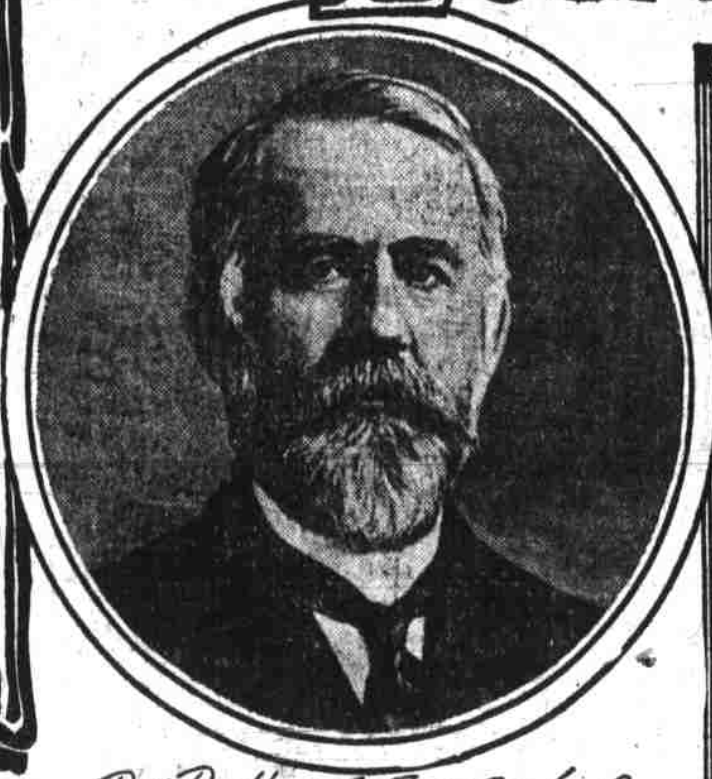




# A New Figure for the Eternal Feminine



A Grecian Apollo, Whose Figure Might Almost Be Taken for that of a Woman



Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard, Who Thinks Women's Figures are Becoming Masculine



Dr. Dudley A. Sargent's Composite Statue of the Modern American Woman, Made from 20,000 Measurements Prior to 1890



A Grecian Woman, Showing Large Waist, Heavy Hands and Feet

Every Year Sees Our Women Going Further Back Toward Male Lines, Is the Opinion of Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Harvard

First of all, you needn't worry about it. Suppose your figure is becoming more masculine? Suppose Prof. Dudley A. Sargent, of Harvard, really did say it—and he really did. Suppose more than half the artists and doctors agree with him? You're not doomed to grow side whiskers tomorrow morning, any more than you were doomed to eternal wasp-waistedness and hock-bottle shoulders because your dear mammas had them a quarter of a century ago.

Not to discount the interesting future a little bit—are your children, if they be daughters, written down in the Book of Fate as predestined to the welterweight, middleweight and heavyweight championships of the boxing ring. They will have only themselves and omnipotent Dame Fashion to thank if, in trying to become perfect women, they fail to remain perfect ladies and make themselves a species of imperfect men. They can even revert to the wasp waist and the hock-bottle shoulders of their grandmothers if they want to, although it will be harder to degenerate in their generation than it is in this one.

But they probably won't want to, although that, of course, is far and away the great, determining factor involved in the change that is now going forward in the adorable figure of the eternal feminine. Woman has enjoyed so protracted a period of emancipation from her helplessness, physically as well as mentally, that she is able and seems willing to defy even potent Fashion for the sake of her strength, health and blessed freedom.

So, for all the protesting outcries against Doctor Sargent's dictum regarding woman's transformation into a faint semblance of the sterner sex, there isn't the smallest need to feel concerned over it.

If woman's figure is being lost, never to be regained, it's a satisfying comfort that it isn't your figure; it's the one that started in generations away back, among your great-grandmothers.

