SURPRISING FEMININE FEATS

DOUBT RAISED AS TO WHICH IS THE WEAKER SEX.

One Woman Outdances 350 Men Girls Who Rope Steers, Win Horse Races, Swim Hell Gate, Ride 80 Miles a Day and Perform Various Other Prodigies.

Women are doing some quite respectable stunts these days. One writer who has got a little list of some of these achievements submits it as proof that the phrase "the weaker sex" will have to be declared obsolete, at any rate as a synonym for woman.

"It is the custom when a Polish couple is married," says this writer in the *Housekeeper*, "to have a big wedding dance. The bride is expected to earn her dowry herself. She dances in a mad, ceaseless whirl with every man present until each man tires and quits. On stopping the man must forfeit $1. Naturally the bride wishes to tire out as many men as possible, for each man represents $1. At a recent wedding celebration in Illinois Rosie Zapowa won $350.

"She began at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, when she became Mrs. Zapowa, and only stopped at 7 o'clock Thursday evening, for the simple reason that all the men dancers were human wrecks. She had outdanced 350 men. And then she looked sorry that she had not invited more men to the wedding.

Mrs. Zapowa weighed 125 pounds. The dances were in waltz time; an automatic scale showed that each time she touched her light fantastic to the floor she lifted eight pounds. She lifted this at the rate of 320 pounds to the minute or 384,000 pounds during the evening. This is equal to twelve horse-power.

"Here is a picture. It is circus day. White topped tents roof the block. There is the dull smell of the sawdust ring and the occasional wild, startling cry from the animal tent, the gentle roar of the crowd everywhere. A big cannon is uncovered, a human being is crowded down its muzzle. The cannon booms, and up in the air swift as a rocket, rigid, graceful, shoots a woman.

"Another picture. It is the finish of a great swimming race. The shore is lined with people. The sea is running rough and the swimmers floundering as they struggle over the last few yards. Boats in the rear pick up the exhausted men and physicians with towels over their shoulders apply their remedies. A great shout goes up from the crowd as a swimmer crawls out of the water the winner. She is a mere slip of a girl.

"The average housewife who looks after her own home and children expends as much physical energy as the average husband in his routine of business. A pedometer would show that the average woman walks as far as the average man in a day; if there were a machine to measure it would record that she lifts as much. Being more nimble, she makes more motions than a man in a day. There it is; add it up yourself. She walks as far, lifts as much and makes more small motions.

"But, argues the man with the square set jaw, such things are accomplished only by the workwoman, by the woman who has toiled all her life, who was born behind the kitchen hoe.

"The woman who dances all night imprisoned in tight clothes accomplishes just as much of an athletic feat as the fagot gatherer of Italy who stumbles along with a donkey's load of wood on her head. The society woman often displays strength that makes the washerwoman gasp.

"A case in point is that of Mrs. George S. Robinson of New York. When Mrs. Robinson was a bride of only six weeks, slender, pink cheeked, she set a record that still stands. She had made a compact with her husband that they should never be separated, and when he entered his yacht in the Lipton cup race from New York to Bermuda she calmly announced that she was going to accompany him. Mr. Robinson gasped, but she reminded him of the agreement and made herself ready.

"No one thought the Gauntlet, the Robinson boat, had the ghost of a show, and when it became known that she was to pilot it, the hope of her friends fled. It was a stormy voyage over the roughest course in the Atlantic for seven hundred miles, and in a twenty-eight foot boat at that. Mrs. Robinson stood at the wheel day after day, night after night, with little food and less sleep. The boat was a close second; the glory of the race went to Mrs. Robinson. Sir Thomas Lipton was moved to a eulogy in a cable.

"Please convey my compliments to that plucky little woman skipper, and tell her she has my deepest admiration.

"Another New York woman who has established a record for strength when engaged in social pleasure is Miss Edith Mulhall, who is one of the most daring cross country riders in America. When about 16 years of age she became distinguished for her high jumps. Few women try to follow her, for she thinks nothing of clearing a six foot fence.

"Equal to her horsemanship and strength I have observe an Oklahoma girl. Miss Mulhall, daughter of Col. Jack Mulhall, she is the champion steer roper of the world among women. In a contest in South McAlester, with a prize of $100, she won by far and away, roping and tying in the time of eighteen seconds. A cowboy in roping a steer gets in the minute class he is a personage of consideration. Miss Mulhall laughs at her prowess and deems steer roping only a pastime.

"Many hold that women who display great strength on horseback do so only in a brilliant flashes for a few minutes at a time, and that no woman could ever endure a cavalry ride. Miss Adele Von Hoffman of Plainfield, N. J., is a confutation of this belief. Her early life was spent in South Dakota as a cowgirl, where she took part in the great roundups. Once a herd of cattle stampeded, charging straight at her. She spurred her horse for a sharp turn and made a flying leap, landing safely on her feet in low land on the plains she rode eighty miles in a day.

