



# EXERCISE FOR GIRLS



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HERE is no disputing the fact that girls need exercise as much as boys, and the day has long gone by when a frail, delicate, white-faced girl was regarded as being a model of femininity.

Girls are no longer afraid of being strong and ruddy. They are beginning to thoroughly understand that good health is not the prerogative of one sex, and that good health can only be preserved by exercise.

It is true that all girls cannot exercise as they should. Some are so situated that every hour from sunrise to sunset has its duties, each one confining; others inherit ailments that prevent walking or running, and a few perhaps are restrained by false ideas of decorum from developing their frames by exercise. But the majority remain in a state of ill health simply because they will not exercise, or do not know how to set about it.

Perhaps many do not know what exercise really is. A carriage ride is not exercise,

neither is housework nor any exacting labor, no matter how hard it may be. If that were so, the blacksmith would be the most long-lived of men; but statistics prove otherwise. Gymnastics are not always exercise in the true sense. No permanent good can come of swinging clubs or dumb bells in a close room, unless followed by a brisk walk and a bath. Croquet is exercise, and lawn tennis is best of all. But neither of these games is beneficial if played for fashion's sake.

The girl who gets herself up in a "stunning" costume and plays for the effect on the spectators, might as well be reading a novel in the parlor. Loose clothing, common sense shoes and an ardent desire to win the game, are the requirements for exercise.

Rowing is another capital exercise for girls, if they can overcome their natural timidity; and swimming is better still. It is not generally known that girls swim more gracefully than boys and learn quicker. Both these exercises have an additional value in the fact that they may some time preserve life.

Pitching quoits is beneficial exercise, and trains the eye and hand. Badminton, a variation of the old game of battledore and shuttle-cock, is a game which forces all the muscles of the legs and arms into action,

and puts the players into a glow of pleasurable excitement.

Where good roads abound, cycling is an exercise that is beneficial, if not carried to an excess. No girl should attempt to ride more than twenty miles a day; to ride more is reducing exercise to work. It is injurious to try to see how far or fast you can go in a given time. Take it moderately and you will never tire of your wheel.

Lastly, comes walking, and I think that is the best exercise of all. It is the simplest of all exercises, yet there are some rules to be observed if you would get the greatest benefit. The best time to walk is before nine in the morning or after five in the afternoon. Begin with a mile walk every morning or evening and increase the length until you can cover ten miles a day.

Walk in the country if possible; if that is impracticable, choose wide streets, those lined with trees preferred. Mind how you walk. Square your shoulders, expand your chest, and hold your head high. Keep the mouth closed when not talking, and breathe through the nose. Step out easily and firmly, letting the ball of the foot strike the ground first. Vary the location of the walk each day if possible, and exercise the eye and mind as

well as the body. Never let the walk become a drudgery.

When you return home take a sponge bath, a vigorous rubbing, a cool gown, a glass of milk and a nap. If you do not feel healthy, happy and wise after a month of this exercise, you may be sure that you have some chronic disease.

In summing up, remember that all exercise, to be beneficial, must be taken in the open air. You may amuse yourself over a billiard table or a game of cards, or you may have a lovely time in a ball room, but you cannot develop your form or add an ounce to your weight unless you breathe fresh air. The simplest exercise in the open air will do you more good than the most elaborate gymnastics in a closed room.

You must also bear in mind that exercise must be continuous to be beneficial. Once you get yourself in good condition, you must keep there by constant exercise.

Do not look upon this as a task; with increasing strength the exercise will be a positive pleasure, which you will not think of shirking. You will be proud of your ability, and your ambition will grow with your achievements. Try it for one year, and see if I am not a true prophet.

## .. A Memorable Cruise ..

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island—a mere willow-fringed pile of rocks—scarcely over ten feet in diameter and not more than fifty feet from the verge of the fall. But I was saved, and the sudden relief of mind and body was so great that I almost swooned. The light of moon and stars seemed all at once to go out, and I sank down upon the rocks, content only to breathe, bereft of all power to think or feel.

Of course, the faintness soon passed, and once more, as I opened my eyes and sat up, the torture of thinking began.

I could not forget poor Holly, and the despairing look in his eyes as he went down forever haunted me all through that lonely night.

What my thoughts and feelings were as I sat there, hour after hour in my dread isolation, would be difficult to tell in words. Perhaps I may safely leave them to the reader's imagination.

One paramount fear kept me sleepless and alert. It was the dread that father might undertake to follow me on a raft, and, less fortunate than I, miss the island and be carried over the fall.