THE records show only one poet who, amid the hoarse plaudits of physical culturists and physicians and the raucous shrieks of the philosophers and the artists, has ever condescended to waste his verses in the transformation of women into men. He was an ardent old connoisseur of classic Rome, Ovid by name. He is famous for having had a mighty fine taste in women. Taking a day off from his attentions to an attractive young lady of his era, named Lesbia, Mr. Ovid gave to the world his explanation of the intricate manner in which people could change their sex, by the simple process of taking shank's mare up a mountain and there encountering a serpent, who, even in Ovid's time, was an old resident. The minute the serpent clasped eyes on you, your own family wouldn't know you. If you were the duke of Abruzzi, you would be transformed into Miss Annie Peck; and if you were Miss Annie, you'd straightway grow a

waxed mustache and a barytone voice like the duke's. Ovid wasn't altogether specific about the location of his mountain and its serpent; but Doctor Sargent's declaration makes it look as though the gay old Roman was more of a prophet than a poet. The mountain of athletic exercise and the serpent of writhing gymnastics, as they are being tackled today by practically all the girls who can afford the time and money, have already changed the lines of their bodies and brought their physique to a remarkably close resemblance to that of man. It must be remembered that Doctor Sargent is the thundering Jupiter of physical development. He has invented modern systems of exercise, modern strength tests, modern stunts in physical hygiene and, to a considerable extent, modern man. And that isn't so much of an exaggeration as it looks; for he has been foremost, as director of Harvard's athletics, in determining the lines of development along which all modern man's exercises have been carried. Being a very scientific sort of physical culturist, Doctor Sargent started in, as soon as he knew how collecting measurements of all the human specimens he could secure. Twenty years ago he had 20,000 measurements of American girls, most of them wives and mothers long since, some of them grandmothers by this time. You can see those 20,000 American beauties of the last century, unadorned and just as harassed nature made them, in the single composite figure to which Doctor Sargent reduced the whole lot. Note, please, how trivial are the shoulders, how small the waist, how wide the hips, how little the feet, how lean and pinched the neck, yet she was the ideal of feminine fashion in that day of the pitiless corset and the lackadaisical lady. Doctor Sargent, comparing his infallible anthropometrical charts the other day, was impressed with the startling change that has come over the body, if not the spirit, of love's young dream as it is realized in the modern woman. "Why," he exclaimed, for publication, "woman has been thoroughly made over since the time that composite statue was designed to conform to the average measurements of 20,000 women. It is approximating more that of man. Her grandmother's sloping shoulders, no longer in fashion, have disappeared. Woman's shoulders now are broad, athletic shoulders, well knit with muscle, like her back. Her neck is thicker and more muscular; her limbs are more smoothly developed; her very hands and feet are larger. Her hips are nothing like so large as they were, and her waist has assumed more generous proportions, with a decrease in size of the whole pelvic region as a consequence of the waist's enlargement. It is said that her chest is flatter. I would not make that statement positively; but it is true that her chest may appear to be flatter. It is certainly larger and better developed, as a chest, than the one in the composite statue of twenty years ago. "No doubt the use of the modern corset, compressing the hips, has something to do with the apparent change in woman's figure; but the vitally influencing thing, has been her indulgence in outdoor exercise, together with her devotion to general athletics. It has actually made a new woman of her, even to her hands and feet, which are bigger and stronger and more useful. "Women in the savage state were so like men that it was hard to tell the sexes apart. As civilization progressed, the peculiarly feminine characteristics have been overdeveloped. But the pendulum has begun to swing the other way. Women are again coming to look and be more like men." First thing Doctor Sargent knew, there were a lot of women and artists who were jumping on him with the energy that belonged originally to the savage races of mankind, and has been equaled only in modern times on the football field. Dr. Mary Hoffman-Jones, who is an earnest advocate of physical culture, wouldn't admit that woman is coming to have the physical characteristics of man. Harrison Fisher, the artist, who boasts that he has studied 10,000 of the most beautiful women of this generation, declares that their peculiarly feminine details as to figure are as

pronounced today as they were in their grandmas. He also takes his solemn oath that their hands and feet aren't bigger, their waists are as small, their hips as big, their chests as high, and their natures as adorable, as they were when he was a boy—maybe more so. But John W. Alexander, who is president of the National Academy of Design, promptly endorsed Doctor Sargent's views, and went him one better by noting the fact that woman's brain is developing along masculine lines as unmistakably as her body. And he intimated that he was proud and happy to be alive while it was going on, and he wouldn't sweat back to the big hips and little brains for a good deal. Then along came Henry Hutt, who, dropping a few rhapsodies on the shape of Miss Reba Dale, his latest model, said she has a short waist, long, lithe limbs and small hips, when you see her with her corsets off. "That is the new feminine figure," Artist Hutt explained, enthusiastically. "A graceful, refined adaptation of the figure of a well-set-up man, with shoulders and hips which, when she is well corseted and gowned, are about an inch less in circumference than the bust."

