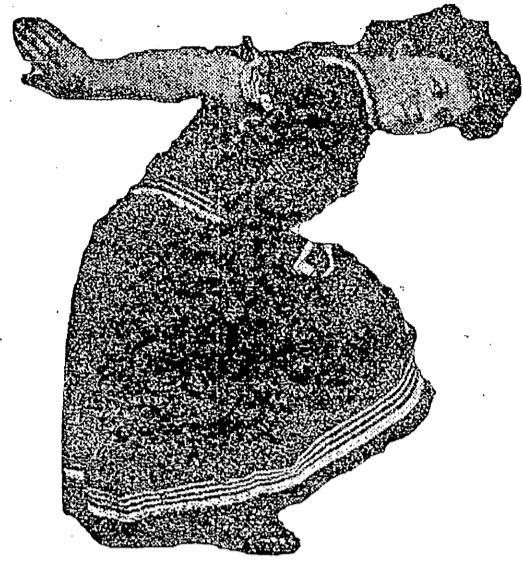


# SWIMMING ON DRYLAND



THE SHALLOW DIVE PRACTICE



DIVING TURNED INTO CALISTHENICS



THE SIDE STROKE

## A Valuable and Instructive Lesson for the Seeker After Health and Beauty

It is perfectly true that you can hang your clothes on a hickory limb and not go near the water at the same time that you are getting some of the benefits of swimming. Not that swimming on dry land will ever rival that sport as practiced in some cool, transparent little mountain pool or in the frolicsome, boisterous surf. The refreshing water about you and the bracing air above you cause genuine swimming to distance all the beef, iron and wine combinations that chemists ever compounded. But if, in place of a beach or a mountain outing, you are spending your summer in the city's dullness, do all the swimming you can at home, and be thankful for even a hall bedroom natatorium.

It is argued by swimmers that their art is a first-class form of physical culture. Nobody can doubt this. Watch them in the water; every part of their bodies is busy, every muscle must be alert and ready for action. Why not give the muscles the same exercises out of water?

Nowadays many swimming schools possess a canvas belt for the benefit of new pupils. The belt is put around the pupil's body below the upper part of the chest; to the belt is attached a rope which passes through a pulley in the ceiling. By means of this simple apparatus, the pupil is held to some extent in a swimming position

and is taught the motions without being obliged to sustain himself in the water. For dry-land swimming it would be a good idea to imitate this method, using two belts, however, instead of one, so that the body might be suspended horizontally, balanced by one belt beneath the chest and one about the thighs.

A more primitive way of teaching swimming is to let the pupil lie face downward across the piano stool. This you can do in your own room without any trouble whatever, and by going through the motions of swimming you will not only derive physical benefit but be in practice and ready for your first ocean plunge when the opportunity offers.

To begin with, the swimming teacher gives you lessons in breathing, but I cannot recommend this particular form of breathing for dry land. The deep-breathing exercises which you have learned call for inhalation and exhalation through the nose, or, better yet, in at the nose and out at the mouth. The scientific swimmer takes in his breath through the mouth and lets it out through the nose, counting a breath to each stroke. Except that your piano stool, submerged except for head and shoulders, must breathe in as well as out through the nose, you may follow this rule.

Being loosely clad and extended in a proper position, face downward, begin with the breast stroke. While doing this you must imagine yourself submerged except for head and shoulders. The more you can draw upon your imagination in this way the more good you will get out of the effort, for you will put plenty of force into battling with imaginary waves.

The arms and legs are to lie outstretched, forming a straight line with the body. This, on the piano stool, is a neat bit of balancing in itself. The feet should be pressed backward so that the toes point out behind. The hands are held palms downward, touching each other. Now for the movements. First, part the hands. Describe a semi-circle with them until they come back as far as the chin. At the same time that the arms are going through their motion the knees are being drawn up under the body, the legs being spread apart at the same time. Swimmers have argued the pros and cons of spreading the knees, but the majority of experts are in favor of separating them to assist floating. As a mere matter of physical culture, this method is more beneficial. It does more for the development of the legs.

The final movements of the breast stroke are these: Draw the legs together sharply, returning them to their extended position; shoot the hands out straight forward again at the same time.

When you have mastered these movements you know the first principles of swimming. It is the forcible kick backward that really does the propelling in water; the duty of the arms is to keep the body balanced. The legs form a wedge against the water and push you ahead. The beginner usually finds the arm movement easier than the kick, until he has mastered the latter he can make no progress.

