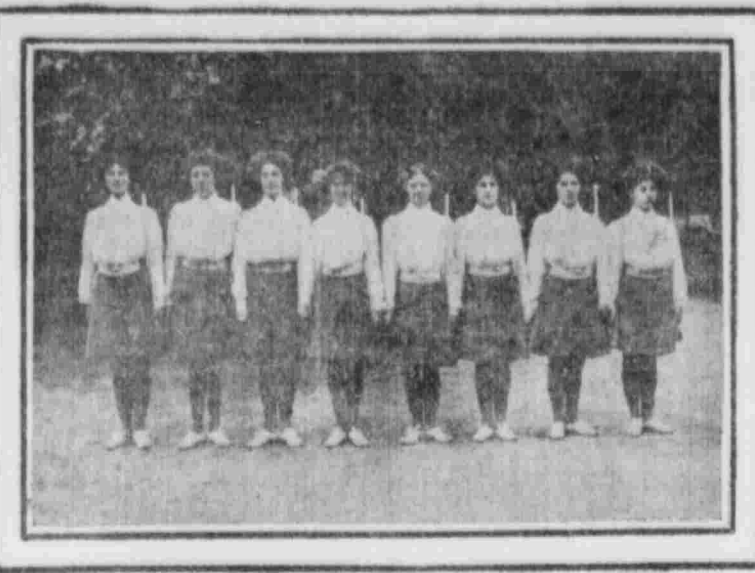


# PHYSICAL CULTURE FOR WOMEN



SWEDISH WAND DRILL

**W**OMAN has been at the bottom of the historic quest for the fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Now she is off on a new tack with the same object in view and with apparently a better prospect of success. "A woman is as old as she looks, and a man is as old as he feels," says a philosopher, and according to this doctrine the earnest disciple of the new cult need never advance beyond middle age in appearance, her removal from this earthly sphere being some sudden form of dissolution like that of the "one hoss shay"—an acceptable end since few beautiful women care to live after their charms have fled.

Good health is the secret of good looks. This is one of the principles of the new system, which is nothing more than scientific physical culture. Ordinary exercise, says the physical culturist, is not usually systematically directed, and therefore it is not gauged to meet the requirements of the individual. Scientific physical culture first finds out what are the particular defects in the makeup of a human being and then proceeds to apply rules in remedying the same. The Swedish system, at present enjoying a great deal of public attention in England, is the basis of all other curative forms of exercise. At the recent meeting in London of the international congress on school hygiene a kind of girl students from the Alexandra House gymnasium presented a series of drills based on the Swedish system which gave those attending the congress a new insight into the possibilities of physical culture. So graceful were the wand and dumbbell exercises that Sir James Crockett, M.P., J. R. S. E. R. S. E., the celebrated physician, who was present, declared himself proud of such specimens of English womanhood. The graduates of Royal Central college of Stockholm are said to be the only persons qualified to teach the Swedish system. A course at the institution covers four years and includes

a study of anatomy and physiology with some massage and medicine and a great deal of gymnastics. Most of the alumni practice in their native land, only a few having wandered to other climes to spread the good health by physical culture. The Swedes take their system seriously, claiming that all others have been borrowed from theirs.

**Not the American Ideal.**

Handsome as many Swedish damsels are, it is difficult to believe that all women may be beautiful by simply adopting the Scandinavian system of gymnastics. Swedish types of beauty are not regarded as models in America. American women prefer to be Dianes or Junos rather than Freyas or Valkyries. The American taste inclines to the Greek style of beauty.

After all, the Hellenic type of beauty may have been due to the particular form of Greek physical exercise. The Greeks ate simple foods, they had not much use for an animal diet, they were devoted to the bath, open air life in their perfect climate was the normal one, and women as well as men took part in their games. Tradition indicates that Alcibiades, the lovely and fleet footed, was the champion runner of her day, the wily Melanion in the legendary race having to resort to guile to come up with her and the disappointed god Apollo adopting occult means in order to overtake Daphne. Spartan girls and boys were brought up on the same system, the girls exercising with quills, wrestling, running and casting the dart just as their brothers did, thus developing into women whose physical charms were no less remarkable than their well balanced minds.