Long before the day dawned the strain of this anxiety had become nearly insupportable, and the incessant roaring of the mad waters seemed to have started an echo in my brain that was driving me wild.

How I welcomed the first faint streak of gray light in the east, though the dawn was unshaded in by a cold breeze blowing up stream that chilled me in my wet clothing through and through; but daylight, I thought, must surely bring me relief in some shape.

So, with chattering teeth, I sat motionless, with my eyes fixed on the western bank of the stream, watching and waiting. I knew the noise of the waters would prevent me hearing a voice if I were hailed, hence I must trust to my eyes to discern my rescuers.

I had sat thus for perhaps an hour after the first step of day, and the sky in the east was beginning to take on a tinge of palest pink, when I was startled by the striking of some hard substance on the rock beside me. Turning quickly, I beheld, lying within two feet of me, an Indian arrow, tipped with a spear and winged with bright feathers.

Springing to my feet, I faced about to scan the opposite shore, and there, standing close

on the edge of the precipitous embankment, were three Indians—big, muscular fellows, looking down at me in very evident wonder and curiosity.

As soon as they saw that I perceived them they began gesticulating and making signs to me, in an excited way.

The spectacle sent a despairing chill to my heart. Of course, they were hostiles, I told myself, for had they not tried to shoot me in the most cowardly way, before I saw them? I stood stock still and gazed at them.

Presently they drew off together, as if in consultation, then one of them ran off, out of sight, only to return in a little while, bearing a coil of rawhide rope.

To one end of the rope they tied an oblong stone, weighing three or four pounds. One of the Indians then swung it several times around his head, and, with a whir through the air, it shot over me and fell in the water on the opposite side of the island, thus leaving a line stretched taut from shore to island.

His next move was to slacken the line and proceed to fasten the end of it to a tree on the bank, and while thus occupied, he and his companions united in making signs to me to do likewise with my end of the rope.

I very soon understood their meaning, and comprehended something of their plan to gain possession of me; but, with a child's inbred terror of the red men of the plains, I felt that such a rescue would be scarcely preferable to death. So I folded my arms and shook my head in refusal.

They did not seem to rightly interpret my attitude and evidently thought they had not succeeded in making their meaning clear to me, and their gesticulations became each moment more excited and vehement.

Finally, growing tired of this game of cross-purposes, I thought of a way to make them aware of my sentiment, and, though quaking with fear of possible results, I proceeded to put the plan in execution.

In my pocket I carried a knife—not a lady's penknife, but a stout, bone-handled "Barlow," such as boys affected a quarter of a century ago. I drew it forth, and, bending down, deliberately cut the rope, strand by strand, while the Indians watched my movements in a puzzled way. But when I caught up the severed rope and tossed it out into the stream, their demeanor underwent a sudden and startling change, and I saw that my act had enraged them.

Seizing their bows, they began shooting ar-

rows at me. This was the result I had apprehended, and as the ugly missiles fell around me, I sprang to the side of the island farthest from my assailants and dropped into a little chasm I had previously noticed between two rocks, quite close to the spot at which I had first crawled ashore.

I had hoped to be able to conceal myself from their view; but, to my dismay, I found that the aperture was not deep enough, and, crouch as I might, my head still protruded above the surface of the rocks, a conspicuous target for arrows.

Casting a despairing glance around for some means of protecting that highly-valued portion of my anatomy, my eyes fell on the old cedar bucket, still dangling from the sharp, dead snag on which it had so opportunely impaled itself.

It was scarcely three feet from the edge of the island, and, acting upon what I have ever insisted upon regarding as an inspiration, I arose, leaned far over, resting my weight on the projecting snag, and dislodged the pail.

Then, springing back into the chasm, I crouched low and drew the inverted bucket over my head, holding it firmly in place by the bail.

Up to that moment I had heard no sound from the Indians, though, during their animated pantomime, I thought I saw their lips moving, and imagined they were trying to make their voices heard; but nature's counter-tone had rendered the effort futile. Now, however, shrill and distinct above the roar of the fall, arose a prolonged yell of strident laughter, proving, I think, that there is in the savage breast a sense of humor before which even his anger melts away.

Imprisoned in my wooden helmet, I had no loophole of observation, and when some minutes had gone by without further sound or demonstration from the enemy, I began to grow restless in my cramped position, and, lifting the bucket a little to peep out, I discovered, with surprise and relief, that the Indians had disappeared.