The over-arm side stroke, sometimes called the racing stroke, is one which the amateur seldom puts into practice in the water. It is much used by racers, as it gives great speed in proportion to the output of energy. You can learn the principles of the stroke while standing on your own floor. Extend both arms above your head while standing on the right foot. The first movement is to bring the right arm down in front of the body to about the center of the trunk. Next, bring down the left arm and draw up the left leg until they meet; the hand will touch the leg just above the knee.

The right arm is now started upon its semi-circular route; it moves in front of the chest on the left side of the body, keeping close to the chest. Only the right leg is now left unaccounted for. While the left arm and leg are meeting, the right leg is being drawn up and spread out in the opposite direction. This, of course, cannot be done in a standing position, but as soon as you have comprehended the stroke you can practice on the piano stool.

The final movement consists of throwing out the right arm above the head once more, straightening the legs and bringing them together, while the left arm is brought forward. Again the right arm is thrown down to the center of the body and the entire stroke repeated.

Does it make it any clearer to say that the principle of the over-arm stroke is to keep a power working on the water without cessation? You swim with the body turned partly on one side. The over-arm is being drawn through the water while the legs are being drawn up and the under arm

thrown forward. While the over-arm is being extended the legs are being brought together. The legs begin to spread when the over-arm has reached a point opposite the shoulder. The legs open and close simultaneously. Herein lies some excellent work for them.

In actual swimming you will probably find that you have a favorite side on which you achieve the best results as far as speed is concerned; but on the piano stool it will be well to change sides regularly. This stroke can never be executed perfectly except in the water, but you will gain a great deal from the effort; and the arm movements alone, taken in a standing position, will do wonders for the chest and shoulders. Remember to pull the lower arm downward toward the hips when you are beginning the stroke.

Turn the first lessons in diving into calisthenics. The position for a simple dive is standing erect, hands at the sides. Bend the legs, extend the arms behind you and spring forward, throwing the arms in front of the head as you do so, keeping the thumbs together and the palms downward.

In your room you can go through the motions of bending the legs while you throw the arms backward, straightening the legs while you bring the arms forward. This is an excellent exercise for the whole body. Hips and calves benefit by the rapid bending, chest and shoulders gain by the throwing of the arms. If you will include with these motions a bending forward of the head each time you "dive," the neck will be given its chance for development.

Marching on the water can be practiced while you balance on your back on the stool. In this way you are supposed to be in a floating position. The hands may be crossed under the

head or the arms folded across the breast. Bend the knees and draw up the legs alternately. When you straighten out the legs, do so forcibly. It is this movement which is supposed to propel you in the water. If you are standing, too wobbly, undertake this style of swimming on the floor. The gist of it is that you are walking while you are lying on your back.

Swimming on the back involves movements very similar to those of the regulation breast stroke. The knees are spread farther apart. At the time that this spreading takes place the arms are extended beyond the head. When the legs are brought together the arms are still held beyond the head for an instant.

If you are nervous, try floating on your couch. Stand on the foot of the couch, your back toward it. Relax and let yourself fall back slowly, throwing the arms up over the head as you do so and filling the lungs with a deep breath. Extend the legs perfectly straight. The swimmer learns to keep his lungs partly inflated all the time while floating, but you should inhale and exhale in slow rhythm.

There is nothing in the dry-land swimming lessons which cannot be applied by the girl who is fortunate enough to have an outing near the water.

Let her heed this warning, however; it is much easier to overdo swimming in the sea than in the house. If she is nervously ambitious she will probably undertake the "grave" stroke, the Australian "crawl" stroke, running headers and racing dives all in one day. The strain upon nerves and strength is much greater in real water; there are chances of chill and cramp and vertigo when a swimmer is tired—be-ware!

## "Chimmy Moosey," the Jitsoo Cook

"MEEBEE cooks ain't tyrants on the sea as well as on the land," said the doleful sailorman on the wharf.

"Ye see that craft there?" he continued, pointing to a small bark heaving alongside the pier. "Well, that's our craft. She's loadin' up timber fer 'Frisco. She was an all-right craft one time—skipper like a father to us, mate very religious, second mate same's one of us.

"But here our skipper goes an' ships a new cook, one of these little yeller Japs, an' he turns our craft into a red-hot packet afloat. Shipped him by contract for a whole year.

"What does he do? Take a club to us? I see as you don't understand yeller Japs. Now, if he played that game, we'd understand how to get back at him. No, that ain't his game.

"Wall, ye see, he came aboard in Honolulu. Seattle Bill had been cookin' for a few days an' near had us all laid up. So we was pretty glad when we knew he was to be relieved by a reg'lar sea cook. Well, along comes the Jap one fine mornin' in the gang plank smilin'—a little, yeller, sawed-off Jap wot bowed every time ye looked at him. Bill, he came out of the galley an' Chimmy Moosey, that's his name sort of, he goes in.