"There were these days exceptions, for she often rides from her home in Jersey to New York shops in a day—forty miles—and back in a day. She has spent twenty hours a day in the saddle without evil effects, in fact, she called herself.

"Not the mature woman alone who possesses riding records. There is a girl jockey in the West who is the talk of the racetracks. Miss Dorothy Kincaid has ridden in a score of races and is not yet twenty years old. She is a jockey born, for her early life was spent in South Dakota, just as that of Miss Von Ohlen, where she was a girl of the plains. She has ridden in half a dozen States and won prizes for her backers, she has the knack of making an old skate win.

"Once she mounted an outlaw at a race knowing that the horse had a bad disposition. While warming him the animal suddenly threw himself down. The girl leaped out of the saddle in the nick of time, but the crowd thought her killed.

"I shall ride him now if he kills me," the girl

The crowd protested to the secretary. The girl's declaration was answered from the judges' stand and a race went up. Ride him she did and win the race she did. When March comes around she does not go to school in the afternoon, but trains her horses instead. She is her own groom and spends every possible moment with her mounts. This schoolgirl has wonderful strength, not merely flashes of strength but great muscles. While weighing only 107 pounds she can pick up a hundred pound keg of nails with her finger ends.

"And speaking of riding: Theodore Roosevelt achieved some fame by setting the army officers a pace and riding 120 miles in a day. And the President got no little pleasure out of referring to it. Then one fine morning Mrs. Herbert Wadsworth started out for a pleasant little ride. She changed horses several times, so much did she enjoy riding, and when she drew rein that evening, sixteen hours later, she had made just 150 miles. Then there was an ominous silence on the part of the cavalry officers who had complained at ninety miles and the President began talking about shooting big game.

"Of all the contest places in which woman meets man the fairest is the water. Every day practice does not fit one better than the other. And here it is that woman so predominately excels. Man for man, woman for woman, woman is by far the better swimmer. There are more good swimmers proportionately among women than among men. The feats of two or three women in the water stand out as almost unbelievable. Unbelievable until one begins to look into the mockery of the phrase 'the weaker sex.'

"Last September forty contestants set out to swim Hell Gate, New York. Nearly all the contestants were members of the Life Saving Corps and weatherbeaten. A slender, nymphlike girl of 18 kept in the background as far as possible while the swimmers were lining up. She seemed so out of place among the thick shouldered, deep chested life savers that the crowd gaped at her in astonishment.

"'It's a shame to let a girl like that go into old Hell Gate, said a shoreman. 'It will just play with her.'

"The race began and the slender girl set out with long overstrokes that sent up a ripple of applause. Seven miles she fought her way, with the launches in the rear picking up the spent swimmers. The mill race off Ward Island caught her and buffeted her as if she were an eggshell. Hundreds of people were awaiting her on shore. Thrusting aside proffered hands, she ran ashore and shook out her hair, a heroine. Thus Miss Adelaide Trapp, a teacher in the Brooklyn public schools, became the first woman to swim Hell Gate.

"Often girls of a very tender age develop surprising natatorial endurance. At Boston in the suburb of Dorchester lives Rose Pitonoff. When only 13 years old Rose Pitonoff swam one and three-quarter miles in just forty-four minutes. For a mere child she has wonderful endurance, and scarcely a week passes during the swimming season that she does not make an endurance swim.

"Woman has always been mincing of step as accepted thinking tells us, but with all that she has established records that make the greatest male pedestrians nervous. Mrs. Frank Savile, wife of the British sportsman, is typical. Her father was a celebrated alpine climber and taught her the art of walking. She is the only woman who has ever walked across Montenegro. And she carried a parasol. Her longest day's walk on this trip was from Moracha Monastery to Zhub, a distance of thirty-three miles over snow and rough ground, one mile of which would daunt an average man.

"Even in motoring woman has shown great courage and strength. Mme Camille du Gast of Paris is a great auto racer, competing with the best drivers in France and winning. She carries a revolver, as all racers do, but she uses it only when it is absolutely necessary. She drives a 35 horse-power car and often makes seventy-five miles an hour on close country courses. To hold the wheel when an auto mobile is tearing along faster than an express train demands great strength. In a race from Paris to Berlin with 100 cars she finished nineteenth and with that she stopped on the way to assist a friend whose machine had upset, staying with him until help arrived.

"A few years ago a rather slender woman gave up teaching Latin at Purdue University, in Indiana and began climbing mountains. She now has twenty mountains to her credit. Miss Annie Peck, although nearly 50 years of age, scales peaks where human foot is unknown.

"In Worcester, Mass., lives a woman who is noted for her gentle manners and her mountain climbing. She is a daughter of former Governor Bullock of that State. In July, 1907, she set the woman's record for mountain climbing by an ascent on the Nun Kun range in the Himalayas. This trip took three weeks. All this time she was under the greatest strain, both from the height and from the cold. She had to rub snow on her feet to keep them from being frostbitten and to strike them sharply with her ice axe to find whether or not they really were bitten by the cold. She struggled on until she had reached an elevation of 23,260 feet."

