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# "PERFECT GIRLS" of GYM and GARDEN

A Class of Young Women of the Gymnasium of Baroness Posse

Miss Miriam Hubbard, Pronounced the "Perfect Girl" When She Matriculated at the University of Michigan

Miss Frances Dempsey, of Lincoln, Mass., One of the Best Developed Young Women Who Attend the Classes of the Baroness Posse

Miss Hubbard Doing Gardening Work, Which is Said to Have Produced Her Remarkable Physique

## Will Work in the Fields Do More to Produce Physical Perfection Than Systematized Exercise?

*CONSIDER the girl with the hoe. She is like the lilies of the field, although she toils hard and would even spin, if the United States weren't vying with Paris in making silks, and with Manchester for silks and woolens.*

*She has a new secret of beauty, and she is growing many in her numbers. She has only about a hundred rivals, including the gym girl, the tennis girl, the basketball girl, the dancing girl, the swimming girl and the girl who comes naturally by her good looks and positively won't do a thing to earn them. Of these, it is believed the greatest of all is the gym girl or, it may be, the born-pretty girl, who is indeed destined to be forever a thorn in the sides of her sex as presenting a mystery that is past finding out.*

*Anyway, the pretty girl whom Mother Nature so generously takes care of must be omitted; she isn't her own fault, and she can be no guide to others. The real interest lies in how to be perfect though plain.*

*And there's the strange thing about it. When the plain girl begins to approach physical perfection, she loses such a lot of her plainness that she is almost handsome; and when she arrives at it, she is handsome. She may have started with an awkward figure and a bad complexion; dull eyes and commonplace features; no grace and no expression. But somehow or other, unless her case is hopeless, she gradually emerges from her chrysalis of grubdom and spreads wings of dainty charm and acquires a certain radiance of countenance that may be simple wholesomeness, but passes current for genuine good looks.*

*Of course, when your genuinely pretty girl takes to one or another of the exercise beautifiers that are warranted to send the blood bounding through the veins, she is safe to be rated beautiful. And now one girl, just one alone, has centered attention on an exercise that is as old as the hills, and has always held some place in the affections of her sex.*

HER name is Miriam Hubbard and—yes, you've guessed it—she's the daughter of Elbert Hubbard, a living demonstration of the theories of the revered Fra.

She has matriculated at the University of Michigan. The University of Michigan is so accustomed, by this time, to absorbing the lovely daughters of revered fathers that it makes no more bones about them than the Cretan labyrinth did of the maiden tribute from Greece; but, it is needless to say, it treats them a good deal better.

But when Miriam Hubbard appeared within that classic fane, the fane rose right up and emitted a cheer of unalloyed delight. It announced that it was now the proud alma mater of the perfect girl—perfect in every physical proportion. Miriam Hubbard fulfilled every physical and artistic requirement for a girl of her age and height; she was the rara avis, the perfect climax, the exquisite triumph, of her age and sex. Michigan can go some when it is sure it has a real star to celebrate.

The mere existence of a perfect girl constitutes such an important phenomenon that the new-born science of physical hygiene and development can't rest until it has accounted for her; it feels like chemistry in the presence of a new element, or astronomy discovering a new star. And eugenics is—or are they "are"?—so close at hand, that a perfect specimen of womanhood immediately acquires a significance applying to the whole human race.

Miss Hubbard, who is quite a natural, unaffected, cheerful young woman, without any self-consciousness to make her think of herself unduly, was as much surprised as the university; and as much at loss to account for herself as were her enthusiastic gym teachers and her classmates. Up to that time she had imagined that, like Topsy, she had just growed. But science would have analyzed poor Topsy to first principles, if it had had the chance.

In Miss Hubbard's case, every one was willing to admit that she enjoyed a highly favorable heredity, for Fra Elbertus is a conspicuously hearty and healthy individual, given to ceaseless activity of mind and body. And nature had, obviously, done much for her in the way of features and brilliancy of eyes. But that didn't account for the all-around, complete, flawless pulchritude of her.

The gymnasium experts harked back to her exercise history; but they couldn't find any records of special gymnasium training. She did recollect, however, that she had always liked to work in the Roycrofters' garden, as she liked to do about a million other things which combined to keep the Roycrofters busy and contented. And that opened to the delighted gaze of physical hygiene a fascinating vista, extending forward to the years when every woman in the land shall have her own garden, while she blooms there more sweetly than the rose and flourishes more vigorously than the weeds she bends over, and extending backward to the time when Eve delved while Adam span, he being a perfect gentleman and willing to help her in the kitchen and let her enjoy a little outdoor exercise for the sake of her health.

Miss Hubbard's noteworthy case has really started a discussion as to whether the full, rounded, outdoor life, with real work in the fields included in its activities, can do as much, if not more, for a woman's health and beauty as any other form of exercise. It need not necessarily be restricted to the harrow and hoe; it can take in virtually every form of work, useful and ornamental, which offers about the modern suburban home. And, made use of sensibly and within the physical powers of those who indulge in it, such a varied and practical activity has the experience of many European peoples, together with the preference of many an American woman, to endorse it.

Miss Gretchen Van Tassel, of Woburn, Mass., Who is One of the Most Perfect Girls in the Gymnasium Classes of the Baroness Rose Posse, of Boston

The hard, laborious work of the peasant women in continental Europe is responsible for many broken wrecks, ill favored and bent, of girls once magnificent in their strength and beautiful in their proportions; but it is precisely in the excess of toil, in the apportionment of burdens beyond the endurance of their sex, that the evil results ensue. Many of those very ruins of womanhood, relieved of their work when their resilient youth is past, have retained for many years the beauty of form and the richness of color they acquired during their labors on the farm.

On the other hand, the American woman, fond as she is supposed to be of leisure, is the very one who insists on caring for plants and flowers and, in numerous instances, finds a keen satisfaction in attending to a modest kitchen garden of a size not beyond her time and her strength. The universal testimony is that the quiet pleasure and the moderate exercise confer a boon of rest for the nerves, which proves of infinite value to body and mind. So the girl with the hoe may be a feature of the landscape if she shall realize that garden work is not merely for the sake of strawberries and lima beans, but can make tints bloom in her own cheeks that will rival the prettiest fruits and flowers of her garden.

Miss Hubbard's training, when one considers the life she led among the Fra's cheerful Roycrofters, was a good deal more varied than any mere gardening could supply; yet it was the all-around training, which can be enjoyed, genuinely enjoyed, by thousands and thousands of girls whose homes are either in the country or in city suburbs.

If she is not the product of any formal gymnasium, she is a veteran of practically all the sports to which gym girls take with the keenest zest.

It was the pleasant practice of the Roy-

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