**NEARING GREEK IDEAL**  
Dr. Anna Wells Bloomer, a prominent woman physician in New York, contributed her opinion that the American woman is rapidly approaching the true Greek ideal of perfection; and it takes a pretty husky candidate to do it. Venus, who was an armful for any man, was about 5 feet 10 inches, and Juno was built along similarly expansive architectural lines. This is the way Doctor Bloomer measures grand old Juno: Neck, 15 inches; shoulders, 45 inches; bust, 40 inches; hips, 45 inches; wrist, 8 inches; ankle, 10 inches; weight, 175 pounds; height, 5 feet; shoe, No. 7. "Now," said Doctor Bloomer, "our ideal figure is a woman 5 feet 8 inches high, weighing about 140 pounds, with 39-inch hips and a No. 4 shoe. The reason we are coming nearer to those Greek goddesses, who were the acme of perfection, is that we have discarded the concave waist and are taking exercise somewhat along the lines of the Greek women of classic times." The excitement precipitated by Doctor Sargent's statements traveled over to England, where they have been keeping anthropometrical measurements, too. John Gray, the secretary of the anthropometrical committee of the British Association, unhesitatingly conceded the facts quoted by the American authority; but added that it was purely a matter of exercise and fashions. The masculinity of woman's figure today is no menace—or hope, as one may regard it—for the figure of her children. "Nature," remarked Mr. Gray, "works on a broader scale than a single generation. The child of the black-



Egyptian Man and Woman of 6,000 Years Ago. By Courtesy of George Barrie & Sons

smith does not necessarily inherit the father's brawny muscles; the daughter of a broad-shouldered, heavy-handed, athletic woman will revert to the small waist and narrow, bottle shoulders of the young woman of the early Victorian period, if she be brought up in the early Victorian fashion. But it is just that fashion which physical directors, women of fashion and women of brains are hoping will never return. These classes seem to have a pretty powerful influence in determining what the fashions are to be. And there appears to be a consensus of opinion, with Doctor Sargent, prominently in the lead, in expressing it, that the new woman, with her near-man figure, is about the handsomest thing that has appeared on earth since time began. The resemblance between the two sexes, at the period when man was conceded to be in his condition of highest physical beauty, is notable in statues of Greek art, as when one compares an Apollo, who might almost have been taken for a woman in the delicacy of his outlines, with a typical Greek woman, whose large waist, with the hands and feet in due proportion, is as little distinguishable from a man. But if you carry the comparison back much beyond the Greeks, and come to the eras where the race was existing in something approaching its original simplicity of habit, we find that only the fullness of the bust, with Doctor Sargent's chiding in the lead, mark the distinction between the sexes. The oldest statues known to be in existence are, perhaps, those of the Egyptian prince, Ra-Kotep, and his wife, Nefert. Both sides by side, their shoulders are equally broad and square, their hips equally narrow, their bodies equally muscular. Nefert is, nevertheless, the beauty of the pair, although no one would be able to tell them apart if he saw their backs instead of their faces. But it has taken 6000 years for humanity to get as far away from that original masculine woman as we are now. And womanhood may have to exercise for 6000 years before she can feel certain the she's going to be born that way, without having to work the chest exerciser and the dumbbells to get it. And 6000 years is a long time to wait.

found that she could bring the most aristocratic and exclusive families of Los Angeles to her beautiful suburban home at an hour's notice she wanted to do something else.

Poetry became her hobby. Then Captain W. Russell Ward crossed her path. He and his wife and two children were the guests of the Bradburys. Ward was an Englishman, but his wife, a Senorita Bandani, had made her debut with Mrs. Bradbury. This was her first visit since her marriage.

The captain spent his leisure moments writing poetry. Here was what Mrs. Bradbury had been yearning for. The two spent hours reading poetry to one another.

She surprised her friends by telling them that Ward was interesting. No one else agreed with her. Indeed, every one asked what his wife had seen in him. He was middle aged, poor and commonplace.

Mrs. Bradbury explained that Ward was "the Sphinx." "Who is there that does not want to read the riddle of the Sphinx?" Then the elopement, which ended in a tragedy, took place. Mrs. Ward and her children started for Europe. The captain and Mrs. Bradbury disappeared the next day.

The pair were arrested in a cafe in San Francisco. There was a trial and Mrs. Bradbury was released. But the man who fascinated her was fined \$2000.