THE HOP PICKING SEASON.

Gathering the Crop Up-State—The Three Kinds of Pickers.

From the Utica Press.

Within the next three weeks the harvesting of hops will be in full swing. Thousands of pickers will be required to harvest the hop crop in the counties of Oneida, Madison, Chenango, Otsego, Schoharie and Franklin. There are three kinds of pickers, home pickers, foreign pickers and tramps. Many growers prefer foreign pickers, that is, people from the cities, many of whom go with their families and have been looking forward all summer to hop picking time as a sort of a picnic or recreation, with the opportunity to pay all expenses and make a little besides. Many Uticans look forward with delight to the hop picking season.

Hop growers do not like to employ tramp pickers of course, but many of them are obliged to do so in order to get their crops harvested. Despite the fact that hop picking affords an opportunity to have fun, rather than a profitable means of livelihood, and that thousands in search of a good time go out to the hop producing sections from cities and villages, there have been instances where the growers were unable to secure enough pickers at just the right time. Losses resulted and losses on hop crops these days mean that the grower comes out at the little end of the horn. This has caused many hop growers to hire large crews of foreigners who board themselves, receiving an increased price per box for picking.

If it were not for the bugs, worms and other insect life, hop picking would be about as nice a lark as picking roses. But the bugs, worms and other things are there waiting for the harvest. In fact these objectionable things are about as much a part of hop picking as cries of "Hop Sack" and "Pick up around your box."

Notwithstanding all these objections there are many enviable attractions for the hop picker. Getting to work while the dew is on the hop vines is both stimulating and invigorating. Noon brings one of those farm dinners that would bankrupt a restaurant to serve. At night there are many attractions, especially dancing. In some instances those addicted to the use of the liquid that bites like a serpent and stingeth like an adder make life rather disagreeable for the more orderly and abstemious hop picker, but evildoers are to be found in all walks of life.

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MARRIAGES IN GERMANY.

The Betrothal and the Ceremony—Awe Inspiring Wedding Feast.

From the Westminster Gazette.

There are many good things in Miss Wylie's volume. She is in her most optimistic mood in the chapter on Marriage.

Before and After and since the girl goes up from so many countries that there are not enough men to go round it is gratifying to hear that in Germany at all events things are otherwise. On the authority of a German lady we are told that an average girl can always get the man she wants as long as she does not want anything too grand or expensive. In her own social circle she has only to make her choice, and her mother does the rest.

With the slightest encouragement on the girl's part matters march rapidly forward. Twenty years ago a young couple were never left an instant to themselves until they were actually married. Nowadays the painful etiquette has been relaxed and the task of marrying thereby simplified.

As long as she holds a tennis racket the damsel may wander with her willing swain wherever she likes, and a ski tour up on the snow covered hills is said to be an even more successful match maker than a game of tennis. It sounds quite charming and so very simple.

On the other hand the ballroom has sunk out of sight as a matrimonial market. In the first place, it is bad form to dance more than twice with the same girl unless one is engaged; in the second place, sitting out corners are unknown, so that the young man naturally feels that his chances are better out of doors, where his preference is not observed by a dozen pairs of sharp watching eyes.

And when he has ascertained the lady's sentiments, or perhaps we ought to say when she has made it plain to him that he may marry her, he puts on his top hat and frock coat and calls on her father, explaining his prospects, receiving an explanation of hers, and if both give satisfaction the great event of the betrothal comes off.

There are delightful details concerning the prescribed behavior of the engaged couple, the German bridal trousseau, and the civil and religious marriage ceremony. When the latter is concluded the party returns to the bride's home, and then begins a festive meal which puts the German's power of stoic, cheerful endurance to the test. It is a mighty meal, an awe inspiring meal, a really awful meal. The clergyman sits between the bride and bridegroom and makes a speech in their honor. Then the father of the bridegroom makes a speech in honor of the bride's family, and the father of the bride makes a speech in honor of the bridegroom's family, and then come the guests, the ladies, everybody en fin, till there is nothing left to toast except the wine itself. All this takes some hours, usually from three to seven, and the "Stimmung" rises from degree to degree, especially after the prominently ignored departure of the bride and bridegroom. The evening is concluded with a dance, and if many guests are staying in the house, and the bride's mother has enough strength left, there is what is called a "Nach Hochzeit," a second festivity, the day afterward.

It is indeed a mighty affair, one might even say that from the mere non-German point of view it is rather too much of a good thing.

House Numbers on the Curb.

From the Twentieth Century Magazine.

The problem of house numbering in Pasadena has been complicated by the fact that a majority of the houses are set back from the street on grounds of varying size and are completely covered with the luxurious southern California trees and shrubs, so as to make it impossible to have any uniform system of numbering the houses themselves. As Pasadena is so popular a resort of tourists it has made it particularly difficult for them, as well as for delivery men and for the police. The Mayor has recently authorized painting the numbers of the houses on the curbs throughout the city, and the names of the street near the street intersections. The letters and figures are black, an inch and a half high, on a white ground.

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