

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1897.

## TO EAT, STAND, AND SIT.

### THREE TIPS FOR WOMEN WHO WANT TO BE HEALTHY.

Food as a Subject of Instruction in a Course of Physical Culture—Women Who Don't Know How to Stand up or Sit Down and the Evils That Result.

Delicate women are out of date. There was a time when it was considered fashionable for a woman to faint frequently, grow hysterical over trifles, and have at least one chronic ailment. Today such a woman, instead of being cuddled and made much of, is passed hurriedly by with a word—not of sympathy, but rather of scornful pity. She is referred to as 'Poor thing!' And if there is one thing that will make a woman cast off her invalid ways it is that phrase.

Women nowadays are turning back to the ways of the Spartan girls, who believed that the physical training of the sexes should be identical and practised what they preached. They were taught to run, to leap, to cast the javelin, to play ball, and to wrestle. Their Athenian sisters did nothing of the sort and were not comparable to the Spartan girls. Once an Athenian said to the wife of Leonidas:

'You Spartans are the women who rule men.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'and we are the only women who bring forth men.'

There is a lesson in this rector for all woman-kind. Canadian women, be it said to their credit, are beginning to apply it. Old women, young women, and schoolgirls are giving more attention than ever before to physical culture. Three women, were discussing the general interest in physical training for women, in a restaurant not long ago. It was one of those little places where a man feels himself conspicuous, for it was patronized almost exclusively by women shoppers. One of the talkers was white haired, another was middle-aged, and the third was an athletic-looking girl just out of her teens. The middle-aged woman turned out to be a teacher of physical culture, and she talked in such a clear, practical way that pretty soon all the women at the nearby tables were listening to the conversation of the trio. It all started this way:

'I wouldn't order chocolate eclairs if I were you,' said the middle-aged woman to the girl.

'Why not?' asked the girl. 'I'm not in training now. As long as I was on the basketball team at school I wouldn't have dreamed of giving such an order; but I'm a graduate now, and chocolate eclairs are so good.'

'They aren't good for you,' insisted the middle-aged woman. 'You told me yourself that you were never in such perfect health as when you were in training and confined yourself to nutritious wholesome food.'

'That's so,' acquiesced the girl meekly, but without countering her order.

'Physical culture teachers as a rule make three mistakes,' continued the middle-aged woman, raising her rare roast beef vigorously by way of emphasis. 'I think the first three questions they should put to a pupil are: What do you eat for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and between meals? How do you sit, and how do you stand?'

'Why, what funny questions the last two would be,' exclaimed the girl digging into the middle of eclair number one.

'Not at all,' answered the physical culturist. 'Standing is a lost art; and as for sitting, so far in the history of this world of ours it has never become an art. When it comes to eating—well, I feel almost hopeless about eating. I fear that women will never learn to eat.'

'What queer notions you do have,' commented the girl, ordering a double portion of ice cream. 'Vanilla and chocolate mixed, if you please. I'm sure I have a good healthy appetite,' she went on, 'and I think I not only know how to eat, but enjoy it.'

'There's no question about your having a first-rate appetite,' put in the elderly woman, who proved to be the girl's grandmother.

'Yes, I won't dispute that,' replied the middle-aged woman, 'but you insult that appetite, which is the craving of a strong, healthy stomach, by giving it eclairs and ice cream instead of giving it the proper food. Nearly all young women do the same thing. Everytime you do that you weaken your muscles, which you tell me you are so anxious to train. You cannot possible train a muscle unless you

have given it the proper food. Now, I'm not a crank on dietetics, but every teacher of physical culture, every director of a gymnasium, every master of a swimming school, every instructor in a bicycle academy, should pay a great deal of attention to what their pupils eat, and try to impress on each pupil the necessity of proper food. Every boy is anxious to become a Fitzsimmons, and if his instructor in gymnastics will tell him what food is best for him to take he will have it—or make life a burden for his mother! The same is true of a girl. Let the teacher tell a girl that certain things will harden the muscles of her body, giving her a firm, graceful figure and certain other things will make the muscles of her cheeks firm, which is one of the secrets of retaining a pretty complexion, and she'll confine herself to those things, cheerfully giving up all rich pastries and sweets.

'Up to this time,' the enthusiast continued, 'girls and women have devoted their attention almost exclusively to the development of their arms and legs. This is a great mistake. Women need, even more than men, to give much attention to the development of their vital organs. The legs and arms work much more easily if the vital organs are well developed. Women should be trained from the time they are out of swaddling clothes to hold the abdominal muscles tense. Then we would hear of no such thing as displaced organs. But, dear me, get me started on the physical development of women and I'll never stop.'

'Oh, it's so interesting,' exclaimed the girl. 'You said something about women not knowing how to stand correctly.'