The Doric girls took part in their athletic games, as the statue of the girl racer in the Vatican museum bears witness. The Junonian games, said to have been instituted by Hippodamia in honor of her marriage to Pelops, included running contests, the reward of the victor being a crown of olive leaves. The Laconian women took part in their

**It Is Now Regarded as Essential and Man No Longer Enjoys a Monopoly of It**



FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MUSCLES OF THE UPPER HALF OF THE BODY

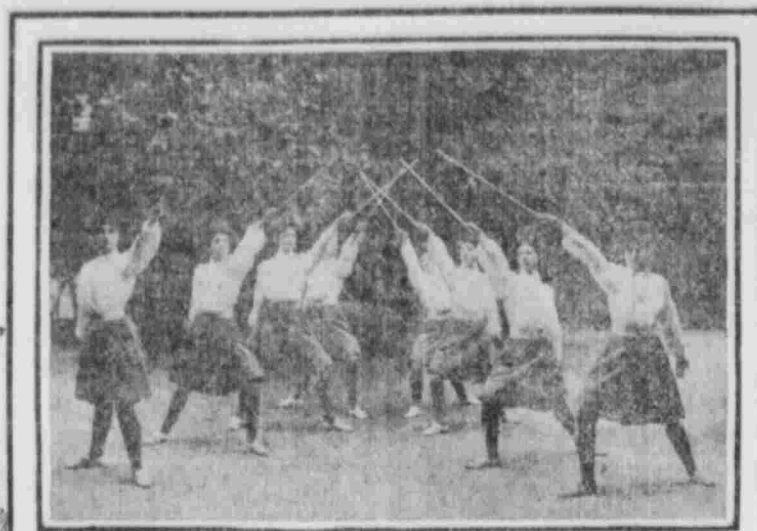
chariot races. One, the Princess Cynisca, daughter of King Archidamus, even bore away the palm in the Olympic games. Eurytemida, a Macedonian woman, also won a prize at these games for her superb handling of a two yoked car. Belshitzche, a Macedonian queen, once won a like victory in the Elean games. Hippolyta, the amazon queen, and her fair subjects are historic types of the woman athlete, all of them as beautiful as they were stalwart.

While we have no women who can compete successfully with men on the

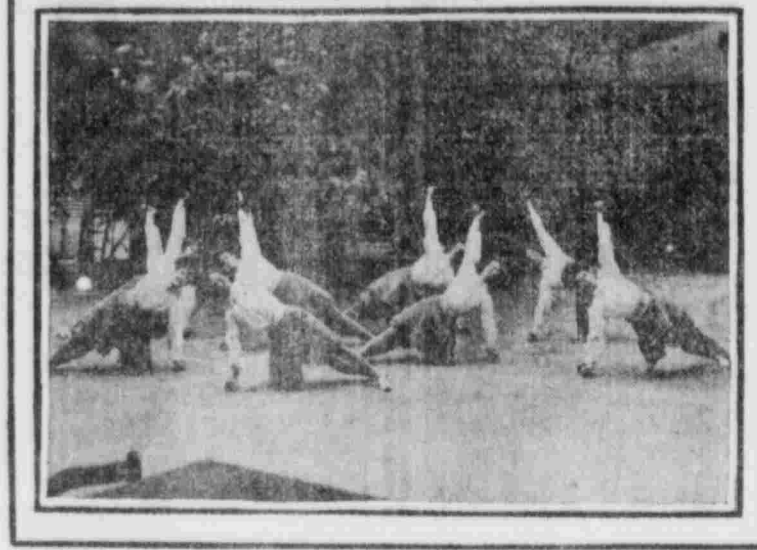
athletic field, the wide interest being taken in sports and physical exercises indicates that some day we may have.

**A Glowing Possibility.**

Physical culture has its advantages over ordinary athletics. It requires no expensive apparatus, and if the exercises are taken regularly and persistently good results are inevitable. Physical culture should give us a race of women as healthy as they are handsome and able to do more and better work in the home, in the business and professional world and whose children



FORWARD MOVEMENT OF RIGHT EXTREMITIES



DUMBBELL EXERCISE IN SWEDISH DRILL

would be saner and sounder than are those of the present generation. When the halcyon days of women's physical perfection arrive, man will no more dare to fight them upon the highways and byways, and even the most needy burglar will shun their haunts or adopt a more lucrative trade, street car conductors will hesitate to ask them to "move up front" or "step lively," street car hustlers will become extinct, and even the most outrageous man will think twice about retaining his seat when a woman is standing. Ah, the world might see many wondrous changes if modern woman could reinforce her intellectual advances with the physical perfection of the primitive woman!

