

In Training

Whatever your field, you've got to keep in trim. If you doubt it, here are some nudges to your skepticism



Wide World

Above: Well, of course, that's one way to get to an appointment on time. German athletes use this trick wheel for keeping in condition. It takes a lot of effort to get her rolling especially because it's not cricket to start off at the top of a long, smooth hill



International Newsreel

Left: You can't bust Olympic records without paring off the fractions of seconds little by little and bit by bit. Here's Helen Wainwright working hard at just that



International Newsreel

Above: This isn't first aid to blind batters though it would be a mighty help to some of the lads who swing so oft at nothing, if they'd toss 'em a fat ball like this once in a while just to help the averages. Jack Bentley of the Giants training with a medicine ball



Wide World

Above: It's not all play even for the younger set in this day nursery operated by a group of Girl Scouts. The shining hours are improved so you wouldn't know them, by teaching the youngsters how to lay a dinner table. It's all great training—even if little Joan marries a millionaire and my dear never has to put her hand to anything



Above: As if fathers didn't have troubles enough here's an organized group of them learning, in their spare time, how to rear children

Wide World



Wide World

Above: At the Ambler School of Horticulture for Women in Pennsylvania they train them in all branches of dirt farming including handling heifers from their earliest days. The girls are taught how to raise prize poultry, as well as harrowing, dairying and the hundreds of other tasks that make up modern scientific farming



Wide World

Above: It works beautifully all around: the fencing makes them better dancers and the dancing makes them better fencers. So whichever they decide to make their life-work, Betty Larke and Jackie Adams of the International Fencing Club can't lose out. This is the sort of thing that goes on along the sand dunes near San Francisco and any traveler who tries to tell us from now on that one sand dune looks just like another has got us to fight

Right: Well, all the billiards ever we played were played with no more than three balls and one of 'em red. But you can't tell whether these ladies are using four balls and all white because they're Japanese or because they're women and naturally contrary



Dan Josselyn, who makes Venuses out of ungainly women

Snake's Hips



By **BRENDA UELAND**

WELL up among the things women want most is the boyish figure—the outlines of a child of ten or twelve.

That is, they want to be compact, light, healthy, long-legged (the legs should be as long as the torso, and it is nice to have them longer). They do not want to be nervous, skinny, jerky, dyspeptic-looking, as men seem to think, but svelte and limber like a stripling, with a flexible, hard waist that is slightly narrower than the hips; hips a good deal narrower than the shoulders; small breasts. They want to be without a vestige of loose, pendent flesh, to be so stripped of fat that when they sit down there is no spare tire around the middle and not a hint of spreading.

Now when I say "women" I mean the vanguard of dashing ones. To name a few, hit or miss, there is the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Ailwyn Fellowes, a granddaughter of Issac Singer and said this year to be the smartest (in the sense of being the most stylish) woman in the world; Mrs. Jean Nash, who was said to be the smartest woman in the world last year; Lady Diana Manners; Margot Asquith; Lady Mendl, who was Elsie de Wolfe; Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt; Mrs. Philip Lydig; Marion Davies; Mae Murray, who is forty and has a more perfect, lively, fiery, well-knit figure than a thousand nineteen-year-olds.

Soft, White and Dumpy—No More

THE weight tables say that a female thirty years old and 5 feet 5 inches tall should weigh 138 pounds, and even Lulu Hunt Peters, the diet expert, declares in her books that the ideal weight for a woman 5 feet 5 inches tall is 137½ pounds.

But from the standpoint of style this is terrible! At least 18 pounds too much! These are only the outlines of a comfortable matron. Now, if you weigh 200 pounds and fear diabetes or apoplexy and reduce to 138 pounds, that is very commendable. But don't think you are in fashion. Don't think that everybody will wheel as you pass down Fifth Avenue or that the scouts from wholesale houses will be taking notes on your clothes.

Ordinary old-fashioned people think that we are going crazy on dieting.

They see all around them middle-aged ladies, already less than half the width of their mothers, trying to become even thinner. And it makes them mad. It makes especially mad those who weigh more than 135 and like three heavy meals a day.