'Well, I told the truth,' said the enthusiast. 'They don't. Watch 'em as they file up to the desk there to pay their checks. At least twenty-five have been up since we've been sitting here, and not one has stood correctly. Look at that stout woman there now with her abdomen thrown out and the upper part of her body held back. She probably has awake nights worrying because she is losing sight of her waist, and yet her habitual method of standing is just the cause of the trouble. Glance at the thin, delicate-looking woman behind her. The position of her body is all wrong. You can see that her abdominal muscles are thoroughly relaxed. So it is with the next in line. The fourth woman throws nearly all her weight on one side when she stands, and you can see that this has changed the shape of one hip. Thus it goes. One woman stands so that one shoulder grows higher than the other or her back gets twisted and another becomes lop-sided in some other way. A mother or teacher who does not train the young entrusted to her care to stand correctly is guilty of almost a crime. The harm done to the body is nothing compared to the injury done to the machinery inside.'

'Many women have, disagreeable nasal voices. If they only knew it, it all comes from their not knowing how to stand properly. The only women in this country who, as a rule, have sweet voices are the Southern women, and the only way I can account for this is that they don't stand at all except when they are absolutely obliged to. It isn't that they know now to stand any better than their Northern sisters, but they have a predilection for sitting or reclining. If you don't believe what I say about nasal voices go into any school in this city, public or private, and listen to fifty or a hundred pupils read; they will nearly all read through their noses instead of through their mouths. If a child has been taught to stand with shoulders thrown back, lungs expanded, the abdominal muscles held tense, the body bent slightly forward, so as to distribute the weight equally on the ball of each foot, the voice will come rich and clear and full straight from the mouth instead of meandering around inside, avoiding the vocal chords altogether, and finally making its escape with a disagreeable rasp through the nose.'

'What have you to say about women not knowing how to sit?' asked the old lady. 'That they don't know how to sit as well as they know how to stand,' she answered, jerking out each word distinctly. 'When a girl first goes in for physical training the teacher should teach her to eat wholesome food, such as steaks, chops, rare roast beef whole wheat bread and vegetables. Girls don't need tea and coffee, but should drink milk, plenty of it, instead. Next she should teach them to sit before she starts them in on regular training. Look around in this restaurant. I only see one woman who is sitting correctly.'

'Who is that?' interrupted the girl, eagerly, throwing herself into a graceful attitude.

'That's myself,' responded the teacher with a laugh.

'Why, I couldn't sit up and never touch the back of the chair as you do,' blurted the girl.

'I dare say not,' answered the enthusiast, 'because you've never been taught to sit properly. I can ride all day in a car or a boat without once touching the back

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of the seat, and not feel as tired at the end of the journey as the women who have lounged around all day and bolstered their backs up with pillows. It is not a good thing always to sit with the spinal column propped up. The muscles of the back were given us to lean on, and every person should learn to lean on them early in life, otherwise they become weak and flabby. Muscles that are not used grow useless. We wouldn't hear so much about back-aches if woman would sit more correctly. I forgot to tell you that nine out of every ten women are naturally pigeon-toed. This is because they do not turn their toes out properly in walking. However things are changing. Every city now has scores of gymnasiums well patronized by girls and women during the winter months, and the rest of the year they devote themselves to outdoor sports with a zest just a little short of that of the men. The beneficial effects of woman's interests in physical development are already apparent. The women of this generation are undoubtedly physically superior to those of the last, and the next generation is bound to show even greater improvement. Somebody once defined physical culture as the symmetrical development of the soul. That being the case, the coming generation ought to be stronger morally than the present; but that remains to be seen.

'Tut, tut, tut!' exclaimed the old lady, piling her parcels one on the other. 'I'll let you say that the women of today and the future are stronger than their grandmothers were physically, but I won't let the intimation that they are better morally go unchallenged.'

'Oh, said the young girl as the three started out, 'don't you know it is admitted, dear gran'ma, that strength of body brings strength of mind and morals in its train?'

### NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

Growth of the Idea That Came to the Man Who Started the First Bureau.

This idea with millions in it came first to a man who faced in his next week a disagreeable potentiality of hunger. The potentiality would become a certainty unless before he exhausted the remains of his last coin, just broken, he had hit upon something whereby to earn other coins. It was in Paris, just about the time of the Salon's opening. The man in hard luck sat eating frugally, in a restaurant. He dawdled a bit over his food, watching between mouthfuls the stream of breakfasters who ate briskly, with the air of men who knew what they meant to do afterward.

The man watching wished himself in like case. Naturally his mind was alert. He noted every detail—this one's walk and that one's nod, the set of another's coat, and the scowl which went along with the tip of still another. That is how it happened that the man and the minute met to evolve the idea. Less alert he would not have noticed that a certain artist, after he had eaten, walked up to the dame du comptoir and received from her a handful of papers of the day before, each containing a reference to the artist's picture in the Salon. The artist paid for them liberally—at least ten times the original cost, and murmured thanks besides to madame for her thought and trouble in the matter. Then he went away. The idea, though, remained. A new business had been born into a busy world.