One of the handsomest and most gifted women in English society is Lady Constance Mackenzie Stewart-Richardson, champion swimmer of England, all around athlete, traveler and author. She is the sister of the rich Countess

Cromartie, for whom Queen Victoria made it possible to inherit many titles. As her father had no son to bear them, the Countess Cromartie herself is something of an athlete as well as a bluestocking. Miss Muriel Wilson, who is still a belle in English high society, although she has been out for ten seasons at least, is said to owe her lovely girlish complexion and her slender, graceful figure to her love of sports and outdoor and indoor exercising. One of the handsomest of Americans, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, is an example of the athletic woman. There are said to be few forms of outdoor exercise in which she does not excel. Mrs. Oliver Heald is another fashionable athlete. The great popularity of the gymnasium in the fashionable Colonial club in New York city is likely to influence women's organizations in taking up physical culture seriously. In the Colonial gymnasium all forms of exercise may be enjoyed, the head of the depart-

ment being thoroughly versed in the most up to date devices for making women beautiful as well as sound in body. Many women's clubs make a feature of the physical training, while most of the Young Women's Christian associations and all of the women's colleges have well equipped gymnasiums in charge of competent instructors.

Each of the young women is put through a thorough physical examination and her work laid out to suit her requirements. The success of college women in the football field may never equal that of the male collegians, but the records of each year show some advancement in the standard set by the leaders in college athletics, and, in fact, among the women is more widespread than ever.

At Mount Holyoke they have had a baseball team for some time, and while anatomists tell us that owing to the peculiar shape of her collar bone women may never play ball as well as men, the Mount Holyoke team has played some very creditable games. The members of the team have all been crack athletes, young women who were past perfect in all the science of the gymnasium. Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr are especially interested in all forms of sports and gymnastic training. Wellesley has its entire devotion to outdoor sports and its scheme of spirits who take their exercise in the shape of indoor training. Radcliffe is too much influenced by staid and quiet Boston to be strenuously athletic, but many of its students look upon physical culture as an essential feature of college work.

**A Timely Suggestion.**

Philanthropies of so many sorts have been established that it is a wonder some one does not think of erecting handsome and well fitted gymnasiums where women not otherwise able to afford it might enjoy the benefit of the scientific physical training. There should be in connection with the gymnasiums physicians competent to prescribe for each young woman the kind of exercise she needs to correct her bodily ailments and deficiencies. It is obvious that the hollow chested athlete should follow one set of rules, while the thickest, heavily built one should make use of different exercises. A swimming pool and baths might be added to the equipment. It is wonderful how much may be accomplished at home even with a very simple apparatus. For instance, simple exercises in wand raising will correct round shoulders. The wand may be nothing more than a broom handle. It should be elevated in the outstretched arm until it is on the level of the shoulders and then slowly raised until it is held at arm's length over the head. Slowly drop it to the shoulders and from that lower it until the arms are at rest at the sides. In order to make the movements regularly count one, two or three between each of them. The wand may be brought from the front to the side, lifted, passed over the head to the other side or over the head from the front to the back. Any number of exercises may be made by combining the various movements. Wand exercises are considered especially good for expanding the chest and helping respiration. They are good for the neck, depressed or round shoulders. To raise and lower the wand with one arm is helpful in case of spinal curvature, but the raising must be done on the convex side of the curvature. The same exercises may be done with dumbbells.

SOPHIA GRANARD.

## Crossing the English Channel and Afterward; Kate Clyde finds Paris Good Enough for Her

**T**HERE is only one decent way to cross the channel, in my estimation, and yet nine Americans out of ten choose the longest route.

One hour of it is enough for me, thank you!

The channel is only twenty-five miles from Dover to Calais, and this distance is accomplished in something less than sixty minutes by the new turbine boats. That is "going some" when you take into consideration the currents.

When we left London yesterday it was drizzling. When we arrived at Dover the rain had stopped, but a dense, woolly fog hid the chalk cliffs, and the sea rose in short choppy waves not good to look upon.

Goodness, how small the boat was! We crowded up the gangplank in company with the usual rabble of English men and women, the latter already looking nervous and feeling for their smoking salts.

Every stationer was engaged, and the occupants were tucked away immediately by obsequious stewards. Passengers who didn't have such long runs lay around on the couches in the ladies' salon with fat cretonne pillows under their heads and all kinds of seashell remedies at hand.

In other words, we were all cheerful before we started!

I stayed on deck, and so apparently did a great many others, for we lay in steamer chairs packed like so many sardines.

**Trot! Trot!** The boat started—that is, it gave an indescribable movement, kicked up a lot of water, and before we could fairly settle down again it was off, cutting through the waves like lightning. Each wave as it was passed gave the poor little ship a slap, and, my gracious, how she staggered!