There is still an association of plumpness with health and more than that with affluence. This idea is a relic of the days when the food supply was uncertain and only the rich could afford to

eat enough and loaf enough to be fat. The old salutation, "How well you are looking!" just meant, "How very stout you are getting!"

But the best doctors now say that there is no sense in carrying any extra flesh. A single extra pound means more work for the heart, arteries, stomach and the rest. Since food comes to us regularly, there is no sense in storing it under the skin.

Victorian women liked to look soft, white and invertebrate, with a marked look of ill health. But now something has happened. The sex which set Schopenhauer's teeth on edge because they were so short-legged and dumpy doesn't want to look that way any longer.

Why this has happened it is not for me to say. All we know is that after the war, by some miracle, women weren't horrified at their own legs any more. Corsets came off. Hair went.

It is not enough just to reduce until you are thin, wan, flaccid, dyspeptic and measly. You have tone, health, muscle, flexibility, condition. The leading New York beauty salons recognize this fact. Formerly they used just to work on your face. If there was not a wrinkle in it, then you were a beauty, no matter if the lump bulk was terrible.

But now they prescribe for you as a trainer prescribes for a college athlete or a pediatrician for the baby of a multimillionaire. They tell you what to eat. They make you exercise in a teamster's union suit until you sweat. You sweat like a horse at least once a day and not in an electric cabinet or Turkish bath but as the result of your muscular exertion.

Wide World

Mae Murray at 40 has a better figure than a thousand debbies of 19



© Park

Isaac Singer's granddaughter, Hon. Mrs. Fellowes, paragon of style

FOR years Grandma Goforth was chronically in bad shape. Doctor after doctor gave her up. Dressmakers fainted as she approached them, and what had been a happy home had become a house of mourning. One day she heard of Chicago Benny Yokel, trainer and conditioner of overstuffed ladies. . . . Yesterday she eloped with a movie actor who mistook her for Miss America. And here's how:

At these up-to-date beauty places they give you hot baths and cold baths. They make you lie nude in the sun or under an ultra-violet-ray lamp, for there is nothing like the ultra-violet rays for the skin's texture and color.

Exit Corsets and High Heels?

YOU see, it is no longer fashionable to have one of those pummeled, macerated, overmassaged faces in which, true enough, there may not be a wrinkle but which do not fool anyone as to your age by a day. Now, it is all right to look your age. BUT you must be astonishingly handsome and healthy, no matter what your age. Fifteen or sixty, you should look like a beautiful, healthy and very clean savage; and not only in face but also in BODY. You should have, no matter what your age, a body like a stripling and a round, healthy face tanned a delicate café au lait by the sun or by lamp treatments, with a skin that is clear and smooth and eyes that have that clear, half-shut, sleepy, bright look that children's eyes have, due to the right food and not much of it, to exercise, sweating and sunlight. And the interesting thing is it can be done.

Arthur A. McGovern is a leading exercise expert in New York. His gymnasium is frequented by prominent athletes, bankers, politicians, actors, society women.

Well, what about hips? What if they have been in the family since the Mayflower? Can they be made to go?

"They sure can," he says. "Thickness below the waist in women is due to three things: the corset, high heels and sitting.

"First, as to the corset, even the little rubber one that is supposed to be sensible. It cuts off circulation and prevents any muscular action throughout the hips, waist, thighs. Women who wear such corsets don't know it, but they move like wooden Indians from the ankles down. They might as well be on wheels.

"Second, high heels. A man, because he wears flat shoes and trousers rather than tight skirts—although I don't care how tight a skirt is if it is short enough—takes a stride of from 30 to 36 inches. This causes muscular pull and effort from the waist down the whole length of the leg and hip. A woman in high heels, even in so-called sensible Cuban heels, takes a teetering, clumping step of less than two feet. There is no muscular action or interplay. Only the calves and ankles get a little work.

Therefore a characteristic of American women, even the young and slim ones (with the exception of those who are willing to walk a great deal in low heels), is big thighs—legs which instead of growing smaller above the knee, like an athlete's, grow continuously larger.

"Savage women who go barefoot never have such thighs. Moreover, women who will wear nothing but Cuban or high heels walk the very minimum. No wonder the blubber accumulates from waist to knees. It would do all women good to walk and run about six miles a day." (Continued on page 56)