'This man has paid for a handful of papers that mention him. There are other papers—other men, too. Perhaps they will do likewise. At any rate it is worth trying,' the man in search of a vocation said to himself. Then he paid for his breakfast, adding a tip 'for luck,' and scurried off to make the round of the studios. It is needless to particularize further. The clippings bureau had their beginning in just this haphazard fashion.

The scheme took like wildfire. Soon the

man had a complete establishment in Paris, other in London, and a third in New York. As he could not protect it by letters patent of course the bureau increased and multiplied. Now the whole world is their parish—even outlying regions like Cape Town, in South Africa, and Melbourne, Australia, can boast them in plenty. As for Europe, India, and these United States they are blotted and spattered with them. Nor is that the whole extent of the idea's growth. The railways and express companies have taken it home to themselves. Once they were among the steadiest and best paying patrons of the regular bureaus. Now they have learned a trick worth two of that. It is to collect, preserve, and classify clippings for themselves. Their agents all over the country have orders to preserve and send to headquarters everything touching their own line, or railway matters in general, which appears in the local paper. The clippings are tabulated and put into books, duly indexed at the city offices, where other clerks are kept busy collating and running down railway items in the big city sheets. Often the scrap books have proved of great value in damage cases. With the express companies it is much the same.

Outside this great branch is now computed that the business of furnishing newspaper clippings employs a capital aggregating fifteen million dollars, and gives employment to something like thirty thousand people. Pretty substantial fruit that for an unsubstantial idea. Nor is it as a cynic might declare, wholly a harvest of vanity. It gives one a new and vivid comprehension of the enormous reach and tremendous range of the press to glance over the book of latest orders in a well-established bureau. Here a man wants everything about the X-rays. Below him a financier is down for Nicaragua and Panama canal matters. In the next column XYZ wants reports of divorce cases everywhere, and right underneath an anonymous person is eager for Southern outrages. Matter on Spiritualism is another order, the North Pole another, and electric inventions a third. Several people want South African clippings. There are Cuban orders, too, not to name a dozen or more upon all manner of religious topics. This, wholly aside from the personal touch which gave the bureaus their first success. Still a large part of their business comes from those who would please the public—actors, artists, the makers of books, particularly poets.

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, so is the obituary habit to the men of clippings. Thence come some of their fattest jobs. About any man of moderate prominence they are reasonably sure of gathering from five hundred to a thousand clippings. There is a sort of correlation among certain of the bureaus, which enable

them to get whatever is printed anywhere on the globe, within a very brief space. Prominent men are nearly always among clippings-bureau subscribers. If they are not, either the grief, or the joy of those they leave behind suffices to insure a market for the mortuary harvest. Perhaps the biggest collection of such things ever begun was that relating to the late J. Gould. His heirs ordered "everything," but withdrew the order when, within the space of three weeks, the enterprising bureau man had corralled eleven thousand odd. Even that number was exceeded in the case of George W. Childs, whose widow gave a clipping man a similar order. The end of the clippings was a set of scrap books. Each bit of print, great or small, was pasted accurately in the middle of a great square of grayish Bristol board, and the boards were bound into big volumes, covered in black morocco, and lettered in gold upon the backs. In memory of George W. Childs. There was a shelf-full of the volumes. The cost of making them went away up in the thousands.

Social struggles are another fruitful field. People on the fringe, or the fringes of the fringe, feel their footing ever so much more secure when they are mentioned in cold print—even if the mention is a bare 'also present.' Further liberal patrons are schools, colleges, and institutions of every sort. Then there are lawyers who want the probate wills everywhere, lists of heirs, and notices of accidents.

### Roughly Silenced.

Archbishop Whately had a rough tongue—he was called Urca Major—the Great Bear—at Oxford—a fact unknown to a young aide-de-camp who at a party in Dublin Castle attempted to cross swords with the prelate.

Approaching the Primate of Ireland, the youth asked, "Does your grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?"

"No," was the grave answer. Then the youth went on. "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast."

"Very good," said the archbishop. "Now will you tell me what is the difference between a young aide-de-camp, like yourself, and an ass?"

"I don't know," said the youth. "Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.

### Reflections of a Bachelor.

No man likes babies naturally. You have to learn to, like you eat olives.

The reason why a girl likes to get a man to go shopping with her is because the saleswomen will always treat her nicer.

When a girl really doesn't believe a thing a man says she never tells him so.

When one woman kisses another it means about as much as when one man calls another "old man."

If there had been two Adams in the garden of Eden it is probable that Eve would have been hesitating yet.—N. Y. Press.

## Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, and disguises it to the sensitive palate. Some coats are too heavy; they won't dissolve, and the pills they cover pass through the system, harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill, with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

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