A brown sailor as agile as a monkey skipped among the passengers, depositing here and there very useful articles. Ah! Ugh!

Steward! Oh-h, steward!

A fitful ray of sunshine burst through the woolly clouds and illumined the churning sea of lead colored water.

Up and down!

Up and down!

And again and again! Over and over!

We were in mid-channel.

Fifteen stretched persons were left on deck to greet the French coast. That they did not weep for sheer relief goes to prove that the Anglo-Saxon nature is not demonstrative.

From cabins and cubbyholes the remainder of the passengers crawled out. They were white and limp as if they had risen from the dead.

It was a very subdued crowd that tipped into Calais depot and slunk through the customs room so depressed that he allowed the end of a box of cigars to stick out of his steamer rug (after he had declared he had nothing).

With a howl of rage the little French customs officer almost ripped the rug to pieces. Jabbering, frowning, he crushed the cigars into his pocket and jumped on the box.

Altered a box of cigars to stick out.

Why he revenged himself on the innocent box I don't know, but one must allow something for the Latin temperament.

I suppose he jumped on the man afterward.

You wouldn't believe it, but we hadn't left Calais more than ten minutes when the sun came out.

Not the sulky British article, but the beautiful sun of France.

It lit the meadows and the blue sea, it cast deep reflections into placid canals and threw long shadows behind the tall poplars. The whole pretty countryside drained and smiled.

That's the word to use in speaking of France.

"A smiling country."

Nothing else expresses its beauty half so well.

At 7 o'clock we passed the fortifications, at 7:20 we stood in the Gare du Nord directing the removal of our baggage.

An hour afterward we sat in a restaurant off the Champs Elysees. A steaming "crouste au pot" filled the silver tureen in front of us. Salt meadow fed lamb was to follow, with a dessert of laid strawberry preserves and cream cheese.

Life was still good, even after a channel crossing.

After dinner we drove up to the Arch of Triumph and then returned down the Champs Elysees to where the wonderful avenue of lights merges into the greater radiance of the Place de la Concorde, which is like a jewel on the end of a precious chain.

Paris at night! It never sleeps. It merely gleams with a new beauty more

potent because you only see its grandeur. The only things all sink away into the darkness and are lost.

You lie back against the wonderful scene once again in perfect content.

Today we visited the tomb of Napoleon.

To see it properly one should go in the afternoon.

Beautiful as the monument is in itself, the lighting is perhaps the most wonderful part of all.

Four great windows right and left of the sarcophagus cast a bluish violet light across it, while from behind a blaze of golden radiance illumines the high altar. These gold windows are remarkably beautiful. They shine on the tattered banners like a reflection of past glory, but always you are conscious of that other light, the bluish ethereal mist that falls on the tomb.

It deepens the shadows, casting purplish tints on the marble, and even the

golden ornaments take a tone from it. It is like the shade of death struggling with the glory of resurrection.

You stand in deep thought, and when you go out into the streets again it is some time before the impression leaves you.

Napoleon is not buried alone. Joseph Bonaparte, king of Spain, and Jerome Bonaparte, king of Westphalia, lie in adjoining chapels.

Closer to Napoleon are the tombs of

Duroc and Bertram, who were faithful to him to the last.

There are other chapels which are empty. The dynasty which Napoleon dreamed he would found ended in the weakling king of Rome.

There were two French rulers of the name, but only one NAPOLEON!

We spent the morning among the old bookstores along the quays, not only the "bookshelves" but the little two cent shops with which the dusty old bookstores are lined.

They have everything in the world for sale—wonderful jewelry, wonderful fruits, stamp collections at amazingly low prices, the latest novels and the oldest antiques. When you get tired of sampling their wares you can watch the boats plying up and down the Seine or the fishermen angling for the fish that seldom bite.

It is a heavy, lazy world, living out in the sunshine, watching the play of



Angling for fish that seldom bite.

life along the river, just as free of care as the leaves overhead which rustle in the autumn sunshine.

We drove out in the Bois de Boulogne and had dinner in the new restaurant, only a year old, which is the finest thing Paris has at present.

Amenonville is forced to hide its diminished head at last.

The new restaurant is a palace of white marble, with immense convex windows of glass, which are raised and lowered from the ground. A stunning house adjoining is all done in plaster and brown wood, after the English style. It has fancy electric lights in its entrance and is surrounded by a clipped hedge.

Reassure yourself, my friends, it is

no rival restaurant, but the model dairy and cow house.

