, "I regret it some day. You would be ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping and without!"

"Practical duties of housekeeping broke in the enthusiastic youth, who will have no practical duties of any kind. As my wife you shall be drudge. You shall be the queen of the home. You consent, do you not?"

"Wait a moment, my dear Marcellus. I am afraid you would be a thoughtless and extravagant man in many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your whims. You can never make a mistake of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you will be willing to spend your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I never would spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my door joining a club or becoming a man?"

"Hear me, Irene. I promise to do either!"

"Let me see," said the young girl, meditatively; "I think that is all. You will agree to have the whole of one of my part of the service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey! Ha! ha! Why, my angel, I am even willing to obey you!"

"Then, Marcellus," said the girl, as she lifted a full grown phonograph off her lap, locked it and put a drawer of the secretary against the wall, turned up and beamed in a sweet yet to a young man, "I am yours!"

A good story is told of a sailor on a Brazilian line vessel who sailed to New York over a hundred years ago. He left Rio about two years before the presidential election of 1884, and thought that he would "spec" teaching the birds. "Hurrah for Blaine!" The sailors were busy during the entire voyage, constructing the birds in this place, and when the vessel arrived in New York, the sailors were a dead loss. The captain had to get enough for them to pay the cost.