After waiting and watching a while longer, seeing no sign of them, I finally crept from my hiding place, and seating myself on the faithful bucket, with my back toward the fall, I prepared to divide my attention as impartially as possible between the two shores of the stream, dreading lest either my foes or my friends should appear and be unseen by me.

By that time the sun had risen above the

horizon, and, added to the pangs of hunger and loss of sleep, was the growing fear that my friends had given me up as lost and continued on their way.

But, fortunately, I was not left very long at the mercy of this new torture. In an hour or so after the disappearance of the Indians, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a group of familiar forms on the west shore.

These were my father, in company with fifteen or twenty of our fellow travelers, all gazing anxiously down at me. But, to my infinite amazement, the leading and evidently the commanding figure in the group was the Indian who had thrown the rope to me.

Again he went through similar maneuvers, and a rope was thrown so as to fall directly across the island. This time I needed no urging to tell me what to do with it.

With eager hands I fastened it securely to bush and rock, and soon the lithe, active form of the savage was coming, hand over hand, along the slender cable, his almost naked body swept out at right angles by the hungry current.

Lack of space prohibits a detailed account of how I was taken ashore; suffice it to say I was soon in my father's arms, where I did nothing but sob hysterically and some time elapsed before I recovered sufficient composure to tell the story of my wild experiences.

Father, on his part, explained how they had searched for me all night long above and below the fall, but had not dreamed of looking for me on its very verge.

Below the fall they had seen the feed-box floating upside-down, and had then given me up for lost. Returning to camp by a short cut across the prairie, they took an hour's rest, and were preparing for a more thorough search for my lifeless body, when an Indian made his appearance and offered, for a consideration of two horses, to conduct them to me and assist in my rescue.

Father joyfully closed with the proposition, and that is how I came to be rescued by a dusky son of the plains. He assured me that he was a "good Injun," and would "no hurt," but with a vivid remembrance of that shower of arrows, I cherished my own private opinion of his goodness.

He insisted upon bringing the old bucket ashore and laughed uproariously while illustrating to my friends the use I had made of it. Finally, he carried it away with him, and thus I lost a souvenir of the most remarkable experience of my life.

### Bits of Nonsense

—A joke is never good until it is cracked, and not always then. . . .

—This life is but a dreary dream,  
With troubles and misfits;  
And the largest, ripest cherries  
Always have the biggest pits.

—"Why is it, Emma, you play that piano selection in such odd time?"  
—"That's on account of the measure, papa."  
—"Oh, you're playing it by measure! I didn't know but what you might be giving it to us by the pound."

—"What are you reading, my dear?" asked a member of a literary society of her daughter.

"The autobiography of Thomas Jefferson, ma."

"Who wrote it?"

"—Why do they call these blackberries?" asked the small boy of the grocer.

"Because they are black," was the prompt reply.

"Then why do they call these other black ones raspberries?"

"Because—because—You move on! What are you hanging around here for, anyhow?"

—The sun glared down in his fiercest style, The people looked glummer and glummer. "Well, no," he remarked, with a leering smile,

"I will not go away for the summer."

—Is the man with a shady character any cooler than other folks?



NON-COMMITTAL.

Stranger—"What was you looking for anything?"

Boy—"Yes."

Stranger—"What was you looking for?"

Boy (cautiously)—"For what I lost."

### How to Make a Lasso

NO cowboy or ranger of the Western plains is of any account without a lasso, or "rope," as it is generally called. It is a much more useful article than a revolver, and the cattle king prefers expert ropers to crack shots any day.

Lassos can be bought in any town west of Kansas City, and a fair article is manufactured for sale, but the expert roper makes his own rope. It may come in handy some day to save his life, and he wants to be sure that it is made properly. This is the way he makes it:

First, the rawhide is cut in thin strips as long as possible and half tanned with the hair on. Then these strips are soaked and stretched over a block. Then they are braided into a rope, care being taken, of course, to pull the strands as tight as possible.

When the riata (lasso) is made it should be buried for a week, ten days or even a fortnight, in the sand. It takes up moisture from the ground, without getting hard. Soak-in it in water won't do, nor will anything else, so the ropers say, except burying it. When the riata is resurrected it should again be left for a time stretched over a block with a weight to hold it taut. Then the hair should be sandpapered off the outside, and when the riata is greased with mutton tallow and properly noosed it is ready for use.

Every roper who pretends to take care of his apparatus will bury his riata and stretch it every six or eight months. With these precautions a lasso is practically everlasting. It can't wear out, and a herd of cattle could hardly break it.