We dined under a pink umbrella on the lawn. A pink shaded electric light hung low over the table.

There were two of us only, and three waiters served us, which means there were three tips to give.

I guess that will be about all! You can use your imagination for the rest! It all corresponds!

*Kate Clyde*

Paris.

THE LOVE OF CHILDREN.

Children always stretch our purse strings, and occasionally they also stretch our heart strings. Children tease and weary us, exhausting our stock of patience with their restlessness and noise. Nevertheless, the world holds nothing more precious than children. To the indulgent mother it is painful to refuse the request of a whimpering child, though this must often be done for the child's own good. A child will frequently plead for certain dainties which it would be highly improper for it to have. Unquestionably it is commonly the object of its importunity, in which case the remedy is to provide the youngster with what is at once good for it and to its taste. These conditions are admirably met by currant cake. Dried currants, an eminently satisfactory food for people of every age, are an ideal treat for children. Children love currants in whatever form served to them, and no food could better assist their natural development. Some currant bread, sliced very thinly to bring out the flavor of the currant, some homemade currant cake or a pudding enriched with a plentiful supply of minced currants should be provided daily for every child.

CHILDREN'S AMUSING EXPLANATIONS.

Children often make some very amusing statements in court at which even judges cannot fail to smile. "I don't like a little colored girl on trial for sticking a penknife into another child, advanced the novel excuse that she was sharpening a lead pencil and every time she started to cut the other little girl came and placed herself in front of the knife. Another offender—a boy—when asked if he had ever been arrested, replied, "No—never." "Are you sure?" asked the judge, who had been informed that the lad was an old offender. "Well, I always ran too fast," said the lad. "or I might have been set up before this!"

The czar's expression has been described by a celebrated artist who painted his portrait as one of "savage, early sunset, wistful sadness." Her hair, dark, alluring and in shade, is luxuriant and long and in its striking beauty makes a fitting crown to her beautiful face and figure.



A HINT OF WINTER WEATHER.

the nest, and they are furnished in a simple and elegant way.

Miss Mary Anderson once had an amusing experience while playing in "Pygmalion and Galatea." It occurred in the scene when she appeals to the gods for assistance in bringing about a reconciliation between Pygmalion and Galatea. Assuming a suppliant attitude, with upturned face and outstretched arms, the actress exclaimed, "The gods will help me!" "We will!" was the unanimous and unexpected response of the lads in the gallery of the

theater. A roar of laughter ran round the place, and the play was stopped for awhile.

The Duchess of Roxburgh, who was Miss May Goelet of New York, has the reputation of liking her own way. One of the duke's maids, wishing some concession, went to the castle and told his errand to an old retainer, adding that he would like to see the master in person. "Oh, man!" returned the aged servant, who was not entirely reconciled to the new order of affairs, "there is only one master in this house these

times, and that's no' the duke. Ye should see the duchess."

The curious story of the queen of Siam will be of special interest to lady readers. Not only her majesty, but every Siamese princess, after reaching a certain age, wears a peculiar costume, with knee breeches and dainty buckled shoes.

Twenty years ago the council of the famous English academy, sitting aside the fact that some two or three women had already been elected, decided to admit that no woman was to be admitted

within the sacred circle. The reason they gave was that women could not instruct the male students. Some time women have been admitted to the Royal academy schools, and so there seems no longer any logical reason why women should be excluded from the academy itself.

Queen Maud of Norway is fond of collecting pieces of ivory. The specimens she most prizes are tusks of elephants shot by her father, King Edward, and the Duke of Connaught. The ear of Russia is represented by some wild

boar tusks taken from animals shot by himself. Among other tusks and ivory are those of walrus and lions, sharks and seals, alligators and swordfish shot or captured by her majesty's relatives or friends.

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### WOMEN'S WAYS.

The woman cab driver has had her day of trial in Paris. Now the woman automobile driver, however, is on her way. Miss Marie Pascin, wife of the first woman chauffeur, or "chauffeuse," as they already express it. Miss Pascin and Miss Decourville were among the first to take out licenses as cab drivers last winter, but they soon learned to prefer the swift motor to the calm cab horse. Much applied for the privilege of driving automobiles, and Miss

Pascin has already passed her first examination with flying colors.

Princess Marie of Roumania, wife of the crown prince of Roumania, has a most delightful retreat. It is a new house built up among the branches of tall fir trees, and in it the princess spent the greater part of last summer. The nest is a miniature cottage built for her by the king of Roumania at Bilina. A small staircase gives access to it. Two rooms and a kitchen comprise