Mrs. Bradbury tired of the man at once. She knew he was without a cent and was in a strange country without friends. But her whims had changed, so Ward was sent to jail.

The colonial first wife, and the couple lived in retirement for the next four years at Sinoela Hill, Mexico. As for Ward, well, he committed suicide. He jumped from a cliff in a Mexican town, after he had been released. He stayed in jail until his wife reached Liverpool, when she heard of his escapade and cabled him the necessary money, with orders to join her.

"It was all her fault," was the characteristically feminine excuse for the man's act. The spirit of unrest again seized Mrs. Bradbury after four years' exile. She was tired of hearing it said that she could never launch into society again, and she and her husband returned to Los Angeles. She proved again that what she wanted she was bound to have, and Mrs. Bradbury became a social queen once again.

Bradbury again began to bore his pretty wife, and she divorced him. "He was always impossible," was her reason given in the witness stand at the trial. Another chapter opened in this young woman's life-story. Mrs. Bradbury continued to study poetry while in exile, and Shakespeare was her favorite.

The billboards announced that "Romeo and Juliet" was to be played at Burbank's Theater. Mrs. Bradbury organized a box party for the opening night. Mace Greenleaf had the lead. His poetic rendition of the lines and his impassioned tones as he pleaded with Juliet stirred the romantic spirit in Mrs. Bradbury's breast.

"If I could only have a man make love to me like that I would be happy," Mrs. Bradbury said to her companions. She was in the same box the next evening, and friends noticed she leaned far out of her box during the balcony scene. After the Wednesday matinee Mrs. Bradbury was introduced to her hero. Before the end of the week she was a bride once more. Four years ago. The couple lived serenely together until now. Another man peculiarly interested her, and she deserted her actor husband in favor of this new affinity.

Little is known of the man, except that he is a young lawyer and the son of a federal judge. It is whispered that Mrs. Greenleaf heard his appeal to a jury at a trial and decided that he must be hers. "What will Lucy do next?" is again being asked.

## Strenuous Matrimony for this Woman



Mrs. Mace Greenleaf Whose Career Has Been Striking



That has been her motto, and explains why she has been a woman whose life has been made up of marital thrills.

"SOME people will call this a scandal; I call it a romance." Those words were uttered by Mrs. John L. Bradbury when she deserted her husband for a young English army officer. That was thirteen years ago. Today Mrs. Mace Greenleaf—for that is her

name now—can repeat the same sentence, for she recently eloped with a young lawyer, the son of a California judge. Mrs. Lucy Banning Bradbury Greenleaf had had a checkered career. Four times she has startled western society by eloping. Yet each man was her ideal. Love, love, love! That has been the one desire of this beautiful woman since she made her debut in 1893. She was only 18 years old then. "What love can do, that dares love attempt."

That has been her motto, and explains why she has been a woman whose life has been made up of marital thrills.

FOUR times has Mrs. Mace Greenleaf, of Los Angeles, run away with the man whom she thought at the time she would love forever.

As her mode of living changed with passing time, so this woman demanded that her center of affections should correspond to her varying whims. This heroine of many elopements was wittily beautiful and immensely wealthy. Therefore she never had any trouble in getting the man she wanted. As a young and charming girl, Lucy Banning was fond of the whirl of society. Being the daughter of General Phineas Banning, and accomplished as well, her name was to be found at the head of every real social event in her home city. She created a sensation after her debut. Dinners, dances and theater parties galore were given in her honor.

Lucy Banning was indeed the belle of the season. At first she was content, but soon her happiness gave way to discontent. She was not content with being a favorite; she wanted to be a leader. Receiving at receptions and being the butterfly of the occasions did not satisfy Lucy Banning. This slip of a girl wanted to rule.

Marriage was the only remedy. So Miss Banning looked around. Colonel John L. Bradbury was the man. He was a millionaire, the owner of the Minas del Tazo, at Rosario, Mexico, and exceedingly popular. He, too, was invited to the most exclusive affairs. Many other debutantes, as well as their older sisters, had set their caps for the colonel and failed.

Failure was unknown to Lucy Banning. She charmed the colonel and an elopement was the sequel. After her marriage Mrs. Bradbury changed her mind about being a social leader. Two of the oldest families and two of the greatest fortunes had been united by the marriage, and the bride had an enviable position.

But her tastes changed. She tired of the conventional recreations of staid society. After she had