"Pust day was all right. Chimmy Moosey certainly could cook. Wall, next morning—Sunday, mind ye, when we used to sleep till noon—we was all awake up by a fearful row, a tin pan bein' hammered like a gong. We all sat up in our bunks, an' there was Chimmy Moosey in the middle of the forecastle, an' he was a bowin' right an' left to us, same's one of them theatre fellers.

"What in the name of Brigham Young is eatin' you?" yelled the bos'n.

"Scoose me, genemlen," says that cook, "I must have coal from de fore peak. You sen' up coal, otherwise breakfast no can cook."

"You go chase yerself," yells the bos'n again.

"Coal must have," says the cook.

"The bos'n up an' jumps out on the floor. We all thought he was agoin' to buste that Jap; leastways he haufed off, an' first thing we know bos'n was slap-bang on the floor. Seemed like the Jap just shook hisself like a wet dog. The bos'n got up an' pulls himself together, mad as thunder.

"Scoose me, bos'n," says the cook, "floor much slip. You fall down becouse you slip."

"Wall, the bos'n, he looked all spun out. Suddenly he haufed off again, an' blowed if he didn't go down once more, while that blooming Jap helps him up, a-bowin' like a French dancin' master.

## Clark Is a Name of Distinguished Derivation

BY ELEANOR LEXINGTON.

THE name Clark is derived from "clericus," meaning a priest, or one connected with the service of the Church.

At first the term was used only to designate those in clerical orders, but as in early times the Church was the only source of learning, any person who had been educated by the clergy eventually came to be called a "clerk." The designation was finally given to all who were able to read and write.

So distinguished a name was eagerly coveted. Hence its frequency, many people adding "le clerk" to their names. This was finally dropped, and only Clerk left, or, as it was pronounced, Clark. The final "c" is an addition in later times.

Compounds of the name are Beauclerk, the good Clark; Mauclerk, the bad Clark; Kenclerk, the knowing Clark; and Petyclerk, the little Clark.

The name Milo J. Clark is found in the "O. H. Hundred Rolls," compiled in the reign of Edward I, which contain records of the persons who owned lands in the time of William the Conqueror, for which they paid rent in money, sheep or hens, or gave their service as soldiers. Several Domesday tenants are designated "Clericus."

An interesting tradition connects the Clark family by marriage with that of the descendants of Joseph of Arimathea. After the Crucifixion, Joseph was banished from Judea. In company with Philip the Apostle, Mary, Martha, Lazarus and a servant, Marcilla, he was put into a vessel without sails or oars, and set adrift, to perish on the sea. The ship was thrown upon the French coast. Joseph finally found his way to Britain, New World. Richard Clarke, a Mayflower passenger, was one of the seven who died in the first sickness, and he left no descendants. The tradition concerns a Thomas Clarke. Was he the mate of the Mayflower? The story goes that he was the first of that company of pilgrims to put foot on the soil of the New World. He landed on an island in Plymouth harbor, now called Clarke Island, supposedly in honor of the mate. If he was one of the officers of the Mayflower, he probably went back to England and did not return until three

## An Unplanned Hunting Trip

THE center of adventurous, wild, woolly America has shifted northward. It is from Alaska that the tales of wild adventure now arrive. A recently returned trader from a small settlement on Norton Sound tells of a fishing trip which developed into something entirely different.

"It's great sport harpooning porpoises up there," he said, "and we determined to take a few days' trip up a narrow estuary of the sea, just to stick a few of those sea pigs.

"Three of us left the settlement one evening, and started up the sound in our sloop under easy sail, trawling for salmon as we went, and keeping a lookout for the schools of porpoises that cruise up and down the estuaries.

"Towards midnight Chinook Charley said he spotted the phosphorescent streak of porpoise foam ahead, and Billy Anderson, the third man of our party, who was an old whalesman, bared his right arm and hefted the harpoon.

"Charley was in the bow with the slack line. I was at the tiller. The wind was from ahead, a fresh breeze that chopped the water. I soon caught the sight of foam ahead, and steered straight for it.

"Pretty soon we could hear the snorts and splashes of what we took to be porpoises. As we came within one hundred yards I let go the hal-yards, the sails came tumbling down, and the boat continued her course with slackening speed.

"Then up went Anderson's arm and the harpoon shot out with the whizzing coils of line behind. We heard the harpoon land with a plunk, which told us that it had struck solid flesh. The unearthly noise that followed put us into such a panic that we nearly let the line go. It was certainly a stunning surprise to hear a porpoise howl and bark.

"Before we could quite recover, the boat drifted on and a terrible commotion in the water splashed cold showers over us. We saw a large, black bulk struggling almost alongside; then a bang against our side nearly knocked us off our feet. The boat gave a sickening lurch and listed.

"Chinook Charley recovered himself. He grasped a hatchet from a rack and struck at the black object that had fastened itself to the boat midships, and with a roar and a splash the strange animal let go. The boat righted itself.

"Set sail! Cut the line!" yelled Charley.

"I had the mainsail up in a minute, but when Anderson grasped the end of the line it hung slack.

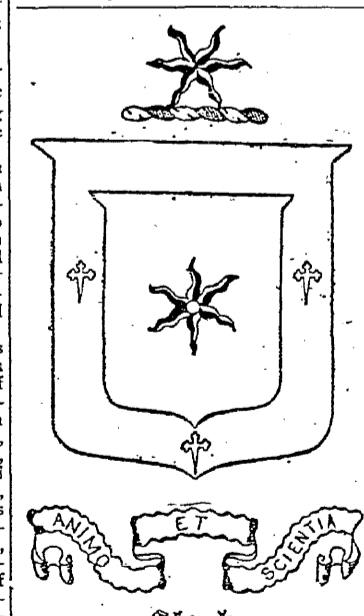
## Clark

years later, when the records show that a Thomas Clark landed in New England. He was a man of education, a representative to the General Court, and was employed to audit the accounts of Plymouth colony.

Perhaps he was one of the trio—Joseph and Bray Clarke being the others—of whom it was inscribed upon a tombstone in the Dorchester cemetery:

"Here lie three Clarkes, their accounts are even, Entered on earth, and carried up to heaven."

Among other early settlers was Joseph Clarke, who was born in Suffolk, England. He came over in the "Mary and John" in 1630. William Clarke was one of the twelve who came over with Winthrop in 1630 and founded Ipswich, Massachusetts. John



Clarke came in the "Elizabeth" in 1634. An interesting relic is the Clark Bible, which was brought over from England in 1637 by Dr. John Clark, and is still extant. Its records go back almost to the founding of the family in England.

Two Pilgrim Fathers who were prominent in Colonial wars were Lieutenant William Clarke, who came over in the "Mary and John," and Captain David Clark, who came from Chester, England, in 1640, and settled in Windsor, Connecticut. Joseph Clark served in King Philip's war. It is recorded that he received, on March 24, 1676, as compensation for certain services in that campaign, "00, 00, 04"—a very modest sum, so far as appearances go.

As majors, captains, sergeants, ensigns, drummers, fliers, as well as in the rank and file, the Clarks have worthy war records. Arnold, Joseph,

## The Summer Girl's Freckles

Here is the recipe for a favorite English lotion for removing freckles in the summer time:

Take an ounce of lemon juice, one quarter of a dram of borax, powdered, and half a dram of sugar. Mix well, and let it stand in a bottle for three days. It will then be fit for use, and should be rubbed on the face and hands continually.

Different Now.

"Madam," he said to the fat woman in the street car who was crowding him, "did your husband ever refer to you as a gazelle?"

"He did, sir—he did," she said, as she turned on him, "but that was several years ago, when I weighed 310 pounds. Now that I've got down to 280 he calls me a rhinoceros and tries to spare my feelings as much as he can."

## Clark

Nothing Much Had Happened.

A pretty tough-looking man boarded the Union Pacific train in a good deal of a hurry just as it was pulling out of Little Valley, and after he got seated in the smoker, with his pipe alight he was asked if anything had happened him that day.

"Wall, not much," he slowly replied. "I was in Blanko this mornin', and a critter wanted me to take a hand in a game of poker. I cleaned him out and he paid a gun on me. That's about all that's happened."

"But did nothing follow the shooting?"

"Oh, yes, of course. The city marshal was goin' to arrest me, but I shot him through the shoulder and escaped."

"But weren't you pursued?"

"Yes, I guess I was. Yes, three or four fellers pursued me, but I had a purty good hoss and got away."

"How far did they run you?"

"Ten miles, mebber."

"And they shot at you?"

"Oh, yes. Yes, they shot at me and I shot at them. I believe I dropped two of them, but I can't say how bad they was hit. It didn't amount to anything, you know."

"Then you killed one man, wounded at least three and barely escaped being caught and lynched. Don't you call that something of a story?"

"Wall, it's a story, of course," replied the man, "but just a little one, and not worth talkin' about. I'd like it if somebody would give me a chaw of tobacco, and mebber some of you have got some cartridges that will fit a .36-calibre gun?"